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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

EASTER.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Out of the dust and the darkness,
Up from the gloom and the cold,
Bougeon the lilies of Easter,
Lamps with a taper of gold:
Whiter than snow in the sunlight
Purer than altar-fed flame,
They bloom round the feet of the Master,
And shine to the praise of His name

Weak were our hearts when they laid Him
Away in the tomb of the rock,
Veiled were our faces in sorrow
The shepherd was gone from the flock
Low bent the sad sky o'er the prison
That earth, without Jesus, became
Halleluia! The Lord hath arisen,
Be glory and thanks to His name

Three days did the grave-silence hold
Him,
Three days was He hidden from sight,
While the scorner was proud in his
scorning,
And the faithless was lost in the
night.
Three days! but all heaven for joyance!
While the hosts of the ransomed pro-
claim
The grace of the love that redeemed
them,
And gathered them home in His
name.

Sweet lilies of Easter, ye chide us,
That still for our cherished ones gone,
We weep in the shadow of midnight,
And not in the break of the dawn.
Our passionate pleading and yearning,
The hope of the exile would shame;
For we know not our Lord in the garden,
Nor turn though He calleth by name.

In the light of the Lord's resurrection
His people should conquerors be;
In the battle with evil triumphant,
From the terror of death ever free.
We shall sleep in the dust and the
darkness:
We shall waken and sing to His
name
Who will bring us to life everlasting
By the path that, a victor, He came.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

I.

DYING about seven hundred miles south-east of New York is a group of islands whose climate, soil, and picturesque scenery render them especially interesting to us, and yet they are strangely unfamiliar even to most well-informed readers. Speaking our own language, and having the same origin, and recently associated with us in religious fellowship as forming a branch of the Methodist Church of Canada, the people are bound to us by many ties of sympathy and interest.

Within three days' travel from New York it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery, and vegetation as Bermuda offers. The voyage may or may not be pleasant, but is sure to be short. The Gulf Stream, which one is obliged to cross, has on many natures a subduing effect, and the sight of land is not generally unwelcome. The delight is intensified by the beauties which are spread out on every hand. The wonderful transparency of the water, the numerous islands, making new pictures

of those standing there are coloured, with a sprinkling of men well to do and English in appearance, while the presence of the British soldier suggests the fact that this is one of England's military stations.

We are anchored just opposite Front Street, which, we learn, is the principal business street of the town. A long shed-like structure stretches along the wharf, affording a comfortable shelter for men, boys, and barrels. As we land, no hackman vociferates. No man of any calling vociferates in this latitude.

hill is selected, graded, plastered, and that, presenting a larger surface, is used for the purpose. The water is regularly pure, and pleasant to the taste.

The houses are rarely more than one story in height. They are almost invariably built entirely of the Bermuda stone—walls, roofs, and chimneys. The stone is of a creamy white colour and so porous that it seems as if it would crumble in a day. Indeed, it is so soft that it is generally sawed out with a common handsaw.

There are in all about one hundred islands, though it is usually stated that there are three times as many. Not more than sixteen or twenty are inhabited, and of those the five largest are St. David's, St. George's, Bermuda proper, Somerset, and Ireland. They are about fifteen miles in length, and the greatest breadth is about five miles. There are no mountains, no rivers, and so, while they are without magnificence in scenery, in a quiet sort of beauty they are unique.

There are about one hundred and fifty miles of good hard roads, which are generally free from dust. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and changes continually. Now you drive through wide stretches of country, and the landscape bears a striking resemblance to that of Canada, then through a narrow road, with high walls of rock on either hand, on the sides of which the maiden-hair fern grows in profusion, and the road is so winding that every new view which bursts suddenly upon you is a surprise; and then there are delightful glimpses of the sea, with its many islands. Walls of stone extend along the roadside, and over them clamber the morning-glory, the prickly-pear, and night-blooming cereus. Beds of geraniums, which mock our hothouses in their profusion, grow wild.

Hedges of oleander line the roads or border cultivated patches of land, protecting them from the high winds which at times sweep over the islands. The profusion of flowers is wonderful, and one can always have a bouquet for the gathering. The winter is the regal time for them. About Christmas the roses, magnificent in size, and of great variety, are in all their glory. One gentleman assured me that he had upward of one hundred and fifty varieties. The beauty and variety of flowers are fully equalled by the excellence and diversity of fruits. Oranges of superior quality are raised, though their culture is not general. The



GARDEN SCENE.—COUNTRY VILLA, BERMUDA.

at every turn. the shifting lights on the hills, the flowers which hide the houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbour of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government House. The news has been telegraphed all over the island, and the crowd of people on the wharf indicates the interest which attaches to our advent. The majority

The town is small, not having probably more than two thousand inhabitants. It is laid out quite regularly, and is neither ugly nor indeed very pretty, but is interesting for its location and novelty. Glancing at the white roofs, one's first thought is that there has been a fall of snow, but the thermometer sets him right on that point, and he learns that, in the absence of wells, all the roofs are plastered and kept very clean, that water is conducted thence into tanks, from which it is drawn for use. This for ordinary dwellings. Where a large supply is required, as about some of the encampments, the rocky slope of a

lemon grows wild. The mango, guava, papaw, pomegranate, fig, arocada pear, the cantal apple, the banana, all these fruits grow readily, and with due effort would grow abundantly. Apples and pears are raised, but lack the flavour they possess with us. Strawberries ripen from November till July. Grapes grow luxuriantly.

In travelling through Bermuda one's thoughts continually revert to Spain. The name of old Juan Bermudez, its discoverer, has been bestowed upon the islands, and it would seem as if his spirit still floats over them, so thoroughly Spanish are the outward characteristics; and in no place is this more marked than in the quaint old town of St. George's. The harbour is beautiful, and much more accessible than that of Hamilton. The streets are narrow—mere lanes in fact—across which you can shake hands with your neighbour if so disposed, and they are moreover sandy and disagreeable for pedestrians. Houses are huddled together in the most miscellaneous manner, and from one perfumed with the onion, with its unkempt and uninteresting-looking occupants bursting out at the doors and windows, you come pat upon a beautiful garden, with its pretty Bermudian cottage, only to find repetitions of the experience throughout the town.

THE EASTER CROSS.

CHRIST, whose cross began to bloom
With peaceful lilies long ago,
Each year above Thy empty tomb
More thick than Easter garlands glow.
O'er all the wounds of that sad strife,
Bright wreathes the new, immortal life.

The hands that once the cross upraised
All power in heaven and earth doth fill,
Of men desired, of angels praised,
Why sits He silent, waiting still?
Alas! in many a heart of pain
The Christ is crucified again.

Low lies the world He died to save,
And feels not yet her Easter morn,
Still holds the victory of the grave
O'er all His brethren younger-born.
His soul yet travails at their side,
Its long desire unsatisfied.

Sad symbol of the deathly strain—
In resurrected light revealed
The sign of hope that conquers pain,
Of joys that sharpest sorrows yield—
Hail, thou the first that bearest flowers!—
The burden, not the grace, is ours.

And yet the cross is dropping halm,
May we not come so near, at least,
That all the grief shall shine with calm.
And beauty hide the ashen past?
Oh, that our stone were rolled away!
Oh, that our cross could bloom to-day.

SIGNS.

WHEN I see a boy in haste to spend
every penny as soon as he gets it, I
think it a sign that he will be a spend-
thrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his
pennies, and unwilling to part with
them for any good purpose, I think it
a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy always looking
out for himself, and disliking to share
good things with others, I think it a
sign that he will grow up a very self-
ish person.

"The heart of childhood is all mirth;
We frolic to and fro
As free and blithe, as if on earth
Were no such thing as woe"

Kobl.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOES.



A MAN named Clare, who had been brought very low through his drinking habits, told how he had reformed, and what induced him to leave off his evil ways. And what do you suppose led him in the right way? Why, simply a little pair of red slippers that bore the impress of little feet. His story is an affecting one, but too long to give here in full. Said he:

"I remember well one Christmas-time. It was a very cold, snowy season, and often our children had to stay indoors because their clothes were not warm enough for them to brave the weather in. Jane came to me one evening as I stood looking hopelessly into the darkness, and, slipping her arm into mine, as she used to do in the dear old time, she said: 'George, could you manage to get poor Tottie a little pair of shoes this week? She got out in the snow in her old ones yesterday, and came home with them soaked with wet; and I find she has a dreadful cold to-day. I cannot let her go out again till she has some better ones.'

"Just then Tottie came into the room. She seemed to have a severe cold; her eyes were red, and after coughing violently for a few moments, her breath sounded so wheezing that I felt alarmed. I took her up and kissed her and then went out. I had three and sixpence in my pocket which certainly had no right there; it ought to have been in Jane's. Well, as I went along I came to the wine and spirit stores that I was in the habit of visiting every morning, but I could not get Tottie out of my mind, so I passed the stores and turned into the nearest shoe-shop, and was shown an array of fairy-like slippers, blue, cream-coloured, black, pink, and red. As it was Christmas-time I chose a pair of red ones, and put the tiny parcel into my pocket, and then went and disposed of my last shilling for drink. Late in the afternoon I went home and found Jane hushing Tottie to sleep. At almost every breath the little one gave a short cough, and sometimes broke into quite a fit of coughing. Jane looked very anxious as she held her close to her bosom.

"Look here, Tot,' I said, drawing the parcel from my pocket and throwing it on to her lap. She sat up and with her little hot hands tore off the paper and held the gay shoes to her mother.

"Oh! pretty,' she said, and kissed them. 'Put 'em on Tottie's foot.' She kissed me for them, pressing my face between her hot, dimpled hands, and, turning away wearily, settled herself to sleep. She grew rapidly worse during the next day, but would not give up her slippers, and lay in the crib with them hugged to her bosom. She died on Christmas Day."

After Tottie's death he grew worse and worse, and even took from the house bits of furniture which he sold and spent the money for drink. When the house had got nearly empty he went searching around one day and found something carefully tied up in a little black silk bag. On opening it he found Tottie's little slippers. If he had not been drinking that day they would have been sacred in his eyes, but as it was he thrust them into his pocket and went off to the saloon. There were many

people at the bar, and he waited his turn and asked for a dram. But let him tell his own story: "The landlady stared at me and said: 'I can't trust you any more. You must pay what you owe already.' 'Did I ask you to trust me?' said I. 'Look here, I am going to pay you with these; they will just fit your little girl.' And I drew Tottie's shoes from my pocket.

"I don't like this sort of payment, Clare. Besides,' she added, picking up one of the shoes between her finger and thumb and looking at it scornfully, 'I couldn't allow my Minnie to wear such common things as these; they are horribly common.'

"My Tottie didn't think so, nor my poor wife either,' I thought. My face grew hot, and I stared at her.

"Oh! you needn't look at me like that, Clare,' said the landlady. 'The fact is, I don't want anything to do with you. Until you can pay your debts I don't want to see your face here. I like to have respectable people come to my house.'

"Mrs. Smith, I was respectable, before I came to your house,' I said, feeling half-choked with mortification as I spoke; 'but I'd defy anybody to frequent your house and give up what I have given to you and remain respectable long.' I could say no more, so I put the shoes carefully back in my pocket and walked out.

"I crossed over the road and stood in a doorway just opposite the brilliant saloon. 'What haven't I deposited there?' said I. 'Peace of mind, peace of home, respectability, health and strength, my children's daily bread, my wife's happiness, and my character, clothes, chairs—and how can I enumerate all the things? And what have I got in return? Anguish of mind, these few rags that will not protect me from cold, a blasted home, a broken-hearted wife and half-starved children, an accusing conscience, that torments me unceasingly, a ruined soul! Yet Jane talks of hope for me? I will talk once more to her about it.'

Then he looked once more at Tottie's shoes through his tear-filled eyes, and hastened home, where he found his wife crying over the loss of the shoes, but whom he gladdened by returning to her, and made her still more glad by telling her his resolve never to enter the saloon again. Of course she helped him, and prayed with him, and years after when their home was as bright and as pretty as could be, yet the most sacred thing in the house were the little Christmas shoes.

SIXTY CENTS.—Sixty cents invested in whiskey in 1879 cost Fannin county in time and money more than the revenue arising from the whiskey traffic for five years amounted to. We speak of the investment made by young Dean. He shot Dan Coulter, and poor Dan passed into the spirit land. Then the McDonalds shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and after continuing the case several times, were tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends breaking open the jail and liberating them. Taking it altogether, this sixty cents worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail, the whole racket costing the county over \$10,000.

MOTHERING DAY.

CERTAIN observances of stated holy days which were practised by our ancestors two or three hundred years ago might be revived by this generation with wholesome effect. Among these is the celebration of Mothering Day, the fourth Sunday in Lent, at which time it was formerly the custom in England for all children to bring to their mother a little gift as expressive of their love to her and gratitude for all that she had done for them.

The children who were men and women, and had long left her side to become themselves heads of households, and fathers and mothers, were especially called upon to return on this day with their offerings; the mother, in her turn, giving each a peculiar cake called Simnel, a boiled compound of dough, sugar, and raisins.

The idea seemed to be that the adult man or woman returned gladly for one day to the condition of childhood, and came back to pay reverence and love to the mother who had nursed him on her knee.

The custom seems to us very beautiful and significant. In those early days there was comparatively little for men to read or to know; other countries, even counties, were far and mysterious in their distance. Family relations filled a larger space in life, and were more important, than now. Now, when science, books, newspapers, railways, and telegraphs bring all the world to our doors, we have too many outside matters to occupy us to keep up these homely observances.

And yet the memory of those old days was the most precious of a mother's possessions. The heart is never so hungry for love or the tokens of it as when it grows old.

THE DRUNKARD.



HAVE you seen the drunkard reeling along the street with a slouchy look and rum-red eyes? He has spent all his wages for that which is destroying his body, and which will at last damn his soul. He is going home to make his wretched family still more wretched. He is the servant of a hard master; and his wages are rags, ruination, and remorse. His reward for good service in the ranks of King Alcohol is bruises and a broken head.

Yes, no doubt you have seen him. Every boy has seen the drunkard stagger past for nearly every town and village in the land has its drunkards. All these drunkards that you have, and all that you have not, seen were once, like yourselves, boys with never a thought in their pure souls of growing up into the most debasing of all God's creatures, drunkards.

There was a time in the life of each when he took the first dram; and this was the very time when he crossed the danger-line and went over into the enemy's country. How much better it would have been if they each had seen the danger right then and there, and beat a hasty retreat over into the ranks of the cold-water army, where they would have been safe.

There is no safety for a boy who does not want to become a swaggering sot but in the total-abstinence plan. This is the Bible plan: "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

AN EASTER EVENING THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER.

HERE is a thought to charm me,
Till the race of life be run
Tis the thought of a quiet household,
And the battle of life well won.

And the thought of a quiet evening
At home, and the evening song,
And the thought of the gentle Spirit
That watches the household throng.

Better than distant Ophir,
Or its gifts from golden sands,
Is the blessing of the full heart
And the clasping of the hands.

And the free and the bountiful giving
Of the gifts we shed abroad,
Is the joy of the truest living
In the beautiful life of God.

There is nothing like the serving
Of life to its golden ends;
And no such pleasant music
As that from the hearts of friends!

There is never a glorious Spirit,
But it crowns us all to see;
There is in it the gentlest whisper
Of a beautiful world to be.

Tis in the earth's pure household
That endless lives are born,
And out of our Lord's own childhood,
Creation's Easter morn!

A YOUTHFUL DISCIPLE.

DURING last summer a beautiful little boy, the son of the Rev. Francis Moon, Wesleyan Missionary at the Bahamas Islands, West Indies, attended the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school in Toronto, and was a member of the infant-class. His mamma was visiting Canada for her health, and the members of the school will remember being addressed one Sunday by the Rev. F. W. Moon, an older brother of little Willie, who was also a Missionary in the West Indies. The dear little boy became a great favourite, but he was not destined to remain long in this world, yet long enough to illustrate the words of Scripture, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise." The following is the touching account by the sorrowing father of the last days of little Willie:—

"William James Werch Moon, was born in Nassau, New Providence, Bahamas, on July 26th, 1875. He was a bright and active child—a general favourite with old and young, and intelligent beyond his years. When very young, he was taken by his sister to the Sabbath-school, and throughout life evinced the greatest attachment to it. His greatest pleasure during the last year of his life, was to distribute tracts amongst the families residing in the neighbourhood of the Mission House, and this he continued to do until the last. During the year 1881 he spent a few months in Canada with his mamma who had gone thither in search of health. He returned home in November, and at once resumed his attendance upon the Sabbath-school and his loved work of distributing tracts. His childish years gave promise of life-long devotion to the service of the Master, and we cherished the hope that a career of much usefulness lay before him.

"It is not for us to eulogize the dead or to make unwarrantable statements about the young and beautiful life of which we have been bereft. We would not convey the idea that Willie

was altogether perfect. He was, like other children, full of life and fun, but there were traits in his character and conduct which gave promise that some Divine influence which beautified his child-life would—had he been spared—have adorned his riper years. He was blessed with a most amiable and loving disposition. His conscience was very tender. He abhorred anything like dishonesty. He cherished great regard for the Sabbath, and his custom was, on the Saturday to put away his playthings with the remark:—'To-morrow will be Sunday.'

"His love for the Sabbath-school was strong and ardent. Never was he to be absent when it was possible for him to attend. His delight was to hear of the Saviour and His love. On December 25th he said to his mamma:—'Mamma, I do wish I had a Christmas present for Jesus.' She replied: 'The best present my little boy can give the Saviour is himself, his whole heart.' He said, 'I try to do so, mamma. I do want to be good like Jesus.' The Holy Spirit had rendered his heart very soft and tender, and for the last two or three weeks of his life his spirit was eminently devout and thoughtful. We seemed to be justified in anticipating in his case a course of long and loving service in the Master's cause, but the Lord decided otherwise and early removed him to the better world.

"On January 1st, the last Sabbath he spent on earth, he attended school twice, was present at the public service in the morning, and the annual Covenant service in the afternoon. His young heart was deeply interested in and affected by these services, and he joined heartily in the singing. All day Monday he seemed to be in perfect health, and full of life and spirit, but on going to bed at night he complained of feeling sick, and very early next morning we called in the doctor. The disease proved to be yellow fever of the severest type, and baffled all the means used to subdue it. On the second day of his illness his mamma asked him if she should sing for him. He said, 'Yes, mamma.' She then asked him if it should be—

'Jesus loves me, this I know.'

'No,' said he, 'let us sing':—

'To the work' to the work' we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path our Master has trod:
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.'

Of this hymn he was very fond, and though the fever was draining away his life, and his voice was weak and trembling he joined most heartily in the chorus:

'Toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope and trust,
Let us watch and pray,
And labour till the Master comes.'

The dear child had not long to toil. His working day was short. The voyage of life was soon over, and he was 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' On Thursday he became much worse, scarcely recognizing his parents, but on the Saviour's name being mentioned a smile of great sweetness passed over his countenance. That name possessed a charm for him though sinking beneath the power of disease. Notwithstanding all the efforts made to

save him, he grew worse, and on Friday afternoon about three o'clock, expired. On Saturday morning his remains were interred in the Wesley Chapel Yard. He died January 6th, 1882, aged six years and six months. The following verses on his death were written by his little sister, Mamie, who is herself only twelve years old.

One little boy was wanting
To swell the choir above;
So Jesus took our Willie,
Dear object of our love.

We can't tell how we miss him,
Our sorrow is so great;
Our darling little angel
Awaits us at the gate.

Our home is very lonely,
Without our precious boy,
The merry, laughing Willie,
Full of life, and love, and joy.

His little chair is vacant,
How empty seems his room,
The voice that used to cheer us,
Lies silent in the tomb.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



WHEN named them! Our forefathers ever so far back, before the missionaries brought the knowledge of God and his Son Jesus Christ to England. England was once pagan, she worshipped several Gods. The days of the week are named after the old English gods and goddesses; for the people kept time by weeks, as the Jews did. Let us see how the names came about.

They saw the sun. What is more beautiful than the sun? The sun gives light and heat. All living things grow and thrive under his brightness and warmth. The sun must surely be a god. So they worshipped the sun, and called the first day of the week Sunday.

Next the moon. Nothing except the sun is so beautiful as the moon; and so they worshipped the moon, and Monday was named in honour of her.

Tuesday was named after Tuisco, their god of strife and war.

Then the wind, what mighty things it did, and yet nobody saw it. It was always moving and nobody knew how. They said it was a spirit, and they called him Woden, the Mover, the Inspirer, and named Wednesday after him.

There was thunder. Thunder must be a god too, and they called him Thor. The dark thunder-cloud was Thor's frowning eyebrow, and the lightning was Thor's hammer splitting the trees and rocks. They said, too, that he drove away the winter cold and melted the ice. They loved him for doing so, and Thursday was named after him.

Spring was a goddess; for does she not make everything beautiful after the dreary winter? The flowers blossom and the birds build their nests, and everybody is happy. She was called Frigga, the Free One, the Cheerful One, and Friday was named after her.

Then came the harvest. How wonderful was it, and is it, that the corn, and the wheat, which are put into the ground and die, should rise again and grow and ripen into golden corn and waving harvests? This must surely be the work of some kind spirit who loves people, they thought, and they called him Sater, the Setter, the Planter, the God of the seed-field and

the harvest, and after him Saturday is named.

How much more do we know! We can look up to the great creator of them all, and exclaim, "The sun and the moon, the wind and the thunder, spring and autumn, are thy works, O Lord God Almighty." And, best of all, Jesus tells us that he is "our Father in heaven," loving us very much, and caring for us every moment of our lives.

TOO HIGH.

THE Church and School, contains an illustration with the following letter:—

"DEAR MR. PREACHER,—Was you ever a little boy? Don't you remember how your feet didn't touch the floor, and how tired you were in church? Won't you please say something little boys can understand. Then I can keep awake. The pulpit is too far above little boys' heads.—Yours truly,
"JOHNNY."

Whether "Johnny" wrote the letter or not, we believe there are hundreds of boys, and girls too, that think about the preachers just what "Johnny's" letter says. They talk too high. Their words and their flowery sentences are too big for young folks. We wonder how many of our young readers have been wishing that the preacher would talk so that they might understand him, and be kept awake. If any of you have ever wished so, won't you please write to us about it.

It may be, too, that your Sunday-school superintendent, or your teacher talks too high for you. They may be looking away above your heads, and talking to people that are taller than you. Ask them to come down a little with their talk and make it so plain that you can understand them.—S. S. Messenger.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A BOY about eleven years of age, a cripple by paralysis from infancy, was being carried by his mother from the cars to the ferry at Jersey City. Just as they were leaving the train, a quiet, unassuming gentleman came to them, saying, "That boy seems too heavy a burden for you, will you allow me to carry him?" The mother assented, and the little fellow put his arm about the stranger's neck, and was carried to the boat and placed carefully in a good seat, and there left with his mother until the boat had crossed, when the gentleman returned to his charge, and with a smile that lingers still upon the memory, and kind words that soothed and comforted, carried the boy to the waiting-room in the New York depot, where, on being assured he could be of no further assistance, he bade the boy good bye and left him, speaking cordially as he passed out to an elderly gentleman, who was just entering. The grateful boy beckoned to this elderly gentleman and asked, "Can you give me the name of the gentleman to whom you just spoke?" "That is Bishop Jones, of the Methodist Episcopal Church." That boy had never been taught to venerate Methodists or Methodism, but from that hour was often heard to say he knew at least one good man who was a Methodist. His limbs never received the coveted strength, but God converted his soul, and gave him abundant grace to bear his affliction.—From "Life of Bishop Jones," by Dr. H. B. Ridgway.

EASTER.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE AIR Easter is the crown of spring,
When winter folds his icy wing,
And hurries away like a banished king.

They gather the flowers so rich and rare,
They trim the altars, and do not spare,
And the women put on their garments fair.

To greet the glory of soul and sense,
When nature, struggling from long defence,
Walks forth in a rich magnificence.

And out of the old-time doubt and fear,
Like a guide with a voice of holy cheer,
The dear Christ tells us that God is near.

Better than flowery wreath and crown,
Than feathered bonnet and silken gown,
Is the heart that lays its own hardness down,—

The heart that, grieving for sin and pride,
Feels the bright hope-angel near its side,
And thrills with the promise for which
Christ died.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1882.

EASTER DAY.



ON Easter morning, in primitive times, Christians saluted each other with an impressive formula. "Christ is risen!" exclaimed one. "Christ is risen, indeed," replied the brother saluted, "and hath appeared unto

Simon."

This beautiful custom is retained in the Greek Church. In Russia one may still hear these words, which recall the morning when the surprised disciples first listened to the joyful tidings.

There will also be joyfulness throughout Christendom, next Sunday, for it will be the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection. Churches will glow with flowers and vibrate with carol and jubilate. Paschal eggs, dyed in the sacred red, or violet, or blue, will be exchanged by thousands of youth. So Christians did centuries ago, using the Pasch, as the egg was called, to symbolize life bursting the bonds of the sepulchre.

Until the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, there was a difference of opinion, as to when, not as to why, Easter should be celebrated. The council decided that the great feast should be observed upon one and the same day. It fixed the day as the first Sunday

after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March, the vernal equinox. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, the festival is to be observed the Sunday after.

Easter is, therefore, a movable feast, but the event which it commemorates is a fixed fact of history. It is also a fundamental fact of Christianity. For he who denies the literal resurrection of the human body of Jesus Christ should, to be logically consistent, deny the verity of the Christian religion.

The Apostles based their appeals to Jews and Gentiles to become Christians upon this fact. They were plain men, accustomed to observe facts, though slow to apprehend doctrines. They speak as sober-minded witnesses testifying to what they know.

"We affirm," they say in substance, "that after Jesus of Nazareth had died and been buried, He appeared to us on several different occasions. We could not have been deceived, for we saw Him, touched Him, handled Him, spoke with Him, and ate with Him. We obeyed His commands and saw Him perform a miracle. We met Him by appointment, and heard Him bid us go and make disciples of all nations. We, with our own eyes, in broad daylight, saw Him ascend into heaven."

Their evidence cannot be rejected on the ground that they were deceived, by seeing only a vision. A vision is not handled, nor does it eat or work a miracle. The alternative is to believe their testimony, or to reject it as the falsehood of wilful impostors. That supposition is demolished by the character of the Apostles, by their zeal, their success, and their fate.

They were honest men whom the death of their leader had disheartened and scattered. They did not expect to see Him again on earth. Their cause was lost, so they thought, when they saw their dead Lord buried.

But their senses forced them, in spite of their despair and their skepticism, to confess that they saw Jesus in His own body. The sight gathered them again in one band, and filled them with enthusiasm for the "lost cause."

They went everywhere testifying that Christ had risen from the dead, and that they had seen Him. In all places and at all times they witnessed to this fact. In prisons and in courts, before the people who derided them as fanatics, and before the rulers who cursed them as fools, they asserted that they knew their blessed Lord had risen from the dead.

They sealed their testimony with their blood, and the fact they proclaimed revolutionized the world. Were they martyrs to a lie? Did a falsehood change the history of the world? Is the Christian church, the most practical and powerful benevolent institution earth has ever possessed, founded upon an imposture?

In all the trustworthy facts of history, there is not one more certain than the fact that Jesus of Nazareth rose from the dead with the same body which was laid in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

On Easter morning, therefore, the Christian church stands by an empty sepulchre and gazes into heaven. "His body was there," it says, pointing to



STREET IN HAMILTON, BERMUDA.—(See First Page.)

the open tomb. "His body is there," and it sweeps its right hand towards heaven, as jubilant voices chant, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."—*Youth's Companion*.

"THE RESURRECTION."

It has been remarked that the most eager opposers of the Bible are those who know least about it. The story of two brilliant men who undertook to cast scorn upon the New Testament, and ended by becoming its defenders, is one of the best illustrations of the effect of thoroughly studying the Word of God.

Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West, both men of influence, but skeptical with regard to Christianity, once made an agreement that each should write a criticism on some New Testament miracle, showing its "absurdity," and holding it up to ridicule. Gilbert West chose the resurrection of Christ. He obtained a Bible, and went carefully through the four accounts of the death of Christ and His burial—and of the wonderful sequel, which he was to explain away.

How should he shape his attack on this story of the resurrection? was his first thought. Should he insinuate "pious fraud," "fictions of blind devotion," "a superstitious mistake," "Mary Magdalen's imagination"—what? The more he thought about it, the more the difficulties grew.

Again he studied the events of that Friday's closing scene; the sealed stone, and the Roman guard; the mysterious opening of the watched sepulchre; the incidents and swift surprises of that first-day's dawn; the meetings, the doubts, the recognitions of that memorable Sunday—the whole record, to the ascension from Mount Olivet. Biographers end their books with the death of their hero; but here he found the writers had all added a chapter, telling what happened afterwards. Was there a parallel case anywhere?

He was not satisfied. He turned back to the beginning, and read the life of Jesus. When he reached the resurrection story again, he began to fear that he was attempting too much. How could he destroy the story?

What sort of man must he have been of whom such a story could be told? Did not a great life and character deserve a great event? Could any common reality explain so grand an idea, that grew with the centuries, and made a living worship in the hearts of millions?

Still unsatisfied, he reviewed the Gospels. His references led him back to the prophecies, and he put the Old and New Testaments together, reading the Epistles, and discovering with what strange power the resurrection pervaded Christian precept and Christian life.

He began to feel its influence on himself. When he finally commenced his treatise, he was a different man. Better acquaintance with his subject had changed him from a hostile critic to a loving advocate. He wrote with increasing light breaking into his mind and glowing under his pen. His work was a triumph, but not at all of the kind he had first intended. It is, in fact, one of the best commentaries we have on the glorious event which Easter Day commemorates.

Lord Lyttleton, who chose the "Conversion of St. Paul" for his subject of ridicule, had an experience very similar, and the result of his first honest study of the Scriptures was the same.

Lyttleton on Paul's Conversion, and West, on the Resurrection, are standard books that will always be thought of together—the monument of two men who were skeptics when they began their work, and believers when they performed and finished it.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

MY DEAR MR. WITHROW,—Would you be kind enough to put in your paper an account of a subscription towards our Mission-boat at Simpson. A little boy heard about the proposed boat, so he said to his father, "Papa, I will send Mr. Crosby all that is in my bank, so it was sent on (30 cents), thirty cents. I told about this at one place and afterwards I found that six little girls had joined together and were sewing. They told me they were going to work as a little Missionary Society for the Mission-boat, at Port Simpson. Now, if all the children would get to work like this we should get a boat, so we might be saved from much of the hard work of paddling.

Yours truly, T. Crosby.



VIEW FROM LIGHT-HOUSE.—(See First Page.)

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

It is very gratifying to find that the efforts of the Methodist Church of Canada to provide sound religious literature for the people are so highly appreciated. We have had many warm expressions of approval of the improvement in our Sunday-school literature. The *Methodist Magazine* has also won very high commendation, both at home and abroad. We take the liberty to quote part of one such commendation from a gentleman who occupies a distinguished educational position, but with whom we have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted:—

"I can assure you," he says, "that we fully appreciate the efforts you are putting forth to supply the people of this Dominion, and particularly the Methodist portion of it, with a Magazine possessed of real literary merit, and pervaded by a pure and high religious tone. In these days when so many of our young people are having their minds poisoned, and their religious feelings deadened, by reading publications of doubtful orthodoxy, and thinly disguised sceptical tendencies, it is very gratifying to find your Magazine standing firmly by the grand old truths of the Gospel. I have found this Magazine an invaluable assistant in the education of my family, by cultivating in the younger members a love for reading, and at the same time indelibly impressing upon their minds the great fundamental truths of our common Christianity. I am strongly in sympathy with the object you have in view. We are anticipating a pleasant time from the monthly visits of your Magazine, and trust that it will surely work its way into every Methodist, and, I may say, Christian, family in the land."

The April number is a special Ryerson memorial number. It contains Dr. Ryerson's own account of his early life, of his banishment from his father's house because he joined the Methodists, and his subsequent career till he became a Methodist preacher. Also a sketch of his public life, by Dr. Hodgins, his colleague in office for thirty years, with a good portrait, and other memorial articles.

Will not our readers kindly give their patronage to this cheap and handsome illustrated Magazine, only \$1 for six months.

A QUEEN'S GRATITUDE FOR A NATION'S LOVE.

The Queen has written to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, that she wishes, before she leaves England, to express from her heart how deeply she is touched by the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, affection, and devotion which the painful event of the 2nd inst. called forth from all classes and from all parts of her vast empire, as well as by the universal sympathy evinced by the sovereigns and people of other nations. The Queen cannot sufficiently express how deeply she is gratified by these demonstrations. She wishes to convey to all, from the highest to the humblest, her warmest and most heartfelt thanks. The Queen says it has ever been her greatest object to do all she can for her subjects, to uphold the honour and glory of her dear country, as well as to promote the prosperity and happiness of those over whom she has reigned so long. These efforts will be continued unceasingly to the last hour of her life. The Queen thanks God that He spared her beloved child, who is her constant and devoted companion, and those who were with her in the moment of danger as well as herself. She prays He will continue to protect her for her people's sake as He has hitherto so visibly protected her.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
The lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

E. E. Rexford.

We die that we may die no more.
Hooker.

REQUIRED READING. S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.



ABOUT seven miles from the mouth of the Niagara River, a bold escarpment of rock, an old lake margin, runs across the country from east to west, at a height of about three hundred feet above the level of Lake Ontario. Through this, the river, in the course of ages, has worn a deep and gloomy gorge. At the foot of the cliff and on its lower slopes, nestled on the western side the hamlet of Queenston and on the eastern the American village of Lewiston. On the Canadian side, where the ascent of the hill was more abrupt, it was overcome by a road that by a series of sharp zigzags gained the tableland at the top. Halfway up the height was a battery mounting an 18-pound gun, and manned by twelve men, and on the bank of the river, some distance below the village, was another mounting a 24-pound cannon. On either side of the rocky pass from which the river flows, the spiry spruces and cedars with twisted roots grapple with the rocks and cling to the steep slopes.

The river emerges from the narrow gorge, a dark and tortured stream. For seven miles since its plunge over the great cataract, it has been convulsed by raging rapids and rugged rocks and by a whirlpool. As it here glides out into a wider channel, it bears the evidences of its tumultuous course in the resistless sweep of its waters and the dangerous eddies and "boilers" by which its dark surface is disturbed. At this point is a favourite fishing-ground. The schools of herring attempting to ascend the river are here unable to overcome the swiftness of the current and are caught in large quantities by the rude seines and nets of the neighbouring fishermen. A waggon-load sometimes being caught in a few hours. As the schools of fish at the fall of the year were running finely, the fishermen of the villages on each side of the river were eagerly engaged in securing their finny harvest, on which much of their winter food supply depended. As this was a mutual necessity, each party, by a tacit consent, was allowed to ply this peaceful avocation, for the most part, undisturbed.

For the defence of the whole frontier of thirty-four miles from Fort Erie to Fort George, Brock had only some fifteen hundred men, of whom at least one-half were militiamen and Indians. On the American side of the river, a force of over six thousand regulars and militia were assembled for the invasion of Canada. These were distributed along the river from Fort Niagara to Buffalo. Brock was compelled, therefore, still further to weaken his already

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled, "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

scanty force by being on the alert at all points, as he knew not at which one the attack would be made. Consequently there were only some three hundred men, mostly militia, quartered at Queenston at the time of which we write. They were billeted at the inn and houses of the village and in the neighbouring farmhouses and barns.

The morning of the thirteenth of October, 1812 ever memorable in the annals of Canada, broke cold and stormy. Low-hung clouds mantled the sky and made the late dawn later still, and cast still darker shadows on the sombre clumps of spruce and pines that clothed the sides of the gorge, and on the sullen water that flowed between. A couple of fishermen of the neighbourhood who were serving in the militia had been permitted by the officer in command to attend to their seines, with orders to keep a sharp look-out at the same time, and to be ready at an instant's summons to join the ranks. As the schools of herring were in full run, they had remained all night in the little bothie or hut, made of spruce boughs, down at the water-side, that they might at the earliest dawn draw the seine and set it again unmolested by the stray shots from the opposite side, which, notwithstanding the truce, had of late occasionally been fired. At the same season of the year, the same operation can still be witnessed at the same place—the narrow ledge beneath the cliff, along the river-bank, especially near the abutment of the broken Suspension Bridge.

The elder of the two men was a sturdy Welshman—Jonas Evans by name—a Methodist of the Lady Huntingdon connexion. The other, Jim Larkins, was Canadian born, the son of a neighbouring farmer. About four o'clock in the morning they emerged from their spruce booth and began hauling with their rude windlows upon the seine, heavily laden with fish.

"Hark!" exclaimed Jonas to his companion, "what noise is that? I thought I heard the splash of oars."

"It is only the wash of the waves upon the shore or the *sough* of the wind among the pines. You're likely to hear nothing else this time o' day, or o' night rather."

"There it is again," said the old man, peering into the darkness. "And I'm sure I heard the sound o' voices on the river. See there!" he exclaimed as a long dark object was descried amid the gloom. "There is a boat, and there behind it is another; and I doubt not there are still others behind. Run, Jim, call out the guard. The Lord hath placed us here to confound the devices of the enemy."

Snatching from the booth his trusty Brown Bess musket, without waiting to challenge, for he well knew that this was the vanguard of the threatened invasion, he fired at the boat, more for the purpose of giving the alarm than in the expectation of inflicting any damage on the moving object in the uncertain light.

The sound of the musket shot echoed and re-echoed between the rocky cliffs, and repeated in loud reverberations its thrilling sound of warning.

"We are discovered," exclaimed the steersman of the foremost boat, with a brutal oath. "Spring to your oars, lads! We must gain a footing before

the guard turns out or it's all up with us. Pull for your lives!"

No longer rowing cautiously with muffled oars, but with loud shouts and fairly churning the surface of the water into foam, they made the boat—a large flat-bottomed barge—bound through the waves. Another and another emerged rapidly from the darkness, and their prows successively grated upon the shingle as they were forced upon the beach. The invading troops leaped lightly out with a clash of arms, and at the quick, sharp word of command, formed upon the beach.

Meanwhile, on the cliff above, the sharp challenge and reply of the guard, the shrill sounds of the bugle, and the quick throbbing of the drums calling to arms is heard. The men turn out with alacrity, and are soon seen, in the grey dawn, running from their several billets to headquarters, buckling their bolts and adjusting their accoutrements as they run. Soon is heard the measured tramp of armed men forming in companies to attack the enemy. Sixty men of the 49th Grenadiers advance with a light 3-pounder gun against the first division of the enemy, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, who has formed his men on the beach and is waiting the arrival of the next boats. These are seen rapidly approaching, but to get them safely across the river is a work of great difficulty and danger. The current is swift, and the swirling eddies are strong and constantly changing their position. On leaving the American shore they were obliged to pull up stream as far as possible. But when caught by the resistless sweep of the current, they were borne rapidly down, their track being an acute diagonal across the stream. To reach the only available landing-place, they must again row up stream in the slack water on the Canadian side, their whole course being thus like the outline of the letter **N**.*

Of the thirteen boats that left the American shore, three were driven back by the British fire—the little three-pounder and the two batteries doing good service as their hissing shots fell in disagreeably close proximity to the boats, sometimes splashing them with spray, and once ricocheting right over one of them.

The first detachment of invaders were driven with some loss behind a steep bank close to the water's edge, but they were soon reinforced by fresh arrivals, and, being now in overwhelming strength, steadily fought their way up the bank.

Meanwhile, where was Brock? Such, we venture to think, was the most eager thought of every mind on either side. He was speeding as fast as his good steed could carry him to his glorious fate. The previous night, at headquarters at Fort George, he had

* The present writer has a vivid remembrance of a night-passage of the river under circumstances of some peril. It was in a small flat-bottomed scow. Shortly after leaving the American shore, a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and hail burst over the river. The waves, crested with snowy foam which gleamed ghastly in the dim light of our lantern, threatened to engulf our frail bark. The boatman strained every nerve and muscle, but was borne a mile down the river before he made the land. That distance he had to retrace along the rugged, boulder-strewn, and log-encumbered shore. We reached the landing in a still more demoralized condition than the American invaders, but met a warmly hospitable, not hostile, reception.

called his staff together and, in anticipation of the invasion, had given to each officer his instructions. In the morning, agreeably to his custom, he rose before day. While dressing, the sound of the distant cannonade caught his attentive ear. He speedily roused his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel Macdonell, and called for his favourite horse. His first impression was that the distant firing was but a feint to draw the garrison from Fort George. The real point of attack he anticipated would be Niagara, and he suspected an American force to be concealed in boats around the point on which Fort Niagara stood, ready to cross over as soon as the coast was clear. He determined, therefore, to ascertain personally the nature of the attack before withdrawing the garrison.

With his two aides, he galloped eagerly to the scene of the action. As he approached Queenston Heights, the whole slope of the hill was swept by a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the American shore. Nevertheless, with his aides, he rode at full speed up to the 18-pounder battery, midway to the summit. Dismounting, he surveyed the disposition of the opposed forces and personally directed the fire of the gun. At this moment firing was heard on the crest of the hill commanding the battery. A detachment of American troops had climbed like catamounts the steep cliff by an unguarded fisherman's path. Sir Isaac Brock and his aides had not even time to remount, but were compelled to retire with the twelve gunners who manned the battery. This was promptly occupied by the Americans. Brock, having first despatched a messenger to order up reinforcements from Fort George and to command the bombardment of Fort Niagara,* determined to recapture the battery. Placing himself at the head of a company of the Forty-ninth he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and the reckless exposure of his person, inspired the pursuit of his followers. His tall figure—he was six feet two inches in height,—his conspicuous valour, and his general's epaulettes and cockade attracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fell, pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. As he fell upon his face, a devoted follower rushed to his assistance. "Don't mind me," he said. "Push on the York volunteers," and with his ebbing life sending a love-message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away.

AN INDIAN MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

AT a Missionary meeting at Hamilton, Ont., John Sunday, an Indian preacher, in closing an address, spoke as follows: "There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time, when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr.

* This was done with such vigour that its fire was silenced and its garrison compelled for the time to abandon it.

Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us do this great work, to preach the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all that he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt—that is, a bank note. That is all I have to say."

EASTER HYMN.

BY PETER THE VENERABLE.

This is the translation of a famous Latin hymn by an abbot of Clugny, who died several hundred years ago. We give below the original hymn, that the boys and girls who are studying Latin may try their hand at it.

The rich music of the old Latin hymn may be enjoyed by any one.

BROKEN is death's portal;
Hail the victory,
For the King Immortal
Stronger is than he.
Now the tyrant cruel
From the throne is torn,
By the mighty duel
Round the cross forlorn

Down the darkness dreary
Streams the light of day,
Like a morning cheery,
Driving night away.
For our God and maker,
Pitying our pain,
Comes to be the breaker
Of our iron chain.

We in sin were lying,
Helpless under doom,
Given up to dying,
Captive to the tomb;
Then in mercy tender
Came Immanuel down,
Laying by his splendour,
Putting off his crown.

And our nature mortal
Did the King put on,
Standing in the portal,
Our true champion:
Dead the foe lies under
His triumphant feet.
O the joy and wonder!
Sing with praises sweet!

IN RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.

Mortis portis fractis, fortis
Fortior vim sustulit;
Et per crucem regem trucem
Infernum percudit.
Lumen clarum tenebrarum
Sedibus resplendit;
Dum salvare, recreare,
Quod creavit, voluit.
Hinc Creator, ne peccator
Moreretur, moritur;
Cujus morte, nova sorte
Vita nobis oritur.
Inde Sathan victus gemit,
Unde victor nos redemit;
Illud illi fit letale,
Quod est homini vitale,
Qui, dum captat, capitur,
Et dum mactat, moritur.
Sic decenter, sic potenter
Rex devincens inferos.
Linquens ima die prima,
Reddit ad auperos
Resurrexit, et revexit
Secum Deus hominem,
Reparando quam creando
Dederat originem
Per Auctoris passionem
Ad amissam regionem
Primus redit nunc colonus!
Unde laetus fit hic sonus.

TENDER WORDS AND DEEDS.

[A HINT TO GIRLS.]

NOT far from my home was the plain cottage of an Irish woman and her only son, a brave young fellow, dying of consumption contracted in the war. One day, in my visit to him, I carried him some lovely red roses. The next time I went the mother said, "He never let the roses go out of his hand, miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was, 'Give my blessin' to the young lady for bringin' the flowers.'" And the desolate mother buried them with him as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of that poor Irish youth will always be a pleasant memory.

The remembrance of a tender word will last long after you are in your grave. A little ragged boot-black fell on the icy streets of Chicago one winter's day. A cheery young lady passing said, as she helped him up, "Did you hurt yourself?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said to his companions, "I'd like to fall a dozen times if I could have her pick me up like that."

A harsh voice in a woman is like discord in the sweetest music. One can easily get into complaining and dissatisfied tones. Have a sunny face, and nothing will do this save genuine kindness in the heart. Every girl ought to try to make it possible to say of her, "She brightens every life she touches." If you never do ought else in life, bring sunshine into every heart you meet.—Sarah K. Bolton.

"NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

SOME years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only *one boy* was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labour of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not colour that a little, when you said that all that expense and labour would be repaid if it only saved *one boy*?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labour than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "my boy," it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "my boy." To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. Shall we shrink from labour? Shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "my boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

We only live to teach us how to die.—Sothorne.

STILL THY SORROW, MAGDALENA.

STILL thy sorrow, Magdalena !
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes;
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs :
All with thy glad heart rejoices ;
All things sing with happy voices,
Hallelujah !

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena !
Be thy drooping forehead bright ;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light ;
Christ from death the world hath freed,
He is risen, is risen indeed.
Hallelujah !

Joy! exult, Oh, Magdalena !
He hath burst the rocky prison ;
Ended are the days of darkness,
Conqueror hath he arisen,
Mourn no more the Christ departed ;
Run to welcome him glad-hearted.
Hallelujah !

Lift thine eyes, Oh, Magdalena !
See ! thy living Master stands ;
See his face, as ever, smiling ;
See those wounds upon his hands,
On his feet, his sacred side ;
Gems that deck the Glorified.
Hallelujah !


Live, now live, Oh, Magdalena !
Shining is thy new-born day ;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away ;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love and welcome gladness.
Hallelujah !

WINTER TRAVEL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. J. SEMMENS.

I.

PREPARATIONS.



THE day before leaving home for a long trip is always a busy one. There are so many things to be thought over. Dangers, accidents, and misfortunes must be guarded, against the wants of health and sickness must be provided for. Before all other things comes the amount of provisions likely to be consumed ere the nearest market be reached. The old guide will tell us the number of days it will take to reach the nearest post. Then a calculation must be made: so many men to be rationed a given number of days, at a certain rate per day; a little extra for stormy days when we may be delayed, or for the purpose of helping the starving whom we may meet; then the whole is weighed, put up in bags, and placed on the sled.

Next to ourselves come thoughts of our faithful dogs and their wants. Two fish—multiplied by the number of nights and the number of dogs—are piled on the sled; by all means the most considerable item in point both of weight and bulk that we shall have to consider.

Goods and appliances of various kinds must not be overlooked. Wood to warm our numbed limbs, and boil our cups of tea, cannot be procured without axes. Food cannot be prepared without utensils, and awls for mending the dog-harness, and gimlets for repairing the sleds in case of mishap must be taken. Warm wrappings for hands and feet must be kept for occasional changes. To walk over deep snow at a rapid pace we must have snowshoes. To sleep in the snow—sometimes in sixty degrees of frost—we must have warm blankets or robes

of rabbit skin. Nothing must be forgotten,—matches and medicines, books and overcoats, knives, plates, cups, and kettles,—all must be put on the sled the evening previous to our departure, then there will be no press and hurry when we wish to start in the morning.

SETTING OUT.

There is something melancholy about leaving home in this land. It is like putting out to sea,—one never knows what storms are to overtake him. Yet the gloom is dispelled by the hope that all will be well. The voyager feels much the same confidence in his dogs, and in his own strength, that a sailor feels in the seaworthiness of his craft, and in his own seafaring skill; but deeper down in the Christian's heart is a confident trust in the care of an overruling Providence.

DIFFICULTIES.

As soon as we are well away from home our difficulties begin. We get beyond the well-beaten tracks within a mile or two of the mission, and then the road must be opened up by our party. The guide goes on ahead, giving us the direction, and pressing down the snow with his snowshoes. The dogs follow, struggling along as best they can with their load. The drivers bring up the rear, dodging the overhanging branches, and steering the sleds clear of the trees.

One of the impediments to our progress is the rolling nature of the country through which we pass. Toiling up wearisome ascents is hard on both dogs and drivers, but especially the latter. It is the driver's duty to keep things moving, if possible. In the event of failure he must lift and shout and at times whip to restore suspended motion. Failing in this he must divide his load, go on to the top of the hill, return and carry the remainder up on his own back. Men are generally too lazy to resort to this expedient. They will draw heavily on lung-power and muscle-force before they will submit to dividing a load.

DOWN HILL.

Going down hill is not so difficult but far more dangerous. The velocity which a heavily-laden sled, left to itself, acquires on a steep declivity is something fearful. The driver must be brakeman, and if he falls or fails woe betide both dogs and sled. A good story is told of one noble missionary who, while on his way to a distant post, came to what was known far and wide as Wolf Hill. The ascent was effected nobly—the descent began. The driver charged him to sit still; but the sight of racing dogs, and the sound of jingling bells, were too much for the enthusiastic occupant of the cariole. He rose to his feet!—he cheered the dogs!—he whistled the whip in the air!—he hallooed with all his might! The driver let go. The sled struck a tree. The excited missionary was thrown head first down a precipice into a deep bank of snow, while dogs and their load went rolling down in hopeless confusion. The driver followed as fast as he could, and half way down the hill he found two moccassined limbs pointing towards the zenith, and struggling in vain for freedom. Taking hold of them he quickly extracted the unfortunate body of divinity to which they belonged from his dive in the snow, and it is reported that the victim was ever after a cooler and wiser man.

CAMPING.

Our halting-places are called "camps," and are all of similar construction. Nothing artistic or architectural can be discovered in them. Situated in the heart of pine groves, lined and paved with evergreen boughs, supplied with a roaring fire, and backed with blankets and robes, they afford us not altogether uncomfortable resting-places when the duties of the day are past.

The daily routine becomes somewhat monotonous to experienced trippers, but there are novelties enough to interest a stranger intensely.

THE MORNING START.

The guide rises about two hours before daylight, makes a fire, boils the tea, and then wakes up the party. A hasty meal is despatched, prayers are sung and said, dogs are harnessed, and we go forth into the darkness that surrounds our camp-fire's ruddy glow. A sharp run of six miles in the keen frosty air of the early morning and all are agreed as to the propriety of taking a spell. A very few minutes are enough to chill the most hardy of us, and on we go again. Six miles more and we halt for breakfast. Twelve miles further on we take dinner. Another twelve miles and we seek the shelter of the pines, and beneath the stars we count the coming of—

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

So the time passes until we reach the object of our journey,—a pagan village in the heart of a vast wilderness, and we look around and make observations.

MYRRH-BEARERS.

THREE women crept at break of day,
Agrope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay;
Each in her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before;
Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of nards, whose pungent arts
Should the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odors through and through,
'Twas all their love had leave to do!

Christ did not need heir gifts; and yet
Did either Mary once regret
Her offering? Did Salome fret
Over those unused aloes? Nay!
They did not count as waste that day
What they had brought their Lord. The
way
Home seemed the path to heaven. They
bear
Thenceforth about the robes they wear
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmindful of their morning ease)
Through tragic darkness, murk, and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim
Of promise—all for sake of Him
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as these of old
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still—at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God—
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed;
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.
Margaret J. Preston.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

PUZZLE DOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. DIAMOND.

S
A P K
A V A S T
S P A R T A N
E S T O P
T A P
N

II. ENIGMA.—A soft answer turneth away wrath.

III. CURTAILMENTS.—1. Banc, ban. 2. Cane, can. 3. Curt, cur. 4. Carp, car. 5. Cone, con. 6. Dame, dam.

IV. ACROSTIC.

J A C I N T H
U M B O
S W O O N
T R I C E
I R I S
C O U S T
E A K L Y

NEW PUZZLES.

I. PYRAMID.

1. A vowel.
2. A household convenience.
3. Foreigners.
4. Of fragile texture.

The centrals give the name of a female relative.

II. RIDDLE.

Up and down, up and down,
Is the way I go, the whole world
round;
Up and down, up and down—
Never touching sky or ground.

III. BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 67 letters.
My 7, 57, 45, 16, 12, 32, 23, was a city of Simeon's inheritance.
My 43, 48, 27, 8, 58, 64 is the name of a mountain in Palestine.
My 35, 6, 19, 37, 56 is what a wise king bringeth over the wicked.
My 67, 3, 28, 52, 36, 63, 49 is a book of the Bible.
My 21, 66, 5, 47, 42, 4, 40, 61, were inhabitants of a city of the Philistines.
My 24, 30, 38 fifty men do before Absalom.
My 60, 27, 17, 62, 44, 33, 46 shall make the minds cheerful.
My 53, 10, 58, 13, 22, 29 was a city of Ephraim.
My 1, 50, 40, 13, 31, 43 were nourished among young lions.
My 39, 30, 9, 65, 32, 25 was the friend of 34, 59, 41, 14, 15.
My 54, 59, 20, 11, 38, 14, 51, 18 was a son of Zerubbabel.
My 41, 55, 26, 2, 52, 44 was a Persian queen.
My whole is a verse in the Old Testament

IV. DIAMOND.

1. Holds first place in heaven.
2. Did have.
3. To shout.
4. Consequences.
5. To embellish.
6. An animal.
7. Always in want.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

ALWAYS do as you say;
Always vote as you pray;
Be gentle and kind,
Always keeping in mind
That, to win other's love,
The sweet coo of the dove
Will do more than a growl,
Or the hoot of an owl.

TO AN OLD COMRADE.

THE Toronto Evening News of Sept. 29, 1881, contained the following. This morning an old gray headed drunkard, who for years has haunted the cells, sprang up suddenly as he overheard the police talking of the death of Garfield. "Is Jim dead?" he asked. "Why, I knowed Jim. Him and me went to school together, and used to fight and learn to spell at the same school. Poor Jim!" The tears flowed down the cheeks of the miserable wretch, who started in life with the same chance as he whose death last night cast a gloom over a whole planet. He seemed utterly broken down, and asking for a pencil and paper, he penned the following uncouth tribute.

At the same age ez Garfield was,
And I went to school with him,
And here I be in No. 1,

While millions is mournin' Jim,
I knew him better'n I know you,
He lived next farm to us;
But he was as good as the wheat, and I
Waz always a worthless cuss.

Why, I can remember Jim
When he driv an Eric mule,
And I would stand on the banks and say,
"Wall, you're a thunderin' fool",
But on he'd go like a meadow-lark,
A whistlin' a Methodist hymn,
And here I be in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' Jim.

I went down, and he went up;
It's queer when I come to think,
But he would never go on a whirl,
And he never learned to drink.
I tell you what, there must have been
A lot of grit in Jim,
For here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

Why, blame it! I remember Jim
In rags and such, when I
Was dressed like any drygoods clerk
And reckoned pretty fly.
I had a chance to climb the hill
God never gave to Jim,
Yet here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

Why didn't they go to work and shoot
A worthless cuss like me?
But the poor chap was fit to die,
Which isn't my case, d'ye see.
I wish that I was dead and gone
Once more along of Jim,
But here I be in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

MORAL.

Because you're ragged don't be afraid.
But allus remember Jim.
Stick to the right and go ahead,
And you'll come to somethin' like him.
Keep up a brave heart, never learn to
drink,
Allus be strong and true,
And you'll never be locked in No. 1,
And millions may mourn for you.

A GIRL HEROINE.

HERE was a very dark, stormy night last month out West, and the wind blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and the conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express train was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle-work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest, and the torrent beneath. One misstep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes and sometimes walking over the slippery rails and over the trestle work, she came to the

other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station where the express train did not stop so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in five minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station panting, with almost deathly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "The bridge is down," when she dropped unconscious and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent, from that station to the next station and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers and saved many homes from desolation.

A CURIOUS illustration of the doctrine of indulgences as held by the Romish Church is related of Tetzel, whose sale of them so excited the indignation of Luther. A man came to Tetzel and asked him if he could get an indulgence for a sin which he intended to commit. "Yes," was the answer, "upon the payment of money." He complied with the condition, and upon Tetzel's departure from the town with his gains, he met him on the highway, robbed him of his treasure, beat him, and told him that was the sin he intended to commit, and for which he had purchased an indulgence. It is needless to say that Tetzel did not relish the application thus made of his doctrine.

WHEN an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend, "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 23.] LESSON IV [April 23.
CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

Mark 6. 45-56. Commit to memory v. 47-50.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43-2.

OUTLINE.

1. On the Mountain, v. 45-48.
2. On the Sea, v. 49-52.
3. On the Shore, v. 53-56.

TIME.—A. D. 23, on the evening after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The Sea of Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 14. 22-36; John 6. 15-24.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Constrained*—Compelled. The reason was that the people wished to make him their king, and he would not allow it. *The other side*—Bethsaida was close at hand, to the west of the place of the miracle. *He saw them*—Though he was far distant, and the night was dark. *Fourth Watch*—After midnight, and before daylight. *Walking upon the sea*—Showing thereby his divine power over all nature. *Would have passed*—Appeared to be passing by. *Cried out*—With fear. *Good cheer*—Christ comforts his fearful followers. The account of Peter's walking on the water is given in Matt. 14. 23-32. *Considered not*—Did not understand the full power of the miracle. *They knew him*—The people knew Jesus and his disciples. *Touched him*—Showing thereby their faith in the healing power of Jesus.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find in this lesson—

1. An example of secret prayer?
2. An instance of needless fears?
3. A cheering greeting?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus send his disciples after feeding the five thousand? Across the Sea of Galilee. 2. Where did Jesus himself go? To a mountain to pray. 3. How did Jesus come to his disciples in the night? By walking on the sea. 4. What did he say to remove their fears? "It is I; be not afraid." 5. Where did Jesus and his disciples land? At the plain of Gennesaret. 6. What did the people of that region do when Jesus came? They brought their sick for healing.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Prayer to God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

35. Whither did the children of Israel go then?

The children of Israel, having passed over the Red Sea, went through the wilderness, wheresoever God guided them, by a pillar of a cloud in the day-time, and a pillar of fire in the night.

A. D. 23.] LESSON V. [April 30.
THE TRADITION OF MEN.

Mark 7. 1-23. Commit to memory v. 9-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men v. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. A Complaint, v. 1-5.
2. A Rebuke, v. 6-13.
3. A Parable, v. 14-23.

TIME.—A. D. 28, at the close of Christ's ministry in Galilee.

PLACE.—Capernaum in Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—Matt. 15. 1-20.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Eat bread*—Take their meals. *They found fault*—Not because their hands were not clean, but because they failed to fulfil the customs of the people. *Wash their hands oft*—These washings were not to make themselves clean, but a part of their religion. *Tradition of the elders*—A custom made by men, and not commanded by God. *The market*—The street, or public square is meant. *Washing of cups, etc.*—Not to make them clean, but as a form of religion. They would not touch a vessel from which a Gentile had eaten until it had been washed. *Hypocrites*—People who pretend to a holiness which they do not possess. The Pharisees did this when they showed greater care to obey the elders' customs than the law of God. *For Moses said*—Moses said as God's lawgiver *But ye say*—Christ shows that in this respect their custom was opposed to God's law. *Corban*—A Hebrew word, meaning "that which is given sacrificially to God's house." When any son chose, he could give to the temple, what otherwise he would have given to support his aged parents; thus breaking God's law; *Nothing from without . . . defile*—That is, no food, eaten, nor thing touched can one defile; but only evil which comes from the heart, as Jesus in the verses which follow, naming the sins which defile the character.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That God expects us to obey his law?
2. That the source of evil is within our hearts?
3. That we need to have our hearts made new?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did the Pharisees find fault with Christ's disciples? For eating with unwashed hands. 2. Why did they regard this washing so important? As a tradition of the elders. 3. What did Jesus say that the Pharisees neglected for their own traditions? The commands of God. 4. What did Jesus say a one could defile a man? That which came from the heart. 5. What does this fact require of us? To keep our hearts pure.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of God's word.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

36. How long was it before they came to the land of Canaan which God had promised?

The children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness because of their sins, before they came to the land of Canaan which God had promised.

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