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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

No. 4.

OVER and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life,  
Some lesson that I must learn;  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute  
Over and over again.

## IONA, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE south-western isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations of any part of Great Britain.

The little steamer *Iona* leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the river Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land which through the busy port. On the north shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilpatrick, the reputed birth-place of the patron saint of Ireland. According to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Saints. Satan, enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive.

If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dumbarton Rock, crowned with its lofty castle, 460 feet in air. To the left is the Port of Greenock, in whose quiet "God's acre" sleeps the dust of "Highland Mary," the object of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the cliffs rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked

lake. Crossing Loch Tyne, we enter Crinian Canal, which saves a *detour* of seventy miles around the Mull of Cantyre, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and crags, we glide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban.

From Oban, a staunch little seaworthy steamer—for the passage is often very rough—conveys one around the rugged island of Mull, calling at Iona's holy isle, and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill, the Isle of St. Columba's cell—is very small, only two miles and a half in length, by one in breadth—but here burned for long ages the beacon fire of

manuscripts of the Gospel and Psalms. When grown to man's estate, in fulfilment of a vow, he became a missionary to the pagan Picts and Scots. With twelve companions, in skin-covered osier boats, he reached Iona's lonely isle, amid the surges of the melancholy main. Here he reared his monasteries of wattled huts; his chapel, refectory, cow byre, and grange. The bare ground was their bed, and a stone their pillow. The sea-girt isle became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues,

their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.

The island has no harbour, and only one very rude pier, visitors, therefore, must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fisher-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising 70 feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying place of St. Columba himself. That man

is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Celtic faith. "Those patriot isms would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, amid an archipelago of sister islands.

The island rises at its highest point 142 feet above the sea. It is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The



561

FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

HYS May 7/87

the Christian faith, when pagan darkness enveloped all around.

Among the wild mountains of Donegal, in Ireland, early in the sixth century, was born a child of royal race, destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity to Scotland, and the patron saint of that land, till he was superseded by St. Andrew. This boy was Colum, or Columba, who in his youth had a passion for borrowing from the convent founded by St. Patrick, and copying

and in the transcription of MS. copies of the Scriptures.

The pious Celts, as these missionaries were called, in their frail osier barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda; to the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands; and even to Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic books, bells, and crosses, have been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to

entire façade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honey-combed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave, the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof thirty

feet thick. The chasm extends in length 250 feet. More dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

#### MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind  
Men point at me as smitten with God's frown,  
Afflicted, and deserted by my mind;  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet dying,  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!  
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;  
When men pass coldly by—my weakness Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines upon my lowly dwelling place,  
And there is no more night.

On bended knee  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown,  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I might see

Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear.  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here  
Can come no evil thing.

#### MY PIPES AND TOBACCO.

"GRANDPA," said a little boy one day to a very nice old gentleman, Mr. Winchester, who lived elegantly in one of our large cities, "what does it mean 'my pipes and tobacco?'"

"What, my son?" said his grandpa.

"What about pipes and tobacco?"

"Why, grandpa," said little Robbie, "the other day, when you threw something that you bought for grandpa into her lap, you said, 'Pipes and tobacco,' and it was those beautiful pictures of the angels. And another time, when the expressman brought the—statuary, do you call it, those funny checker-players that I always laugh so at—you said, 'Here, mother, pipes and tobacco,' and sometimes you go into the garden to enjoy your pipes and tobacco, and you never smoke. What does it mean, grandpa?"

"Come here, my little boy, I am glad to answer the question that I hoped you would ask me some day. And his grandfather looked lovingly into the face of the little Robbie that God had given to his care. Taking him into his lap, he said: "How old are you, my son?"

"Most seven," said Robbie, very seriously.

"When I was no older than you," continued Mr. Winchester, "I wanted to smoke, like my Uncle Robert, and mamma said, 'Well, papa, we will let him smoke if he wants to,' so they prepared the pipe for me. At first the smoke would not come as it did for Uncle Robert; but by and by it curled out of the pipe in beautiful rings, and

I felt very much like a man as they circled around my face. Soon I began to grow sick. All the day I could not play, and when the night came how my head ached; I wished such a thing as tobacco had never been heard of.

"The next morning I was better, and mamma said, 'You do not like tobacco, my son?' 'No mamma,' I replied. 'But,' she said, 'it will not make you sick the next time. Do you remember what I told you the other day about the conscience, that after a few times if we neglected to obey its voice it would leave us? It is very much the case with any evil of the body. It ceases after a little to give such warnings as we can understand. It will not make you sick again, and by and by you can smoke just as Uncle Robert does. Will you not like to try it again?"

"After two or three times, mamma, will it not hurt me?" I asked.

"What did I tell you about the conscience?" she replied. "After it ceased to warn you, did the sin do you any harm?"

"Then I remembered how the heart grew harder and harder and was ready for and enjoyed wicked ways and people. But I asked what harm the smoking would do after it had ceased to make me sick, and she told me what it did sometimes to the teeth, how it often made cancers on the lips, and how it affected the breath and made the whole person offensive to many people, besides being an expensive habit; for with the money that you will spend for tobacco you can buy a great many useful and elegant things. "Then I asked what God made it for.

"She told me that it was first found in America, and that a famous Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, learned to smoke, and taught the habit to his countrymen, but that she supposed God made it for medicine. 'Do you know the man that works at Squire Devol's?' said his grandpa.

"Yes, sir; you mean the one they call Sam," said Robbie.

"Well," said Mr. Winchester, "Sam and I were boys together. He bought pipes and tobacco, I books and pencils. As we grew up he put his money more and more into such things, while I spent mine for what would benefit me or some one else. Which man would you rather be like, Sam, with his stooping, shiftless gait and poor living, or your grandpa, with your good grandma, and pleasant home, with its pictures and statuary and music?"

"Oh! you, grandpa, and grandma, and everything." And he threw his arms around Mr. Winchester's neck, kissing him all over his face. "You, you!"

"And you will not use tobacco?"

"No, no, I will not learn to smoke at all."

"Not if the boys call you a white-faced baby and tied to your grandmother's apron-strings?"

"No, no!" said little Robbie. "I can say to myself, as grandpa taught me the other day: 'Our father, who art in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from all evil.'"

Now, my dear little children, the writer of this story knows just such a nice old gentleman, who uses tobacco in no other way than to buy beautiful things with it, or rather with the money that might be spent for it; and she hopes his example may be followed by every little boy that hears about him, and that all the little girls will make

this one of their every-day tales, until it is known all over the land.—*Youth's Banner.*

A STRANGE CURIOSITY is in the Museum of Natural History of Leyden. It consists of some bits of "wood, full of holes like a sponge, fragments of piles and sluice-gates, which recall an immense danger run by Holland toward the middle of the last century. A small fish, or species of water-worm, called *taret*, brought, it is believed, by some ship returning from the tropics, and multiplying with marvellous rapidity in northern waters, had so corroded and gnawed the wood of the dykes that, had it gone on for a short time longer without discovery, the sea would have broken in and flooded the whole country. The discovery of this danger threw Holland into dismay. The people rushed to the churches, and the entire population set to work. They lined the sluice-gates with copper, they fortified the injured dykes, they strengthened the piles with rails, with stone, with sea-weed, and with masonry; and partly by these means, but especially by the rigor of the climate, which destroyed the terrible animal, the horrible calamity, feared at first as irreparable, was avoided. A worm had made Holland tremble—triumph denied to the tempests of the ocean and the anger of Philip of Spain."—*De Amicis.*

#### HOW THE RUSSIANS KEEP WARM.



HE Russians have a great knack of making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly built houses, where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress in-doors in the lightest of gowns, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out.

A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or a drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top-coat with a fur collar, lining, and cuffs; he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all around so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger, who is apt to forget the precaution, would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will unbidden help him to chafe it vigorously with snow.

In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during the winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee-bocs; those of the shop-keeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. The sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people; for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace, that they frequently capsizes.

#### A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.



FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?" "Hush! don't tell anybody, please, s.r."

"What are you doing here?" "Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir,—I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?" "Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!" "What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission, school and they told me there of God, and of heaven and of Jesus; and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing!

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee,  
Fain I would to Thee be brought,  
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;  
In the kingdom of Thy grace  
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath his little ragged shirt—dead.—J. B. GOUAN, in *English Magazine.*

CLOSE YOUR DOOR.

AN APPEAL TO THE LIQUOR-SELLER.

BY REV. S. BISSELL.

(This can be used for a Recitation or Reading.)

MR. LANDLORD, close your door!  
Close your door! Close your door!  
In the name of Jesus we implore,  
Close your door! Close your door!  
For see the poverty and sin  
Caused by men who enter in;  
Yet all their souls Christ longs to win.  
Close your door! Close your door!

Your heart is human, just like ours;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
You see the curse and all its powers;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Then why not stop from dealing out  
The poison which brings it about,  
And put away all fear and doubt!  
Close your door! Close your door!

Just see the drunkards as they reel;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
To your heart they now appeal;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Look at their homes—they've comforts  
none;  
Their furniture and all is gone;  
They have no bed to rest upon.  
Close your door! Close your door!

The drunkard's child with rags is clad;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Half starved to death this sight is sad;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
His wife with care and grief doth go  
To beg a crust of bread or so;  
All this as well as we you know.  
Close your door! Close your door!

Do stop at once the dread supply;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
And let not men as drunkards die.  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Say to the man who may demand  
A cup of poison in his hand:  
"This is no more a whiskey-stand;  
I've closed my door! I've closed my  
door!"

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS;"

OR, THE DRUNKEN UNCLE RECLAIMED.

By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."



"M for temperance," said a brown-eyed little fellow; and he set his lips firmly, and he looked the picture of resolution.

"Indeed! then it is all over with King Alcohol,"

said his elder brother, laughing.  
"Oh you may laugh! it doesn't hurt anything," said John, not in the least cast down by his brother's poor opinion of his influence. "If I'm not as old nor as big as you are, I count one on the right side; and 'every little helps,' as mother says. So I'm for temperance, and I don't care who knows it."

"Don't you, indeed! Suppose all the world knew it—what then?"

"Why, the world would know that when I grow up there would be one man living who didn't spend his money nor idle away his time in the taverns, who didn't make his wife sit up half the night for him crying her eyes out, and who didn't neglect or abuse his children. That's what the world would know, and I am sure that would help the good cause a little." "Don't talk so loud, John." His brother spoke in a low voice. "Uncle Phil might hear you. He's in the next room."

"Is he? Well, I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance

—I only wish he was. Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they would have a house of their own to live in."

"Hush, John! he'll be angry if he hears you."

"Getting angry wouldn't make it any better, Ned," firmly answered John. "I'm a temperance boy, and if Uncle Phil gets angry because I just say that I wish he was a temperance man—why, he'll have to get angry, that's all! I love Aunt Susie; she's as good as she can be, and Uncle Phil makes her cry with his drinking and getting tipsy. It's a great deal worse for him to do it than for me to say it, and he'd a great deal better get angry with himself than with me."

It happened as Ned feared. Uncle Phil, who was in the next room, heard every word of this conversation. Was he very angry at the little apostle of temperance? We shall see. At mention of his name he pricked up his ear to listen. As John said, "I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance—I only wish he was," two red spots burned on his cheeks, and he looked annoyed, but when John added, "Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in," the spots went off his cheeks, and he grew quite pale. What John said after this didn't bring the blood back to his face, but made it, if anything, paler. He got up in a cowed sort of a way, and left the room so quietly that the two boys did not hear him go out.

Now Uncle Phil, about whom John had spoken so plainly, deserved all that was said of him, and a great deal more. Intemperance had almost destroyed his manhood. He was the slave of strong drink. Appetite indulged for years had gained a fearful power over him, and to gratify its craving thirst he spent nearly every shilling that he earned, and, with his family, lived mainly dependent upon his good natured brother. Once he had been in a thriving business of his own; now he was a clerk in a warehouse of a friend, Mr. Osborne, who kept him more out of pity than for the service he gave. Sometimes he would be absent from his post for days, and oftentimes for hours in each day. This friend, after scolding him, threatening him, but all to no purpose, had just made up his mind to turn him adrift.

"I can't have him here any longer," said Mr. Osborne, in talking over the matter with his head clerk. "I've tried my best to help him, but it's no use. As he drinks up everything he earns, it will be better for him to earn nothing."

"I've long thought that," answered the clerk. "The fact is, you've borne with him to a degree that surprises everyone in the warehouse."

"I'll do it no longer," was the resolute reply.

"There he comes now," said the head clerk.

Mr. Osborne turned with a hard look in his face, intending to stop Uncle Phil before he reached his desk, and inform him that his duties were at an end. Something, however, in Uncle Phil's manner kept him from speaking what was in his mind. The poor man came in with a quicker step and an air of earnestness not seen about him for a long time.

"I'll not be late again Mr. Osborne," he said in a decided way. "It's all been wrong, but shan't happen again."

"I hope not," said Mr. Osborne, in a tone that made Uncle Phil give a start. "You've a right to be displeased with me," said the wretched man. "I only wonder you've borne with me so long. But have patience with me a little while longer. I've made up my mind to lead a new life, God helping me."

Uncle Phil's voice trembled, and pity returned to Mr. Osborne's heart.

"God alone can help you," answered his kind friend. "Unless you get strength from him, your case is hopeless."

"I'm resolved never to drink one drop of intoxicating liquor again, so long as I live," said Uncle Phil solemnly.

"All good resolutions are from Heaven, my friend," answered Mr. Osborne, "and from Heaven comes the power to keep them. Trust not in your own poor strength—it has failed you a thousand times—but look upward, and while you pray for help, keep yourself out of the old ways where your feet have stumbled. That is your part of the work, and it must not fail for an instant. If you go where liquor is sold, you go outside the circle of safety, if you touch it, you fall. God cannot help you unless you try to help yourself, and the only way you can help yourself is to keep far off from danger. While you do this, no unconquerable desire for liquor will be felt, but if you taste it you will be lost."

Uncle Phil stood listening with bent head while Mr. Osborne was speaking.

"I will never taste it again," he answered—"never so long as I live."

A thing happened that evening which had not happened for months—Uncle Phil made one of the family circle at tea-time. He came in with sober face and quite air, giving all a pleasing surprise. John, who had spoken so freely in the morning, and who had been thinking about him all day—for he was pretty sure Uncle Phil had heard his plain talk—could not keep his eyes from his face. Uncle Phil soon became aware that John was observing him with keen interest.

All at once breaking the embarrassed silence of the tea-table, he asked, looking at the boy—

"What are you for John?"

For a moment John hesitated, while his cheeks grew red. Then he answered firmly, "I'm for temperance."

There was an uneasy stir around the table, and an enquiring look from face to face.

"So am I, too, John; and that makes two on the right side, and we don't care who knows it!" spoke out Uncle Phil, in clear, ringing voice.

Oh, what a tearful, happy time came then! Aunt Susie cried for joy, and John's mother cried and hugged her little son when Uncle Phil repeated the brave, strong words that went like arrows to his heart.

Uncle Phil never drank again. Before many years had passed by, he and Aunt Susie were in a house of their own, independent and happy.—*Band of Hope Review.*

A TEMPERANCE exchange says:—"Indianapolis has 100 Sunday-schools and 300 saloons. As a result, in ten years she has had 6,000 conversions to Christ and 50,000 arrests before the mayor's court for drunkenness. She has had 400 graduates in public schools and 750 graduates out of the grog-shops into the penitentiaries."

LADY MACDONALD'S TESTIMONY AS A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

EXTRACT of a letter written by LADY MACDONALD to a correspondent, of Savannah, Georgia, U.S.—

"I was myself led to give up wine-drinking after some reflection, suddenly, at last, on Christmas Day, 1867. I had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made any decided resolution until this day, when at dinner with a large party, the conversation turned upon Total Abstinence. One of our guests, himself a strictly temperate man, holding high office in our country (then and now,) said that practically total abstinence was impossible for any one in society. I said laughingly, 'What a dreadful statement; I quite differ from you.' He took me up warmly, and several joined in, all without exception agreeing with him in saying that the requirements of modern society were such that no one could be so singular as to become teetotal without being more or less ridiculous, and that the fatigues, excitement, and wear and tear of political society life especially, made the use of wine, in great moderation, of course, absolutely a necessity. I entered the lists, scarcely knowing why, and declared I did not believe this theory. At last the question was pressed more closely. My friend, who had begun it, said that he did not believe even 'you yourself, Lady Macdonald, could or would give up your glass of sherry at dinner.'

I asked 'why not?' And he went over with great force and clearness all the specious and dangerous arguments that are urged in support of drinking IN MODERATION, ending with the remark that in Sir John's public position my being a total abstainer would do him great harm politically. This seemed too monstrous, so I said (emptying my half glass of sherry into the finger-glass as I did so) 'Well, I will try; henceforth I enter the ranks of the total abstainers; and drink to our success in water.' Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine. In health I can do my life's work without any aid from dangerous stimulants; IN SICKNESS I HAVE INVARIABLY AND POSITIVELY REFUSED TO TOUCH IT. My life is a very busy one; I have sometimes, for weeks together, days of constant occupation and nights almost all sitting up. Politics are exciting and fatiguing, and every temptation to try stimulants is to be found in the late nights of listening to anxious debates, and the constant necessity of being 'up to the mark' late and early. I have had a good deal of nursing to do, with a delicate husband and child, and this often during our busiest 'society season;' and yet I have never sought strength from wine at any single moment, and my health is far better than that of so many friends who 'take a glass of wine, or a little beer, just to give them a little strength.' Thus I give you my experience, as far as it goes, to show that stimulant is not necessary in the station of life where it is unfortunately most commonly used. So far as mental and bodily fatigue goes, I have tested the possibility of doing without stimulant to the fullest extent, in long anxious hours over sick beds, in sudden disaster, in long watchings and journeys where food was uninviting, and in many fatiguing and very uncongenial society claims.

When I told my husband my decision, and that our friend had said that it

would hurt his prospects politically, Sir John answered with a laugh, "Oh, I will risk the prospects, you can be a total abstainer if you like." My example can and ought to help many similarly situated. My husband's long public career and position, only second to that of the Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne, makes our family a prominent one in Canada.

#### THE COMING VOTERS.

BY MRS. H. ROSCOE EDGETT,

*A Recitation for a Boy.*

WE coming voters are on the way;  
May God forbid our feet to stray!  
Joining the tramp of the gathering host,  
Manhood shall find us at duty's post.  
We coming voters are strong and true,  
For coming voters have work to do.

Listen! We voters are coming soon  
To toll the knell of the rum-saloon;  
"With ballots for bullets," to meet the foe,  
In God-given strength to lay him low.  
We coming voters will true men be,  
From the curse of rum to set all free.

So for this task we must gird us well  
With the sword of truth, that the subtle  
spell  
Of the viper cup we may boldly break,  
Now and for ever, for freedom's sake!  
We coming voters must be wise,  
For coming voters must crush out vice.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

#### DR. TYNG'S SECRET.

THE New York religious papers publish a remarkable statement about the elder Dr. Tyng's Church. "More than fifty ministers have gone out from Dr. Tyng's Sunday-school; and among them are some of the most prominent ministers of the land." The truth of this statement is not disputed. What is the explanation? Is it in the Church, or the man, or the superintendent? If it be said it is in the Church, or in the officers of the Sunday school, the question comes up, How did Dr. Tyng develop such a Church, and call all around him and train such co-laborers? Dr. Tyng has been asked for an explanation of this extraordinary success. His explanation is simple enough. Is it not also satisfactory? Does it not really explain the mystery and show us how we may all succeed? "*Personal attention to my Sabbath-school.*" This makes a text upon which a bishop

might instruct a conference of preachers. It is not genius, nor any peculiarity of method, much less is it any clap-trap manipulation of the school. It is only "personal attention to my Sabbath-school." How much that means! He understands the Sunday-school, its place, and its value. It is on his heart. He plans for it, prays and works for it; nay, more, he is part of it, its very soul, as every pastor ought to be. It is a steady thing, not a rousing speech now and then, not an occasional visit—*personal attention*. It tells of an interest, a zeal, that has not grown weary during a long pastorate. It has been his recognized duty and his constant and delightful work all this time; and his school in his Church, he being the faithful pastor of the whole, shepherd alike of sheep and lambs, has sent out fifty preachers! See the power of *personal attention*.

During one year he admitted one hundred and forty-seven of his, that is the word, his Sabbath-school scholars to the communion of the Church. One Sunday there was a terrific snow-storm, and nobody was seen on the streets! What did he do? Went to Church. Whom did he meet? One girl, sixteen years old. What of her? Dr. Tyng talked the Gospel to her. What was the result? She was converted, worked for others, was instrumental in the conversion of twenty-five of the young people of the Church, among them one of the sons of the pastor.—*Sunday-school Magazine.*

#### A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT JESUS.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLS.

THE MAN who had no power to help himself because of a terrible disease called the palsy, was one day brought to Jesus. There were so many people in the house where Jesus was, that they who brought the sick man could not get in, so they took the invalid up on the roof and made an opening, and so let him down just before the Lord. Jesus was interrupted in what he was saying; but after all he was pleased with the faith of the sick man's friends. So he looked kindly on the sick man, and probably saw that the disease had been brought on by a wicked life, and that the poor man was troubled about his sins as well as his sickness. Jesus, therefore, to comfort his heart, said to him, "Son, thy sin be forgiven thee." When his audience heard that, some of them looked very much surprised and shocked, as much as to say, "Why! why! you have no power to forgive sins!" "Who can forgive sins but God only?"

And Jesus saw what they were thinking, but he went right on to show them that he had a right to say it, by healing the poor helpless man's body whose sins he had forgiven.

He proved that the "Son of Man," as he called himself, had the power to forgive sins like God, because he had power to heal the sick. Turning to the palsied man, he said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." And he who could not move so much as a hand or a foot before, now moved his whole body, sat up, stood up, took up his bed and went away cured before them all. I don't know whether these grumblers were satisfied now. You know it often takes



STAFFA.—See First Page.

a great deal to satisfy grumblers. But the rest of the people were all glad to think that, like God himself, Jesus had power to heal sick people and to forgive sins. From all this we should learn and remember,

1st. That our Lord Jesus has God's power to forgive sins among men. He, certainly, has no less power now that he is exalted to the right hand of God than he had then. When we have sinned against God, and brought sorrow and suffering to ourselves or others, our loving Saviour has power to forgive us and comfort us, if we come to Him sorry, and determined not to do the wrong any more.

Secondly. Jesus is *always ready* to forgive. Here he was right in the midst of his speaking, and he broke off to comfort and cure this sorrowing sufferer. Some speakers would have been vexed at such an interruption, but Jesus was glad of an opportunity to forgive sins and restore health.

Thirdly. We see that *friends can bring each other* to Jesus. This sick man never could have come but for his friend. I have known many a child who has helped to bring a sinner to a forgiving Saviour. Often it has been one of their own family, perhaps father or mother. Can't you help bring some one?

Fourthly. *We should be always ready to forgive.* Jesus sets the example for us all to follow. He even tells us that if we wish to have our sins forgiven, we must forgive those who offend against us. With real kindness of heart for every one, therefore, let us come and bring others to Jesus, who is always ready to exercise his power to forgive.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

HERE are a great many things that may be done to make the children's hour a season of joy to the childish heart. We don't object ourselves to a good round game like "blind-man's-buff," or "puss-in-the-corner." The practical mechanic of the family can bring joy to many a little heart by repairing the day's mishaps among the playthings, and setting things to rights for another vigorous campaign. The embryo novelist of the family can gather a little group about her to listen to some simple story. The musicians of the family will naturally cluster about the piano and take it out in singing. And if

father is excluded from either group, how can he be better employed than in adjusting childish grievances, or removing childish difficulties, whether they spring up within the home circle, or line the rough and thorny road to school?

Enough to do, dear friends, if you have only the mind and heart to do it; and something that will richly pay to do, as a month's experience will demonstrate. Your little ones will grow up profoundly impressed with the fact that "there is no place like home;" and that impression is the surest safeguard against moral pollution that can be found outside of the religion of Jesus Christ.

WE call attention to the Temperance Story and verses in this number. This subject will receive due attention in this paper. We trust teachers will get the scholars to sign the pledge in the class books and Scholar's Quarterly.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Interior* relates how Albert Barnes, the well-known minister and commentator, once rebuked a great evil in the Church. He says: "In the afternoon of one Lord's day, a year or so after this renowned man became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, he was in the midst of his sermon when three strange men in full sailor's garb entered the door and awkwardly strayed up the aisle. None of the congregation moved to give them a seat. As the three waddled up slowly towards the front they betrayed considerable embarrassment. Just then the preacher stopped short in his discourse, stepped down from his pulpit and showed the tars into the pew of his own family. As might have been expected, when the minister resumed his sermon the eyes of the sailors were fixed upon him and were kept riveted on his face until the final word. In the meanwhile the congregation was taught a wholesome lesson touching church hospitality."

THERE was a great deal of force in the Revised Version of a familiar text by a little German boy in a New York Sunday-school, who caught the spirit rather than the phrasing of a Bible verse taught him for that day, and rendered it: "Don't you get tired in doing good; for by and by you'll get paid for it if you don't faint away."



B129

HARNESSING DOG TEAMS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

THE MORNING SONG.

SING, little daughter, sing ;  
Sing me your morning song,  
Thanking our Father for His love  
And care the whole night long.

Sing out with cheerful heart,  
Sing out with cheerful voice ;  
The tones of gratitude to God  
Will make my heart rejoice.

Thank Him for parents dear,  
Thy father and thy mother ;  
Thank Him for little Sister Bess,  
Thank Him for little brother.

Thank Him for pleasant home,  
Thank Him for many a friend,  
For mercies which we cannot count,  
For mercies without end.

Thank Him for health and strength,  
Thank Him for clothes and food,  
Thank Him for light and the fresh air,  
Thank Him for every good.

Thank Him for pleasant days,  
For sunshine and for showers,  
For the green grass and lofty trees,  
And for the fair wild flowers.

Thank Him, oh, most of all,  
For His most Holy Word,  
Wherein we read the wondrous love  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thank Him that Christ has died  
That we might die to sin ;  
Thank Him that Christ has risen again,  
That we in heaven may win.

Sing, little daughter, sing ;  
Sing forth with heart and voice,  
Thanking the Lord for all His gifts ;  
Rejoice, my child, rejoice.

THERE is a truth of great power and  
beauty in these simple lines :

"In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and hidden part ;  
For 'the gods see everywhere.'"

"Why do you spend so much time  
on that," inquired a friend of one of  
the old Greek sculptors, as he finished,  
with great care, the back of the head  
of a statue, designed for a niche in the  
Temple of Minerva ; "No one will see."  
"The gods will see," solemnly replied  
the sculptor.

Is it strange that these men attained  
such excellence in their art ? *The  
thought of God* allowed no careless  
work. They performed none, and their  
works and memory still remain.

May we not learn a lesson from  
them ?

THE WIDOWS INVESTMENT.

**A** LADY in Scotland, whose  
husband had left her a com-  
petence, had two profligate sons  
who wasted her substance in riotous  
living. When she saw that her prop-  
erty was being squandered, she deter-  
mined to make an offering unto the  
Lord. She took twenty pounds (\$100)  
and gave them to the Foreign Mission-  
ary Society. Her sons were very angry  
at this, and told her that she might as  
well cast her money into the sea.

"I will cast it into the sea," she re-  
plied, "and it shall be my bread upon  
the waters."

The sons, having spent all they could  
get, enlisted in a regiment and were  
sent to India. Their positions were far  
apart ; but God so ordered in his pro-  
vidence that both were stationed near  
the missionaries. The elder one was  
led to repent of sin and embrace Christ.  
He shortly afterward died. Mean-  
while the widowed mother was pray-  
ing for her boys. One evening as she  
was taking down her family Bible to  
read the door softly opened, and the  
younger son appeared to greet the aged  
mother. He told her that he had  
turned to God, and Christ had blotted  
out all his sins. Then he narrated his  
past history in connection with the  
influence the missionaries of the cross  
had on his mind, while his mother,  
with tears of overflowing gratitude, ex-  
claimed, "Oh, my twenty pounds ! my  
twenty pounds ! I cast my bread upon  
the waters, and now I have found it  
after many days."

UNREAD BIBLES.—A missionary of  
the American Sunday-school Union,  
writes : "At a certain place I asked the  
man of the house : 'Have you a Bible ?'  
In anger he replied : 'What, Mister !  
Do you s'pose I's a heathen ? I's been  
in the church ten years. Sally, git the  
Bible, and let this man see it.' After  
searching for some time, Sally finally  
found it ; and when the owner opened  
it, he exclaimed : 'Well, Mister, I'm  
glad you set us a-huntin' up the Bible,  
fur here's a letter I writ to my sister a  
year ago, and thought I'd sent it ; and  
I've wondered, time an' agin why she  
never writ back.' How much good  
was that Bible doing for that professor  
or his household during that year ?"—  
*Bible Society Record.*

We die that we may die no more.

DOG-TEAMS IN THE NORTH  
WEST.

BY THE REV. EGERTON BYERSON YOUNG.



HERE is the  
genuine noble  
boy, who does  
not love a  
splendid dog.  
Somebody has  
styled the dog  
man's most in-  
timate dumb  
companion,  
the first to wel-  
come, the fore-  
most to defend.

In the Wild North Land, the dogs  
are much more to the inhabitants than  
mere companions and guardians. In  
those vast dreary regions, where there  
are no railroads, or street cars ; no  
horses or carriages or waggons ; no  
roads, or paths of any description, the  
dogs, with their long, narrow sleds,  
supply the place of all the other modes  
of travel and traffic in winter. The  
picture given above is a common  
every-day scene, in the regions of  
lying away north of the fertile prairies  
our own great western country.

See how contentedly the "boss" sits  
on the dog led, smoking and watching  
the cautious Indians trying to harness  
up that vicious wolfish Huskie dog.  
They have need of caution, for he  
seems bound to make a stubborn fight  
for his liberty, even if the odds are  
against him.

THE SLED.

The sled upon which the men are  
sitting, will give you a fair idea of the  
ones used in that country. It is made  
of two oak boards, each about twelve  
feet long, eight inches wide and one inch  
thick. These two boards are strongly  
fastened together by cross-bars, then  
one end is planed down thin, and after  
being well steamed is bent up to form  
the front end. A good train of four

\*We take the liberty to give part of a note  
from Bro. Young accompanying his MS.—ED.

MY DEAR BRO.—Your commands and  
demands, for "Copy" came at noon to-day,  
and here it is : I am in the midst of special  
services, I attended a prayer-meeting in the  
afternoon, another from 7 to 7.30 ; then  
preached and led my revival services until a  
quarter to ten ; then rushed home, and now  
at midnight have finished my scribbling, so  
you have it red-hot. Our special services are  
prospering very much indeed.

dogs is supposed to be able to draw  
about five hundred pounds on one of  
these sleds. The speed at which they  
travel, of course depends very much  
upon the nature of the country, and  
the character of the dogs and drivers.  
I have travelled through some wild  
rough regions where the high rocks  
were so numerous, or the forests so ob-  
structed with dense underbrush or  
fallen trees, that after toiling along as  
hard as we could all day, we did not  
make more than twenty five miles.  
Then, to make up for this slow rate, I  
once went ninety miles in a day, but  
this was on the frozen surface of Lake  
Winnipeg with a "lizzard," a North  
West storm, blowing us on.

THE DOGS.

The dogs of that land are called  
Huskies or Esquimo. They are a wild  
wollish lot of fellows, good to work, if  
well broken in, but they are terrible  
thieves. They have warm, furry coats  
of hair, sharp, pointed ears, sharp  
muzzles, and very bushy, curly tails.  
They sometimes say in fun, out there,  
that if you want to get a real, genuine  
Huskie dog, you must get one with  
his tail curled up so tightly, that it  
lifts his hind feet from the ground.  
They have wonderful endurance, and  
will tug and pull away at the heavy  
loads long after horses would have been  
wearied out. Like their masters they  
are exposed to many hardships, and  
often suffer from starvation and the  
bitter cold.

GREAT THIEVES.

These dogs are great thieves, and it  
seems to be natural to them. Poor  
fellows, they are often so sadly ne-  
glected by their owners that they must  
either steal, or die of hunger. And  
like the ostrich it does not seem to  
make much difference what they make  
their meal out of. I have known them  
to eat the harness from each other's  
backs, and the leather fastenings from  
the sleds. Some of them think a whip  
is a dainty morsel, and others delight  
to steal and eat leather mits or gloves.  
I knew some of them that found a  
drunken Indian asleep one day, and  
they eat the moccasins off his feet  
without waking him up. They share  
the fortunes of their poor Indian  
masters, and are fat or lean just as  
their owners are, and that is according  
to the abundance or scarcity of fish  
or game.

THEIR HARSHIPS.

When a company of Indians re-  
turned to a Trading Post, or Mission,  
after a long winter's absence, we could  
always tell by the appearance, of the  
dogs, how they had prospered during  
the winter. If the dogs were fat and  
numerous, we knew, at once, that all,  
both Indians and dogs, had a good  
time, and plenty to eat. If the dogs  
were thin and poor, we knew the times  
had not been extra good, or game  
plentiful. If the dogs were not to be  
seen, we knew that the times had been  
very bad, and the poor Indians, not  
succeeding in getting enough food to  
eat in hunting, had killed and eaten  
their dogs. Boiled, or roasted dog is  
not very bad eating when you have  
nothing else. Among some of the  
tribes, dog feasts are great state oc-  
casions, and it is considered a great  
boon to be invited. If you should  
visit some of those Indians, and they  
wished to treat you with honour, they  
would kill and roast one of their  
favourite dogs, and, of course, you

would be expected to eat it with them, and Indian etiquette expects you to eat all that is put on your plate.

The dogs, are generally broken in to work, when about a year old. The breaking in process is not always very pleasant. Some dogs take to the work naturally and quickly, while others stubbornly resist, and desperately refuse, to submit to the loss of liberty.

It is really amazing what an amount of ferocity and vindictiveness some of them will develop, when they begin to realize the nature of the duties required of them. They will not hesitate to bite, and cruelly mangle, the hand that tries to harness them, even if it is the hand of their own master. See, how cautious, these two big stalwart dog-drivers are going to work to get the harness on that dog in the picture. They had better be careful, or in spite of their strength and knowledge of dog-nature, they will both get bitten, and he will slip away from them after all. The best way to break in a young, stubborn dog is with the aid of a good train of old experienced ones. Three of these are harnessed before the one to be conquered, and a steady strong one is put behind him. The harness must be securely fastened on him, for he will use the most desperate efforts to squeeze or wriggle himself out of it. If he does escape he is like a horse that has once run away, he will be apt to try it again and consequently is not so highly valued. When well harnessed in this way, the driver shouts "*Marche!*" the word used for "Go," and the well-trained three dogs ahead spring off on the jump. Generally at first, the new dog, is half frightened out of his wits, when he finds that his freedom is interfered with, and that he cannot romp and play around in the same independent way that he could in his happy puppyhood. So he pulls and jumps, and springs, this way, and that way, and makes the most frantic efforts to get out of his harness. When he finds this to be impossible, he sometimes stiffens out his legs and tries to stop and think a little, but the strong dogs ahead are not of his mind, just then, and they jerk him along in spite of his stiff legs. Then he tries another plan, and fancies that he would like to rest just now, so he throws himself down on the snow, but the steady dogs in front say, "No, you don't," and as they push on, he is obliged to keep on the move.

Poor brute, he is to be pitied, he cannot move sideways, for the strong dog, and heavy sled behind keep him in line, and he is in a bad fix. Some dogs quickly accept the situation, and settle down to steady work, and give no more trouble. Some give a great deal of trouble, and often break out into stubborn rebellion. Some will shirk most cunningly, and while pretending to be tugging away, are not drawing a pound. Sometimes a dog will throw himself down, and submit to be jerked along for a great distance by the dogs ahead of him, while the driver is most severely whipping him, and shouting at him to get up.

#### DOG TRICKS.

At one place the people had a dog so stubborn and obstinate that it seemed to be impossible to make him move when harnessed up. So one day they took him away a mile or so from the house and then securely harnessed him to an empty sled. Then they went away and left him, and waited to see

how long it would be before he came home with the sled. He waited only until they were out of sight, and then with his teeth cut off his traces and ate up the greater part of them, and then deliberately walked home. I forget, just now, whether his flesh supplied the family that day with a capital dinner, or whether they made a pot of soft soap out of his fat.

The poor dog drivers have a hard time of it, when they have a train of sulky, lazy dogs. Once, when I reproved a French half-breed for swearing, he replied, "Oh! missionary, don't you know that it is very hard work for a man to keep his temper, or keep from swearing, and drive dogs."

For years I travelled over my large circuit, in the winter time, with these dogs. How they used to amuse me with their tricks and antics, and sometimes what hardships and suffering they caused, by cunningly stealing and eating all our provisions in the night, when we were scores of miles from a human habitation. Sometimes, when the nights were bitterly cold, they would leave their beds in the woods, and come and crowd into our camp, where we were sleeping, and fight with each other over us, for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our heads.

#### DOG TRAVELLING.

Travelling with dogs, in that cold, dreary North land, is more pleasant to read about than to actually endure. The bitter cold, that used to cause us the most intense anguish; the bruised limbs and bleeding feet; the long days of painful toiling along through the deep snow, in the pathless forests, where we had to go ahead on our snow shoes to pick a track for the poor dogs, that had all they could possibly do to drag the loaded sleds after them, will never be forgotten.

Then, wearied as we were, when night came down upon us, instead of having a friendly home to shelter us, we had to go to work and dig out a place in the snow, and prepare our camp; and then, how uncomfortable it was after all our toil. Here we had to prepare our food, and here we rested and slept. We had no roof above us but the star-decked vault of heaven, and yet it was often forty, and sometimes fifty degrees below zero.

We often suffered intensely on these long, toilsome journeys, but they were not in vain. The poor Indians received us so gladly, and treated us, in their simple way, so kindly, and listened to the Word of God with such rapt attention, and were so willing to learn all they could about the way of salvation, that we often forgot all about the frost-bites, and cramps, and bruises, and bleeding feet, and rejoiced that we were counted worthy to be permitted to undertake these journeys, for the sake of telling the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," to precious souls who were so very anxious to hear it.

If I write again I must tell you about some better dogs than these Huskies.

*I serve is nobler than I rule,  
Tho' men may not believe it;  
And they stand first in Jesus' school  
Who lovingly receive it.*

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at foot of his class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

#### METHODIST MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST.



WE have pleasure in giving another extract from a letter from the Rev. John McLean, at Fort McLeod, in the Northwest:

"Many children have died during the year in the camp, and it is a sad sight to see the women go out as the sun is setting, and sit by the graves of their children, or stand under a tree, where in the branches children have been laid, and there mourn for the departed ones. The sad wail goes out on the still air, and the Blackfoot mothers, calling their children by name, cry, "Come back, come back to me." I have thought that if a few of our Methodist mothers were to hear that wail, it should never be forgotten, and then many, who have done little for missions, would think they could not do too much. As I was going through the camp, I heard that a young woman had died. I went into a lodge and there found the mother with one hand all covered with blood and ashes. She had

#### CUT OFF HER LITTLE FINGER,

in token of respect for the dead. She held a small stick in her hand, to keep the bleeding stump in its place. In front of the house I am building I saw a woman, with a three-year-old child playing by her side. I noticed that she was mourning, and that one of her legs was covered with blood, and badly swollen up to the knee. On looking at it I saw that she had made deep gashes in it with a knife. On asking her the reason for so doing, she told me her baby was dead, and she showed me the little one, laid in the branches of a tree. Oh! that I could tell the members of the Woman's Missionary Society the scenes I have witnessed, and what I have heard; then would they feel their work was a noble one, of seeking to elevate Indian womanhood, and tell them of pardon and grace.

I am working, praying, and hoping for glorious things in the future. If only I had some help now I could go on with the mission-house, erect a teacher's house, and have the school in full working order. I am praying and waiting for help. While at my work I can hear the

#### JINGLING OF BELLS OR THE ROLL OF A DRUM.

I ask what is the matter, and I am told very seriously that it is the medicine-man making medicine. By-and-by, through the influence of the Gospel, their faith in such forms and superstitions will cease, and many will thereby be blessed, physically and spiritually. It is cheering to see the Indians using their money in buying stoves, doors, and windows for their houses, besides wearing apparel, whereas formerly it was squandered in useless ornaments. My Bloods are rejoicing in prospect of having a school. I told them that I was going to ask a teacher for them, to teach their children, and whilst I was showing them how to build, fence, and garden, my wife would teach their women how to make dresses, bake bread, and attend to household matters. They were delighted with what I told them, and all of them said, "That is

good." I am encouraged in our Indian work, and look for grand results. In this connection read the following poem:

#### TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

Oh! pale-faced daughters of a favored land,  
On whom life's sunshine lingers day by day;  
Ye are so blest, ye scarce can understand  
How dark the clouds that gather o'er our [way.

Ye fold your little ones to nightly rest,  
Secure and warm; no thought of future pain  
To spoil your tender hopes; we are distressed  
Because our mother-love seems all in vain.

We know not how to save from want and woe  
Our wee brown darlings, dear as yours to us;  
Life is so dark, we only seem to know [you;  
Our wretched lot will be their portion too.

We know—we feel it with a bitter pain—  
Your knowledge of us only makes you shrink  
From our wild ways with loathing and disdain,  
Nor care to know of depths to which we sink.

But had we shared your blessings might not we  
Be true, and pure, and happy, too, to-day?  
Might not our homes as fair and sunny be?  
Might not our lives like yours be bright and gay?

Oh! give us light—the beams ye well can spare  
Oh! send us help—ye are so strong and glad;  
It will but make your noon-day sky more fair  
To chase the shadows that have made us sad.

KE-SHE-GO-QUA.

#### PUZZLEDOM.

##### ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. CHARADE.—Hatchway.

II. DECAPITATIONS.—1. Flay, lay.  
2. Truth, ruth. Trip, rip. 4. Wrote, rote.

III. Square—A Y E  
S E A  
S A R

##### I. CHARADE.

My first denotes consequences; my second is an abode; my whole is a song.

##### II. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Names of three cities in the following letters.

L I H. A. J. P. D. O. I. R. M. U. A. N.  
S. A. P. E. H. A. L. E. L. C. H. E. T. I.

Names of three rivers.

B. U. V. R. E. S. D. N. A. E. D. V. A. E. A.

Names of three mountains.

Z. G. R. S. C. P. T. B. G. E. A. H. I. R. N.  
A. B. A. R. G. I. N. G. I. E. R. E. I. E. R.  
E. E.

##### III. DECAPITATION.

1. Behead a jewel, and leave a title.
2. Behead an animal production, and leave vocal.
3. Behead a pronoun, and leave an article of dress.
4. Behead to entreat, and leave a metal.
5. Behead a pledge, and leave what we all need.
6. Behead a curve, and leave a terminus.
7. Behead a quadruped, and a part of his head will remain.
8. Behead a part of the body, and leave a tree.
9. Behead a vegetable production, and leave a place of deposit.
10. Behead nothing, and leave something.

##### IV. WORD-SQUARE.

1. The alleged residence of pagan gods.
2. A small animal.
3. Filled with wonder.
4. Part of a helmet.
5. A word formerly used in the sense of weaken.
6. The old name for a common serpent.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

**SAMUEL WESLEY**, the father of Rev. John Wesley, was born in December, 1662. His parents designed him for the ministry, and gave him every advantage in their power. The great London Plague occurred during his childhood, followed in the next year by that terrible fire which made the greater part of the city a heap of ruins.

In 1678 his father died, leaving his mother a widow with several children, and very poor.

When in his twenty-first year, Mr. Wesley made up his mind to leave the Dissenters, among whom he had been educated thus far, and join the Church of England. By leaving the Dissenters he left all his friends who were likely to help him. He spent five years at Oxford, and during that time all the help he received from his family and friends was five shillings. . . . He had to find himself in clothes, books, and whatever more he might require. Besides attending to the duties of a servant, he composed exercises for those who had more money than mind, and gave instruction to those who wished to profit by his lessons.

Thus, by unwearied toil, great frugality, and energy, the almost friendless scholar not only supported himself, but obtained his B.A. degree, and retired from the University in 1688, seven pounds fifteen shillings richer than he was when he entered Oxford in 1683.

THE SWEARING COLONEL.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley was for some years a member of the Athenian Society, which published a weekly *Gazette*. The gentlemen of this Society used to meet in Smith's coffee-house, in London, to arrange the articles for the *Gazette*.

One day some gentlemen in a box at the other end of the room had in their company an officer of the Guards who swore dreadfully. Mr. Wesley saw that he could not speak to him without much difficulty; he, therefore, desired the waiter to bring him a glass of water. When it was brought, he said aloud,

"Carry it to that gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oath."

The officer rose up in a fury, but the gentlemen in the box laid hold of him, one of them crying out, "Nay, colonel, you gave the first offence. You know it is an affront to swear in his presence."

The officer was restrained, and Mr. Wesley departed.

Some years after, when Mr. Wesley was in London attending Convocation, a gentleman accosted him as he was going through St. James' Park, and inquired if he recollected him. Mr. Wesley said he did not. The gentleman then recalled to his memory the scene at the coffee-house, and added,

"Since that time, sir, I thank God, I have feared an oath, and everything that is offensive to the Divine Majesty; and as I have a perfect recollection of you, I rejoiced at seeing you, and could not refrain from expressing my gratitude to God and you."

"A word fitly spoken, how good it is!"—*Memorials of the Wesley Family.*

A BRAVE PRISONER.

Rev. Samuel Wesley was at one time in prison for three months. His imprudent political zeal involved him in serious persecutions. Besides injuring his cattle and burning his house, the rabble drummed, shouted, and fired arms under his window at night.

Under the pretence of a small debt which he could not at the moment discharge, he was arrested while leaving his church, and imprisoned in Lincoln Castle, where he continued about three months. But his native spirit never failed him.

"Now I am at rest," he wrote from the prison to the Archbishop of York, "for I am come to the haven where I have long expected to be; and," he adds, "I don't despair of doing good here, and, it may be, more in this now parish than in my old one." Like Goldsmith's good vicar, he immediately became a volunteer chaplain to his fellow-prisoners. He read prayers daily, and preached on Sundays to them. He was consoled by the fortitude of his noble wife. "Tis not every one," he wrote again to the Archbishop, "who could bear these things; but I bless God my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in writing, or than I believe your grace will be in reading them."

"When I came here," he said in another letter, "My stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife's at home scarce so much. She soon sent me her rings, because she had nothing else to relieve me with, but I returned them."

When advised to remove from Epworth on account of his persecutions, he replied, "Tis like a coward to desert my post, because the enemy fires thick upon me. They have only wounded me yet, and I believe cannot kill me."

MR. WESLEY'S WIT.

Mr. Wesley was full of anecdote, and wise sayings, which gave to his private conversations great interest. The withering wit of his son Samuel, the quiet sarcasm of his son John, the playful railery of his daughter Emilia, and the keen satire of Mehetabel, were all inherited from himself. In early life he was connected with some of the greatest wits then flourishing, and to the day of his death highly relished pleasantries, when it was pure and good-tempered.

One instance, given by Dr. Adam Clarke, is as follows: At Temple Wood, near Epworth, lived a miserly man, who, contrary to the whole tenor of his life, once mustered courage enough to invite a few friends to dinner. Mr. Wesley was present, and displayed his wit, and his great facility in composition, by repeating impromptu, at the close of such an unusual festival:

"Thanks for this feast! for 'tis no less Than eating manna in the wilderness. Here some have starved, where we have found relief, And seen the wonders of a chine of beef. Here chimneys smoked which never smoked before, And we have dined where we shall dine no more."

Which last line was immediately confirmed by the mean-spirited host, who said, "No, gentlemen; it is too expensive."—*Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Wesley.*

Count that day lost,  
Whose low descending sun,  
Views from thy hand  
No worthy action done.

TRAIN THE BOYS FOR BUSINESS.

HERE is one element in the home instruction which boys receive prior to their advent into the business world to which too little attention has been given. We mean the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility. In too many households, boys from twelve to seventeen years are administered too much by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys' lives through those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning, just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but start off early enough so as not to be too late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Thus his life goes on till school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where everything is system, order, and precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly; sometimes kindle fires, file letters, do errands—in short, become part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for the correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient, to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders, overlooked at first, get to be matters of serious moment, then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told that his services are no longer wanted. This is his first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise to his parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that hour to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and to be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application.—*The Teacher.*

TALK OF A "FREE COUNTRY!"—One cannot walk the length of a block on the streets of Toronto, at certain hours of the day, without being forced, much against the will, to inhale tobacco smoke from some dirty mouth. One can avoid a staggering intoxicated man, keep out of his reach; but one cannot keep out of the reach of the vile fumes of the tobacco smoker one meets on the sidewalk. Smoking is prohibited in street cars, railway cars, and many other places; why should it not be so on the sidewalks, which are not infrequently so crowded that smoking becomes quite as disagreeable as in a street car? We believe there is a law in Boston prohibiting smoking on the sidewalks.—*Canadian Health Journal.*

"A MULE wid his ribs on the outside," is Pat's description of the Zebra.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN RHYME.

FIRST William, the Norman,  
Then William, his son,  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,  
Then Richard and John;  
Edwards, one, two, and three.  
And again after Richard  
Three Henry's we see.  
Two Edwards, third Richard,  
If rightly you guess,  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,  
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;  
Then James, the Scotchman;  
Then Charles whom they slew.  
Yet received after Cromwell  
Another Charles too.  
James, Second, the exile,  
Then Mary, his daughter,  
And William, her husband,  
From over the water;  
Next Anne, best woman and queen,  
Best ruler and wife  
That England has seen.  
George First, from Hanover.  
First king of his line;  
George Second, the next  
Of this house from over the Rhine.  
The third of these Georges,  
For his tax and oppressions,  
Left to George Fourth  
His curtailed possessions,  
Then William the Fourth, of Hanover, too,  
Who, false to his wife,  
To his country was true,  
Left the throne to his niece,  
Princess Victoria,  
Since Norman, fifth queen,  
(Of the kings they were peers.)  
Who ruled over England  
In eight hundred years.

A GLASGOW FACTORY-BOY.

JUST above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory-boy, whom I will call David. At the age of ten he entered the cotton-factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor; and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin. He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar-schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lessons open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college-studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

The boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Chatterbox.*



## NOBILITY.

WHO counts himself as nobly born  
Is noble in despite of place;  
And honors are but brands to one  
Who wears them not with nature's grace.

The prince may sit with clown or churl  
Nor feel himself disgraced thereby;  
But he who has but small esteem  
Husbands that little carefully.

Then be thou peasant, be thou peer,  
Count it still more thou art thine own;  
Stand on a larger heraldry  
Than that of nation, or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly halls?  
Those halls have missed a courtly guest,  
That mansion is not privileged,  
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,  
Nor wrangle for this lesser claim;  
It is not to be destitute,  
To have the thing without the name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,  
Disgrace not thy good company;  
If lowly born so bear thyself  
That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height  
Of some fair garden's petty wall,  
But climb the open mountain side,  
Whose summit rises over all.

A LEGACY FOR EVERY BOY  
IN THE LAND.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

IT is told of the good mother of President Garfield that once when she was struggling on alone with her little boys in poverty and widowhood it became needful to have some fence-rails on the little farm. The men about could be had to do the work, but there was one perquisite always demanded—that was whiskey. The staunch little mother declined to furnish it. Then the men would not work, and so the matter stood. The plucky woman took the maul in her hands and unaided split sixty rails to lay her piece of fence.

Do you wonder that her boy fought his way up through college, or that he did not shrink at the academy from cooking his own potatoes, or in college at sweeping and fire-building and bell-ringing, if by any means he might obtain his purpose? He early learned to "endure hardness as a good soldier." High thinking and plain living went hand in hand with him, but you all know and honour the grand result that sprang from such endurance. The example of such a noble, hard-working successful man is a personal legacy to every poor aspiring boy in our land to-day. It is more than a golden legacy. Examples of the good and great have been the main-springs of thousands of successful lives. He bids you, by his his own sun-bright course, to shrink from no labour, no self-denial in the pursuit of a high and worthy purpose. Every thoughtful, earnest boy in our country should be made better and more courageous for life's battle by the example of our martyred chief.

As Garfield nobly said on the anniversary of Lincoln's death:

"There is nothing in all the earth that you or I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but for ever and for evermore we need them."

## RESISTING TEMPTATION.

STRIKER Stowe, was a tall, powerful Scotchman, whose position as "Boss Striker" at the steel works made him generally known. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule. But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had been converted, and sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said:

"I shall never drink mair, my lads. Na droonkard can inherit the kingdom o' God."

The knowing ones smiled and said: "Wait a bit—wait until hot weather, until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel pit he will give in; he can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams. Yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink. Finally, as I was taking the man's time one evening I stopped and spoke with him.

"Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It is now tan o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, and I put a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty. From eight till nine he kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till ten he's kep' me, and now I gie Him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these, I pray, 'O Lord, help me—help me to fight off for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldna' gie it up for anything. It is just as if He took me by the hand and said: 'Wark awa', Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna' be fearfu'. You teck care o' yeur regular wark an' I'll see to the de'il an' the thirist they shallna trouble ye.'"

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 27.] LESSON X. [March 5.  
CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.  
Mark 4. 35-41. Commit to memory v. 37-41.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Psa. 107. 29.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Storm, v. 35-37.
2. The Calm, v. 38-41.

TIME.—A. D. 27, on the same day with the teachings of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The Sea of Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 8. 18-27; Luke 8. 22-25.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The same day*—The day of teaching in parables by the sea. *Unto the other side*—The country of the Gergesenes or Gadarenes, so called from its principal cities. *Even as he was*—Without preparing for the voyage. *Other little ships*—Small boats containing disciples. *Storm*—Such as often sweep down upon the Sea of Galilee.

*Asleep*—Being tired from teaching all day.

*Pillow*—The cushion of the boat. *Awake him*—They might have had faith that they were safe while he was with them. *Rebuked the wind*—Showing power over all nature. *Calm*—The rolling of the waves stopped at once.

*No faith*—In another Gospel, "little faith."

*Fear'd*—Felt an awe or reverence for Jesus.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That Christ's people may meet with trouble?

2. That Christ's presence brings safety?
3. That Christ's followers should have faith?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What happened while Jesus and his disciples were crossing the Sea of Galilee? A great storm arose. 2. What was Jesus doing at that time? He was sleeping in the boat. 3. What did he say to the winds and sea when the disciples awoke him? "Peace, be still." 4. What then followed? A great calm. 5. For what did Jesus reprove his disciples at this time? For their want of faith.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipotence of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

27. Who was this Moses?  
Moses was one of the children of Israel, who was wondrously saved from drowning by Pharaoh's own daughter, when he was a child.

28. How did God appoint him to deliver Israel?

God appointed Moses to deliver Israel by appearing to him in a burning bush, as he was keeping sheep, and sent him to Pharaoh to bid him let Israel go.

A. D. 27.] LESSON XI. [March 12.  
Mark 5. 1-20. Commit to memory v. 18-20.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. 1 John 3. 8.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Works of the Devil, v. 1-5.
2. The Son of God, v. 6-14.
3. The Work of Grace, v. 15-20.

TIME.—A. D. 27, immediately after the events of last lesson.

PLACE.—The eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 8. 28-34; Luke 8. 26-40.

EXPLANATIONS. (On the names of persons and places, see Descriptive Index.) *Out of the tombs*—Sepulchres dug out of the hillside. *Unclean spirit*—One in whom dwelt a wicked spirit, having power over him. *Chains . . . plucked asunder*—By the power of the evil spirit. *Cutting himself*—Being made crazy by Satan's power. *Worshipped*—The evil spirit in the man knew Christ, and feared his power. *Torment me not*—By compelling him to leave the man. *Legion*—A term meaning an army. *Out of the country*—Away from the land. *Swine*—An animal which the Jews were forbidden to eat. *Ran violently*—As they had no power to resist the evil spirits. *Choked*—Drowned. *They went out*—The people of the city. *They were afraid*—They saw the power of Jesus and did not know of his mercy. *Pray him to depart*—Afraid that he would do them some harm, and not knowing that he would bring them blessings. *Suffered him not*—The man could do more good at home than by going with Jesus. *Marvel*—They wondered at his power, and, perhaps, wished that they had not asked him to leave them.

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