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THE LADY'S JOURNEY IN THE EAST

LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

No. 18.

A LADY'S JOURNEY IN THE EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

MRS. Brassey made an interesting visit to the old Gothic convent of La Pais, on a bluff 500 feet above the sea. The ancient cloisters and vast halls—one was 150 by 50 feet—with their Gothic tracery, were very noteworthy, though quite ruinous. The English engineers had fitted up the convent for a hospital, but it was found that the sick were worse than in their stuffy tents. The fever seems to be caused by the bad water of the island.

Sailing round the eastern end of the Island of Cyprus on the 10th of November, Mrs. Brassey reached the ancient port of Kyrenia, shown in the cut—a charming spot, but smitten with the fever. The natives said the very dogs in the streets died of it. The 42nd Regiment, most of whom were invalided, were preparing to escape the pestilence by immediate departure. As the steward was sick, Mrs. Brassey did the marketing, and found vegetables remarkably cheap—a supply for forty persons costing only 2s. The island will probably be available only for a coaling station. Our tourists visited another convent, where the barefooted monks were extremely kind, though unable to communicate, except by signs, with their guests. Four of them assisted Mrs. Brassey and her daughter to perform their ablutions—one holding a basin, another a towel, a third the soap, and a fourth the candle. She gives a picture of the absurd scene.

Leaving Cyprus, the famous Isle of Rhodes was soon reached. The capital, Rhodes, was founded B.C. 408, and Strabo says, in his time, was the finest city in the world—finer even than Rome. Its celebrated Colossus was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet high, bridging the harbour, between whose legs ships could sail. After standing

fifty-six years, it was thrown down by an earthquake, B.C. 224. It lay for nearly 1,000 years on the ground, and was sold by the Saracens to a Jew, who loaded 500 camels with the bronze. The Knights of St. John, when driven from Jerusalem, captured the island from the Moslems, and held it for 200 years. In 1522, Solyman the Magnificent besieged it with an army of 200,000 men. Its garrison of only 6,000 defended it with heroic valour for many months, and only yielded in the last extremity. It has since been

escaped penniless to other countries, and of 75,000 Greeks, no. 2,000 were left. As an illustration of the wealth of classic art buried beneath the soil of these lands, our author mentions seeing on the beach of the Bosphorus a piece of statuary of the finest Greek period, which had been brought to Cyzicus as ballast, and then pitched ashore as of no further use.

Mrs. Brassey describes with much vivacity the varied incidents, the brilliant pageants, of her visit to Constantinople, the city of mosques and palaces.

to avert the "evil eye," consequent on her visit and subsequent misfortunes. The mere caprice of the insane tyrant—for insane he certainly was—must be indulged at whatever cost. His little son, who was nominally Admiral of the Navy, was found crying one day because he could not see from his nursery his flag hoisted on his own particular ironclad. So at a cost of £100,000 the staging of a new bridge across the Bosphorus was demolished, and the whole city put to inconvenience for months, that the huge sea-

kraken might be shown as a toy to a whimpering child. The Sultan was treated with the most abject servility by his viziers, who dared not stand erect in his presence, but bent almost double, and all others addressed him but in monosyllables, and with their foreheads almost touching the floor. The bearer of bad news ran the risk of beheading. So the despot knew little of what was going on in his Empire, and had not even heard of the famine in Asia Minor. His favorite amusement was slicing the heads off turkeys, kept in a yard for that purpose—as a substitute, we suppose, for Turks.



KYRENIA—ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

held by the Turks. The Grand Hospital of the Knights, a fine building, is now used as a barrack. The church and the palace also exhibit evidences of their former grandeur; but the blight and curse of Turkish domination broods over all. The streets of the city, as shown in the engraving on page 141, have that close, shut up look which characterizes all oriental towns.

A more striking evidence of this is seen in the island of Chios, which—after passing Patmos, where the cavern in which St. John wrote the Apocalypse is shown, and Icaria, where Icarus, flying too near the sun, fell into the sea—our tourists visited. In consequence of a revolt against the Turks in 1822, the island was invaded, 45,000 of its inhabitants were carried off as slaves, 25,000 were slain, 15,000

She poetically compares the countless slender minarets to gentrys keeping guard over a sacred shrine. She was especially struck with its strange blending of barbarism, luxury, and civilization. The oriental profusion of barbaric pearl and gold of the bankrupt Sultan was amazing. He lavished upon the Empress of the French over £100,000 in presents; but when the beautiful Eugenie deigned to kiss the cheek of his slave-born mother (to whom his father took a fancy as she was carrying wood to a bath), the withered old crone was scandalized at the insult, retired to bed, was bled profusely, fasted, and took several Turkish baths to remove the pollution of contact with the infidel Giaour. The palace where the Empress lodged was shut up, and part of it demolished,

One mania was a dread of fire. He had acres of houses pulled down, and an enormous palace built, in which not a particle of wood was employed—even the flat candlesticks had to be surrounded by a saucer of water. He had two of the sultanas bowstrung for transgressing this rule, and he beat and trampled on an officer's wife for the same offence. One night he escaped from the palace in his nightgown, and was with difficulty brought back. He lived in continual fear of poison, but still ate, says our author, eleven times a day, an enormous meal, selected from ninety-four dishes, always prepared for his choice. He made a common soldier a colonel, because he gave him some goslings which he fancied, and gave a foremast sailor command of an ironclad because he

had a pretty cat which had the good fortune to amuse his high mightiness. He had 800 horses and 700 women assigned him, and the former were often the better cared for. In one of the grandest tombs of the royal cemetery, a favourite—not wife, but horse—was buried. For a supposed plot against his tyranny, 600 women of the imperial harom were bowstrung, and sunk in sacks in the Bosphorus by this monster—more brutal than even Caligula or Nero. He took a fancy to the yacht *Sunbeam*, and its owner feared that he would have to sell it, or slip his cables by night, or imperil the neck of some unfortunate minister by refusing to part with it. When this insane despot opened his own veins in his gorgeous summer palace, the world was well relieved of an intolerable iacubus.

THE CRUEL GIANT.

BY REV. JAMES G. MERRILL.



THE following is taken from a volume of "Thirty Sermons to the Boys and Girls of the Congregational Church, Davenport, Iowa," by the pastor, Rev. James G. Merrill. The volume is published by the Western Sunday-School Publishing Company at Chicago:

In my journeys I came to a beautiful land filled with pleasant homes. The fields were covered with grain, the brooks ran merrily through it, and I said to myself, how happy are the people who dwell in such a land.

I had not been long there before I learned that in the midst of the country was a strong castle in which lived a giant, cruel and wicked. He was very old, but he never was more strong than he is to-day, and although nearly every one wishes him dead, I cannot see why he may not live many years to come.

He is very rich, you could not count the money that he has, or number the houses that he owns. His castle is stronger than iron and stone, and from its towers can be seen all the vast possessions of the giant.

One cannot be long in this country without hearing much of the awful deeds of the cruel monster. He sends out year by year and takes for his own use the product of many of the richest fields. Men sow barley, and the giant takes it nearly all. He puts his hand also on the rye and corn, and takes some of the apples, and many grapes. He does indeed give money sometimes for all these things, but he manages to get it out of the people who dwell there, so that for every dollar he pays them he gets twenty from them.

I could not imagine what the giant could do with all this corn and barley, and the grapes, until I learned that he had a way of so changing them that they became the means which he used to destroy the people of the land, and devour them. One day while I was there, I looked into one of the dungeons of the castle. In it I saw a poor wretch. His eyes were blood-shot, his face was scarred, his clothes were ragged and filthy, his hands shook as though he had the palsy. He told me his story:

I was born, said he, in a pleasant valley many miles from this castle. My father was proud of me, and my mother loved me, and being an only son I was to be their heir, and I could have had the best farm in all the region where we lived. All went well with us until I was about sixteen years old, when one day I came to spend a few hours on the ground where this castle stands. I know there was a giant living here, but I thought there was little risk of meeting him, and although he is very cruel, his grounds are as beautiful as money can make them. I did not let father and mother know where I went, and I had such a happy time that I went again. At length my parents found me out. My father commanded, my mother begged, that I should never go again upon the grounds. I despised the commands and tears, for I had come to think more of the good times on the giant's grounds than of home. It took money to make so many visits, and when I had spent all of my own, I began to spend that which belonged to my father and mother. They became poor, the farm had to be sold, father died a pauper, mother had gone before with a broken heart. I had no power to keep out of the hands of the giant, and for years he has had me in this dungeon. He abuses me every day of my life. I wish I was dead. I dare not die; I cannot live; oh, what! what shall I do? And the poor man looked the picture of wretchedness and despair. After a few moments I asked him whether there were many prisoners in the castle. Yes, oh, yes, it is full of them. There are ten thousand cells, and every cell has its victim, and there is not a day in all the year when the giant does not find time to come around and do us all the harm he can; and when we die, if report is true, we are to be given over to a worse foe, who is to keep us forever in torment.

It would make your heart sick to have me tell you of the woes of men shut up in this awful castle. Some of them are made insane; some become murderers; many become suicides; not a few are idiots. Don't stay here any longer, said he, but return to the beautiful land where I used to live, and tell the boys and girls, never, never to go for a day into any of the grounds of the giant, Strong Drink, for although they may think it joyous at first, it will not be long before they will find out, too late, as, alas, I have done, that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

When Captain Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore, one of whom held a dead animal in his hand. The captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding, on receiving it, that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boatswain back to ask the natives its name. "What do you call this 'ere animal?" said the sailor to a naked savage. The latter shook his head and said, "Kangaroo," which means in Australian lingo, "I don't understand." When the sailor returned to the ship the captain said, "Well, and what's the name of the animal?" The sailor replied, "Please, sir, the black party says it's a kangaroo." The beast has kept the name ever since.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BOYS IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

BY EMILY CLEVELAND.

BOYS have a responsibility in temperance work which girls do not and cannot have—a responsibility which is theirs, and theirs only because they are boys.

St. John, in one of his epistles says: "I write unto you young men, because ye are strong." *Because you are strong!* Strength is, always has been, always will be, the peculiar, ideal virtue of manhood.

I say *peculiar* virtue, because men are set apart, as it were, *to be strong*. Women are not so characterized. I say *ideal* virtue, because, while it may exist and ought to exist in every boy and every man, I know it does not exist in every man; that is not the actual attainment, the real possession, but an *ideal* one, realized in its perfection only in those few foremost men who are the patterns for all others.

Now, just what did St. John, and just what do we mean by making your *strength* your responsibility, and the reason for writing to you especially? What kind of strength is your peculiar and ideal virtue?

Is it physical strength? If so, then the Cornell or Harvard student who can run the longest and farthest, though he fail in all his examinations and stands at the foot in his classes, is stronger than the man who takes the valedictory, and not so strong as the wild Indian who can row farther, and run faster, and fast longer. You know men and boys, as I do, who have cordy muscle and can lift enormous weights; great big fellows it does one good to see, yet who are not strong enough *to be laughed at*; who in the company of liquor-men are not strong enough to utter one word in defence of temperance. Fancy St. John writing to such men *because they are strong!* No, the strength he meant and we mean is not only physical strength.

Is it intellectual strength? You and I know men who are "smart"—smart enough to raise a great, coarse laugh at the man or woman who attacks their terrible traffic. Col. Ingersoll is a strong man because he is *smart*. Without a great intellect or superior education, but yet with a kind of cleverness of head, he is strong enough to attack the Christianity we love and believe, and to try to undermine the faith of many who cling to it as their only comfort in life and security in death. Lord Bacon had, perhaps, the finest intellect ever let into the world, yet he was not saved by his supreme intellectual strength from taking bribes in his law cases, and is immortalized in the lines of a great poet as "the greatest and the meanest of mankind." All over the country we can find men, not quite so great intellectually, but quite as *mean*, who will win case after case for liquor men for the bribes that are paid them. Fancy St. John writing to such men "because they are strong!"

Very clearly the strength which he attributes to young men as their special, ideal virtue is not one of muscle or of brains. We all know what it is. It is moral strength. It is that pluck and principle which will defy the threats of the bullies and the wit of the smarties in defence of the right. It is because you, boys, can be

thus strong, and ought to be thus strong, that so many eyes, some of them dim with age, some dim with tears, are turned to you and are watching your young manhood as the hope of the nation and the world against this awful enemy, *alcohol*. It is because its overthrow demands and must have your manly strength that your responsibility is great, and something for which God will surely call you to account.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed,
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made
me

A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough
shadow

To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from
evil,

But my prayer would bound back to
myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of know-
ledge,
They have taught me the goodness of
God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a
rule;

My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones—
That meet me each morn at the door,
I shall miss the "good nights" and the
kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dis-
missed!"

May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

ONE very hot day a case was being tried in a court of law in one of the Western States. The counsel for the plaintiff had been speaking at a great length, and after referring to numerous authorities, was about to produce another imposing volume, when the Judge inquired what was the amount in dispute. On being informed that it was \$2, "Well," said he, "the weather is very hot, I am very old, and also feeble—I'll pay the amount myself."

A VERY rich man said: "I worked like a slave till I was forty years old to make my fortune, and have been watching it like a detective ever since for my lodging, food, and clothes."

TELLING FORTUNES.

“**T**ELL tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad—
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn-door;
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see the men threshing out wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed,

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth
Of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor
And that drowsiness clothes men with rags,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish,
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?
—Alice Cary.

GWINE TO RIDE UP IN THE CHARIOT.

“**N**OW, Pussy,” said Mr. Morgan, as he kissed his little daughter, “you must take good care of things while papa is gone.”

“I will, papa,” was the earnest reply.

“I dislike to go away,” continued her father. “Everything is very dry and there have been fires west of us; but Patrick and Hannah are faithful and you are worth a half dozen any day.”

“Don't worry, papa, dear,” said Milly, gaily. “Just go and have a good time. We shall be all right.”

The morning of the third day was clear and pleasant. A breeze from the opposite direction during the night had blown away the smoke, and with it went the fear from the heart of the poor old black woman. So they all went to work with a will. Pat was re-hingling a barn; Hannah was baking, and Milly was acting as little maid of all work to the sable cook. She washed dishes, buttered pie-plates and cake-tins, occasionally leaving her work to dart into the sitting-room, to

assure herself that everything was in order for the home-coming of her loved ones.

“Gwine to ride up in de chariot
Sooner in de mornin’”

she sang. But hark! What was that? A cry of terror or distress. She flew to the door, followed by Hannah. They saw Patrick crawling towards the house on his hands and knees.

“The prairie is on fire!” he shouted, adding immediately: “Howly Mother, be merciful! for it's helpless I am intirely.”

The prairie was, indeed, on fire, though at some distance. Pat, from his perch on the barn, had spied it, and, in his haste to get down and give the alarm, had slipped on the ladder and fallen to the ground, severely spraining an ankle.

“Ye must burrun a sthreak, Miss Milly, and just as quick as iver ye can, for the fire is a-coomin' like an express train.”

Milly understood—she had often heard of it—and already the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

“Where, Pat,” she cried.

“Out forninst yon wire fence. I'll draw wather, and Hannah must carry it till ye, to shprinkle the ground this side yer fire.” And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Milly did as she was told, and everything succeeded bravely. The fright had a wonderful effect on Hannah's rheumatic limbs, and she carried water on the double quick.

On came the great fire, nearer and nearer. Milly could hear the roaring and hissing of the flame, the trampling and snorting of horses, and the bellowing of cattle, as they raced for life.

At the right and left of her fire they passed, but the child scarcely noticed them. She dimly saw, through the smoke, several gaunt prairie wolves dash by; but it seemed perfectly natural and she had no thought of fear. She was saving her home.

With wet blankets she whipped back the fire, when it threatened to come where it should not. At last, she had the satisfaction of seeing so wide a belt of burnt land between her home and the great fire that she felt sure they were safe, and she started to seek a refuge from the blinding smoke in the house her efforts had saved; but, borne on the wind, far up in mid-air, came sailing a blazing mass of straw, and, to Milly's horror, it fell on the house-roof. With almost super-human swiftness, she ran toward the new scene of danger. Up the stairs she darted, catching, as she ran, a broom. From a dormer window she climbed out on the roof, and with her broom shoved the flaming straw to the ground, where it was quenched by Pat.

Hannah was by this time at the open window, with water, for Milly to pour on the now blazing roof. She caught a pail and dashed the contents on the flame, unheeding that her own clothing was on fire; but Hannah saw, and, seizing a bed-quilt, she climbed out of the window, almost as quickly as Milly herself had done, and wrapped it about her pet, to smother the flame. Hannah had done her best, but before she reached her the calico dress was burned literally off, as was nearly all her clothing. The blaze was easily extinguished, but it had done its work.

Their hearts clouded with terror and forboding. Mr. Morgan and Edith drove toward home that afternoon over the blackened desert, that had been so beautiful but two days before. The shadow lifted as they came in sight of the cozy farm-house, standing safe in an oasis of green.

“Thank God!” said Mr. Morgan, and Edith responded “Amen!”

But when they reached home they found Sorrow enthroned, awaiting them.—Milly—wise, gentle, brave Milly—burned almost past recognition, lay up in the bed, her charred curls blackening the pillow. The father and sister saw it was too late for remedies. Milly was dying! She did not appear to suffer, but lay unconscious, though at intervals she murmured little snatches of the hymns she loved best. Suddenly she sang, and her voice was clear and strong as ever: “Do chariot! do chariot! its wheels roll in fire.”

A long silence followed, broken only by the laboured breathing of the little martyr. Then she sang, softly and slowly:

“Swing low, sweet chariot, comin'—for to—carry—”

The heart-broken watchers listened to catch the remaining words, but they never were sung, unless, it may be, the strain was finished in the upper home.

Unseen, the mystic chariot had swung low.

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

HON. Neal Dow, writing for young men in the *N. Y. Independent* says: “Your success in life will depend as much, perhaps more, upon what you save as upon what you earn, and you have now started out to make a future for yourselves, with a habit of useless expenditure that will certainly make your life a failure. That is my view of it. This habit of wastefulness, to speak of the tobacco habit only in that way, without reference to the other evils of it, will influence you in all other matters of expenditure; so that you cannot possibly succeed in life if you continue the course you have now entered upon. Expenditures, like savings, increase rapidly and enormously if there be added to them the annual compound interest, which is the proper way to regard them. You have no idea, you say, what your expenditures will amount to in a series of years, reckoned in that way. I can tell you very nearly what they will be. You are now about twenty years of age. When you are thirty, your seventy-five cents a day, being about two hundred and seventy-four dollars a year, will amount to more than three thousand dollars; at forty years of age it will be more than nine thousand dollars; when you shall be fifty years old the sum will be more than twenty thousand dollars; at sixty years of age you will have wasted in that way nearly forty-one thousand dollars; and at seventy years, the amount will be more than seventy-six thousand dollars. It is quite worth your while to consider whether this expenditure will be a waste or not, whether it will be a wise or foolish investment of your earnings.”

When I see a youth beginning the tobacco habit, he seems to me to be riveting to his leg a clog which he will

in after life drag along painfully, regretting bitterly the folly of his young, thoughtless days, when he so foolishly encumbered his future, and, looking, perhaps, with no kindly eye upon those, his older friends or relatives, who ought to have warned him in his inexperience of the folly he was about to commit. Thousands of Christian men and women, who know all this and more of the evils of the tobacco habit, have never warned their young friends against it.

THE BLIND POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

IT is a remarkable fact that the extended and complicated details of the Post-office Department of Great Britain are controlled by a gentleman who would seem to be disqualified for the position on account of blindness.

Prof. Henry Fawcett is one of the most extraordinary men who ever took part in an English administration. He is totally blind, having lost his sight, when a young man at Cambridge, by the explosion of a gun. Notwithstanding this painful drawback, which would have incapacitated most men from taking part in public life, Mr. Fawcett has shown a power of study which has resulted in his being one of the best-informed men of his time. He is a distinguished political economist, a profound mathematician, and widely read in all matters of history and literature. Perhaps the most singular of his accomplishments, considering the fact of his being a blind man, is his dexterity as an angler, he being able to handle the rod and fly with extraordinary success. In the House of Commons he is greatly respected by all parties. An attendant guides him to the door, and there ready hands are always to be found to direct the sightless minister to his place. He is a sound and lucid, if not a very attractive, speaker, having a wonderful command of facts and figures, which thanks to his acute memory, he masters with marvelous rapidity and retentiveness. Mr. Fawcett has of course many devoted friends to help him, and is also blessed with a peculiarly accomplished wife, whose attainments in literature and science are almost as great as his own.

Mr. Fawcett has displayed remarkable vigor ever since he was appointed to the office of Post-master General. His policy is one of solid, practical reform; and in his own person he represents, perhaps more than any other public man now living, the strong, enlightened common sense of the English nation. No minister who ever had charge of the Post-office has, in the space of time during which he has been in power, effected so many useful changes in his department as Mr. Fawcett has done. He introduced a new system of money-orders, or checks for small sums, which has proved of great advantage to the public; and not less valuable has been the plan by which the Post-office receives stamps as deposits in savings banks, an innovation successfully introduced in order to carry out Mr. Fawcett's favourite and excellent idea of offering to the poor every possible facility for practicing the virtue of thrift. He is also contemplating cheaper telegrams, and a new and improved parcel post.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE LITTLE FOOTPRINTS.

CHUBBY little footprints,
Deep in the shining sand,
Of the little feet now treading
Eternity's golden strand.

My tears fell fast on the impress
The delicate pink toes made,
When I think of him who ne'er again
Will play 'neath my garden shade.

So I gather some broken fragments
And silently cover them o'er,
Footprints of the feet that have wandered
Far from my cottage door.

And at morn when the sun is rising,
And at night when the day is done,
I go down the garden pathway,
And silently, one by one,

I uncover the little foot-prints,
And gazing I seem to see
The chubby feet and delicate toes,
The white and dimpled knee;

The face and form of my darling
Rise Phoenix-like from the dust;
On his face the same sweet look,
In his eyes the same sweet trust.

The vision has vanished, and silently
I cover them over again;
Yet a sweet thought born of their memory
Mingles soothingly with my pain.

Oh, foot-prints deep in the shining sand,
May I at last be given
The sight of one little footprint
In the shining sands of heaven.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPT. 23, 1882.

DR. SUTHERLAND AT CHAUTAUQUA.

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland ably represented Canada at the late Chautauqua Assembly. His admirable sermon was reported at full length in the *Herald*, and we quote from the *New York Advocate* the following item from his week-day address:

"The Rev. Dr. Alex. Sutherland, of Canada, said: 'I count it no small honour that I am on this platform, summoned to the post of duty by one whose name in my own country is an honoured and familiar household word.' Of the population pouring into this country from beyond the seas, he said, 'we are glad to see them coming, and yet we cannot forget that while they carry with them unknown possibilities, they may also carry with them the facts of great peril to the future of this land and other lands, and so it behooves us to be prepared for their coming to mould them into a strong national life.' He spoke at length of their mission work among the Indians.

Their 'experience had demonstrated that it costs less to enlighten, convert, and civilize the Indian than to shoot him.' They have no Indian wars in Canada."

We have just sent off about several hundred volumes of second hand library books as donations to poor schools in various parts of the country. We have, however, been unable to comply with several requests which we have received from schools that urgently need help. Donations of books sent to the office of this paper will be thankfully received, and will be distributed to the schools in need of them. Enclose books in box or parcel and address by express to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto. We will pay all express charges.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the Editor of *PLEASANT HOURS* as follows: "I am pleased to see by the *Banner* that there is a prospect of the establishment of another Sunday-school paper similar to the *PLEASANT HOURS*. The latter is the best Sunday school paper I have ever seen. Our school needs another of a like stamp to fill in the Sundays not supplied by it, and if you intend issuing the next paper soon we will wait for it. Please say when it is likely to appear." In answer to this question we would say that it will appear as soon as possible after the General Conference. We hope that it will receive a very large patronage from the schools.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Chautauqua Text-Book, No. Thirty-Eight. "The Life of Christ" By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, M.A. New York: PHILLIPS & HUNT. Toronto: WILLIAM BRIGGS.

The scope and purpose of this valuable little book which we heartily commend, are explained in the following extract from the Preface: The life which has influenced mankind most powerfully of all lives since time began is that of Jesus of Nazareth. Both friends and enemies must admit that no other man in all human history has proved so mighty a force upon the destinies of so many people as this carpenter of Galilee, whose years on earth numbered but thirty and three, and whose life was spent in a provincial district among a despised people.

At the present time hundreds and thousands of teachers, in the pulpit, and the class, are instructing millions of people in truths which find their inspiration in that wonderful history. All these teachers ought to know thoroughly the main outlines of the life of Him concerning whom they are striving to teach others. Yet there is no doubt that only a small proportion of the Sabbath-school teachers in our land have a clear conception of that life, or of the chronological order of the facts which they are teaching. The International System of Lessons has awakened a deep and general interest in the study of the Bible, and far more teachers and scholars than ever in the past are now earnestly seeking to explore the Word, both for its facts and its truths. This little book has been prepared as a guide to teachers and Bible students. It presents in brief outlines the leading events of the life of Christ, arranged in periods, which will show the history in its various aspects, and aid the memory to retain them.

This little work is commended to Sabbath-school workers and other Bible students, in the hope that, by aiding to fix the facts of our Saviour's history in the memory, it may aid in fixing the truths of his Gospel in the heart.

Fight your own battles—ask no favors. You will succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching patronage.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

THERE have been heroines as well as heroes on the sea, and of these Mrs. Annie Wilson is one. When she was fourteen years of age she married the captain of a vessel, and for seven years accompanied him on his voyages around the world without accident.

But in 1872 the ship encountered a terrible storm off the banks of Newfoundland. The captain was knocked down and his shoulder was broken. The first mate and several of the crew were also disabled, and the second mate was so frightened that he could not give any orders. The captain was carried down, lashed on a door, into the cabin; and when his wife saw him rendered helpless in this way, instead of yielding to lamentations, she only thought of what she could do to supply his place. She rushed on deck, and called the men around her.

"Boys, our lives are in danger," she said: "but stick to me, and I'll take you into port all right."

She set them to work to clear away the wreck. They manned the pumps; and when the gale had subsided a little, they rigged up a jury-mast, under their new captain's orders, set sail again, and in twenty-one days the ship was safely anchored at St. Thomas.

After the necessary repairs had been made there, and as her husband was still quite helpless, the brave woman worked the ship to Liverpool, and made the voyage in thirty days. After this she settled down in New York, and for seven years supported her crippled husband and her child by working in a dry-goods store.

When her husband died Secretary Sherman appointed her to the post of Inspectress in the New York Custom-house.—*Harper's Young People.*

SPARE MOMENTS.

A BOY, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr.——," he said.

"You want a breakfast, more like."

"Can I see Mr.——?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile the principal put aside the volume that he was studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the principal, "you do well. What, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. A few years later he became known all the world over as the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller. What account can you give of your spare moments?



THE COAST GUARDSMAN.

THIS picture represents a type of character that has almost disappeared. During the war against Napoleon, and

indeed till the reduction of tariff made it not worth while to smuggle, bold and desperate seamen used to defy the revenue laws and try to land by night French wines and brandies and other goods. They knew all the nooks and corners of the coast, and on dark and stormy nights would run in cargoes of contraband goods, which they would hide in caves, or in lonely houses till they could cart them away to sell. The coast guardsmen kept a keen look out for these smugglers, and often had sharp conflicts with them, and sometimes lives were lost in these conflicts. John Wesley used to denounce strongly the sin of smuggling, and through the growth of religious opinion and the spread of wise economical laws it is now in England a thing almost unknown.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

GIVE for something. Thousands of men breathe, move, live, and pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more.

Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Oh, man immortal, live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of eveninix. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of two sums of \$8 and \$7 contributed to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, by the Sunday-schools of Corbitt's Corners and Schomberg, respectively. These sums have been duly transmitted to the hospital authorities, and the schools receive there for their most hearty thanks.



STREET IN RHODES—See first page.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly minister to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful eyes are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

BEWARE! THE ENEMY.

BY N. T. MILLER.

THE other day in the garden, I noticed a stir among the robins, and stopped work, that I might determine the cause. During the morning they had been following me, picking up the little worms discovered in the newly-cultivated ground. But, now that their breakfast was over, they surprised me with their cheerfulness. The reason, however, was plain, the parent birds were teaching the young ones to fly. Few little boys and girls can remember their first attempts to walk, but we may suppose that, then, father had a smiling face and mother was happy. And so it was that great pleasure was caused the parent birds by the flutterings of the little ones. They were flying, hopping, singing, piping, and whistling in a perfect jubilee of ecstasy. None was more happy than the mother bird, as she flew along, calling to her young nestlings, while her mate remained behind to give help and en-

couragement. One little bird seemed to be learning very well, it had already made several successful attempts to fly, and now the mother bird calls him to join her upon the kitchen roof. But she had not been careful to see that the ground was free from enemies, and it so happened that when the young bird failed to fly high enough, and fell helpless and fluttering down the wall, it at once became the prey of Miss Puss. Now how soon the scene is changed. How rapidly does she call the little ones to the nest and fly to join her mate. In vain they search; in vain they call with wailing cry and plaintive note; their little one is dead. As many other robins began to gather round in sympathy. I resumed work, but I could not help thinking about what I had seen.

Oh, I thought, how often do we see this scene repeated in domestic life. In yonder home are parents and children; but no warnings are given about the enemies that lie in ambush along the path of life. How often do parents delight to see sons and daughters promise well for a successful voyage; but they have not been told of the rocks, and the breakers, and the chart that shows the way lies neglected at home. What wonder that destruction comes with sadness and sorrow, and often "silence is deep as eternity and speech is shallow as time" as they gather round and gaze into the coffin and the tomb. I knew a home where parents and children dwelt. A favourite and promising son had gone forth, unwarned, unprepared, he fell and he died; a little group gathered in silence round the coffin, I saw them weep; again they gathered round the tomb, I heard them call, but all was still. Once more I saw the mother alone at the grave; I did not censure her visiting and weeping over the dead. But when I saw her planting a flower upon the bosom of death, I did ask myself this question: Do people care more for the body than the soul? No, I did not blame her for beautifying the grave, but I thought it would have been more wise to have chosen a more fitting time for planting, a more valuable soil, and more precious seed. As I looked upon that dying flower planted in the earth beneath the summer's sun, I saw that it failed to compensate for a great loss. The seed of truth and righteousness planted in the

soul in the spring-time of youth. Then, could this mother have had pleasant memories and bright hopes; then she could have said, "As the eagle stirroth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange gods with him."

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

LONGFELLOW'S claim to be counted the Poet of the Home is newly verified in the writings he left unpublished. In an unfinished poem on the Children's Crusade of the 13th century, that extraordinary event of which except in the French, or possibly in some English translation, there is so slight a record. We will give a short picturesque extract:—

"In Cologne the bells were ringing,
In Cologne the nuns were singing
Hymns and canticles divine;
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,
And the thronging streets were loud
With the voices of the crowd:
Underneath the city walls
Silent flowed the river Rhine.
From the gates that summer day
Clad in robes of hoddan grey,
With the red cross on the breast,
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,
Forth the young crusaders fared;
While above the band devoted
Consecrated banners floated,
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,
And the cross o'er all the rest
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,
'Give us, give us back the holy
Sopulchro of the Redeemer.'"

In this poem Longfellow shows both his love of the little ones and his love of the home. Of the faith that dared that wonderful movement, he says admirably:

"O the simple child-like trust!
O the faith that could believe
What the harness'd, iron-mailed
Knights of Christendom had failed,
By their promise, to achieve,—
They, the children, could and must!"

And out of his loving sympathy with them in their toils and trials, the writer of *The Golden Milestone* sings:

"Ah! what master hand shall paint
How they journeyed on their way,
How the days grew long and dreary,
How their little feet grew weary,
How their little hearts grow faint!"

Now around them, white with snow,
Closed the mountain peaks. Below,
Headlong from the precipice
Down into the dark abyss,
Plunged the cataract, white with foam:
And it said, or seemed to say:
'Oh, return, while yet you may,
Foolish children, to your home,
There the Holy City is!'

Every home ought to be the Holy City to its children. Is it so?

Not long since a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go upstairs to my cash-box. Before doing so I went into the little room next to the shop, and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything;' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything; I watch'd him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

AFTER DARK.

ALMOST invariably young boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a strong intellect, a wholesome temperament, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something different in the streets at night from that which is in the day—something which excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night that they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown to sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes, for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through mere carelessness. We never know it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases of where weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children and are now reaping the bitter fruits.—*Signal*.

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDS HIMSELF.

AGENTLEMAN advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

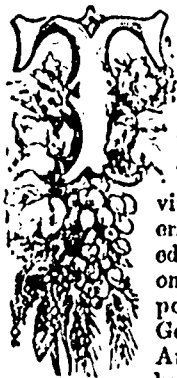
"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor and replaced it upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honourable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order, and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."—*Our Home*.

Copy of a notice on the bench at a fashionable French watering place—
"In the case of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the clothing, and not by the hair, which generally comes off."

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.
STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

A DARK TRAGEDY—THE BURNING
OF NIAGARA.



THE victory of the British arms in Lower Canada led to vigorous efforts to drive the American invaders out of the Upper Province. Lieutenant-General Drummond assumed command, and at once resolved to regain possession of Fort George. McClure, the American general, fell back on Niagara and

Fort George, and, fearing an attack in force, and his garrison being much reduced, resolved to evacuate the fort and abandon the country. But before doing so he resolved, in obedience to instructions from the War Department at Washington, to perpetrate an act of inhuman barbarity which shall hand down his name to infamy so long as the story shall be told. In order to deprive the British troops of winter quarters he determined to burn the Town of Niagara, leaving the innocent and non-combatant inhabitants, helpless women and little children, the sick and infirm, homeless and shelterless amid the rigours of a Canadian winter.

Colonel McClure was not without plain-spoken remonstrance against his contemplated act of inhumanity. In the prosecution of his spiritual functions Neville Trueman had free access to the people of the Town of Niagara, many of whom were members of his church or congregation. Among these a large number of American soldiers were billeted, and very burdensome and unwelcome guests they were. From the unusual commotion and covert threats and hints dropped by the soldiers on the eve of the evacuation, Trueman apprehended some serious disaster to the townspeople. With the prompt energy by which he was characterized, he resolved to proceed to head-quarters and to intercede for the devoted town. He was received by Colonel McClure with a cold and repellent dignity, and obtained only evasive answers. As he was about to leave the presence of that officer, the Colonel said in a constrained manner,—

"Mr. Trueman, I respect your calling, and respect your character; I, therefore, advise you if you have any personal effects in the town to secure them at once, or I will not be answerable for the results."

"I have only a few books and clothes," said Neville: "but there are families here who have much at stake. Surely no evil can be intended those innocent and non-combatant people."

"There exists reasons of military necessity which I cannot expect you to appreciate," said the Colonel, stiffly.

"There are no reasons that can justify inhumanity," replied Neville, stoutly, "and inhumanity of the

gravest character it would be to injure the persons or the property of these defenceless people."

The gallant Colonel seemed rather to wince under these words, but, as if anxious to exculpate himself, he replied, "An officer has no option in carrying out the instructions received from the military authorities."

"That will not remove from you, sir, the responsibility of the act, if, as I infer, the wanton destruction of this town is intended," replied Neville, with significant emphasis. "I make bold to affirm that the act will be as unwise as it will be cruel. It will provoke bitter retaliation. I know these people. I have travelled largely through this province, and mingled with all classes. They are intensely loyal to their sovereign. They would die rather than forswear their allegiance. They will fight to the last man and last gun before they will yield. If wanton outrage be inflicted on this frontier, I predict that fire and sword shall visit your cities, and a heritage of hatred shall be bequeathed to posterity, that all good men, for all time, will deplore."

"Young man, I admire your zeal, although I may not appreciate your sympathy for a country which I understand is not your own," answered the officer, haughtily. "I am, however, responsible for my acts not to you, but to the War Department at Washington. This interview is fruitless. I see no advantage to be gained by prolonging it."

"Sir, said Neville, solemnly, as he rose to leave, "you are responsible to a higher tribunal than that at Washington. I have not learned to limit my sympathies and my instincts of humanity by a boundary line. You are a scholar, sir, and, perhaps, you remember the words of the Latin poet: '*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*' I have the honour to wish you good day," and he bowed himself out.

As he returned to the town he beheld soldiers going from house to house warning the people to turn out and remove their property, and proceeding, with inhuman alacrity, to set the buildings on fire. Then might be seen the women—most of the men were away with the troops—hastily gathering together their own and their children's clothing and a few treasured heirlooms, and with tears and bitter lamentation leaving their sheltering roof, going forth like the patriarch, not knowing whither they went. The frost had set in early and severe. The snow lay deep upon the ground. Yet at thirty minutes' warning, of a hundred and fifty houses in Niagara, all were fired save one. There was scarce time to rescue the nursing babe, and the aged and infirm, from the doomed dwellings. The wife of Councillor Dickson lay on a sick bed. Her husband was a prisoner on the American side of the river. The unfortunate lady "was carried, bed and all, and placed in the snow before her own door, where, shivering with cold, she beheld her house and all that was in it consumed to ashes." Of the valuable library, which had cost between five and six hundred pounds sterling, scarcely a book escaped.

Late into the night burned the fires, reddening the midnight heavens with the lurid flames of comfortable homesteads, well-filled barns, and stacks of

grain. Herds of affrighted cattle rushed wildly over the adjacent meadows, the kine lowing piteously with distended udders for the accustomed hands of their milkers at eventide. Of the hundred and fifty dwellings fired, only two or three escaped by accident, one of which still remains; and four hundred women and children were left to wander in the snow or seek the temporary shelter of some remote farmhouse or Indian wigwam in the woods. Some wandered for days in the adjacent dismal "Black Swamp," feeding on frost-bitten cranberries, or on a casual rabbit or ground-hog.

But a swift avenging followed the dastardly outrage. In two days the British re-occupied the site of the smouldering town, now but a waste of blackened embers, which the Americans had evacuated—horse, foot, and artillery—not a hoof being left behind. So precipitate had been their retreat, however, that a large quantity of stores, together with the barracks and tents, were left, which fell into the hands of the British. As the old red-cross flag was run again on the flag-staff at Fort George, an exultant cheer went up to heaven, and not a few eyes of those hardy militia-men were filled with tears. Their homes were but heaps of ashes, it was true; but their country remained; its soil was relieved from the foot of the invader, and their loyal allegiance to their sovereign had been shown by their costly sacrifice.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED AN INVENTION.

SOME of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance.

A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the Island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year, 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed, "Oh, papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new

knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus. This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on Oct. 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance." Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honour of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known or heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.—*St. Nicholas.*

A LOVE SONG.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

(Recently Addressed to his Wife, from Hull.)

OVER the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, oh, joy of my life!
On its arch, unseen but strong.

Even as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast,
My constant soul flows onward to thee,
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet
New summers in lands afar,
But, dwelling at home with thee, I meet
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear
Engraved on a precious stone;
But in my heart thine image I wear,
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colours on surface laid
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou needest not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed in the grain.

And as every drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dew-drops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old;
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old!

But mine for thee, for the chambers of joy,
With strength come forth as the sun;
Nor life, nor death shall its force destroy,
For ever its course shall run.

All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
What God hath kindled shall death out-brave,
And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock-tie,
Our union to Christ we feel,
Uniting bonds which were made on high
Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us, all world's before
Must reign in our hearts alone,
We fondly believe that we shall adore
Together before His throne.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

*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.

THE COMPASS

THOU art, O God, my East! In Thee I dawned;
Within me ever let Thy day-spring shine;
Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless Thee, Father, since it seals me Thine.

Thou art, O God, my North! My trembling soul,
Like a charmed needle, points to Thee alone;
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to Thy throne.

Thou art, O God, my South! Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed;
And constant sunshine from Thy heart above,
With wine and oil Thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God, my West! Into Thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarm,
Reborn, arise in thy new heavens to shine.

III. Chris. Weekly.

THE OLD BROWN SILK DRESS.

MRS. Smith at such a grand wedding, and in her old brown silk dress! She has had it for the last six years."

"I know it. The idea of a person as well off as she is keeping a dress that length of time! But she looked well. The dress was altered to suit the present fashion."

"But such meanness? If she were not able to get a new silk, it would be different. I wish I had the money she has, I would show people how to dress."

"Girls," said grandma, "I am afraid you are not cultivating charitable dispositions. As the brown silk dress seems to interest you, let me tell you an incident connected with it."

"About two months ago I went with Mrs. Smith to purchase a new dress. While we were in the store examining some rich silks, Mrs. Winslow came in. She informed us of the destitute condition of a family she had just visited. The father had been sick and unable to work; the mother had been toiling to support her family. She was now sick, and three of her children. One was lying dead in the house. They were so poor that they had not a sufficiency of either fuel or food, and were threatened with being turned into the street that very day."

"Mrs. Smith asked if they were worthy people. Mrs. Winslow assured her they were, and, giving their address, she urged Mrs. Smith to visit them. Mrs. Smith had just decided to buy a dress from a costly piece of silk. 'I will not purchase the dress now,' she said to the shopman. And turning to me, she remarked, 'I feel it my duty to visit these people and supply their necessities before purchasing anything for myself. Will you accompany me?'

"I did so. We found the family in great distress. They were Christian people, and had been praying to God to send them help. Mrs. Smith immediately paid the rent, besides ordering fuel and food. She has since

sent them many little articles of comfort. 'I feel better,' she said, 'than if I had bought a new dress. I will remake my old one, and will wear it to the wedding.'

"And this is why Mrs. Smith wore 'that old brown silk dress.' She is not mean, but a noble, self-denying Christian woman."

"I am glad you told us, grandma. The old brown silk dress will preach me a lesson of charity—charity in judgment, and charity, which is love toward the poor."

TRAIN COMING!

HERE it is, shooting its sharp, dazzling eye around the curve suddenly, rushing toward you with a roar, then slacking its speed, halting, catching you up, and bearing you away. It was well you reached the station when you did. Perhaps you can see the train a long way off, its light at night only a spark, then a ball of flame growing steadily, yet advancing slowly, coming with apparent leisure, picking you up after this long warning, and taking you on your way. At my home, the station is near a curve, and when the train appears, it comes suddenly. I may be talking with a friend. I may be attending to some business. At some little distance from the train I may be reminded of the fact that I need a ticket, and I may start to buy one. The train, though, is inexorable. I must let go my friend's hand. I must cease my business. I must give up my purpose to reach the ticket-office. I must take my seat in the train.

How suggestive of the coming of death is this! There is a little sickness—nothing special. The doctor calls, feels your pulse, and administers medicine. He comes again, several times even. Then he shakes his head, looks grave, astonishes you with the remark that it is a serious case. If you have any affairs demanding attention, you would better care for them at once! That is the train roaring round the curve in a moment, its headlight flashing suddenly.

Death may come slowly, on the other hand. We may see the train a long way off. We linger, linger in pain, knowing we must go inevitably, and yet the departure is long delayed. Generally, though, the coming of the train is sudden, it quickly turns the curve, and you must go.

"I am not ready. I have not finished certain work," you cry. You must go.

"I have not given the subject the thought I desire." You must go.

"I would like to make restitution to some one far off." You must go.

You plead more earnestly: "If I could live, there is so much I might accomplish, and I might also be better prepared spiritually." There is no appeal; you must go.

There is nothing more impressive than this solemn voice from the Word saying: "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh: that an hour when ye think not."—*Rev. Edward A. Rand.*

LECTURER: "Art can never improve nature." Auditor: "Can't? Well, then, how do you think you would look without your wig?" Another auditor: "Much better than he does now."

A STRING OF PEARLS.

LET not trifles worry you. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he repair it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles never stop forever:
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's promises a man or a child may be cheerful.

"Never despair
When fog's in the air:
A sunshiny morning
May come without warning."

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

"Something sterling, that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest:
The meek possesses a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly toward him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy who is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man who is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit goes on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we may keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The heart that is full of good thoughts has no room for bad thoughts.

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray
To drive all evil thoughts away."

BABY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two at the most
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost!

"Only a baby's grave!
Strange how we mourn and fret
For a little face that was but such a
space—
Oh, more strange could we forget!

"Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead—
I know how they fell on this!

"Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it!"

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

- I. CHARADE.—Medallion.
- II. ENIGMA.—Little girls and boys come to see the toys.
- III. ANAGRAMS.—1. Congressional. 2. Cabinet. 3. Republican. 4. Democrat. 5. Senators. 6. Representatives.

NEW PUZZLES.

I. RIDDLE.

An instrument with which to eat
Am I; and I'm the dish of meat.

Little they call me; but I boast
The force and greatness of a host.

I am the bitterest thing in life,
Poison and burning, sin and strife.

Of worst dissensions I am master,
Where foes can hate and fight the
faster.

Yet I am good and sweet also;
From me unmeasured blessings flow.

Sweet hearts, sweet music, and sweet
kisses
All claim me in ten thousand blisses.

And souls that wear affection's fetter
Wait on my ways and love the better.

Earth's woe and weal I hold as dower,
For death and life are in my power.

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A quotation from Scott, composed of 60 letters.

My 59, 55, 29, 40, 60, 21, 51, 56,
6, 57, 46, was a poet.

My 34, 36, 11, 27, 44, 7, is one of
the seasons.

My 54, 9, 47, 53, is a city.

My 58, 10, 32, is a bird.

My 22, 28, 14, 38, 45, is a young
person.

My 5, 29, 49, 4, 2, is something on
which we live but which we do not
eat.

My 47, 7, 3, 53, is a bird.

My 51, 52, 41, is the name of a
poet.

My 6, 8, 16, 39, 1, 14, 18, 11, is
one of the fundamental principles of
arithmetic.

My 12, 19, 33, 26, is what we do
with some of our food.

My 35, 22, 50, 30, 42, is the name
of a poet.

My 37, 17, 29, 43, is a ruler.

My 13, 24, 48, means supplied with
food.

My 28, 18, 19, 48, is a cover.

III. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. Trees.
 - 2. A larger quantity.
 - 5. A small vessel.
 - 4. Death.
 - 5. To brave.
 - 6. A measure of time.
- Primals, to form into a body.
Finals, an animal.

LAWRIE'S mother was teaching him to add, and held up two fingers. He counted. "Now," said she, "here are three more. How many does that make?" The little fellow did not quite understand. "Why, Lawrie," said she, "if you had two apples, and I should give you three more, what would you have?" Looking up with his great speaking eyes, he said: "Why, mamma, I would have the stomach-ache."

WHAT HOME IS.

HOME'S not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and
gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath
built.
Home—go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet
Where there's one we love to meet.

NATIONAL IMMORALITY.

ANON FARAH thus concluded
a sermon in Westminster
Abbey on the responsibility
of the nation for the immor-
ality prevailing in England:

"If God gives us no saints even to
win his cause by suffering, and for His
sake to forego the sleek applause of
men, and to welcome the beatitude of
their malediction—if He grants us no
St. Francis, no Savonarola, no Luther,
no Howard, no Clarkson, no Wesley,
no Whitfield—then be sure that the
axe is already uplifted in the air.
Slow and silent, but certain, is the
working of God's inexorable law. It
is deaf to sophistry, it is heedless of
vested interests, it is pitiless to ex-
cuses. Upon callous immorality, upon
cold acquiescence in wrong, out of the
darkened future it breaks at last, 'a
Nemesis crowned with fire,' trampling
guilty nations into indiscriminate ruin,
laying waste fenced cities into ruinous
heaps. Nature and Destiny are but
other names for this irresistible Pro-
vidence. For men and for nations it
has but one law—sow and reap. Sow
to the spirit, and reap eternal life.
Sow to the flesh, and reap corruption.
Sow to the wind, and reap the hurri-
cane. 'To burn away in mad waste'
—so wrote the great moralist who has
recently passed away from us—'the
divine aromas and plainly celestial
element from our existence, to change
our holy of holies into a place of riot
to make the soul itself hard, impious,
barren.' 'Surely a day is coming
when it will be known again what
virtue is in continence of life, how
high, if forgotten, is the duty laid, not
on women only, but on every creature
in regard to these particulars. Well,
if such a day never comes again, then
I perceive much else will never come.
Magnanimity and depth of insight
will never come; heroic purity of
heart and of eye; noble, pious valor
to amend us, and the age of bronze
and lacquer—how can they ever come?
The scandalous bronzo lacquer age of
hungry animalisms, spiritual impoten-
cies and mendacities, will have to run
its course, till the pit swallow it.'
Oh, England! If thou hadst known,
even thou, at least in this thy day, the
things that belong unto thy peace!
May the day come 'in which they
shall be hid from thine eyes.'"

The illustrated papers print pic-
tures of college base ball nines and
boat crews, but it has passed out of
memory when they published a group
of the "honor men" of a graduating
class.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON I. [Oct. 1.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

Mark 14. 1-11. Commit to memory v. 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could. Verse 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Foes of Christ, v. 1-2.
 2. The Faithful Friend, v. 3-9.
 3. The Faithless Friends, v. 10, 11.
- TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Saturday before the crucifixion.
- PLACE.—Bethany.
- PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 26. 6-16; John 12. 1-11.

EXPLANATIONS.—*After two days*—That is, on the third day after the events of the last lesson. *Passover*—The feast which kept in mind the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and the death of the first-born among the Egyptians. See Exod. 12. *Take him by craft*—Not openly, but by treachery. For Jesus had many followers among the people, especially of those who had come from Galilee and Perea to attend the feast. *Simon the leper*—Probably one who had been healed by Jesus. *There came a woman*—Mary, the sister of Martha and of Lazarus. *Alabaster box*—Literally "an alabaster." It was a bottle, rather than a box. *Spike-nard*—An ointment made of fragrant drugs. *Brake the box*—Broke the seal, or the neck of the bottle. *Some that had indignation*—The one that spoke of it was Judas, who was then planning treachery. *Three hundred pence*—About forty-five dollars, but in that time this sum would buy from ten to twenty times as much as now. *Me . . . not always*—He knew that in less than a week he would be dead upon the cross. *To anoint . . . to the burying*—It is not likely that she knew Jesus would die when she anointed him. *A memorial*—Jesus knew that his Gospel would be preached through-out the world. *Promised to give him money*—Love of money led Judas to this wicked deed.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here shown—

1. What hatred will do?
2. What love will do?
3. What covetousness will do?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the wicked purpose of the chief priests? To put Christ to death. 2. How did a woman show her love for Christ? By anointing him at supper. 3. Who was this woman? Mary, the sister of Lazarus. 4. What did Jesus say of her? "She hath done what she could." 5. Which of the disciples bargained with the chief priests to betray Jesus? Judas Iscariot.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Self-denial for Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

56. What was David's character? David was a Prophet, and the man after God's own heart, who delivered Israel from their enemies, and ruled them well.

A. D. 29.] LESSON II. [Oct. 8.

THE PASSOVER.

Mark 14. 12-21. Commit to memory v. 17-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover. Exod. 12. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. A Guest-Chamber Found, v. 12-16.
 2. A Great Crime Foretold, v. 17-21.
- TIME.—A. D. 29, on the evening (Thurs- day) before the crucifixion.
- PLACES.—Jerusalem.
- PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 26. 17-24; Luke 22. 7-16.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The first day*—The day when the feast began, but not that on which the Jews generally ate the passover. *Unleavened bread*—For a week at this time the Jews ate no bread having in it yeast or leaven. *There shall meet you*—This showed Christ's divine knowledge. *The good man*—The householder, or master of the house. *The Master*—Christ spoke as conscious of a divine authority. *He will show you*—It was customary for the dwellers in Jerusalem to open their houses to those who came from abroad to celebrate the passover. *They made ready*—Obtained and roasted the lamb, and prepared the unleavened bread, and

bitter herbs. The lamb represented Christ—1. A chosen lamb. 2. A perfect lamb. 3. A slain lamb. 4. A saving lamb. *Jesus said*—His words show a sorrowful knowledge of what was to happen in a few hours; for on that very night he was betrayed. *Dipped with me*—This may mean no more than that the betrayer was one with whom Jesus was familiar, one who partook of food from the same dish. *Woe to that man*—Woe to him in his fate, in his memory among men, and in his eternal destiny. *Good . . . if he had never been born*—The same may be said of every one who lives a life of sin and re- jects Christ.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. Christ's knowledge shown?
2. Christ's authority manifested?
3. Christ's death foreshadowed?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus do on the evening be- fore his death? He ate the passover with his disciples. 2. What did the passover commemorate? Israel's going out from Egypt. 3. Of whom was the passover-lamb a type? Of Christ crucified. 4. Of what did Christ forewarn his disciples during the passover-supper? Of his betrayal and death.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ our passover.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

57. But was not David guilty of some great sins?

David was guilty of some great sins; and God punished him for them in the great troubles he met with in his family.

A. D. 29.] LESSON III. [Oct. 15.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Mark 14. 22-31. Commit to memory v. 22-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. 1 Cor. 11. 26.

OUTLINE.

1. The Solemn Feast, v. 22-56.
2. The Mistaken Friend, v. 27-31.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the evening before the crucifixion, immediately after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, and the western slope of the Mount of Olives.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 26. 26-35; Luke 22. 19-38; John 13. 21-38.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Took bread*—The un- leavened bread upon the table. *Break it*—As an emblem of his own body broken for us. *This is my body*—"Th . . . represents my body." *The cup*—Containing the wine of the supper. *This is my blood*—"This re- presents my blood." As the wine is poured out, so Christ's blood was shed for us. *New testament*—New Covenant, or pledge of God toward men; God's promise to save us by the blood of Christ. So every Lord's Supper reminds us that Christ died for our salvation. *Drink it new*—In the kingdom of glory in heaven. *Sung an hymn*—One of the psalms that were chanted at the passover. *Offended*—Caused to lose their faith in Jesus—*The sheep*—The disciples. *Yet will not I*—Peter did not know the weakness of his own heart *Cock crow twice*—The first crowing is at mid- night, the second at about two or three o'clock.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we here taught—

1. To partake of the Lord's Supper?
2. To value Christ's blood?
3. To distrust our own hearts?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus establish as he took the passover with his disciples? The Lord's Supper. 2. What did he give to the dis- ciples? The bread and the cup. 3. What did he say as he gave them the bread? "This is my body." 4. What did he say as he gave them the cup? "This is my blood."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

58. Who was the third King of Israel? The third King of Israel was Solomon, the son of David, who was the wisest of men.

TRUTH is immortal; the sword can- not pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it.

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