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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SER. A.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, APRIL 3 1886.

No. 7.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

ONE of the most picturesque incidents in modern history is the famous meeting, on the plains of Calais, of the Sovereigns of France and England—Francis I and Henry VIII—known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. "It was the disposition of each prince" says Dr. Ridpath whose history we quote, "equally gallant and whimsical, to outdo each other in kingly splendour; as though the reputation and glory of their respective realms depended on the glitter of pageantry, the waving of white plumes, the drinking of wine. In June 1520, the famous interview took place; 2800 tents, most of them covered with silk and cloth of gold, glittered in the plain, even these were insufficient for the multitudes of lords and ladies who flocked to the royal spectacle. So many came that not a few of the gay creatures who waved their plumes and flashed their gold lace in the sunlight by day were glad to find shelter in the haylofts and barns of the surrounding country by night. For two weeks the pageant continued. But the received and solemnly attested pledges of friendship and princely affection were more hollow than the hollow wind."

Our picture, which, with another in this number of PLEASANT HOURS, are specimens of the 1,210 high class engravings in Dr. Ridpath's History of the World,* shows the quaint, naval architecture of the day which is thus described by Longfellow in 'The Building of the Ship'

And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,



LANDING OF THE ENGLISH FLEET WITH HENRY VIII. AT CALAIS.

* *Cyclopaedia of Universal History*. Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2384 pages. By John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., Professor of History in DePauw University; author of a History of the United States, a Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. The Balch Brothers, 103 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

And signal lanterns and flags aloft,
And quaint round towers like those that frown,
From some old castle looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat

The magnificent work from which these cuts are taken is a perfect library in itself. To gain even a general idea of the history of the world, demands more time and more books than most of us can afford. But the volumes under review, however, bring an apparently almost impossible task within

easy accomplishment. By judicious omission of unimportant details and by skilful condensation of narrative and grouping of facts into their proper relations, a clear and connected conspectus of the history of the world may be obtained. Most abridgments of history are as juiceless and dry as last year's hay. Dr. Ridpath's cyclopaedia is free from this fault. He is master of a picturesque and dramatic style that rivets the reader's attention and

presents the great features of the period he treats in a singularly vivid manner. He possesses also the critical skill that sifts out the legendary and gives the results of the labours of the ablest original investigators of the past.

We heartily commend this book—which is the subject of a special article in the April number of the *Methodist Magazine*—and illustrated with many engravings—as by far the best general history that we know.

THE PRINCESS MARR.

In a certain far off country there once lived a great and powerful princess called Marr, whose territory extended from a remote and lofty region called Backatuc to a distant low lying region known as the Sabacia.

Although the Princess Marr was a gentle and considerate ruler, she was often much troubled by the rebellious and disorderly conduct of Prince Sonneigh.

The thing which caused her the most anxiety was the disorderly manner in which he regulated his own domain. This he would so neglect that at times some parts would look as though they had been swept by a cyclone, whilst others would look as though they had been rent by a devastating army, whilst others again—the fairest part of his territory—would be so covered with soot and other deposits that the real surface underneath could scarcely be recognized.

Then the Princess Marr would arise in her might, and calling upon her good knights, Sir Hackaback, and Sir Windsor Sops, and Sir Hairb Rush, she would make a descent on the domain of Prince Sonneigh, or, as he was more properly called, Prince Tommeigh,—for Sonneigh was merely a title of courtesy,—and they would

sweep the incumbered districts of their foreign deposits, this task being confided to Sir Hackaback, aided by Sir Windsor Sops, whilst Sir Hairb Rush went through the tangled brakes and shrubbery, which had been allowed to grow into wild disorder and put them into orderly shape.

There was always great wailing and outcry and sore distress in the land of Prince Tommeigh when these reforms were being carried into ex-

cution; but it was of no avail—for the good Princess Marr would never yield; and when it was all over peace reigned over the face of Prince Tommigh's territory, and—Tommy came down to dinner with clean face and hands!—*Harper's Young People.*

THE PRAIRIE.

The following is an extract from the fine poem of Canadian life, "The Prairie," by Charles Marr, just published by Hunter, Rose & Co.:

LEAFY. We left
The silent forest, and, day after day,
Great prairie swept beyond our aching sight
Into the measureless West—unhatted
realms,
Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous
wind
Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,
And rushing tides, which never found a
shore;
And tender clouds, and veils of morning
mist,
Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,
Into interminable wildernesses,
Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by
the rose,
And murmurous with flower-fed bird and
bee,
The deep-grooved bison-paths like furrows lay,
Turned by the crows' hoofs of thundering
herds
Primeval, and still travelled as of yore:
And gloomy valleys opened at our feet—
Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary
pine;
And sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,
Which through long reaches of the prairie
wound,
Then melted slowly into upland sales,
Languent, far-stretched, among the spread-
ing hills.
BROOK. What charming solitudes! And
life was there!
LEAFY. Yes, life was there! Inexplicable
life.
Still wasted by inevitable death.
There had the stately stag his battle-field—
Dying for mastery among his kinde.
There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,
Beast by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.
The dancing grouse at their insensate sport
Heard not the stealthy footsteps of the fox.
The gopher, on his little earth-work, stood
With folded arms, unconscious of the fate
That wheeled in narrowing circles over-
head.
And the poor mouse, on heedless nibbling
lent,
Marked not the silent coiling of the snake.
At length, we heard a deep and solemn
sound—
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
Trembling beneath innumerable feet:
A growing uproar, blending in our ears
With noise, tumultuous as ocean's surge,
Of billows, fire-breath and battle shock,
And a roar of no mortal's voice!
A multitude whose trampling shook the
plains,
With discord of harsh sounds and rumblings
deaf.
As if the swift revolving earth had struck,
And from some adamantine peak recoiled
Jarring. At length we topped a high-
browed hill—
The last and highest of a file of such.
And below us lay the tameless stock.
Slow wending to the northward like a cloud!
A multitude in motion, dark and dense—
Far as the eye could reach, and farther still,
In countless myriads stretched for many a
league.

ARE YOU SAFE?

"ALICE," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"
Her aunt replied, "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the persons who manage it are reliable men, those who place money there have no reason to fear for its safety."
"I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe, and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it won't he?"
"Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her aunt.

WITH THE BLOOD INDIANS.

A MISSIONARY LETTER TO A
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

AFTER the lessons had been concluded in the Metropolitan Sunday-school on a recent Sunday, Mr. Boustead, the superintendent, called it to order, and read portions of the following letter from a missionary known to most of the scholars:—

BLOOD RESERVE, Jan. 24, 1886

As I cannot visit you in person I will try to address you by proxy, viz., through your esteemed superintendent, who will read my address to you. I have something to relate that I have no doubt will be interesting to you, and which cannot fail to enlist your warmest sympathies. On the 15th of November, after one of our services, I was called in by chief "Strangling Wolf," to see a little girl who was bleeding badly at the nose. On entering the wretched wigwam I saw a very sad spectacle indeed. A little girl, about ten years of age, with scarcely any clothing on, and reduced almost to a skeleton, lay in the very best possible position for bleeding to death; while beside her was a dish containing about half a pint of the life fluid she could so poorly spare. I got the blood stopped, and then despatched a messenger on horseback to a store, Sunday and all as it was, to get suitable material to prepare nourishment for her. I believe, had our Saviour been here, he would either have done the same or have wrought a miracle to supply the want. The chief then came to me and said, "Your medicine is good, and your talking with God is very good," for the child soon began to get better. On the morrow the bleeding commenced again, and as the body was now almost deathly cold, I saw plainly that her life could not be saved if she remained in the tent, so I carried her home, gave her a warm bath, wrapped her in my own robe and blanket, and soon had the pleasure of hearing her ask for something to eat. For a week I carried her backwards and forwards to the tent night and morning to sleep, but finding that she was catching cold, I made a bed for her in my own house, and for a month doctored and watched with her night and day, Mr. McLean and the Agency supplying me with proper remedies to combat the disease. One day when she was somewhat feverish, her father came twice to take her away to an Indian doctor. I positively refused to let her go, telling him she would die if he did. He yielded, and the next day when he came to see her she was sitting up and able to talk with him. As soon as he saw her his eyes filled with tears and he grasped me three times warmly by the hand, telling me I had saved his child's life. He then told me that he was a Blackfoot, and that as he had to go to his reserve and I had offered to take his child he gave her to me. I promised to do the best I could for her. From that time her recovery was rapid. But in a fit of jealousy and also, I believe, at the instance of her grandmother, she ran away to the wigwam one morning, and when I went for her the chief and his wives gathered around her and refused to let me bring her away. I told him with tears what the result would be, that he might as well plunge a knife into her heart as to keep her in a tent in her present weak state. But 'twas all

of no use. They had already taken off all the nice clothes Mrs. McLean and I had given her, and put on her a single Indian dress. When I saw they were determined to keep her, I took the remainder of her clothes to her and told them that if they took my child they could take her clothes as well, for she would very soon perish without them. The grandmother very shortly afterwards took her away up the river, and I learned nothing more of her until January 14th, when a boy told me where she was and that she was nearly gone. I hurried away with all possible speed, enquiring my way from camp to camp as best I could, and finally found her at the far end of the camp, 13 miles from my place. Poor creature! heathen tortures, neglect, and starvation had nearly finished their work. She was too weak to converse, but as soon as she fully recognized me she turned and kissed me three times. She seemed to regret very much having run away, and when I asked her if she loved me, and would like to be at my house again, she said "Yes." I got a spoonful or two of gruel down her throat, and then hastened four miles further, and offered \$10 for a vehicle to bring her home, but could not obtain one. On my return I found her sinking fast. She still knew me, and wanted to be with me. She paid no attention at all to the wretch who had stolen and then starved her. She wanted to kiss me, the only way she was able to show her pleasure at having me with her, until she was too weak to hold up her head. I nursed her till she breathed her last. The old wretch who had murdered her by neglect and cruelty wanted to torture her still further in her dying moments by inflicting upon her some of their heathen rites. I can assure you there was no danger of her succeeding while I had either a hand or foot to raise in the child's defence. Shortly after her death I offered up prayer even for the murderers—though I must say I felt as though I would rather have delegated that task to some one else. All in the tent, the children especially, seemed deeply affected. The whole affair had seemed to create quite an impression on the Indians. I received many expressions of warm sympathy, while both the chief and the old woman are openly censured. I feel the bereavement very deeply indeed. She was a very gentle, tender-hearted child. I do not think I could have loved her more had she been my own. I fully expect that when I exchange labour for rest she will be one of the first to greet and welcome me on the other shore. I have no doubt but that my "Prairie Flower," as I called her, has gone to bloom where the chilling winds blowing across the bleak prairie can never reach her, where "sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more." In remembrance of her I am making a crib that will accommodate two children which I wish to keep constantly in order so that a sick child can be made comfortable and cared for properly without any delay. I will also need to keep supplies and suitable nourishment constantly on hand with suitable changes of clothing and also a small medicine chest, for though we do not pretend to know very much about the healing art, we believe we know much more than most of the heathen around us. Now, in conclusion, while we purpose in our

poverty to do the best we can in this matter, if any of our more wealthy friends would like to take a share with us, we will be only too glad of their co-operation. You know, "It is not the will of our Father that any of these little ones should perish." Then let us make an effort to save some of them. Trusting that you are still interested in our welfare, and that you will all offer special prayer on our behalf, I remain your humble servant,
THOMAS R. CLIPSHAW

AN OSTRICH-EGG.

ONE ostrich egg for ten guests is the pattern at the California ostrich-farm. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ten," said Dwight Whiting, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich-farm with him. "I guess one egg will be enough;" and having given utterance to this expression, quoth the *Anaheim Gazette*, "he wended his way to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich-egg. The triumph of the feast was the egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken—for curiosity could no longer be restrained—and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in duck-eggs, and the yolk was of the usual colour. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavour peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes twenty-eight hen-eggs to equal in weight the ostrich-egg that was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare. And before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that the ostrich-egg was good.

TO WHAT DO WE LICENSE!

LICENSE me to sow the seed of poverty and shame all over this community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears and the blood of souls! License me to weave coats of habit about your strong men and lead them captive, bound to the chariot-wheels of demon rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond mothers and fathers, whose sons I bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of shoes for their little feet and comfortable clothing for their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason, and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity! License me to incite the red-handed murderer to the work of destruction, and turn loose upon society a whole brood of evils that fill your jails and penitentiaries, poor-houses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year! Throw around me the protection of the law, while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men!—*Catholic Temperance Advocate.*

THE WORKMAN'S SONG.

"AM poor, I know, I am very poor,
As poor as a man need be;
But my Saviour was poorer still than I,
I never so poor as he.
I toil for my bread, I toil for my wife,
I toil for my children three,
But hard as I toil, he toiled as hard
In the valley of Galilee.

"My raiment is coarse, and I'm rude of
speech,
Of learning full little have I,
But I think that he loves me no less for that,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
His carpenter's tunic was coarser than mine,
His country talk was as rough;
And of learning, away in his Nazareth home,
I guess he had little enough.

"He lived in a cottage, and so do I;
He hardened his hand at the tool;
With his clothes to earn, and his bread to
win,
He hadn't much time for school.
I warrant, like me, he oft longed for rest,
The fall of the Sabbath eve,
When the holy day, from his toil and toil,
Brought with it a glad reprieve.

"But soon as he taught on the mountain
slope,
With the grass for a pulpit floor,
He lifted on high his toil-worn hands,
Saying, 'Blessed shall be the poor.'
And blessed we are, for he cares for us,
Stoops low to be one with us all;
So I love him, and trust him, and go my
way,
Until I shall hear him call.

"Then I'll climb the ladder of gold, I ween,
While the angels are looking down;
And my God, my Saviour, the Carpenter's
Son,
Shall give to me mansion and crown.
Come much, then come little, to spend or to
spare,
I tell you it matters not much,
For Jesus, in love to me, made himself poor,
That I in his love may be rich!"
—J. Jackson Wray.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, whose death took place recently in Philadelphia, was born in the little village of Sandgate, which lies between Hythe and Folkestone, on the shores of the English Channel, in the grand old county of Kent. His father was a veteran of the Peninsular War, who wore upon his breast the clasps of Corunna, Talavera, Salamanca, and Badajoz, and who served from 1798 until 1820 in the 40th and 52nd Regiments of the line. His mother was the village schoolmistress, and to her the love of the boy turned, although his respect and admiration for his stern but upright father was great. Poor as his father was he sent his son to the seminary of a Mr. Davis, of Folkestone, until he was ten years of age, by which time he had made some progress in elementary branches of education. When the lad was twelve years of age his father placed him in the hands of a family who were on the point of emigrating to the United States, and in 1829 he reached New York. The first two years of his life were passed upon a farm in that State, but in 1831 the lad determined to seek his fortune in the city, and left the family in whose charge he had been placed, and who appear to have been unfaithful to their trust. He was fortunate enough to secure work in a book bindery, where he learned bookbinding, and in 1833 felt justified in sending for his mother and sister. They joined him, and that winter he was unable to find employment, and he and his suffered greatly. The following year his mother died and his little home was broken up. He had a fine voice, and this brought him into associations not the best for him. He at last sang in a theatre, and began to

be very unsettled in his habits, drinking a great deal. For the next seven years his life was a strange one. He drifted about the country working at his trade, singing, reciting and even acting; drinking always. In 1838 he became a sailor, making a three months' voyage to the Baie de Chaleur, and on his return he married in Newburyport. He worked at his trade for a time, but he had now become almost a confirmed drunkard, and upon the death of his wife and child he sank into a state of hopeless apathy. In 1842, in Worcester, at the close of a long debauch, he was one day met by a gentleman, who asked him to sign the pledge. This he promised to do, and on the following night did so publicly, making his first public temperance speech on the occasion. In his autobiography he has left a most vivid picture of the torture he experienced during the six days that followed, but he was supported by those who saw promise of good in the young man and stood fast by him. He began speaking at once, although, as he himself says, he had to wear a heavy overcoat buttoned close up to the chin, in order that the rigidity of his clothing should escape notice. His talent was appreciated, and in a short time he became known as a temperance lecturer and devoted his life to this work. He did not easily shake off the appetite for liquor, and broke his pledge in Boston a short time after he had first signed it, but he owned his fault before the temperance society of Worcester, and was publicly reinstated as a temperance worker. His fame increased with years, but during the first year or two of his work as a lecturer his life was hardly an easy one. He travelled 6,840 miles, and his remuneration was so scanty that six dollars was the largest sum he received for a lecture during that time. In 1843 he married Miss Mary Whitcomb at Worcester, although his wealth was small, and he was indeed in debt. His increasing fame enabled him to widen the sphere of his labors, his remuneration increased, and his name began to be widely known in connection with temperance. In 1850 he visited Canada for the first time, and spoke in Montreal twelve times in all. In 1852 he was again in Canada, and he himself relates with much gusto the manner in which he split his coat from top to bottom while speaking in Cobourg. For the honor of that town he said the circulation gave him a new one. In 1853 he visited Great Britain, upon the invitation of the London Temperance League, and delivered his first lecture in Exeter Hall, and so great was his success that for two years he continued his work there. He lectured in every part of the British Isles, and upon his return to America his place was assured. He was the first of American speakers, if not the first of popular lecturers, with a world-wide reputation. In 1857 he again returned to Great Britain, and lectured there until 1859. In 1861 he began to lecture upon other subjects than temperance, the first of the course being an address upon "Sinner's Life in London." This was followed by "Lights and Shadows of London Life," "The Great Metropolis," and these three combined and condensed into one, called "London," he delivered 127 times. He was as popular as a lecturer as he had been while devoting himself entirely to temperance work, and from a monetary point of view eminently successful. Mr. Gough had lived for many years at Boylston, in the vicinity

of Worcester, Massachusetts. Up to within the last year or two his health had been good, and he had several times appeared upon the lecturer's platform, although in 1875 he publicly withdrew from active work. He was the author of several works: "Autobiography," first published in 1846; "Oration," in 1854, "Temperance Lectures," 1879, and "Sunlight and Shadow," in 1880.

WORK AND PLAY

THE SCIENCE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.

How many of our boys and girls know what is meant by the science of anything? The word "Science" means true knowledge, and to know truly, perfectly, about an object we must know of what it is made, or what causes it, and what properties it has, such as form, color, and weight.

How shall we make our soap-bubbles? Of soap and water, you will say. Only soap and water? One such a bubble will be gone before you can send another to catch it. In my childhood days I thought it real fun to see them burst, but more fun to make them last a long time.

Now, the secret lies in getting just the right mixture. Put into a common white bottle one and one half ounces of castile soap, one pint of water, and three quarters of a pint of pure glycerine. This is Plateau's solution, and from it he makes bubbles that are very, very beautiful, though, being blind, he can see them only with the eyes of his mind.

A bubble consists of a portion of air inclosed by a film—something very thin—which is made of soap and water. So we have the three forms of matter—the solid, liquid, and gaseous.

When blown from the mouth, the air inside of the bubble is warmer and lighter than the outside air, and our bubble will rise. When filled from bellows the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. The rising and falling is due to pressure of the air, which some of the boys will tell us is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch.

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily shown by putting into a vessel of any kind a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin, and a gas will be set free, which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence may be shown by putting in a lighted match.—*Select.*

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

An English paper tells this pretty story about Jenny Lind, the charming singer, which show the wisdom and practical piety of making the best of things:

"Once upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman called Sarah in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make her plait, and whenever Sarah took them to market to sell them she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a good little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could. However, one fine day she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness, but, noticing the cat as neglected as herself, she dried her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till pussy fell asleep. Then she opened the

window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with lighter heart as she worked at her plait. And as she sang her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen. The neighbours told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and, in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish Nightingale,' became the most famous singer of her day."

Think how different her life might have been if she had pushed the lonely cat aside, and, thinking only of her own goods, had spent the afternoon in tears! God surely smiled upon the little act of self forgetfulness in nursing poor Kitty when her own heart was so heavy!

Everybody needs to learn this art of looking on the bright side, and the way to do it is to really believe that God's side is always bright! This is true, as we shall always find, for "the Lord God is a sun and a shield," and you know the sun never stops shining.

RIGHT IS MIGHT.

T. M. TOWN.

(Note for a little girl.)

IN a filthy and narrow back alley,
The darkest you ever passed through,
Lived bright little Katy O'Malley,
Without either honor or cheer;
The scrap of a tattered old apron,
Kept on with a common tow string,
Had through a burnt-hole perforation,
The most unaccountable thing.

A little soiled piece of white ribbon,
Tied strongly, with all Katy's might,
And fought for amid great rebellion,
As Katy stood up for the right.
But when left alone by the gutter,
Little Katy sat down with her pride,
Her old drunken father and mother,
Looked out with half sober surprise.

And while like a little brown sparrow,
She chirped out aloud her complaint,
'Gainst the rum, and the gin, and tobacco
With which she had been well acquainted,
The spirit of good Father Mathew
Gave faith and mother new sight,
And they cried, "Sure Katy, we love you,
We'll put on your ribbon of white!"

"OVER THE WAY."

"Come on," said Joe, to Harry.
"Let's go over the way," and the two
boys started off.

It isn't always safe to go over the way. Many a boy has just gone over to see the fun, and has come back much poorer than he went.

"What!" you say, "are there pick-pockets there?" Yes, and worse! A thief can only take what may be replaced, but bad men and boys know how to steal honour, and truth, and all that makes life worth the living.

"Over the way" is where the loungers gather. Where the saloon lights up brilliantly. Where the cigar stores hang out its sign. Where the sensational story-papers are sold, anywhere where Satan is reaching out after his victims!

The right way is a straight way. It does not turn to the right or the left. It is a narrow way. There is no room for doubtful doubt. It is a safe way. No evil shall touch those who walk in it. It is a good way. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way."

Let us make this one prayer.
"Order my steps in thy word."

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1886.

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FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

BE IN TIME.

It is said that an artist once asked permission to paint a portrait of the Queen. The favour was granted; and it was a great one, for it would probably make his fortune. A place was fixed, and a time. On the spot, and at the moment, according to her custom, the Queen appeared. But the painter was not there. Something came in his way, and he was too late. It did not suit the dignity of the sovereign to wait for him, and therefore she went away. When the foolish artist came he learned that his opportunity was lost, and that it would never be found again.

I have heard the story, but have no means of determining whether it actually happened or not. But if it be not a history, it will serve very well for a parable.

The King eternal appointed a meeting with sinful creatures. The meeting was appointed to take place on this world, and in the course of our time on it. God kept the tryst on his side. Christ came into the world—God with us. He comes still to every one, and offers himself. If we keep the appointment and meet him, and open the door of our hearts, he will come in; and it will not be a likeness of Christ merely, but Christ himself formed within us,—our hope of glory. The meeting with him and taking him into our hearts will make our fortune both for this world and the next. He will keep us company through life, and give us an abundant entrance into his own presence when life is done.

He is ready; he is waiting; he is inviting; he is calling—"Whoever will, let him come." If we fail to meet him, if we allow "the day of salvation" to run out, and the Sun of Righteousness to set, and the night to

come down, the dark, dark night, before we come to the waiting Redeemer—what then? Too late! The door is shut.

But "now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." He waits and welcomes. The great King welcomes a'l to his arms, but welcomes children most.

A MILLION FOR MISSIONS.

BY REV. R. L. BRIGGS.

A MILLION for missions! Fling out the bright banner; let nations and peoples its glory behold; while love brings its offering with grateful hosannah, and stewards of Christ at his feet lay their gold.

CHORUS.

A million for missions! a million for missions!
Let heaven and earth with the watchword resound,
Till each stubborn heart melts in humble contrition,
And every lost sheep by the shepherd is found.

A million for missions! The wretched and dying
Are begging for bread—shall we give them a stone?
In the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth they're crying,
And this is the answer that rings from the throne.

CHO.—A million, etc.

A million for missions! A hand pierced and bleeding
Asks gold without stint for the need of the lost;
Ye ransomed from hell, will ye turn from his pleading,
Who purchased your souls at such infinite cost!

CHO.—A million, etc.

A million for missions! Shout, shout hallelujah!
Give Jesus the glory, and give him the gold,
Till dawn o'er the earth the millennial new year,
That brings but one shepherd, one flock, and one fold!

CHO.—A million, etc.

TEMPERANCE.

As I looked at the hospital wards to-day and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home thrusting than ever it had been. . . . It is when I think of all these, that I am disposed to give up my profession, to give up everything and go forth on a holy crusade, preaching to all men:—"Beware of this enemy of the race."—*Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the physicians to her Majesty the Queen, and to Gladstone.*

Alcohol is universally ranked among poisons by physiologists, chemists, physicians and all who have experimented, studied and written upon the subject.—*Professor Youmans.*

We have a great horror of arsenic, and fifty other things; the fact is, all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.

There are more men killed, so far as I know English statistics—more men poisoned by alcohol, than are poisoned by all other poisons put together.—*James Edmunds, M.D., London, England.*

A piece of meat will continue sweet and sound for many years in wine, or strong beer, or any other strong



A QUEER CONVEYANCE.

A QUEER CONVEYANCE.

fermented liquor,—and the same happens when they are mixed in the stomach. In such a mixture beef is turned into shoe leather.—*Dr. Cheyne.*

Out of a caravan of eighty-two persons who crossed the great desert from Algiers to Timbuctoo, in the summer of 1800, all but fifteen used wine and other liquors, as a preventive against African diseases. Soon after reaching Timbuctoo, these all died save one; while of the fifteen who abstained, all survived.—*Quoted by Edw. C. Delavan.*

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We have all been taught to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place." This is quite right, and where there is a place for everything, everything should be in its place. But it is equally true that there is a place for everybody, and everybody should be in his (or her) place. We should always remember that there is every day and every hour of our lives, a right place for us—a place where we ought to be. And consequently, if we are not in that place, we are in the wrong place. We should never allow ourselves to be in a place where we cannot do as much good as we might in some other place. Let us always be where we can do the most good. Nor should we allow ourselves to be found where we would not wish to be found if our Saviour should appear. As we know not the day nor the hour when the Master shall call us, how very important that we should be always on the watch—always in the right place, that we may not be "ashamed before Him at His coming."—1 John ii. 28.
J. LAWSON, Cobden, Ont.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

And so it is. All fine words and beautiful verses said to God, do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

IN the Andes Mountains, in the vicinity of Bogota, travellers frequently take this mode of transportation instead of riding a mule. The chair is called a *silla*, the bearer a *sillero*. A story is told of a Spaniard who, riding in this way, goaded his *sillero* as though he were a mule. The *sillero*, by a sudden jerk, pitched his rider down a precipice and left him to his fate. All cruelty is cowardly and mean. "Bloody and deceitful men," says the Psalmist, "shall not live out half their days." "Blessed are the merciful," says our Master, "for they shall obtain mercy."

YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day, suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time, like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No, indeed, dear," said mamma; "but you are more wonderful than any watch that was ever made."

Then she took her little girl on her lap and told her what she eat went to make warm, bright blood, and how the beating of the heart sent this warm, bright blood all over her little body to make flesh and bones and fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her, "and some day he will say, 'Stop, little heart, and it will stop. But while it beats Lucy must keep it full of good, kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it.'"

"But when it stops, what then?"
"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ and trying to please him, you will be forever happy with him."

A LITTLE English street girl, in studying her Sunday-school lesson, came to the words: "And the King of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." This was a puzzler. Finally, she said, "Papa, what kind of ashes is satin ashes, that the king covered himself with?"



PREACHING THE KORAN.

LOOK AHEAD.

THE years of youth passed o'er thee
And "the world is all before thee,"
"Look ahead!"
Aim at something worth the winning;
Great achievements have beginning,
Every player has his "inning."
"Look ahead!"

Pleasure with a beckoning finger
May entice thee yet to linger;
"Look ahead!"
For each hour that man has wasted,
Every idle pleasure tasted,
Left a sting as on it hasted.
"Look ahead!"

Should success in life attend thee,
Riches from all want defend thee,
"Look ahead!"
Then will false friends gladly find thee,
And with flattery seek to bind thee;
Onward press! Leave these behind thee;
"Look ahead!"

Or, if failure overtake thee,
Faith and courage o'er forsake thee;
"Look ahead!"
Never yield to vain repining;
Each cloud has its "silver lining,"
Though 'tis dark the stars are shining.
"Look ahead!"

Then while youthful years are fleeting,
And life's duties thou art meeting,
"Look ahead!"
Know that this is not the ending;
To eternity we're wending,
Thither are thy footsteps tending.
"Look ahead!"

—E. A. Knight.

THE BEST REASON.—"What makes you love Jesus Christ?" asked an old man, who was not a Christian, of a little girl. "Oh," said she, "because he loves me."

PREACHING THE KORAN.

A VERY striking chapter in Dr. Ridpath's "History of the World" describes the wonderful growth of Mahomedanism which, within a hundred years, spread from the Indus to the Loire. Everywhere it was by the fierce fanatical preaching of the stern conqueror, with the Koran in one hand, and the sword in the other. In later times, as the great mosques rose in the populous cities, the scene represented in our picture was a thousand times repeated. Not by such weapons was the pure religion of the Nazarene promulgated. Its conquests are the conquests of peace, of truth, of righteousness. Not by conquering arms, but by toiling missionaries preaching the glad tidings of salvation and the forgiveness of sins is the world to be converted to the religion of Jesus. The great work from which this engraving is taken records the hand of God in history, the providence of God in reconciling the world unto himself.

HE SAW THE POINT.

A GENTLEMAN said to us, "I do not favour prohibition. It would be an injustice to the men in the business, besides it would throw thousands out of employment." We replied, "You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's view." Just before the war closed a government contractor said in a car, "I do hope the war will not close under two years. I will lose thousands of dollars,

besides many men will be turned out of employment from the government works." A lady passenger, in weeds of mourning, rose to her feet and with a tearful voice said, "Sir, I have a brave boy and a husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldier's cemetery. I have only one boy left and he is in front of the foe. O God! I wish the cruel war would close now." He saw the point. Do you? Then stop the rum traffic.—*The Worker.*

MATTERS OF MORE IMPORTANCE.

A GENTLEMAN living not far from Vincennes, Indiana, said: "Well, temperance is all right enough, but there are matters of more importance before the people now."

Two nights after he made the remark, a spring-waggon was stopped in front of his house about twelve o'clock. He was called to the door. His wife looked out of the window, and saw six men carrying something on a large door or wide board. She guessed what it was in an instant, and giving a wild, frantic scream, she jumped out of bed and cried, "My boy! Oh, my boy! What shall I do? He is dead! He was killed, I know he was killed! Oh, I've been fearing that would happen! Oh, that cursed whiskey!"

Sure enough it was her son brought home nearly dead. He had been drunk and engaged in a saloon-brawl. He was brutally beaten into almost a shapeless mass, and was stabbed in the right side. But for the timely interference of friends he would have been murdered. Yet his father says there are things of more importance than temperance.

IT HURT HIM.

"LET liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend—a wide-awake, bright-eyed young business-man—who sat beside him on a railroad-train.

"But it has hurt me," answered the young man.

"How is that?" inquired his friend, who saw no token on his manly countenance of the blight that so soon makes its mark on the "human face divine."

"Well, six months ago my employer, when off his balance, signed some notes which he should not have endorsed; and yesterday the firm (a heavy iron-firm) went under. So here I am, and nearly two thousand others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment."

That gentleman's act, because of drink, has touched the comfort, and possibly the subsistence, of not less than ten thousand human beings.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A PIOUS old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said, "Good-morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah, good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along. Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred-fold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

It was a word in season. His Christian friend was in circumstances of affliction, but went home comforted.

BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!

THEODORE'S TRIAL TRIP.

BY M. E. BRUSH.

THE cows were all milked and Theo turned them into the lane, leaving them to the tender mercies of ten-year-old Tommy, who was to drive them back to the pasturo. The foaming pails were carried up to the house and placed in charge of mother and Sister Mattie; then, after the barn-door was locked and the key hung up in the wood-shed, Theo felt, with a sigh of relief, that his day's work was done. He was glad of it, for, if the truth must be told, the daily routine of farm drudgery was becoming more and more irksome to the tall, stalwart youth, and the even-flowing, peaceful life was fast merging into a dreary monotony. There was not the slightest savor of excitement or adventure in it. Theo had no poet's eye to seek out the beauties of nature surrounding him. Rosy dawns and golden sunsets brought with them only the plain prose of "feeding the critters," the green waving fields suggested only following the plow or mowing-machine. The red farm-house, with its sloping, picturesque roof, on which moss and lichens crept lovingly, seemed a prison. Far away, beyond the outline of faint blue hills, was the great world in which a man might win fame and fortune. Theo felt that he was a man. He was seventeen, full-grown, taller than his father, whose prematurely bent form was a proof of toil and hardship. Could he live and labor like that, year after year? No, a thousand times no! and he closed his sun-brown fingers in stern determination.

Into the soft, purple gloaming he sauntered through the gate and down the green lane, spiced with the mints fresh-crushed by the cattle's feet, and musical with the insect orchestra hidden among the tall grasses on either side. Theo wanted to be alone—away from the slow, halting tones of his father, as the latter read the weekly paper, and from Mattie's high-pitched voice as she sang "Home, Sweet Home," amid the clatter of tin milk-pans.

This night, once for all, a decision must be made. Should he stay at home or go away? With Theo, as with the most of us, inclination was put in the scales, and so, when he returned an hour later, his mind was fully made up, and it was with a determined air that he entered the little sitting-room where the family were assembled. His father was still reading; Mattie was laboriously, but delightedly, pumping away on a wheezy melodeon; and his mother was making her usual attack on the basket piled high with mending.

"Father," said the young man, abruptly; "father, I had a letter from Spencer Coleman to-day."

His parents looked up in considerable interest, and his mother inquired, "Did he write whether little Lucy was over the whooping cough?"

"He didn't say anything about his folks, only that they were as well as usual," Theo replied. "He wrote to me on business. He's going to make another trip to New Orleans, and—and he wants me to go with him. That is, he has made me an offer."

There was a nervous rustling of the father's newspaper; the half-darned stocking dropped from the mother's hand, and the melodeon suddenly ceased its asthmatic breathing.

Theo, well aware of the impression he made, went on, impetuously:

"Now, I do hope that none of you will say anything against it, for my heart is set on going. I can't be contented here. I never did like farm work. It's drudge, drudge for every single cent. I am young and strong. I want to see the world and find out if there isn't some work for me in it."

Here the mother's voice, full of the tremble of tears, broke in:

"My son, God has placed you here. We need you. Your father is far from strong. He has not yet fully recovered from last spring's sickness."

"He can get a good hired man for much less wages than Cousin Spencer offers me."

"But how about yourself, my boy?" observed the father. "I fear you will have a hard time of it. Hired hands on those steamers have no child's play."

"I can stand it, I guess. Now do say that you will both consent to my going," Theo added, persuasively.

"It is a matter that will take some thinking over," replied Mr. Ambrose, while his wife added, soberly,

"And a deal of praying over too!"

It was easy to see that Theo's scheme was a sore trial to his parents, but after considerable deliberation they yielded a reluctant consent, knowing that his spirit of discontent would never be quieted until he was called on to endure some of the real hardships of life. Besides, if he were to make this start in life, it was better for him to be under the care of their relative, who, though strict and often severe, was always upright and honourable.

Accordingly, one day, a little less than a week after the receipt of his letter, Theodore Ambrose found himself in New York city, forcing his way down to the wharves. Now that new and active scenes lay before him, driving away the sadness of parting from the dear ones at home, he was beginning to feel unusually happy. Every thing around him seemed joyous. The sky was a cloudless blue, the sunshine golden; the air mellow with the ripeness of early autumn and pungent with whiffs of bracing sea-breezes. Even the bustle of the motley crowds about him was exhilarating.

The train bringing him into the city had been a little late, and he was somewhat worried lest he should fail to be in time for his vessel, so that it was with considerable anxiety that he scanned the forest of tall, tapering masts down among the shipping. Presently he saw the name *Victoria* glitter in gilt letters on the stern of one of the vessels. But his heart suddenly gave a great throb as he beheld the wheels turn round and round and the steamer slowly glide out from the slip. He caught a glimpse of his cousin standing on deck, and in his desperation poor Theo made a frantic gesture with his arms and called out wildly. O, he could not bear to be left! An answering shout came back assuring him that it was all right.

The *Victoria* had only moved out to give room for the loading of a Galveston steamer, and in less than half an hour Theo stood on deck beside his cousin.

Spencer Coleman was a tall, portly man, past middle age, whose keen gray eyes peered out from beneath grizzly

brows. His gait, gestures, way of speaking, were briskness itself.

"On hand, are you!" was his bluff but hearty greeting. "Mean business, I suppose, eh?"

Theo assured him earnestly that he did.

"Then, my lad, you'll have to take off that dry-goods togery," pointing to Theo's neat suit. "Put on the very worst things you've got in your bag. We've no fancy work in store for you. I did expect to get the position of 'oller' for you, but that's spoke for by a nephew of the captain, and so you've got to go as 'coal-passer.' Now I tell you frankly, Theo, it's mighty hard work, and if you haven't a pile of real grit in you you can't stand it. If you hadn't seemed so bent on coming, I would have written to you again, telling you just how matters stood and advising you to stay at home. But now it rests with you. If you don't want to take the job you needn't, and there'll be no harm done, for I can easily find some fellow among these 'Wharf-rats.' If you come, you'll have the rate of thirty-five dollars a month and your board. As I said, you'll have a hard time earning it, and mind, you mustn't expect any favours from me, for I can't grant them, however much I might want to, for it would make hard feelings among the other fellows, and so, in the end, be worse for you. Come, think it over and let me know as quick as you can."

Theo hesitated. Could he perform the distasteful task set before him? He had expected something much better. On the other hand, could he go back to that humdrum farm and forego all prospects of seeing new sights. No, he said decidedly, and ere five minutes were elapsed he told Coleman of his determination.

"All right," returned the latter. "Glad you've got the gumption to not back out. Now I'll go with you to the purser's office and you can sign the articles of agreement, then I'll show you your new duties."

After signing the papers Theo followed his cousin down slight after flight of iron stairs, into what seemed the very bowels of the vessel. Here was a small room, with iron floor, gloomy interior, and stuffy atmosphere. He was shown the four huge furnaces, whose glowing heat kept the great heart of the engine throbbing. He was then instructed as to his own duties, which were to keep the firemen supplied with coal from the coal-bunks and to help dump the ashes and cinders. This sounds very simple, but when one reflects that the daily consumption of coal was seventy or eighty tons, the refuse ashes accordingly, also that the temperature in this confined space was considerably over a hundred degrees, the work does not seem so insignificant. Another duty also fell to his share. Whenever the fireman was "slicing the fire"—that is, raking it over and shovelling out the dead cinders, which he did with an immense hoe—Theo had to keep plying a hose-pipe, the stream of water tending to lessen the intense heat coming from the open, red-mouthed furnaces.

Considerable dexterity and good judgment were required in this, for the least carelessness would have sent the stream of water the wrong way, thus generating a volume of steam that would be as destructive to the fireman as was the glowing heat.

But Theo kept his wits about him, and was generally successful in performing all that fell to his share. It must be confessed, though, that after the novelty and excitement of seeing the vessel steam proudly out of the harbour, and watching the blue outline of the familiar hills fade away and blend with the sky, he began to feel the pangs of regret that he had left his home.

In the first place he was deathly sea-sick, and those of us who have had that interesting experience can testify that there is nothing like it to drive away sweet peace or ardent ambition. Poor Theo had no opportunity of being comfortably sick, he must be up and doing; his duties were not to be neglected under any circumstances, and so, when his watch began, he set to work, weak-limbed and dizzy-headed, to shovel out coal. Fortunately, the exercise and excitement—perhaps, too, the startling profanity issuing from the mouth of the fireman when he did not shovel fast enough—drove away the deadly nausea. Then a circumstance occurring at the beginning of his task turned his thoughts from himself and his woes. He had just reached his shovel up into one of the huge coal-bunks, when it struck some soft substance, from which proceeded a stifled yell of pain and terror, and out scrambled what, in his astonishment, Theo at first thought it was a veritable imp, but what proved to be a ten-year-old boy very dirty and ragged.

"A stow away!" shouted one of the men. And so it turned out to be.

After some stern questioning from one of the officers, Billy Snoggs, for so the little fellow called himself, was set to work, and, after the habit of his class, was the recipient of all the extra kicks, cuffs, and curses of the men during the entire voyage. Theo was the only one who ever gave him a kind word, and accordingly he attached himself to the young man with the fidelity of a dog.

Theo had an opportunity of testing the honesty of his companions ere twelve hours were passed. Of course, being among the lower hands, he had not the privilege of being at meals with his cousin, who was one of the officers; but four hours' hard shovelling gave him such an appetite that he was thankful to eat anywhere, and accordingly, when the bells summoned them to dinner, he obeyed with alacrity.

Just here we will mention that, previous to sailing, he had, at his cousin's advice, bought himself a tin cup, plate, and spoon. These he had stowed away in his bunk, but when he went to get them they were missing. Much puzzled, he hastened to the deck front of the pilot-house, where his companions were greedily partaking of the coarse but abundant food the cook was ladling out to them from huge pans. His direful tale of the missing articles was received with loud guffaws and sundry coarse witticisms at his expense.

"O you green landlubber!" shouted one. "Why didn't yer have 'em marked with yer name! Then yer could 'a' stood a chance o' findin' 'em agin!"

This is certainly what Theo ought to have done, but regrets were in vain now. However, though the men made themselves merry at the young man's expense, they showed their good-will by lending him from their own scanty store, and at that meal and at all

others during the voyage he ate from borrowed articles.

Meanwhile, on sped the vessel. Every day the weather grew warmer, and as the poor boy stood in the hot furnace-room, shovelling away as if for dear life, not even daring to take time to wipe his dripping forehead, he thought with intense longing of the cool depths of the woods at home, where even now the nimble feet of the squirrels were scampering over the rustling yellow leaves, on which the brown nuts, loosened by the frost's crisp touch, were falling down! How pleasant to be out in the orchard gathering the rosy-cheeked Spitz-n-bergs, the yellow pippins, and russet pears! How delightful to drive old "White-nose" out into the cornfield and strip the rustling stacks and gather golden pumpkins! Then the pleasant evenings in the cozy sitting-room, with some of the young people of the neighbourhood dropping in for a friendly chat!

How his mother would shudder could she know of his present surroundings! Great coarse men, who knew nothing of their Maker, save as they uttered his holy name in blasphemy—men whose previous lives were smirched by sin or blackened by crimes. Low songs and stories, blood curdling curses and oaths—these were the sounds that fell on his ears, mingled with never-ceasing jar and rumble of the machinery, making the place a veritable pandemonium. O, if instead he could hear the church-bells ring out on the sweet evening air, or listen to his mother sing "Nearer, my God, to thee," as she moved about doing her household tasks!

Had he given the matter a thought, he might have known that it was his parents' prayers and training that kept him from sinking to the low level of his associates. He was young and gay, he liked jokes and jolly times; nevertheless, there was something in the grossness of his surroundings that was utterly revolting, and thus, thanks to God's mercy, to the fidelity of his parents, his young manhood was kept unsoiled.

Of course, it did not take long for the other "passers" to find out that young Ambrose was not of their ilk; but beyond bestowing on him sundry euphous titles of "parson," "lunk-head," and "greeny," together with several mild practical jokes at his expense, they did him no harm, being, with one exception, men of gruff good-nature.

The exception was "Dirck Gregg," a tall, angular fellow, with swarthy face, dark, half-closed eyes, a temper that was tiger-like, and a tongue unequalled in profanity. From the very first, he seemed to take a dislike to Theo, and the latter, seeing this, avoided him as much as possible.

One day, the captain came down into the fire-room with one of the passengers, who was desirous to see the machinery of the vessel. As the two stood there chatting pleasantly, the passenger, an elderly and very wealthy gentleman, drew out some papers from his pocket, and with them, quite unknown to him, came his purse, the latter dropping on the floor.

Dirck Gregg, shovelling coal near by, saw it, and with the swiftness and silent dexterity of a professional pick-pocket, stooped and seized and put it in the bosom of his flannel shirt, and

then resumed his work with the utmost nonchalance.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, whichever way our reader may regard it, Theo, shovelling away at the other end, had seen the little occurrence, and with honest indignation spoke out his mind just as soon as he could leave his work and come forward, the captain and passenger having meanwhile gone up the iron stairs.

"Gregg, you picked up that man's purse, and I saw you!" said Theo.

"Smarty, haint ye! An' what be yer goin' ter do 'bout it?" coolly, but with an ugly, snake-like gleam in his eyes.

"Do! If you don't give it up directly, I'll inform the captain."

"If that's the case, then, I'll hand it over," and Gregg carelessly walked away.

Somewhat regretting his own hastiness, and fully convinced that Gregg would do as he had said, Theo resumed his work. But what was his astonishment, some two hours later, to find himself confronted by the captain and the passenger afore-mentioned, both wearing very grave countenances. The former thus sternly accosted him:

"Ambrose, how came you to do such a thing as to steal Mr. Harden's purse?"

Theo was completely dazed.

"Steal Mr. Harden's purse!" he stammered, his face flushing as if in conscious guilt. "I—I don't understand you, sir."

"Don't add to your crime by telling us a lie!" said Mr. Harden, severely. "Let me advise you to confess, for it will be all the better for you."

"I have nothing to confess," said Theo, now becoming more calm. "I have my own story to tell. But please state more fully your charge against me."

"Gregg says that when Mr. Harden and I were down here some time ago you reached in Mr. Harden's pocket and drew out his purse. He saw you do it, and was going to speak to you about it, but finally concluded to come to us."

Theo's young face grew white with righteous wrath.

"Gregg has told a base lie, sir! I saw him pick up the purse which Mr. Harden dropped when he drew out some papers. I told him he had better give it back, and he acted as though he intended to do so."

"Ambrose," said the captain, gravely, "how comes it, then, that we found the purse beneath the pillow in your bunk?"

"Under my pillow!" Theo gasped.

"Under your pillow," repeated the captain, and he continued, "But the purse is empty! Nearly five hundred dollars had been taken out. Now where is the money? That is what we want to know."

"Yes, my lad," broke in Mr. Harden, persuasively, "come now, make a clean breast of it, and it'll make matters easier for you."

But Theo was silent, utterly aghast at the baseness of the plot against him. Truly Gregg was a very fiend for cunning and revenge.

But now how could he clear himself! Mr. Harden and the captain stood looking at him with a stern, questioning gaze.

"I never took the purse," he began. But just then a shrill voice piped out, and Billy Snoggs, the "stow-away,"

stood before them, his grimy face working with excitement.

"Say, cap'n, I know where that 'ere money is! Mr. Ambrose didn't take it—you bet he didn't! It was that posky Gregg himself! An' I seen him, I did! You see, sir, this mornin' Joe, the fireman, sent me to the fore-castle of an arrant, an' when I war there, I heard a loettle noise over by one o' the bunks, an' I seen that 'ere Gregg a-creepin' along so sly-like, that I kinder thought he was up to suthin' or other, an' I says to myself, says I, 'I'll watch an' see what yer up to, my fine feller!' He had a purse in his hand. He took a stunnin' big roll o' greenbacks out an' put 'em in the bosom of his shirt. Then he went an' tucked the empty purse under Mr. Ambrose's pillar. Afterwards he went back to his own bunk, an', takin' down a pair o' trousers, got a 'baccy-box from out the pocket. He put the roll o' greenbacks in the 'baccy-box, an' he put this in the trowser's pocket. Then he went away. An' he never knowed one bit that I war a-lookin' at him. Don't you tell him, for he'll kill me, sure pop!"

The money was found just where Billy Snoggs had said, and Gregg was proven the culprit. But it was many days before Theo fully recovered from the nervous strain produced by the charge against him, and the incident only added to the disgust he felt toward his position. So it was with intense relief when, after a short stop at New Orleans, the *Victoria* was turned homeward. But how long the days seemed, how unbearable the heat, how fatiguing his tasks, no one but himself could tell. And when at last he reached home and beheld the dear old red farm-house, he felt like bursting into tears of joy. No more sea-voyages for him!

It was with a cheerful heart that he took up his tasks again. He felt an interest in his work now—he read and studied about it, believing truly that brains should be used in agriculture as in everything else. And the result is, that to-day, some twenty years since Theo made his trip to New Orleans, he owns one of the largest and best kept farms in the country, and his most trusty hired man, our readers will doubtless be glad to know, is Billy Snoggs, the "stow-away."—*Our Youth*

ROBERT'S BATTLE.

JOHN MARTIN, a boy of fifteen, and his brother, aged ten, were visiting at the sea-side farm of their uncle. One day, wandering on the beach when the tides was out, Robert saw, in a crack in the rocks, a bright object which he supposed to be a rare shell. Thrusting in his finger, in order to secure it, he found his finger tremendously squeezed, then drawn into the crack and held firmly. Every attempt to draw it out was followed by a tightening of the hold.

John came rushing to his brother's assistance. Neither of them could catch sight of the enemy nor discover any means by which they could make him loosen his hold.

Just then an old fisherman passed. Stopping to give them help, he said, "A crab is holding you fast. You cannot reach him. You must just grin and endure it till he throws the finger away."

"Throws my finger away!" repeated

the sobbing, frightened boy. "Will he bite it off and throw it away!"

"Not if you manage him rightly," said the old man; "but you must be brave and patient. Keep your finger as still as if it were a stick. He is trying to feel what it is he has hold of. If you struggle you will feel him tighten his claws. Keep still; don't try to pull away, and he will begin to think it is nothing alive, and his claws will loosen—will become so loose that it will seem that you might jerk it out. But don't try to do it. If you do, he will tighten on it again. You must let your finger lay as quiet and passive in his grasp as if it were a bit of stick. Holding still so, he will not squeeze so as to hurt very much. Every little while you will feel him tighten his grasp, then loosen it again. Don't you feel him loosening it again?"

"Yes," said the boy, growing more hopeful; "it's getting so loose that I do believe I might watch my chance and draw it out with a quick jerk."

"Don't try it. If he feels it make the least movement, he will give another tight squeeze, and squeeze it perhaps half an hour. Now, said the old man, "I will stay with you. I will help you hold the arm to keep it steady, for fear you will get so tired that you will give it a shake. We will stay here together till the old crab concludes that it is a bit of stick, or a tangle of sea-weed, and throws it away."

Patiently they waited, the old man keeping up the boy's courage, till at length the long siege was ended, the finger was thrown aside, and the boy was free.

When they went back to the house Robert told that he had had a fight with a crab, and had gained the victory.

"How did you gain it?" asked his aunt. "What did you fight with?"

"Why, I conquered him by just doing nothing at all; and it was the hardest piece of work I ever did in my life."

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman living in Cincinnati, Ohio, went, not long ago, with their father to visit the Soldiers' Home at Dayton. After being there a while, the clergyman left his sons in charge of an attendant, who was to show them the sights. Presently the soldier began:

"How that the old man has"—
"We do not know any 'old man,'" interrupted the elder of the boys.

"Now that the old gentleman"—
said the soldier.

"We do not know any 'old gentleman,'" once more interrupted the boy; "he is our father."

A little while afterwards the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face, and said:

"Please don't use such words."
"Why not?"

"Because we do not like to hear them: we are church folks."

"Oh!" said the soldier, as he gave a whistle. But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.

RELIGION is the most gentlemanly thing of the world. It alone will gentelize if unmixed with cant.

THE YOUNG SAMSON

Samson dwells no youth like him,
No fleet of step and firm of limb!

His long gold hair is as bright as dawn,
His throat is like a stag's for brown.

He lets the winds blow east and west
On the brown thews of his bare breast.

With artless fancy, boyish hopes,
He roams the cool Judean slopes.

At doors of tents, when he has passed,
Where swarthy idlers moved or massed,

The murmured words his ears have won
That praised him as Menoah's son.

A babe whose birth, ere yet it fell,
The Lord of Israel did foretell,

By sending down, in mighty grace,
The angel with the star-like face!

Grim soldiers that across their wine
Growl curses at the Philistine,

Will soften, if he comes by chance,
The eyes where lurk the wolfish glance,

And mutter low, with smile or nod,
"Tis he—the Nazarite of God!"

But day by day the artless child
Will wander far, will wander wild.

He does not dream what webs of doom
Are weaving on the future's loom!

He only feels that life is fair
As heaven's unswayed arch of air;

He only knows the peace intense
That broods o'er boundless innocence!

Yet sometimes he will shrink and cower
With wonder at his own strange power.

For once a vast loose rock had rolled
Where grazed a shepherd's frightened fold,

And he, with one hand caught it up,
And tossed it like an acorn's cup!

And once, half tired, against an oak
He leaned, when lo! its huge frame broke!

And gayly, once, a stone he threw
That pierced the clouds, and died from view!
—Edgar Poe.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER."

"If I could only see my mother!"
Again and again that yearning cry
was repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!"
The vessel rocked, and the waters,
chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath falling. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship, but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry—
"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother whom he had wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me,

"My son, when you come to die you will remember this!"

"Oh, if I could see mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who elighted the mother who loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.

MAKING A CHAIN.

BY MISS S. M. I. HENRY

SEVEN little lassies
With their temperance badges
In a row together standing hand in hand,
Swing into a circle,
Holding each the other,
So one link we've woven of the temperance
band.

CHORUS.

We will make a chain,
Make a temperance chain,
So we stand together,
Linked into a chain.

Seven little lassies
With their temperance badges
In a row together standing hand in hand,
Make a manly circle;
Join both lads and lassies,
So two links we've woven of the temperance
band.

CHO. — We will make, etc.

Temperance lads and lassies
Loyal to your pledges
Standing linked together in a living chain,
Holding fast together
Strong to help each other;
'Tis a Band of Hope and that is very plain.
CHO — We will make, etc.

SMALL CHANGE IN MEXICO.

In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police-officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country. I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth one and a half cents each. Afterward in my travels I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in a wash tub, but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them — *Anonymous.*

A HINT TO THE BOYS.

I stood in the store the other day when a boy came in an applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.

THE LIVING BIBLE.

It would be folly for any person to deny the antiquity of the Scriptures. The writing of them extended through more than fifteen centuries, and the earlier portions were written more than three thousand years ago. There is no other record so connected and clearly defined, of equal antiquity.

When we consider the character of the times through which the Scriptures have come down to us, how can we doubt that they have been watched over by the all-seeing eye, and defended by the unseen, yet almighty hand of God?

Unnumbered generations have drifted down the stream of time and been swallowed up in eternity; empires have risen and fallen, thrones have been set up and have tottered, crumbling and dissolved, revolutions have marched over the fall of nations with earthquake tread, with the sword in one hand and the lighted torch in the other; and world-famed libraries, containing the gathered learning and wisdom of ages, vanished in smoke, while the Bible came down to us through the whole, unimpaired by Vandal hands, undimmed by the mildew of ages, and unsoiled by the dust of more than thirty centuries.

The Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek, and when these languages became out of date, it seized upon the living languages of the world, and is now read in more than two hundred languages and dialects! The Bible has a stronger hold upon the world to-day than it ever had before, and stronger than any other book, and more copies of it are printed, circulated, and read than of any other, and no other book is read in so many languages and dialects. Is there nothing supernatural and divine in such a book?

A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked if her heart was changed, her true and beautiful answer was: "Something I know is changed: it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a great change somewhere, I am sure; for everything is different from what it once was." A very apt commentary on that passage: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 27.] LESSON II. [April 11.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

John 1. 35-51. Commit to mem. vs. 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. John 1. 37.

OUTLINE.

1. Pointing to the Lamb, v. 35, 36.
2. Following the Lamb, v. 37-40.
3. Leading to the Lamb, v. 41-51.

TIME.—Probably during the year A.D. 27, and early in the year, as it was before the first Passover of his ministry.

PLACE.—Bethabara, east from Jerusalem, a ford of Jordan, where John had baptized. The place of gathering was across the river; hence, Bethabara beyond Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Lamb of God*—Jesus, sinless and pure. No other man was ever called the Lamb of God. *What see ye?*—Jesus knew, but he made the way easy for them to follow him if they wished it. *Abode with him*—Stayed with him wherever it was that he tarried. *The tenth hour*—Four o'clock in the afternoon. *In the law*—That part of the Old Testament which the Jews called the law, probably the Penta-

teuch. *Any good thing*—The reputation of Nazareth was very bad. That is why Nathanael asked such a question. *An Israelite indeed*—Really and truly an Israelite in spirit, and not alone in name. See Rom. 2. 28, 29. *No guile*—No deceit, no fraud.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we find—

1. The call to service?
2. The testimony of faith?
3. The reward of faith?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to prepare the way for Christ? John the Baptist. 2. What did he say of Jesus? "Behold the Lamb of God." 3. Who heard John the Baptist say this? Two of his disciples. 4. What did they do, as told in the GOLDEN TEXT? "The two," etc. 5. What did one of these two disciples say to his brother Simon? "We have found the Christ." 6. Who were among the earliest disciples of Jesus? Andrew and Peter, Philip and Nathanael.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lamb of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

18. How does the New Testament teach his religion? It contains the history of his life and death, the record of his teaching while he was among men, and the doctrine which he taught the Apostles by his spirit after he ascended into heaven.

A.D. 27.] LESSON III [April 18

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

John 2. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him. John 2. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Marriage in Cana, v. 1, 2.
2. The First Miracle, v. 3-10.
3. The Believing Disciples, v. 11.

TIME.—Same year as Lesson II. The first year of Christ's ministry.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The third day*—The third day after his conversation with Nathanael. *Jesus was called*—We should say was invited. *Wanted wine*—A wedding feast lasted seven or eight days. The first supply of wine was exhausted. *Mine hour is not yet come*—Time for him to make public assertion of his power. *Water-pots of stone*—Large stone jars. *After the manner of the purifying*—Ready for the different wants necessary at feasts for washings and ablutions by which ceremonial purity was preserved. *Governor of the feast*—The one who had charge of the festivities at the wedding feast. He stood at the head of the table and gave general directions for the occasion. *Manifested forth*—Exhibited to the world.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The presence of Jesus in times of joy?
2. The help of Jesus in our cares?
3. The sympathy of Jesus with human needs?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go soon after calling his earliest disciples? To Cana in Galilee. 2. At what gathering were Jesus and his disciples present at Cana? At a marriage feast. 3. What did Jesus do at the marriage feast? He wrought his first miracle. 4. What was this miracle? The turning of water into wine. 5. What was the effect of this miracle as stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? "This beginning," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Miracles.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. How does the Lord teach us by his Spirit? All the Scriptures were written under the Holy Spirit's inspiration; and he who inspired them will show their meaning to such as humbly ask him.

"WHAT is the first thing you would do, Jones, if you were stung by a hornet?" asked Smith, who had been reading an article on the treatment of stings. "Howl," replied Jones, solemnly. And the conversation abruptly ended.

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