

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

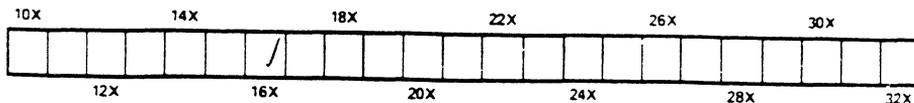
- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming.
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

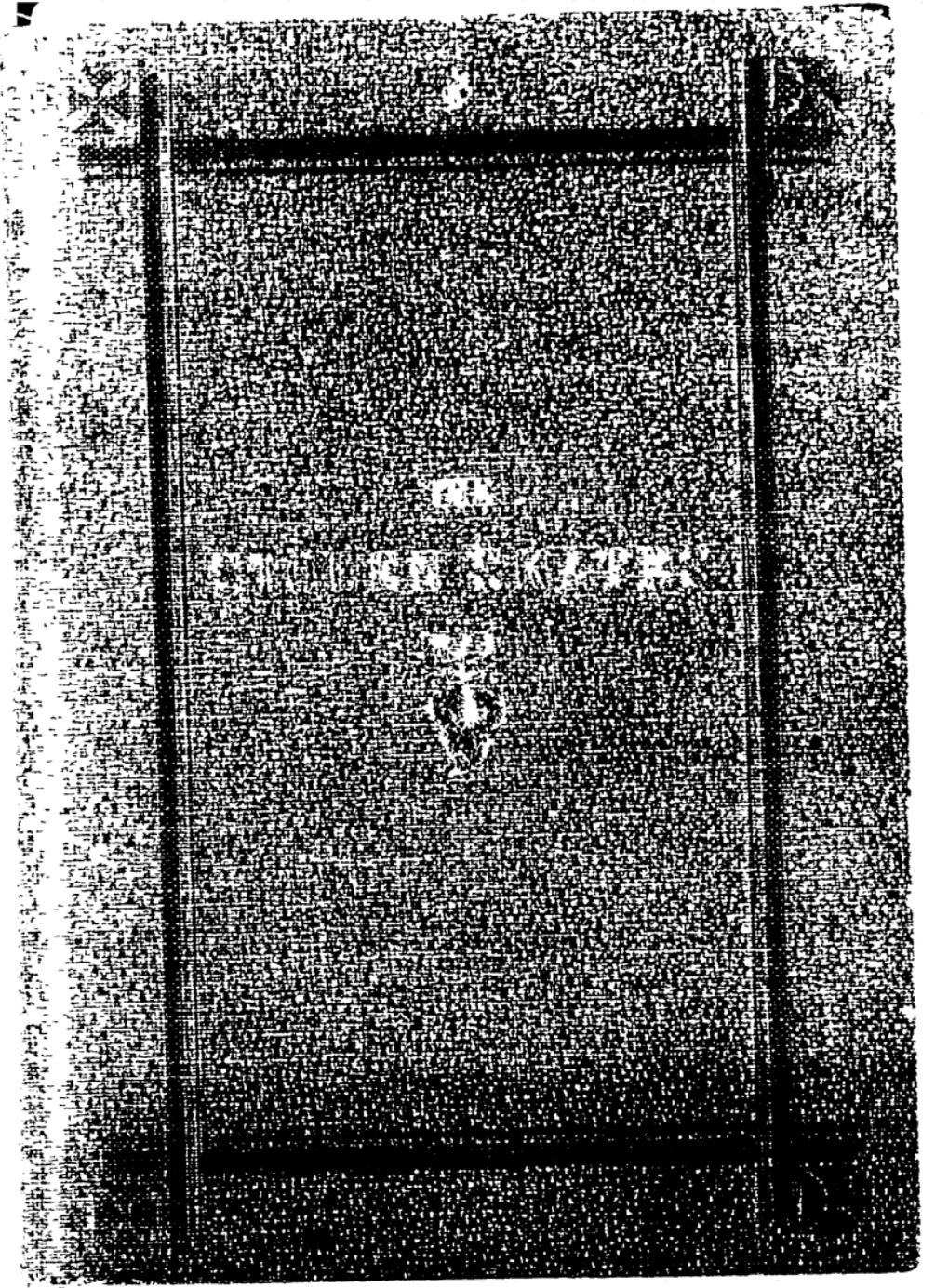
- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires

Page 13 is incorrectly numbered page 31.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

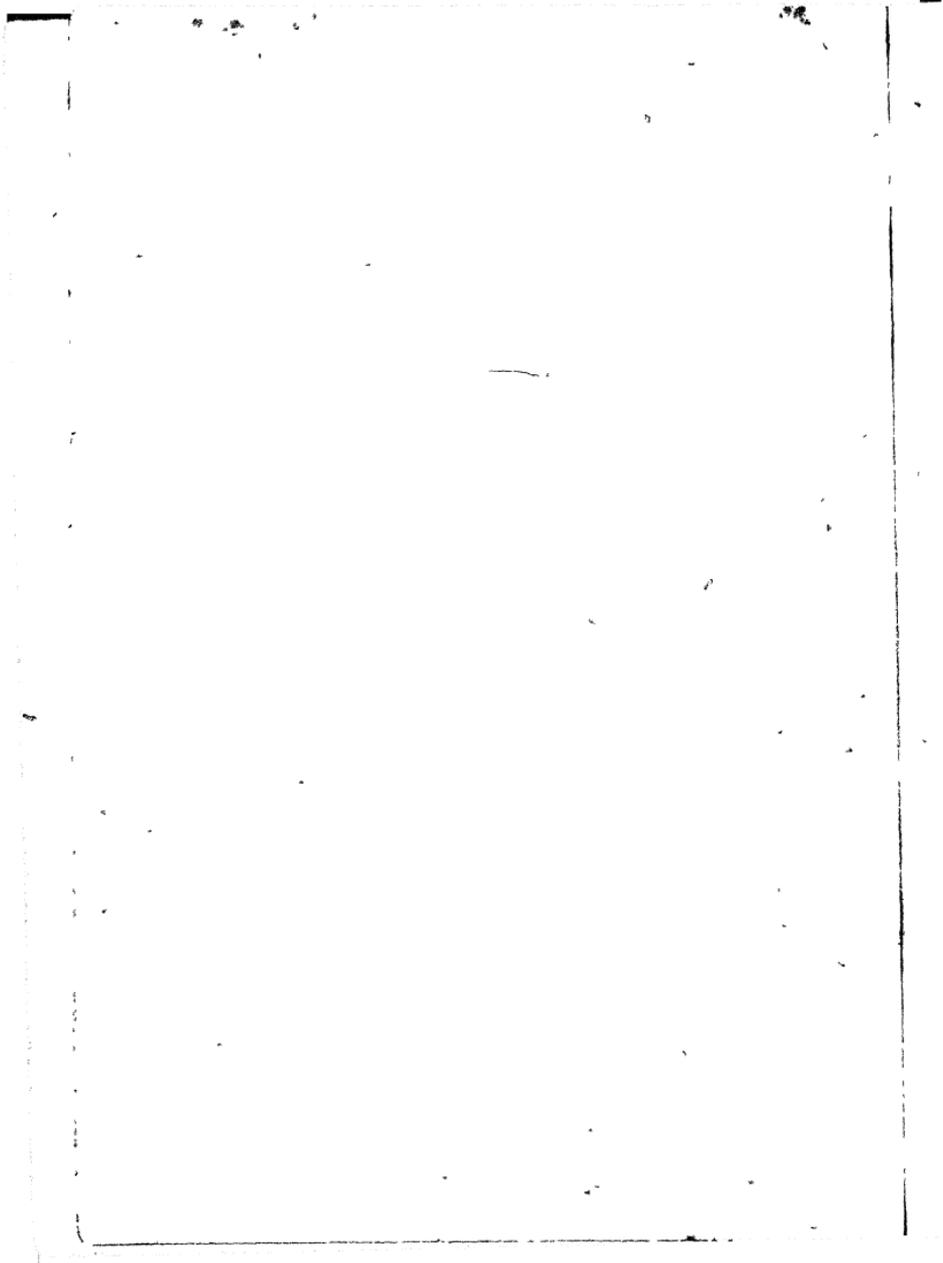


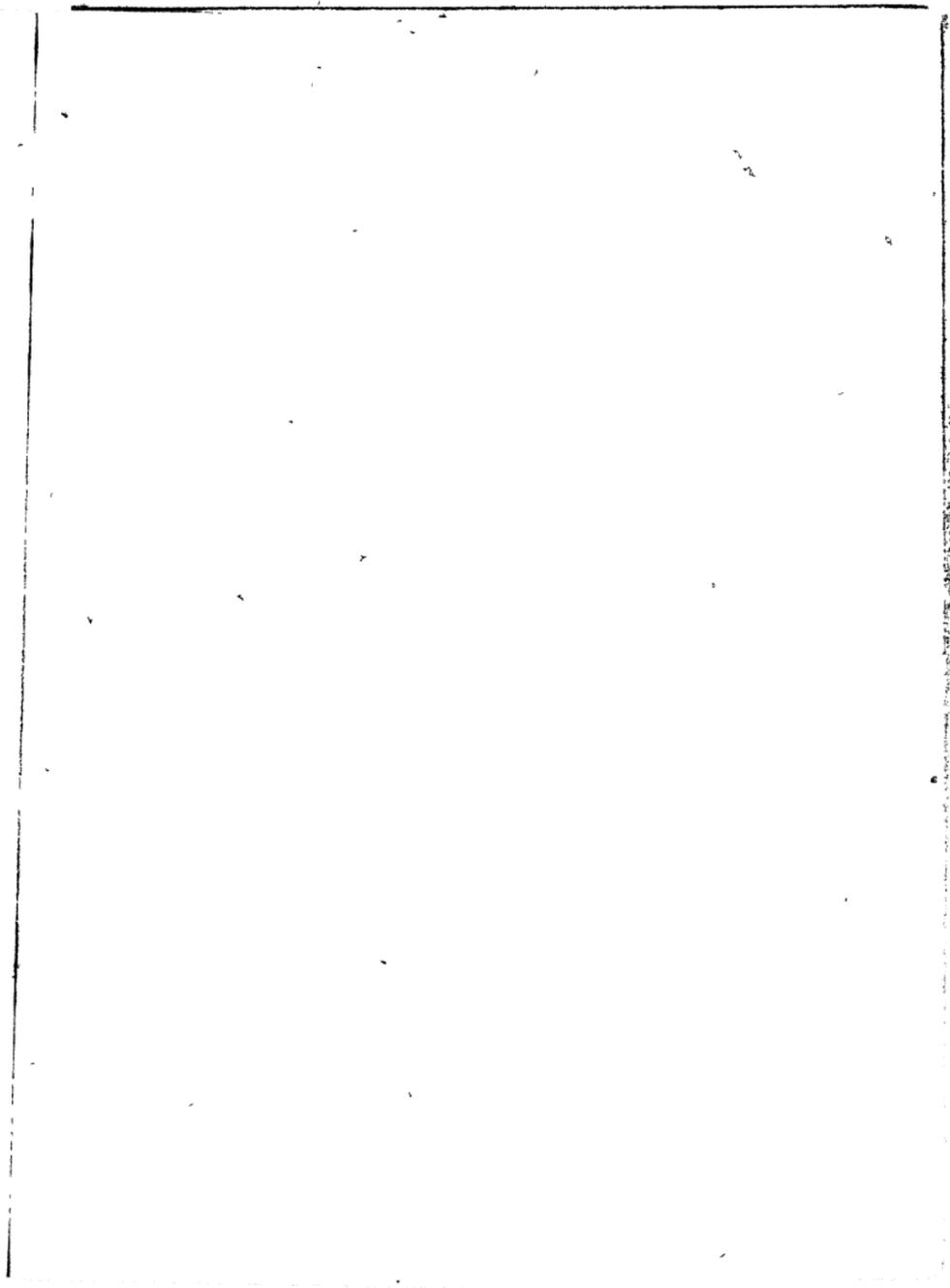


It present to the
from his Page.

March 17th 1871

81.02







THE
STOLEN SKATES,

A

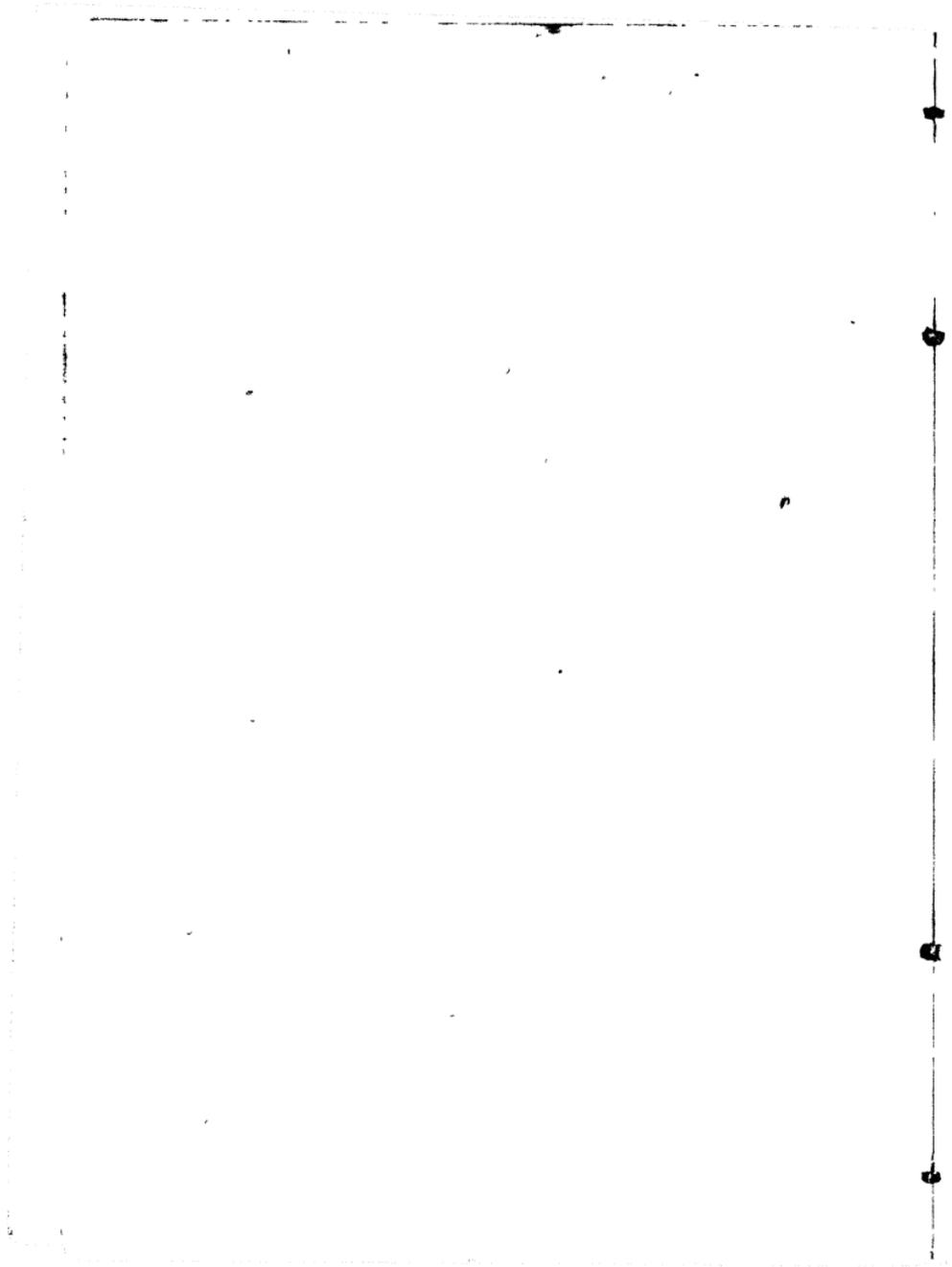
CANADIAN TALE.

BY

MRS. MUCHALL.



TORONTO:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY
JAMES CAMPBELL & SON.



CONTENTS.

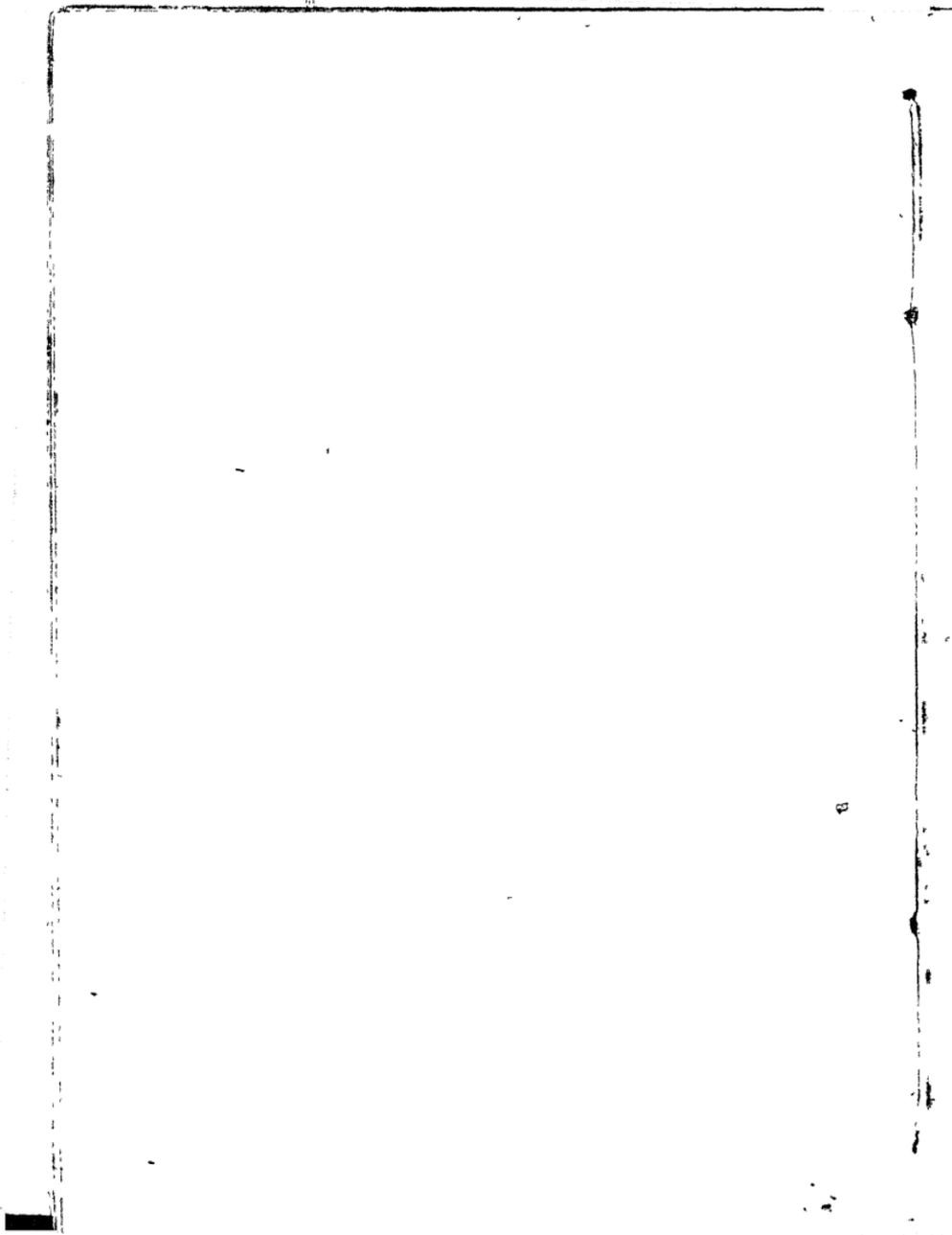
- CHAPTER I.—Willie's Request.
- “ II.—Willie's Home.
- “ III.—The First False Step.
- “ IV.—Still Downward.
- “ V.—A Long Step on the Road of Life.
- “ VI.—The Return Home.
- “ VII.—Repentance.
- “ VIII.—Confessions and Resolutions.

12



INTRODUCTION.

As THIS little tale is meant especially for children, the Authoress feels that it needs no apology for the simple language in which it is written.





THE STOLEN SKATES.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIE'S REQUEST.

"Be not hasty in thy Spirit to be angry."—
Ecclesiastes vii. 7.

"Mother may I go into town?
There is a fire to-night ;
The large drug store is all ablaze,
The flames they look so bright."

"No Willie no, you must not go,
Into the town alone ;
The clock you see is striking eight,
And father is from home.

"You know he would not have you go,
With a rude crowd of boys,
That always gather round a fire,
To shout and make a noise.

“ And often too, I know they steal
The things about that lie ;
For Willie dear, they do not fear,
Their God’s all-seeing eye.

“ Your clothes my Willie might catch fire,
While you were standing by ;
Or burning brands might fall on you,
From off the buildings high.”

“ But Mother dear, I’m not a babe,
For I could danger shun ;
And if I saw a building fall,
You may be sure I’d run.

“ And well you know I never swear,
I never steal you know ;
I only want to watch the fire,
Please Mother, let me go.

“ Tom Bird, he laughs at me, and says
He scarcely can believe ;
That I dare not go out at night,
Unless I ask your leave.

“ He says if there is any stir,
However late at night ;

He 's off directly down the street,
To have the earliest sight.

“And as for asking leave to go,
He laughs to scorn the plan ;
And says, at nearly nine years old
One ought to be a man.”

“ Oh Willie, do not go with Tom,
He 's rough, and rude, and bad ;
To know that you should copy him,
Would make us both so sad.

“ The Bible tells you, dearest son,
Your parents to obey ;
And says, when sinners tempt you on,
To turn from them away.”

“ Now, come up stairs into my room,
For Anna and Maria
Have just this moment called to me,
How well they see the fire.”

A frown stole o'er young Willie's face,
And bitter angry pride
Was rising in his little heart,
At being thus denied

To go into the street alone,
In all the din and noise ;
And romp about close to the fire,
With crowds of noisy boys.



CHAPTER II.

WILLIE'S HOME.

"My son forget not my law."—Proverbs iii. 1.

Now Willie had a pretty home,
Within the town of B——;
The house was white, and peeped from *out*,
Full many an orchard tree.

Down from the door a broad walk ran,
Until it reached the gate,
And close beside there was a pond,
Where Willie used to skate,

Along with other boys last year,
And now it grows so cold,
That soon the skating will begin,
With all the fun of old.

Willie had broken his old skates,
But heard his Father say,
He'd buy a nice new pair for him,
For happy Christmas Day.

But Willie wanted them at once,
He did not care to wait,
Even a few short weeks for them,
He longed so much to skate.

Just now his Father was from home,
A carpenter by trade ;
He often to the country went,
And sometimes weeks there staid.

Before he went he always told
His little son to stay,
At home directly it grew dark,
Nor with bad boys to play.

Before he went last week he took
His Willie on his knee,
And said, "I have a word or two,
Just listen well to me.

"Remember Willie, you will soon
Be nearly ten years old,
I'd like to see you always try
To do what you are told,

"By your dear mother, or myself ;
And when I am away,

Be very careful all the time,
Her wishes to obey ;

And if I hear, as much I wish,
You have not given her pain,
I ll buy the skates I promised you,
When next I'm home again."

Willie was greatly pleased to hear
He'd get his skates so soon ;
He talked of them to all his friends,
Both morning night and noon.



CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—Proverbs i. 10.

Though Willie at the window stood
With Anna and Maria ;
He would not talk and laugh with them,
He would not watch the fire.

He said it was so stupid there,
He'd rather be in town ;
In vain his sisters petted him,
To drive away his frown.

It clouded all his pretty face,
And made him look quite plain ;
His mother never saw that frown,
Without a bitter pain.

Willie was quite a pretty boy,
With light brown curling hair,
Blue eyes that sparkled merrily,
Red lips, and skin so fair.

At last the cloud has left his brow,
And he can laugh quite loud ;
As from the window they can see,
The rapid gathering crowd.

All going down the road to town,
As fast as they can run ;
And boys are shouting as they pass,
“ A fire ! a fire !! what fun !!! ”

“ Oh Mother, Mother, see the flames,
They 're leaping up so high,
I think they soon will burn the moon, ”
Was little Annie's cry.

Maria and Willie laughed outright,
At what wee Annie said,
Who looked quite pleased with all the fun,
And shook her curly head,

Then Willie asked if he might go,
Down to the garden gate ;
“ I'd see it better far, ” he said,
“ I won't stay out too late. ”

“ Yes surely, dear, I'll let you go,
I see no harm in that

But as it seems a bitter night,
Put on your mitts and hat.

And you for full an hour may stay
Down at the large iron gate ;
But when the town clock strikes for ten,
Come back—'twill then be late."

Willie he promised faithfully
Her orders to obey,
And, tying on his warm fur cap,
He laughed and ran away.

Quickly he ran the whole way down,
Then panting with delight,
He clambered up upon the gate
To get a better sight.

He heard the shouting of the crowd,
He saw the flames leap high,
He heard a fire-bell ringing loud
As an engine rattled by ;

While close by it the firemen ran,
With belts and jackets bright.
Will leaped down on the other side
To keep them in his sight.

They hurried on, and so did he,
Till presently he heard
A voice he knew, belonging to
None other than Tom Bird.

“Why, Willie Carr, can this be you?
Where do you go so fast?
Of all the chaps to find abroad,
I thought you'd be the last.

“Of course, you want to see the fire,
So come along with me ;
I'm bound to have some fun to-night,
As you will shortly see.”

“Oh, Tom,” said Willie, starting back,
“I cannot go with you ;
I only ran down to the road
Just for a better view.

“And now I really must go home,
I've been too long away ;
I promised mother after ten
I surely would not stay.”

A scornful laugh from wicked Tom,
Who cried, “Why Will, you fool!

Pray do you always mean to live
Beneath so strict a rule?

“ But let me tell you, Willie Carr,
That you have disobeyed
Already all those orders strict,
And broke the vows you made ;

“ For we are nearly at the fire—
Just see the crowds of men ;
And nearly half an hour ago
I heard the clock strike ten.”

Willie was much surprised to find
Himself so far away
From where he told his mother kind
That he would surely stay.

He never meant to leave the gate—
He never meant to stray ;
But tiny footsteps, one by one,
Had led him far away.

’Tis thus, remember, children dear,
That all our faults begin ;
By tiny steps we wander down
The broad pathway of sin.

CHAPTER IV.

STILL DOWNWARD.

*“My son, walk not thou in the way with them;
refrain thy foot from their path.”*—Proverbs i. 15.

“Well, are you going to stand all night?”

Cried Tom, in jeering tone.

“Why don’t you, if you are so good,
Go through those dark trees home?”

He pointed with his hand to where
A row of poplars grew,
And all around their shade so dark
Across the road they threw.

Poor Willie glanced along the road,
He looked both up and down.
How dark the road that led towards home!—
How bright the one to town!

Dear children, thus it ever is,
And thus it’s ever been ;—
The path of duty looks so dark—
So bright the path of sin !

Willie's good angel came to him ;
 Low whispering in his ear,
"Return at once, I'll go with you,
 No danger need you fear."

But Willie heeded not the words,
 But hastily did say,
"Tom, I will go." The angel heard
 And sadly turned away ;

And back to Heaven, with drooping wings,
 His flight he sadly took,
To bear to God poor Willie's sin
 To write in *that great* Book,

Where children's sins against them stand
 Until the Judgment Day,
And nothing but their Saviour's blood
 Can wash those sins away.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST STEP.

“Touch not, taste not, handle not.”—Col. ii. 21.

The boys were soon upon the spot
And mingling with the crowd
Now trying to save the hardware store
Of Graham and Macleod.

But all in vain—the wind was high,
And blew the flames about,
So now they try to save the stock,
By having it brought out.

Soon Tom pulled Willie by the sleeve,
And whispered very low,
“To help them carry out the things
Let you and I now go.

“Such grand new skates I saw just now,
There, lying all about ;
We both might carry off a pair,
And never be found out ;

“We’d slip away, for who would know
Or miss us in the throng?”

But Willie shivered, and replied,
“Oh, Tom, it would be wrong!”

“I’m sure a pair of bright new skates
I wish for every day,
But never thought of stealing them.
We’d better come away.”

Just then a basketful of skates,
Was thrown upon the ground,
Quite close to where the two boys stood,
They fell with clattering sound.

The man who brought them hurried off
To fetch another load ;
While Tom in little Willie’s heart,
The seeds of evil sowed.

“Just look at that” he laughing, cried,
“We’re surely in lucks way,
Come let us hurry to the pile,
And choose a pair I say.”

Willie still lingered saying “Tom,
I cannot bear to steal

If mother knew I thought of it,
How very sad she'd feel.

"She taught me I should always pray,
That I might not be thrown
Into temptation's way, or take
What never was my own."

"Well let us only go and look,"
Was Tom Bird's quick reply;
"I'm sure I see no harm in that,"
Cried Willie, "nor do I."

Indeed he thought he might do that,
It was no sin to look ;
But children, surely he forgot
What God says in His book.

*My son forsake the tempting road
That leads you far astray ;
My son when sinners thee entice,
O, turn from them away !*

God sent the angel down once more
To whisper in his ear,
"Avoid that pile of shining skates,
Temptation go not near."

But Willie could not see the harm
Of having just one look ;
He went with Tom up to the pile,
Into his hand he took

A pair that seemed the very size,
He turned them o'er and o'er,
They looked so bright he ne'er had seen
Such pretty skates before.

Although when first he lifted them,
He only meant to look,
Temptation grew too strong for him,
At last a pair he took.

First glancing timidly around,
As if in doubt and fear ;
The angel saw the deed was done,
And dropt a pitying tear.

As back to heaven with drooping wings,
His flight once more he took ;
And soon poor Willie's second sin,
Was placed in God's *Great Book*,

Where children's sins are surely set,
Against them day by day ;
And nothing but their Saviour's blood,
Can wash them all away.



CHAPTER VI.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."—
Proverbs xviii. 1.

Darting away through jostling crowds,
They reached the road that led
Towards Willie's home, 'twas then he stopped
And to his friend he said,

"Tom tell me what to do with mine,
Now we are quite alone,
For we must hide them somewhere here,
I dare not take them home."

"Well Bill there 's that old hollow tree
Close to your father's gate,
We'll hide them there until you've time,
To come with me to skate."

This soon was done, and Willie said
"I wish that you'd stay here;
While I run up the garden walk,
It looks so dark and drear."

‘All right’ cried Tom so Willie ran
So fast he lost his breath ;
He met his mother at the door,
Her face was white as death.

“ O Willie is it you” she said,
“ Where have you been my son ?
You went away at nine o’clock,
And now tis nearly one.

“ You surely never dared to go,
In spite of all I said ;
But Willie never answered her,
He only hung his head.

“ I see you did, ’twas very wrong,
My words to disobey ;
And when your father hears of this,
I know that he will say,
‘ You cannot have the pretty skates
He spoke of, going away.’ ”

“ He often told me how he longed
To see your great delight ;
But now you’ve lost that pleasure, son,
By staying out to-night.”

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIE'S REMORSE.

"Let him that stole, steal no more."—Eph. iv. 18.

Willie walked slowly up the stairs,
And knelt his prayers to say,
But thinking of the stolen skates,
He did not dare to pray.

Sadly he rose from off his knees,
Undressed and went to bed ;
He tried to sleep but all in vain,
These thoughts ran in his head !

She said "it was so very wrong
In me to stop away ;"
But could she only guess the rest,
What would she think or say ?

I'll never never dare to tell,
But O how sad she'd feel,
Did she but know her only son
Had this night learned to steal.

Then once again the angel came,
Low whispering o'er and o'er ;
Those blessed words *Let he who stole*
Repent and steal no more.

And Willie heard the low sweet voice,
For starting up in bed,
"I'll take them back when it grows light,
I will indeed" he said.

The tempter whispered in his ear
"Just think of all you'll lose,"
And thus between the right and wrong,
Poor Willie *tries* to choose :

But lifting up his hands to God,
For strength he long did pray ;
And children, by the Grace of God,
He chose the better way.

Soon was his little sorrowing heart
Both strengthened and refreshed ;
He felt no longer doubt or fear,
But sweetly sank to rest.

Children, like Willie when you feel
A single doubt or fear ;

Ask Jesus simply what to do,
He'll make your way all clear ;
To all your sorrows and your doubts
He lends a willing ear.



CHAPTER VIII.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path."—Proverbs iii. 6.

A knock at Mr. Graham's door
Next morning early came,
And Willie stood there, skates in hand,
His fair face dyed with shame.

He asked at once for Mr. Graham,
But he was still in bed ;
"So very tired from being up
So late" the servant said.

"Perhaps" said Willie timidly,
"You'll let me sit and wait ;"
The girl replied, "you're welcome dear,
He'll not be very late."

A long while Willie waited there,
But heard a step at last ;
He shook and trembled very much,
His breath came thick and fast.

Children it was a painful task
That brought poor Willie there ;
And at the last he would have failed,
Without the aid of prayer.

Now in his sore and childish need,
These words he tried to say,
“*Lord give me strength to own my sin,
Christ smooth for me the way.*”

Thus with such heavenly armour clad,
The battle he did win,
And standing there he bravely told
The story of his sin.

Gravely did Mr. Graham stand,
And very grave did look ;
But when the boy had told him all,
His hand he kindly shook.

“I’m glad you brought them back,” he said,
“Though I might ne’er have known ;
’Twas very wrong my boy to take,
What never was your own.

“But you have done a noble deed,
In bringing them again,

I'm sure to own your sin to me
Has given you much pain ;

“ I will not keep you longer now,
You want to go I see ;
But if you ever need a friend,
Just come at once to me.

“ I like to see an honest boy,
I'd think one quite a prize ;”
Willie smiled brightly through his tears,
And dashed them from his eyes.

He left the skates with Mr. Graham,
And turned to go away ;
How light his little heart now felt
That cold December day.

He bounded on with joyful heart
Until his home he nears ;
Then fell a shadow o'er his face,
His eyes filled fast with tears ;
For he has still his tale to pour
Into his mother's ears.

And well he knows how much she'l grieve,
Of his great sin to hear ;

But if he wanted Christ at once
That sin to wash away,
He knew his mother ought to know
Even that very day.

No matter though I feel it hard,
'T will only harder be ;
If I delay a single hour,
'Twill make a coward of me.

Just as he hoped he found her there,
And sitting all alone,
So bravely he began to speak,
Though in a low sad tone.

“Mother I wish I had not gone
Down to the fire last night,
I know I promised not to go,
Indeed it was not right :

“But mother dear you cannot guess
The wrong that I have done ;
I almost fear that when you hear,
You will not love your son.”

“My darling child, you little know,
The strength of Mother's love ;

Only one thing is stronger still,
The love of Christ above.

“So tell me all about it now,
Hide nothing dear from me,
And I will promise to forgive
Your fault, what’ere it be.”

She gently stroked his curly hair,
And patiently she waits,
While Willie sobbing, told her all
About the Stolen Skates.

And if while listening to his tale,
Her tears fell on his head ;
They were the loving, pitying tears
That Mothers only shed.

“My boy, you seem to feel your sin,
By what you’ve done to day,
And I forgive you, so will God,
If earnestly you pray.

“Ask him for your dear Saviour’s sake,
To give you his sweet grace,
That wickedness in your young heart
May never more have place.

“Ask him to teach you if he will,
Your parents to obey,
And pray for grace to keep from sin,
Fresh grace for each fresh day.”

And Willie promised tearfully
That he would not forget ;
Children, I much rejoice to say,
He keeps that promise yet.





VOICES OF THE WINDS.

CHILD :

Oh, North-Wind, wild North-Wind, what tale do
you tell,
As through those dark trees you so mournfully
swell,
Tossing their mighty arms on high,
And scattering their dead leaves in passing by?

NORTH-WIND :

I tell of a good ship that sailed away
From England's shores on a sunny day.
Her crew were a goodly company,
Bound far away to a northern sea. [eye,
Light was each heart, and bright beamed each
Of those fearless men that went forth to die.

Fondly they hoped, when the voyage was o'er,
To stand again on their native shore,
And friends, now weeping, should proudly cheer
The ship when bringing each loved one near.
The heart of each sailor was bounding high,
And hope chased the tears from each manly eye,
As they weighed ship's anchor and left that strand,
To return no more to that much-loved land,
That ship with her crew so brave and free,
Was locked in the arms of a frozen sea !

CHILD :

North-Wind, wild North-Wind, sad, sad is thy
tale,
E'en while I listen my cheek grows pale.
Oh, tell me more of that company
That sailed far away to the Polar Sea !

NORTH-WIND :

I'll tell thee no more. Thou must seek to hear
A song from the South-Wind less sad and drear.
When you hear me moan through the forest
trees,
Remember my tale of the Northern Seas.

CHILD :

O, gentle South-Wind, I wish to hear
A song from thee, my sad heart to cheer.
Softly you play on my hair and brow.
Speak,—What is the song you are murmuring
now ?

SOUTH-WIND :

Fair child, my tale it will make thee sigh,
'Twas a scene that took place 'neath an eastern sky,
In a far-off desert, whose sands were burning
The feet of four travellers home returning—
Back to their homes, their children and wives,
Dearer to each than their own poor lives.
But the hot sun poured down its scorching ray
Upon them, as weary and faint they lay.
Then thirst was felt, with its cruel pain ;
They called for water, but all in vain !
Then visions of home came floating by—
The wife's fond kiss and the infant's cry ;
Or silvery waters would seem to burst
From fair green valleys to slake their thirst ;
They saw it sparkle ; they saw it gleam ;
They struggled to reach it ; they woke,—'twas a
dream.

CHILD :

South-Wind, cease. I would hear no more
Of all the suffering these poor men bore.
Sad, indeed, was the North-Wind's tale,
But thine is making my cheek more pale.

SOUTH-WIND :

Listen, my child, to the joyful end.
God—who proves ever the sufferer's Friend—
Heard from His mighty throne the prayer
Offered by them in their deep despair.
He sent me forth, and with joy I came,
Softly I blew, and I brought them rain.
Blessed drops !—for each fainting heart,
Up from the burning sand did start,
Drank of my waters, then onward pressed,
Weary no more, they at home now rest.

CHILD :

O, Western-Wind, I would hear from thee
A tale of the daring, the brave, and free.
Whisper it quickly, come whisper it low;
Is it a tale of mirth or woe ?

WEST-WIND :

I tell of a hero who sailed to see
If he could discover a new country ;
Oft was he baulked on the ocean's track,
Sore was he tempted to turn him back.
And the crew all cried he will ne'er find land ;
But onward he steered with a strong right hand.
Weary the voyage was, so long and drear,
Nought could he find his heart to cheer ;
Then for a brief time came despair,
Torturing his heart while it lingered there.
Not for himself or his life did he care,
For others alone was his deep despair—
Men who had left their friends and home
To sail with him o'er the trackless foam ;
Daring with him the treacherous wave,
Must go down in silence—the sea their graves !
But onward he steered on his stormy way,
O'er bounding billows and drifting spray !
Heaven sent to his aid a favouring wind ;
The Old World now is left far behind !
They anchor at last, and each sail is furled,
For he gazes with pride on the Western World !

CHILD :

Eastern-Wind, if the will be thine
Tell me some tale of the olden time.
Eastern-Wind, I would have thee sing
A song to me of some valiant king.

EAST-WIND :

Fair child, a song I will sing for thee,
But not of king or of prince shall it be,
'Tis of good, 'brave men, who were nobler far
Than warriors fresh from the fiercest war.
Turn back in memory to-night with me,
My child, and a scene I will show to thee
Where women are weeping in misery,
While husbands are soothing their grief in vain,
With their own tears falling like summer rain.
A signal comes for the last embrace,
Fondly they gaze on each much-loved face.
Deep is the grief of that mission band
In leaving their friends and native land.
Where are they going ? you ask of me.
They are bound far away to an east country.
To far-off Burmah those men are bound,
To sow good seed on a heathen ground !

Each was armed with a bloodless sword—
The sword of the Spirit, God's holy word.
No other weapon they cared to wield ;
Great was its power on the Burmah field.
Thousands by it were brought to know
The way to escape from eternal woe.
Would that such swords were in every hand.
Blessed, thrice blessed, would be our land !
For long, long years did they labor on,
Till, weary and fainting, their strength was gone.
Their Christian warfare is nearly o'er,
They stand on the brink of that much-loved
shore ;—
Not of that one that we saw them leave,
Where men still sin, and where all must grieve.
Oh, no ! on a bright and more glorious shore,
Where pain and sorrow are felt no more !
Long had they labored that land to gain,
Angels now whisper it was not vain.
I watched each one as life's lamp burnt down.
As each bore his cross, may he wear a crown !

THE END.

To Authors.

JAS. CAMPBELL & SON,

Publishers of the Canadian Prize Sunday School Books, the National Series of Readers, and other School and Miscellaneous Books, are prepared to

FURNISH ESTIMATES TO
AUTHORS

for the publication of their MSS., and may be consulted personally or by letter.

They will engage to have proofs carefully revised while passing through the press, if required.

The facilities possessed by Jas. Campbell & Son for the Publication of Books in the best Modern Styles, at the Lowest Prices, and their lengthened experience warrant them in undertaking the Publication of any work submitted to them, and in offering their services to Authors who desire to publish on their own account.

Toronto.

JAMES CAMPBELL & SON'S
Sunday School Libraries,

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF

ONE THOUSAND VOLUMES,

Carefully selected from all the Religious Publications of Britain, and put up in boxes, varying in prices from One Dollar to Twelve Dollars, and containing from Six to Fifty Volumes each case.

These Libraries are now in extensive use throughout the Dominion, are in every way suitable for Canadian Sunday School Children, and supply a want long expressed by Superintendents, Conventions, and friends of Sunday School instruction.

Campbell's Canadian Sunday School Libraries and Catalogues will be supplied by all Booksellers in the Dominion

James Campbell & Son's Publications.

CANADIAN
Prize Sunday School Books.

KATIE JOHNSTONE'S CROSS,
A CANADIAN TALE.
By A. M. M.
Illustrated. 60 cts.

JESSIE GREY,
OR
THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE,
A CANADIAN TALE.
By N. L. G.
Illustrated. 50 cts.

THE OLD AND THE NEW HOME,
A CANADIAN TALE.
By J. E.
Illustrated. 60 cts.

SOWING THE GOOD SEED,
By ALICIA.
A CANADIAN TALE.
Illustrated. 50 cts.

EMILY'S CHOICE,
A CANADIAN TALE.
By E. V. N.
Illustrated. 60 cts.

*May be ordered of any Bookseller in the
Dominion.*



—