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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1881.

No. 5.



THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

This number mailed post free at \$1 per 100.

WIDE AWAKE

HERE'S a labour to be wrought,
There's a race that we must run,
There's a battle to be fought,
And a victory to be won
For a cheated nation's sake
Ho! ye people, plumbred all
By the slaves of alcohol,
Rouse, the demon's arm to break
Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

In the councils of the great,
In the hovels of the low,
In the very hall of state,
Sits the desecrating foe;
Only human life can slake
His infernal thirst for blood;
Up, ye virtuous brotherhood,
Smite him till his vessels quake,
Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

See him, in the holy place,
Lauking in the blessed wine;
Glaning through the beaded lace,
How his deadly eyelids shine!
Coiling like a venomous snake
In the parlor's social ring,
Strength and beauty feel his sting,
Hurl him to his burning lake!
Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

Where the dens of haggard crime
Draw the wretch to deeper slime,
Louthsome in his evil slime,
Blacker vices than we name
Of the demon's cup partake;
All his garnered fruits are there,
Bathing in the poisoned air,
Through his fun quick clearance make,
Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN I was in Italy, traveling one day from Bologna to Venice, I made the acquaintance of three Roman Catholic priests from Baltimore, Maryland. Finding that I spoke English, they became very friendly and communicative. They were just dying, they said, to talk to some one who understood their native language. One of the first questions they asked was whether I had been to see the Pope when at Rome. I told them I had not, at which they seemed very greatly surprised. I did not like to tell them that I thought I could use my time to better advantage, but that was my opinion. It was by no means difficult to procure an interview. All that one had to do was to send in his card on a reception day. A swallow tail coat even was not necessary to a presentation.

The Pope's palace, known as the Vatican, is the most extensive in the world, and contains the most precious treasures of art in existence. The oldest parts are over five hundred years old. It has 11,000 halls, chapels, and private apartments, many of them of great magnificence. Most of these are show rooms to which the public are admitted by ticket, which however are obtained without any fee. Here are the great picture and sculpture galleries, the library and museum containing the disinterred treasures of the old Roman world. The Pope's private apartments are said to be comparatively plain.

The Pope's income is largely derived from the offerings of Roman Catholics in all parts of the world known as "Peter's Pence." You will remember that the demand for these from England, under one of the early kings led to a serious rupture between that country and Rome. The engraving shows a reception in the Vatican, some of whose precious marbles are shown, and in the background a couple of the Pope's famous Swiss Guards, magnificent looking fellows, dressed in medieval cos-

tumes of black, crimson, and yellow, with burnished armour.

I once heard in the Jesuit Chapel in Montreal a priest preaching about the imprisonment of the Pope, and the hardships he had to undergo. I have even heard that another priest used to show straws from the Pope's bed, as proofs of his sufferings. And all the while no monarch in Europe was so magnificently housed, and he was at perfect liberty to go where he pleased. For fourteen years the Pope, it is true, have refused to leave the Vatican; but it has vast and magnificent gardens where they could drive and walk, and the windows of the palace command one of the grandest and most varied prospects in the world—the Seven Hills city, and its far surrounding plains, and the distant Sabine mountains, all domed by the blue Italian sky, and brilliant with living green or waving gold.

The late Dr. Ryerson, when making his educational tour, was furnished by the Home Government with special introductions to the British Ambassadors of the countries he was about to visit, and was by them introduced to the leading statesmen and educational authorities of those countries. The late Pope Pius IX. having heard of his educational work in Canada, wished to see the man who had devised a system of such equal justice to all denominations. I once heard the Doctor describe this interview as he beguiled the tedium of a railway journey with his reminiscences of the past. Several foreign dignitaries were waiting in an ante room an audience with the Pope, but the Methodist preacher received precedence of them all. "Are you a clergyman?" asked the chancellor who conducted him to the Pope's presence. "I am a Wesleyan minister," he replied. "Ah! John Wesley. I've heard of him," said the chancellor, as he shrugged his shoulders in surprise that this heretic should be so honoured above orthodox sons of the Church. After an interview of some length the Pope, addressing two young ladies by whom Dr. Ryerson was accompanied—his daughter, now Mrs. Harris, of London, and a daughter of Earl Grey, who had rolls of paper in their hands—said, "What have you there, my children?" They replied that they wished to procure his autograph, when the fatherly old man wrote in Latin the benediction: "Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord," and then kindly gave them also the pen with which it was written.

"HAVING SOME FUN."

NOW, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, and you and Freddy and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws, and axes, and

shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favourite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon assembled again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Maude, in yonder cottage, has gone to a neighbour's to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could make a snow man on her door-step, and when Mrs. Maude comes home, she will be most agreeably surprised."

One or two of the boys objected, but the majority began to appreciate his fun, and to experience that inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when they had done this, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of them, who objected at first, proposed that they should go to a neighbouring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their several homes, more than satisfied with the "fun of the evening." And the next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick bed and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, when a neighbour (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labours of the boys) told her how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" was of itself, if they could have heard it, abundant reward for their labours.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

MORE ABOUT A HEROIC CAREER.

NO have known the true story of 'Chinese' Gordon's life has been an education; to have written it is a privilege and an honour." Thus opens the brief preface of "The Story of Chinese Gordon," written by Mr. A. Egmont Hake, cousin of the distinguished general. Mr. Hake describes in some detail the early incidents of his cousin's career. The traditions of his family made Charles Gordon a soldier. At Woolwich he was not considered in his studies a prominent candidate. Once, Mr. Hake tells us, he was rebuked for incompetence, and "told that he would never make an officer, whereupon he tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them at his superior's feet." He obtained his commission none the less, and in 1855 proceeded to the Crimea, where he served several months in the trenches, and obtained the reputation of being the quickest man to detect the plans and movements of the Russians.

IN CHINA.

In the year 1860 the difficulty with China had assumed a serious form, owing to the repulse of Admiral Hope's attack on the Taku forts, and a large Anglo-French expedition was sent to the Peiho for the purpose of bringing the Chinese Government to reason. Before Gordon reached China the Taku forts had been attacked a second time and captured; but he was engaged in

all the later operations, which terminated with the occupation of Peking and the destruction of the Summer Palace.

GOVERNOR OF THE SOUDAN.

It was not an easy matter to provide him with suitable work on his return. With the best possible intentions the young hero was given a consular appointment on the Danube, whence he was summoned in 1874 to Egypt by the late Khedive. The new task assigned to him was in some respects more difficult than that intrusted to him in China, for, whereas in the Far East he had only to vanquish an enemy whose forces were revealed, he had to deal in the Soudan with difficulties which were only partially known, while he had to reconcile, as well as he could, instructions that were incompatible with the facts of the position. It was to his credit that working on a reduced pay and without any desire for fame, he devoted all his powers to the performance of his work, and constituting himself the champion of distressed humanity spared no effort to put an end to the suffering and infamous lot of the dark skinned races over whom he was called to exercise authority. During five years he toiled in this cause with unflagging zeal, and when he resigned the powers with which the Khedive had intrusted him, it was admitted that he had not merely put a stop to the worst evils of the traffic in slaves, but that he had prepared the way for the emancipation of the Soudanese in 1889, should the Egyptian government of that day possess the forces and the will to make good its bond. So far as his career has yet run, Chinese Gordon, who is now a major-general in the Royal Engineers, will be remembered for two episodes—the Taiping rebellion and the governorship of the Soudan. His biographer shows that his private life has been the counterpart of his public career. Devotion to duty has been his motto throughout.

TALK OVER WHAT YOU READ.

EARLY forty years' experience as a teacher has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and connectedly and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read, and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own, will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading, in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a familiar way, the interesting parts of the books they have read with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempt to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books. —Christian Union.

IS IT POSSIBLE.

WEN weary, footsore travellers,
All in woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds—no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head;
For of those tired men no two
Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I :

In room marked A two men were placed;
The third he lodged in B;
The fourth to C was then assigned—
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away.
In F the seventh man;
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had hid two travellers by.
Then taking one—the tenth and last,
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten.
And this it is that puzzles me,
And many wiser men.

THE RED SUNSETS.



HAT Canada had experienced, and would experience still further, the physical effects of the great volcanic explosion at Krakatoa,

in the Straits of Sunda, was little dreamed of here when in August last the first intimation of that appalling volcanic eruption was received. But the physical effects were experienced, though not recognized here, before the electric wire brought the news of the earthquake—and even yet the evidences of the explosion are visible in our atmosphere. On the 27th of August, early in the morning, Krakatoa and the neighbouring parts of the archipelago trembled under one of the most violent earthquakes recorded, and then there burst forth from the volcano a tremendous volume of stones, smoke, dust, and ashes, streaming up into the heavens at cannon-ball velocity, and spreading out like a pall for hundreds of miles. The direct and serious disturbance covered a large area of the neighbouring islands and seas. Part of the coast sank below the water level, and whole islands and even mountains disappeared; mountains, too, were rent and fell apart, while new islands and even a new mountain rose above the sea. To add fresh horror to the destruction wrought by the earthquake, the upheaved land produced an immense wave,

TWO HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT

in some places, which swept inland utterly destroying several of the coast towns. Then in a widening circle this great wave spread eastward across the Pacific, and westward over the vast Indian Ocean, and probably was felt more or less over all the seas on the globe. The wave was several hundred miles broad, and travelled to the Mauritius at the rate of 480 miles an hour; to Port Elizabeth at 430 miles; and to Aden at the mouth of the Red

Sea at the rate of 378 miles an hour. A more extended research will probably reveal this wave beating up the Atlantic coasts with reduced height. The circling wave was similar in kind to that produced on a small pond by dropping a stone into the water.

A TREMENDOUS AIR WAVE.

But before this water wave could reach distant coasts, the more easily agitated ocean of air which overlies and envelopes the globe conveyed a heaving air wave whose only evidences to us who move along the bottom of the atmospheric sea was the rise and fall of the barometric column. This wave circled in every direction from the scene of the explosion, widening to a circumference of 24,000 miles, and again contracting as the antipodes of Krakatoa was reached. This wave has been accurately recorded in various parts of the globe, and a careful calculation given of its breadth and velocity. It moved more slowly against the prevalent west winds of the globe, then eastward with these winds; and more slowly through the cold air of the polar regions than through the warm air of the tropics.

THE KRAKATOA WAVE AT TORONTO.

Mr. Carpmal, Superintendent of Toronto Observatory, has the records of the waves moving over Toronto. The first wave, the crest of which passed over Toronto at 8.30 o'clock on the evening after the Sunda explosion, is well marked on the photographic record of the barometer. This big wave was preceded by a small one, running a little over half an hour in advance, and marked by an intrusion of the white part of the paper into the brown part. Then follows a deep hollow, such as is noticed on the water in advance of a large wave. The great wave is marked by a sudden and great rise, twice as high as the previous hollow, and measuring on the paper .046 of an inch. Then follows a long slope, representing the back of the wave, until the natural level of the barometer is reached.

A SECOND WAVE.

The second wave, or rather the wave which came from the Straits of Sunda in the opposite direction, resembled the first in general character, but was scarcely so high. The crest of the wave passed over Toronto eight hours and fifteen minutes after the crest of the first wave. Then the first wave, sweeping back to Krakatoa, repassed thirty hours later, followed by a return of the second wave six hours still later.

OVER 600 MILES AN HOUR.

The average rate of the wave that passed over Toronto was a little slower than in most parts of the world, owing to the wave having to pass near both the North and South Poles on its march. The general movement of the wave eastward with the prevailing upper winds was 706 miles per hour, and westward against them 674 miles.

The wave swept at least 3½ times round the globe, traversing a distance of 82,200 miles—a fact which indicates how violent was the convulsion. The record of seven passages of waves is distinct at a large number of European stations. The waves were over 700 miles broad.

THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION.

It is interesting to notice that in addition to the water and air waves a

sound wave of unusual character accompanied the disturbance. The explosion was heard to the north of Borneo, 1,200 miles north-east of Krakatoa, and in Ceylon, 2,000 miles westward.

THE RED SUNSETS.

More remarkable than those waves is the extended distribution of the dust and ashes poured forth during the eruption. In the city of Batavia, 1,200 miles eastward, ashes fell in a dense shower to a depth of several inches, and the darkness at midday was so great that the street lamps had to be lighted. The shower of ashes was so heavy that the Dutch residents compared the after appearance of the city to a mid-winter scene in holland. But the dust moved faster westward with the trade winds across Ceylon, Africa, Panama and the Sandwich Islands, almost clear round the tropics, producing as early as September and October the blue sun of Ceylon and the red sunsets. From the tropics the counter trades seem to have carried the fine dust northward and southward towards either pole, for from every continent came accounts of the strange after-glow continuing for weeks or months. In Toronto it has been visible since the middle or early part of November, and at times has looked like the glare of a great conflagration. That this after-glow is really due to volcanic dust floating up to a height of at least eleven miles is becoming more and more the accepted explanation of the strange appearance of the heavens, and the opinion is strengthened by the analysis of the snow in Holland, where volcanic ashes were found identical with those taken from Java to Paris for analysis.

RUSTING OUT.

A NEW England manufacturer kept his mills running at a time when trade was depressed and the demand for his goods was intermitted. A neighbour who knew this to be a fact, asked him if he was not running his mills at a daily loss. "Well, that depends on how you count the loss," replied the manufacturer. "I get less money than I pay out every day I run those mills. But, after all, I lose less by running at that loss than I should lose by stopping the mills and letting the machinery rust, and everything about the establishment go to waste from not being used." And the manufacturer stated a truth which is operative in every department of human action. Rust is more destructive than friction. It is very common to say, "It's better to wear out than to rust out." There is nothing that keeps one's strength like tireless activity. There is nothing that wastes one's strength like idleness. This truth is admirably re-emphasized in a recent little poem by Alice Wellington Rollins, where she tells of watching a potter at work, whose one foot kept with "never-slackening speed turning his swift wheel round," while the other foot rested patiently on the ground. When he heard the exclamation of sympathy with him in his toil, "How tired his foot must be!" the potter corrected the common mistake as to the real source of weariness:

"Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks,
The one that stands gets tired."

That's it! If you want to save your strength, keep using it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact we all know that the last man in the world to go to for a helping hand in any new undertaking, is one who has plenty of time on his hands. (Time on one's hands is a heavy load; so heavy that one with that load can not very well use his hands for anything else.) It is the man or woman who is doing most now who can easiest do one thing more.—S. S. Times.

SWEET TEAS.

"PLEASE wear my rose-lud, for love,
Said Phebe with eyes so blue,
"This sprig of myrtle put with it, papa,
To tell of my love," said Phebe.
Said Patience, "This heart's-ease shall
whisper, papa,
Forget not my love is true."

Papa looked into the laughing eyes,
And answered to each little girl's surprise:
"My darlings, I thank you, but dearer than
these—
Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet
peas!"
Then he clasped them close to his heart so true,
And whispered, "Sweet P's—Phebe, Patience,
and Phebe!"

—St. Nicholas.

SUPPLIES CUT OFF.

WHEREVER the plan, of prohibiting by law the making and selling of liquor has been tried, or has had the ghost of a chance to work, it has done an immense good. Wherever it has been tried, too, it has met with every sort of opposition from the liquor traders, whose favourite plan is first to do everything they can to prevent the prohibitory law from working, and then turn round and say, the law itself is no good—it won't work, nor never will. That is just the same as if all the thieves in the country were to say, what is the good of all your laws against robbery? You are not going to extinguish our business. There are plenty of thieves in spite of all your laws, and there always will be. You may as well repeal your laws. But we are not going, for all that, to repeal our laws against stealing, and we are going, we hope very soon, to make rigorous laws against the biggest thief of all—the liquor traffic.

In a certain town in New Jersey, containing ten thousand inhabitants, no liquor is allowed to be sold. Compare the record of that town with that of another in New England, with a population of five hundred less, in a single year.

In the New Jersey town there was one indictment for a trifling case of assault, one house was burned; the cost of the police seventy-five dollars; for the relief of the poor almost nothing at all. In the New England town there were forty liquor shops; there was a judge, city marshal, four night-watchmen, and six police men, all kept busy. It cost three thousand dollars for a fire department, and for the support of the poor, two thousand dollars. Every man and woman, every boy and girl, ought to make up their mind that the liquor traffic must be stopped. It is certainly the most frightful danger that our country is threatened with. It threatens our destruction.—Rev. J. C. Seymour's *Temperance Battle-Field*.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

BY MRS. MARY FORIER BEFOUR.

If all these boys, when they grow up,
Should never touch the poisonous cup,
But lift the temperance banner high,
Proclaiming peace and liberty
What would the harvest be?

If all these boys should now declare
They will not touch the base cigar,
Nor use tobacco anywhere,
Nor fight, nor cheat, nor lie nor swear—
What would the harvest be?

If every boy would learn to pray,
And read the Bible every day
Would give his heart to Jesus now,
And every day before him bow—
What would the harvest be?

If up to manhood they should grow,
And on from strength to strength would go,
And each his mission to fulfil
Would seek to do God's holy will—
What would the harvest be?

If with the cares of earth oppressed,
They feel the need of peace and rest,
To Christ, the Rock of strength would fly,
And in His love would live and die—
What would the harvest be?

A glorious harvest garnered in,
And golden sheaves all saved from sin,
While seraphs sing, "They come!" They come!
And angels shout the harvest home.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1884.

MISSIONARY READINGS.

SOME days ago we received an inquiry from a lady of a leading Baptist Church in this Dominion whether we Methodist people had among our many periodicals any suitable for reading at meetings of Women's Missionary Societies. We sent her *The Missionary Outlook*, edited by Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary of our own Church, (40 cents a year, 8 copies for \$2.) the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, (Boston, \$1 a year,) and *The Gospel in All Lands*, (Eugene Smith, Baltimore, \$2 a year.) The following is an extract from the lady's reply:

"Your *Outlook* is excellent; I shall order it and some other one of the mentioned journals after Thursday's meeting. To run our circle, or any circle meeting, I find it requires a wide range to gather from." We hope the Woman's Missionary Societies of our own Church will largely use first the *Outlook*, then some other good missionary paper. It will bring them into intelligent sympathy with the grandest work on earth.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

A SINGLE mail from St. Johns, Newfoundland, brought seventy-five subscriptions to the *Methodist Magazine*; sixty-nine of these were from the Rev. W. W. Percival, sixty-one of them being new subscriptions. He writes that he expects to send still more in his next letter. Including previous subscriptions, the *Magazine* has now nearly a hundred subscribers in St. Johns, Newfoundland, a city of 30,000, with a Methodist membership of 641. This shows what can be done by an energetic canvasser for the periodicals of our Church.

BOOKS FOR WINNOWER LIST REVIEWED BY METHODIST MINISTERS.

The Broken Mallet.—This is a little book by Joanna H. Mathews, author of the "Bessie Books." It teaches the value of truthfulness and honesty in all our dealings with one another. The style is pleasing, occasionally somewhat laboured, but very nicely adapted to the capacity of children.

JAS. AWDE.

Mr. Mackenzie's Answer.—The story is not a very clever one, rather of the "goody goody" sort. But on the whole it is likely to interest older scholars, and certainly teaches the folly and wickedness of worldliness on the part of Christian people, and especially of moderate drinking.

F. H. WALLACE.

Jewelled Serpent.—The book is one of the most readable of its kind that I have had in my hands. It is clearly, plainly, and beautifully written; denounces unsparingly intemperance in general, and shows the necessity for every Christian being a temperance man and temperance worker. It is an excellent work to put into the hands of the young.

H. S. MATTHEWS.

Mable's Work.—A work of fiction on temperance. Is natural, polished and interesting. I most heartily approve of the volume as suitable for our Sunday-schools.

JOHN WAKEFIELD.

Alice Grant.—I would commend *Alice Grant* as suitable for use in our Sunday-schools. Some parts of the narrative seem somewhat overdrawn, yet the sentiments advanced are healthful morally, and the facts presented are instructive and encouraging to workers in the great Temperance Reformation. The line of work indicated is different from the ordinary mode pursued, still the narrative will stimulate prayer and faith in God.

JOHN F. GENNAN.

Old Times is written in an easy, natural style. It will arrest and hold the attention of the young to the close. It is a good book, well fitted to answer the end in view—the overthrow of strong drink.

W. W. ROSS.

Little Mother Mattie.—A series of tales in which are displayed many Christian virtues by young persons worthy of imitation, such as humility, patience, self-sacrifice for the good of others, zeal in God's cause and love to God and man. Few can read it without being improved.

G. R. SANDERSON.

The above-named temperance books are issued by the National Temperance Publishing House, New York, and may be ordered from the Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, or Halifax.—En.



ARION.

CAUGHT BY A SHARK.

BY QUINCY QUERSTICK.

WID you ever see a shark? Most of my readers never did, I presume. It is no matter if they never do, unless it be a dead one in a museum, for Shark is as ugly as he is bloodthirsty. I would rather go to sea, like Arion, in the picture, on a dolphin's back, than contend with a shark.

It is very dangerous to bathe in seas where Shark has his home. For example, a party of soldiers were bathing on a shore of the Mediterranean Sea, when suddenly some one cried, "Shark! shark!"

In a moment a hundred bathers began to swim toward the shore, splashing the water and shouting to frighten Shark. But the hungry fish paid no attention to their noise. It made a dash at one poor fellow, seized him, and dragged him into deep water, and eat him for his breakfast in next to no time!

Here is another case. Shark followed a ship at sea one day for a long time. At last a sailor boy said, "I'll catch that fellow!" and after getting a bit of pork from the cook, with a hook and line in his hand he sprang into "the chains" and threw his bait toward Shark. He was a hasty boy, and did not take proper care. Hence, in throwing the bait, he lost his balance and fell into the sea. The men threw him a rope, but, swifter than they, Shark darted toward him, seized him, bore him down to the deep, deep waters, and ate him for his dinner!

That boy throw away his life by acting hurriedly. It was his habit to do things hastily. Had he learned to act carefully and thoughtfully he might have caught Shark instead of finding his grave in its stomach. Mark this, Master Hasty, and remember that "Haste trips up its own heels." Learn "to make haste slowly."

We have just been looking over the mailing sheets of the different publications under our personal charge, and have been surprised to see to what remote and out-of-the-way places some of them go. The *Methodist Magazine*, for instance, finds its way not only to every part of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but to many parts of Newfoundland, the Bermudas, to many States of the American Union, to England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Australia, Ceylon, Bombay, Japan, and other far off regions. The world does not seem so large after all, when one is brought into regular communication by the penny post card, or the printed page with the very ends of the earth.

In a Symposium on "Methodist Union in England," in the January number of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, Dr. W. Cooke, of the Methodist New Connexion, writes that "Union is in the very air; we inhale it everywhere," and he looks forward with confidence and hope to the early amalgamation of the several Methodist Churches of Great Britain. The Rev. John Bond, Wesleyan, says that "It is undeniable that there are thousands of hearts beating strongly for the organic union of all the Methodist bodies in one compact Connexion."

A BILL is before the New York legislature prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to boys. Why not introduce a bill to the same effect in our own legislature? The boy smoker is a nuisance and a reproach to the age. He is to be met everywhere puffing at villainous cigars, and not only making himself a nuisance, but ruining himself both morally and physically.

THE attendance at the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school has increased so largely of late that it is proposed to erect a wing 30 feet long to the north side of the building, capable of accommodating 1,000 additional scholars.



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

BY RUTH KENYON.

WINTER had been whistling around with his hands in his pockets a good three months and more; but the violets and daisies, tucked under a thick blanket of snow, had been kept from freezing. People call Winter a very cold, severe fellow; still there must be a tender spot in his heart somewhere, so kindly does he protect all the delicate plants.

But now the great warm-hearted old Sun was coming back, and Winter, afraid of his long bright days, ran off to the North Pole. A flock of blue-birds came to welcome their old friend, and one robin-redbreast ventured out early to sing him a song. A little warm breeze crept through Farmer Cheery's maple forest, awoke the trees from their long, long sleep, and they all began to shake hands and nod toward each other, whispering: "Good! Good! Here comes the Spring!"

Soon the warm air made them feel thirsty and faint; the tiny twigs complained to the branches; the branches told the trunks, and the trunks carried the news down to the roots. Maple-trees keep all their provisions in an underground cellar; so the roots finding that, sure enough, the ground

was no longer frozen and hard, began to feel about, and sent out little rootlets that gathered up the good things,—just the kinds they knew maple twigs loved best. Doesn't it seem funny that they can tell? The maples take one kind of food, the pines another, the birches another, and for each the rootlets pick out just the right kind from the same ground. As far as the rootlets gathered the food, they sent it up to the branches—a very delicate, sweet drink; and still they sent more and more, the little twigs always taking the freshest, and sending back what was left over. The branches felt very much revived as they were fed, grew very social, and began to tell of the pretty red dresses they would put on before long; red for the cool spring days, and afterward green for hot summer. They were merry planning their new wardrobes, I assure you; you could have heard it if you had had the right kind of ears.

Farmer Cheery came in from his barn chores.

"I say, wife, it's growing warm! Shouldn't wonder if the sap would run such weather as this; guess I must tap one tree and see."

So Farmer Cheery took his auger and went out into the maple orchard. It didn't take him long to make a little hole in one of the tree-trunks,

and put in a little spout; nor was it many minutes before drop by drop came the sap.

"Ah! that's fine!" said Farmer Cheery, and he went home in haste. The next we saw of him, he was driving out into the orchard with a load of one hundred and fifty clean, bright, tin sap-buckets and one hundred and fifty fresh little troughs. Then, in each one of his hundred and fifty maple-trees he bored a hole and put a trough in, and a bucket beneath to catch the sap as it came dropping out.

"Didn't it starve the poor little branches waiting for their food?"

Oh, no! There was enough for them left,—all they needed to keep them very fresh and make them grow. So many, many pailfuls ran up and down every day, that the one Farmer Cheery took would hardly be missed.

Every morning and night for two or three weeks, the good farmer might be seen with his great tank, clean at clean could be, driving around to collect the sap that had run out. He knew that one reason why maple sugar is sometimes dark-colored is because the pails and tanks that hold the sap are not washed thoroughly; so he took great pains with his. He knew, too, that if any water gets in, the sap must be boiled longer to make sugar

of it, and the longer it is boiled the darker it grows; so, if he saw a storm coming, he collected all the sap, and turned the buckets upside down till the rain was over.

Farmer Cheery had two great iron pots, which would hold,—oh, I don't dare tell you how many pailfuls,—a great, great many; and these very large pots hung from a beam in a shed. Under these he built a fire, and into it he poured his sap, stirring it while it boiled almost all day long. When he drew it off, such beautiful clear syrup I don't believe you ever saw. This he did two or three times each week for nearly a month; after that, the sap was not as good for people to use, though just what the little twigs needed as they grew older.

Some of his syrup the farmer put up in cans to send to the cities; some of it, he boiled more and more, so that it would be sugar when cooled. Then he poured it into pretty scolloped tins, to harden into the round cakes you like so much; and some of it his little grandchildren waxed on snow.

You don't know how that is?

Well, May packed a panful of snow, just as hard as she could crowd it in; then she smoothed off the top as even as a marble table, and she and Sally carried it to Granpa Cheery, who dropped upon their snow a spoonful of the hot syrup here and there. The little thin, waxy sheets of suddenly cooled syrup, picked up with a fork and eaten as soon as cool, made an excellent luncheon; and the children tugged their pan of snow around to give every one a taste, declaring that "sugar-season" was the very best time in the year.

"Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs," a story of early Christian life in Rome. Illustrated. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Halifax. Price 75 cents, with special discount to schools. Of the English edition of this book the Toronto *Globe* remarks: A recognized authority on all matters connected with the catacombs of Rome, Dr. Withrow has succeeded in laying all his admirers and all others who are interested in these marvellous excavations under fresh obligations by his beautiful story of "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs." A very graphic picture is given of the social and moral condition of old Rome in the days of the Emperor Galerius, and of the steadfast heroism which the Christians of those days so generally displayed. Dr. Withrow has woven together interesting facts and sweet fancies in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. In skilful hands there is no better means of conveying clear and forcible ideas of any epoch of history than a "story," and in this respect our author has succeeded admirably. This little book is replete with interest. There is not a dull page in it, but the reader is fascinated from first to last. Of books like this we cannot have too many. The good influence they exert is invaluable. "Valeria" should be in every Sunday-school library, or, better still, in the private collection of every child and young person.

"No, sir," said the man: "you needn't tell me a woman ever had her dress-pocket picked. I know I've tried for two hours to find the pocket of one of my wife's dresses, and had to give it up."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A remarkable pamphlet has recently been published in England, entitled, "The Bitter Cry of London." It describes the misery of the overcrowded poor of the world's greatest and its best city. It has roused the heart of England like the peal of a trumpet, and has set forth London caring for the poor. The following verses from *Parch*—an imitation of Mrs. Browning's "City of the Children"—voices the woes and miseries of the poor.

ED. PLEASANT HOURS.

Do you hear the people weeping, oh, my brothers,
In this London of unrest?
Do you see the tears down-falling from the mother
On the babies at their breast?
The world is full of joy and exultation,
And the City throbs with pride,
The metropolis and the magnates of the nation
Loving their riches far and wide;
But the poor, poor people, oh, my brothers,
You can see them crouching down,
Whilst the giddy whirl and noise of pleasure
Smothers
All the anguish of the Town!

Get you forth from out your palaces, and visit
Where and whence the sorrow comes
Round the corner, not so very distant is it
To the stews and 'o the slums!
Just a stone's throw from your dwelling, see
Them lying
Naked, starving on the floor,
In faint cries amidst the groaning of the dying,
Whilst the Landlord guards the door,
Out of work and out of heart, but where's the pity

For a pauper bruised and bent?
Not one curse has fallen yet upon the City
That has murder to repent?

Day by day they rise and journey forth and wander
To the work-yard and the docks,
Sneaking sadly past the millionaires' who squander,
And the fatalist who mocks:
And the women left behind them, wear their fingers
To the sinews and the bone,
Working sadly, whilst November daylight lingers,
Not for bread, but for a stone;
And the ragged children, huddled near their mothers,
Keep on starving in their cry.
Thus they live in tribulation, oh! my brothers,
Thus they mercifully die!

Grope your way up rotten staircases, and find them
By the dozen in a room.
'Tis but love and blind affection that can bind them
To this wretchedness and gloom.
See the mother round the dying cinders crooning,
See the father in despair,
See the daughter in consumption—she is swooning
From the foulness of the air,
Hear the coughing and the crying and the groaning
With the bare boards for a bed,
Get the heartache with their miserable moaning
"Give us bread! oh, give us bread!"

How long! How long! Oh, proud and mighty nation,
Will you coldly shut your ears
To this wailing cry of pain and tribulation
Welling up in London's tears?
Oh! how long to all this bitter crush of sorrow
Will you fasten up your door,
Putting off to an indefinite to-morrow
All your pity for your poor?
Have you comfort for yourselves and not for others?
And you careless of the future and its fate!
In the name of great humanity, my brothers,
Is it London that must wait!

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a competitive examiner. "In the night! how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you knew Rome wasn't built in a day!"

It is not what is said, but when it is said, that gives a word half its weight; and so the best way to be sure of saying cheering words at the right time, is to say them always.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN CANADA.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN CANADA—The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada was organized in 1824. It has a constituency of 1,192 travelling and 1,338 local preachers and 125,420 members. Secretary, Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, Canada. Publication: *The Missionary Outlook*, monthly, 40 cents a year. Receipts for year ending June, 1883, \$159,228.28 for Domestic, French, Indian and Foreign work. Expended for Indian work \$36,256.51; for foreign work in Japan and Bermuda, \$7,175.86. In Japan are three missionaries and their wives, and eight native missionaries, four of whom are ordained; one single foreign female missionary supported by the Woman's Missionary Society; 282 members. In Bermuda are four male missionaries and 562 members, but this is not a mission to the heathen.

WOMAN'S BOARD—Mrs. E. S. Strachan, Secretary, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Montreal Conference Branch, Mrs. W. S. Walker, Secretary, Ottawa, Canada. It supports a missionary and a school in Tokio, Japan.—*Gospel in all Lands*.

THE New Bridge across the Niagara River, which was tested the other day, is the first application of a new principle of bridge building ever made on this continent, and the completion of this bridge marks an era in long-span bridge building. The principle of the cantilever bridge is simply an application of the principle of the lever. Two levers are almost balanced over their respective fulcrums. The shore ends of the levers are fastened to an anchorage, which is made of sufficient weight to balance any passable load. The new Niagara bridge consists of two cantilevers, 395 feet long, resting upon two steel towers, which are 470 feet apart, and 132 feet in height, connected by an intermediate span 120 feet in length. The depth of the cantilever truss at the towers is 56 feet, at the shore end 21 feet, and at the river end 26 feet, thus making a truss of tremendous strength. During the test the river span of the double track bridge was covered with engines and gravel cars, and the bridge was only deflected three and a half inches, and as soon as the weight was removed it returned to its place. The steady growth in usefulness of mild steel is well proved by the fact that it has been used in very large quantities in this bridge to the entire exclusion of cast iron.

Sister Rednour's Sacrifice, with other sketches. By Mrs. C. F. Wilder. pp. 269. Cincinnati: Walden & Stone; Toronto: Wm. Briggs; price \$1.

This book will stimulate interest and effort in mission work. It consists of a score of brief, pithy sketches, some of which have had large circulation in some of the leading periodicals of Methodism. It is issued in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and is well fitted for reading in mission circles.

A PITTSBURGH druggist, being complimented on the beauty of his baby, replied; "It isn't my prettiest, but it is by pharmacutist."

SEAL-HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY THE REV. C. M. TATE,

Methodist Missionary at Bella-Bella, British Columbia.



GREAT many of the beautiful skins from which the ladies seal-skin jackets are made, come from the shores of British Columbia and Alaska. One of our missionaries who goes out to the hunting grounds every year can tell us about how they are caught, and the kind of people who catch them.

About the end of April nearly all the Indians from Bella Bella take their departure for the seal-hunting camp, which is on a little island away out in the Pacific Ocean. The place is named Goose Island, on account of it being a favourite place for wild geese to make their nests and hatch their young. There being but few people left at the mission, the missionary packs up his tent, blankets, a few cooking utensils, and some food, and camps among the people. Besides the above-named articles he takes some books, slates, and other school requisites, for the day-school must be kept up, although under very difficult circumstances, there being no school-house, and very little inclination on the part of the children to attend school where there is so much excitement. Besides the seal-hunting there is the gathering and drying of sea-weed, herring spawn, and certain barks and roots, all of which are used for food. Then the boys would rather seek for the nests of the wild geese than attend school; and the girls think there is more fun in helping to gather and dry the food than in learning to read and write.

The men and larger boys are the seal-hunters, and very hard, dangerous work they find it to be. The seals never come close to the shore, so they have to take their canoes and go many miles out to sea, sometimes entirely losing sight of the land. If the day be calm and warm, the seals come to the surface and sleep, and so soundly do they sleep that the Indians can get very close to them with their canoes. The next thing is either to throw the spear, or shoot them in the head. The Indians think shooting is the best because it kills them at once. If the huntsman misses his mark and merely wounds the seal, it will sink at once, when one of the most venturesome will jump overboard and dive down after it, and is very often successful in bringing it to the surface again. If the seal is not quite dead when they get hold of it, one of the Indians strikes it on the head with a club. When they get to shore again the skin is taken off and a thick layer of salt placed on the inside, after which it is laid away in a barrel ready for shipment to England, where it is dressed and made up into jackets. It is only on fine days that the Indians can go out, and sometimes they have to wait a week or more for a fine day. Occasionally Sunday will be a very fine day, when some of those who do not love God would like to go out, but are restrained by the Christian Indians. There is a heathen tribe about twelve miles distant who have no regard for the Sabbath, and go out on that day just the same as any other day, but are not any more successful than the

Christian Indians, as the following statement will show. A Bella-Bella chief who spent a Sabbath at the above-mentioned place said:

"On Sunday morning before daylight, a man went through the camp shouting to the hunters to get up as it was a calm day, and that they had better go out and take the seals which the Bella-Bellas ought to get, but which they would lose through being so foolish as to listen to the missionary, and rest on the Sabbath-day. So they all manned their canoes and off they started. It turned out to be a most beautiful day, just such a day as the seals like to come to the surface and bask in the sun. Those who remained at home kept saying, 'Our people will do well to-day.' Well, the day wore away and the sun sank in the calm waters of the Pacific Ocean, but none of the canoes had as yet returned, and not until midnight did the first one arrive. I got up and went to see how many seals they had caught, and was astonished to find an empty canoe. Some time afterwards another came in without a single seal. The next canoe had one, another had two; but the balance of the canoes were without any. It was about daylight before they all got home, and so tired that they did not care to go out again, although the day was equally fine. I hired some of those heathen men to take me to my own camp on Goose Island, and said to them as we paddled along, 'You thought the Bella-Bella people would lose by keeping God's day; but we shall soon see whether God helps His own people.' The canoes were just returning when we got to our camp, so we looked into the first and found five large seals, the next had seven, another ten, another twelve, and all were more or less successful. I said to those men, 'Now, you see God cares for those who keep His commandments.' They hung their heads and said nothing, but no doubt thought a great deal."

The Sabbath is a very happy day in the hunters' camp. It commences with a prayer-meeting at 6 a.m., in one of the large shanties. If the day be fine, the rest of the services are held under the trees, where the people all congregate, clean and neat in their attire, with hearts full of praise to God for all His mercies. The evening service is partly devoted to Christian experience, and it is cheering to the heart of the missionary to listen to the testimonies of these simple-minded people. Sometimes it feels like heaven below to look upon the grandeur of that beautiful island on a calm peaceful Sabbath-day and to listen to the songs of Zion as sung by our people. But when we think that just a few miles from us all kinds of heathenism is being practised, it makes us feel anxious for the salvation of those poor pagans.

We are thankful to the Sabbath-school children of Canada for having done so much to help the missionaries, and we would like to see them do more and more every year; for there are hundreds of Indians who have not yet heard the Gospel, and know nothing of Jesus and His love.

A LITTLE boy, running along the street, struck his toe and fell on the ground. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander, "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." Then he blubbered out, "I won't cry to-morrow, either."

CROWN HIM.

[In 1835, when Dr. Webb and other missionaries sailed, the last words they heard from their native land were, "Crown Him Lord of all."]]

THEY heaved their breaths that noble band,
To catch the last farewell;
The dear home shone receding fast
With every ocean swell
Above the city's noise and din
A song rose on the air
A song of triumph and of joy,
From loved ones gathered there.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"
And clear as bells of all,
The words came floating on the air,
"O, Crown Him Lord of all!"
They caught the spirit of the hymn,
Danget and death looked small
To those brave ones, who gave their lives
To crown Him Lord of all.

A Battle Hymn, that song sped on,
"The world for Christ," the call,
For every island of the sea
Shall crown Him Lord of all.
On Himalaya's sunny slope,
By Delhi's kingly wall,
They lay their lives down at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

The Southern Cross begins to bend,
The morning dawns at last,
Id land shrine, and mosque, and tower,
At Jesus' feet are cast
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,
Let every burden fall
Come cast your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- L. M. La'imer.

THE BROWN GIRLS' LEGACY.

A TRUE STORY.



ALE with fright, the two children sped toward home, never stopping until they were safe within their own garden fence. Then they sat down to rest and take breath.

"We must tell mother about it, though I am sure she will never let us go to Sunday-school again, it is so far and the wild beasts roar so loud."

"I'm sorry," said little Meta. "Oh, how they did roar! Wasn't it dreadful?" And the child threw her hands over her eyes, and then her ears, as though to shut out the horrid sound.

The Browns had moved to the west, and the children missed their Sunday-school. By much urging, they had permission to attend the nearest school, over four miles away.

Wild beasts still haunted this wild, unbroken country, and to-day the children had been dreadfully frightened. They knew full well that their Sunday service must be given up.

Helen was the first to speak.

"Do you remember the little books that our Sabbath-school teacher gave us at home?" She always spoke of the east as home. "Why can't we have Sunday-school all by ourselves? You and I can sing, and we will teach the other children. I'm sure mother will let us take the big Bible."

"Oh, yes," said Meta, drying her eyes. "And after you have read in the Bible and sung, then you will read from the little books; and we will give them for a library, won't we?"

Helen shrank a little from giving away her precious books, but Meta seemed so earnest that she consented.

The parents were interested, and before another Sunday came, all the children in the neighbourhood (there were but few) were interested in the novel plan.

It proved to be a beautiful day. A

small table was brought out to the east porch. The family Bible, a pile of little books, a Sabbath-school singing-book, and a bottle of flowers were placed upon it. Meta had said as she brought the wild flowers, "I'm sure God will be pleased to see we want His flowers at our little Sunday-school."

Helen conducted the meeting; and never did an ordained pastor carry more influence or throw more heart into his words than did this frail child of ten summers. She read, among other verses, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Who can blame her if a quiver of pain passed over her face as she thought of her precious books just sacrificed to the cause?

She was ashamed to find her eyes turned towards the little pile, and she set her lips firmly. She knew it was no time to waver.

The meetings went on for a year—always at the east porch in warm weather, and at other times in the big living room. Some kind friend gave them a rough box with a shelf, and a curtain in front, to keep the little library safe.

Time went on. The Sunday service grew until every family for miles around was represented. Still Helen read the Bible and the books, while all joined in singing. Surely, the Heavenly Father never looked upon a more earnest company of worshippers than the little assemblage at Baraboo. It was not until the influence became so strong that a chapel was built that Helen relinquished her pastorate.

She was now a stately maiden, and soon left the place for a home of her own.

It was six years afterward that Helen, revisiting the place, stood in the grand library room at the church, not the chapel; for they had been earnest workers and had a most beautiful place of worship.

"If you please, ma'am, these books are not to be taken from the room, though you can examine them here at your leisure." The librarian had noticed this stately lady gazing at the few small books in a side case.

He did not know that this noble-looking woman with iron-gray hair was the slender, pale-faced girl who read and sang with his own mother so many years ago.

"Why are these books kept so choice?" she asked.

"Because they were the first starting of this fine collection. They are called the 'Brown girls' legacy,' and were given by two small girls who, they say, laid the corner-stone of this church."

A flush came into the face, and a sweet smile lit up her eyes, as she drew a chair towards the little case, and one by one took down the worn and yellow books. Tears came to notice how neatly they had mended the torn leaves. On the fly-leaf she could trace her childhood's name.

As she remembered the struggle it had cost her to give up these precious books, she felt the force of the words of Jesus—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

It was election time, and little Glynn heard much talk about men who were running for office. One day, his mother noticing him run from one place to another, asked, "What are you playing now, Glynn?" He replied, "O, I am not playing at all, I am running for office."

THE PRINCESS ALICE.



HE life of the Princess Alice has just been published in Germany, with copious extracts from her own letters and those written by her mother to her. This princess, like the other daughters of Queen Victoria, had a strong intellect and much deep womanly feeling. The fact is now made public, for the first time, that for years her religious faith was clouded, she having fallen under the influence of Dr. Strauss, who was her personal friend.

She openly avowed her doubts of the existence of a God, and her determination to "seek truth through philosophy and through the intellect alone." She invited the most profound metaphysicians in Germany to her court, read the works of the most learned free-thinkers, but found no secure standing-ground. Soon after this time, her little son died, and a German friend who knew her intimately states that "she did now no longer speak as she had done. She confessed to me that she was changed, and I could not hear her story without tears." It was the death of her child which had changed her, and the homely counsels of a poor Scotch artist who gave her drawing lessons.

"The whole grand edifice of philosophical reasoning which I had erected dwindled to nothing at the touch of death," she said. "What would become of us in this life if we have not the belief that there is a God who rules over each of us? I weary for prayer; I love to sing hymns with my children."

This princess was devoted to her children, educating them herself in many branches of knowledge; and the letters now published, which passed between her mother and herself, are the simple, earnest utterances of two wise, good women, consulting together as to the best way to rear little children to be Christians, manly men and useful women.

In the Princess Alice's case, too, "the emphasis of death made manifest the eloquence of action in her life" to a singular degree. One of her children was dying of diphtheria, and the mother refused to give up her post at its bedside. The child, with its last breath, held out its arms, moaning, "Kiss me, mamma." The physician interfered, knowing that the kiss would probably be fatal, but the mother could not resist the call. She kissed the child, and drew in death with that last breath.

Such books as this memoir will do good, not by increasing the silly awe with which many ignorant people regard royal personages, but by showing how precisely the same pains and passions, the same doubts and hopes, rack their hearts as are suffered by the poorest. The history of this princess, loving her children with passionate ardor, giving her life for them, doubting God in her days of happiness, and seeking Him with repentance and tears at the side of her dead baby, is that of many a poor woman whose life will always be humble and obscure.

Whether we wear rags or royal purple, we travel the same road after all, to the same gate and single beacon at the end.

MANY delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It latches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy, or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a lorry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache
can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget it;
And no longer tearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for
yet.

WEEKLY REST.



RECOLLECT hearing Lord Shaftesbury speak in London of attending a costermonger's exhibition of the donkeys with which they drag about their little barrows of provisions and merchandise. He said there were fifty donkeys exhibited, looking as sleek and beautiful as if they had come out of the queen's stables; and the man told him without his asking them that every one of these donkeys had, each week, twenty-four consecutive hours of rest, and, as a consequence, they could travel thirty miles a day with their loads for six days in a week, while donkeys which were driven seven days in the week could not travel more than fifteen miles a day. Of course a skeptic would sneer at the idea that religion and divine revelation had anything to do with donkeys or that donkeys had any concern in the law of God. But the Creator understood very well what was good for a donkey, and so he put the donkey into the commandment. "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Deuteronomy v. 14. The Lord well knew that a donkey would do more work in a week if he worked six days than he would if he worked seven days. He made provision that the donkey should have his weekly rest.—Rev. H. L. Hastings.

HOW SLATES ARE MADE.



THE quarrymen in the neighbourhood of Delaware Water Gap, in Pennsylvania, have peculiar chisels with which they break off from the rock long and thin slabs of slate. These slabs which are generally about six feet in length and two feet wide, are cut by saws into the required sizes. Then the pieces are smoothed by means of cutters. Thus prepared, the wooden frames are fixed in their places, and with a little finishing, the slates are ready for the girls and boys. One small factory near the Gap turns off 2,500 slates every week day in the year.

COME UNTO ME.

BY MAUDE SPURGEON.

A SWEETER song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest, or sage,
A song which thro' all heaven has rung,
And down thro' all the ages,
A precious strain of sweet accord,
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord;
List as it vibrates full and free,
Oh, grieving heart, "Come unto me!"

O, wise provision, sweet command,
You hasten'd the weak and weary;
A friend to find on either hand,
A sight for prospect dreary,
A friend who knows our bitter need,
Of each and every taking heed;
Who calls to every soul oppressed,
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

"Come unto me," The way's not long,
His hands are stretched to meet thee;
Now send thy throbbing list the song
Which everywhere shall greet thee;
Here at His feet your burden lay;
Why teach it bend an other day,
Since one so loving calls to thee,
"Oh heavy laden come to me!"

A sweeter song than e'er was sung,
By poet, priest, or sage,
A song which thro' all heaven has rung,
And down thro' all the ages—
How can we turn from such a strain,
Or longer wait to ease our pain?
Oh, draw us closer, Lord, that we
May find our sweetest rest in thee.

ROYAL CHRISTIAN.

KING GEORGE III., desiring that himself and family should repose in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than that of Westminster, had ordered the tomb-house at Windsor to be constructed, and Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty. The King went minutely through the whole; and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking his Majesty, said, apologetically, he had ventured to occupy so much of his Majesty's time and attention with these details, in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject again under his notice. To this the King replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go."

VARIETIES

PRESIDENT GREVY, of France, is a great coffee drinker—when he can get coffee fit to drink. Calling one day at a country hotel for a cup, he asked, "Have you any chicory?" "Yes, sir." "Bring me some." The landlord brought a small can full. "Is that all you have?" "No, sir; we have a little more." "Well, let me have it too." Another can was brought. "Positively, this is every grain you have?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; now go and make me a cup of coffee!"

A LITTLE four-year-old young American went to hear a young preacher, and on his way home was asked what the preacher said, and replied: "He didn't say nuffin; he just hollered, and hollered, and hollered."

A LITTLE Alabama girl, three years old, on going to the window early one very foggy morning, cried out, "O, come here and look, mamma! The sky is all crammed down to the ground. Again, when watching the cook skin some squirrels, her mother called to her to know what she was doing, she replied, "I am seeing cook peel these cats!"

HER father stood at the gate talking with a gentleman and the seven-year old miss threw out several hints about supper being ready, without success. At length, anxious and impatient, she called out from the side stoop: "Papa, if you don't come right in to supper the ice cream will all get cold!"

MR. SPURGEON, in a recent sermon, is reported to have said: "It was the glory of the Moravians that all their members were missionaries; and such ought to be the glory of every Church. Every man, woman, and child in the Church should take part in the battle for Jesus."

A PREACHER remarked last Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

MANNERS are not morals. But manners and morals are never far apart.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 52.] LESSON XI. [March 16.
THE COMING OF THE LORD.

1 Thess. 4. 13-18 and 5. 1-5. Commit to memory vs. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 1 Thess. 4. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Light of Prophecy, v. 13-5.
2. The Children of Light, v. 4-5.

TIME.—A. D. 52.

PLACE.—This epistle was written, while Paul was at Corinth, to the Church at Thessalonica.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Them which are asleep*—Christians who have died. *Ye sorrow not*—Followers of Christ are not to sorrow for those who have died in Christ, though they may mourn the loss of them. *No hope*—No one has a true hope for the dead except through Christ. *Will God bring*—They will come when Jesus comes in glory. *We which are alive*—Paul did not mean that he would surely be alive when Christ should come, but spoke of the Church as one at all times. *Shall not prevent*—Those living when Christ comes shall not have advantage over those who have died. *Descend from heaven*—At his second coming. *Archangel*—The head of the angelic host. *To meet the Lord*—The risen dead and the changed living shall meet their Lord together. *Times and seasons*—No one knows the time of the Saviour's coming. *Thief in the night*—That is, suddenly and unexpectedly. *They shall say*—Those who believe not in Christ. *Children of light*—That is, having knowledge of the Gospel and its teachings. *Not sleep*—By being careless of eternal things. *Watch*—By being in readiness to meet Christ at all times. *Be sober*—Living careful lives as in God's sight. *Helmet*—The ancient armour for the head.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The resurrection of the body?
2. The everlasting happiness of believers?
3. The duty of living right daily?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What, in substance, does the apostle say in regard to our feeling toward the dead? "Sorrow not, for ye have hope." 2. On what do we base this hope? That Jesus died and rose again. 3. What is said concerning the times and the seasons of Christ's second coming? There is no need that we know. 4. But in anticipation of Christ's second

coming what shall we do? "Watch and be sober." 5. What should be our breastplate? Faith and love. And our helmet? The hope of salvation.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The second advent of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

23. If after prayerful and patient study and inquiry we still find difficulties in the Bible, how must we deal with them?

We cannot expect to know all things while we live in this world, nor fully to understand all that has been made known. [1 Corinthians xiii. 10.]

24. What is the Catechism? A book which teaches by question and answer according to the ancient method of the Christian Church. [Luke i. 4; Proverbs xxii. 6, 21.]

25. What does the Catechism teach? The main doctrines and duties of religion, set in order and proved by texts of Scripture.

A. D. 53.] LESSON XII. [March 23.

CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE.

2 Thess. 5. 1-18. Commit to memory vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not weary in well-doing. 2 Thess. 3. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian Prayer, v. 1-5.
2. The Christian Fellowship, v. 6-7.
3. The Christian Walk, v. 8-15.
4. The Christian Salutation, v. 16-18.

TIME.—A. D. 53.

PLACE.—This epistle was written by Paul from Corinth in Greece.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Free course*—"May run," is the meaning. *All men have not faith*—Not all are willing to believe. *Lord is faithful*—We can depend upon God, though not always upon men. *Love of God*—The love of our hearts to God. *Patient waiting*—This means rather "a patience like Christ." *Withdraw*—Avoid, keep away from. *Walketh disorderly*—Does not live according to the rules of the Gospel. *Tradition*—Here meaning the teaching of the apostle. *Follow us*—Paul could point to his own example among them. *Wrought*—Working at his trade of tent-making. *Power*—Paul had the right to claim a support while preaching the Gospel, but did not ask it. *Not work, neither should he eat*—If a man is not willing to work he has no claim to be supported. *Busybodies*—Idle people, busy in other people's affairs. *Well-doing*—Doing right and doing good. *Note that man*—Observe who it is that does not obey the commands of the apostle. *Ashamed*—Made to feel his own wrong-doing. *Miner own hand*—A sentence written by Paul's own hand, as the rest of the epistle was written through a scribe or writer.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To shun evil companions?
2. To set a good example for others?
3. To avoid idleness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what should we pray? The advancement of Christ's kingdom. 2. Who is always faithful? The Lord. 3. What is the apostle's prayer? "The Lord direct your hearts." 4. What does the apostle command the disorderly and lazy to do? To work. 5. What does he say to the workers? "Be not weary in well-doing."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of the Church.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

26. How should you learn it? By committing it to memory, with its holy texts, and by hearkening to my teacher's instruction concerning it.

27. What do you understand by the Creed? A form of words giving the sum of what I must believe.

28. Recite the Apostles' Creed. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

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