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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1884.

No. 10.

NO DANGER.

"ALL take good care of number one;
To him I surely am no stranger.
I love to see the cider run;
I drink it too—there is no danger."

So said the youth, and drained the cup
Until his mouth and eyes grew wider.
"No harm can come from such a cup
Of apple-juice, delicious cider!"

He drank until his eyes grew red;
But lo! the lad so gay and frisky
Remained all night within a shed,
Beside a bloated cask of whiskey.

All said it was a pity that
The tavern was so nigh and handy
For cider to the youth was flat,
And so he got supplies of brandy.

Seasons rolled round, and he was found
Dead drunk beneath a horse's manger;
And now he sleeps beneath the mound,
Because he could not see the danger.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

WE have frequently spoken,
in PLEASANT HOURS, of
this beautiful charity.

We have had the pleasure of receiving from the readers of this paper considerable sums for its maintenance. We wish now to make a few extracts from its last year's Report. It must be remembered that the sustenance of the hospital is entirely a work of faith. All the moneys received come voluntarily, in answer to prayer, as God prompts the hearts of the givers. The motto of the hospital is—

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."
"My God shall supply all your need."—Ph. iv. 6, 19.

The report begins as follows: Eight years! nearly nine! since we first opened the Hospital for the reception of children suffering from disease or curable deformity.

It is our great privilege in these Reports, year by year, to bear testimony to the truthfulness of God's promises; and any one who will read carefully the Secretary's Diary, will see how there has "failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken" (Josh. xxi. 45).

God's promises remain true; and only those who have tried them know the richness of them; and the unlimited supplies always forthcoming from His great storehouse, ready ever to open wide at the "Ask, and ye shall receive."

Since writing the last Report, we have received from our God \$6,492 61 in answer to prayer, besides the \$2,000 for the Convalescent Home. Our

meetings for prayer are still held every Friday morning at 11 o'clock; and we welcome any one who would like to join us. Here we not only ask for our daily bread, but "requests for prayer" sent to us, are always laid before our loving Father; and we wait and watch for the answer.

The ladies of the Committee wished very much to have a summer home on the Island opposite Toronto, and made

the Toronto *Telegram*, afterwards increased his gift to \$2,000.

God opened the hearts of every one. The plans of the building were given by the architect, Mr. Mark Hall, who also overlooked the whole work; and Mr. John Withrow gave his valuable services, until the whole was completed; sending in as a donation a large refrigerator, which proved a great boon during the warm weather. The



CANADIAN CHILDREN'S COT, CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

it a subject of special prayer. A gentleman called to say he would give \$1000 towards building a Convalescent Home on the Island, if the city would grant the land—we had only thought of renting a house for that purpose; and taking over a few children at a time; but this is another proof of His willingness "to give abundantly above all that we can ask or think." This gentleman, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of

contractors did their work faithfully, giving us a good substantial building for the money.

In HOME AND SCHOOL, for next week, we will give a picture of the Island Home, and tell how the children got there and enjoyed themselves.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Her Royal Highness, when in To-

ronto, received the address of the citizens in the Park; and our little ones were placed at every window with flags in order to see her drive by. They were lifted from their beds, still wearing their night clothes, and bright red jackets; and were comfortably tucked round with quilts. The carriage at last drove by; they had "waved" to her and were satisfied, when a commotion was heard down stairs. Miss Fowler, fearing some accident had taken place, and that her help was needed, hurried from the ward, and just met Her Royal Highness on the stairs on her way up. She had been graciously pleased to ask for the Children's Hospital, and had her carriage turned round, arriving unexpectedly upon such a scene as is seldom presented to the eye of one holding so exalted a position.

She entered the Ward enjoying heartily Nurse Robinson's discomfort, who, from her lofty seat on the table, and with a helpless child on either knee, could not move. Such a scampering into cots of those who could help themselves, and a gentle laying down of the feeble ones as there was, and while little eyes were gazing their fill at her lovely sympathetic face, Alice struck up "God Save the Queen," and they all sang heartily. She remained quite a time talking to each little one, being specially tender to those who were suffering. After she left, she was pleased to express the pleasure the visit had given her, and to remark that "the little ones looked supremely happy."

To all who have helped in the work of making our sick ones happy, we would say, "God bless you! We cannot do this work without you." To those who from time to time regularly come to teach the sufferers long confined in bed, not only to read, write and sew, but also the "Way of Salvation," we say, "we pray for you that your work may bring forth much fruit." And to the ladies who every Wednesday come to make and mend, often very old garments, we say, "though your work is not interesting it is for Jesus, who views it as done to Himself." "Ye did it unto Me;" and who, when He comes, will bring "His reward with Him," even for those who but give "a cup of cold water in His Name."

The editor of PLEASANT HOURS had the pleasure of forwarding to the Hospital, from the Rev. Benjamin Hills, of Southampton, N.S., \$50, the dying bequest of his little daughter, Mamie, aged 14, who had read about

the Hospital in PLEASANT HOURS. The Secretary wrote to Mr. Hills, acknowledging the money, and asking to be allowed to name a Cot in memory of his little girl. The following letter is from Mrs. Hills:

"Dear Madam,— * * * I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you have so kindly offered to keep a Cot in memory of my daughter. It will seem that in that way we may yet do something for her sweet sake. I should be glad if we could afford to support the "Cot" entirely; but this is quite beyond our means. Still our warmest sympathies and deep interest will impel us to do gladly all we can. Will you accept from time to time such small donations as we may be able to send for 'Mamie's Cot.' I could tell you much of the precious little daughter, whose heart was so full of love and sympathy for all who suffered; but in a special way she was interested in your Hospital, from reading accounts of it in PLEASANT HOURS, and it seemed a real pleasure for her to share her little fortune with the 'Hospital' and 'Indian Girls' Home;' only she used to say, 'I wish I had more money for the 'Hospital,' but I hope to give myself to the 'Indian Mission.' When she knew that her life work was done, she left these two interests in charge of her little brothers, Pierson and Aubrey, telling them that they must try to do the work which she had hoped to do for the dear Saviour, and I am sure they will not forget. They hope in a few days to send some 'scrap books,' which they have been interested in preparing, as Christmas gifts, for any of the dear children in your charge. I know, however, that in future the occupant of 'Mamie's Cot' will be sure of a special interest, and will be the object of our united care, a sort of loving duty for Mamie's sake. * * * Let me assure you, that in our distant home your 'work and labour of love' is often remembered, and my heart fills with loving gratitude to God, who has made it possible that one little sufferer shall have tender care and comfort in the Hospital for Mamie's sake." * * *

The Secretary adds: We put poor little Bessie in this cot as being one of the most deplorable cases in our Hospital, and a motherless child.

The picture on the first page shows one of these cots.

We have received from Miss Gussie Parkinson, Norway House, one of the most northern missions of Methodism in the North-West Territory, the sum of \$2 for the relief of some little "Dot." The allusion is to the charming story of "Dot" published in this paper. We have pleasure in forwarding the amount to the Children's Hospital.—ED. PLEASANT HOURS.

"I 'hev allus noticed," observes Aunt Tabitha, "that the boy who lets his nother bring in all, the kindlin'-wood and build the kitchen fire is the mourner that bellers loudest at her funeral." And then she added thoughtfully: "Mebbe as not it is because he misses her the most."

As a part of the marriage ceremony in Servia the Bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. It might be well to introduce some such custom in this country.

TO THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

YE dark, mysterious wires — which, changeless, cast Your slender outlines 'gainst the clear blue sky,

Why are ye potent all our lives to blast, And fill our souls with fiercest agony! Ye are the bars, on which the chords of woe Wait out their mournful tones upon the ear, Ye waft the stern, sad messages, which go To desolate households in their swift career. To rend our bosoms with a mortal smart, Thy winged shaft a gentle hand controls; Then the barbed lightning pierceth to our heart

The cold, hard iron, entereth our souls, Death's swift, stern chronicler! On fiery wing Space lies before thee like a thing of nought: As each new victim feels the mortal sting, Bear'st record of the woe and misery wrought. Mothers, wives, children, husbands, fathers — all,

In their drear turn must listen to the tale Which o'er life's brightness throws its sombre pall,

And turns its music to the mourner's wail One wire bears on the messages of woe, Another swift responds to pleasure's call, The lights and shadows shift, and come and go Like magic pictures cast upon the wall. This marvellous "singing-wire," in mid-air hung,

Echoes the sighing zephyrs wandering by, While strains Eolian on the breeze are hung, As the winds' pinions move mysteriously. When Franklin drew the lightning from the sky,

Bowed this erratic wanderer to his will, Little he presaged Morse's victory, Or the grand climax of man's Heaven-born skill.

But Job knew, in the hoary days of yore, The lightnings swift would answer, "Here we are;"

Saw, in prophetic vision, long before, Proud Science ride on her triumphal car, 'Round earth, engirdled with a zone of wire, Whose whispers thunder in the nation's ears; When one small spark of the electric fire, By one light stroke achieves the work of years!

ADDRESS OF MR. JUSTICE ROSE TO THE RENFREW GRAND JURY.

CRIME AND THE TRADE IN STRONG DRINK.

AT the Pembroke Assizes the Grand Jury made their presentment. They congratulated Mr. Justice Rose on his elevation to the bench. In the course of his reply Mr. Justice Rose, referring to the cause of crime, said, "I was not a very strong temperance man until I assumed my official duties; and in consideration of the position in which I have been placed I feel it is my duty to endeavour to lessen the temptation which is thrown in the way of our weaker fellow-men. I would be glad to see all saloons done away with. I see no reason why they should exist. They are simply a temptation to drink, without any resulting benefit. If a man wishes to have liquor in his own house, I would not advocate restraining him of his personal private license; but why we should have temptation placed at every corner of the street to tempt the weaker ones into the dens of iniquity, to take away their reason and their property, to destroy their homes and their families, I have not yet been able to understand. I have passed up and down Church-street, in Toronto, for fourteen or fifteen years, and it has been a painful thing to see young men on their way down to business stop and turn into a saloon, and the same thing on their way back at night. How much trouble and sorrow this brings to their families God only knows, and why this state of things should be allowed to continue in a community calling itself Christian I am unable to understand."

His Lordship went on to speak approvingly of the recent action in Toronto, with regard to grocers' liquor licenses, and expressed a hope that similar action would be taken in other places.

RECRUITS FOR JAPAN.

THE appointment of the Rev. Dr. Cochran as Principal of the proposed College in Japan, is in accordance not only with the judgment of the Committee, but also with the judgment of the brethren now in the field, and the native converts as well. It is the Doctor's purpose (D. V.) to give to this grand enterprise the remainder of his working days.

RECRUITS.

Of the two young men who go for the evangelistic work, we entertain high hopes. Bro. Freeman has spent long years in preparation, desiring to qualify himself, as far as study could do it, for the widest usefulness. He will take his B.D. degree at the approaching convocation, and having finished his probation as a candidate for the ministry, is eligible for ordination. Bro. Cocking is the son of a foreign missionary, who spent his life in India. He was educated at the famous Kingwood School, and feeling strongly drawn to the foreign work, has offered for Japan. Bro. Whittington, whose work will be in the College, has special fitness for the post. A graduate of some years' standing, with experience in teaching and a fondness for metaphysical studies, he will be in his element in the Japan College. We need hardly bespeak for the mission party the fervent prayers of the entire Church. The present is a critical hour for Japan, and the next few years must determine whether the drift of her civilization shall be Christian or infidel. "Japan," lately wrote a veteran Missionary from China, "is the weak point in Satan's empire, and now is the time to throw in reinforcements." — *Missionary Outlook.*

VENTILATING ROOMS.

IT is possible to meet with people who will nail up all the windows in winter; fire up the stove to a red heat; sit by it in hopeless terror of the cold without, and so lead a miserable life enough. But a free passage of air is as necessary in winter as in summer, and to do without ventilation in your room means not to heighten but to lower the temperature of your body.

Vitiated air absorbs the necessary material for the lungs to breathe; these do not transmit so much burning material, or oxygen, into the body, the burning process cannot go on so well, and heat is not evolved. No dwelling can possibly be healthy unless fresh atmospheric air is admitted now and then, and the particles which are not required are ejected, while fresh oxygen is admitted. If you wish really to create healthy warmth in your dwelling, ventilate it daily in the middle of the day for a short time, and never allow the exhausted air to remain in it from day to day.

Both for living and sleeping rooms this is a necessity, and especially for children and growing persons. It is of the highest importance that work-rooms, school-rooms, public places and churches should be well ventilated in

winter, for only by warming pure air can we enjoy real warmth.

Our forefathers admitted air in their wide, large rooms, and met it more boldly without; windows and doors were not so faultless as ours and were natural ventilators. In our day we can no longer bear this, as our habits are changed; but we should thoroughly understand that no amount of "codling" can help us. Warm air, to do good, must be as pure as possible, for only then will it communicate vitality and fresh burning material to our blood and keep up the temperature of our body.—*Mrs. A. Lewis.*

THE CONCEITED GRASSHOPPER.

HERE was a little grasshopper Forever on the jump; And as he never looked ahead, He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day, As they were in the stubble, "If you don't look before you leap, You'll get yourself in trouble."

The silly little grasshopper Despised his wise old mother, And said he knew what best to do, And bade her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields— An unknown path he took— When, oh! he gave a heedless jump, And landed in a brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank— A floating straw he seizes— When quick a hungry trout darts out, And tears him all to pieces.

Good little boys and girls, heed well Your mother's wise advice; Before you move, look carefully, Before you speak, think twice.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IN a railway car a man, about 60 years old, came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "and have just returned from my fifteenth voyage across the Atlantic. About 30 years ago I was a sot; shipped, while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, when I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. 'My boy,' she said, 'I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said, 'I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kinds of life and men—they laughed at me as a milk-sop and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he. My companion took it, and he added, 'It has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife, and children at home, and I have helped others.'

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more He who sees all can alone tell.

A MOTHER'S ANSWER—A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY LILLIE E. BARR, IN "CHRISTIAN UNION."

VER the lofty Ben-Lomond,
The charm of the sunset fell;
And sweet in the purple twilight
The chime of the old kirk bell.
And lo! in the grassy kirk-yard
Was the white-haired Dommo;
Men and women on either hand,
And the children at his knee.

And there, in the still, warm evening,
Low sitting among the dead,
The good man took the Sacred Book,
And the trial of Abraham read.
Until in the solemn shadows,
The sorrow grew wondrous near—
Fathers looked at their own bright sons,
And the mothers dropped a tear.

Thoughtful all sat a little space,
And then the Dommo said:
"David, could'st thou have done this thing?"
And the old man bowed his head,
And standing up with lifted face,
Answered, "I think I could,
For I have found thro' eighty years
That the Lord our God is good!"

"Janet, you've been a mother oft,
Could your faith have stood this test?"
She raised her grandchild in her arms,
And he held it to her breast—
"God knows a mother's love," she said,
While the tears dropped from her eyes,
"And never from a mother's heart
Would have asked such sacrifice."

"Oh, mother wise," the preacher said,
"Oh, mother wise and good!
A deeper depth than man can reach
Thy heart hath understood.
Take Janet's sermon with you, friends,
And as your years go by,
Believe our Father no poor soul
Beyond its strength will try."

A CANADIAN PIONEER.



Mr. Goldwin Smith truly remarked, on Toronto's Semi-Centennial Day, the noblest chapters in the history of Canada are buried in the graves of the early pioneers throughout this land. For lack of the sacer vates their very names are forgotten. We cannot be too grateful when one of these pioneers leaves us a record of the early days of Canada. It is peculiarly rare to find one of the literary merit of Mr. Thompson's volume.* It is the best account of pioneer life that we know. The sketches—of Toronto of old, of Rebellion days, civic memories, and the like—make it a very appropriate semi-centennial volume. The poetical contributions exhibit superior ability.

The following is an extract from this book:—

A CHAPTER ON CHOPPING.

Imagine yourself, gentle reader, who have perhaps passed most of your days between the wearisome confinement of an office or counting house, and a rare holiday visit of a few days or weeks at your cousin's or grandfather's pleasant farm in the country—imagine yourself, I say, transplanted to a "home" like ours. No road approaches within ten miles; no footpath nearer than half that distance; the surveyor's blaze is the sole distinctive mark between the adjoining lots and your own; there are trees innumerable—splendid trees—beech, maple, elm, ash, cherry—above and around you, which, while you are wondering what on earth to

do with them, as you see no chance of conveying them to market for sale, you are horrified to hear, must be consumed by fire—yea, burnt ruthlessly to ashes, and scattered over the surface of the earth as "good manure;" unless indeed—a desperately forlorn hope—you may "some day" have an opportunity of selling them in the shape of potash, "when there is a road out" to some navigable lake or river.

Well, say you, let us set to work and chop down some of these trees. Softly, good sir. In the first place, you must underbrush. With an axe or a strong, long handled bill-hook, made to be used with both hands, you cut away for some distance round—a quarter or half an acre perhaps—all the small saplings and underwood which would otherwise impede your operations upon the larger trees.

When you have finished "underbrushing," you stand with whetted axe, ready and willing to attack the fathers of the forest—but stay—you don't know how to chop! Observe—you strike your axe, by a dexterous swing backwards and round over your shoulder,—take care there are no twigs near you, or you may perhaps hurt yourself seriously—you strike your axe into the tree with a downward slant, at about thirty inches from the ground; then, by an upward stroke you meet the former incision and release a chip, which flies out briskly. Thus you proceed, by alternate downward and upward or horizontal strokes on that side of the tree which leans over, or towards which you wish to compel it to fall, until you have made a clear gap rather more than half way through, when you attack it in rear.

Now for the reward of your perspiring exertions—a few well-aimed blows on the reverse side of the tree, rather than in front, and the vast mass "totters to its fall,"—another for the coup-de-grace—crack! crack! cra-a-ack!—aha!—away with you behind yon beech—the noble tree bows gently its leafy honours with graceful sweep towards the earth—for a moment slowly and leisurely, presently with giddy velocity, until it strikes the ground, amidst a whirlwind of leaves, with a loud thud, and a concussion both of air and earth, that may be felt at a considerable distance. You feel yourself a second David, who has overthrown a mightier Goliath.

Now do you step exultingly upon the prostrate trunk, which you forthwith proceed to cut up into about fourteen-foot lengths, chopping all the branches close off, and throwing the smaller on to your brush piles. To an experienced axe-man, the first attempts at chopping afford a ready text for all kinds of ironical comments upon the unworkmanlike appearance of the stamps and "cuts," which are generally—like those gnawn off by beavers in making their dams—haggled all round the tree, instead of presenting two clear smooth surfaces, in front and rear, as if sliced off with a knife. Your genuine axeman is not a little jealous of his reputation as a "clean cutter"—his axe is always bright as burnished silver, guiltless of rust or flaw, and fitted with a handle which, with its graceful curve and slender proportions, is a tolerable approach to Hogarth's "line of beauty;" he would as soon think of deserting his beloved "bush" and settling in a town! as trust his keen weapon in the hands of inexperience or even mediocrity. With

him every blow tells—he never leaves the slightest chip in the "cut," nor makes a false stroke, so that in passing your hand over the surface thus left, you are almost unable to detect roughness or inequality.

But we must return to our work, and take care in so doing to avoid the mishap which befel a settler in our neighbourhood. He was busy chopping away manfully at one of those numerous trees which, yielding to the force of some sudden gust of wind, have fallen so gently among their competitors, that the greater portion of their roots still retains a powerful hold upon the soil, and the branches put forth their annual verdure as regularly as when erect. Standing on the recumbent trunk, at a height of five or six feet from the ground, the man toiled away, in happy ignorance of his danger, until having chopped nearly to the centre on both sides of the tree, instead of leaping off and completing the cut in safety on terra firma, he dealt a mighty stroke which severed at once the slight portion that remained uncut—in an instant, as if from a mortar, the poor fellow was launched sixteen feet into the air, by the powerful elasticity of the roots, which, relieved from the immense weight of the trunk and branches, reverted violently to their natural position, and flung their innocent releaser to the winds. The astonished chopper, falling on his back, lay stunned for many minutes, and when he was at length able to rise, crawled to his shanty sorely bruised and bewildered. He was able, however, to return to his work in a few days, but not without vowing earnestly never again to trust himself next the root.

There are other precautions to be observed, such as whether the branches interlock with other trees, in which case they will probably break off, and must be carefully watched, lest they fall or are flung back upon oneself—what space you have to escape at the last moment—whether the tree is likely to be caught and twisted aside in its fall, or held upright, a very dangerous position, as then you must cut down others to release it, and can hardly calculate which way it will tend: these and many other circumstances are to be noted and watched with a cool judgment and steady eye, to avoid the numerous accidents to which the inexperienced and rash are constantly exposed.

It invariably astonishes new comers to observe with what dexterity and ease an axeman will fell a tree in the precise spot which he wishes it to occupy so as to suit his convenience in cutting it up, or in removing it by oxen to the log-pile where it is destined to be consumed. If it should happen to overhang a creek or "swale" (wet places where oxen cannot readily operate), every contrivance is resorted to, to overcome its apparently inevitable tendency. Choosing a time when not a breath of air is stirring to defeat his operations, or better still, when the wind is favourable, he cuts deeply into the huge victim on the side to which he wishes to throw it, until it actually trembles on the slight remaining support, cautiously regulating the direction of the "cut" so that the tree may not overbalance itself—then he gently falls among its branches on the reverse side all the smaller trees with which it may be reached—and last and boldest expedient of all, he cuts several

"spring poles"—trimmed saplings from twenty to forty feet in length and four to eight inches thick—which with great care and labour are set up against the stem, and by the united strength and weight of several men used as spring levers, after the manner in which ladders are employed by firemen to overthrow tottering stacks of chimneys; the squared end of these poles holding firmly in the rough bark, they slowly but surely compel the unwilling monster to obey the might of its hereditary ruler, man. With such certainty is this feat accomplished, that I have seen a solitary pine, nearly five feet thick and somewhere about a hundred and seventy feet in height, forced by this latter means, aided by the strength of two men only, against its decided natural bearing, to fall down the side of a mound, at the bottom of which a saw-pit was already prepared to convert it into lumber. The moment when the enormous mass is about yielding to its fate, is one of breathless interest—it sways alarmingly, as if it must inevitably fall backward, crushing poles and perhaps axemen to atoms in its overwhelming descent—ha! there is a slight cat's paw of air in our favour—cling to your pole—now! an inch or two gained!—the stout stick trembles and bends at the revulsive sway of the monstrous tree but still holds its own—drive your axe into the back cut—that helps her—again, another axe! so! the first is loose—again!—she must go—both axes are fixed in the cut as immovably as her roots in the ground—another puff of wind—she sways the wrong way—no, no! hold on—she cracks—strike in again the slackened axes—bravo! one blow more—quick, catch your axe and clear out!—see! what a sweep—what a rush of wind—what an enormous top—down! down! how beautifully she falls—hurrah! just in the right place!

PROGRESS OF THE PACIFIC.

M. R. W. C. VAN HORNE, General Manager of the Canadian Pacific, says it is expected that the road will be completed all the way from Montreal to the Pacific coast by the end of next year. Nearly 10,000 men are now at work on the line around the north shore of Lake Superior. Work on this section has been prosecuted all the winter. Work has also been resumed on the western extension, which is now completed to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, 962 miles west of Winnipeg, or 1,100 miles west from Lake Superior. Only 290 remain yet to be completed between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. Regarding the emigrant business this season, Mr. Van Horne states that, owing to the reduction of emigrant rates on seaboard business by this Company, to \$9.75 from Montreal to Winnipeg, a large proportion of the foreign emigration is expected to settle along the line of the road.

"SURE, Mrs. McGinnis, an' it's rather poorly your lookin' this mornin'." Mrs. McGinnis—"Indade, thin, Mrs. Mallory, an' it's good reason I'm having to look poorly. Here's the postman just been to the doore to tell me there's a dead letter waitin' for me at the post office, an' I can't fur the life of me think who it is that's dead."

* Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer for the last Fifty Years. An Autobiography. By Samuel Thompson. Pp. 392. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds,
And ruler of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it,
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it,
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it.
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1884.

RECENT TEMPERANCE BOOKS.

WE rejoice at the great temperance revival that is spreading over the land. One of its most hopeful features is the increased diffusion of temperance literature. We hope the Minister of Education will authorize for use in the schools a good temperance text book, as requested by a deputation from the Woman's Temperance Union, sustained, as they were, by a petition of 4,000 names. For this purpose Mr. Platt's *Temperance Primer* (W. J. Gage & Co., price 20 cents.) is admirably adapted. It is concise, clear, and simple; and boys and girls early instructed by such books in the physical and moral evils of intemperance are in little danger of becoming drunkards.

The London National Temperance Publication Society is doing a grand work by the dissemination of sound, cheap and attractive temperance literature. Among its recent issues are the following:

The Pledged Eleven; or, Valentine's Broken Vows. By Maggie Fearn, pp. 214. This is a very attractive temperance story, handsomely illustrated, and bound in green and gold and silver. It describes the downward career of victims of intemperance, how some of

them are saved "Lo, as by fire," and how the "pledged eleven," once a roystering club, are rebanded on the principles of temperance and morality. The National Temperance Publication Society are rendering most valuable service to the cause, by the issue of such excellent books.

The National Temperance Mirror. The annual volume of their Illustrated Temperance Magazine is a very attractive book, whose handsome exterior, pictures, stories and sketches will carry temperance sentiment to many a home.

Little Joe, and Malcom's Enemy, two interesting stories from the same house, are well adapted for Sunday-school libraries. These libraries should have an ample supply of live temperance books. We would mention as two books which should be in every Canadian school, Seymour's "Temperance Battle-Field," and Roger's "Shot and Shell." Canadian books, both published by William Briggs, Toronto.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

WE have before us three volumes of Putnam's "Handy Book Series of Things worth Knowing." They are cheap and useful books of about 150 pages. Price 50 cents each.

The first we examine is *How to Educate Yourself.* By George Cary Egglston. The author is an old teacher, and gives the result of long experience. All education that is worth anything is largely self education. We are told how to study; first, common school branches, then the collegiate and higher studies—the languages, sciences; what to read, and how to read to advantage. The book will be very valuable to any student.

How to Make a Living, by the same author, contains wise suggestions on the art of making, saving, and using money. It discusses at once the duty, and the danger, of making money; the choice of a business; when, where, and how to save; what to do with savings, life insurance, etc.

How to Succeed, as minister, physician, engineer, musician, artist, merchant, farmer, inventor or writer, is a series of practical essays by men who are masters of their professions—such men as Dr. John Hall, Willard Parker, Leopold Damrosch, Thos. Edison, E. P. Roe, Senator Edmunds, and others. These essays are reprinted from the *Christian Union*, and well deserve being reprinted and widely read. We would recommend the whole three books to Day School, Sunday School, and Private Libraries.

BOOKS FOR WINNOWER LIST.

Rev. Dr. Willoughby and His Wine.—No person can read this book without being greatly interested. The portraits are all graphically delineated. The fearful results of using intoxicating liquors are set forth in a manner sufficient to arouse the righteous condemnation of the reader. The book is worthy of a place in every library, and cannot be too highly recommended to be circulated among young people; indeed persons of all classes might profitably read it. The National Temperance Society is doing a good work by publishing such a class of valuable literature.



HOUSES FOR RENT.

CENTENNIAL NUMBER OF PLEASANT HOURS.

THE Special Memorial number of PLEASANT HOURS is not an extra number, but is issued for the 31st of May, the regular day of issue. Schools not yet taking PLEASANT HOURS, and schools already taking it and wanting an extra quantity of this number, will please send in their orders at once, that we may know how many to print, or we may be unable to supply the demand. It will have TEN Engravings, Centennial Poems, Stories, etc., and will be of special interest.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1884.

CONTENTS.

THE most notable feature of this number is the Translation, with copious comments, of the whole of the new discovered work, "THE TEACHING OF THE APOSTLE," described by the New York Independent as "the most important writing outside of the New Testament now in possession of the Christian world." This unique document is attracting the greatest attention. His Honor Judge Dean contributes an exceedingly trenchant review of Bishop Fuller's articles on Christian Unity, which he controverts with the greatest vigor and ability. By a touching coincidence, this number, which contains a notice of the death of the late Rev. W. W. Ross, contains also the last production of his pen, an able article on the great Baptist preacher, Robert Hall. There are also four admirably illustrated articles, viz., Halifax, N.S., Homes

and Haunts of Luther, Lady Brassey's Adventures in Chili, and Britain's Oldest Colony. Kirby's U. E. Loyalists, and other papers, make up an excellent number.

Price \$2 a-year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all Bookstores.

HOUSES FOR RENT.

FOR rent: a lovely dwelling
Size, six inches by ten;
One, I feel sure, would suit
Mr. and Mrs. Wren.

Situation, one of the finest
That can possibly be found:
On top of a slender lattice
Full six feet from the ground.

Near this is another mansion
To be let out in flats;
And it too has the recommendation
That it is out of the reach of cats.

Possession given on May day;
The rents, for all summer long,
Are a very trifling consideration,—
In fact they are merely a song.

These bargains in country houses
Are to the best markets near;
And the price of reasonable dainties
Is very far from dear:

A strawberry or two blackberries
For eating four fat bugs;
And cherries without number
For keeping off the slugs.

Other things in proportion
And everything in season,
From tender lettuce to peaches,
Will appear in its season.

From four in the morning till evening
These houses are open to view;
And I wish I had a dozen to rent
Instead of only two.

—Our Little Ones.



THE ASCENSION.

THE ASCENSION.

HOW long did Jesus stay on earth after He rose from the grave? Forty days. During that time He appeared very often to His disciples, and taught them many things, and gave them many commands. At last, the time came for Jesus to be taken from them, and go up to heaven. So He called them once more, and led them to Bethany, the little village where Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary lived. Then Jesus lifted up His hands and blessed His disciples. And so it was, that, while He was blessing them, and talking to them, "He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." The disciples looked steadfastly towards heaven, as He went up; and watched the bright cloud which hid Him from their eyes. It went up higher and higher, far above the blue sky, and then they saw it no more. Jesus was gone. He was gone into heaven, to sit down on the right hand of His Father's throne. Were the disciples sorry? Perhaps they were sorry to lose the sight of that dear friend who had been with them so long. But they had much to comfort them still. They remembered what Jesus had said, "I go to prepare a place for you; and where I am, there you shall be also." As the disciples were looking up towards heaven, two angels, clothed in white, came and stood by them. And these angels spoke to them, and said, "Why do you stand looking up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, like as ye have seen Him go

into heaven." Then the disciples were comforted; and they returned to Jerusalem, there to wait for the promise of the Holy Ghost, as Jesus commanded them.

Jesus became man, lived, and died, and rose again, and ascended into heaven, for us and our salvation. He was born into the world, that, as man, He might obey all God's holy law, and so work out a perfect righteousness for us; that "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one many might be made righteous;" Rom. v. 19; and "that He might leave us an example, that we should follow His steps."—1 Pet. ii. 21.

He suffered and was tempted while He lived, that He might be able to feel for us in our sufferings and temptations; that He might "be made like unto His brethren," and so be "a merciful and faithful high priest;" "for in that He himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."—Heb. ii. 18.

He died to bear the punishment of sin, which we deserved to bear; He died "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God."

He "was raised again for our justification;"—Rom. iv. 25; to show that He was indeed the Son of God, and that He had power to conquer death and the grave; and to teach us too, that as He rose, so we shall rise also. "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

And Jesus ascended into heaven to prepare a place for His people, and to

intercede for them before His Father's throne. "He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. vii. 25. He "is even at the right hand of God, and also maketh intercession for us."—Rom. viii. 34.

These are all very wonderful things. It is well to read of them, and know them; but we must remember that this will do us no good, unless we believe and feel them in our hearts. We must pray for true faith in the Son of God, that all our sins may be washed away in His blood; and that we may be justified by His righteousness, and sanctified by His Spirit; and then, when we die, we shall be taken to be with Him, where He is; and we shall behold His glory.

WHAT A CHURCH MEANS.

A CREW of sailors, who, to use their own phrase, "did not take any stock in missions to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough experience, changed their minds. Cruising among one of these Pacific groups, their vessel struck a reef, and foundered. There was no alternative but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information, it was a choice between the sharks and the natives. The part of the coast where they landed happening to be uninhabited, they hid themselves in a hollow, until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length, one of the boldest ventured to climb to the top of a hill, where he could look over into the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet and swing his hat, shouting, "Come on, boys, I see a church!"

ONE of the most distinguished authors in Canada thus writes: I cannot express to you how much I like the *Methodist Magazine*. I could heartily wish we had such a good purely literary magazine in the country; any way many of us subscribers are under infinite obligations to you for your generous admission of our articles into your pages, the only access we have now to the public except the newspapers. I am proud to see that your "Catacombs" is justly appreciated in Germany and elsewhere. It is what I always expected of that book. That is one of the rewards a writer should be pleased to get for his good work.

THE Superintendent of a new school that has been held by the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund writes as follows: "This Sabbath-school was begun last summer and continued till the cold winter weather came on. When started it was doubtful whether it could be sustained at all. But the S. S. papers, as kindly donated and as thankfully received, enabled us to make a very favourable impression on both parents and children, so that the school was very popular, and we hope that at its commencement for the summer season we shall have several additional scholars." The S. S. Board is glad to help to the utmost of its ability all such schools, especially new schools in poor neighbourhoods. For particulars write to the Secretary of the Board, Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

HEAVEN IS NEAR.

HEAVEN is nearer than mortals think, When they look with trembling dread At the misty future that stretches on From the silent homes of the dead. 'Tis no lone isle, in the lonely main, No distant but brilliant shore Where the loved ones are called away— Must go to return no more.

No: heaven is near us: the mighty veil Of immortality blinds the eye, That we see not the hovering angel band, On the shores of eternity. Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought, To the thirsty soul is given The power to pierce through the veil of sense To the beautiful scenes in heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates, And sweetly its harpings fall, The soul is restless to soar away, And longs for the angel's call. I know when the silver cord is loosed, And the veil is rent away, Not long nor dark will the passing be To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour, Will open in endless bliss; The welcome will sound in a heavenly world Ere the farewell is hushed in this. We pass from the clasp of mourning friends To the arms of the loved and lost; And the smiling faces will meet us there Which on earth we had valued most.

AN INDIAN FEAST.

BY THE REV. C. M. TATE,

Methodist Missionary in British Columbia.

IF the readers of PLEASANT HOURS could witness a real heathen feast they would think it a strange scene. Of course those who attend do not go without an invitation. There are generally one or more persons in a heathen village who are employed to carry the invitations. The names of the parties to be invited are given to one of those persons when he goes from house to house, and at the top of his voice calls out the names, together with that of the person who sends the invitation. There is no time allowed for preparation, neither is any necessary, as the only article of clothing is a blanket, which the invited guests gather around them, and off they go to the feast. You would be disappointed if you looked into the house before the guests arrive, expecting to see everybody in a hurry preparing the food for the feast, for with the exception of making a great fire nothing whatever is being done. The guests are generally all men, the women and children are classed with the dogs, and are not allowed to be present. Even in their own homes the men always eat first, then if there be anything left it falls to the share of the women and children. When all have arrived and taken their seats upon the floor, a number of large iron pots are brought out, and rubbed inside with any old rag that comes first to hand, after which they are filled with water and placed upon the fire. Several young men who act as cooks now get out the fish, or venison, or seal, or whatever food is to be cooked, and amid great shouting, one calling for an axe, another for a knife, and some one else for another article, it is finally cut up and thrown into the cauldrons to boil. The next thing is to get out the dishes, which are nothing more nor less than common wash-bowls. These are also rubbed with a dirty rag inside, while the outside is black with the dirt and grease of many such occasions. The large wooden spoons with which they eat are put through the same process, and passed

around before the food. When the fish or flesh is sufficiently cooked it is removed from the fire, and distributed among the several wash bowls. One each is given to the chiefs, while two of the next grade eat from the same dish, three of a lower order still surround one bowl, and last of all four or five of the very common people have to be satisfied with one. Whilst the food is being distributed there is so much noise it is impossible to hear yourself speak.

After this course has been disposed of the pots receive another rubbing, and are placed on the fire to boil a lot of rice or potatoes. The next course may be tea and biscuit, the tea being made in the same pots without even being washed out.

Some of the guests may now make short speeches when the party who gives the feast will respond, and the party breaks up, each one carrying home what he was unable to eat.

Many of you who have been brought up amid all the pleasures of civilization and Christianity will shudder at such a feast as this; but we might show you a different picture of those very same people after three or four years of missionary labour among them. Instead of the old dirty blanket, you may find them dressed in garments clean and tidy, such as white people wear. Under Christianity men, women, and children are all invited to the wedding feasts, Christmas parties, or other festivities that are occasionally held. Their food is cooked in a cleaner manner, and God's blessing is always asked before they commence to eat.

All Christian people, old or young, ought to encourage the Indians in trying to get out of their heathenism. This can be done by praying for them, for they value the prayers of their friends very much. And then if a lot of pennies, that are very often foolishly spent, were put together they might send a teacher or missionary to some of the poor Indians who are yet without the gospel.

LETTER FROM FORT SIMPSON, B.C.

MY dear young readers of the PLEASANT HOURS, there are a great many things of interest to you which take place among Fort Simpson Indians, but I fail to get time to record them. We have had much sickness, and several dear children among the rest have gone home to Heaven. Sarah Shepherd, eleven years of age, took sick in the fall, and got very low while I was away, and although every thing was done that we thought would be right in the way of medicine and nourishing food, still she gradually sunk away in consumption and died. Her bedside really was a very blessed place, as she would sing and tell of what Jesus had done for her. She constantly assured her parents that she was going to be free from sickness and live in Heaven, and said they were not to weep for her. In the last few moments of her life she had them sing, while she was passing away, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

A little boy whose parents have lost five children, would sing, although only three years old, and assured his sorrowing parents that he was going to the happy land. Little Kate, of the

"Home," or Dolly Robinson as she was called, had always been sickly since she came to us. Her father and mother were gone. Her mother died very happy in Victoria, and as she was dying she sent her child to be cared for in the "Home." She had not naturally a happy disposition, but she learned to love the Saviour. A day or two before she died she asked all the girls if they loved her. She said she was thankful that they had all been so kind to her; and now she was going, and wished them all to meet her in Heaven. In the night she asked that the window-blind might be raised that she might see the moon that was shining. "Now," she said, "put out the lamp, for God's great lamp is the best. I shall soon see my mother, and I shall see Jane and Martha" (referring to the dear girls who died last year); and so she passed quietly away to the land of light.

Our Sabbath School has been well attended the last year, ever since Miss Crosby commenced to give them tickets and books as prizes. It is pleasing to see so many verses of scripture committed to memory. For the last ten months we have had an average attendance of fifty per week, and 3,050 verses recited. "May God bless the children." I wish some of the schools could send us some small tickets and some simple books that would do for prizes.

The illustrated lessons that were given to us while in Ontario are of great service to us; but as we scattered them about to all the schools of the district, we need others, if the dear friends in the east would send them on as they get done with them.

Yours truly, T. Crosby.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY.

PRINCE LEOPOLD was one of the most popular of England's royal house. After his father's death important duties which once fell to the lamented Prince Albert were discharged by Prince Leopold. His Royal Highness became not only private secretary to his royal mother, but in many ways occupied the position of confidential Minister. In this office he manifested a faithfulness to the sovereign on the one side, and a courteousness to all on the other side with whom he came in contact that he won universal respect and admiration. Prince Leopold had little heart, it is said, for political questions; at any rate for political warfare he had no love, and was willing to leave the strife for others to engage in. Much of his political effort has been in the direction of education in its relation to the masses. He has grasped this important subject with a mind free from prejudice and a will resolved only upon good. Toward religion the deceased prince had strong predilections. At one time he entertained serious thoughts of taking Holy Orders, and his whole life was shaped very much in harmony with the feelings that led him to consider the propriety of taking such a step.

When eight years of age he was attacked by the measles in such a malignant form that he has never fully recovered from its effects. As soon as he was able to endure the journey, it was decided by the court physicians to send him to France for a change of climate. After his return to England

he was for many years seldom absent from the Queen's residence. He seems to have been the constant companion of her widowhood. Whether she stayed at Lucerne or retired to Rosenau—a place sacred to her from its associations with the early life of her husband—the child of her heart was there also. It is characteristic of her that she should select this son—whose delicate health had for so many years been a continual source of anxiety—and make him the one central object of her love and care. By her purity of life, her faithfulness to the living, combining the rarest qualities to be found in wife, mother, or Queen Victoria of England, has won the admiration of the civilized world. Her own "sad childhood" has ever made her keenly alive to the happiness of her children. When at Windsor, Leopold was under the tutorship of Eton masters; he was frequently relieved from the strict maintenance of court decorum by visits from favoured Eton boys, which events were hailed with great delight not only by the young Prince but by those who had charge of him. He much enjoyed his later life at Oxford, where he spent three years. In alluding to this period he says:—

"My experience in universities is confined to the University of Oxford, and I shall always look back to my residence there as one of the greatest pleasures and the greatest privileges of my life, and I shall find it hard to believe that any other university can surpass Oxford in the power of attracting her alumni to herself."

In 1880 Prince Leopold visited this country. He came in company with the Princess Louise, and after spending some weeks in Canada made an extended tour through the States. He was present at the convention which nominated the late President Garfield. On his return to Canada he went into camp with the Vice-Regal party in the Restigouche, where he met with an accident which, though it would have been slight to an ordinarily healthy man, prostrated him for months. The accident consisted of a wrench to the knee, which developed a tendency to white swelling. Throughout his life the Prince suffered from an obscure disease. On the slightest provocation the blood would exude from the vessels. It is said that one of the skins was absent from his person, and that this was the cause of his weakness.

He was married, April 27th, 1882, to the Princess Helena, of Waldeck. The nuptials were celebrated in St. George's Chapel, with royal magnificence. A daughter, Alice Mary Victoria, was born of this union, February 25th, 1883.—*Globe*.

PEOPLE who, with our improved postal service, have the letter-box on the street corner, can hardly appreciate the isolation of a missionary on the Congo, in Africa. He writes: "I intend starting off again this afternoon to post the news." To do it he had to walk one hundred and forty miles, and then sail over one hundred down the river in a boat.

It pays to plod! Don't make quantity more important than quality. The best work is work that takes time, and nowadays the best work is work that is wanted.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

GOOD-bye, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and the marshy moss.
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love,
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at nightfall,
And she'd sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
And she smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they could only keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day—
They'd have sunshine all the way.
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep to the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls black on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

—Harper's Weekly.

GEN. GORDON.

AN old British army pensioner relates the story of General "Chinese" Gordon: On the first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty-one gun battery, the sand-bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire from the flash of a too closely-mounted gun. A corporal and a sapper of the Engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered the sapper to mount the embrasure, and proposed to hand up the fresh bag to him. They were under heavy fire at the time, and the sapper, with some want of discipline, certainly, demurred to this arrangement, and suggested that the corporal should get up, and that he (the sapper) would go on with the handing-up business. There was a bit of a wrangle over it. Gordon, who was passing, inquired into the matter, and quietly telling the corporal, "Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself," got up on the pile of bags himself and said, "Come up here, both of you," and then ordered the men who were working the gun to hand the bags up. The storm of bullets swept over Gordon and the two men, but his charmed life seemed to protect the trio. He finished his work, and came down as coolly as he had mounted, but the lesson was never forgotten, and there's a fine ring about the words, "Never order a man to do a thing you are afraid to do yourself."

"John," said a teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you off, this time," responded John.

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

HERE are questions in physics and grammar
That would puzzle you somewhat, I know;
Can you tell what is meant by inertia?
Can you clearly define rain and snow?

Do you know there's a valve in the bellows?
Can you tell why your clock is too slow?
Why the pendulum needs looking after?
Perhaps it is swinging too low.

"They was going up town in the evening;"
Do you call that bad grammar, I say?
I'm sure Mary Jones and her mother
Say worse things than that every day.

But I s'pose "was" should be in the plural,
To agree with its old subject "they,"
According to rule,—my! I've lost it.
There's two per cent. gone right away.

And now, only look at the parsing,
And it will surely take in every rule,
And, down at the end, more false syntax,
With authorities given "in full."

Arithmetic? my! how I hate it;
I'm stupid at that in the class;
So how, in the name of creation,
Can I be expected to pass?

Here's a ten-acre lot to be fenced in,
Here is a duty to find on some tea,
Here's a problem in old alligation,
And a monstrous square-root one I see.

Can you tell who defeated the Indians?
Do you know who was killed in a duel?
Do you know what the first tax was raised on?
And how some just thought it was cruel?

Perhaps I may pass on an average;
If three-fourths are right I'll get through;
But my teacher calls such things shabby,
So what is a poor boy to do?

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

A TRUE STORY.

IT is no romance, but a little story of humble life, the incidents of which I know, and though dating back over twenty years they are yet fresh because never told.

It was in the town of D— where dwelt a family named C—. Mrs. C— was a godly woman, whose faith and prayer carried every thing, both small and great, to the throne of the King, and waited for, and received, conscious answers of comfort and direction. Now a special matter arose for the exercise of her faith and prayer—her husband's father died, leaving some property, and leaving also an incomplete will, which would have distributed the property very unequally; this occasioned some controversy, and gave this good woman pangs of pain, for next to "peace with God" she cherished "peace and good-will among men." For many days she carried this matter to that audience chamber where God was wont to talk with her, as friend with friend. yet the Lord answered her not. One afternoon she passed from her closet out into the garden amid fruit trees and flowers, to meditate, and further plead with God, when suddenly there lighted upon her shoulder a young and beautiful dove, white and pure as the driven snow. She put up her hand and took the symbol of peace, and folding the gentle creature to her bosom said, Father of love, I take this as thine own answer of peace, and will trust thee for all I have asked. Her quenchless faith was rewarded, for a few weeks after, when her husband and his family met to settle the property matter, they first bowed in prayer, and then sat down together and arranged their business without a word of controversy. Whence came the beautiful dove they never knew, though diligent enquiry was made through the whole neighbourhood.

Peter, for this was the name given him, was allowed the freedom of the premises. He never mated with other doves, and seemed not to care for their company, though they sometimes tried to coax him away, but preferred the companionship of the family in his adopted home. He was the loved and loving companion of the children in their play hours, and joined in all their sports with real relish. A pet rabbit which had the freedom of the woodhouse was his companion at night, and the two would nestle together in some chosen spot with real affection. Peter knew the dinner bell, and always insisted on dining with the family, for being allowed this privilege at first, he always after regarded it as his right, even in the presence of company, and this privilege was not denied, for he never soiled the house, and never set foot on the table, but would often sit on some one's arm and take crumbs laid on the edge of the table for him. The children who read this story, or who have it read to them by their mothers, cannot think what a sweet dove this was; for I do think in all the world there was not another dove so pert and pretty, so cunning and kind, as Peter.

But a day of trouble came. One morning the children came down stairs and called "Peter! Peter!" but he came not; then they went to look him up, and found him in the wood house dead, a cruel cat had found his night rest and killed him in cold blood. There was a day of general sorrow, for every one in that house mourned the loss of their pet. That afternoon Peter received a decent burial. A little box was obtained for a coffin, and four little children followed the bier, and with tears in their eyes, performed the last sad rites over the grave on a little mound not far from the home where Peter and the children had lived happily together.—T. W. C.

MAKING AN ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

OF course, you know that such pictures as you see in books or in *St. Nicholas* have to be engraved upon some surface from which an impression can be taken, before they are printed in the book or the magazine. And you probably know that the kind of engravings generally used in such books are wood- engravings.

In wood-engraving the lines that are to ink the paper are left standing, while the parts between are cut away from the surface of the block, so that when an ink-roller is passed over an engraving of this kind it leaves all the lines tipped with a coating of ink, to be picked up by the sheet of paper which comes in contact with it. So, you will see, the wood engraver must sink two lines in the block to make one line which will print.

Of course, considering the hardness of the wood and the delicacy required for the lines, this is very slow and tedious work. You may easily form some idea of how tedious it is by placing a penny over any portion of an engraved picture—such as that of Monkstown Castle in the December number of *St. Nicholas*—making a light mark around the penny with a black lead pencil, and then by the aid of a magnifying glass counting the lines within the circle. You will see

that you penny has covered more than one hundred lines; and then you must remember that at every place where the shading in the drawing which the engraver is engraving grows lighter or darker he has to change the width of the line; for just in proportion to the thickness of the black line left between the two white ones, will be the "tint" or "color" of the corresponding portion of the printed picture.

These changes are called by engravers "stops." And where there are many of these one square inch of engraving is a fair day's work.

I have spoken of a drawing, for the engraver has a drawing to work from. Sometimes it is made upon the wood-block, but it is more frequently made by the artist much larger than the block on which it is to be engraved, and a reduced copy of it produced upon the block by photography. By this plan the artist can work much more freely, and the engraver is enabled to have the large drawing in front of him, besides the reduced copy of the same which he is cutting into lines upon the block.—*St. Nicholas*.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE SERVICES HELD IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—ONLY THE ROYAL FAMILY PRESENT.

THE Duchess of Albany visited the Memorial Chapel, where the body of her husband was resting, and remained a short time alone with the dead.

The funeral services took place at 11:30 o'clock on Saturday in St. George's Chapel. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice went from the castle through the deanery to the chapel. The Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and the other royal personages assembled in the Memorial Chapel and marched in procession to St. George's Chapel. The Prince of Wales followed the coffin as chief mourner.

The Dean began the services as the coffin entered the door. The choir sang "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and Spohr's anthem, "Blessed are the Departed." The coffin was then lowered into the vault. As the Queen retired the choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Chopin's "Funeral March" was played as the other royal personages withdrew. The Queen sat during the service weeping bitterly. All the young Princes were sobbing. The Prince of Wales was very pale. After the service the Seaforth Highlanders (the Duke's regiment) played "He will return to Lochaber no more."

A REAL BOY.

A REAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, if he cannot lead the prayer meeting, or be a church-officer or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb,

and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can eschew it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against larger boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party to mischief and deceit.

Above all things, he is never afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do anything because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother" will not like it if I do so and so. It is only your sham milk-and water boys that are afraid to do right. Everybody respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.

THE GRAY HEAD BY THE HEARTH.

A PRIVATE letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol, says, "The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast,—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighbourhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in this house?" I asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said, "We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday."

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."—*Youth's Companion*.

EVERY sower must one day reap
From the seed he has sown.
How carefully, then, it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you
know;

Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white;
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the
toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them hush forth their evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loved to gather the lambs to His fold,
Watching, they listen with weaty delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep,
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head;
Praying as only a mother can pray,
God guide and keep them from going astray.

LOVE OF FUN.

LYMAN BEECHER was fond of
fun as of hard work and preach-
ing. His violin was as often
heard as his saw, and heard not
only in his study, which was in the
upper storey of his house, but also in
the family circle and at family prayers.
At times he was so absorbed in writing
his sermon when called to family
worship, that he would call for his
violin, and with its lively notes break
the connection and free his thoughts
for the service in hand. There was a
perennial fountain of boyish spirits in
the heart of Lyman Beecher. I once
called at his house with a young friend
to see his children soon after his arrival
in Boston. One of the daughters
responded to the call. After an intro-
duction she said, "We are having fun
with father in the dining room. Come
out and see us." So we both went
out to see the fun, and sure enough
there was Dr. Beecher on "all fours,"
with two children on his back playing
"riding horses." He would run horse
fashion, trot, stop, run back, kick up,
throw the riders, and then run away
with all the children after him scream-
ing with delight.

BREVITIES.

The world belongs to those who
come the last; they will find strength
and hope as we have done.

A "Prophet's Chamber" in the
Montreal Wesleyan College, intended
to lodge, free of expense, any Methodist
minister in Canada visiting Montreal,
has been completely furnished by
Methodist Episcopalians of Napanee.

The mouth of a certain north side
man is disfigured by the absence of one
of his front teeth. His little son
surprised him the other day by asking:
"Father, dear, what makes you part
your teeth in the middle."

At some of the western fairs this
year a "great secret" is sold in sealed
envelopes at ten cents apiece. The
following is the secret: "Never buy an
article before examining it. If you
had known this before, you would not
have paid ten cents for a worthless
envelope when you could have got a
dozen good ones for the same price."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 57.] LESSON VIII. [May 25.

LIBERAL GIVING.

Cor. 9. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 1 Cor. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Zeal Remembered, v. 1-5.
2. The Law of Giving, v. 6-11.
3. The Unspeakable Gift, v. 15.

TIME.—The summer of A.D. 57.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ministering to the saints*—This refers to a collection for the poor in the Churches of Judea, which Paul was taking up among the Gentile Christians. *Superfluous*—Unnecessary for him to write, as on his visit he had told them about it. *Forwardness*—When Paul visited the Corinthians they were very eager to give, so that he held them up as a model to other Churches. *Zeal hath provoked*—Encouraged. *Send the brethren*—He sent some friends to hasten their collection, for he feared that they had lost interest in it. *Ashamed*—From not having kept their promises. *Bounty*—As a free gift. *Not of covetousness*—Not as something given grudgingly or unwillingly. *With sparingly*—Gives only a small amount, when he might give a large amount. *Proportion*—According to his own purpose or will. *Of necessity*—As if he were driven to give. *God is able*—God's power will give full reward. *His righteousness*—God sees the good heart in the gift. *Ministereth*—Supplies. *Experiment of this ministration*—As they see the gifts bestowed. *Subjection*—The spirit of those who have received Christ submissive to the Gospel. *Thanks be unto God*—The gifts of the Church remind the apostle of the greater gift of God, even his Son to die for us.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That the Lord's poor have a claim upon believers.
2. That true charity has its own reward.
3. That what we receive is more than we can ever give.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom had Paul boasted of Achaia? To them of Macedonia. 2. Why did he send the brethren? Lest his boasting should be in vain. 3. How may we secure a bountiful harvest? By sowing bountifully. 4. How are we exhorted to give? Not grudgingly, or of necessity, but cheerfully. 5. For what does the apostle render thanks unto God? "For his unspeakable gift."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The grace of God to men.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

50. How is God faithful and true? His words are always true and His promises can never fail. Numbers xxiii. 19; Deuteronomy xxxii. 4; Titus i. 2; 1 John i. 9.
51. What is meant by saying that God is gracious and merciful? That he is full of compassion, slow to punish sin, and ready to forgive. Exodus xxxiv. 6; Psalm lxxxvi. 5; 1 John iv. 8. [Psalm lxxxvi. 15; ciii. 8; cxlv. 9; James v. 11.]
52. In what manner then ought you to thank and speak of God? I ought to think of God with fear and love, and speak of Him with reverence and praise. Jeremiah x. 7; Psalm v. 7; Matthew xxii. 37; Psalm civ. 1; Psalm cxlvi. 2; Psalm ciii. 1. [1 Peter i. 17; Psalm cxxxv. 1.]

A.D. 57.] LESSON IX. [June 1.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

Gal. 4. 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Gal. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Child a Servant, v. 1-3.
2. The Child a Son, v. 4-7.
3. The Son in Bondage, v. 8-16.

TIME.—A.D. 57, probably at the close of the year.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The heir*—Paul is here speaking of the Jewish people, who were the chosen family and heirs of the promise of God. *A Child*—Here meaning the time of prepara-

tion before Christ came to the Jews. *Servant*—Even the child of a king must learn obedience. *Until the time*—The time until he becomes full grown. *When we were children*—The Jewish people, before Christ came. *In bondage*—During the time while the Jews were being taught to look for a redeemer. *Fullness of the time*—When the world was ready. *Adoption of sons*—Christ lifts us up from servants to sons. *Abba, Father*—"Abba," a word of tenderness, "Dear Father," is the thought. *Heir of God*—Because the son inherits all things. *How turn ye again*—The Galatians had turned back from being Christians to become Jews. *Observe days*—The sacred days of the Jewish year. *Be as I am*—Paul was free from Jewish rules which had been ended in the Gospel. *Through infirmity*—Perhaps meaning that Paul's stay among them was owing to illness. *Temptation*—Some trouble, the "thorn in the flesh," which Paul had constantly. *The blessedness*—Their enjoyment of Paul's words of preaching. *Tell you the truth*—He wrote severe words to this people, because they were ready to turn from his teaching to that of the Jews.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. The adoption as children of God.
2. The witness of the Spirit.
3. The danger of backsliding.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. An heir as long as he is a child is under the control of whom? Tutors and governors. 2. So we, as long as we are children, are under the bondage of what? The elements of the world. 3. Whom did God send to redeem us from this bondage? His Son. 4. And being redeemed, into what relationship to God do we come? The adoption of sons. 5. And being sons, what more do we become? Joint heirs with Christ.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The liberty of the Gospel.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

53. How did all things come into being? By the will of God; who created all things and brought all things into their present order. Genesis i. 1; Psalm xxxiii. 9; Hebrews xi. 3.
54. Why did God create all things? For His own pleasure; to show forth His glory, and to give happiness to His creatures. Revelation iv. 11; Romans xi. 36; Psalm xix. 1; Psalm xxxiii. 5.
55. When did God create man? After the creation of the earth, God made man to be the chief of His creatures upon it. Isaiah xlv. 11, 12; Zechariah xii. 1.

METHODIST CENTENNIAL AND METHODIST UNION.

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