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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1884.

No. 7.

## HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

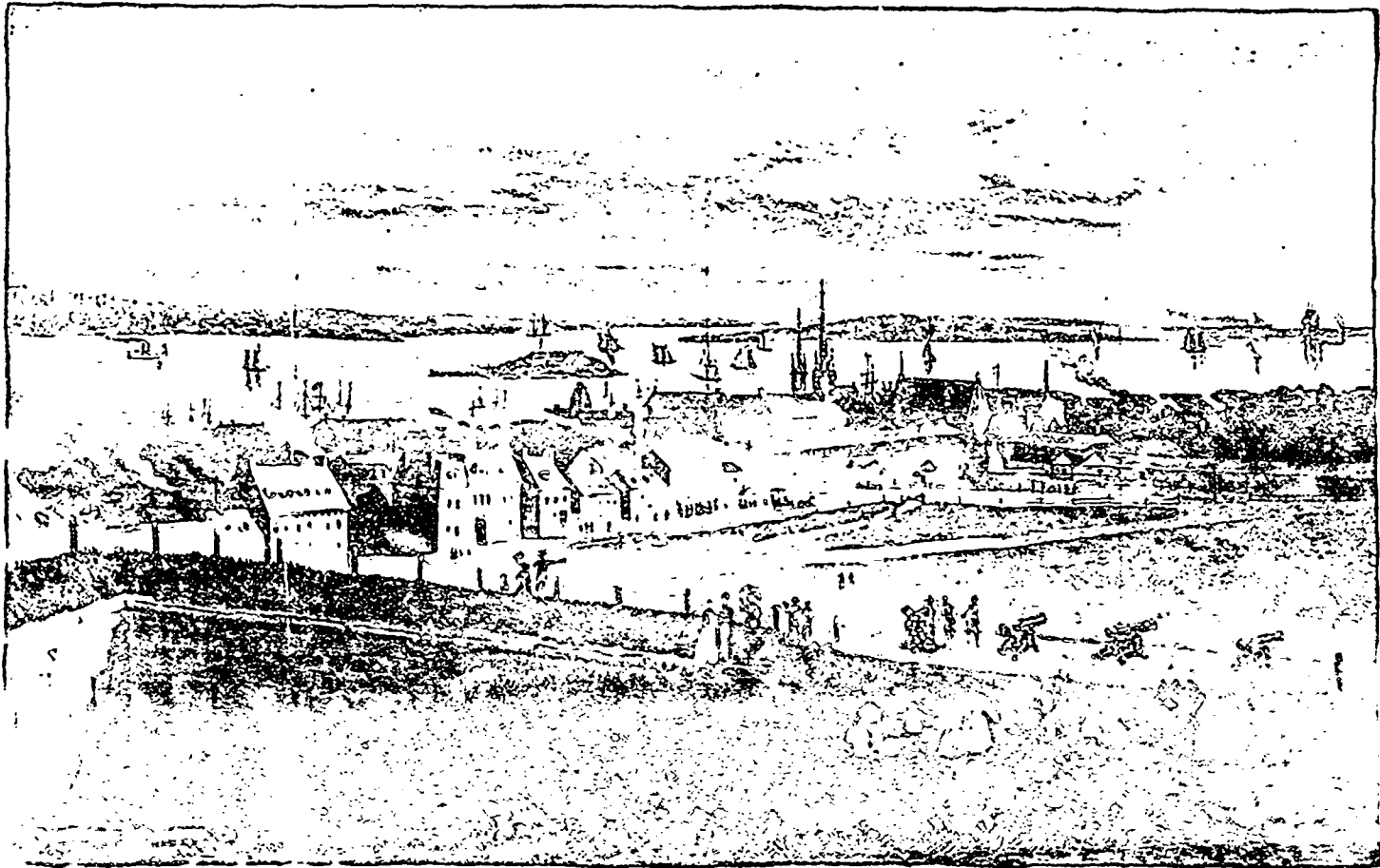
EVERYBODY has heard of Halifax, the city by the sea, and of its fair and famous harbour. This harbour, they have been told, is one of the finest in the world—a haven in which a thousand ships may rest secure, and yet but a little removed from the broad ocean highway which unites the eastern and the western worlds. They have been told, also, that this harbour is always accessible and always safe; and all of this, though

and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbour, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of 256 feet at the citadel. On the eastern side of the harbour is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbour, and com-

the line made their rendezvous in the harbour and some of England's bravest veterans were quartered in its barracks. Princes, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, captains and colonels walked the streets from time to time: guns boomed, flags waved, drums beat and bugles sounded, so that the pride and panoply of war were ever before the people. And so they are to-day. The uniform is seen on every street, and fortifications meet the eye at every prominent point.

Chief among the fortifications is the

city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the Harbour and its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbour, is seen to fine advantage, while on the waters around the city are seen the ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the



HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FROM THE CITADEL.  
Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1884.

true enough, does the harbour of Halifax but scanty justice. All harbours have more or less of merit, but few are like this one. Here there is something more than merely a roomy and safe haven—something to claim more than a passing glance. To understand this we must know something of the topography of the city.

Halifax is located on a peninsula, and founded on a rock. East and west of it the sea comes in, robbed of its terrors and appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the North-west Arm, a stretch of water about three miles in length

manding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea. This is a brief and dry description of the city. Halifax must be seen to be appreciated.

Halifax is a strong city in every way. It has great strength in a military point of view; it has so many solid men that it is a tower of strength financially; it is strongly British in its manners, customs and sympathies; and it has strong attractions for visitors. The town became an important military and naval station; ships of

Citadel, which crowns the city, commenced by the Duke of Kent, and altered, varied and transposed, until it has become a model of military skill. Its history has been a peaceful one and is likely to be. If it should be assailed it appears well able for a siege. Visitors are allowed to inspect the works, but the man who always follows Captain Cuttle's advice to make a note of what he sees, is recommended to refrain from using pencil and paper within the limits of any of the forts. It is bad taste; and, besides, the authorities will not permit it.

The seeker after a good view of the

view on a fine summer's day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

The fortifications on McNab and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, are all worthy of a visit. After they have been seen, the visitor will have no doubts as to the exceeding strength of Halifax above all the cities of America. The Dockyard, with splendid examples of England's naval power, is also an exceedingly interesting place, and always presents a picture of busy life in which the "oak-hearted tars" are a prominent feature.

## THE EASTER LOAVES.

(It was formerly a custom at Twickenham to throw penny loaves to the poor children, from the steeple, on Thursday in Easter Week.)

All around the Twickenham steeple  
Was gathered a crowd of waiting people  
Watching the window, whence came out  
The lad who scattered the loaves about,—

Mothers a few, and children many,  
For each of the loaves was worth a penny.  
Once in the year, you see, at least,  
The Twickenham poor were given a feast!

Not much of a feast, perhaps you think—  
You, who have plenty to eat and drink,  
But enough good bread was a feast to the  
people  
Who gathered so close about Twickenham  
steeple.

Out stepped the lad, and the loaves fell fast,  
Till all were scattered, the very last,  
And each a home in an apron found  
Almost before it had touched the ground.

Merry laughter, and joyous shout,  
From the scrambling girls and boys rang out;  
But as the last loaf touched the earth,  
A sound of sobbing broke through the mirth.

"It's little Polly!" a voice cried out,  
"Whatever can she have been about!  
She hasn't a single loaf—instead  
She's a thump from one side of her head!"

"Here, child, take mine—see, it's brave and  
fat!  
I'm poor, but I'm not so poor as that!  
Your granny's blind, and not fit to do—  
Look here, if some of 'em aint grabbed two!"

"You greedy things—hold your apron, child;  
Now then, there'll some of this bread be  
spiled—  
Oh yes, there will, and you needn't stare—  
If little Polly don't get her share!"

"You needn't call names," cried the "grab-  
bers" of two;  
"You talk as if we all of us knew!  
How could we see that the child got none?  
Here, Polly, we're well content with one."

"I don't need mine!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!"  
Once more the loaves seemed to fairly fly,  
And the blue-check apron, long and wide,  
Was stuffed so full that it came untied.

And little Polly, with laughter sweet,  
Faltered her thanks, and with flying feet,  
Rushed back to granny, alone and blind,  
Who said, "Aye, God and His children are  
kind!"

You must admit that some pleasant people  
Lived in the shadow of Twickenham steeple.  
—Margaret Vandegrift.

A SWISS HERO—AN EASTER  
STORY.

"God has his plan  
For every man."



there may be associated with war, we  
have never hesitated to admire courage.  
So now to our tale.

A soldier's widow lived in a hut,  
near a Swiss mountain village. Her  
only child was a poor cripple. Hans  
was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his  
mother, and would gladly have helped  
her to bear the burden of poverty, but  
that feebleness forbade him. He could  
not even join in the rude sports of the  
mountaineers. At the age of fifteen  
years, he felt keenly that he was use-  
less to his mother and the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon

Bonaparte was making his power felt  
throughout Europe. He had decreed  
that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria,  
and not to Austria; and sent a French  
and Bavarian army to accomplish his  
purpose. The Austrians retreated.  
The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men,  
women and children of the mountain  
land were filled with zeal in defence  
of their homes. On one occasion ten  
thousand French and Bavarian troops  
were destroyed in a single pass, by an  
immense avalanche of rocks and trees  
prepared and hurled upon them by an  
unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among  
the Tyrolese, by which the approach  
of the enemy was to be communicated  
from village to village, by signal fires  
from one mountain height to another,  
and materials were made ready to give  
instant alarm.

The village where Hans and his  
mother lived was in a direct line of  
the route the French army would take,  
and the people were full of anxiety  
and fear. All were preparing for the  
expected struggle. The widow and  
her crippled son alone seem to have  
no part but to sit still and wait.

"Ah! Hans," she said one evening,  
"it is well for us now that you can be  
of little use; they would else make a  
soldier of you."

This struck a tender chord. The  
tears rolled down his cheek. "Mother,  
I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter  
grief. "Look around our village—all  
are busy, all are ready to strive for  
home and fatherland; I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you  
are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you. I cannot work for  
you, cannot supply you in old age.  
Why was I made?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother,  
"these repining thoughts are wrong.  
You will live to find the truth of our  
old proverb—

'God has his plan  
For every man.'

Little did Hans think ere a few  
weeks had passed this truth was to be  
verified in a remarkable manner.

Easter holiday, the festive time of  
Switzerland, came. The people lost  
their fears of invasion in that season.  
All were busy in the merry-making, all  
but Hans; he stood alone on the porch  
of his mountain hut, overlooking the  
village.

In the evening of Easter, after his  
usual evening prayer, in which he  
breathed the wish that the Father of  
Mercies would, in His good time, afford  
him some opportunity of being useful  
to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a  
dream, under the strong impression  
that the French and Bavarian army  
were approaching. He could not  
shake off this impression; but with the  
hope of being rid of it, he arose, hastily  
dressed himself, and strolled up the  
mountain path. The cool air did him  
good, and he continued his walk till he  
climbed to the signal pile; but where  
were the watchers? They were nowhere  
to be seen; perhaps they were buried  
with the festivities of the village.  
Near the pile was an old pine-tree, and  
in the hollow stem the tinder was laid  
ready. Hans paused by the tree, and  
as he listened, a singular sound caught  
his attention. He heard a slow and  
steady tread, then the click of muskets,  
and two soldiers crept along the cliff.  
Seeing no one—for Hans was hidden

by the old tree—they gave the signal  
to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the  
danger. The secret of the signal pile  
had been revealed to the enemy; a  
party had been sent forward to destroy  
it; the army was marching to attack  
the village. With no thought of his  
own peril, and perhaps recalling the  
proverb his mother had quoted he  
seized the timber, struck the light, and  
flung the blazing turpentine brand in-  
to the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were  
then turned to the pile, waiting the  
arrival of their comrades, were seized  
with fear; but they soon saw that  
there was no foe in ambush—naught  
but a single youth running down the  
mountain path. They fired, and lodged  
a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet  
the signal-fire was blazing high, and  
the whole country would be roused.  
It was already roused from mountain-  
top to mountain-top. The plan of the  
advancing army was defeated, and a  
hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his  
way to the village. The people with  
their arms were mustered thick and  
fast. All were consternation. The  
inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who  
lighted the pile?" "It was I," at last  
said a faint, almost expiring voice.  
Poor crippled Hans tottered among  
them, saying, "The enemy, the French  
were there." He faltered, and sank  
upon the ground. "Take me to my  
mother," said he; "at last I have not  
been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What  
is this? he has been shot. It is true;  
Hans, the cripple, has saved us!"

They carried Hans to his mother,  
and laid him before her. As she bow-  
ed in anguish over his pale face, Hans  
opened his eyes, and said, "It is not  
now you should weep for me; I am  
happy now. Yes, mother, it is true

'God has his plan  
For every man.'

You see He had it for me, though we  
did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his  
wound, but he lived long enough to  
know that he had been of use to his  
village and the country. He lived to  
see grateful mothers embrace his moth-  
er, to hear that she should be considered  
a sacred and honoured bequest to the  
community which her son had pre-  
served at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies like these which  
met Hans cannot exist in the history  
of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese  
motto may speak, and all will experi-  
ence its truth. None need stand useless  
members of God's great family. There  
is work for every one to do, if he will  
only look out for it. So long as there  
is ignorance to instruct, want to re-  
lieve, sorrow to be soothed, let there  
be no drones in the hives, no idlers in  
the great vineyard of the world.—  
*Christian Life.*

A BUTCHER enters a lawyer's office.  
"Sir," he asked, "when a dog does  
any damage, is not his owner respon-  
sible?" "Certainly." "That being the  
case, as your dog has just carried off a  
magnificent leg of mutton from my  
shop, you owe me two dollars." "Noth-  
ing could be more just," replied the  
lawyer; "and, fortunately, that is  
exactly the price of the consultation I  
have just given you."

"MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAY-  
ING."

IN February, 1861, a terrible gale  
raged along the coast of Eng-  
land. In the Bay of Hartle-  
pool it wrecked eighty-one  
vessels. While the storm was at its  
height, the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig,  
struck on Longrear Rock, a reef ex-  
tending a mile from one side of the  
bay. She sank, leaving only her two  
topmasts above the dashing and foam-  
ing waves.

The lifeboats were away rescuing  
wrecked crews. The only means of  
saving the men clinging to the sway-  
ing masts was the rocket apparatus.  
Before it could be adjusted, one of the  
masts fell. Just as the rocket bear-  
ing the lifeline went booming out of  
the mortar, the other mast toppled  
over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw  
in their line, when suddenly they felt  
that something was attached to it; and  
in a few minutes hauled on to the  
beach the apparently lifeless body of a  
sailor boy. Trained and tender hands  
worked, and in a short time he became  
conscious.

With amazement he gazed around  
the crowd of kind, sympathizing  
friends. He looked up into the  
weather-beaten face of the old fisher-  
man near him and asked:

"Where am I?"  
"Thou art safe, my lad."  
"Where's the cap'n?"  
"Drowned, my lad."  
"The mate?"  
"He's drowned, too."  
"The crew?"  
"They are all lost, my lad; thou  
art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a  
few moments; then he raised both  
hands and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for  
me!" and then he dropped on his  
knees on the wet sand and put his  
sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute  
to a mother's love, and to God's faith-  
fulness in listening to a mother's  
prayer.

## GO HOME, BOY.

BOYS, don't hang around the  
corner of the streets. If you  
have anything to do, do it  
promptly, right on, then go home.  
Home is the place for boys. About  
the street corners, and at the stables,  
they learn to talk slang, and they learn  
to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do  
many other things, which they ought  
not to do.

Do your business, and then go home.  
If your business is play, play and make  
a business of it. I like to see boys  
play good, earnest, healthy games. If  
I was the town, I would give the boys  
a good, spacious playground. It  
should have plenty of soft green grass  
and trees and fountains, and broad  
space to run and jump and to play  
suitable games. I would make it as  
pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and  
I would give it to the boys to play in,  
and when the play was ended, I would  
tell them to go home.

A SIX-YEAR-OLDER was seated in a  
barber's chair. "Well, my little man,"  
said the barber, "how would you like  
your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with  
a little round hole at the top."

EASTER.

CLARICE with the tender eyes,  
Fair and sweet, and full of hopes  
As birds of summer-tide;  
Clarice filling daily needs  
With little petty, toilsome tasks  
Around the fireside.

Sweet and pure the maiden's heart,  
Like to river clear and free,  
Ran life's melody  
Through the household as she sang;  
Merry trill now high and clear,  
Then so tenderly.

Unto all things true was she;  
Each new day, with gay consent,  
Like the flowers she grew;  
And earth smiled thro' summer sun,  
And rains fell, and winter snows,  
And Clarice bloomed anew.

But one day her heart awoke,  
Tender heart so strong and true,  
And Clarice looked within.  
"Ah, dear Christ," she murmured low,  
"Little am I, faint and weak,  
Very full of sin."

"Make me, doing service grand,  
To fulfil thy work somewhere."  
So did Clarice pray.  
And the earth smiled on, and sun,  
Sky and bird and tree rejoiced;  
And 'twas Easter Day.

Low an undertone of peace  
Fell upon the young girl's soul  
In a rhythm divine:  
"In no grand work breathing fame  
Do I call that you should prove  
You are child of mine."

"Nay, but if each day you show  
In the home I gave to you  
Love's sweet sorvitude,  
I will give you pledge divine  
Of your royal heritage."  
Ceased the interlude.

Clarice fell upon her knee,  
Bowed her soft hair like a veil;  
Glad she was to pray.  
"Loving Thee, I yield my will;  
Other offering have I none  
On this Easter Day."

And the earth smiled on,  
Waking to the tender touch  
Of new-blooming spring.  
But the fairest flower of all  
Was our Clarice, interweaving  
Love in everything.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

IT is difficult in the space at our disposal to say all that ought to be said of General Gordon, the hero of the hour, and one so genuine and true as to be so recognized by men of all classes and of all countries. His career has been of the most romantic and startling description. Mr. Gladstone could well say of him as he did lately, that "he is no common man," and with becoming sobriety and truthfulness could add that he "is a hero," and more than that and better than that, "a Christian hero." Not only is he all this but, as Mr. Gladstone also said, he is a "genius," and in his dealings with Oriental people has a faculty of command and influence which are almost, if not altogether, unintelligible to Western people. He is brave to a degree which, with many who are anything but cowards, would pass for reckless foolhardiness. He is as modest as he is brave, and has all along sought as assiduously to avoid anything like celebrity as most people seek to secure it. He has been doing things at which the whole world wondered, and has himself wondered and blushed like a girl to find it fame. His unselfishness and modest simplicity of tastes and habits are as marvellous as his bravery and as rare as his self-unconsciousness. There is a masterful magnetism about him

which subdues men to himself and makes them willing instruments in carrying out his wishes. He is, in short, a kingly man—born to command. And he is as much of a statesman as of a soldier. "He sees quite through the deeds of men"—can read their characters as in a book, can detect the subtlest lie, and can arouse even in the most unprincipled something like a love for virtue and an admiration for fair and honest dealing. In the Crimea, in China, at home in Gravesend, and in the Soudan, it has always been the same. He has fought shy of ovations; has resented praise as if it had been a personal insult; has declined all honours; has laboured among the lapsed and forsaken of English cities as if he had been a zealous, self-sacrificing city missionary; has taught classes of ragged boys; has prayed with the sick and the dying in the humblest hovels; has lived on a mere fragment of his official income, and has given all the rest to feed the poor and to help the falling and the fallen.\* His very garden he has cut up into plots which the poor might cultivate for their own advantage. All public demonstrations he has steadily refused, but he has never declined to render any private service within his power. An individual this surely cast in an antique mould, yet every inch of him a man of the 19th century.

And what is the secret of all this strange fascination and power? Whence come the might and mastery of this all but unique personality? Some have described him as a Christian fatalist, an English Joshua, a nineteenth century Cromwell. It all depends on what is meant by "fatalist," and what the estimate formed either of the Conqueror of Canaan or the Commander of the Ironsides. It is very evident, at any rate, that Gordon believes in God every day of the week; not, as it is to be feared, is the case with multitudes, for about two hours on Sundays, if even that. He is as ever in his great Task-master's eye. He believes he has a soul to be saved and a work to be performed just as many believe that they have stomachs to be satisfied; and he, therefore, takes some trouble with the same. "I have no right," he said on one occasion, "to possess anything, having once given myself to God." "I am but a chisel," he added, "in the hands of a carpenter. If I am dull he sharpens me; if he pleases he puts me aside for a different tool." He does not talk about his religion. He lives it. To him God is an ever-present, all-pervading, beneficent, omnipotent Power and guide and strength and friend; one with whom there is nothing so great as to be beyond his control, nothing so minute as to be beneath his notice. Smaller minds may curiously amuse themselves in busy idleness by trying to analyze what to them may be a strange psychological phenomenon, but in the meantime Gordon himself is face to face with the realities of life in such a way and to such an extent as to enable him to do and dare what his critics and amused patronizing analysts could not so much as attempt, far less successfully achieve.

"We have nothing further to do," he remarked on one occasion, "when the scroll of events is unrolled, than

\* He refused a salary of \$50,000 as Governor of the Soudan, accepting only one-fifth that amount.

to accept them as being for the best. Before it is unrolled it is another matter, and you could not say I sat still and let things happen with this belief." As in 1877 he set out alone from Cairo to Abyssinia on an expedition full of danger his last words were:—"I go up alone, with an Infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me; and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing, and indeed to be sure of success. Were it not for the knowledge that I have that God is Governor-General I could not get on at all." In that conviction, which pervades and strengthens and ennoble General Gordon's whole nature, lies the secret of what men may call a strange combination of the most transcendental fanaticism and the coolest, most calculating practicality.—*Globe*.

THE QUEEN'S NEW BOOK.

THE following are extracts from the Queen's "Life in the Highlands," just issued:

In 1871 the Queen witnessed the Scotch communion service on Sunday at Crathie Church, near Balmoral. She writes:—"The communion is most touching and beautiful. It impressed and moved me more than I can express. It is impossible to say how deeply we were impressed by the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest. No description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage. I longed much to join it. To see all these simple, good people in their nice plain dresses, including an old woman in her mutch, so many of whom I knew, and some of whom had walked far, although they were in deep snow, was very striking." "Since 1873," the Queen adds, "I have partaken of the communion at Crathie every autumn."

MARQUIS OF LORNE'S ENGAGEMENT.

On October 3, 1870, the Princess Louise became engaged to the Marquis of Lorne. The event took place, the Queen says, during a walk from Glasalt Shiel to Dhu Lock, where Louise had gone with Lady Ely, the Lord Chancellor, and Lorne. "Louise, on returning at night, told me Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and had proposed to her. She had accepted, knowing I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But naturally I gave my consent, and could only pray that she might be happy."

The sole reference to events in France in 1870 occurs in speaking of a sermon which she heard in the church at Balmoral. She says:—"Dr. Macleod gave such a splendid sermon on war. Without mentioning France he said enough to make everyone understand what he meant when he pointed out how God would punish wickedness and vanity and sensuality. The chapters he read from Isaiah (the twenty-eighth), and from Ezekiel and Amos and the Psalms, were really quite wonderful for the way in which they seemed to describe France. It was all admirable and heart-stirring. Then the prayers were beautiful, in which he spoke of the sick, of the dying, the wounded upon the battle-fields, and of my sons-in-law and daughters."

DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

In June, 1879, the Queen records the receipt of the news telling of the

death of the young Prince Imperial:—"Brown knocked and came in. He said there was bad news. When I, in alarm, asked what, he replied:—"The young French Prince is killed." I could not take it in, and asked several times what it meant. Beatrice then came in with a telegram in her hand and said:—"Oh, the Prince Imperial is killed!" I feel the thrill of horror now while I write the words. I put my hand to my head and cried out, "No, no! it cannot be true!" Then dear Beatrice, who cried very much, as I did, too, gave me the telegram. To die in such an awful, horrible way. Poor, dear Empress; her only, only child—her all, gone. I was quite beside myself. Brown was so distressed. Every one was quite stunned. Little sleep did I get, thinking of the poor Empress, who did not yet know it. The Prince was so good and so much beloved. To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, is too fearful, too awful, and it is inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned around and fought for him."

EASTER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I HAVE no frankincense, no myrrh,  
I have no spice, no oil;  
But here are snowy Roses, Christ,  
Without a stain or soil.  
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake,  
My Roses take.

I have no silver, and no gem,  
No virgin gold for Thee;  
But here are Lillies white as light  
And sweet with purity.  
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake  
My Lillies take.

THE MONKEY AND THE CHILD.

NOT long ago an English lady took passage on a vessel bound from Kingston, Jamaica, to London. A large, strong, and active monkey on board the vessel took a fancy for the lady's child—a babe about two months old. The monkey would follow the lady from place to place, watching her as she rocked and fondled her little one. It so happened, on one beautiful afternoon during the voyage, that a distant sail attracted the attention of the passengers. The polite captain offered his glass to the lady. She placed her child on the sofa, and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm, and was nimbly climbing up the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the mainmast. The captain was at his wits' end. He feared if he should send a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the babe, and escape by leaping from mast to mast. Meanwhile the monkey was seen to be soothing and fondling the child. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below, and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the child upon it. The captain restored the child to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.



## GOOD FRIDAY.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,  
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;  
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,  
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?  
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;  
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared;  
Gave thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,  
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost;  
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth;  
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced;  
Men only marked upon my shoulders borne  
The branding cross; and shouted, hungry-voiced,  
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands, thy name  
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes:  
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;  
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon my right hand and my left;  
Six hours alone, athirst in misery;  
At length in death one smote My heart and cleft  
A hiding place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down  
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep;  
So did I win a kingdom—share My crown;  
A harvest—come and reap.

—Christina Rossetti.

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## Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1884.

## WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

IN protesting against the by-law separating taverns and shop licenses, a leading brewer of Toronto said the temperance people were beginning at the wrong end; that there were 1000 unlicensed dens in the city where liquor was sold, and that they ought to shut them up first. If this be true, who is to blame for it? Not the temperance people surely; they never cause them, and they do all they can to prevent their existence. Where do they get the beer and lager and liquor? From the brewers and their allies—the liquor dealers. It comes with an ill grace from these men who grow rich on the liquor traffic to reproach the temperance workers for not closing the vile dens.

They are the ones who more than any others are responsible for the existence of these unlicensed dens, as well as for the, in many cases scarce better, licensed ones. And they more than any others can surpass them both by ceasing to manufacture the vile stuff on which these social ulcers are fed.

## THE FATHERS HAVE EATEN SOUR GRAPES AND THE CHILDREN'S TEETH ARE SET ON EDGE.

**G**OL. BAIN, the eloquent Kentucky orator, in a recent lecture in Toronto, mentioned a remarkable fact. A hundred years ago there were two brothers, one virtuous and industrious, the other idle and vicious. Of the descendants of the one, twenty became ministers of the Gospel, others professors of colleges, many occupy high places in Church and State. Of the descendants of the other over fifty became convicts in prisons and penitentiaries, and many fill drunkards' graves. More remarkable still is the fact mentioned by Dr. Clarke, Superintendent of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum. In the March number of the *Methodist Magazine* he writes: "Dr. Dugdale of New York traced by reliable records the individual history of each of the descendants of the notorious Margaret Jukes, a profligate woman of that State, throughout six generations, and from this mother sprang 709 persons, every one of whom were either idiots, murderers, thieves, robbers or vile and vicious women. Criminal statistics," he adds, "are full of such examples."

How dreadful a heritage of misery and sin and woe. Is it not vastly better to save the young than to let them grow up to curse society, and burden it with the cost of maintaining and punishing an army of vagabonds and criminals.

## DR. MEACHAM ON MISSIONS.

**W**E had the pleasure at the Sherbourne St. Missionary Meeting, Toronto, of hearing a soul-stirring address on mission work in Japan from the Rev. Dr. Meacham. His account of the wonderful progress of Christianity in that country was, indeed, an inspiration. Dr. Meacham is doing inestimable service to the mission cause by his visits to the different parts of the country, by the delivery of such rousing and thrilling missionary appeals. The address of Dr. Sutherland was a fitting sequel. He urged with great effect the claims of the mission cause to at least a cent a day, and the wonderful results that would follow from the systematic donation of even that small sum.

## BOOK NOTICE.

*The Canadian Methodist Magazine* for March, 1884. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all Booksellers.

The March number of this *Magazine* contains four handsomely illustrated articles:—A critical paper on Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), by Professor Reynard, with copious quotations from his poems and fine portrait; a sketch of St. John's, Newfoundland, and of the Cod-fishery; Lady Brassey's Adventures on the Pampas of South America; and a concluding paper on the Mam-

moth Cave, Kentucky, all handsomely illustrated. An eloquent sermon by the late Dr. Punshon, on "Character Building," never before printed, will be read with deep interest. Dr. Clarke, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, contributes an important article on "Heredity," abounding with wise suggestions for promoting the mental, moral, and physical well-being of the race. Bishop Fuller contributes his concluding article on "Christian Unity," which is reviewed in detail by the Editor. His Honour Judge Dean and Principal Grant will, in early numbers, contribute articles on this important subject.

The April number will have finely illustrated articles on Picturesque New Brunswick; on the Luther Monument at Worms, with several full-page cuts; further pictures of Newfoundland, and twelve engravings of the Land of Fire—twenty-six engravings in all. Numbers from January can still be supplied.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

**F**RIDAY, April 11th, will be Good Friday. It is the day on which we are to think of the death of the good and glorious Jesus. Last Christmas you were feasted and presented with gifts to remind you of his birth in the manger. You know how he grew up from his baby state into a pure and beautiful boyhood. During his youth he lived quietly at home, and, as is supposed, worked with his father at the carpenter's bench. When about thirty years old he began to tell the people who he was and why he had come into the world. His words were so loving, gentle, pure, and powerful that people ran with wonder to hear him. His acts were as mighty as his words were wonderful. He spoke to water and it became wine. He told sick men to quit their beds and they got up cured. His word gave sight to blind people, hearing to deaf ones, and life to the dead. When the sea was in a rage he told it to be still and it obeyed him, while angry winds became quiet at his command. No man's words ever had such power. But he was God as well as man, and, therefore, while he ate, drank, slept, walked, talked, and suffered, as you and I do, he also did works such as none but a being of almighty power could do. Yes, Jesus was both God and man!

Isn't it strange that people did not all fall in love with the beautiful, holy, loving Jesus? It is. Had people loved light, truth, purity, and beauty, they would have loved Jesus. But they had wicked hearts. They loved the sins which Jesus bade them not to commit. They hated the good deeds he wanted them to do. And so it came to pass that they hated him, and carried him before a stern old Roman soldier, named Pilate, and asked that he should be put to death. O wicked, wicked men!

Pilate was afraid of Jesus at first. But when the people falsely told him that Jesus was the enemy of the emperor, Caesar, he grew bold, and ordered his soldiers to crucify our Lord. He mocked him, putting a purple robe on his



head, and a reed in his hand, and saying, "Ecce homo," that is, "Behold the man."

After being mocked, the Saviour was led out to the place of execution. There the soldiers stripped the garments from his sacred limbs, laid him upon a wooden cross, and drove big nails through his hands and feet into the wood. Then they lifted the cross up, stood it in a hole like a post, and jeered at the sweet Jesus until, worn out with pain, loss of blood, and sorrow for men's sins, he died—died for your sins and mine; died that the great God might forgive us our sins for his sake. O blessed Jesus, teach us to love thee for thy great love to us!

These are the great events we should think of, talk about, and pray over on Good Friday. Whoever does these things until his heart is sorry for sin and filled with the peace of forgiveness will have a Good Friday in very deed.

## THE FIRST EASTER.

**P**AIN and toil are over now;  
Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,  
Fold the limb and bind the brow,  
In the rich man's sepulchre.

Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;  
Roll the stone and guard it well;  
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,  
Bring the boldest sentinel.

Yet the morning's purple ray  
I shall present a glorious sight—  
Stone by earthquake rolled away,  
Angel guard all robed in white.

—Mrs. F. G. Alexander.

## MISSIONARY YEAR-BOOK, 1884.

8vo., pp. 64; 25 cents, postage paid,  
Rev. Eugene R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.

The valuable manual contains a brief description of each country and the principal islands of the world with the names and, as far as possible, the statistics of the missionary societies in each.

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Those who have the Missionary Almanac for 1883 will still find it valuable from its very complete list of Missionary Periodicals, and the names, prices and publishers of the mission books on mission lands published prior to 1883.

A MAN is rich enough when he has a little more than he has—and that is, never!



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

From east to west I've marched beneath the eagles;  
 From Pontus unto Gaul.  
 Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,  
 I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,  
 To think that I should fear—  
 Who have met death in every form unshrinking—  
 To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests sitting by our watch-fire,  
 I've kept the wolves at bay;  
 On Rhotian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling  
 Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,  
 I've sat with shield firm set  
 And heard the lion roar: in this fore-arm  
 The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,  
 Until I felt his breath,  
 And saw his jewel eyes gleam: then he seized me,  
 And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,  
 My feet his warm blood dyed;  
 And then I bound my wound, and till the morning  
 Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city  
 Lies at our feet asleep,  
 Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying  
 In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives  
 Till every hill-side sighs;  
 But round us here the moanings seem to muster,  
 And gather where He lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams are lying,  
 That touch this hill alone;  
 Whence these unearthly lights? and whence the shadows  
 That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,  
 His great eyes I could meet;  
 But His, if once again they looked upon me,  
 Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,  
 And put my soul to shame;  
 As if my mother with her eyes was pleading,  
 And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was hanging  
 On the accursed tree,  
 Was he the Son of God? for so in dying  
 He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,  
 Gazed at me from his face:  
 What he rose again and I should meet Him!  
 How awful is this place!

INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS.

**A** NEW England whale ship foundered in a gale in the Pacific Ocean a few years ago. The crew took to the boats, and, after several days, came in sight of an island. One of the boats ran through the surf; its crew landed only to be beaten down by the war-clubs of the cannibals. Seeing their fate, the other boat pushed off, and, after much suffering, its crew was rescued. Years passed away, and another ship was wrecked in the same sea, and near the same island. Her captain was one of the crew of the former ship. Exhausted and reduced by long exposure, he and his companions were forced to land. He recognized the fatal coast. Filled with fear, they tried to conceal themselves. Seeking for a cave, the foremost of them reached the top of a hill. He saw a village and a church in the vale beyond, and cried, "Safe! safe! safe!" As the rescued sailors gazed upon the evidences of Christianity, they leaped, embraced, and wept; and, descending, found, instead of cruel death, generous hospitality.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

**W**E find an account of the opening of the Easter festival in one Russian city, and how impressive the celebration!

It is Saturday, and the evening before Easter. No sign in the street of any coming Easter joy in the land of the czars. Nine o'clock comes, then ten; it is still quiet in the streets. Are people all nestling away for a quiet rest in bed till Easter morning dawns clear and sparkling? It's eleven o'clock. Hark! Bang-gg! That's a cannon going off at the fortress, and has a meaning. In its majestic boom it says, "Com-m-ing!" After a lapse of fifteen minutes comes another boom, to be followed by a third, each thundering, "Com-m-ing!" And at twelve—hark! How the bells ring out their notes, for Easter day has come! Now high and clear, then low and far away, yet ever musical and jubilant, sound the happy Easter bells. And look as well as listen! What a springing-up of light in the late deserted streets! These are illuminated, and through them

hurry throngs of people that a little while ago we had imagined in bed. They are on their way to the churches, open to receive, if they can, the joyous crowds. These temples are in a blaze, for not only is there a glitter of light from the church itself, but each worshipper bears a lighted candle, and all over the church there is a sparkle, a flashing, a dazzle of light. All this music coming out of the silence, all the light breaking out of the darkness, it is in response to that thought, "Christ is risen!" It suggests the change that the resurrection of Jesus has made in the world's thinking—turning darkness into light, turning sorrows into songs.

With Easter in Russia comes a season of feasting. The food goes to church as well as the feaster, and there the priest pronounces his blessing upon it. None so poor but there will be something nice on the table, while beggars have a blessed time at the expense of other folks.

Easter, too, sets the eggs to rolling about Russia, and they may take with them quaint devices put upon the shell in paint or gilt. They are not always eggs that come from the hen's nest, but they may be made of stone or wood. Happy is the boy that has an egg which will melt away in his mouth, and still happier is the person who receives not an egg of sugar but of gold. The distribution of eggs must be very general. It is said that in St. Petersburg hundreds of thousands of these Easter emblems change hands.

We wish a few of the golden eggs could roll this way, and the goose that laid them come with them.

A DEADLY SERPENT.

**S**OME time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Garden. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting.

As he held it, the snake unobserved by him, coiled itself around his arm, and at length it got a firm grip, and wound tighter and tighter so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile; and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him, and he died.

So it is with the appetite of strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless, but afterwards "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

ONE man was asked by another, with whom he was on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "O," he replied, "I'm living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you should drop in some evening."

SHALL IT BE RUM OR MISSIONS?

**T**HE following diagram and figures show the amounts spent per year for the several purposes mentioned in Great Britain:

Intoxicating liquors.	\$850,000,000
Bread.	\$230,000,000
Woolen goods.	\$175,000,000
Butter and cheese.	\$150,000,000
Milk.	\$100,000,000
Tea, Coffee and Cocoa.	\$70,000,000
Cotton goods.	\$55,000,000
Education.	\$5,250,000
Christian Missions.	\$5,250,000

The above diagram is a thrilling article in itself. We have made it by modifying one somewhat similar, which appeared recently in an English periodical. It shows the fearful proportion of expenditure in Great Britain for intoxicating drinks with that for necessary articles of life, and with the cost of education and the contribution for Christian missions.

It does not need comment. Each person can make his own deductions. This is no time to slacken our efforts against the giant evil of intemperance. Let us study what it costs us in the United States in itself and relatively. Let us hear no more about the cost of our missions, when intoxicating drinks are costing Great Britain, and doubtless too the United States, a hundred millions of dollars for every million we spend for the evangelization of the non-Christian world.—*Christian Advocate.*

"PAPA," said a Hamilton boy, "do goats give milk?" "Yes, Tommy." "And a goat is a butter, isn't it?" "Yes, my son." "Well, then, isn't goat's milk buttermilk?"

## THE RISEN CHRIST.

**R**ISEN Christ! Thou art the door,  
The everlasting way,  
The blessed Easter-gate of life  
That opens to the day  
All praise, our risen Lord, to Thee,  
For love that conquers death;  
For faith that maketh quick to hear  
One word that Jesus saith.

As He is risen, so now He dieth not—The  
widow of Nain's son, the ruler's daughter,  
Lazarus, all these rose again, yet they died  
afterward; but Christ rising from the dead,  
dieth no more. — *Bishop Andrews.*

Sweetly singing o'er and o'er,  
Precious Jesus evermore,  
This is joy indeed,  
O Jesus,  
Precious and forever.

*Knight.*

In His Easter-joy Christ thought of us and  
our salvation, of each one of us by name and  
look. He will know that joy again when we  
come before him to rest forever in his presence.  
— *Faber.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!  
The Lord is risen indeed;  
The curse is made of none avail,  
The sons of men are free.

— *Thompson.*

Blessed be God for the glory of the conde-  
-sension, patience, faith, and endurance of  
Jesus Christ in the extremity of all sorts of  
suffering. This has been the pole-star of the  
Church in all its storms. — *Queen.*

Jesus lives! for us He died.  
Then alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving. Hallelujah!  
— *German hymn.*

## THE CHILDREN'S EASTER.

**S**UNSHINE! Sunshine!"  
Bessie opened her eyes with  
a smile on the brightness  
of the Easter morning. "I  
wonder if that bud is open  
yet!"

Very soon she ran into  
the hall where she had for  
many days carried her pot  
of Easter lilies from east window to  
west window, that they might catch  
the first and last rays of light.

"Just opening! Just turning back  
its leaves—oh—h—!" She almost  
held her breath as she bent over the  
plant, whose latest unfolding bud  
seemed opening its very heart to the  
tender rays of the sunshine which  
wrapped child and flower, while she  
drank in its sweetness and fragrance.

"Yes, that's just how he says it is,"  
she went on, slowly, as if trying to  
recall a lesson. "These white lilies  
mean purity, and they open when the  
sun shines on them. And our hearts  
ought to be pure and white as snow  
when the Sun of Righteousness shines  
on them—yes, I remember it."

Bessie was soon ready for the chil-  
-dren's service, which was to take place  
at the church before the usual morn-  
-ing worship.

Carefully cutting the precious lily  
at the last moment, she went to grand-  
-mother's room, carrying also an egg on  
which she had painted with infinite  
care a bunch of little blue dabs, which  
were meant for forget-me-nots, but  
would have stood for any other pretty  
thing touched by the April sky with  
its own colour. Scraggy lettering on  
the other side said,—

"May the peace of Easter dwell in  
your heart."

Grandmother kissed the painstaking  
little fingers and stroked the bonny  
bright hair, with a prayer that the  
peace which belongs to a pure heart  
might never depart from the loving  
child.

The children gathered in the Sun-  
-day-school room with faces as bloom-  
-ing as the flowers they held, and soon  
took their way to the church close by.

Some of them glanced at a little girl,  
who stood timidly near the door,  
noticing for a moment the pathetic  
wistfulness with which the large soft  
eyes followed the flowers.

As Bessie's class came, last of all,  
she stepped a little further out, and  
Bessie stopped at sight of her earnest  
gaze, not having the heart to pass  
without a word.

"You haven't any flowers, have  
you?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Come, Bessie," said one of her  
friends, impatiently; "don't you see  
we're the last? Don't stop there to  
talk."

Bessie did not stop long, but she  
could not go into the church filled  
with its warmth and brightness, and  
happy faces and music, and the breath  
of flowers, leaving the forlorn little  
thing standing there with her bare feet  
and her scanty clothing, and that long-  
-ing look in her eyes.

"Here," she said, holding out her  
lilies, "you shall have mine."

"Bessie!" But Bessie heeded only  
the look of surprise and delight under  
the old shawl.

"Yes, come with us," she went on,  
as the others hurried through the  
pillared vestibule. "You can give it  
just as well as I."

The bare feet came up the steps and  
over the softly carpeted aisle, as their  
owner followed Bessie to the seat  
assigned to her class.

Many smiled at sight of the queer  
little figure, but as she shrank into the  
corner of the seat, Bessie felt glad she  
was there, although she could not help  
a wish away down in her heart, that  
she had wanted her flowers some other  
day than just on Easter Sunday.

The different classes were bringing  
their offerings of money collected  
during the year. And when Bessie's  
class went up, carrying the lily  
branches, which were to be placed in a  
lily-shaped vase waiting for them, she  
went, too.

But as each willing hand made its  
offering, little Barefoot, brought for-  
-ward as others stood aside, hung back  
as some one would have taken her  
lilies.

Bessie's cheeks grow red with dis-  
-may and confusion.

Whispers and small nudges were all  
of no use, and more than a smile went  
around in the moment's pause. For  
the child, though she looked appeal-  
-ingly at Bessie as if for forgiveness,  
still held on to her flowers with a  
positive little shake of her head, which  
plainly showed that she did not mean  
to give them up.

The exercises went on and were  
finished. As Bessie walked out think-  
-ing earnestly of some things she had  
heard, the little lily-bearer came after  
her, looking anxiously up as if wish-  
-ing to speak.

"Where do you live?" Bessie asked.

The other gave an address and then  
came closer.

"Jan sick—so sick!" she said.

"Jan no laugh, no eat. Jan so"—  
-leaning her head pitifully to one side.

"Jan like these," she pointed to the  
flowers, and Bessie said, heartily,—

"I'm glad you've got them for Jan.  
Good-by," as the feet turned down a  
-side street and she saw the Easter lilies  
no more.

"Yes,"—the little lassie went on

soborly to herself, in a way which had  
grown upon her through having few  
child-companions—"He said that love  
and kindness are like sweet flowers  
growing in our hearts. And that  
when we are kind and loving it is an  
offering to Him. I must get grand-  
-mother to let me take some nice things  
to Jan to-morrow. I wonder what  
he'll think of the lilies—poor, sick  
Jan! Oh, I know I've given them to  
the dear Lord just as much as if they  
were in His church."

And when Bessie went to see little  
Barefoot and her brother Jan, she felt  
sure that her sweet lilies she watched  
so long and tended so carefully had  
been given to the dear Lord. For she  
remembered the verse, "Inasmuch as  
yo did it unto the least of these, yo  
did it unto me."

## A THRILLING INCIDENT

**N**OT far from the picturesque  
watering-place called Bray,  
in County Wicklow, Ireland,  
a vessel was driven on the  
rocks. The storm was terrific, and a  
terrible death appeared to await the  
seamen on board the schooner. The  
lifeboat was launched, and the hardy  
and courageous seamen ventured out  
upon their work of rescue. Anxiety  
was strongly marked upon the counte-  
-nance of the men. The line between  
true courage and foolhardiness is very  
difficult to draw when angry seas  
threaten to overwhelm both rescuers  
and wrecked. 'Tis a noble heroism  
that proffers life for life. Amongst the  
lifeboat's crew sat a man whose  
countenance wore no trace of anxiety.  
"Away to the rescue!" "Onward!"  
"Lose not a moment!" was the bur-  
-den of his courageous cry. The heavy  
surf crossed safely, his brawny features  
shone through the storm with the bright-  
-ness of the word rescue written upon  
them. Onward they pulled their way,  
and twenty long minutes to the watch-  
-ers on the shore passed before they  
reached the wreck. Through the blind-  
-ing storm they watched and waited the  
supreme issue. "Would the rescuers  
succeed, or would they be beaten back  
from their noble work? Could it be  
that the lifeboat had been swamped?  
Where was she! Every eye was  
strained; every heart was lifted up in  
earnest desire and fervent prayer. The  
strain was soon realised. See, she is  
returning. From behind the impaled  
schooner the lifeboat is seen. "Thank  
God, they have rescued some at last!"  
said a gentleman, as, by the aid of the  
glass, he discerned a larger number in  
the lifeboat than she started with.  
How those oars defy the strength of  
ocean; success nerves every arm; the  
buoyant craft swims upon the surface,  
and every minute brings them near  
the shore. Men breathe more freely  
now, and the sound of loud, cheering  
words reach the occupants of the gal-  
-lant lifeboat. Yes, they have taken  
all the precious lives off the schooner,  
and now 'twas but a battle in the de-  
-struction of property. The men (the  
real estate) in the ship were saved.  
Half an hour sufficed to see them  
through the danger of the fearful surf.  
O! such greetings; such welcome and  
joy. Life saved makes strangers instant  
friends and lifelong friendships. A  
gentleman present, who noticed the  
courageous willingness of the seaman  
to whom we have called attention,  
went up to him, and, shaking hands,

said: "What prompted your courage  
and readiness to dare the storm?" "Ah,  
sir," he replied, "I can tell you that—  
I was once in the same position—  
wrecked, and rescued by a lifeboat."

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

(A New Version.)

"**A** MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,  
"For a' that, and a' that;"  
But though the song be clear and strong  
It lacks a note for a' that.  
The lout whod shrink his daily work,  
Yet claim his wage and a' that,  
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,  
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare  
Were true and brave, and a' that,  
And none whose garb is "hadden grey,"  
Was fool and knave and a' that  
The vice and crime that shame our time,  
Would fade and fail and a' that,  
And ploughman be as good as kings,  
And churls as carles for a' that.

You see you brawny, blustering sot,  
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,  
And thinks because his strong right arm  
Might fell an ox and a' that,  
That he's a noble man for man,  
As duke or lord, and a' that;  
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,  
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,  
Have palace, park, and a' that,  
And not for birth but honest worth,  
Be thrice a man for a' that;  
And Donald herding on the muir,  
Who beats his wife, and a' that,  
Be nothing but a rascal poor,  
Not half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—  
The truth is old, and a' that—  
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold, for a' that."  
And though you'd put the minted mark  
On copper, brass, and a' that—  
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,  
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
The soul and heart and a' that,  
That makes the king a gentleman,  
And not his clown and a' that,  
And man with man, if rich or poor,  
The best is he, for a' that,  
Who stands erect, in self respect,  
And gets the man for a' that.

## HOW A TOAD CATCHES FLIES.

**C**HARLES WHITE, of New  
Castle, New Hampshire, has  
a brood of chickens which  
have a run of a portion of the yard, the  
old hen being shut up. The chickens  
are fed with moistened meal in saucers,  
and when the dough gets a little sour it  
attracts a large number of flies. An  
observant toad has evidently noticed  
this, and every day towards evening he  
makes his appearance in the yard, hops  
to a saucer, climbs in and rolls over  
until he is covered with meal, having  
done which he awaits developments.  
The flies, enticed by the smell, soon  
swarm around the scheming butrachian,  
and when one passes within two inches  
or so of his nose, his tongue darts out  
and the fly disappears, and this plan  
works so well that the toad has taken  
it up as a regular business. The  
chickens do not manifest the least  
alarm at their clumsy and big-mouthed  
playmate, but seems to think it quite a  
lark to gather round him and pick off  
his stolen coat of meal, when they have  
plenty more of the same sort in the  
saucers.

A BOY that was kept after school for  
bad orthography excused himself to  
his parents by saying that he was spell-  
-bound.



HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY KRISTOFFER JANSON.

High upon the cross suspended,  
Truth is hanging undefiled,  
Shelterless and scorned indeed,  
Hate rejoices through the nation;  
From the cross comes supplication,  
"Pardon them, for whom I bleed."

Not in lightning or in thunder  
Comes a truth of love or wonder:  
In a manger it is born;  
And the crowd, its light unheeding,  
Nail it ever, torn and bleeding,  
To the cross with laughing scorn.

But the light, by men rejected,  
Glow with power unsuspected,  
And the cross becomes a star;  
Beckoning through the mists of ages,  
Through the blood-stained martyr pages,  
Witnesses from near and far

Jesus! Saviour! Hail forever,  
Throned on Calvary, dying never!  
Crucified as Truth must be:  
Each red drop of life blood flowing  
Shows new thought, forever growing,  
Calling all mankind to Thee.

ORGANIC UNION OF THE CHURCHES.

"At the Ministerial Association of this city, Hamilton," says the *Canada Christian Advocate*, "an able and interesting paper was read by Rev. Mr. Carson, pastor of Centenary Methodist Church upon this subject. The writer argued in favour of such union, and believed it might be brought about in the next ten years. The spirit of Christian fraternity of course largely prevailed in the meeting, but all the members present were not quite prepared to go the length of organic union of all the Churches.

"Much is now being said and written on the subject of Christian union among the members of the various sections of the Church, and all good men must rejoice in this fact. Christian people are becoming better acquainted with each other, and, as a consequence, they understand each other better, and mingle more freely. As a result of this, there is a stronger spirit of fraternity developed and a heartier co-operation in all religious work. This, we repeat, is exceedingly pleasant, and may be taken as an evidence of the fact that Christianity, instead of losing its power over mankind, is gradually diffusing the leaven of Christ's spirit among all who accept His Gospel as the revelation of God.

"We are in profound sympathy with much that was said during the discussion, which followed the reading of Mr. Carson's paper. We are not, however, quite prepared to say the doctrinal differences, which now keep denominations apart, are unimportant and unessential. There are, if we read correctly the various creeds of Christendom, some doctrinal questions, on which we differ, of the most vital importance, and on which, it seems to us, it would be quite impossible to harmonize. The best, therefore, we can do, under such circumstances, is to agree to differ, and still love each other as brethren in the Lord."

We rejoice at the progress of this feeling of fraternity. We hope that it will grow more and more. We do not think an organic union likely to be soon accomplished. What we desire is, to see such a spirit of Christian unity as shall lead to the most fraternal intercourse, and shall prevent the unseemly strife, and controversy, and rivalry and uncharitableness that

has so often marred the unity of Christ's Church and made the infidel triumph. We need to be more united at home, that we fight as one army against infidelity and intemperance and vice of every kind, and that we may present an unbroken front to the hosts of heathenism and false religions.

WHAT HELPED THEM.

An exchange tells the following story of how three children were helped in a long journey from Germany to America:

Three little German girls, whose friends were in America, wanted to go thither. They were from 8 to 12 years old, and the question was how to get them across the great ocean, and away into the interior of America. There was no one to go with them, they must go alone; and no one could tell what trouble might assail them, or what dangers might surround them. But their friends had faith in God, and before they sent them out they got a book, and on the fly-leaf of it they wrote a sentence in German, in French, and in English, and they told the little children when they started: "If you get into any trouble, or need any help, you just stand still and open this book and hold it right up before you."

Then they started off on their long journey by railway and by steamship, from place to place, and from port to port; and wherever they went, if any trouble occurred or any difficulty arose, the children would stop and open the book, and hold it before them, and they always found some one who could read German or English or French, and who was ready to help them on their way. And so in due time they reached their friends far off in the interior of America.

And what were these words which proved such a talisman protection to these children among strangers and in a strange land? What were the words that made the careless civil and thoughtful, and the rough and reckless kind, that gave them protection and help in every hour of need, and opened doors before them? They were the words of One who lived on earth long years ago, and who, though He has passed away from human vision, yet holds His grasp upon the minds of men. These were the words: "And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

The magnetic needle is one of the most sensitive and delicate of instruments. It quivers like the aspen leaf at the approach of any object that repels or attracts it. It shakes with every tremor of the earth or sea. It is seldom at rest; almost as if alive, it wanders around its limited circle. It seems to have its likes and dislikes, its feelings and its impulses. Sometimes a magnetic storm sweeps over it and drives it from its course. Sometimes it seems roused to a wild excitement by some repelling influence. But soon again rest comes, and the delicate, feeble needle points forever to the north.

Upon its firmness and unchangeable nature rests the most important human affairs. It guides the steamers that

cross the Atlantic, and brings them safely to their harbour. Without this feeble instrument the *Alaska* would never venture to rush over the ocean in cloud, mist, or night, or the *Servia* reach her destined aim. It leads the great hosts of immigrants safely to the land of plenty; it carries back the crops of America to feed the people of Europe. Without it Columbus could never have found the New World, and centuries might have passed before the two hemispheres were united. Its delicate guidance leads the explorer through tropical forests and over the polar ice.

No one can tell when the magnetic needle first came in use. It was once thought that it was invented at Amalfi, a famous seaport of Italy, about the year 1302, but it was known in Europe long before. A French poet, Guyot, about 1150, sang of the wonderful needle that always pointed to the north star when the sea was dark and gloomy. It was known in Sweden in 1250. It seems to have come first from Holland. But the Chinese assert that they used the mariner's compass before the tenth century, and it may have been brought to Europe from that singularly inventive people.

The Western races took up the invention, and have made it the foundation of a new science. They have built upon the magnetic needle the science of electro-magnetism. Magnetism not only guides great steamers over the seas and explorers by land, its delicate vibrations are made to carry knowledge around the world, and enable nations to converse with each other, however far apart. The system of electric telegraphs depends upon the peculiar properties of the magnet. The strange, mysterious power that was first unfolded in some Eastern city by the shores of the Pacific has been turned to new uses. It lights our streets, conveys messages, writes, and may one day drive the rail car and conduct most of the operations of labour. The steam engine has found a rival.—*Harper's Young People*.

*Harper's Weekly* pays the following tribute to Her Majesty's latest literary production:—Queen Victoria's new book, a journal of a trip to the Highlands, is a fresh revelation of the deep womanly instinct of the first lady of the British Empire, abounding in expressions of love for her dear husband and her six orphans, and of consideration for her dependents, chief among whom was the much-talked-about John Brown. "His loss to me," she says of the Scotch gillie, "is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence. He served me truly, devotedly, untriflingly. To say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose life-long gratitude he won by constant care and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth." The throne of so true a woman may well be said to be "firm fixed upon a people's will." Who expected that her book would be an authority on political intrigues?

"Mamma, what's a bookworm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ringworm ain't she?"—*Ex.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

GAZE upon the thorn-crowned brow,  
I see the pierced hands;  
It seems in vain, I cannot yield  
The love such love demands.

Thou givest to my weary soul  
Far more than angels' food.  
The Body offered for my sake,  
Thine own most precious blood.

Thyself in me, and I in Thee,  
A mystery divine,  
That so the fire of Thy dear love  
May kindle warmth in mine.

Yet even thus my heart is cold,  
And holds aloof from Thee:  
I have the wish but not the will  
To love Thee fervently.

Thou dost not quench the smoking flax;  
I will not then despair:  
Thou knowest all my heart, and Thou  
Wilt fan the embers there

Until they rise an upward flame  
Of heavenly, perfect love,  
And in that light I see Thy face,  
And worship Thee above.

BOYS

DEAR me, how many kinds there are, and what a nuisance a boy can make of himself, if he chooses. Take, for instance, the big-feeling boy. Perhaps you know just how he comes into the house, loud-voiced, important, giving out his orders, telling what he wants and doesn't like, what he will have and won't have, snubbing his mother and sisters, domineering over the little ones, speaking rudely to the hired help, disturbing everybody. You can't hurl a bootjack at him, for such is not the custom, but a bootjack would do him good if it could let him know what a nuisance he is. Some boys seem to think it makes them manly to act in this way. Poor, ignorant simpletons! They do not know that the greatest and noblest men are surest to be gentlest in manner, respectful to women, to reverence their mothers, and to treat everybody well; *everybody*, the poor, and poorly-clothed not excepted. Clothes do not make the man or the woman, or the boy, or the girl. Neither does the occupation. A poor laborer, poorly clothed, may be a much nobler person than a rich idler, finely clothed. Boys do not always think of this.

I will tell you what kind of a boy I like. The boy that I like is wide awake, spry, eager for outdoors and for all sorts of sport, always plays fair, will not lower himself so much as to cheat, is not big-feeling, is not a sneak, is not afraid of pain, speaks the truth, no matter how much it goes against him; would hate to get into bed with himself if he had done a mean thing, is willing to do anybody a favor even if it cause him some trouble, is well-mannered at home, kind to the little ones, respectful to the elder ones, and treats *everybody* well. And all this is just as true of the girl that I like as of the boy. I know girls that I like, and I know boys that I like. Some of them are in my audience, and were I acquainted with you all, very likely I should like you all. I hope so.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be loved.



THIS I DID FOR THEE.

Arr. by T. B. STEPHENSON.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That

thou might'st re-sond be, And quokened from the dead. I

gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me? I

gave my life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for Me?

2 I spent long years for thee,  
In weariness and woe,  
That at one eternity  
Of joy thou mightest know.  
I spent long years for thee;  
Hast thou spent one for Me?  
3 My Father's home of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
I left it all for thee;  
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell.  
I suffered much for thee;  
What dost thou bear for Me?  
6 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,  
Salvation full and free.  
My pardon and my love,  
Great gifts I brought to thee;  
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for me be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blend,  
I gave myself for thee;  
Give thou thyself to Me.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 54.] LESSON II. [April 15.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19, 8-22. Commit to memory vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And many that believed came, and confessed and showed their doings. Acts 19, 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Kingdom of God, v. 8-12
2. The Kingdom of Satan, v. 13-22.

TIME.—A. D. 54 to 57.

PLACE.—Ephesus, in Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Three months*—At the services on the Sabbath days during three months. *Disputing*—Talking to the Jews to prove that Jesus is the Saviour. *Dicers*—Some people. *That cry*—The gospel way of faith. *Separated the disciples*—Holding their meetings apart from the Jews. *All who dwell in Asia*—By Asia is meant only the lands on the western end of Asia Minor. *Special miracles*—Miracles even more wonderful than at other times. *From his body*—Clothes which had touched Paul were taken to the sick. *Vagabond Jews*—Wandering and worthless people. *Evilists*—Men who pretended to cast out evil spirits. *Who are ye*—Pretending to use a name to which they had no right. *Fear fell*—People were afraid of the mighty name of Jesus. *Showed their doings*—Disciples who had been doing wrong confessed it. *Curious arts*—That is, trying to deal with evil spirits. *Their books*—Containing charms and evil writings. *Purposed in the spirit*—Formed a plan. *To go to*

Jerusalem—He wished to become better acquainted with the Church there. *Must also see Rom.*—He did not know that he should go there as a prisoner.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That unbelief shuts us out from the Gospel?
  2. That spiritual power belongs only to true followers of Jesus?
  3. That true repentance is followed by abandonment of all wrong-doing?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Paul do in the synagogue? Spoke boldly concerning the kingdom of God.
2. What miracles did God do by the hand of Paul? Cured diseases and cast out evil spirits.
3. What followed the failure of the mocking sons of Sceva to call forth the evil spirit? The name of the Lord was magnified.
4. What did the men of curious arts do? Brought their books and burned them.
5. What did this show? The growing power of God's word.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of Jesus' name.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

32. May we hope for the teaching of the Holy Spirit?  
Yes; our Saviour promised: "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth" (John xvi. 13); and this promise, first given to the apostles, belongs to all the true disciples of Christ.
33. What do the Scriptures teach you concerning God?  
That God is an eternal Spirit, infinite and unchangeable in His nature and attributes, who alone exists of Himself. John iv. 24. Isaiah xlv. 9.

A. D. 57.] LESSON III. [April 20  
PAUL'S PREACHING.

1 Cor. 1, 17-31. Com: it to memory vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness. 1 Cor. 1, 23.

OUTLINE.

1. Its Theme, v. 17-20.
2. Its Power, v. 21-25.
3. Its Result, v. 26-31.

TIME.—This Epistle was written in the spring of A. D. 57, while Paul was at Ephesus. PLACE.—Written from Ephesus to the Church at Corinth, in Greece.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Not to baptize*—Paul preached, but left the office of baptism to his helpers. *Not with wisdom of words*—He did not try to preach in an eloquent or learned manner. *Cross of Christ*—The truth that men are saved through Christ's death on the cross. *To them that perish*—Who will not believe. *Foolishness*—People who do not believe generally see no value in the cross of Christ. *Power of God*—The means whereby God saves men. *Wise prudent*—Those who think themselves to be such. *By wisdom knew not God*—All the wisdom of the world failed to find God. *Foolishness of preaching*—The subject of the Gospel, the cross, seeming foolish to many. *A sign*—To show that Jesus was divine. *Stumbling block*—The Jews could not accept a crucified Saviour. *Foolishness of God*—That plan of God which to many seemed foolish. *Not many wise*—The early Christians were mostly people of lower life. *Things which are not*—So small as to seem nothing, as was the early Church. *No flesh*—No man. *Glory in his presence*—None should boast their greatness. *Sanctification*—The holiness which we have in Christ. *Redemption*—Freedom, from having been bought by Christ.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That the theme of all true preaching is Jesus?
2. That success of human teaching depends upon divine power?
3. That the labors of the weakest glorify God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what purpose was the apostle sent by Christ? To preach the Gospel. 2. What is the preaching of the cross unto them which are saved. The power of God. 3. When is man's wisdom of no avail? When he stands before the cross. 4. What was the great text of the apostle's preaching? Christ crucified. 5. In whom should we glory? In the Lord.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation through the cross of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

35. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite?  
I mean that His nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit. Job xi. 7. Psalm cxlvii. 5. 1 Kings viii. 27. [Job xxvi. 14; Psalm xxvii. 2; 1 Corinthians ii. 11.]
36. Are there more gods than one?  
There is one God only, the living and true God. Deuteronomy vi. 4. Psalm lxxxvi. 10. Isaiah xlv. 22. [Isaiah xlv. 6, 7; Jeremiah x. 10; Matthew xxviii. 19; 1 Corinthians viii. 4; 1 Thessalonians i. 9; 1 Timothy ii. 5.]
37. How many persons are there in the Godhead?  
In the Godhead there are Three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are one God. Matthew. xxviii. 19.

"FOLLOW your prescription?" retorted an irascible patient. "No, sir. If I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a third storey window."

A WELL-KNOWN author once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, and signed himself "A. S." "What a pity," observed Douglas Jerrold, "that he will only tell two-thirds of the truth."

"PLEASE, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay." "Is it for your father?" "O, no; it's for the horse; father doesn't eat hay!"

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