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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1885.

No. 5.

MY BRAVE LADDIE.

Tap, tap, along the pavement, tap
It came, a little crutch,
A pale-faced lad looked up at me,
"I do not mind it much."
He answered to my pitying look,
"It might be worse, you know,
Some fellows have to stay in bed
While I quite fast can go.

"Oh, yes, I used to run about,
Perhaps I may again,
The doctor says it's wonderful
I have so little pain
It hurts me now and then, of course,
And ever since the fall,
But I'm so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."

Tap, tap, the little crutch went on,
I saw the golden hair,
The brown eyes wide and all aglow,
The noble manly air,
And somehow tears a moment came,
And made my vision dim,
While still the laddie cheerful words
Were sweet as sweetest hymns.

"I am so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."
Why, that's the way for us to feel
When troubles may befall.
There's always blue sky somewhere,
friend,
Though clouds around you meet
And patience with the Master send,
It ought at His dear feet.
— M. E. Sanger

WHO ARE YOUR ASSO- CIATES?

ALLEN WINFIELD
lived next door to the
school-house. So he
used to work until a
quarter before nine every morn-
ing, and then expeditiously
changed his working garb for
a neat school suit which made
him look like a new boy.

"I wouldn't be digging away
there to every morning," said
Hugh Rogers, as he lounged
over the garden fence about
eight o'clock. "I am going
over to school to have some
fun."

"The teacher does not like
to have us come much before
school time," said Allen, "and
I take more pleasure in seeing
these things come on so well in
the garden than in a game of
ball, though I like that well
enough too."

"Well, you have a curious taste,"
said the lounger, as he sauntered on to
join a company of like-minded lads,
who thought play the main business of
life.

Mother was sure to call Allen the
moment he desired.

"Don't be late, Allen," she said,
glancing at the clock, which said one
minute of nine.

"Never fear, mother," said the lad,
fastening the last button of his jacket.
"The teacher has just passed. I will
be there as soon as he." And giving
his mother a hasty good-by kiss, he
bounded down the steps, and in another
minute was in his seat at school.

All n's companions were quickly
seen, let him be where he would

over lessons, or matters of improve-
ment, or joining heartily in bracing,
manly sports.

Hugh, just as regularly, gravitated
toward a very different circle. They
were the tricky boys, those who always
keep their teacher on the alert, nipping
in the bud their plans of mischief or
correcting them for misdemeanors.

"He that walketh with wise men
shall be wise." A young man's whole
future life depends largely upon the
associates he chooses.—*Exchange.*

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"ONE of my first lessons," said Mr.
Sturges, the eminent merchant, "was
in 1813, when I was eleven years old.

My grandfather had a fine flock
of sheep, which were carefully
tended during the war of those
times. I was the shepherd boy,
and my business was to watch
the sheep in the fields. A boy
who was more fond of his book
than the sheep was sent with
me, while he lay under the trees
and read. I did not like that,
and finally went to my grand-
father, and complained of it. I
shall never forget the kind smile
of the old gentleman as he said:
'Never mind, Jonathan, my
boy; if you watch the sheep,
you will have the sheep.'

"What does grandfather
mean by that? I said to my-
self. 'I don't expect to have
a sheep.' I could not exactly
make out in my mind what it
was, but I had great confidence
in him, for he was a judge, and
had been in Congress in Wash-
ington's time; so I concluded
it was all right, and went back
contentedly to the sheep. After
I got into the acid I could not
keep his words out of my head.
Then I thought of Sunday's
lesson. 'Thou hast been faith-
ful over a few things, I will
make thee ruler over many
things.' I began to see through
it. 'Never you mind who ne-
glects his duty, be you faithful
and you will have your reward.'

"I received a second lesson
soon after I came to New York
as a clerk of the late Lyman
Reed. A merchant from Ohio
who knew me came to buy goods,
and said. 'Make yourself so
useful that they cannot do with-
out you.' I took his meaning
quicker than I did that of my
grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these
two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a
partnership in the business. The first
morning after the partnership was
made known, Mr. James Geery, the
old tea-merchant, called in to congratu-
late me, and he said: 'You are all
right now. I have only one word of
advice to give you: Be careful whom
you walk the streets with.' And that
was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are.



MY BRAVE LADDIE.

They were always the best scholars
in the school, no matter whether they
wore broadcloth or homespun. A
noble-hearted mother had taught him
from childhood that character, not
clothes, was the standard by which to
measure people. Nowhere more than
at school is the old adage true
about "birds of a feather." At recess
you would see Allen one of a knot of
boys who were intelligently talking

They get little profit out of their ex-
cellent advantages for obtaining an
education.

Now, can not any one easily fancy
the future history of those two boys?
One sinking lower and lower, led on
by evil associates into rounds of dis-
sipation, beginning at the drinking
saloon, the other rising to a noble,
prosperous manhood, to take the re-
sponsible positions of honour in society.

Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers, carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation-stones of character and honourable success.

KHARTOUM.

BY REV. S. J. DOUGLASS.

FENCIRCLED by old Nilus tide,
Within the burning zone,
Proud as a dusky Ethiop bride,
Still stands the city lone.
Through all the desert's breadth and length
Is whispered coming doom:
They firmly trust in God's good strength,
The heroes of Khartoum.

The spicy scent of myriad flowers
Drifts on the morning air;
Orange and tamarind, mid green bowers,
Their cooling burdens bear:
The crisping thorn and thirsty sand
Hide many a Moslem tomb—
A slender wand aye leads the band
That mans thy walls, Khartoum!

Far to the north, new life to seek,
O muezzin, strain thy gaze,
Where Djebel Gerri's granite peak
Swims in the mid-day blaze!
What work from o'er Bahinda waste?
Last for the cannons' boom!
All know what bodes such speedless haste
To watchers in Khartoum.

The golden sun, with richest glow,
Sinks in the glowing sand;
El Madhi's sentries pace full slow
Along the White Nile's strand
What strength would British rifles bring!
Swift works Fate's deathful loom!
What songs would British bugles sing
To dwellers in Khartoum!

And still old Nile pours down his flood
From Abyssinian hills;
And still he drew his richest blood
From Kilimanjaro's rills:
And still each palm its frond uprears,
And sweet mimosas bloom—
The camp-fires show but Arab spears
To those who guard Khartoum.

And still the tinkling camel-bell,
At morning, noon, and night,
Sounds like a distant, mournful knell
Tolled by a desert-sprite.
But knell or fend or flashing spear,
Relief of swift-winged doom—
He knows no fear but godly fear,
The Hero of Khartoum.

To him the bond-child lifts his prayers;
For him the gray-beard prays;
A city's life, its hopes, its cares,
Hang on his lengthening days.
But come defeat or come release,
A soldier's crown or tomb,
He calmly dwells in God's own peace,
The Hero of Khartoum.

A PLUCKY BOY.

HE boy marched straight up to the counter.
"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"O, please sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

There were a few wisps of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them he gave the ends of the cravat a brush, and then his hands travelled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well now, about what sort of work might

your 'small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, 'you, can't look over the counter!"

"O, yes, I can, and I'm 'growing, please, growing fast—there, see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes—are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him—he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the next rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small for my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have—not—had—any—any breakfast, sir," the voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in the vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?" "We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer *City of Boston*."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth and looked straight into the boy's eyes, which were straight into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?" "Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his ear—then travelled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"O, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 got?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir—work all the time!"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that

tenement house" enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took. I'm cash boy. Don't you know when they take parcels the clerks call 'Cash?'—well, I'm that! and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

The house was only a little ten by fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took him in her arms and hugged him, kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness.—
From an English Journal.

FRANKIE'S DECISION.

A FEW mornings since a little incident came under my notice and touched me as one of John B. Gough's wonderfully pathetic stories could not. A little lad of St. Louis, whose mother has been an invalid for months, saw—aye, and felt, too—that the little they had left from a once handsome property was melting hopelessly away. Seeing his little sister going out to her daily duties in a Christian publishing house, it occurred to Frankie that he, too, could do something. The mother's heart ached sadly as from her pillow she saw him walk bravely out into the October sunshine to conquer fortune. Of course no one wanted a boy without experience or prestige; so in a couple of hours, his feet began to lag, and his heart sank, when whom should he meet but Mrs. Wilson, a former acquaintance of his mother's, who seemed heartily glad to see with what bright-faced bravery the little lad had taken up his burden. So she said: "Yes, Frankie, I want just such a boy."

Those who have tried and failed, and at last met with partial success, will understand with what eager alacrity his feet flew over the pavement on errands for Mrs. Wilson until near dinner-time, when she said: "Now, Frankie, you may go and get the beer for Mr. Wilson's dinner." Had she presented a pistol to his head, he would not have been staggered more under its spell than under this mandate; and how easy it would have seemed to some—and to none more so than to really kind-hearted Mrs. Wilson—to take that five-minutes' walk and earn money to buy some luxury for sick mamma. Not so with Frankie. His religious training was pronounced; there were no modern by-ways in it. So there came slowly, and with a little quiver in his boyish voice:

"I cannot go, Mrs. Wilson."

"Tired so soon?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; but I can't buy beer."

The angry blood rose to her face, and she was about to lecture him on what she thought, at the time, impertinence; but the quick-seeing instinct of childhood saw the storm rising, so he slipped quickly out and home.

It was well the heavily-shaded room did not allow even a mother's quick eye to see the trace of tears; but the mother's heart always vibrates to the least note of sadness in the voices of her little ones, and she knew he was disappointed. So she drew his head close to hers on her pillow, and said: "O my precious boy; you are not the first who has found that the world

does not meet you half way; but be brave, and by-and-by you will succeed."

And he was brave enough to keep his bitter sorrow in the background; and it was only after Mrs. Wilson's anger had cooled, and she saw his conduct in its real light, that she came to the mother and related the incident, and offered to take him back. But he preferred to make paper boxes at twenty-five cents a day. Now, I would like to know how many lads—aye, and men, too—are ready to stand as bravely by their colours as does little Frankie.

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys!
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

"I CAN AND I WILL."

A WRITER in the *Evangelist* tells a story to illustrate the difference between "I can't," and "I can and I will." The difference between the two phrases is just the difference between victory and defeat; and the story, we trust, will so impress our readers that they will adopt the latter as their motto:

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood; but the third, a very difficult one, he had not performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and I will do it, if you will give me time."

I said to him: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into the room to recite a lesson in the same study. "Well Simeon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their work; for they make the best scholars, and map too. The third morning you should have seen Simeon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labour. Not only had he solved the problem; but, what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until, to-day, he is Professor of Mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

SONG OF THE DRINK.

MRS. TERWILLIGER.

WITH garments faded and worn,
With eyes that with weeping were
red,

A woman sat till the hours of morn,
Waiting his coming with dread.
Wait! wait! wait!
Till the heart is ready to sink:
And still in a sad, despairing tone,
She sang the song of the drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!
While the sun is rising high,
And drink! drink! drink!
Till the stars are in the sky.
It is oh! to be carried in strife
Away by some barbarous band,
Rather than live, a drunkard's wife,
In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Till the brain is all on fire:
Drink! drink! drink!
Till he wallows in the mire.
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Till down in the gutter he falls asleep,
And I wait—but he does not come.

"Oh, men enriched by the drink,
Whose collars are filling up,
Not drink alone you are dealing out,
But a skeleton in the cup.
You sell! sell! sell!
Though its victims downward sink;
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,
Grim Death, as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death!
To me it would be a relief;
And better far for my little ones
Were their time on earth but brief.
They suffer with pinching cold;
They supperless go to bed.
Ah, me! so much for the father's drink,
And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!
The thirst is still the same.
And what does it cost! An aching head,
A weakened and trembling frame,
A comfortless home, where covering forms
Shrink from his presence with fear;
A body debased, a polluted soul,
And no hope the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Each day and all day long:
To drink! drink! drink!
A captive fast and strong.
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-
dimmed.
And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!
With none to pity or save,
Down! down! down!
Into a drunkard's grave,
While the busy, thoughtless world
Goes whirling flaunting by,
With never a thought of the soul that's lost
Or the widow's and orphan's cry,

"Oh, but to grasp once more
The hand of friendship sweet,
To feel again that human hearts
With sympathy can beat!
Oh, but once more to know
The happiness I knew,
When the light of love was in his eyes,
And his heart was brave and true.

"Oh, but only for once
That welcome voice to hear,
That used with kindly words to greet
His wife and children dear!
Smiles and caresses then were ours,
But curses now and blows.
Oh, the bitter life of a drunkard's wife
None but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,
And eyes that with weeping were red,
A woman sat till the hours of morn,
Waiting his coming with dread.
Wait! wait! wait!
While the heart is ready to sink;
And still, with a sad, despairing moan,
(Oh, that its desolate, heart-rending tone,
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)
She sang the song of the drink.
—Morning and Day of Reform.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE ARMY.

SHRIMP was the name by which little Walter Cameron was generally known. He was only fourteen years old, and being small, he did not look even as much as that. But what could he do? A mere child, what was the use of sending him to do battle with the Arabs of the desert, or the still more fatal heat of the sandy Egyptian plains? Well, perhaps, I should hardly have called him a soldier, for his work was not to fight, but to blow the bugle; still he was a member of our brave army, and I doubt if in all the ranks there was one more faithful, more obedient, than little Walter Cameron.

His father had died when he was quite young, leaving him "the only child of his mother, and she was a widow." He had always wished to be a soldier, and so she had let him have his way. He enlisted in 1881, and being gifted with a strong musical taste, he soon learned to blow the bugle very correctly, so that when his company was ordered to Cyprus he was too useful to be left behind.

You might think it was not much to do; but you know there are various bugle-calls, and with only a few notes difference between them, so that unless the bugler is very particular, there might easily be mistakes and confusion. And that was just what Walter was; his calls were so clear, that the soldiers were always quite sure what they meant, and what they ought to do.

So his mother, though she grieved to part with him, felt proud that her little son was so worthy to be trusted. And, ah, her best confidence was that Walter was a soldier of the Cross as well as of Queen Victoria. He had early given his heart to Jesus, and his earnest wish and prayer was that he might continue His faithful soldier and servant to his life's end.

The little bugle-blower went out to Cyprus, and from thence in the year following to the war in Egypt. He did his duty at Kassassin; he was there to meet the troops after the attack on Tel-el-Keber. Now he saw something of the real horrors of war, and the sight of the dead and dying haunted the boy's tender spirit night and day. At last came the homeward voyage, the English welcome, and the mother's arms about his neck.

Next came the review of the troops before the Queen. As the youngest who had served in the Egyptian army, Walter understood he was to have the honour of receiving a medal from the hands of Her Majesty.

But two days before the time he was seized with fever, the result of fatigue and exposure, and was carried to the Woolwich Hospital. It was very touching to hear the wanderings of his mind, as he asked repeatedly after the much-desired medal.

"Am I too little to get a medal?" he would say. "The men used to call me 'Shrimp.' I know I am only a little chap. Did the Queen say I was too little? But, indeed, I tried to do my duty, and the biggest fellow could do no more. I tried never to say I was tired on that march."

For seven weeks he lay ill, his mother watching beside him, till, as the year waned away, it became too

evident that his young life was waning too.

"Mother," he said to her one night, when his consciousness had returned; "mother, I have something to say to you. Mother, I am dying."

"Are you afraid, my darling?" she asked.

"Oh, no! no! not afraid. Mother, Jesus knows about you, but I am going to tell Him a lot more."

Then he seemed to think himself back at St. Mary's Church, at York, where he had once been a chorister, and above the howling of the wintry wind rose the clear though feeble voice of the dying child, repeating the familiar responses. Sometimes he would gaze upward, as if listening to something unheard by others, and would sing:

"Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand."

The long ward was filled with sufferers, but he heeded them not. His eyes, fast closing on earthly things, were already drinking in some faint glimpses of the glory to be revealed. The Saviour, whom he had loved, was with him as he again sang:

"O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!"

It was his last hymn. As the last moments of the year rolled away, the spirit of the little bugler-boy entered into that better country where there is no more war—no bloodshed—but where "Jesus is in the midst," "and where His servants shall serve Him, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

And when, soon after, the Prince of Wales visited the patients in the hospital, the mother of Walter Cameron said, "His comrades have seen the Prince, but my boy has seen the King in His beauty."

A GLASS OF BEER.

"MAMMA," said Bessie Ashton, "didn't you say that a glass of beer made a person feel good, and that it was healthy and harmless?"

"Why, ye-, Bessie, I think I did," answered Mrs. Ashton slowly, somewhat puzzled at Bessie's question.

"Mrs Thompson don't think so, mamma. The poor woman just cries nearly all the time."

"Cries?" interrogated Mrs. Ashton, in surprise, for she believed her neighbor to be one of the happiest of women.

"Yes, mamma, cries all the time," repeated Bessie, with emphasis. "Mr Thompson's cheeks look puffed away out and his face is always so red. She says he is cross and scolds continually. But he didn't use to be that way. He only drank one glass of beer then; now he can drink six or eight, and he gets mad at everything. It don't seem to make him feel good or look healthy."

Mrs. Ashton's countenance assumed a serious change. She felt keenly the force of the rebuke, but answered:

"Mr. Thompson should not give way to his appetite for drink. I'm sure one glass can do no harm."

"That's just what he thought," spoke up Bessie. "But Mrs. Thomp-

son says it had him down on his back before he was aware of it."

"Well, I don't know," answered her mother abstractedly. "I drink a glass occasionally; it don't seem to affect me."

"It don't puff your cheeks out, mamma, but it makes your face awfully red sometimes, and you can drink more than you used to."

Mrs. Ashton stopped to think. She could drink more than she used to. Bessie had told the truth.

When supper time came, instead of beer, a glass of fresh sweet milk stood near her own and her husband's plates. Mr. Ashton opened wide his eyes when he sat down to eat, and as his wife finished relating the conversation between herself and Bessie, he caught the child in his arms and kissed her affectionately, remarking, "Not another drop of beer shall ever enter my home!"

And he kept his word.—Selected.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," the Tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread

For the young and unwary feet.
"Little by little, and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul away,
Until the ruin is complete."
Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, day by day."

—Temperance Record.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

IN Japan every one has to carry a lantern. By day and night, it is seen dangling to his belt, not in the form in which we see the lantern in England, but resembling a thin, flat box. Each end of this box is fastened to a sort of paper, which, lying in folds, forms, when drawn out, a lantern. Further, the Japanese carries a tiny wooden box, shaped like a cylinder, to hold his candle. He also carries a small medicine-chest, a curious contrivance which draws out half a dozen little boxes, each containing a small portion of some especial medicine. In appearance it is like a small, carved box. Then he carries a fan, a pipe, and a short sword, and any thing else that may or may not be useful to him. The belt of a Japanese is therefore a very important part of his dress. His slippers consist of a sole with a worsted thread at the upper end, through which the great toe is thrust to keep it on the foot. His pillow is most unlike a thing we should imagine, being a frame-work of whalebone or some other such substance, into which the back of the neck near the head fits. This is to keep his knot of hair in order, for the Japanese has not his hair dressed every day, and therefore is obliged to take care of the piece which is greased and bound into a tail, the rest of the head being closely shaved.

It is not possible for a Christian man to walk across a road of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling upon him out of the sky.

"A CAPACITY to do good, not only gives a title to it, but also makes the doing of it a duty."

HOW EASY IT IS.

NOW easy it is to spoil a day—
The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The sight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere will be gone—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or the downward course of a cherished one
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till the health gives way.
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain—
Some good should come as the hours go by,
Some tangled maze may be made more plain
Some lowered glance may be raised on high
And life is too short to be spoiled like this
If only a prelude, it may be sweet,
Let us bind together its threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1885.

RUM'S DOINGS.

A DRUNKEN wretch, named Hantin, who lives near Hungerford, two of whose daughters were ill with scarlet fever, sold his last cow a few days ago to procure food, but spent the money in a tavern and went home drunk. About midnight he quarrelled with his wife and took up a heavy chair for the purpose of killing her. The oldest of the sick girls sprang out of bed and threw open the door, thus allowing her mother and sister to escape. The brute then struck the girl with the chair. The blow proved fatal a few hours later. The mother, who reached a neighbour's house in her nightclothes, also died from the effects of the exposure, and both were buried on the same day. We hope that the rising tide of public indignation will soon sweep from the face of the earth the accursed traffic which produces such results as these.

A MINISTER in Georgia, U.S., writes. "Renew my subscription to the *Methodist Magazine*. I must have it, as I am greatly delighted in reading it." Notwithstanding the hard times, the subscriptions to it and to all the S. S. papers are far ahead of last year. Now is the time to subscribe. Back numbers can be furnished.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Story of Liberty. By Charles Carleton Coffin. 8vo, pp. 415. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$3.

Mr. Coffin has rendered great service to young people by his popular series of what may be called "History on a new plan." Instead of recording at length the battles and sieges, which are often of little more consequence than the conflicts of the crows and kites, he describes the great movements of the ages, tracing their causes and exhibiting their results. The volume before us is an outline of the march of the human race, during five hundred years, from slavery to freedom. The first actor who appears in this great world-drama is King John of England, from whose granting of the Magna Carta have come the Parliamentary governments everywhere. Then come on the stage Wickliff and Chaucer among the earliest assertors of individual liberty. So the grand drama sweeps on, and the great epoch-making characters, Henry VII., Henry VIII., Wolsey, Cranmer, Huss, Luther, Guttenberg, Coster, Caxton, Erasmus, Charles V., Philip II., Loyola, and later, the Puritans in England and America.

Told as it is here, history becomes a fascinating story—not a barren chronicle of kings and dates, but a march of humanity to ever wider liberties and ever higher blessings. We cannot fail to see the hand of God leading the nations, as He led the Israelites of old, often by devious ways and through barren wastes, to a land of promise. We most heartily commend this book. Parents will confer a great benefit on their children by supplying just such wholesome and instructive literature, instead of the story papers or the trashy novels on which so many young people waste their time.

THE WAY TO GROW WISE.

AFTER reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind. See how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought. You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of infor-

mation; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labelled, has its own particular place, and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.—*St Nicholas*.

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

SUCCESS depends as much upon not doing as doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin" has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot. As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me, "Another time hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if in early life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing, "No, I thank you."

If James, a clerk in an office, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steam-boat excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been perhaps an honoured office-bearer in the Church instead of occupying a cell in a State prison.

Had William, when at school, said, when his comrades suggested to him that he should absent himself from school, and write his own excuse, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be serving out his time in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men I have noticed this, that resisting the devil in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous. "Avoid the beginning of evil" is a motto for every boy starting out in life.

O how many young men have endeavoured to stop when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts, and bad habits had driven them down to swift and irremediable ruin. So, young friend, stop before you begin to go down hill; learn to say, "No, I thank you."—*Anon*.

We have received from "A Teacher," Providence, Tyrone Circuit, \$1 for Children's Hospital.

HONOUR is like the eye which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

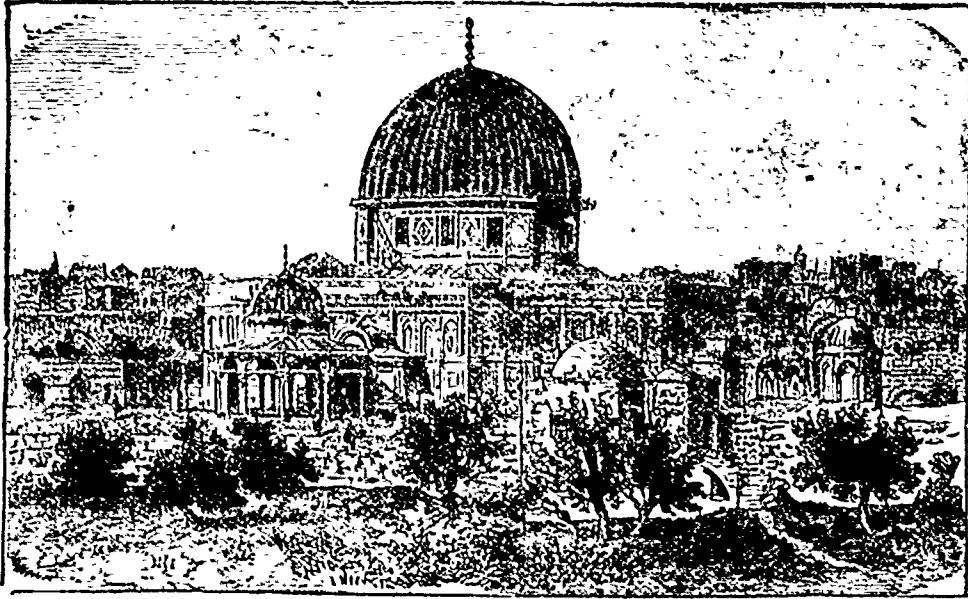


HOW TO LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO.

HOW TO LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO.

WHEN she was called to her piano practice little Maud Myrtle did not pout and say O dear! and strike the keys with a bang, but leaned down to fix her footstool straight under her feet, then seated herself nicely and squarely in front of the key-board, and did not put one foot over the other, rubbing the polish off her boots. And when she began to practise she did not take up the tune she knew best, and rattle it off just for show, for with Maud practice meant work. She opened the instruction book at her last lesson, so as to give the hardest thing the first fresh moments of study, and she did not think once going over it was enough, but over and over again she played it carefully, counting the time aloud, as her teacher had told her to do. Then she said to herself, "There! I guess that's on its way to being learned after another good day's practice, and now I'll run the scales." And, reader, I wish you could have heard them as her fingers went up and down so smoothly, looking like little white mice creeping along, they went so fast and sure, not missing a note. She played each one half a dozen times before going on to the next, and that was the reason she played them so well. Then she turned back in the instruction book to some of her old exercises, so as not to forget them, and then she took up her little tunes and made them a sort of dessert to her other good meal of music, as we might say. And you may be sure she played the tunes well after getting her hand in so nicely on the exercises. The hour was up before she was aware, and then out she ran to her play again as happy as a little bird.

THE everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THIS famous Mohammedan mosque is situated in one of the most sacred places in the world, viz., the site of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem.

"Up to a late period," writes a recent Canadian traveller, "no Christian was allowed to enter the Temple Area, and even now the expense and difficulties are so great that visitors form into parties for the occasion. Our party was under the protection of two *cavasses*, servants of the English and American consuls, who, dressed in gorgeous half-military attire, swaggered about as though they owned the whole troop. Arriving at the gate, we exchanged our shoes for slippers, and set out on a long morning's work. Our steps were first directed to the large platform or elevation, which rises about fifteen feet above the rest of the area. Here the great object of attraction is the noble octagonal building in the centre, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar. The lowest portion is composed of marble in the lower half, and the upper half of porcelain of various colours. The windows in this part are of beautifully carved lattice-work and brilliant stained glass. The second storey is drum-shaped, and above it rises the lofty dome, to the height of 150 feet above the platform. Entering the building, we found the interior somewhat gloomy, but yet impressive. Its two spacious corridors making the circuit of the building, are flanked by columns of marble and porphyry, evidently brought together from different sources.

"Immediately under the dome is the chief object of veneration—an irregularly shaped rock, sixty feet in length by fifty in width, and five to ten in height, known as the *Dome of the Rock*. It is really the crest of the hill, but the Mohammedans maintain that it is a rock floating in mid air. The tradition is that Mohammed took his flight to Paradise from this rock, and the rock felt in duty bound to follow him; but just then the angel Gabriel seized it and held it down. To convince us there was no mistake about it, we were shown the marks of his fingers in the stone. Under the rock is a good-sized cavern, in which are the praying-places of several prophets and saints. A wall of masonry prevents very extensive explorations. Overhead is a circular hole about two

feet in diameter, through which it is said men are pulled by the hair from perdition to Paradise. The great interest attached to this place arises from the probability that this is the spot where Abraham presented his son Isaac as a burnt-offering, and that here stood the great altar of sacrifice, when the Temple was the centre of Jewish splendour and devotion."

It was mentioned above that the travellers had to put off their shoes before entering the mosque. Thus the Mohammedans show their respect for all sacred places—probably in commemoration of God's command to Moses before the Burning Bush—"Put off thy shoes from thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." At all events this is the universal usage at Mohammedan mosques, and often hundreds of slippers will be seen about the door. It must give the worshippers, we would think, a good deal of trouble to find their own foot gear.

DO YOUR BEST.

THE great secret of success in any enterprise lies in the thoroughness of the work performed. It matters little whether the work be of hand or brain, if it is well done it seldom fails in its object, but if it is done in a heedless, slovenly manner, only a change of circumstances can render it successful, and that success reflects less credit on the doer than on the favourable circumstance which renders it passable. If a man be a common labourer, he can gain such respect by doing his work well, that his labour will be sought for, and himself will be honoured for his fidelity. Such men will not be long out of employment, even in hard times, while those who are known to perform their labour with the least possible trouble to themselves, or unskillfully, will always be complaining of the hard times.

If you are a maid in the kitchen do your work so well that you will be invaluable in a household. A faithful servant is a friend, and will be so considered by those employers who do their work well.

Whatever your station in life, aim to do your best, and you can but honour the station you occupy. Think no work degrading which is well done, and all work degrading which is half done.

AN INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man went into the office of the largest dry goods importing houses in New York and asked for a situation. He was told to come again.

Going down Broadway that same afternoon, opposite the Astor House, an old apple woman trying to cross the street was struck by a stage, knocked down, and her basket of apples sent scattering in the gutter.

This young man stepped out from the passing crowd, helped up the old lady, put her apples into her basket, and went on his way, forgetting the incident.

When he called again upon the importers he was asked to name his price, which was accepted immediately, and he went to work.

Nearly a year afterwards he was called aside one day and asked if he remembered assisting an old apple woman in Broadway to pick up a basket of apples, and much to his surprise learned why he had obtained a situation when more than one hundred others were desiring the same place.

Young man, you little know who sees your acts of kindness. The eyes of others see and admire what they will not take the trouble to do themselves.

THE FIRE-BELL AT SEA.

IN the Bay of Biscay, on board a large steamer, the warning-bell rang out. The bay was calm, and bore no trace of the fury which has given it an ill name. The course of the vessel was one in which there is little danger of collision. No icebergs are to be apprehended. Seldom is a sail to be seen. Yet the bell rang aloud at an unwonted time. What could be the matter? Was it an alarm of fire? Yes; it was the fire-bell.

With an extraordinary quickness the pumps were set to work. Men were busy at the engine who but a moment or two before were resting in their berths. Soon the life-boats were manned. Every one of the crew was in his place. The boats were in readiness to be lowered. The captain was on the bridge. The purser was ready to preserve the mail and specie. The carpenter with hatchet in hand, was in his place. Each man and boy of the crew of over a hundred was at his post.

All this was just practice on ship-board to prepare for the hour of danger. Proof was afforded that every man was ready to do his duty. Training was given to the young or inexperienced that he might be prepared to do his part; and all were tested as to their fitness to meet an emergency. The alarm bell at sea had its solemn lesson.

No one knew the moment the bell might be rung. No warning was given to a single being on board. Yec, whoever failed to appear at the moment was liable to lose two days' pay.

The regulation is a right one, inspiring confidence in Her Majesty's mail service.

But there is a service higher—that

of the King of Kings. Do we stand prepared for the summons? Are we at our post, and ready? Do we know our place and duty? If the warning bell of death were heard would we be ready?

On board the *Grantully Castle* I heard the summons, and knew not of one of the ship's company failing to meet it on the instant. In higher things is there like readiness? Are there none who read these words who know not the Saviour, and have not made sure of their souls' peace?

A FREE BREAKFAST.

A LONELY woman sat in a room That was small, and cold, and bare, With no one to speak a kindly word, Nor her frugal meal to share, And I read as she worked of the generous deeds That are done for the homeless poor, And she sighed as she laid the record down, "I have not to do, but endure."

The fog was filling the narrow street, And the gloom was everywhere; There was not a ray of cheerfulness, Nor a merry sound in the air; And a little child 'neath the window stopped And began to quietly cry, With a weary hopelessness sad to see: "Why does not the child pass by?"

The woman tapped at the window-pane, And the child moved up to the door, And stood a little more sullenly And as cheerlessly as before; And the woman's eyes grew pitiful— "If I were rich," she said, "I would take from my store of treasure now, And the child should be comforted."

She opened the door, and held the child: "Why are you waiting so?" "I am doing no harm, the school is shut; When it opens I shall go." "Have you had any breakfast yet, my child?" The pale face flushed as she said: "My father has had no work to do, And we all are wanting bread."

Poor was the woman, and old, and cross; But her face and her heart grew bright, As she took the little one into her home, And watched with a pure delight How she ate the food, and drank, and was warm, Then merrily ran away, With a word of thanks and a look of love That the woman felt all day!

And music mingled among the sounds, And a half-forgotten truth Came nestling into the weary heart With almost the joy of youth; And the little deed brought a great reward, And she whispered, "Can it be That the gentle Lord is saying the word, 'Thou hast done it unto Me!'"

—Marianne Farningham.

LAMPS IN THE EASTERN CITIES.

DR. H. BONAR says: "As there are no street-lamps in Jerusalem, one must have his lantern when needing to be in the street after sunset—both because he would be laid hold of by the guard as a suspected person if found without a light, and because the rough, narrow streets really require it. Our Jerusalem waiter, Gabriel, considered it as much a part of his duty to come for us with his lantern as to wait at table. On he marched before us, up one narrow street and down another, always holding the light as near the ground as possible to indicate the ruts and stones, for it was our feet that alone seemed to need the light. We thus found new meaning in the passage, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'"

LIFE, like the waters of the sea, freshens only when it ascends towards heaven.

DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

EACH pillar of the temple rang,
The trumpetsounded loud and keen,
And every minstrel blithely sang,
With harps and cymbals oft between.
And while those minstrels sang and prayed,
The mystic cloud of glory fell,
The shadowy light, that splendid shade,
In which Jehovah pleased to dwell.

It slowly fell and hovered o'er
The outspread form of cherubim;
The priests could bear the sight no more,
Their eyes with splendor dim:
The king cast off his crown of pride,
And bent him to the ground,
And priest and warrior side by side
Kneel humbly all around.

Deep awe fell down on every soul,
Since God was present there,
And not the slightest breathing stole
Upon the stilly air;
Till he, their prince, with earth-bent eyes,
And head uncrowned and bare,
And hands stretched forth in reverend guise,
To heaven preferred his prayer.

That prayer arose from off the ground
Upon the perfumed breath
Which streaming censens poured around
In many a volumed wreath.
That prayer was heard, and heavenly fire
Upon the altar played,
And burnt the sacrificial pyre
Beneath the victim laid

And thrice resplendent from above
The cloud of glory beamed,
And with unmingled awe and love
Each beating bosom teemed.
They bowed them on the spacious floor,
With heaven-averted eye,
And blessed His name who deigned to pour
His presence from on high.

—H. Rogers.

THE HONEST GOLD DOLLAR.

HERE'S your evenin' paper, all
about the money panic!"

It was a dark winter
night; the keen winds
whisked and howled through the naked
limbs of the trees, and the snowflakes,
driven about by the capricious breeze,
piled up in huge drifts in the Boston
streets.

Under a lamp-post, clad in not the
thickest or fashionable clothing, stood
little Jimmy Graham, stamping his
feet to keep them warm, and crying
between his alternat attempts to
warm his fingers with his breath:

"Here's your evenin' paper, all
about the money panic; las' one I
got!"

The door of a large, brilliantly-
lighted dry goods house just opposite
where Jimmy stood, opened, and a
voice called out:

"Here, boy!"

Jimmy hastened over with alacrity,
and, handing in the paper, took the
penny in his red, cold hand, and hurried
off to join his more fortunate com-
panions, who had disposed of their
papers, and stood congregated under
an archway close by.

"All out, Jimmy?" said one of the
largest boys, as Jimmy came up brush-
ing the snow from his cap and clothes.

"Yes, I'm out—everyone gone!"
answered Jimmy, cheerfully.

Jimmy took out his well-worn purse
to count his money. He drew his last
deposit from his pocket and was about
to put it in his purse when an excla-
mation of surprise escaped his lips.

"What is it, Jimmy?" the boys
said, simultaneously, gathering about
him.

"Why, it's a gold dollar, instead of
a cent!" answered Jimmy.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the
boys. "That's good luck, Jimmy.
Let's have oysters on that."

"No," interposed another boy, pat-
ting Jimmy affectionately on the
shoulder, "we'll all go the theatre."

The archway, while furnishing pro-
tection from the storm, also served as
a short cut for pedestrians who lived
in that section. On this particular
night, travel was unusually lively, but
the boys, as they stood under the dim
gas-light looking at the gold piece, paid
no heed to the passers-by.

Jimmy was silent for a moment.
He turned the glittering coin over and
over in his hand, the boys still per-
suading him. The temptation was
great.

"Now, come, Jimmy, we can have
a grand time to night. Nobody will
ever question you about where you got
the extra money," persisted one of the
boys.

"See here, boys," persistently spoke
up Jimmy. "I'm not goin' to buy
oysters, nor I'm not goin' to the
theatre. I'm goin' to take this money
back."

"Listen at the little idiot!" ridi-
culed one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy,
you don't where you got him!"

"Oh, but I do, though," was
Jimmy's positive answer. "I got it
from the man in the store where I
sold the last paper."

"An' you ain't a goin' to treat on
your luck?" asked Ned Anderson.

"Not much; mammy told me never
to keep a cent when I knowed who it
belonged to, an' I ain't a goin' to do it.
It's not honest!"

And before any of his companions
could reply, Jimmy had disappeared
in the dark, blinding storm and was
soon at home, where he told his mother
all about his adventure.

His mother commended him for his
noble action, and instructed him how
to conduct himself when he entered
the store to return the money.

The next morning found him up
early, and he impatiently waited the
hour at which he supposed the prop-
rietor would be in.

As he entered the store, he ad-
dressed one of the clerks in a pleasant
manner.

"Why, my little man," said the
clerk pleasantly, "you can not see
Mr. —; he's busy in his office."

"But I have something for him,
an' I ought to see him," persisted
Jimmy respectfully.

"Well, I'll report to him," said the
clerk, entering the private apartment.

Presently he came to the door and
beckoned to Jimmy, saying that he
was permitted to enter.

Jimmy was somewhat confused, as
he stood in the presence of the old
gentleman, who eyed him curiously
from over his spectacles.

"Well, what's your business?"
came the gruff demand.

"Why, sir," said Jimmy, with
diffidence, "last night I sold you a
paper, an' you give me this dollar for
a cent."

And he put the gold piece on the
desk.

"Did I? Let me see," and the old
gentleman, fumbling in his pockets,
drew forth a penny.

"Well, well, so I did. But who
told you to bring it back?"

"Mammy sir. She always told me
never to keep a penny, nor any money
I got, if I knowed who it belonged to."

"Good advice—excellent advice, my
boy. And now you may not only
keep the dollar, but come around here
to-morrow, and I'll see if I can not

find you something better than selling
papers."

Jimmy hurried home to tell his
mother all about it, and the next day
he was installed as errand boy, and so
diligently and faithfully did he attend
to his duty that he was elevated as he
grew older and soon became one of the
foremost and trusted clerks in the
great Boston dry goods establishment.

Jimmy kept his dollar, and it was
known among his former associates as
the "Honest Gold Dollar."—*Youth's
Examiner.*

"T'WAS THE KIND WORD YOU
SPOKE THAT SAVED ME."

ROSA! look at that horrid
drunken man, on the curb-
stone; do come across the
street, for I won't pass him
for anything."

And Mary ran away as fast as she
could. Now Rosa was afraid too; but
the song she had been learning that
day was still fresh in her memory.
"Speak a kind word when you can,"
she had been singing, and the man
before her, with his head bent on his
hands, looked so forlorn and wretched,
so sadly in need of a kind word, that
she went a little nearer, and said
timidly, "Poor man, I am sorry for
you. Can I do any thing to help
you?"

He raised his head, and looked at
her in surprise, and his haggard face
and despairing eyes almost caused her
to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have
helped me already. I never expect to
hear any again, for I am without a
friend on earth."

"But God will be your friend, if
you will ask him," said Rosa softly,
going still nearer, while Mary beck-
oned anxiously for her to come away.

"Did you ever ask him?" con-
tinued Rosa.

"No; I have been sinning against
him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man, let God be your friend.
He can do everything for you. I am
your friend, but I can't do anything
but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word
has saved me, good-by." And he held
out his shaking hand.

Rosa was not afraid now, and she
placed her plump little hand in his,
and as he bent down and kissed it, two
hot tears fell upon it. Then he went
away, and Rosa rejoined her com-
panion.

"O you queer creature! How
could you let that awful-looking man
take hold of your hand? I thought
he was going to eat you when he bent
down his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary, but I
am so glad I spoke to him. Only
think; he says my kind words saved
him."

"Well, he never could have been
saved if it had depended on my kind
words," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger, a noble,
silver-haired old man, was addressing
the Sunday-school, and telling the
scholars always to be kind to the
friendless, and distressed ones, especi-
ally the drunkard; "for when I was
friendless, and sinful, and wretched,"
said he, "God sent a dear child to
speak a kind word that saved me."

When the school closed, a young
girl held out her hand to him, and with
tears in her eyes, asked, "Sir, do you
know me?"

He looked at her long and earnestly,
and taking both hands in his, he said
slowly and solemnly, "Yes, dear child,
'twas the kind word you spoke that
saved me! Rosa wept for gladness.—
Youth's Examiner.

FOR WANT OF A LATCH.

AN old step-ladder lesson, setting
forth the sad import of little
neglects, is worth a thousand
repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost—
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

This is said to be originally taken
from actual history—of a certain aide-
de-camp whose horse fell lame on a
retreat and delayed him until the
enemy overtook and killed him.

Another actual case, embodying the
same lesson against the lazy and shift-
less habit of "letting things go," is
related by the French political econ-
omist, M. Say:

"Once, at a farm in the country,
there was a gate, enclosing the cattle
and poultry, which was constantly
swinging open for the want of a proper
latch. The expenditure of a penny or
two, and a few minutes' time, would
have made all right. It was on the
swing every time any person went out,
and not being in a state to shut readily,
many of the poultry were from time
to time lost.

"One day a fine young porker made
his escape, and the whole family, with
the gardener, cock, and milkmaid,
turned out in quest of the fugitive.
The gardener was the first to discover
the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut
off his escape he got a sprain which
laid him up for a fortnight.

"The cook, on returning to the
farmhouse, found the linen burned
that she had hung up before the fire
to dry; and the milkmaid, having for-
gotten in her haste to tie up the cattle
in the cow-house, found that one of
the loose cows had broken the leg of a
colt that happened to be kept in the
same shed.

"The linen burned, and the gardener's
work lost, were worth fully twenty-
five dollars, and the colt was at least
worth double that money; so that
there was a loss in a few minutes of a
large sum, purely for want of a little
latch which might have been supplied
for a few cents."

MISERY BY THE GALLON.

AT a temperance meeting in
Weldon, North Carolina, one
old colored man said: "When
I sees a man going home wid a gallon
o' whiskey and a half a pound o' meat,
dat's temperance lecture 'nuff fo' me.
And I sees it ebry day. I knows
dat ebry thing in his house is on de
same scale—a gallon of misery to every
half pound of comfort."

It is probable that as much misery
can be carried home in a gallon
whiskey-jug as in any other vessel of
the same size.—*Selected.*

THE maelstrom attracts more notice
than the quiet fountain, a comet draws
more attention than the steady star;
but it is better to be the fountain than
the maelstrom, and star than comet,
following out the sphere and orbit of
quiet usefulness in which God places
us.

THE GRAND OLD BOOK.

How many are reading the grand old book
 All over the world to-day?
 The minister in the holy place;
 The traveller by the way;
 The negro down in the cotton-field;
 The queen upon bended knee;
 The rich and poor all over the land;
 The sailor upon the sea.

In the splendour of tropic islands;
 On the cold, white Arctic strand;
 In the beautiful English valleys;
 All over our own fair land;
 Where Asia's sun and moon and stars
 On wonderful cities look;
 In lonely African hamlets;
 Millions are reading the book.

The child with its finger keeps the line,
 Half spelling the glorious page;
 It's a lamp to the feet of manhood,
 And the hope of musing age;
 The young go to it for songs of joy;
 The sick for its Promise look;
 The anxious, the happy, the sorrowful,
 All go to the dear old book.

The wonderful book of the untold years!
 In days when the world was young,
 Its noble psalms and its holy words
 From prophet and poet sprung,
 We can gaze with them from the hills of God,
 On the land that is far away,
 And feel the thrill of immortal eyes
 And the dawn of a grander day.

And so I am happy to think to-day
 Of the many reading the book—
 Happy to think of the blessed eyes
 That into its pages look.
 No matter how rich, how poor, how glad,
 Or sorrowful men may be,
 They are reading the book in every land
 And on every tossing sea.

SMOKING THE BEST CIGARS.

Grant and Ross Graham are twins. Grant is a stirring boy, and often earns an extra dime to help swell the family purse, which is sometimes very slim.

Ross loves his books, and would like to get a good education; but he knows that he and his brother must soon quit school, and begin to work.

These boys go to a wide-awake Sabbath-school, whose officers and teachers are anxious to do all the good they possibly can for the children under their care.

One Sabbath, on their return from school, Ross hastened to his mother with the good news that he had pledged himself not to taste anything that would intoxicate, or to use tobacco in any form.

"May you be enabled to keep your pledge!" said his mother fervently; and then turned to Grant, expecting to hear the same news from him, but as he did not speak, she asked:

"And how is it with you, my boy?"
 "I didn't sign the pledge," answered Grant. "You see, mother, I am going to leave whiskey and such trash alone; but I have made up my mind that when I am twenty-one I am going to smoke the best cigars."

"You had better count the cost," said his mother. "The best cigars will take much of your earnings, and will bring to you many evils which you cannot foresee."

"I don't see how they will hurt me. Father smokes, and so does the Rev. Mr. Blank, and ever so many more ministers that I can name."

"How old are you, Grant?" asked his mother, without appearing to notice his remark.

"Eleven years old."
 "Only eleven! And why must you and your brother, while so young, quit going to school?"

"Because father can't afford to send us any longer; and, besides, we must help earn our own livings."

"True. Suppose your father had put away twenty cents a day for twenty years, how much money would he now have?"

Grant made the calculation, and replied:

"He would have \$1,460."

"And not only that amount," replied his mother, "but also the interest on much of it he might now have, had he not begun to smoke good cigars when he was twenty-one—just twenty years ago."

Grant made no reply, but all the week he kept thinking something like this:

"We are very poor. Father works hard, but he is sickly. He still smokes two cigars, sometimes more, a day. He has already smoked away more than \$1,460—whow! What a young fortune! If we only had that much money now, Ross could go to school long enough to graduate, and mother and the children might have many comforts."

The next Sabbath, when, at the close of the school, the superintendent laid the temperance pledge upon the table, the first one that walked up and put his name to it was Grant Graham.

He had changed his mind. "For," said he, "I will never puff away \$1,460 in smoke!"

DON'T TELL MOTHER.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy mother, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—Proverbs i. 8.

"We had a sermon to-day on the relation of boys to their mothers," said Andrew.

"I should think we might any of us preach that sermon," Jimmy replied.

"I don't think that we could any of us preach it as well as our minister preached it. He certainly knows how to advise boys better than any minister that I have ever heard talk to them."

"What did he say that you did not know before?"

"It was not so much that he said things that I did not know before as that he said the things that I did know in a way to set me thinking more deeply and earnestly than I have ever thought before about this matter."

"Why, Andrew, I didn't know that you were a very bad boy about minding your mother. What have you got to repent of in this direction?"

"The sermon was not so much about boys' lack of obedience to their mothers as about their lack of confidence in those mothers. Our minister said that the habit of concealing, which some boys early adopt, has more to do with their ruin than any or perhaps all other causes."

"Why, Andrew! A sin isn't made whiter or blacker by telling of it."

"No. That is true. It doesn't make sins blacker or whiter after they are committed, but it might keep boys from committing them if they knew that they could not be concealed from the mother. This was what our minister said: 'When I hear the young exclaiming, "Don't let mother see this! hide it away; don't tell mother where I am going," I tremble for their safety. The action which will not bear the kind scrutiny of a mother's love, will shrink into shame at the look of God. Little feet that begin

life by going where a mother does not approve will easily learn to walk in the narrow way of the Lord's commandments. "Don't tell mother!" has been the rallying cry of Satan's best recruits for hundreds of years. From disregard of the mother's rule at home springs reckless disregard of the laws of society. "Don't tell mother!" is a sure step downward, the first seat in these easy cars of habit which glide so swiftly and so silently, with their freight of souls, toward the precipice of ruin. The best and the safest way is always to tell mother. Who is so forgiving as she? who so faithful? who so patient? Through nights of wearisome watching, through days of wearing anxiety, through sickness and through health, through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unflinching. It is a spring that never becomes dry. Confide, dear young people, in your mother; do nothing which she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly good and great men that, when hundreds and thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honour to their mothers. A good mother is a gift to thank God forever. Happy are they who early learn to appreciate her worth. Boys and girls, never go where "Don't tell mother!" is necessary to cover your footsteps."

ONE BLACK DROP.

One black drop, only one, but what a tinge it has given that water? Spreading to every other drop in its neighborhood, it has clouded the whole mass.

That is the way with a thought that is not pure. It affects the desires, and there follows the wish to do the impure thing. It reaches the will, and there follows the deed. Then how the recollection of it clouds the hour when one prays, the hour when the Bible is read and God's house is visited, the hour of solitary study, or of intercourse with friends.

Look out for this evil. How? A man says of the water obscured by the black drop, "I will expel this dusky cloud." Stop. Let him go farther back, and not admit that drop in the first place. That impure desire, don't gratify it. That impure book, put a hundred feet as quickly as possible between you and it. Who will promise in this one thing to look not, touch not? That promise will make a memory of sunshine for you.

FACE TO FACE WITH A LION.

NEDRICK MULLER, when hunting in South Africa, happened on one occasion to come very suddenly upon a lion. The beast did not attack him, but stood perfectly still. Muller alighted from his horse, and took deliberate aim at the animal's forehead; but just as he drew the trigger the horse gave a terrified start, and the hunter missed his aim. The lion sprang forward; but finding that the man stood still—for he had no time either to remount or take to his heels—the lion stopped within a few paces, and stood still also, confronting him. They stood looking at each other thus for some minutes; the man never moved, and at last the lion slowly turned and walked away.

Muller hastily began to reload his gun. The lion looked back over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and instantly returned. Could words have spoken more plainly? Muller held his hand, and remained motionless. The lion again moved off, warily, as before. The hunter began softly to ram down his bullet. Again the lion looked back, and gave a threatening growl. This was repeated between them until the lion had retired to some distance, when he bounded into a thicket and disappeared.

The presence of mind of the hunter, no doubt, saved him from being killed by the lion. It was certainly a very narrow escape for him.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

Dear little children, reading The Scripture a sacred page,
 Think, once the blest Jesus
 Was just a child, your age;
 And in the home with Mary,
 His mother sweet and fair,
 He did her bidding gladly,
 And lighten'd all her care.

I'm sure he never loitered,
 But at her softest word
 He heeded, and he hastened—
 No errand was deferred.
 And in the little household
 The sunbeams used to shine
 So merrily and blithely
 Around the child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
 Your patient mother's heart,
 Forgetful that, in home-life,
 The children's happy part
 Is but like little soldiers
 Their duty quick to do;
 To mind commands when given,
 What easy work for you.

Within good Luke's evangel
 This gleams, a precious gem,
 That Christ when with his parents
 Was "subject unto them."
 Consider, little children;
 Be like him day by day,
 So gentle, meek and loving,
 And ready to obey.

—M. E. Sanjster.

THE GULF STREAM.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf stream. There is in the world no other so majestic flow of water. Its current is swifter than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than one thousand nine hundred times greater. Its waters so far as the Carolina coast are indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the common sea-water can be traced with the eye. Often one-half the vessel may be seen floating in the Gulf-stream water while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of that of the Gulf stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to these, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious wood of the Amazon and Orinoco.—Hall's Journal.

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

FIRST, somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside.
When the crowd came a-rass it,
It never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it,
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached to the sky, sir,
And frightened the moon;
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
On a veil of cloud lace, sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, sir,
That happened at noon.

Thus he brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew,
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And trou-ld and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-hodod,
This mon-strous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded,
But in smoke and in shame;
While from mud and from mire,
The lies flew higher,
And the said liar,
And killed his good name!

THE CHILDREN AT THE PALACE DOOR.

TWO little children were out in the field one day, and seeing a palace in the distance went up to the door, and touching it with their fingers it opened before them. Walking in they came upon other doors, which all opened at their touch. By-and-by they came into the presence of a king, who was seated at a table. He was very kind to the children, and showed them a great many beautiful things, and amongst them a lovely sparkling diamond, which he offered to give them. Somehow—they could not tell how—they came away without it. Twenty years afterwards they came back to the same place; they were strong young men now. They went up to the palace door and touched it with their fingers, but it would not open. It was only after much effort and application of all their strength that they succeeded in forcing the door open. They had to force every door until at last they got into the presence of the king again, and got from him the precious diamond, which they might have had so easily when they were children.

Now while you are young you can get from Jesus His great gift of a new heart so sweetly, so easily, but if you wait and delay you may have to force your way to Him with much pain and many tears. The door opens at your touch now, and He is waiting to receive you and bless you.

STRAIGHT AHEAD.

A BRIGHT-EYED boy stood at a corner where four ways met. He looked puzzled. A little shadow of anxiety began to cloud his face. Turning suddenly, he saw a kind-looking old gentleman coming slowly up the road. The boy's face brightened.

"Will you please tell me, sir," he asked, lifting his hat, "the shortest way to South Haven?"

"Straight ahead, my boy. Straight ahead!" And as the boy, with a cordial "Thank you," was about to move on, the old gentleman added, "I'm

going that way myself. Will you keep me company!"

The two walked on together for nearly a mile, and then the old gentleman reached his home. He had made himself so agreeable to his young friend that the boy was sorry to part with him. Before saying good-bye, the old gentleman said, earnestly, "My boy, there's another and a better Haven than South Haven, and you will reach that by getting on the right track, and then going straight ahead."

The two did not meet again in this world, but the boy never forgot the words of his venerable friend. What is better, he acted upon them. He made haste to get on the right track, and then he went "straight ahead," even to that Haven which we name Heaven.

LEARN TO UNITE STRINGS.

QUENE story of the eccentric Stephen Girard says that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match leaded at both ends and ordered him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned half its length threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness—a habit of careless observation—are responsible for the greater part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, Ohio, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie the strings, do not cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to a new employee. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well dressed man behind the counter he said:

"There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but he will never be any more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save."

"I told the boy just now to untie the string, not so much for the value of the strings as to teach him that everything is to be saved and nothing wasted."

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 60] LESSON XI. [March 15.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Acts 26. 1-18 Commit to memory vs. 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. Acts 26. 15

OUTLINE.

1. The Orator's Opening, v. 1-3.
2. The Pharisee's Record, v. 4-11.
3. The Christian's Call, v. 12-18.

TIME.—A.D. 60, probably in the summer, a few weeks after the rule of Festus began.

PLACE.—Cesarea.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Speak for thyself*—That is, defend thyself. This was his fourth defense. *Accused of the Jews*—Paul was

charged by the Jews with having forsaken his national religion, which, according to Roman law, was punishable with death. *Most straitest*—The very strictest, a double superlative in the old English. *Promise*—Namely, of the Messiah. *Instantly*—Intensely, as if striving to reach a goal, namely, the fulfilment of the promise. *Voice*—Vote. "I have assented." *Every synagogue*—Not absolutely, but wherever the occasion offered. *To blaspheme*—To utter some imprecation against Jesus. *Open their eyes*—Give susceptibility for the knowledge of divine truth.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That zeal is not godliness?
2. That in injuring God's servants we are fighting against God?
3. That the Lord has a service for those whom he calls?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did Paul account himself happy? Because he spoke for himself. 2. For what was Paul judged? For the hope of God's promise. 3. What did God promise? That he would raise the dead. 4. For what purpose was Paul sent to the Gentiles? "To open their eyes."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Conversion from sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

14. Where is He said to sanctify the heart and life?
- Galatians v. 22, 23; 2 Thessalonians ii. 13.
15. How may you obtain the help of the Holy Spirit?
- By prayer in the name of Jesus. Luke xi. 13; John xvi. 23.
- [Acts ii. 33; Philippians i. 19.

A.D. 60. LESSON XII. [March 22.

PAUL UNDECIPIED.

Acts 26. 19-32. Commit to memory vs. 22-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day. Acts 26. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. Paul and his work, v. 19-23.
2. Paul and Festus, v. 24-25.
3. Paul and Agrippa, v. 27-32.

TIME.—A.D. 60, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Cesarea, the Roman capital of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Heavenly vision*—So called because it was an appearance of the glorified Jesus. *Prophets and Moses*—Christianity is true Old Testament religion, and so Paul had not forsaken the national religion. *First . . . rise*—Not the first to be resurrected, for Lazarus and others were raised and died again; but the first of the complete resurrection, not only from death but from mortality. (*Whedon*.) *Much learning*—Some believe that Festus referred to Moses and the prophets, and thought that he had poured over them until his brain was turned. *Mad*—Festus undoubtedly thought that Paul's brain had become affected. *Almost*—Literally, with little (supply time, or effort). The answer seems to be ironical, and to mean, "With little effort, or in a short time, you would make me a Christian." That Paul should make the king a Christian (!) was thought to be ludicrous.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Obedience to the call of duty?
2. Boldness in a good cause?
3. Need of a complete surrender to Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In obeying the vision what did Paul show to the people and to the Gentiles? "That they should repent and turn to God." 2. How was Paul strengthened in his work? He obtained help of God. 3. What did Agrippa say to Paul? "Almost thou persuadest me." 4. What would Paul have had? That he were fully persuaded. 5. What was the judgment concerning Paul? He was declared innocent of offense.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

1. What is the law of God? The law of God is His declared will respecting what men are to do.
2. Where is the law to be found? In the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

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