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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1885.

No 11

## SECRET THOUGHTS.

**H**OLD it true that Thoughts are Things—  
Endowed with being, breath, and wings,  
And that we send them forth to fill  
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our "secret thought"  
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot  
And leaves its blessings of its woes  
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it  
In your still chamber as you sit  
With thoughts you would not dare have  
known,  
And yet make comrades, when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly  
And leave their impress, by-and-bye,  
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned  
breath  
Breathes into homes its fevered death

And, after you have quite forgot  
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,  
Back to your mind to make its home,  
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;  
They have a vital part and share  
In shaping worlds and moulding fate—  
God's system is so intricate!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

WHAT a sweet ingenuous face, and what pathetic eyes this boy has—as if the shadow of a great sorrow were hanging over his young life. The fishermen and their families along the stormy coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland suffer great privations and hardships, and are exposed to great danger. Sometimes a storm will spring up when a whole fleet of fishing boats is far from shore, and it often happens that some of them never get back to the land again, and their friends have not even the poor satisfaction of burying their bodies and weeping at their graves—the wide deep rolling sea has become their sepulchre. This boy's face is sad enough to make one think he must have suffered such a bereavement. If that ugly oilskin sou'wester were only off, we should see, I think, a noble handsome brow. He doubtless has often been out with the boats, and pulled the oar and hauled the line with the best. God bless and keep all fishermen and fishermen's lads from the dangers of the stormy deep. The following pathetic verses by the Rev. Charles Kingsley bring vividly before us the perils of a fisherman's life, and the sorrows of a fisherman's family:—

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him  
best,

And the children stood watching them out  
of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,

And there's little to earn and many to keep;  
Tho' the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun  
went down,  
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at  
the shower  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged  
and brown!

But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbour bar be moaning

Three corpses lay out on the morning sands,  
In the twilight gleam as the tide went down,

## SEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS.

THIS is a large number of dollars to fool away. If we see a man throw one greenback dollar into the river or into the fire we should call him a foolish fellow for deliberately parting with his money without getting anything to show for it. But if we saw a procession of seven hundred million men each with a dollar in his hand walk up to a furnace and throw their dollars in, we would say the whole lot were crazy.

laws to stop such insane proceedings. Well, this seven hundred million business is just what is going on every year in our enlightened and Christian country; for our fifty millions of people are spending seven hundred millions of dollars for strong drink. It is worse than if they simply threw all their money away; for the strong drink brings wounds, and burnings, and poverty, and misery of many kinds. Much of this misery cannot be counted by dollars nor estimated in cash. The degradation, decay, and death which result from our immense national liquor-bill find no place in the nation's census; for it is beyond the power of the census-taker to reach them. But every one who walks the world with his eyes open can see for himself at least a part of the mischief that is done. Our criminal record tells it. The wail which goes up from the poverty-stricken and disease-eaten homes of drunkards tell it. The dreadful death-record cries aloud about it; for, as in the days of Pharaoh, there is not a house in which one has not been smitten by the plague.

What a blessed thing it would be for this country if not one dollar were spent to curse it with strong drink; if the seven hundred million dollars now worse than wasted were spent on things to give families happy and honest homes, and to make people pure, and sober, and noble! We cannot accomplish the change all at once, but we may work for it, and hope for it, and pray for it, in the assurance that the present foolish and wicked state of things cannot go on forever.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*



THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

And the women are weeping and wringing  
their hands  
For those who will never come back to  
the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner its over, the sooner the sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE man whose soul is in his work  
finds his best reward in the work itself.  
The joy of achievement is vastly be-  
yond the joy of reward.

THEY who have experienced sorrow  
are the most capable of appreciating  
joy; so, those only who have been  
sick, feel the full value of health.

Now suppose that, instead of walking  
away with no further damage than the  
loss of the dollar, each of these seven  
hundred millions of men should be  
damaged by tongues of flame darting  
forth from the mouth of the furnace  
into which so much money was tossed.  
One man would come away with hair  
and eyebrows singed off; another  
would lose half of his beard, leaving  
the remaining half to give him a very  
odd appearance; another would have  
his nose permanently reddened, while  
others would have their eyes bleared  
and their faces blackened for life.  
Surely somebody would call aloud for

## THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

DID you ever write a letter, and just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it, or a blot of ink mar the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be effectually effaced. Did you never cut yourself unexpectedly and quickly? It took days or weeks to heal the wound, and even then a scar remained. It is related of Lord Brougham, a celebrated English nobleman, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his daguerreotype taken. But at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but his face was blurred.

Do you ask what application we would make of these facts? Just this: "It takes a life-time to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy it." "Watch and pray," therefore, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

## TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS.

VER the hill and valley,  
Drawn by the steam horse's power,  
The railroad king is speeding  
Fifty miles an hour!

He counts his wealth by millions,  
By thousands counts his men;  
O'er ten thousand miles of gleaming rails  
He waves his sceptre pen.

The diamonds of the coal mines,  
Where toil the miners grim,  
And the gold of the waving cornfields  
Pay tribute unto him.

But pale and worn is the monarch;  
Unheeding is the eye  
Before which the smiling country  
Goes flitting and whirling by.

And he sees but does not notice  
The farmer rein old Gray  
At the crossing, to let the special pass,  
Speeding upon its way.

Stalwart and strong is Farmer John,  
And bronzed with sun and weather.  
"Ha, wife," he laughs, "you'd never think  
He and I were boys together!"

"He, that shadow, silent and sly,  
No bigger than my arm,  
He owns a hundred millions, and I  
Have only you and the farm!"

"But, Lord, whoever would change with  
him?  
Poor fellow, he never sees  
Our upland meadow of clover red,  
Our blossoming apple trees.

"He only hears the clanging wheels  
And the engine's whistle shrill;  
Ours are the humming of the bees  
And the wild bird's summer trill.

"And while in the dusty town he toils  
At a toil that ne'er is done,  
I swing my scythe to a merry song  
In the cheery wind and sun.

"And we shall be jogging behind old Gray  
When in earth his bones shall lie,  
How long do these meadows keep the sound  
Of his swift train roaring by?"

## ROSS CARSON'S COURAGE.

SHOUTING, laughing, pushing against  
each other, the boys rushed out of the  
school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted  
Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended  
alarm, "there's a spider on the pump  
handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this  
would-be witty remark, and the eyes  
of a score or more thoughtless boys  
were bent upon the figure of a slender,  
delicate-looking lad who had been one  
of the first to get out, and who had  
approached the pump for the purpose  
of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's  
jest fell on his ear, and the hand that  
held the tin drinking-cup trembled  
perceptibly, and his lips scarcely  
touched the water.

"O, he'll stand anything rather  
than double up his little fist" cried  
Tom, and crowding close to Ross he  
deliberately knocked the books from  
under his arm. The slender lad's face  
flushed at the insult, but he said noth-  
ing. He stopped, picked the books  
up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's  
great anxiety to pick a quarrel with  
him, but was determined to give him  
no excuse for doing so. For Ross  
knew that he could not with safety  
enter into any trial of strength with a  
boy so much older than himself. His  
lungs were weak, and the doctor had  
said they could bear no strain what-  
ever. But it was hard to be called a  
coward, to bear insults of every descrip-  
tion without open resentment, to feel  
that he was looked upon with contempt

by his companions because no taunts  
or sneers could induce him to fight.  
And he was too sensitive and shy to ex-  
plain to them his reason for not doing  
so, knowing well that his explanation  
would be greeted with ridicule and  
laughter. So he bore his various  
trials in silence, and not even his  
mother knew what he endured. He  
did not know that this forbearance  
showed him possessed of true heroism,  
for, like most boys, he had a strong  
admiration for deeds of daring, and  
saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy  
among them all. He boasted that he  
had the coolest head, the strongest  
arm, and the greatest amount of cour-  
age of any fellow of his age in Hills-  
boro', and none disputed his claim.  
He was always ready for a fight, and  
generally came off victor in any con-  
test. He had no pity for weakness,  
no charity for timidity, and thought  
all those who feared him fair game for  
his powers of teasing. Ross might  
have been fairly treated by the other  
scholars but for Tom, who was never  
weary of exciting enmity against him,  
and, understanding how to magnify  
the veriest trifles, was ever showing  
him up as "the biggest coward in  
Hillsboro' Academy."

But retribution was near at hand,  
and Tom was to be strangely punished  
for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town-hall was being built in  
Hillsboro', and a very high, imposing  
edifice it was to be, with a steeple  
second to none. Tom Lane heard his  
father, who was the contractor for the  
building, say that a magnificent view  
could be obtained from this half-com-  
pleted steeple, and the next day at the  
noon recess Tom proposed to half-a-  
dozen of his young friends to go up  
and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he  
said, "and the carpenters won't make  
any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily  
made, for a narrow, winding stair led  
up to it; and the boys soon attained a  
height that made their heads swim as  
they looked down, breathless, and saw  
how small appeared the people on the  
pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said  
Tom, as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice in  
a tone of entreaty, and looking around,  
the boy saw Ross Carson standing  
near. He had come up the stairs un-  
perceived.

"How came you here, you little  
coward?" asked Tom, rudely.

"The carpenters gave me leave to  
come up," answered Ross, quietly.  
"I did not know any one was up here,  
and I was anxious to see the view.  
But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," sneered  
Tom. "You'd find the head of a  
barrel a dangerous place. As for me,  
I'd like to see the place where I  
wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which  
had been erected about the steeple for  
the use of the workmen. It projected  
several feet, and overhung the vast  
chasm below.

"We see it; but what of it?"  
asked Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered  
Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a  
hornpipe;" and before his companions  
could realize his intention, he had  
climbed out upon the scaffolding and  
was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement

at such recklessness, and begged him  
to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only  
made Tom more anxious to show his  
boasted courage, and he began rather  
a feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the  
pavement?" he said.

As he spoke he looked down—a  
fatal thing; for his head, which had  
until now been so cool and steady,  
began to whirl strangely. He could  
not remove his eyes from the awful  
chasm below him. It seemed to  
fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in  
horror. They saw the terrible danger  
which menaced him; they knew it  
was only a question of moments now  
before he must fall and be dashed to  
atoms on the pavement below. He  
stood in a kind of stupor, looking  
down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes  
wild and staring, his face white with  
terror. He, too, knew the awful  
danger in which he stood, but he was  
powerless to help himself. The slight-  
est change of position, even the rising  
of his eyes and he must fall. The  
gulf seemed drawing him on; his br-  
in grew more torpid with every instant,  
and his eyes seemed starting from their  
sockets. Back of him shuddered his  
horror-stricken comrades, waiting in  
an agony of suspense for the fatal end  
of this terrible drama; before and be-  
low him yawned the great chasm, at  
the bottom of which the people moving  
along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement  
among the boys, and Ross Carson,  
with white face and set teeth, climbed  
quickly and noiselessly out of the  
steeple on to the scaffolding, and with  
steady step approached the boy who  
stood on the brink of such a fearful  
death.

"If he touches him, Tom will fall,"  
whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard  
it, and half turned his head toward  
Louis, pausing an instant as if to  
think. Then he made a quick, firm  
step forward, and throwing his arms  
around Tom's waist, dragged him back-  
ward.

It was all over in an instant. In the  
face of a fearful and imminent danger  
Ross saved his enemy, and slowly,  
carefully, for every step was peril,  
drew him back to the steeple, and with  
the help of the other boys got him  
inside once more, white as a corpse, it  
is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one.  
In silence Ross helped Tom descend  
the winding stair, and then walked  
home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to  
school again this afternoon," he said to  
his mother, "so I'll weed out your  
flower-beds for you."

"You are pale, said Mrs. Carson.  
"I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off  
his coat and began to weed the beds,  
hoping by hard work to overcome the  
nervousness which had possessed him  
ever since leaving the new town hall.

He was still weeding, a couple of  
hours later, when he heard the tramp  
of many feet, and looking up, he saw  
about a dozen of his school-mates  
coming in at the little wooden gate,  
Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon,  
Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out  
his hand. "You've taught me this  
day what true courage is, and made me  
see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

Tom's lips quivered as he made this  
humiliating confession, and his eyes  
were moist with the tears which he  
could restrain with only the greatest  
effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in a  
warm and hearty grasp as he said,  
"I'd have done as much for any one,  
Tom. Don't make so much of it.  
But I'm out and out glad to be friends  
with you."

And friends, fast and true, they  
were from that time forth, and no one  
ever again even whispered that Ross  
Carson lacked courage. The story of  
that brave deed of his on the scaffold-  
ing about the new hall had borne  
testimony to his courage which was  
sufficiently convincing, and the people  
of Hillsboro' were proud of their young  
townsman. In their eyes he was a  
hero. But I think that the noblest  
thing about his brave act was that he  
risked his life to save that of his  
enemy.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## AN EARLY WRITING-PAPER.

MANY centuries before Christ, Numa  
left writings upon the papyrus, whence  
the name paper is derived. This plant,  
which was revered as sacred by the  
old Egyptians, grows abundantly in  
the shallow streams and marshes in  
upper Egypt and Syria. Bruce found  
it growing in the river Jordan, and  
noticed the curious fact that it always  
presented the sharp, angular side of  
its pear-shaped stem to the swift cur-  
rent. The stem is eight or ten feet  
high, two inches in diameter, and  
crowned with a fringe of hair-like  
leaves, which circle a blossom of slender  
spikelets. Beneath the Brown sheath  
which envelopes the root-stalk of this  
dark-green plant lie other sheaths  
which are very transparent. These,  
when split into thin leaves and dried  
in the sun, were glued together and  
formed the roll of papyrus, on which  
many of the ancient writings have  
come down to us. This paper was  
both flexible and durable. Specimens  
from Pompeii can be seen in the  
museum at Naples. In the fifth cen-  
tury papyrus paper, of which many  
varieties existed, was largely manu-  
factured at Alexandria, and ranked  
high in the commerce of nations. Its  
use continued until about seven or  
eight centuries ago.—*St. Nicholas.*

## THE NORTH-WEST.

LET us for a moment glance at the  
extent and resources of the great  
North-West which we are called upon  
to govern. Few have an idea of the  
vast territory which we claim as ours,  
and in which rebellion to some extent  
exists among the inhabitants against  
our authority. Taking the North-  
West territory as extending from the  
Province of Ontario to the Rocky  
Mountains and from the American  
boundary northwards we have an extent  
of habitable country of about 1200  
miles square, giving ample room for  
the sustenance of many millions of the  
human race; millions of acres of rich  
and virgin soil await the ploughman's  
labour to yield the golden harvest;  
whilst portions of this land abound  
with the richest herbage, affording  
abundant pasture for countless flocks  
and herds, a land seemingly preserved  
by our Father above as a home and  
refuge for the teeming millions of the  
overcrowded countries of Europe.

THE CHILD OF NAZARETH.

THAT little home in Nazareth,  
How bright it must have been,  
When in it dwelt the blessed Child  
Who knew no touch of sin.

How glad his mother must have felt  
As day by day he grew,  
In strength and beauty by her side,  
So pure, so sweet, so true.

And often as she spoke his name,  
Dear name, and angel given,  
And quickly at her call he came,  
She saw the light of heaven.

Upon the gentle lifted face  
And in the wistful eyes,  
That were so strangely beautiful,  
So loving, meek, and wise.

I think he was a joyous Child,  
And where he went and came,  
The mountain kids about him played,  
The wild wood birds grew tame.

None ever heard a hasty word,  
From this fair, sinless Child,  
None ever saw him frown, but all  
Were happy when he smiled.

I'm sure he did not fully know  
His Father's business yet,  
But still his hands were swift to do  
The tasks his mother set.

And up and down the hillside paths  
His feet were quick to run  
On errands, if his mother sent,  
For was he not her son?

I like to think, my little ones,  
That on the birthday page,  
The very age that you are now,  
Was once the Christ-child's age.

And, as he stands at God's right hand,  
The King of earth and heaven,  
He comprehends your childish thoughts,  
Though you are only seven,

Or nine, or twelve. He knows about  
The prizes you would win.  
He was like you in everything,  
Except the blight of sin.

Oh, who can help but love him well  
This friend for life and death,  
Whom God and man with favour crowned,  
The Child of Nazareth?  
—The Congregationalist.

DOGS AS NEWSPAPER-CARRIERS.

A VERY common thing on all the Connecticut railroad lines is for accommodating train-men to throw newspapers off the trains at or near the houses of subscribers living on the line of the road at a distance from the stations. In many instances dogs have been trained to watch for the cars and get these papers; and country dogs, if not noticed, take quite an active interest in the affair. Over on the Naugatuck road some one had the curiosity to inquire into this matter of dog-messengers. Philip McLean, proprietor of the gate-house on the Thomaston road, has a dog who goes a mile and a-half every morning to meet the train. The paper was formerly thrown off by the brakeman on the last car, and there the dog watched for it. Lately it has been thrown from the baggage-car. The dog appeared angry at the change, barking furiously and waiting sullenly some time before going on his errand. He has not yet become reconciled to the new way of delivering his paper. Below Derby a dog has acted for several years as newsboy for a number of families. The papers are thrown out of the cars under full speed. Whether one or a large bundle of them, the dog is able to lug them off, making good time back. Another dog, who has become a veteran as newsboy, and cannot now, from age and rheumatism, get down to the cars,

has in some way managed to train a younger dog to do his work. Edward Osborne, residing below Naugatuck, has a dog who regularly meets the early morning train. The house is a mile away from the railroad, and the dog never leaves on his errand until he hears the train whistle at Beacon Falls station. Then he starts on a run and waits at the same spot always, with his nose poked between the railings of a fence and his keen eyes watching for the flying paper. A story is told of one dog that was first taught to bring a certain New Haven paper, and when his master changed to another could not be induced to carry the new one. This is unlikely. Another story is that the late Senator William Brown, of Waterbury, had a pet dog that could readily distinguish the whistles of the New England engines from those of the Naugatuck, though running on a parallel track at the same time, side by side. The faithful dog always found his train and car, and stood in waiting for the *Hartford Times*, which he carried home to his master for many years.—*Hartford Times*.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

MR. WESLEY had not much time to spare from his literary pursuits to devote to elementary studies; but one day he sat and patiently counted that Mrs. Wesley had repeated the same thing to one of the children no less than twenty times.

"I wonder at your patience," said the father to the mother. "You have told that child twenty times that same thing."

The reply of the mother was as wise as her patience was great: "Had I satisfied myself by mentioning the matter only nineteen times. I should have lost all my labour. You see it was the twentieth time that crowned the whole."

Mrs. Wesley knew that for the truths of the gospel to find a lodgment in the heart they must be personally and directly applied and enforced. For this purpose she arranged a special private conference with each child once in every week. Her own account of this plan is thus expressed: "I take such a portion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emilia and Sukey together on Sunday."

These conversations disclosed to the mother the real thoughts and feelings of her children respecting personal religion. Was not this the germ of the Methodist class-meeting?

Nearly twenty years after John Wesley had passed from under the direct personal care of his mother, he was, by correspondence, inquiring for knowledge from her on the question of a complete renunciation of the world. Urging his claim for just a little time to be given by her on this point, he says in his letter: "In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed. Who knows but in this too you may be successful! If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not it would be as useful now

for correcting my heart as it was then for forming my judgment."

In 1710 Mrs. Wesley adopted another plan, with the view of giving a more thoroughly religious tone to the instruction imparted during the day. The eldest child took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, until they passed, two and two, into private rooms, where they read a chapter in the New Testament, and the psalms for the evening of the day. In the morning they were directed to read a chapter in the Old Testament and the psalms for that portion of the day. Then they went to their private prayers before they got their breakfast or came into the family.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

(A SONG FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS.)

HERE'S a happy time coming,  
When the boys come home,  
There's a glorious day coming,  
When the boys come home.  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of this treason dark and gory  
In a sun-burst of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter,  
When the boys come home,  
For our hearts will be lighter  
When the boys come home.  
Wives and sweethearts will press them,  
In their arms will caress them,  
And pray for God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest,  
When the boys come home;  
And their cheer will ring the loudest,  
When the boys come home.  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standard tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,  
When the boys come home,  
And their uniforms dusty,  
When the boys come home.  
But all shall see the traces  
Of the battle's royal graces  
In the brown and bearded faces,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,  
When the boys come home,  
To bless them and to greet them,  
When the boys come home.  
And the fame of their endeavour  
Time and change shall not dis sever,  
From the nation's heart forever,  
When the boys come home.  
—Col. J. Hay.

"BETTER MIND FATHER."

SCATTERED all over the coal region are great holes, made by the sinking of the earth after the coal has been taken from the mines. The miners know when there is danger of a cave in, and if along the public road, some signal is given to travellers. These cave-ins generally happen at night, when few persons are passing, but there have been cases in which horses and waggons, and even houses and people, have been buried by the sudden sinking down of the road when it was thought safe to travel over it.

Let me tell the little folks a true incident of how a boy, not very long ago escaped going down with one of these cave-ins.

A part of the road, between what is called the Logan Colliery, in Schuylkill County, Pa., and a town two miles distant had been condemned, and a fence was put up to separate it from a new road which had to be made. This new road ran for some distance close by the old one, and then branched off, making the distance much longer from the town to the colliery. But as the

condemned road was the nearest the miners for some months continued to go over it to and from their work.

One evening a miner living at Logan's Colliery sent his son Willie to the town on an errand.

"It will be after night fall, my boy," said his father, "before you get home; on no condition, then, return on the condemned road."

On his way to the town, it being yet light, Willie ran quickly over the dangerous pathway; and having done his errand, he started for home. He was tired, for he had been working all day, and when he reached the fence which separated the safe from the unsafe road, he stopped, and as he afterwards told it, thus reasoned with himself:

"I am tired, and if I take this short cut I will soon be home. I believe I will risk it. But father said, 'Do not on any condition return over it.' I can't see any danger; the men go over it every day, and it was safe two hours ago—but—father told me not to return over it—and—I think I had better mind father."

So he jogged along on the side of the fence where the earth was firm.

The stars shone brightly, and he could plainly see his way. When he had got to about the middle of the fence, he felt the ground shake, and to his horror saw the condemned road disappearing from his sight.

He stood still for a moment, awestruck at the escape he had made; for, had he not obeyed his father, he must have gone down with the sinking earth and been buried alive.

When he had got a little over his fright he hurried to the house of the watchman, and, pale and trembling, gave notice of the danger, and also told of his own narrow escape from a frightful death.

To children who obey their parents in the Lord has been given the promise "that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

How true Willie found this promise!

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.

THE superintendent of a street-railway leading out of New York into the country tells how a father and mother erected a memorial to their dead boy.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand, and after some hesitation said, "I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found she would put away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that we could do no better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air during the summer.



MY KNIGHT.

IN days of old the warrior knight  
To tourney rode afield  
In brazen greaves and corselet dight,  
With sword and helm and shield;  
His trusty lance in rest he bore,  
And favour of his lady wore.

High courage on the battle plain,  
In tilt and royal quest,  
Hatred of fear and scorn of pain  
His valiant soul possessed;  
Dying he only wished to feel  
A foe man worthy of his steel.

Be thine such royal meed to gain  
As knighthood never knew,  
Such lofty purpose to attain,  
Such noble quest pursue,  
While armed hosts in dread array  
And ambushed foes beset thy way.

Be strong of heart, of purpose strong  
As spurred and armoured knight,  
Be brave to fight against the wrong,  
And loyal to the right,  
And nobler triumphs thine shall be  
Than ever knights of chivalry.

Let vice throughout her broad domain  
Before thy prowess flee,  
And virtue with her modest train  
A champion find in thee,  
And heart and arm and brain be strong  
To help the weak, and right the wrong.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1885.

A BIBLE FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL.

BY REV J. H. JAMES.

A YOUNG lady friend of mine has among her treasures two little pieces of paper. Both are letters that were written to her when she was a very little girl. One was from her grandfather, long since gone home to heaven, the other from her father. They were the first letters that she learned to think of as her own, and though about twenty years have passed since she received them, she still keeps them safely and loves to look at them. Every one of us may say—

"THE BIBLE IS MY HEAVENLY FATHER'S LETTER TO ME."

I wish each young reader would think of this and learn to prize this letter just as if it had only now been written and addressed.

As you grow older you will learn many things about the good men who wrote what God taught them to write, and about the people whose history they have recorded, but these records

were made just as much for us of today as for those who lived and died so long ago. The important thought is in the words you often sing—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the book he has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,  
This is the dearest, that JESUS LOVES ME."

In reading the Bible, then, or hearing it read, you should remember that your dearest and wisest friend is speaking to you and saying that which it is important for you to know and remember. Then ask Jesus to show you what the words mean to you and how they may help you to live according to his will.

To have a Bible of your own will make its words seem all the fresher and sweeter to you. I am glad that efforts are being made to have every Sunday-school scholar in America the possessor of a nice Bible. Many of the boys and girls in our "Guide Family" have Bibles. I hope that every one that has not one will begin at once. Not to tease father or mother for a Bible, but to earn or save money enough to buy a neat copy of the Scriptures that will last many years, so that you can read the "wonderful words of life" over and over again from the same pages, till they make in your mind bright, beautiful pictures that can never be rubbed out.

"NO CROSS, NO CROWN."

THERE is a great gulf fixed between the teachings of the world and the teachings of the gospel, on the subject of easy living. According to the popular view, the one thing worth living for is to have money to spend, fine pictures to admire, pleasant books to read, soft carpets for the feet, easy couches for the palate; and yet the God whom we believe in and worship has only revealed himself to human eyes and hands as one who was crucified, whose brow was wounded with thorns and whose side was pierced through with a spear; and the gospel which he brought teaches that all pampering of the body and all undue indulgence of its desires, so far from being the supreme object of life, may be a snare and stumbling-block to the soul. If there are any of us who really believe in our hearts that personal enjoyment is the true object of our lives, let us honestly acknowledge to ourselves that we are lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God, and so go back to crown with roses the forgotten statues of the kindly pagan gods who loved not life and the beauty of sense. There ought not to be room in one house for both the cross of Christ and the ivy-crown of the wine-god, or the myrtle of the goddess of pleasure. "No man can serve two masters," so runs the old saying, but the lesson is hard to learn. Nevertheless it is one which must be learned sooner or later, when every man must make the deliberate choice whether he will count his own pleasure the chief object of his life, or whether he will yield his will, for pleasure or for pain, to the will of God. And on that one decision hangs every man's destiny for both here and hereafter.—S. S. Times.

WHEN you are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself if you have not done the same many times.



INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

Not a day without private prayer, reading a portion of Scripture, striving to do something for Jesus, and self-examination; receive, too, this counsel in addition:—

Not a day without some special unusual prayer, for some neighbour or acquaintance, or some part of the mission field, or some blessing you have never or very seldom asked before.

Not a day without some very thoughtful examination of some single sentence in the Bible till you have gained from it some fresh and fuller view of truth.

Not a day without some little act of self-denial, such as giving up a comfortable seat to someone else, or surrendering some advantage of your own for another, or some little sacrifice for the dear Saviour's sake.

Not a day without a few minutes spent in trying to realize the abiding of Jesus Christ, and in being ready should he come again.—I. H. C.

A PRAIRIE CHURCH PARADE.

THE Queen's Own Rifles were encamped to the south of the track, and a short run amongst the men showed that they had stood the hardship of the trip round the north shore much better than could have been expected, and the rest they have since obtained has made them better and hardier men by a long way than when they left Toronto, and has placed them in the best of condition for the long march on to Battleford. This morning the men had a church parade and the Church of England service was conducted by Private Acheson, of "G" Company, Q. O. R., who is a student of Wycliffe College. That portion of the service specially prepared for military campaigns was read, and its beautiful and touching language seemed to bring home to the men with double force the reality that they were in active service, and that the dangers of their position were not insignificant. The eye of the King of kings and Lord of lords was upon them, and to him they had gone to supplicate blessings and protection and guidance in the conflict to which they were hastening. The splendid old hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung with spirit, and its touching melody seemed doubly impressive as it

was caught up by the winds and its solemn cadence carried out over that boundless prairie. The sun was shining brightly, and the day would have been hot had it not been for a tempering wind that blew in from the southwest.

WE regret to say that the news from the North-West tells of further hostilities and shedding of blood. The hope that Riel and his followers would retire without fighting has proved false, and now that the step of direct opposition to the advance of the Dominion troops has been taken it is probable that further conflict will follow. The volunteers have proved themselves equal to regulars both as to endurance of the fatigue of long marches and of bravery in the face of the foe. Our Toronto boys, many of them unused to hardships, have under the leadership of Col. Otter, achieved for themselves a great reputation. Their march has been one equal to any recorded in history. In five consecutive days they travelled over thirty-five miles each day. We are proud of such men, and we shall joyfully welcome them home when the trouble is over, which God grant may speedily be the case.—Evangelical Churchman

COMMUNICATIONS have been sent to Methodist missionaries at various points in the North-West conveying messages to our Indians assuring them that the Church relies upon their loyalty to the Government in the present crisis, and urging the missionaries to use their utmost influence with such hands as they can reach, to maintain peace. We trust that very soon quiet will be everywhere restored. Apart from the loss of valuable lives, we shall scarcely regret the present outbreak if it only leads the enlightened sentiment of the country to insist that the Indians shall not be turned over to the tender mercies of unscrupulous politicians, who receive appointments as rewards for services rendered to "the party;" but that the work shall be committed to Christian men, of known integrity, who will be guided by conscience in the administration of their trust, and not by motives of mere personal gain.—Missionary Outlook.

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.



AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN WINTER.

SCENES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

As our Canadian North-West is attracting so much attention at present, we give in this number a couple of illustrations of Indian life in that far off region. They both show the poverty of the Indian tribes. The first indicates their precarious means of support, largely dependent as they are during the winter upon the chance of catching fish through openings cut in the ice on the lakes and rivers. The second shows the bleak and cheerless aspect of an Indian village in winter. The skin wigwams are but a poor protection from the piercing cold. The poor squaw in the foreground carrying her axe and the load of faggots she has cut down, and the child dragging the branch of brush, show the hard and unwomanly and unchildlike work to which they are exposed. The poverty and distress of the Indians make them very restless in seasons of scarcity, and one cannot very much wonder that they are guilty of acts of violence to procure food.

The Rev. E. R. Young, in an admirable article in the *Methodist Magazine* on the North-West troubles, writes as follows: The great cause of the present trouble is the scarcity of meat since the destruction of the great buffalo herds. Both Indians and half-breeds well know that the extinction of these animals is due to the coming of the white man, with his superior firearms, and his wanton slaughter for the mere excitement of the chase, and also his greed for the profits on the sale of the robes.

The buffalo was ever regarded by the Indians as the special gift of the *Kiche Maneto*, the Great Spirit. His nutritious flesh furnished the best of food; his hide gives them tents, bedding, clothing and moccasins; the sinews were easily made into the strongest of thread. With plenty of buffalo they hardly need anything else. Travellers who visited those broad prairies years ago have given us glowing descriptions of the vast herds that then roamed over those fertile regions, literally the cattle upon a thousand hills. Strict laws, very similar to our present game laws, were rigidly enforced by the Indians to prevent the

unnecessary slaughter of these useful animals. Spears and bows and arrows were the only weapons with which they then hunted them. But all this is changed. The pale face has come, and in his mad frenzy to kill he has ignored all the wise laws for their preservation, and so the wholesale slaughter has gone on until now the buffalo is, or very soon will be, classed among the extinct animals. A few years ago as many as one hundred and sixty thousand were slaughtered for the robes alone. When killed in the fall of the year for meat, their robes are about worthless, but during the winter when they are in prime condition as the robes of commerce, the flesh is poor and hard. The result is there was a double slaughter, to obtain meat and to obtain robes.

Is it any wonder that under such wholesale slaughter, those plains that once teemed with plenty should now be so devoid of life; and that half-breeds or Indians should, from their present half-starved condition, wish they could see those days return again? I remember once, when conversing with the late honoured Rev. Geo. McDougall on the expensiveness of getting in supplies to my northern mission, hearing him say that the matter of obtaining provisions for his own, and son's families, the previous fall was a very simple affair. He said that he and one of his sons, with their pockets full of bullets, with their powder horns on their necks, and with their guns in their hands, had mounted their well-trained buffalo runners, and during the afternoon's sport, had killed fourteen fat buffalo cows, which furnished them with abundance of fresh meat all through the winter.

The great yearly event in the life of the half-breeds was the great fall hunt of the buffalo. When the little crops were secured, like a great military procession they wended their way westward toward the vast feeding grounds of these animals. Wives and children followed after in quaint, capacious, ungreased, and consequently noisy, vehicles, known as the Red River carts. Hundreds of buffalo used to be killed, and thousands of pounds of dried meat, and pemmican,

and tallow, and hides would be secured. This with the produce of their little farms, although they made miserable farmers, gave them abundance of food.

There is no use in disguising the fact that these people are in a wretched, half-starved condition. The transition has been too sudden, the old life was too deeply ingrained to be forgotten in a year or even a decade. Placed on their reserves or settlements they have never felt contented, and it will take long years and much patience and firmness in dealing with them.

HOW TO TREAT THE INDIANS.

In the course of a sermon in Selkirk Hall, Winnipeg, on Sunday evening last, Rev. C. B. Pitblado said:—

The Indian can no longer find employment on his old hunting grounds. He can no longer get venison with which to satisfy the pangs of his hunger. He can no longer get fur with which to furnish clothing for his body and covering for his tent. And now on the vast prairies, where his father dwelt at ease and lived on plenty, the aborigine of the western land roams an idle, naked, starving outcast. What wonder if, in such circumstances, the Indian should be tempted to take by plundering what he cannot get by hunting? What wonder if he should seek in the new fields of the pioneer settlers the food which he cannot find on the old hunting grounds of the plains! What wonder if, in his desperation, he should

RESENT THE INTRUSION OF THE WHITE MAN

into his territory by shedding his blood and sacking his home! But to the honour of the redman of the North-West, be it said, they have been known to starve rather than steal. They have pillaged whole Indian villages; when they would not lay a hand on a white man's settlement. In this respect the untutored heathen has often withstood temptations to which the cultured citizen has yielded. He has patiently borne what you or I would have resented. Perhaps his patience is now exhausted. Goaded on by designing rebels, the Indians have in a few cases been driven on to commit deeds of violence and bloodshed. Their

destitution has no doubt been a weighty factor in influencing them to perpetrate crime. One thing is certain. The flames of war between them and the new settler on the frontier have been kindled. If they are not extinguished

THE RESULT WILL BE RUINOUS

to the colonization of the North-West, exhausting to the resources of the Dominion, and detrimental to the interests of Christian truth and morals in our country. Hence our policy with the Indian must still be peace, at almost any financial price. It will still pay us better in every way to feed them than to fight them, and it will be found far more ennobling to the nation to hire good farmers to teach them how to cultivate the soil, and for the Churches to send missionaries to bring them under the power of Christian truth, than to keep up an army to exterminate them from the country. The Indian wars in the United States cost the Government \$63,000,000, or

MORE THAN FOUR MILLIONS A YEAR.

The cost of the present disturbance would, under proper regulations, defray the expenses of feeding the Indians and supplying them with teachers and missionaries for many years. Well, if we will not pay liberally to diffuse education, we must pay extravagantly to suppress crime. If we will not pay a little to farmers to instruct them, we must pay a great deal to riflemen to shoot them. If we will not pay a few thousand dollars for provisions to prevent famine, we must pay millions to sustain an army to prevent massacre. When we will not give a few hundred dollars to erect churches, we will be obliged to give some thousands to maintain policemen. When we will not give freely to support missionaries, we will be obliged to pay reluctantly in taxes to sustain soldiers. If we will not pay to uphold morality, we will be saddled with the expenses of vice.

THE LITTLE KNIGHT.

THE knight of olden time, they say,  
Went bravely out to battle,  
And stood serene amid the strife,  
The din and roar and rattle,  
Because he carried on his arm  
A ribbon or a glove,  
And fought and won, or fought and fell,  
All for his lady-love.

We boys may be like knights, they say,  
Although our lives are quiet,  
And though we may not ride to war,  
With martial clank and riot,  
Yet we may still be brave and true,  
And fight against the wrong,  
And, like the gallant knights of old,  
Help other lives along.

The McDougall Orphanage, in the North-West, has now fifteen children, some of whom have neither father nor mother, and but for the institution they would be destitute. They are taught the English language, and are being trained so as to be useful in after life. Some of them have strange Indian names, as for instance one which means "Crept-on-her-hand-and-foot-through-the-long-grass-into-the-camp," "Crawlor." If funds were forthcoming a much larger number of children could be accommodated at the Orphanage.—*Methodist Magazine*.

"PHYSIC," says an old surgeon, "is the art of amusing the patient while Nature cures the disease."

## WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

WRITE it on the liquor-store ;  
Write it on the prison door ;  
Write it on the gin-shop fine ;  
Write, ay, write the truthful line—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the work house gate ;  
Write it on the school-boy's slate ;  
Write it on the copy-book,  
That the young may at it look—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the church-yard mound,  
Where the drunk-sham dead are found ;  
Write it on the gallows high ;  
Write it for all passers-by—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet,  
Up and down the busy street ;  
Write it for the great and small,  
In the mansion, cot, and hall—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on our ships which sail,  
Borne along by steam and gale ;  
Write it in large letters plain,  
O'er the land and past the main—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it deep on history's page ;  
Write it, patriot, scholar, sage ;  
Write it in the Sunday-school ;  
Write, ay, write the truthful rule—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the house of God ;  
Write it on the teeming soil ;  
Write it on hall-top and glen ;  
Write it with a blood-dipped pen—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for our rising youth ;  
Write it for the cause of truth ;  
Write it for our fatherland ;  
Write, 'tis duty's stern command—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for bright heaven above ;  
Write it for the God of love ;  
Write it near the dear fireside ;  
Write it too for Christ who died—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

## BRITISH INDIA.

It has already been explained that the cause of the trouble between Russia and England is that England holds the great peninsula of India, and that Russia's advance seems to threaten that dependency.

The question is often asked, How came the English to be in India at all? How did she conquer it, and what is the character of her rule there? It will perhaps make the situation in Asia more clear if some answer is given to these questions.

The English have been in India for nearly three hundred years. But they went there in the first instance merely as trading colonists. The discovery by Vasco da Gama of a water route to Asia, around Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, gave a start to commercial enterprisers from European nations in that direction. Portuguese and Dutch settlements had long existed on the coast of India before the English made their appearance there.

It was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1600, that a company of London merchants received a charter giving them an exclusive right to trade in India ; and it was in 1612 that the first English trading post was established at Surat on the west coast of the peninsula.

It was the beginning of the famous East India Company. Gradually the trading posts of this company increased on both the west and the east coasts ; and in due time these settlements came to have governments and troops of their own.

Then there came a period of bitter wars with the natives, who were jealous of this foreign intrusion. The company now raised armies, and as they defeated the native princes, began to annex and establish their rule over their provinces.

A brilliant soldier, Lord Clive, made extensive conquests over the native States in the middle of the last century ; and his victories really laid the foundations of the political empire of the English in India. After a time, the dominions of the East India Company extended over many large territories ; and the company either ruled the provinces by their governors, or reduced the princes to be their vassals.

By the end of the last century, India had really become subject to the company. But its exclusive privileges were taken from it by Parliament, which opened the peninsula to all British merchants. As the English dominion, always bitterly contested by the native princes, spread over the peninsula, law and order and improvement replaced the old barbarous state of the country.

Almost a quarter of a century ago, the East India Company ceased to exist. Its powers and privileges were assumed by the British Government ; and the Governors-General of India, who had hitherto been appointed by the company, were now chosen by the Crown. A new Cabinet office was created, the Secretary of State for India ; and the rule of the great dependency came under his hands.

At present, with the exception of a little French or Portuguese settlement here and there on the coast, the whole peninsula acknowledges the sway of Britain. The States are directly under British control, or are under British influence and protection.

The English rule in India has been, on the whole, wise and beneficial. It has planted European civilization in a great Asiatic country. The English have developed the resources of the country ; have built railways, telegraphs and highroads ; have spread education and established courts of justice ; have suppressed many barbarous rites and customs ; have elevated the moral and material condition of the natives ; and have secured them peace, defence and orderly government.

## THE CHILD'S BIBLE.

*The Child's Bible*, with upwards of two hundred original illustrations. With an introduction by Dr. J. H. Vincent. New York : Cassell & Co. 4to., pp. 738. Full gilt. Price \$4.00.

While the Bible is a book for all—for the wisest sage as well as for the wayfaring man—its wonderful narratives of providence and grace make it especially the book for childhood. No stories so charm the infant mind as those told at the mother's knee, of Joseph, of Moses, of Samuel, of David, and, above all, of the Holy Child Jesus. The Editor of this book has wisely arranged in consecutive sequence the narrative portions of the Scriptures and other portions specially adapted to the mind of childhood. The very words of the authorized version are employed so that the child becomes familiar with their noble diction as well as with their holy truths. Merely as a mental training nothing can equal this. Ruskin attributes all that is

best in his wonderful use of the English language to the Bible readings at his mother's knee.

The two hundred admirable engravings, most of them full-page, of this volume, fix upon the youthful mind the meaning of the text far more vividly than the words alone. The costumes, accessories, and surroundings are all carefully studied, so as to give not merely the ideas of "the old masters"—whose errors and anachronisms were often absurd—but to give true conceptions of the unfamiliar oriental life of the long, long ago. Even the initial letters have little vignettes illustrative of the text. We can bear witness that the attention of very young children is arrested by these striking pictures, and their eager questionings demand such explanations as often tax the best wisdom of the parent to answer. Children thus early learn and never forget the great truths of religion. We rejoice to know that 143,000 copies of this Child's Bible have been called for. No better present can a wise father give his children than this handsome volume, with its broad clear page, large open type, and numerous beautiful pictures. Our friend, Dr. Vincent, contributes an appropriate introduction on the Bible, the child's book.

## THE STONE LAMB.

A GERMAN clergyman, Pastor O'Fenke, tells a story in a very interesting book of his about things which have really happened to him, or which he has met with in his travels. In 1865, he stood before the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel of Werden under Ruhr, in Germany, waiting for the key to be brought that the door might be unlocked for them to enter. While they waited they saw something on the ledge of the roof, which they found to be a carved stone lamb, and began to wonder what it meant up there. So they asked an old woman who was hobbling along a little way off, if she could tell them about it, and she replied "Yes ;" and then related why it had been placed in that strange place.

Many, many years ago, she said, where the lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, who had to sit in a basket fastened by a rope as he worked. Well, he was working in this manner one day, when suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way, and he fell down, down from the great height to the ground below ! Of course, every one who saw the accident expected that the man would be killed, especially as the ground there was covered with sharp stones and rocks which the workmen were using for building. But to their great astonishment, he rose up from the ground and stood up quite uninjured ! And this was how it happened : a poor lamb had wandered quite up to that side of the chapel, in search of the sweet grass which sprang up among the stones, and the man had fallen exactly on the soft body of this lamb—it had saved his life ; for he had escaped with the mere fright, and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his heavy fall upon it. So out of pure gratitude the man had the stone lamb carved and set up as a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb."

Do you not think this a beautiful story? does it not remind you of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God who was slain for us that we might live forever? Never forget that "he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." And let us copy the poor man's example in being truly thankful, and showing we are so. He could not do anything more for the lamb which had so wonderfully saved his life, than make a little monument or memento of what it had done. But there is much that we can do for the Lamb of God who was slain for us. We can love him for what he has done, and we can give him the one thing he wants from us. Do you ask what it is for which even the God of glory longs, he who has all the riches of the world, and to whom heaven and earth belong? He says, "My son, give me thine heart."

## A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY IN BRIEF.

I FIRST saw him in a social party. He took but one glass of wine, and that at the urgent solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy a slight desire. He mocked at thought of danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery. A confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless ; and he was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave in sorrow, his mother wept that she had given birth to such a child.

"I returned home musing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read, "Be not deceived ; drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This is a sad story. Alas ! that it should be true. When a boy, our friend was as happy as any of us. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism. When I urged him to sign the pledge he laughed at me, and scoffed at the bare suggestion of danger.

Poor Fred ! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Young men, beware of the first glass. Fathers, banish the glass from your tables, if you would not bury your sons drunkards.—*Golden Center.*

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe ; with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers ; with all its shipping, its steam-boats, railroads, and telegraphs ; with its millions of darkly-grooping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*



FOR BASS-WOOD CHAPS.

THE boy that likes spring or summer or fall  
Better than old King Winter  
Is a sort of a bass-wood splinter—  
Soft stuff; in fact, he's no boy at all.

Away from the stove, and look out there!  
Did ever you see a picture so fair?  
King Winter, from mountain to plain  
Not a beggar in all his train.  
The poky old pump,  
The ugliest stump;  
Once is in ermine from chips to chin.  
The other—no lamb can begin  
To look so warm and soft and full,  
Though up to its eyes in wrinkles of wool.  
See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,  
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white  
nap on!

Grabbed old Bachelor Hedge—  
Where, now, is his prickly edge?  
And scraggy old Gran'sir Tree,  
Shabby as shabby could be,  
How he spreads himself in his uniform,  
Lording it over the cold and the storm!

Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress  
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;  
But Winter—The great and small,  
Angelic and ugly, all  
He tailors so fine, you would think each one  
The grandest personage under the sun.

Who is afraid he'll be bit to death  
By a monster that bites with nothing but  
breath?

There's more real manhood, thirty to three,  
In the little chicks of a chickadee.  
Never were merrier creatures than they  
When summer is hundreds of miles away.

Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter  
Knows not the first thing about winter.  
A fig for your summer boys,  
They're no whit better than toys.

Give me the chap that will off to town  
When the wind is driving the chimney down,  
When the bare trees bend and roar  
Like breakers on the shore.

Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees,—  
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,  
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,  
Pulling his little duck legs along;

The road is full, but he's bound to go through  
it,  
He has business on hand, and is round to do  
it.

As yonder you see him, breaking paths for  
the sleighs,  
So he'll be on the lead to the end of his days:  
One of Winter's own boys, a hero is he,  
No bass-wood there, but good hard hickory!  
—John Vance Cheney.

A GAME OF MARBLES.

UNCLE James watched the boys as they played a game of marbles in front of the house. At least Ned and Harry were playing, and talking loudly and excitedly, but Will leaned against the fence with his hands in his pockets and a very discontented look upon his face. The boys were so eager and interested in their play that they did not at first notice Uncle James. But as Harry won the game and stopped to gather up the marbles he caught sight of his uncle.

"O Uncle James!" he exclaimed, "this is the sixth game I've won straight along."

"Yes," said Will, in an aggrieved tone, "and you and Ned have got all my marbles away from me."

Harry laughed and shook his marble bag. "I only had five marbles when I began to play, and I've got a dozen now."

"Sorry to see my nephews gambling," said Uncle James, quietly.

"Gambling!" exclaimed Ned, looking up from the ring he was rearranging; "who's gambling?"

"If Harry strikes a marble to a certain point, he takes that marble, does he not?" asked Uncle James.

"Yes, sir; but that isn't gambling."

"Isn't it? What do you think gambling really is?"

"Why, men put up a lot of money,

and take chances to win it with cards or dice."

"And when some boys put up a lot of marbles, and take chances to win them away from each other, what do you call that?"

Will laughed, but Ned and Harry were silent. Uncle James went on.

"If you, Harry, had but five marbles when you began to play, and by chance have won away all Will's and part of Ned's, except so far as the value is concerned you might as well have been playing for money."

"Gamblers proceed on exactly the same plan. You boys shoot a marble to a given point; the gambler depends on a certain number on the dice or cards. The principle is the same, my boys, whether you work with marbles or money. Games of chance are dangerous, however innocently you may begin. After you have played for 'keeps' in marbles awhile, a game of cards or billiards with a small stake of money may be very apt to follow. Men rarely become gamblers all at once, and many no doubt can trace their evil career back to even such a simple beginning as playing marbles for 'keeps.'"

Uncle James knew boys too well to talk any longer; he turned and went away.

Ned dug in the ground with his boot-heel, Will whistled, and Harry industriously sorted the marbles. He put aside five, and tossing the rest to Ned and Will, said,

"Here, boys, pick out your own. I'm done gambling if that's what we were about."—Lucy Randolph Fleming.

THE CHORUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

I REMEMBER hearing a story in connection with our battle-fields. One weary, dreary night, while our army was on the eve of a great and important battle, a soldier paced up and down before the tent of his general. Wearied with his work, he began to sing half to himself, "When I can read my title clear." After a little his voice grew louder, and he sang the hymn as though it were a song of victory. His tones rang out on the still night air. After a little, another soldier, off yonder, hearing the music, and fascinated by it, joined in. There was a duet. A little longer, and another voice farther off, joined, and there was a chorus, and it was not long before the whole army as far as the mind could reach on either side, were joining in that wondrous chorus, and singing in the presence of the enemy,

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the sky."

Well, brethren, when I heard the story, it seemed to me that I could see in the far-off distance that wondrous carpenter's Son of Nazareth, standing alone and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." After a little, twelve disciples took up the refrain, and joined in the chorus. After a little longer, in the next century, a still larger company gathered and sang it with all their hearts. In the next century, a still larger number added their voices, and now, after eighteen hundred years have gone by, the music of that wondrous song, which began with Him who stood in his father's workshop, is sung, and

echoed, and re-echoed the whole wide world over. It is our revelation from God, and it is the impulse that lifts us all up to God.—Dr. Hepworth.

CURED OF THE TOBACCO HABIT.

WE give the following, suppressing names and dates, as an illustration of the power of religion to enable a man to overcome evil habits.—ED.

My dear Dr. Withrow,—You will be glad to hear that your labours are being blessed of God, and bringing forth fruit unto righteousness. It has always been a part of my work to try and persuade my fellow-creatures, and especially professing Christians, to abstain, not only from intoxicating drinks, but from the loathsome habit and use of that noxious weed tobacco.

In the month of December last while making a circuit-tour and distributing our valuable Sunday-school periodicals, I got into the company of four or five habitual smokers—they had all been previously spoken to about their obnoxious practice, but with little apparent effect; however, on this occasion another attempt was made to accomplish the desired end by reading a short article in *Home and School*, date Nov. 22, entitled "What the Tobacco Money Bought." The reading of this article, with an explanation of their own individual cases, made a wonderful impression upon them and finally led them to resolve by the grace of God, to become abstainers. Since that time I have made two visits to that place, the last of which was made a fortnight ago, and I am happy to inform you that each one was still proving the strength of Divine grace to enable him to keep his pledge.

About eight months ago three of them tried to become abstainers, and even went as far as to break their pipes etc., but as the resolve was made in their own strength it proved a failure. This time they made their resolution with prayer and said, "By the grace of God we will overcome."

A CHILD'S HEART.

THE other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone on Woodland Avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear.

Then the eldest stepped forward and said, "Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob rising in her throat.

"I am awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I ain't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman; and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child; "you may kiss us all at once; and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times; for he is just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms about the strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They don't know the hearts of children; and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose to go: "O children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."—*Detroit Free Press*.

TWO CENTS A WEEK.

"TWO cents a week," the Master asks  
From every loving daughter's hands:  
Two cents a week, to tell his love  
And teach his word in foreign lands.

"Two cents a week," to place ajar  
The gates of mercy, high and broad,  
Two cents a week, to spread afar  
The knowledge of our risen Lord.

"Two cents a week," O precious thought!  
May save some soul from death and hell;  
Two cents a week, from my poor purse,  
May teach some tongue his love to tell.

"Two cents a week," may send a blaze  
Of gospel light o'er India's plains.  
Two cents a week may free a race  
For ages bound by error's chains.

"Two cents a week," from China's shore,  
We catch the cry and hear the plea;  
Two cents a week, a few years more,  
And struggling China shall be free.

"Two cents a week," may wake the note  
Of Zion's song in far Japan.  
Two cents a week, O blessed Christ,  
May tell of all thy love to man.

"RELEASED."

FIFTEEN years before Mrs. Wesley's death she wrote thus to her son John:

"You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. Besides, I ought surely to go to rest before you. It is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me."

When she came to her last hours she made this request:

"Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God!"

Released! is the simple but grand idea of Mrs. Wesley's mind just before the clay tenement is vacated. Released! the bondage of the soul ended, and freed to wing its way to the presence of God in heaven! As soon as it is released, sing praise to God! See how a Christian can die.

The character and memory of this good mother are precious to thousands all the world over. Dr. Adam Clarke, in summing up the incidents of her life, says:

"I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of others; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have been acquainted. Such a one Solomon has described at the end of his proverbs; and, adapting his words, I can say, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but Susanna Wesley has excelled them all.'—*Memoirs of the Wesley Family*.

CHILDREN have more need of models than of critics.



## GATHERING THEM IN.

WAS nigh to a bar, that had long been made,  
Leaned a rum-seller old in the liquor-trade;  
His work was done, and he paused to count  
The receipts of the day—a large amount.  
A relic of jolly old toper was he,  
And his hair was as white as the foam of the sea;  
And these words came forth with the fumes  
Of gin:  
“I gather them in, I gather them in.

“I gather them in, both old and young;  
To my den of death they go and come—  
Some to the scaffold, some to the grave,  
Some to the prison, but none I save.  
Come father, mother, daughter, son—  
All I will ruin, one by one.  
With my rum or whiskey, brandy or gin;  
I gather them in, I gather them in

“I gather them in to a life of shame;  
I blast the fairest honoured name;  
Make widows and orphans to cry and moan  
At the foot of old King Alcohol's throne.  
The highest or lowest, I don't care which,  
Will soon find their level in a common ditch;  
The law protects me, and it is no sin;  
I gather them in, I gather them in.”

The old man ceased as he closed his till;  
Soon all was dark and gloomy and still;  
And I said to myself, as he went to his rest,  
“Can it be that humanity dwells in your breast?  
Man may forgive you, but God never will.  
Though your ill-gotten gains foot the minister's bill,  
And his voice will be heard o'er the last trumpet's din,  
Hell gathers you in, hell gathers you in.”

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

“You wonder that I care so much,” he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; “but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, ‘Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?’ And before I had time to answer, he said, ‘Ah, I know you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.’ I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will.”

## TWO SMART GIRLS.

A LONG time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the fort, and went down into a hollow to pick berries. It was Emma, a girl of seven years, with Bessie, her sister, not yet six.

All at once the sun flashed on something bright, and Emma knew that the pretty painted things she had seen crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them. But she looked all about, saw that some of the creeping Indians were already between her and the fort, and went on picking berries as before. Soon she called aloud to Bessie with a steady voice, “Don't you think its going to rain?” So they both turned and walked toward the fort. They reached the tall grass, and suddenly Emma dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie too. “What are you looking for?” asked the little sister, in surprise. Then Emma whispered to Bessie, and both stole silently

and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gate safely closed behind them! Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves, the fort, which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it besides.—*St Nicholas*.

## FISHING IN LAPLAND.

THE water is very clear at Hammerfest, in Lapland; you may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you may see the young cod snapping at your hook, if you have one; a little lower down the coal fish, and the huge plaice and halibut on the white sand at the bottom; in other places the star-fish, as large as a plate, and purple and green shell fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner:

In calm weather the fisherman takes a strong, fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear head, like a whale harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen at the bottom the boat is stopped and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus the fish is caught. In two hours the fisherman will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh 500 pounds, and if drawn up carelessly will overturn the boat.

In many of the mountainous districts the rivers swarm with trout, the habit of which is to conceal themselves beneath the boulder-rocks in the bed of the stream, venturing out to feed only at night. Men each with a heavy hammer will enter these waters and strike one or two blows on the stones, when the fish run from their lurking places partly stunned, and are easily caught.

## THANKFULNESS.

SAID a very old man, “Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all.” We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be always complaining of things as we are. Be thankful for such mercies as you have, and if God sees it will be for your good and his glory, he will give you many more. At least, do not make yourself and others unhappy by your ingratitude and complaints.—*The Presbyterian*.

## LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 68.] LESSON X. [June 7.

GOD'S MESSAGE BY HIS SON.

Heb. 1. 1-8; 2. 1-4. Commit to mem. vs. 1. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Heb. 2. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Divine Saviour, ch. 1. 1-8.
2. The great Salvation, ch. 2. 1-4.

TIME.—It is not known certainly when nor by whom this epistle was written, but it was perhaps about A.D. 68, soon after the death of Paul.

PLACE.—Unknown.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Divers manners*—In many

ways—(a) The audible voice; (b) the writing on the stone tables; (c) in dreams and visions; (d) in parables etc. *Brightness of his (Father's) glory*—The effulgence of the divine majesty. *Express image*—The exact image of his substance or essence. The word *character* properly signifies the die used in coining. *Flame of fire*—Quick and bright as the lightning. *Slip*—The allusion is to a leaky vessel into which water has been poured, but from which it glides away, as it were, unperceived. *Signs*—That is, miraculous works as evidence. *Wonders*—Considered as the cause of terror, amazement, etc. *Divers miracles*—General term applicable to many exercises of divine influence. *Gifts*—Qualities imparted by the Spirit, fitting men for special duties.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. The divine declaration of salvation!
2. The divine author of salvation?
3. The danger of neglecting salvation?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did God speak to his people in time past? “By the prophets.”
2. Afterward how did he speak to them? “By his Son.”
3. What is the sceptre of Christ's kingdom? “A sceptre of righteousness.”
4. What should we do lest at any time we should let slip the things we have heard? Give them earnest heed.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divinity of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

13. What precepts for parents and children? Ephesians vi. 4; Ephesians vi. 1.
14. What precepts for masters and servants? 1 Peter ii. 18; Colossians iv. 1; Titus ii. 9. 10.

A.D. 68.] LESSON XI. [June 14.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

Heb. 9. 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 11-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7. 25.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Tabernacle, v. 1-5.
2. The Priest, v. 6-10.
3. The Christ, v. 11, 12.

TIME, PLACE.—See Lesson X.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ordinance*—Ceremonies of worship. *Worldly sanctuary*—The tabernacle, so called because made by men's hands and of perishable materials. *The first*—The first apartment; the holy place; and beyond the veil the holy of holies. *Thus ordained*—That is, set in due order. *Priests . . . high-priest*—A contrast between the many offerings of the many priests and the one offering of the one priest. *Reformation*—The time of straightening up, when vital and spiritual worship should take the place of forms. *Good things*—Fuller light, removal of the yoke of ceremonial bondage, and blessings of the spirit. *Perfect tabernacle*—This probably refers to the human nature of Jesus, (chap. 10. 20,) while chap. 8. 2 seems to point to heaven. Some understand the holy place to prefigure the body of Jesus and the holy of holies to refer to the heavens.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That there must be atonement for sin?
2. That the sinner cannot atone for himself?
3. That Jesus Christ has made a complete atonement for all sin?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Under the old dispensation, who were allowed to enter the first tabernacle? The priests.
2. Who were allowed to enter the second? The chief priests once a year.
3. What did the chief priests do in the second tabernacle? Offered blood for himself and the people.
4. What has Christ obtained for us? Eternal redemption.
5. How did he obtain this? “By his own blood.”

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The intercession of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

15. What does it teach about obedience to magistrates and servants? Romans xiii. 1; 1 Peter ii. 17.
16. How are we taught to behave to ministers of the gospel? Hebrews xiii. 17. [1 Thessalonians v. 12, 13.]

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