



The Family Treasury.

Threescore and Ten.

Threescore and ten! How the tide rolls on, Hearing the limitless sea; Bearing the voyager over life's flood To boundless eternity...

Rescued by an Indian.

When I was quite young, my father went as a missionary to the Indians who lived in what was known as the Red River District. We made the voyage down the river from St. Joseph, Missouri, in two canoes...

My mother told him we were not hurt, and thanked him for shooting the bear, in words which he could understand. "He! he! Bear much good meat!" said Ma-shoon-tire...

Woman's Nature.

Those who would elevate the standard of womanhood should begin by learning that it is only through love and kindness that woman can ever attain her largest growth towards the purest ideal in which the womanly graces centre...

A Manly Lover.

The Hon. L. S. Foster, who recently died at a ripe old age in Norwich, Conn., rose rapidly in his profession, the law, and was frequently called to serve in the councils of the state and the nation...

and honored, the young man paced the floor, troubled by conflicting emotions. Finally, taking his hat, he turned to the lady and said, "I am glad I found you out in time! Our engagement is broken! Therefore their ways lay apart, and she was not the gainer."

Mental Poison.

We have repeatedly admonished parents against the character of much of the literature of the day. A large proportion of it consists of crime and wild adventure which, while it tempts the mental appetite of the young, corrupts their morals, and often leads to their utter ruin...

The book referred to appeared in England some years since, and such was the increase in cases of theft and highway robbery that followed its publication, that its suppression was demanded as a matter of public safety. Our press is teeming with books of fiction, and weekly papers for the young, that are scarcely less objectionable than the adventures of the notorious "Jack Sheppard."

Painting for Eternity.

When Apelles, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor on his pictures, he replied, "Because I am painting for eternity." He used the word as a bold figure of speech; but we may use the word literally when we say that we are painting the picture of our lives for eternity.

Death frames the picture, and sends it on to the judgment day for exhibition. Not a "private view" before a select company, but a public exhibition before an assembled multitude whom no man can number; for God will bring every word and every work into judgment, whether it be good, or whether it be evil...

We may desire most intensely to alter the portraiture then, and to improve it; but the pencil and the colors were left behind us, and the hand will have lost its cunning for evermore. We may importunately beg and beseech the righteous Judge to give one more opportunity. The irreversible answer will be, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; he that is holy, let him be holy still."

When the noble Russel was executed as a martyr to freedom, he handed his watch to a friend who stood beside him on the scaffold. "Take this watch," said he, "for I have no more to do with time. My thoughts now are only about eternity. That utterance of the dying martyr is a word in season for us all. We pastors who are setting about the Master's work anew may well take note of the fact that we are preaching for eternity! Let every parent who reads this paragraph inquire of conscience, 'Am I training up my children not only for this world, but for the world to come?'"

training yourself for self-indulgence or an immortal crown? Upon the walls of a Catholic institution in Montreal, I saw this summer this brief line: "Nothing is long except eternity."

That was a motto for every pastor's study, and for the walls of every dwelling. Let us all write it up before us as on the heavens. Nothing is worth living but eternity.

"Let the living bells of time, With their changes, rise and fall! But in undertones sublime—Sounding deep beyond them all—Is a voice that must be heard, As our moments onward flee, And it speaks but this word, Eternity! Eternity!"

The Long Evenings.

The long evenings present themselves to young people with opportunities not only for social enjoyment, but for making real advances in intellectual improvement. It should not be forgotten that every language thoroughly acquired, every technical art mastered, and every step taken in scientific or mathematical study, is an additional tool, weapon, or defence for the strife or the business of life.

But moderation in most things is wisdom. One evening a week, at least, should be claimed by the prayer-meeting. Another may be well spent in pleasant company. Neighborhood societies, where music, mental entertainment and innocent fun form the programme, are to be recommended, in places where people must depend on their own resources for their good times.

The Feathers of a Bird.

Of a feather's lightness we may form some idea when we find that the largest quill of a golden eagle weighs only sixty-five grains, and that seven such quills do not weigh more than a copper penny-piece; that the feathers of a common fowl, which weighs thirty-seven ounces, weigh only three ounces; and that the entire plume of an owl weighs only one ounce and a half.

There is always time for all duties and all pleasures if we economize what God gives us as we ought.—Christian at Work.

I was affected this morning, when alone, in thinking what I was born—a rational creature, a helpless creature, and a sinful creature. Where I was born—in the Church of God, in a land of light, in a house of prayer. For what I was born—to glorify God my Maker, and prepare to get to heaven.—Arthur Henry.

Good Words for the Young.

Constancy.

Little Ruth looked at her dolly one day. Said, "Dolly, they wish me to give you away: They say you are old, and I know it's quite true; But, dolly, dear dolly, I can't part from you."

The Man of the House.

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

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

"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."

"The boy shook his head. "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was his simple reply.

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

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

"Put this boy down, four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home, and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll take it out of you."

"I've got it, mother! I'm took! I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take parcels, the clerks call 'Cash?' Well, I'm that. Four dollars a week! And the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never 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; and then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms, and hugged and kissed him, and tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness.—Companion.

A Talk to Boys by Mr. Gladstone.

When I was myself a very small child, I went with my mother to visit a person very famous in her day, and of known excellence, Mrs. Hannah More. I believe I was four years old at the time, and I remember that she presented me with one of her little books, not uninteresting for children, and that she told me she gave me the gift because I had just come into the world and she was going out. She was then very old. The feeling which comes upon people who are advanced in years, is that they really wish that they could say something to enable you, who are now very young, to realize in your own minds—to get practical hold in your own minds—of many truths that you will learn in the course of experience, in order that the learning of them be more easy and the less bitter.

There is an immense importance—an importance greater than you can measure—in all that you are now doing; and this day, on which we are met together for a single hour or less, may be—who knows?—a determining day in the life of some of you. But what is really wanted is to light up the spirit that is within a boy. In some sense, and in some degree—in some effectual degree—there is in every boy the material of good work in the world; in every boy, not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are solid, and even in those who are dull, or who seem to be dull. If they have only the good will, the dullness will clear away day by day under the influence of the good will. If they will only exert themselves, they will find that every day's exertion makes the effort easier and more delightful, or at any rate less painful, or will lead to its becoming more delightful in due time.

I know from practical experience that the first beginning of effort, and the reward of effort, is a most important event of life. I can recollect it from experience. I can recollect the first occasion. Perhaps it was according to the fashion of schools at the time when I was a boy; but at the school where I was we were all taught to be very much like one another, and I don't recollect that any effort of any kind was made to establish a distinction between us; nor do I believe that any boy was much better or much worse than the rest. But that was a sleepy method of parent. Well, now, my friends, because great changes have taken place, not only in the labors, but in the energy, and care, and affection which are infused into the work of schools.

It is impossible for you to be too grateful for the pains bestowed upon you, for it is not an easy work, the work of teaching. I advise you, and I hope you will contribute by your own efforts, to do all which is in your power, to lighten your teacher's labors, and show him that they are appreciated, and that you wish to make him your friend. Show him that you feel that he is making every effort for your good. Again I say, do all that you can to help him, and it will be an immense consolation to him, it will tend to remove that feeling of irksomeness which is inseparable from teaching when the boys are unwilling to learn. There are few things in the world more beautiful and satisfactory than the kindling of the connection that grows between earnest teachers and willing boys. It is not only the brilliancy, it is not only the facility, with which a boy works, it is the will. There is not one of you who has not got it greatly in your power to assist our friend, your teacher, in this work, and depend upon it, if it were necessary to refer to selfish motives, the more you lend him assistance, the more you yourselves will take the benefit from his toil.—From an Address at the Haverden Grammar School.

The Immortal Elixir.

A certain Emperor of China was a great lover of the sciences, and encouraged learned men; but not being able to distinguish true merit from the tricks of charlatans, he was often imposed upon. One day an impostor obtained admittance to the palace, and watching an opportunity, he presented a phial to the Emperor, saying: "May it please your Majesty, this phial contains an elixir that will render you immortal; drink it, and fear not death." As the Emperor was about to take the phial, one of his ministers snatched it from his hands and immediately drank off part of its contents. The monarch was enraged at this presumption, for you must know that an absolute ruler considers his slightest whim the law. He spoke in the severest tones to his minister, and ordered him to be put to death. The minister took this order with all calmness, and said to his monarch, "Why should I fear your decree? If this elixir gives immortality, it is vain to try to kill me. If it does not give immortality, I have unmasked an impostor. We can readily decide whether his concoctions are worthy of your notice. Let him be compelled to drink the rest of this phial, and then swallow a certain poison. If he is a true man he has nothing to fear; if he is not, he deserves to die for having attempted to deceive your Majesty." The Emperor saw the value of this advice. He called the charlatan and told him to drink the remainder of his own elixir. This he did not hesitate to do. But when the Emperor ordered him to drink the poison, the wretch fell upon his knees and begged for mercy. The Emperor then restored the minister to favor, and condemned the unfortunate vendor of elixirs to perpetual imprisonment.









by the principle of charity. The questions, "Married or unmarried?" "Children or no children?" are questions of absolute indifference...

And yet it is on these three words, whose meaning obviously depends upon the connection in which they are found, and whose elimination from the text in question can scarcely be said to do violence to it—it is on these three words, I say, thus dislocated, disjointed and dissociated from their proper connection, that your preacher builds the doctrine of Christian Perfection. He must take higher ground than...

JOSEPH BARKER AND SCEPTICISM. DEAR SIR,—One of the best antidotes "to drifting with which I am acquainted is the "Life of Joseph Barker," written principally by himself. It is an impressive portrayal of the dangers of drifting and the desolateness of scepticism...

CHILDREN'S FUND. DEAR SIR,—A good deal has been written on the subject of the Children's Fund, and I feel that it is a great help to ministers on poor circuits; others stating as positively that it is a heavy tax, and one not to be put up with much longer...

MINISTERS' SALARIES. SIR,—I see by the report of the proceedings of the Missionary Board that Domestic Missions' salaries do not exceed \$450. Will the following questions be asked and answered? 1. Will it be sufficient if there is a distinction made in the appropriation to Domestic Missions' salaries...

MINISTERIAL AID SOCIETY. TO THE MEMBERS. DEAR BRETHREN,—Owing to the death of the Rev. E. L. Koyl, which took place Nov. 21st, and who was a member of the above Society, I beg to call your attention to Article III. of the Constitution, which reads: "On the death of a minister who is a member of the Society...

GRAVENHURST. DEAR SIR,—The letter which appears in your issue of Wednesday, last, under the above superscription, and signed "Official Board," is a deliberate forgery, for which reason I make it no reply. RICHARD DOVE, Superintendent of Gravenhurst Circuit.

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD. THE LATE JOHN ELSON, SEN., OF LONDON, ONTARIO. No obituary as yet has appeared in the GUARDIAN of this estimable member of the Church, who was long one of its warmest supporters...

SALARIES OF DOMESTIC MISSIONARIES. MR. EDITOR,—It will no doubt be a matter of profound regret to many that the Rev. T. Haddon, of Hapworth, should have deemed it necessary to ventilate his salary grievance in the columns of the Globe...

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. SIR,—In the GUARDIAN of the 24th ult. you have published a sermon by the Rev. A. L. Russell on "Christian Perfection." Will you permit me to offer a few remarks into your columns by layman—an old Methodist—in response to it?

My acquaintance with Brother Elson in Port Hope dates back to the year 1857, and it is a pleasure to me to see that his name is so prominently mentioned in your issue of the 11th inst.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER. Until February 1st, 1881, we will send to any reader of this paper a splendid Gold Watch and Chain for \$5. A \$10 Seven Shot Gold Mounted Revolver for \$8. 25. Complete Set of Babbington's Weekly Lancet and Monthly Journal, Bound in Leather, for \$2. Four Sets of Beautiful Ontario Jewellery (all different) for 65 cents. Or we will send all four for \$12. (This offer will only last during the holidays, and is made for the purpose of introducing our Goods. Order at once. Address U. S. MANUFACTURING COY., 116 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

office and distinction as ever a man evinced. I heard him pray in the Sunday night prayer-meeting, and knew he had gifts. I met him at his place of business and in his house—for I was pressed to be their guest from time to time, and somehow, in my wanderings, I liked to see him. I was struck by a new and noble courage, and almost boyishly laudatory and laughing-proving, was really very religious and serious at bottom, and possessed of sound views and useful conversational powers. Those were happy moments at the table of the young English couple, while they conversed with their guests, and I was glad of things new and old, relating to this country and to Devonshire, in old England.

We had a revival and formed a class at a new place seven miles west of the town, had but no one in the neighborhood suitable for leader. Elson had often gone with me, or held useful meetings for his people, and as I knew him to be acceptable, I therefore proposed his taking charge of the newly-gathered flock. I found him to be one of those untaught men who were willing "to be or not to be," and he modestly consented to "try." He had a horse at command, and always met his class, and he showed that he was a man of a high order of ability, and was gradually led to public exhortation, and he was soon put upon our noble plan, with twenty-two "laborers" ranging from the Rev. Matthew Richey, A.M., down to plain John Elson.

Of his preaching I have to say, that though it was colloquial, it was very acceptable and well liked. I never saw a secular man on my people who would give so much commendation to a sermon, on the ground of outdoing in him. He was not sanctimonious, and he did not seem to believe there was any harm in an innocent hearty laugh; but when he spoke to his neighbors about religion, they listened with respect for all that. During the most of his time, people were flocking to him, and he was working both drover and butcher; but I never knew the country people refuse to receive the erstwhile drover as their Sunday preacher. As to business, he was honest, and exceedingly industrious; but so generous, and perhaps, non-commercial, as not to prevent some "downs" in his career. He had a fine moral character, and his children, grandchildren, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, who saw the most of him, I remained adherents, and nearly all actual members, of their revered relative's Church. One of his grandsons was a young man who was to listen to the first efforts of a grandson as a local preacher—a precious youth whom he lived to rejoice over as a probationer for the full ministry of the Word.

His illness, says a local paper, "was a long and painful one. Notwithstanding the fact that he was the loving attention of a fond family, he could begeth the professional skill of a minister, his sufferings at times were excruciating." But the whole was borne with the most exemplary patience and fortitude. Once during his final illness I had the mournful pleasure to witness my friend's triumph in the furnace. "I am glad to say," said the minister, "of my confidence with his family; and the testimony of the city papers—all attest the esteem in which he was held."

REBECCA WALLER. The subject of this brief sketch was born in Ireland, in the year 1831. Her parents emigrated to Canada while she was but an infant, and settled in the far-famed and beautiful county of Prince Edward. Some years after this she removed to York State, where her father died. Her mother, who was a Christian, and who her little family returned to Prince Edward, where she devoted her attention to the education of her children for the activities and responsibilities of after-life. Her industry and maternal care were amply rewarded when her children were all honorably and comfortably settled in the world.

Dry Goods. Cash Only. A. B. FLINT was a member of the late Wholesale Firm of BRANTON & CO., and repeats here the statement that he is the ONLY GENUINE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MAN SELLING DIRECT TO CONSUMERS. The small retail man may come from country towns and open a place, and call themselves wholesale, and offer their goods at 25 per cent discount to Clergymen and Students. If they can do that they are cheating their customers too much. If I took off even 5 per cent, I should lose on my business. Buy all your Dry Goods at the net cash price from A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

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MONEY TO LOAN. THE REV. J. DOUSE IS AUTHORIZED to receive with responsible parties desiring to borrow money. Security must be undertaken in every case, and interest paid with promptness semi-annually. Application, stating amount required, preferred, period of loan, etc., to be made to Rev. J. DOUSE, 269, 270, Toronto, June, 1880.

50 ELEGANT CARDS, 50 styles, with names, 10c. 40 transparent, 10c. Stamps to be used. W. COOPER, Brookport, N.Y.

preparation to go to a land of pure delight, where [saints] immortal reign." She had desired to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper just before passing through the vale which divides mortality from life. The writer had the rare privilege of administering this holy rite to this triumphant soul. The few who remained the earthly friends of the Redeemer's broken body and blood found on this memorable occasion will continue to cherish it as one of the sacred memories of the soul. It was truly the antepast of heaven. A few days after, on the 27th of September, 1880, this happy spirit was borne by the angels to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A large and respectable concourse of people assembled on the 29th of the same month to hear what the preacher had to say on the blessedness of the pure in heart, and to pay their last tributes of respect to one who died happy in the Lord. E. D. W.

JOHN PETTY. The subject of this brief sketch was born in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1807. He came to America in 1832, and after a stay of five years in New York returned to Canada, and was settled in the township of Puslinch, at the place now known as Arkell, where he lived until the time of his death, October 7, 1880.

Soon after settling in Puslinch, Father Petty gave himself to the Lord and joined the Methodist Church, and through all the varying fortunes that attended him from that time until the day of his death he was its firm friend. What there has been of Methodism in his neighborhood, and what there is now, is no doubt largely owing, under God, to his influence. He held the offices of Trustee, Class-leader and St. S. Superintendent.

He had planned that week a visit to his daughter, but instead of his eyes beholding the King in his beauty and the land in his glory, he never saw him so cheerful and happy in his experience, as on the Sunday before his death. So noticeable was this the night before he was taken sick; that his wife said "something unusual will surely happen." And there it did. But the messenger took him not by surprise; he was ready to meet his God, and his death was during his sickness, but when he did speak, they were words of trust. His last words were, "Jesus, Jesus." And he was soon over the river. Father Petty was twice married. He leaves a sorrowing wife and a family of twelve children.

MRS. JANE DOUPE, OF KIRKTON. Mrs. Doupe, daughter of John and Margaret Brien, was born April 1st, 1834, and born again of the Spirit in her seventeenth year, in a revival conducted by the Rev. J. B. Kenney, and died October 15th, 1880. The year following her conversion she was united in marriage to Mr. Wm. Doupe, who now deeply mourns her loss. They at once settled on the fourth line, Blenheim, in what was almost the primeval forest, and she proved a faithful helpmate in mourning and in building up a noble house, and a well-balanced mind and a mature judgment. She loved the Methodist Church, was true to the ministers of religion, and faithful in attendance on all the means of grace.

Special Notice. EPPE'S COCOA.—GRAPEFRUIT AND COMPONITS.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by paying attention to our diet.

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Tenders. SUPPLIES FOR PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS FOR 1881.

The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario. WILL RECEIVE TENDERS UP TO NOON OF Wednesday, 16th December Inst.,

For the year 1881, viz. - The Asylums for the Insane at Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, and Orillia; the Central Prison, and the Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Females, at Toronto; the Ontario Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and for the Blind at Brantford.

BALDNESS. The above are the portraits of J. S. Chessman, Esq., 23 Bay Street, and Wm. M. ...

HOLIDAY PRESENTS. E. M. MORPHY'S, 141 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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