

window will be observed; also the steel cuirasses, the helmets, and gauntlets of some grim warrior, who, perchance, has wielded on the field of battle the huge basket-hilted sword which we see. The walls of the adjacent armory—for the old house, by the help of its retainers, withstood more than one stout siege, and had a good store of arms—are lined with old flint and steel muskets of formidable bore, cutlasses, iron skull-caps, fine halberds, and the like. The walls were also loop-holed for archers and musketeers. After a sharp assault, Cromwell captured Knole and carried off several waggon-loads of arms. The house is full of quaint, carved furniture, fine-wrought metal fire-dogs, old oaken chests, such as that in the cut, and frayed and moth-eaten tapestry—wrought by fair fingers long since turned to dust. The great banquet-hall, with its huge fireplace, its solid oaken table, and minstrels' gallery, suggest the Christmas wassailing of the olden time. The private chapel is of stately proportions, flooded with golden light from the old stained-glass windows. The Bible texts on the walls serve to show that it is a Protestant and not Catholic service that is celebrated. The King's Room, with its huge state-bed, has successively given repose to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I.

"There is not a gallery, not a room," says our author, "that does not teach to the present and the future the lessons that are to be learned from the past. Every step has its reminder of the great men who have flourished in the times gone by, to leave their

'Footprints on the sands of time.'"

The present owners of these old castles are not content with the grim, stern towers and corridors of their ancestors. They have added to them all the luxuries of modern civilization. Especially are they famous for their splendid gardens and conservatories. We give a view of one of the latter (see first page) at Somerleyton, where the lovely arcades, foreign flowers, climbing plants, and statuary, make the depth of winter bloom like summer-time.

The last of these famous old "stately homes of England" we show is Belvoir Castle (see picture on page 5). Its history dates back to the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror gave to his faithful standard-bearer, Robert Belvidere, this fair estate, with four-score manors beside. A long line of Lords of Belvoir reared its grim fortress, and enlarged its stately halls, and held them for the King and against his foes during the Lancastrian and Parliamentary wars. In 1645 King Charles and Prince Rupert themselves directed its defence. But the cannon of Cromwell battered its walls, and his stern Ironsides took it by storm. Often since has royalty been its guest, and its stately halls have given loyal welcome to the sovereigns of the realm, including—the noblest of her line—Her Majesty the Queen.

The series of articles in the *Magazine* on this interesting subject will run through several months, and will be illustrated with the finest engravings—over forty of them—of these "stately homes" ever published in any magazine on this continent.

These articles will give descriptions and pictures of Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace—the royal resi-

dences of our good Queen Victoria; Edinburgh Castle, the scene of such striking historic events; Warwick Castle, Burleigh House, Lowther Castle, Raby House, and others of the old historic homes of England.

Early numbers of the *Magazine* will also have articles illustrated by many beautiful engravings on "The Footprints of Bunyan," "Loiterings in Europe," by the Rev. C. S. Eby, missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, in Japan, "Rambles among the Hartz Mountains," "Sights and Memories of Bohemia," "Student Life in Germany," "In Rhineland," "Alpine Pictures," and "Switzerland," etc., etc. "The Land of Nile," etc., etc. with many engravings. Also, twelve sketches of famous Missionary Heroes and Martyrs. The substance of many volumes will be condensed into twelve articles of special importance to young people, handsomely illustrated. A story of Canadian Life, entitled "Life in a Parsonage; or Lights and Shadows of the Itinerancy," will also be given.

The leading Methodist paper of the United States, the *New York Christian Advocate*, says, "The CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE is exceedingly well edited, and is an honour to our Canadian friends;" and *Zion's Herald*, the leading one in New England, says: "This is a model religious periodical, neatly published, catholic in spirit, emphatically religious, and with a moderate subscription price, \$2. When taken with the *Christian Guardian*, the two are given for \$3.50, and two handsome cloth bound premium books of, together, 670 pages, for 30 cents each. To schools taking two or more copies, a special reduction. Several schools have taken from two to ten copies for circulation, instead of library books, as being much cheaper and more interesting. Send for special terms. Specimens free. Address, Rev. Wm. BRIGGS, Toronto.

### THE LITTLE WILSON BOY.

BY HARRIET A CHEEVER.



HERE were two or three reasons why I did not wish him placed in my Sunday-school class. First, I had six boys already in my weekly care from

the ages of six to eight years, and that means six irrepressible, irresponsible, lively little beings, about as easily controlled as so many little monkeys would be, and not much more easily.

Then I had heard repeatedly from one of the teachers in the infant department, what a "case" that little Wilson boy was, frequently arresting the exercises with his mischievous pranks; and besides all this, there were smaller classes in which there seemed to be far more room for him than in mine.

But here was an overtaken superintendent standing before me, asking in an almost imploring tone, if I couldn't take "just one boy more," and I understood at once I was not the first teacher to whom he had made application that day in behalf of the "little Wilson boy."

Then on seeing the child my heart relented. His clothes were old and illfitting; and his mat of golden curls in their rich abundance hung over and almost into his lovely blue eyes. Another of Christ's poor little ones, I thought, and the child was admitted.

He behaved pretty well that Sunday, although once when my back was turned, some sly piece of mischief caused a smile to circulate rather freely, I somehow felt at my expense.

But he was *troublesome*. In vain I coaxed and remonstrated, and roundly reproved the child for his misconduct; in vain I threatened I must go see the "Auntie" with whom he lived, and tell her how naughtily he behaved; did the child know, I wonder, that I *couldn't* really have complained of him?—a little, motherless boy!

Sometimes the dimples in his cheeks would cease their play for a moment or two, while I told some little story with just enough wholesome excitement in it to catch his attention, while I illustrated some important point in the lesson, and at such times the child was rarely beautiful. The great blue eyes were almost heavenly in their expression, and the mat of golden hair rippled and fell in cunning circlets about temple, cheek, and brow. I used at such times to vaguely imagine how sweet he would be were he my boy, appalled like other well-dressed boys, and trained and pruned in a Christian home—and then I was so sorry for him because he was motherless; but, alas! the next moment the squirming of some child at his side, would attest the accuracy with which he could insert a pin point or direct a sly pinch, right in the midst of my exciting little illustration too!

One Sunday the lesson was about Christ's love for little children, and for brief periods the child would seem to pay something like attention. I spoke of how parents loved their children, and how Sunday-school teachers loved their scholars—good scholars—yes, and the naughty ones, too; but here I was interrupted by the little Wilson boy, who asked wonderingly:

"Say, teacher, do you love us when we are naughty?"

I replied that I certainly did, and went on to tell how Christ, although grieved by the naughtiness of little children, loved them still, and wanted to forgive and make them better. I really thought I was impressing him for once, for his great eyes were fixed intently on my face, and he was bending towards me in an eager attitude—with one hand in his pocket—and I was just thinking what a nice lesson he was learning, when all at once I heard an ominous little rattle, and the next moment he suddenly jerked a little tin-box from his pocket, asking with a jubilant smile.

"Teacher, want to see my fish-hooks?" Oh, dear! it was discouraging to see the whole seven of them all at once scrambling to see the contents of the little tin-box. Of course my stern protest caused its speedy disappearance, and after the school was ended, I talked long and kindly with the child who so strangely tried, yet attracted me. I remember perfectly that during my talk he interrupted me to know if I didn't love mackerel, and I admitted certainly that I did, and knew boys must like the sport of catching them, but urged the little fellow to lay aside all such considerations, and try to be good while in the

Sunday-school class, and he said brightly on parting:

"Good-bye, teacher; I'll be awful good next Sunday!"

Next Sunday! Dear child!

On Wednesday, the "Auntie" sent for me to come as soon as I could to see her; that was all the boy said who brought the message, perhaps she thought I would not wish to go if I knew more. But on entering her lowly home, I saw it all at a glance.

There, on the low bed, lay "the little Wilson boy," all too quiet at last.

The mat of shining curls still shaded the snowy forehead, and clustered about the pulseless temples; the rare little circlets laid as ever about the babyish cheeks, and on one a dimple showed plainly—but the blue eyes were closed.

He was drowned.

By the side of the bed, carelessly thrown on a small table, was a string of fish—mackerel—and still clutched in one hand was a familiar object, at sight of which the rushing tears blinded my eyes completely, it was the little tin-box.

Groups of boys stood around the room, and the "Auntie"—I was glad now there was no mother to gaze on this scene—the not unkindly "Auntie" hastened to explain with a quick gesture towards the fish:

"He caught them for you, ma'am; he said as how you liked them, and he was a-goin' to fetch them to you himself to-night."

It was just as well at that moment I was totally unable to reply, for one of the boys standing by was eager to tell his story, so he began excitedly:

"Yes'm, and he wasn't quite dead either when we took him out, for he said in a funny, weak-like voice—you see he was almost gone—'Teacher said that Christ would forgive little boys, even naughty boys, and teacher knows!' and then he smiled a little," the boy added.

So, after all, the child did hear what was said on that last Sunday, and it sank into his precious little heart, and little as I dreamed of such a result then, it comforted him, and the thought dimpled his cheek at those last moments; poor dying little boy!

Well, it was years ago, but from that time to this, and if I need something to increase my faith and patience, I've only to go to a locked drawer of my bureau and look for an instant on a little tin-box with five fish-hooks and a matted curl of yellow hair inside, and I see it all over again as plainly as I saw it on that Wednesday afternoon, the still, sweet face of "the little Wilson boy,"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

### A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO'LL press for gold this crowded street

A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread the church with willing feet  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth  
The rich and poor on land and sea,  
Where will these mighty millions be  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep  
A hundred years to come,  
No living soul for us will weep  
But other men the land will till,  
And others then our streets will fill,  
And other words will sing as gay,  
And bright the sunshine as to-day.  
A hundred years to come.