

THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE LAST HOUR OF 1884.

PAST hour of a dying year,
Oh, ere another takes your place,
Draw nearer, let me see your face,
Unshadowed now, by hope, or fear.

Changeless and sealed thy record lies,
Until before the great white Throne
Its every secret shall be known,
Unrolled beneath the Judge's eyes.

The evil I have wrought in thee,
The "loving darkness more than light,"
The good I did not when I might,
All these, Old Year, come back to me.

And yet, thank God, not wholly sad,
The retrospect that I must make,

WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

THIS is a characteristic scene in Switzerland. It is very much like one I saw on the Lake of Uri. The mountains rise abruptly from the side of the deep blue lake, the top wrapped in clouds and mist; the lower slopes afford beautiful pasture for the cattle, sheep and goats. Sometimes the cows climb so high that they do not seem much larger than mice. The stout herdsman is hailing a ferry boat to come and take him and his sheep and cows across the

LAST DAYS OF JOHN WYCLIFFE.

HE died at his post. He was conducting divine service on the last Sunday of 1384 with his loved and loving people of Lutterworth. Paralysis came down to him with noiseless, air-drawn touch, as of an angel's beckoning finger. He was borne from his church like a warrior from a field of battle. He was at rest. His last days had been twenty years of stormy strife, in which every day had seen a battle, and every

trious name, we look on it with a concentrated sensibility unfelt in Westminster Abbey. There hangs his portrait on the vestry wall; in that pulpit he was preaching when "heaven's usher of the white rod" touched him to escort him elsewhere; on that table he wrote; in that chair he died; he even wore that tattered robe, a very shred of which one might beg for memory! And the quiet waters of that stream were once strewn with his ashes! The lapse of time that deals heavily on this old building, leaves that still beautiful which once



WAITING FOR THE FERRY, SWITZERLAND.

Not all my vows were formed to break,
Nor all the good was turned to bad.

Some Christian thought, some deed of love,
Some triumph over self and sin,
Some spiritual life breathed in,
Some effort other hearts to move.

All these, Old Year, do softly cry,
Thou wast not given me in vain,
That Jesu's love can still retain
The soul he died to purify.

Farewell, Old Friend, hope fills my breast,
In trust that I am found to-day
A little further on my way,
A little nearer Home and rest.

And as the tears repentant start,
I hear a Voice, the Voice of Heaven,
"Repent, believe, then art forgiven,
And hold the New Year in thy heart."

lake. Notice the queer stockings he wears. They are too short both above and below. Many of the cattle wear bells. I have heard hundreds of these tinkling alone on the mountain side. The music is very sweet. This picture is one of several illustrating Swiss Scenery and customs which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1885, accompanied by descriptions by the editor of his own adventures during his wanderings through Switzerland on foot. Many schools have taken from one to ten copies of this Magazine for circulation instead of library books—being fresher, cheaper and more attractive than books. It is given at a reduced price to schools.

battle a victory, and now came three days of heavenly peace. His soul overflowed with gladness, a kindly light was on his face, and he seemed to breathe the air of paradise. In the closing hours of the year he entered upon the eternal years amid the solemn troops and sweet societies of the true and the brave on high. Devout men carried Wycliffe to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. The church of St. Mary, that in which he preached and in which he was buried, still overlooks the pleasant town of Lutterworth. It is of the pointed architecture that prevailed in the century before Wycliffe, and though its boast is of but one great and ill-

was so, and the associations here are fresh and unwithering. The thoughtful tourist will rather leave some places of more pretence unvisited. Years passed on, and up to the end of the century the dawn of reformation grew warmer and brighter. Other times then came, as we have already indicated. In 1400 Chaucer died. John of Gaunt was already gone. Only one of Wycliffe's great protectors, Percy, father of Hotspur, was remaining. Henry IV., following Richard II., gave all his influence to Rome, and the followers of Wycliffe fell on evil times and evil tongues. They found no comforter, none to hinder the swift wrath of their foes from its