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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1882.

No. 13.

## A WOMAN OF PALESTINE.

In most eastern countries the women are closely veiled, and live in the utmost seclusion; seen by no one except the members of their own family. This is especially true of Mohammedan countries. This is, at once a sign and a cause of female degradation. They are regarded, not as the companions or equals of man, but either as slaves or as toys, and are guarded with jealous watchfulness. Such treatment naturally contracts their intellect, cramps their minds, and cultivates a disposition to fraud and deceit.

Among the Jews, almost alone among the people of the East, much greater liberty is allowed to woman. An old Jewish saying is that God did not create Eve from the head of Adam to rule over him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon, but from his side, to be his companion and equal. And all through the Old and New Testament the beneficent character of the Hebrew and Christian institutions is seen in the nobleness and dignity and tenderness and purity of their treatment of woman. And wherever the Christian religion prevails throughout the world, there woman is ennobled and dignified and honored and loved.

In the engraving we see the characteristic of the women of Palestine. They are still as fond of adornment as when they borrowed from the Egyptians, in

payment for their long years of service, jewels of gold and jewels of silver, which jewels they afterwards plucked from their ears and from their necks

fortune in gold and silver coins on their heads and around their necks. The woman in the picture seems to be playing with a pet bird like a small

## HOW BISHOP SIMPSON BEGAN TO PREACH.

ONE Sabbath I felt a strong impression that I ought to speak to the people at night in prayer-meeting, as we had no preaching. I said to myself, "How shall I? For my friends will say I am foolish, as they know I cannot speak with interest." Especially I dreaded an old uncle, who had been a father to me and superintended my education. While I was discussing this matter with myself in the afternoon, my uncle came into the room, and after a moment's hesitation, said to me, "Don't you think you could speak to the people to-night?" I was surprised and started. I asked him if he thought I ought. He said "Yes, I think you can do good."

That night, for some strange reason the house was crowded, and I made my first religious address to a public congregation. It was not written. It was not very well premeditated. It was simply an outgushing of a sincere and honest heart.

My mother was a widow. I was her eldest son, the only child remaining at home. I feared it would break her heart to leave her, and feared it would be impossible to do so.

One day, after great embarrassment, I was induced to speak to my mother on the subject of my mental struggles, and tell her what I thought God required of me. I never shall forget how she turned to me



A WOMAN OF PALESTINE.

for the construction and adornment of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Many Oriental women wear their whole

hawk or falcon. These were sometimes tamed and made familiar playthings.

with a smile, and said: "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born!" She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that, if it were His will I might become a minister, and yet that mother had never dropped a word of intimation in my ear that she ever desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in the Divine call that she would not bias my mind with even suggestion of it in prayer.

That conversation settled my mind. Oh, what a blessing is a sainted mother! To-day I can feel her hands on my head, and I hear the intonation of her voice in prayer.—*Bishop Simpson.*

### PASSAGES IN THE EARLY LIFE OF AN OLD PREACHER.\*

#### THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF A HIGH ENTERPRISE IN MY YOUNG HEART.

It was the highest and noblest of all enterprises to which the human mind can aspire, but one of which I had never dreamed during all the castle-building of my aspiring unconverted life: I had cherished aspirations of amassing wealth, of commanding an army, but never of preaching the Gospel. But after I had tasted of the love of God in Christ there were scarcely five of my waking minutes at a time that I did not think of being a preacher. Had I been possessed of the idea of many other denominations, that it was necessary to have a liberal education and, perhaps, pass through college before I could mount the sacred desk, such an aspiration would have seemed preposterous, because the qualifications were beyond my reach. But from childhood, so far as I thought of the ministry at all, I possessed some sort of dim impression that the ministerial office or character was a divine creation, or at least due to some religious or spiritual experience or influence. So much was the result of the Quaker books, (the experience of Jonathan Edmunds for instance) and the experiences of the early Methodist preachers, both English and American, read before and after my conversion. Those unpretentious godly men little knew, when they penned their simple autobiographies, what a flame they were to kindle in the throbbing heart of an uncouth lad in the ends of the earth from them. If, however, I had never read their lives, I would still have felt a yearning desire for the conversion and salvation of those who were "wandering wide, far from the central point of bliss." I wished all mankind to share the love and happiness I felt. The language of the hymnist was that of my poor uncultured soul:

"Oh, for a trumpet's voice,  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice,  
In Him who died for all!"

And, indeed, I began to call upon all who came within my reach, whether old or young. I was especially successful with the latter. Perhaps I

have elsewhere told how many of these I brought to prayer and class-meeting, as also how many private meetings I sat up with them in barns, and fields, and woods, by day and by night, on Sundays and week-days. At these I was generally the leader of the meeting, the exercise being of reading the Scriptures and religious tracts, the singing of hymns and prayer. I also took a prominent though not a leading part for several years, in the Young People's Saturday Night Prayer-meetings.

As to the larger meetings for the Society in general, thinking by a mistake at first, that all who went there had to pray, I lifted up my voice in prayer the very first one I went to, and kept it up ever after, excepting for a few weeks at one time when being chidden for using the name of God so often, I became intimidated and kept silence; upon which the leader sent me a message that I was to be sure and pray whatever my blunders. In these public exercises, my own soul was always greatly blessed, and I received many encouraging messages and intimations that others were blessed by my instrumentality. I soon began to be called upon to pray by the bed-sides of poor sick outcasts who had not the assurance to send for a minister, or even older lay persons. So generally was this known, that I began to be called by those who knew not my name, or otherwise wished to distinguish me "The Praying Boy."

For, perhaps, up to a year and a-half after my conversion, though accustomed to speak very frequently in all sorts of experience meetings, I had not given a public exhortation. That first effort, as I have several times related in other connections in print, took place in the fall of 1825, in the house of Mr. Bartholomew Bull, in the vicinity of what is called Davenport, but then new and wild; and was laid upon me by my dear friend, William Fitzpatrick, of precious memory, whom I met there by appointment to aid him in sustaining a newly-appointed meeting for prayer and exhortation. I came from one direction and Fitzpatrick from another, and we met at the door of Mr. Bull. My friend clapped his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Brother, you have got to conduct the meeting." I did not dare to refuse, but opened with a hymn and prayer; then read the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and gave a five or six-minute address on Justification by Faith, and gave place to Brother Fitzpatrick, who was a ready and practical exhorter, who gave a much longer and more commanding address and, I think, conducted a class-meeting for all who were willing to remain—a number which steadily increased until when the circuit preachers took it a year after twenty-nine members were enrolled.

Brother Bull who had been a leader in Ireland, healed of his backslidings, was placed in charge of the class and in course of time filled almost every office in the gift of a circuit, and most acceptably exercised the gifts of a local preacher for forty years or more. Thenceforth I went there or somewhere else in an unauthorized way, almost every week until I was requested to go on a circuit. Four years after my conversion, I used to be so pressed in spirit to stand up in the street and warn the crowds of pleasure-seekers

and worse who congregated at various points that I passed in my evening walks, and was often self-condemned because I did not do it; and only obtained quiet of mind by promising that if the Lord would open my way into the ministry, I would go to the ends of the earth if He required it. A private house opened for meetings near what was then called the Blue-Bell, a group of houses near where the Toronto Lunatic Asylum is now placed, which received its name from a tavern with a sign having a blue-bell painted thereon, was another early labour. The only two times I spoke there, I did so with liberty and comfort. While at work at the scouring-table or something else, a text often applied itself to my mind, and I meditated a sermon thereon. Some of these delivered years afterwards, word for word as I had premeditated them, although at the time I studied them I was so unskilled in writing, that I was utterly unable to write them down. They were, however, not only imprinted, but, as it were, stereotyped on the tablet of my memory. One of these was on the text, "Quench not the Spirit," which had thus been lithographed on my mind for about a year, when spending a Sabbath in Scarborough, at my friend Fitzpatrick's, I was called on to address an assembly at the house of Mr. McGinn, near the present hamlet called Wexford. I pronounced, with comfort to myself and the approval of the people, my "tan-house" studied sermon.

I should, perhaps, have informed the reader that more modest efforts to be useful than those I have particularized began earlier and were prosecuted more constantly. These were in connection with Sabbath-school work. When the East York Sabbath-school began in the winter 1824-25, held in two several places before it settled down at the corner of Duke and Berkeley streets, I steadily taught a class of little boys; and the rule and habit of the teachers of constantly visiting absentees, in which we strengthened each other's hands by companionship, took into many irreligious families where our voices in prayer and admonition were the only religious care received. I never allowed myself to pass a knot of children on the street (or indeed a single child), without asking them if they attended Sabbath-school, and inviting them to attend if they did not. Were it not for fear of being too prolix many touching incidents might be narrated. I have something to tell of a unique Sabbath-school enterprise by some young men of our Church a little farther on.

There were plenty to tell me, both strangers accidentally meeting me and those who knew me well, that I was called to preach; but there were none to give me directions how to prepare for the work and to render me any efficient aid therein. Many years afterwards I learned that a company of Methodists, at dinner after the love-feast at which I had first spoken and joined the Church on trial, some person, it was said, of "strong faith," remarked, referring to my case, "John will be a preacher yet;" while others remarked, "Where will he ever learn what he requires to make him a preacher?" I was very narrow in my views, and afraid to turn my attention to many things within reach desirable for me to know; but then

I literally battled everything of a religious kind that came in my way; and I seldom left unfinished any book that I once began. I know that I mastered ten books for one now read by the greater part of the highly-privileged young professors of this day. And at that time I had a memory which retained all once entrusted to its care. I thoroughly learned the plan of salvation by reading Wesley's transparent sermons. Methodist preaching was then more methodical and doctrinal than now; and many, if not most of the sermons I heard, I carried away bodily, and substantially used them afterwards. Richardson, Wilson, Highland, were the sort of preachers remembered best. After I went out to preach, I was chidden by my first colleague for not having set down in writing the substance of the discourses of the very able preachers I had been favoured to hear. I might have pleaded that for the earlier part of my time, I knew not how to write, and after I had learned, I could not always possess myself of the material for writing and the time to perform the operation. But it was scarcely necessary, with my powers of retention to have done it. So that I was attending all the time a sort of divinity lecture for four years before entering the ministry. Sermons, moreover, were then more valued and discussed among religious friends than now. They were full of matter, and were seldom under an hour long. Seldom was there any of the painful complaints now heard about the length of sermons. If it were under an hour people would be rather more inclined to think they had been defrauded of their due than to complain of fatigue. The constant clamouring for short services is no promising indication of interest in divine things.

### GOODBYE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

GOODBYE, proud world! I'm going home;  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Goodbye to Flattery's fawning face;  
To Grandeur with his wide grumace;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
To supple Office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
To those who go, and those who come;  
Goodbye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,

Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;

For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Thou hast made us, O Lord, for Thyself;  
and our souls are restless till they return to Thee.—*Augustine.*

\*Extracts from a forthcoming volume by the Rev. Dr. Carroll.

"CANADA."

PRIZE POEM OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON, 1882.

**G**ODDESS of Freedom! Canada! on thy  
 Fair brow the offering of a wreath of song  
 I twine. Shall England's glories live in  
 verse,  
 And Scotia's bard with glowing pathos  
 sing  
 Of nestling homes 'mid Scotland's rugged  
 hills,  
 Or Erin's harp wake slumbering homes  
 again.  
 And I not sing of thee? Fond hearts grow  
 warm  
 With homage to thy matchless loveliness.  
 Land of the forest, lake, and stream!  
 upon  
 Whose shores on either side an ocean rests;  
 Thy charms have been like hidden gems,  
 unsung,  
 Unread. For ages long thy forests heard  
 The echoes of the lonely Indian's tread,  
 Or, wrapt in silence, stood in vast array.  
 For countless centuries thy rivers rolled  
 With ceaseless force and grandeur on to  
 where  
 The ocean's arms received their burden.  
 Long  
 The virgin beauty of thy tree-clad isles  
 Lay mirrored in the depths of silvery  
 lakes.  
 The redskin wandered here and there,  
 but o'er  
 The majesty of nature triumph not.  
 No voice, save that of plumaged songster,  
 woke  
 The sleep of summer—bleak the winters  
 fell  
 And bound the vast expanse with icy  
 chain.  
 But, lo! th' unbroken mine of nature's  
 wealth  
 Is spread at length before the Eastern  
 world.  
 The prize is grasped—and changes great  
 are wrought  
 On fair Canadian soil. Behold the speed  
 With which great cities rise; the forests,  
 too,  
 Yield tottering to the woodman's axe, and  
 soon  
 The plains are strewn with peaceful ham-  
 lets, where  
 Th' industrious yeoman tills the fruitful  
 soil  
 Anon the white-winged sails of commerce  
 fill  
 The inland waters. Swift the iron horse,  
 Impulsive, speeds o'er hill and plain, and  
 joins  
 Remotest parts together. Villages  
 Upon his path spring up, and deck the  
 rich  
 And smiling valleys; while true comfort  
 reigns  
 In homes of happy thousands, far and  
 near.  
 Hail! favoured land! thy sons are free  
 indeed,  
 No tyrants dare their sacred rights de-  
 stroy,  
 In their own hands they hold the wand  
 of power  
 Which rules and guides the nation's des-  
 tiny.  
 Each man on thy free soil his manhood  
 feels,  
 And lives a virtual king. Dark ignorance  
 And error flee, like mist at noonday  
 sun,  
 Before the spread of knowledge. Virtue  
 dwells  
 Where education's free alike to all.  
 Her halls of learning are to Canada  
 Her mightiest safeguard, and the truest  
 pledge  
 Of future greatness; when the rolling  
 years  
 Shall crown the Western world with all  
 the pomp  
 And glory of a golden age. From thee!  
 Thrice-favoured country! shall th'  
 oppressed receive  
 A generous welcome to thy kindly shores.  
 No despot thrives beneath Canadian skies,  
 Nor can the gall of slavery's chains be  
 felt  
 By men, whose heritage is Britain's laws.  
 From every clime they come, from every  
 land

The human tide flows swiftly towards the  
 West,  
 With loyal peoples, working out with  
 faith  
 The destiny which God has given to thee.  
 Thou coming Queen of Nations! Could  
 we pierce  
 The veil which shrouds the future from  
 our view  
 And look upon thee in thy coming might,  
 What pen could point the grandeur there  
 beheld,  
 When, struggles o'er, the youthful Canada,  
 Her loftier rivals in rear, has merged  
 Into the stately Empire. Nations come  
 And go, like ebb and flow of tide, but  
 thou,  
 Fair Canada! art in thy youthful glow.  
 Thy bounding pulses throb with vigour;  
 Hope  
 Is grav'n upon thy armour, and the light  
 Of coming greatness shines upon thy brow.  
 But let thy sons the lessons of the past  
 Take well to heart, and learn the secret  
 source  
 Of every nation's greatness. Mark the  
 rise  
 And fall of ancient Empires, how they  
 stood  
 Like giant arbiters of human weal.  
 And then, enfeebled, faded from the scene  
 Of human action. Read their history  
 well  
 And let the imperishable legacies  
 Of Honour, Truth, and Justice mould the  
 deeds  
 Of all thy statesmen. Future ages then  
 Shall call thy patriots blessed, and the  
 star  
 Of Liberty, which twinkled at thy birth,  
 For'er shall shine, Blest Canada! on thee.

LECLERC.

**J**OHAN LECLERC was the first  
 martyr for the Protestant faith  
 in France. Living at the time  
 the doctrines taught by Luther  
 were agitating the world, he espoused  
 them heartily in his youth. His mother  
 and his brother Peter, with himself,  
 rejoiced in salvation through Christ,  
 but his father adhered to the doctrines  
 of Popery.

John was a carder of wool, and  
 whilst working at his trade taught  
 his fellow villagers the truths of the  
 Gospel. The French Reformers, Farel  
 and Leseurc, were compelled to  
 flee from Meaux, and the work begun  
 by them was carried on by the zealous  
 wool-carder. He possessed an aptness  
 for expounding Scripture, and was  
 intensely zealous for the spreading of  
 true religion among the people. He  
 had listened to the truths taught by  
 eminent teachers of the doctrines of  
 the Reformation, and by a close study  
 of the Bible and some religious books  
 and tracts, had qualified himself for be-  
 coming an earnest Gospel preacher.

He became pastor of the Protestant  
 church at Meaux, and much good was  
 done by him, during his pastorate  
 there. His intense enthusiasm caused  
 him to perform several daring deeds  
 against the Papacy, which endangered  
 his life, and the Protestant cause at  
 Meaux. Following Luther, who had  
 posted his theses on the church door  
 of Wittenberg, Leclerc nailed his  
 Pancartes on the door of the cathedral  
 at Meaux. The Pancartes consisted  
 of a proclamation against the Pope of  
 Rome, and declared that God was  
 about to destroy the Papacy. The  
 priests and eminent ecclesiastical  
 authorities of the Church were en-  
 raged, and called loudly for severe  
 punishment to be inflicted upon him.  
 He was seized and cast into prison.  
 He was tried and condemned to be  
 beaten with rods for three days in the  
 public streets, and to be branded on  
 the forehead with a hot iron. With

his hands tied behind him and his  
 back bare, he walked through the  
 streets, followed by many people, while  
 the executioner beat him with rods.  
 His blood marked the course he fol-  
 lowed, yet he was undimmed in spirit  
 and full of joy. His mother walked  
 beside him speaking words of en-  
 couragement, yet none dared to lay  
 hands on her. He was branded as a  
 heretic and set at liberty. Departing  
 from Meaux he worked at his trade  
 and preached the Gospel. Finally he  
 settled at Metz. There his work was  
 eminently blessed. Some of the noble  
 families of that place embraced the  
 Gospel, and glorious were the prospects  
 of the Protestant Church. Again, how-  
 ever, the intemperate zeal of Leclerc  
 brought a storm of persecution upon  
 the Christians, and sent him as a martyr  
 to the stake. The Roman Catholics of  
 Metz held a religious festival once a  
 year, when they went in procession  
 with canons, monks, and priests, to  
 a chapel outside the city, where they  
 prayed to the images of the Virgin  
 Mary and religious saints of the  
 country. Leclerc felt that God was  
 calling him to destroy these images,  
 and accordingly he proceeded to the  
 chapel the night before the festival,  
 and seating himself amongst the idols  
 gave himself up to deep meditation.  
 Sad because of the idolatry of the  
 people, aroused to holy anger against  
 the priesthood for leading the people  
 astray, and feeling that God had  
 called him to strike a blow at the  
 system of Popery, he began the work  
 of demolishing the images. Soon the  
 chapel was strewn with the fragments,  
 and what a few hours before was ar-  
 ranged in good order, now exhibited a  
 heap of confusion. It was a high day  
 in the city; as the procession streamed  
 along the road with banners flying,  
 repairing to the chapel for devotion,  
 imagine the consternation when the  
 canons, monks, and priests entered  
 and saw the destruction of their  
 favourite idols. The multitude shouted  
 for vengeance on the perpetrator of the  
 deed. Proceeding to the city, they  
 learned that Leclerc had been seen  
 entering the city gate, early in the  
 morning. He was seized, and at once  
 confessed that he had committed this  
 act of violence.

The people clamoured for his blood.  
 He was tried and condemned to be  
 burned to death with a slow fire.  
 Taken to the place of execution, they  
 broke his arms, tore the flesh from his  
 body with red-hot pincers, and then  
 burned him in a slow fire. While  
 thus undergoing such severe torture,  
 he recited part of the one hundred and  
 fifteenth psalm. He possessed such an  
 unflinching spirit, that his friends and  
 enemies were filled with astonishment.  
 Giving a glorious testimony to the  
 faith of the Gospel and salvation  
 through Christ alone, this zealous man  
 died, happy in the possession of a hope  
 of immortality beyond the grave.

SAMSON SING.

Fort Macleod.

"Thank God! *Jesus is to me a  
 bright reality!*" were the last words  
 of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, as his phy-  
 sician told him his end was very near.  
 And is not that the secret of a blessed  
 life, and a peaceful and a triumphant  
 death? Does it not make its possessor  
 victor everywhere?

NEVER exhibit anger, impatience, or  
 excitement when an accident happens.

MR. WESLEY'S COURAGE.

**A**S a specimen of the cool courage  
 and determination of Wesley  
 in his old age, the following  
 account of his ride through the  
 sea over the Cornwall sands between  
 the towns of Hayle and St. Ives is  
 given by his coachman on that occa-  
 sion.

"I first heard Mr. Wesley preach  
 in the street, near our market house,"  
 says he, "when I was hostler at the  
 London Inn. Mr. Wesley came there  
 one day in a carriage driven by his  
 own servant, who, being unacquainted  
 with the roads further westward, he  
 engaged me to drive him to St. Ives.  
 We set out, and on our arrival at  
 Hayle we found the sands between  
 that and St. Ives, over which we had  
 to pass, overflowed by the rising tide.  
 On reaching the water's edge I hos-  
 ticated to proceed, and advised him of  
 the danger of crossing; and a captain  
 of a vessel, seeing us stopping, came  
 up and endeavoured to persuade us  
 from an undertaking so full of peril,  
 but without effect, for Mr. Wesley had  
 resolved to go on; he said he had to  
 preach at St. Ives at a certain hour,  
 and that he must fulfil his appoint-  
 ment. Looking out of the carriage  
 window he called out:

"Take the sea! Take the sea!"

"I dashed into the waves. The  
 horses were soon swimming, and the  
 carriage nearly overwhelmed with the  
 tide. I struggled hard to maintain  
 my seat in the saddle, while the poor  
 horses were snorting and rearing in  
 the most fearful manner. I expected  
 every moment to be swept into  
 eternity, and the only hope I had was  
 on account of driving so holy a man.  
 At that awful moment I heard Mr.  
 Wesley's voice. With difficulty I  
 turned my head toward the carriage,  
 and saw his white locks dripping with  
 water, which ran down his face. He  
 was looking calmly upon the waters,  
 undisturbed by his perilous situation.  
 He hailed me in a loud voice and said:

"What is thy name, driver?"

"I answered, 'Peter, sir.'"

"He said, 'Peter, fear not; thou  
 shalt not sink.'"

"That gave me now courage. I again  
 urged on the flapping horses, and  
 plunging and wallowing through the  
 waves, at last we reached the opposite  
 shore in safety."

LONGFELLOW'S INSCRIPTION ON  
THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN.

The following quotation in *The  
 Century*, for June, is from a private  
 letter, dated Shanklin, Isle of Wight,  
 Oct. 1st, 1879:

"Just look at this group of thatched  
 cottages! The one on the right is a  
 library where we go for books. In  
 the middle is the Crab Inn. Do you  
 see what looks like a pile of stones to  
 the right of it? That is a fountain  
 for the use of the public. I read some  
 verses painted there on a piece of tin,  
 and said to myself: 'That must be  
 from Longfellow.' I found afterward  
 that they were written by him, by re-  
 quest, when he was here, some years  
 ago:

'O traveller, stay thy weary feet:  
 Dink of this fountain pure and sweet;  
 It flows for rich and poor the same.  
 Then go thy way remembering me I  
 The wayside well beneath the hill;  
 The cup of water in His name.'

**THE BLUE AND THE GRAY TOGETHER.**

(For Decoration Day.)

Flowers for the men who lost,  
Flowers for the men who won,  
The Blue and the Gray together;  
Out in the winter frost,  
Out in the summer sun,  
The Blue and the Gray together.

Tears for the fallen brave,  
Never a word of blame,  
The Blue and the Gray together  
Have each a quiet grave,  
Have each a spotless fame,  
The Blue and the Gray together.

Songs for a noble cause,  
Songs for a new-born hope,  
The Blue and the Gray together.  
Bring now the sweetest rose,  
Lilies and heliotrope  
For the Blue and Gray together

The Blue and Gray together,  
Out in the summer weather,  
Out in the wintry weather;  
Sing thrush and robin o'er each lonely grave!  
Sigh, gentle winds, and tell  
To the pale asphodel,  
"The Blue and Gray sleep well, sleep well, together."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1882.

**GARIBALDI.**

THE death of Garibaldi removes from the earth one of the most remarkable men that ever lived upon it. His parallel can hardly be found among historical characters, but should rather be looked for among the heroes of poetry and mythology. The actual facts of his life are so romantic and so wonderful as almost to tempt us to revive opinions as to the fabulousness of the deeds ascribed to those heroes; and the fact that he was of our age stamps as false the current opinion that it is a peculiarly prosaic one and destitute of chivalrous spirit with which we fancifully endow some other ages at the expense of our own. An eager reader of the stories of heroes in his youth, his character seems to have been built upon them. Having participated in a revolutionary attempt in Savoy, he fled under sentence of death from King Charles Albert, before he was thirty years old, to engage in revolutions in South America. Then, in 1848, Pius IX. and Charles Albert having awakened a flame of hope in Italy, Garibaldi returned to that country. He was coldly received by his

sovereign and baffled, but determined to fight on his own account. He brought four hundred men against fifteen hundred Austrians and defeated them, then fought his way through ten times his number of Austrians to Switzerland; went down to Rome, and proclaimed the Republic on the 9th of February, 1849. Then he had a struggle of months with overwhelming forces of French, and at last became a prisoner to the government of Sardinia. A vote of the Opposition members of the Sardinian Chambers secured his release, and he came to New York to engage in candle-making. Victor Emmanuel became King of Italy, and Garibaldi had an opportunity to go back in 1854. He became President of the Italian National Society, with great Italian statesmen to encourage him. He engaged in earnest in the Franco-Austro-Italian war for Italy, but withdrew in disgust when an attempt was made to restrain him, but soon found opportunity to engage in revolutionary operations. He achieved the conquest of Sicily and Naples, and handed them over with the eager consent of their people, to the King of Italy's choice. His next contemplated attempt was against Rome, but was stopped by the Italian Government, which had to regard policy as well as the aspirations of liberty and put him under arrest. His next appearance in military life was as a soldier in the service of the French people after the third empire had been crushed at Sedan, and France lay at the mercy of its enemies. Almost at the same time Rome fell into the hands of Victor Emmanuel, and the object for which Garibaldi had lived was accomplished—Italy was free and united. His enthusiasm and self-devotion to a cause surpass admiration. He was no soldier or statesman. His battles were desperate rushes against great odds, in which a wave of excitement bore him to temporary victory, but he could not sustain a regular campaign. To the triumph of his one idea he contributed momentarily effective blows, but it required other and better trained minds to secure lasting results. In temper he was a child. He had a child's enthusiasm for his darling object and a child's petulance under disappointment. His later life was embittered by domestic trouble.

**THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.**

We have been greatly pleased at the success of a temperance movement in the Metropolitan Church Sunday-School. The energetic superintendent, J. B. Bonstead, Esq. an old Temperance worker, has had printed in two colours, red and blue, a very handsome card pledge, which reads as follows: "I the undersigned, do hereby solemnly pledge myself that, God helping me, I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and from the use of tobacco in any form." This is surrounded with a handsome border, with bold heading, and bears the motto, "Dare to do right." Not counting the Primary classes, 250 have already signed this pledge. We think this plan might with advantage be adopted in many schools. The publisher of PLEASANT HOURS will furnish such cards at \$1 per 100. Samples free.

**CHAUTAUQUA IN 1882.**

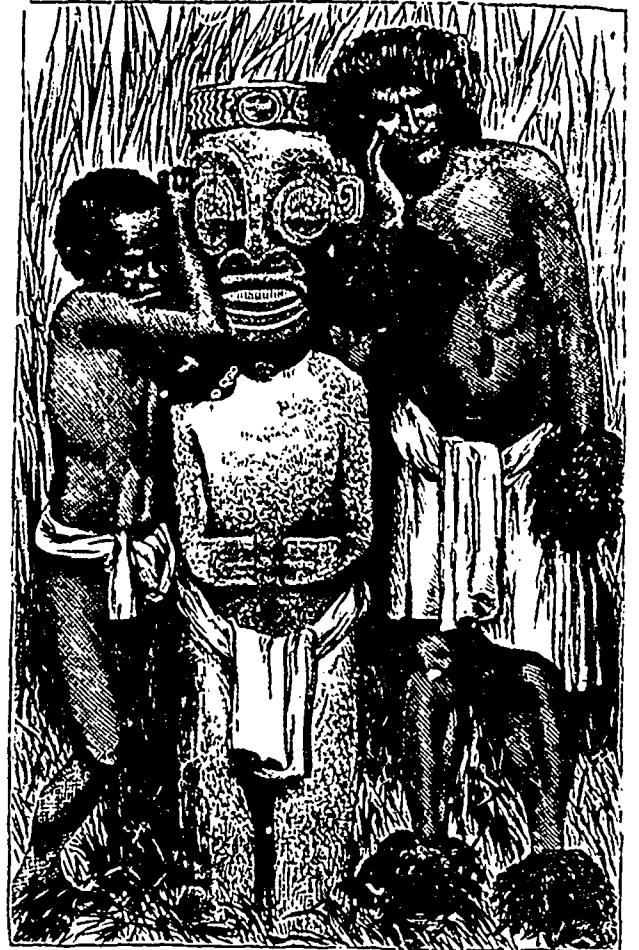
THE great days at Chautauqua, this year, will be: Opening Day, Teachers' Retreat and School of Languages, July 8; Memorial Day, Literary and Scientific Circle, July 9; Closing Exercises, July 28; Mid-Season Celebration, Saturday, July 29; Fourth Anniversary, C. Missionary Institute, Monday, July 31; Ninth Annual Assembly Opening, August 1; Closing Exercises, C. M. I., Thursday, August 3; Memorial Day Anniversary, C. L. S. C., August 5; National Day, August 5; Denominational Congresses, August 9; Alumni Day, Reunion, illuminated float, etc., August 10; C. L. S. C. Day, First Commencement, August 12; C. School Theology Day, August 15; College Society Day, August 17; The Farewell, August 21. As in other years, the C. F. M. I., through its president, Dr. Vincent, secures a rich programme.

The Royal Hand-Bell Ringers come expressly from England to be present. About \$15,000 will be spent in securing the best lecturers, on Art, Science, Morals, Religion,—every thing that is refining, ennobling, elevating. A grand new organ has been erected, and the musical entertainments will be of greater interest than ever.

Chautauqua can be reached from Toronto in 9 hours, at a cost, there and back, of about \$5. It will cost from \$10 a week upwards to stay. We wish that every Sunday-school worker in the country could go and catch the inspiration of the Chautauqua Idea. Chautauqua is the centre and main-spring of one of the greatest religious and educational movements of the age.

**A POLYNESIAN IDOL.**

THE whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji islands where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now, 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000, and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic mis-



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire plough boy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years, he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God. In the May number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* is given with engravings, an account of this wonderful missionary triumph, which we wish every teacher and scholar in our schools could read.

The picture above shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the south-sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Wait, wait, ye winds, His story!  
And you, ye waters, roll!  
Till like a sea of glory,  
Its spreads from pole to pole!

MR. CROSBY has now received over two thousand dollars for his mission boat. He requires about two thousand more. We hope that the Schools will come to his assistance. A single collection from each school could, we think, raise this amount without any trouble.

*Progress of Christianity.* Presbyterian Board of Publication. This is a little five cent pamphlet giving a concise and valuable Record of Christian Missions, throughout the world, from the days of the apostles to the present time. Its wide diffusion would create a deeper interest in this important subject.



THE FALCON AND HIS VICTIM.

HEAVEN AT LAST.

ANGEL voices sweetly singing,  
Echoes through the blue dome  
ringing,  
News of wondrous gladness bringing;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,  
All the wounded spirit's heaving,  
All the woe of hopes deceiving.  
Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

Sin forever left behind us,  
Earthly visions cease to bind us;  
Fleshy fetters cease to blind us;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,  
Like a pilgrim safely landing,  
See the strange bright scene expanding;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!  
Far beyond the brightest story,  
Of the ages old and hoary;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver pealing,  
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,  
Happy hymns around us stealing;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,  
Not a link can snap asunder,  
Stayed the temptest, sheathed the thunder;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,  
Not a pleasure ever palleth,  
Song to song forever calleth;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ Himself the living splendour,  
Christ the sunlight, mild and tender;  
Praises to the Lamb, we render;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,  
Now the pilgrimage is ended,  
And the saints their thrones ascending;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us;  
Life and victory around us;  
Christ, the King, Himself hath crowned us;  
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

—Donar.

WE have received the following from the zealous missionary of our church at Fort Macleod. We have pleasure personally in complying with his request, and will be glad to forward any contributions for others.

"Dear Friend,—Knowing that you are a lover of the missionary cause I wish to enlist your sympathy and co-operation in aid of our mission among the Blackfeet Indians. The work demands the erection of mission premises which will cause an outlay of several hundred dollars for material and labour. There is not a single Christian Indian among the Blackfeet to my knowledge. They are still in heathenish darkness, worshipping the sun, and engaging in various kinds of pagan idolatry. The buffalo are gone, game is scarce, and consequently the Indians are poor, and cannot help the mission. A contribution from you would help the cause and encourage the mission. Help the mission and help now.

Yours in Jesus,  
J. McLEAN.

Fort Macleod,  
Rocky Mountains, Canada.

THE DRINK BILL.—The £120,000,000 which England is estimated to spend annually in intoxicating drinks are said to weigh 1,100 tons in gold, and told forth, coin by coin, at the rate of a pound sterling every second, four years would be consumed in counting it all down. It would require ten long railway waggon trains of the ordinary character to convey the amount, and a man might walk round the equator and drop two sovereigns at every step without exhausting the enormous total.

A LITTLE girl, who had been to a children's party, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be happier unless I were to grow."

THE ART OF MODELLING.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most attractive features of the Chautauqua Assembly of 1884 was the Art Studio of Prof. Spring, the sculptor, where he gave lessons in the art of modelling. During the time allotted to visitors, his room was crowded with delighted observers. It was simply marvellous to see him take a piece of clay and in a few minutes mould it into the form of a human head. "What expression shall I give it?" he asked. "Give it a comic expression," we said; and in a minute he made an admirable "laughable faun." He called attention to the fact that as the bones of the head are rigid and unalterable, the whole facial expression comes from the play of the muscles, and illustrated his remarks by changing a grave, or even austere expression, into one of mirth, by slightly modifying the muscles of the mouth.

During the six weeks of the Assembly, he instructed classes in the delightful art of modelling, and around the walls of the room were numerous specimens of the work of those amateurs—chiefly medallion faces in low relief, busts, and little animal figures and fruit pieces—many of which exhibited much skill and talent. The art is by no means difficult, and is really a very delightful accomplishment. All the material and apparatus required, are a mass of well-kneaded potter's clay, a smooth board, and a few little modeller's instruments.

Modelling is the great preliminary to sculpture, and demands far more artistic skill. Indeed, many great sculptors employ workmen to embody in marble the ideas which they have moulded in clay. Visitors to the Philadelphia Centennial will remember the beautiful medallion of "Iolanthe Dreaming," moulded in butter!—a degradation of art only equalled by Michael Angelo's carving, at the command of Pope Julius II., a statue out of snow.

Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, was very fond of *bas reliefs*; his famous medallions of "Night and Morning," and "The Four Seasons," will be familiar to many. The frieze of the Parthenon, in the British Museum, is probably the finest work of the sort extant—the action of the horses is superb. Many of the marble pulpits and altar pieces of Italy have also exquisite reliefs. But unquestionably the finest modern example is the series of one hundred and sixty-nine figures, representing the great poets and artists of every age, on the base of the Albert Memorial at London.

The example given at the beginning of this article, shows the effect which can be produced by this mode of treatment. A falcon has darted, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, upon its trembling victim, a wild duck, which is its favourite prey, striking it with the utmost precision at the vital part, between the shoulder and the ribs. In proportion to its size, the falcon is the most courageous and powerful of birds. It will attack and conquer another much larger than itself, and has been known to fly a thousand miles in a day. It attains a great age, having been known to live one hundred and eighty years. (The crow, of the same family, is characterized by similar longevity; hence Bryant's phrase,

"The century-living crow.") This fine group recalls that gallant mediæval sport, the "gentle craft" of falconry, which figures largely in old English romance and poetry.

A high authority has said that in no way can we so well apprehend the old classic spirit and character, as by a study of classic sculpture. No grander revolution of ancient art exists than that in the galleries of the Vatican and Capitol, at Rome, and in the royal museum of Naples. The marble seems to breathe—the stony drapery to float upon the breeze. The *chef d'œuvre* of ancient art, in our judgment, is unquestionably the Venus de Milo, in the Louvre—more beautiful than the Apollo, more sublime than the Laocoon. It is not a mortal, but a celestial being, with her calm, eternal smile, unmarred by the convulsions of two thousand years, or which you gaze. Happily, by means of the excellent casts in almost every museum, most of us can become familiar with those highest triumphs of human art. The genius of Christianity lends itself far less readily to sculpture than to the gentler art of painting. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god, Apollo, or the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove. Yet were there two Christian sculptors who, we think, were equal to any of classic times. The "Moses" of Michael Angelo, and the "Christ" of Thorwaldsen, are, we judge, unsurpassed by any extant work of Greek or Roman art.

Although to few it may be given to carve the marble into forms of ideal grace, yet to each of us is vouchsafed a grander opportunity—to mould for eternity an immortal soul. Let us, therefore, keep ever before us the Divine Model, and seek, day by day, to be transformed from the image of the earthly, and conformed to the image of the heavenly. Let us seek to apprehend by our spiritual vision, and to realize in our lives the truth expressed in the exquisite little poem of Bishop Doane:—

Chisel in hand a sculptor stood,  
With his marble block before him;  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,  
As an angel dream passed o'er him:  
He carved it then on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone:  
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,  
With our souls, uncarved, before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.  
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel-vision.

AT ONCE.

GATHER the roses while they bloom;  
Never lose a day;  
Nor in sloth one hour consume,—  
Time doth pass away.

Men have mourned their whole life through  
One good deed's delay;  
Do at once what you've to do,—  
Time doth pass away.

THE story is told of an American visiting Montreal, who gave the waiter a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter, "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can only take it for ninety-two cents. Eight cents more, please."

## THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY HENRY HARMAUGH.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,

Afar in the sunny clime!  
By humble growth of an hundred years  
It reaches its blooming time;  
And then a wondrous bud at its crown  
Breaks into a thousand flowers;  
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,  
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.  
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,  
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,  
The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,  
That lives in the African solitudes,  
Where birds that live lonely are;  
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,

And cares and toils for their good?  
It brings them water from fountains afar,  
And fishes the seas for their food.  
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—  
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,

A greater and better than all?  
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,

Before whom the hosts of them fall?  
How he left the choirs and anthems above,  
For earth in its wailings and woes,  
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,  
And die for the life of His foes?  
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!  
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—

The tale of the Holy and True?  
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,  
Lives on in the world anew,  
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth  
As the stars fill the sky above;  
He taught us to yield up the love of life,  
For the sake of the life of love.  
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,  
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,  
Who for others do give up your all;  
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,

Into earth's dark bosom must fall—  
Must pass from the view and die away,  
And then will the fruit appear:  
The grain that seems lost in the earth below

Will return many fold in the ear.  
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,  
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain

## THE BROKEN PROMISE.



RS. Morse kept a regular servant. Mrs. Sticht, a German woman, came every Monday to do the week's

washing, and every Tuesday to do the ironing. She had always been a happy-faced, merry woman, but one morning Stella Morse, going into the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner, found a sad face over the wash-board.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sticht," Stella said.

"Good mornin', Miss Stella," responded the washerwoman, soberly, looking up with tear-filled eyes.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Sticht? You look pale and tired."

"I am not sick, miss, but I am tired; I didn't rest last night," she answered wearily.

"Then you had better wait until another day to wash; mamma would be willing, I am sure," Stella said kindly.

"No, miss, I'll keep on washin', but I thank you all the same for your kindness. I'll be just as tired to-morrow, an' the day after, too. A mother can't have much rest with a sick child to tend."

"Is your little girl sick, ma'am?"

"She's been sick these two weeks with an awful cold; she's that weak that she can't hardly walk about the room, an' she's dreadful wakeful of nights."

"Who stays with her when you go out to wash?"

"No one but her brother Tim; an' he's only seven years old."

"And you go out washing every day, do you not?"

"No miss: if I did I'd have more money than I've got. This is my only wash-fruit: the rest of the week I help an ole fruit-woman down in the market, but I don't get much pay."

"Do you earn enough to support your children?"

"Yes, miss, but my husband's long sickness and death brought some heavy bills on me to pay. I can't get any extras for my little sick girl, though she's that lonesome when I'm gone, that Tim says she cries most of the time."

"I should think she would be lonely, poor little soul! What does she want most, Mrs. Sticht?" Stella asked.

A smile flickered over Mrs. Sticht's face. Perhaps this young lady would do something for her little sick girl.

"Her whole mind seems to be set on a doll, an' she thinks that she'd never get lonesome if she had one; she's a levin' little thing, Patty is."

"She shall have a doll before the week is out," said Stella decidedly.

"I have a pretty wax one with golden curls and blue eyes that I used to play with. I have not had it out for a long time, and it has no clothes, but I'll dress it up just as pretty as I can, and—let me see, to-day is Monday—by Wednesday I'll have it ready."

"Oh, that is very good of you, Miss Stella," said the woman, gratefully: "Patty'll laugh for joy sure."

"Let me see, what is your number Mrs. Sticht?"

"Number Eleven, Spraker's Court. I can come after the doll if you say so."

"No, I'll not trouble you; besides, I want to see the little sick girl. Just tell her for me, please, that I'll be there on Wednesday with a beautiful doll, dressed in ruffled blue silk, and I will bring her some other things, too."

Stella spoke earnestly, and a load was lifted from the mother's heart. Her unspoken thought was, "I believe the child will soon grow better when she gets the doll she longs so for."

Patty's eyes grew bright when her mother told her that a dear, kind young girl was coming to her on Wednesday with a beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired doll, dressed in blue silk.

"For my very own?—Oh, mamma, for my very own!" asked Patty, clasping and unclasping her thin white hands in her excitement.

There were tears in her mother's eyes as she bent over her head and kissed Patty's forehead, saying tenderly, "Yes dear, for your very own."

Wednesday came—bright beautiful day. Patty's first words to her mother were, "Oh, mamma! this is the day that dolly is coming—I believe I'll get well when dolly comes."

Mrs. Sticht did not like to leave home that morning for some reason, but she felt that she must, for the rent was nearly due, and the doctor who came to see the child cared more for filling the human hearts with thankfulness. She came home very weary, but with one glad thought, namely, "I suppose Patty is overjoyed with her pretty doll. How good of Miss Stella to think of my poor little one."

But as she stepped over the threshold a very weary little face greeted hers. Patty's cheeks were flushed, and she said brokenly, "Oh, mamma, my dolly didn't come."

"An' she wouldn't stop crying, mamma, an' my head aches," sobbed Tim, who was worn out by his day of bitter sorrow.

Mrs. Sticht did not go to bed that night. She watched beside restless Patty, who tossed about all night, talking about blue eyes and golden hair and blue silk dresses, moaning in her sleep, "An' my dolly didn't come; an' my sweet, sweet dolly didn't come."

Monday morning came. A little boy stood knocking at Mr. Morse's kitchen door. Stella opened it. "Mamma can't wash to-day, Patty's tuk worse," he said quickly, and then scampered away.

"Oh, what a shame that I haven't dressed that doll!" Stella said mentally. "I certainly meant to, but there were so many things to take up my attention that I kept putting it off. I'll dress it this very day."

Thursday morning Stella, with the beautiful, tastefully dressed doll in her arms, and a little bag of oranges also, started for Mrs. Sticht's. In answer to her rap, Mrs. Sticht opened the door. Her eyes were heavy with weeping, and her face had grown more aged.

"How is little Patty this morning, Mrs. Sticht? I've brought her the doll. Can I see her?" were Stella's rapid questions.

"Yes, Miss Stella, you can see her. Walk in, please."

There were anguish and reproof in the mother's tone; Stella stepped inside the poorly-furnished room; the mother led the way to one corner, and pointed to a little white-draped cot.

The terrible truth dawned upon Stella. She had come to, late. Patty was dead. She burst into tears as the sobbing, heart-broken mother uncovered the little still face. Through her tears Stella could see how beautiful Patty was, with her golden hair brushed back from her pretty forehead, and her dear little hands clasped over her still bosom.

"And did you tell her I would bring the doll? Did she look for it?" Stella moaned, her remorseful tears rolling down her cheeks like rain.

"Look for it! Yes, Miss Stella, she looked for it every day and night," Mrs. Sticht answered, huskily. She was very light-headed towards the last; she talked of nothing else. Just before she died her reason returned. She sat up in bed, an' said, 'Good-bye, mamma: I'm going to heaven.' I cried aloud, 'but Patty smoothed my cheek and said 'Don't cry, mamma, you'll come by and by, an' I'll be waitin' and lovin' my blue-eyed dolly, cause I know Jesus will give me one, cause there's no tears in heaven.'—S. S. Times.

BRASS is not near so valuable as gold, but some people contrive to get along well with it.

## DON'T, GIRLS!

**D**ON'T think it necessary for your happiness that every afternoon be spent in making calls or on the street shopping. Home is not a mere hotel wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministrations to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gaiety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be pious, formal, stiff, nor assume a "country face" eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully poised for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to like and respect in each of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, and frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

## SIX SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers. Heb. xi. 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backslidings begin with the neglect of those two rules. John v. 39.

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for him? Matt. v. 13-16.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. Rom. xiv. 23.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such other people do so, therefore you may. 2 Cor. x. 12. You are to ask yourself, How would Christ act in my place? and strive to follow him. John x. 27.

6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God's and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10-12.

DARE to be brave in the cause of right,  
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

(For Recitation.)

NO matter how well the track is laid,  
No matter how strong the engine  
is made,  
When you find it running on a downward  
grade  
Put down the brakes.

If the demon Drink has entered your soul,  
And his power is getting beyond your  
control  
And dragging you down to a terrible goal,  
Put down the brakes.

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with  
fire";  
Temptation, you know is always a liar;  
If you want to crush out the burning de-  
sire,  
Put down the brakes.

Are you running in debt by living too  
fast?  
Do you look back with shame on a profit-  
less past,  
And feel that your ruin is coming at last?  
Put down the brakes.

Whether for honour, or knowledge, or gain,  
You are fast wearing out your body and  
brain,  
Till nature no longer can bear the strain,  
Put down the brakes.

LONGFELLOW'S CHAIR.

INSIDE Professor Longfellow's house is at once an art museum and a cabinet of relics. Among the gifts presented to him on his 72nd birthday is one very beautiful in its design, and singularly touching in its history. It is a chair made from the wood of the chestnut tree which overshadowed the old smithy referred to in "The Village Blacksmith." From the wood of this old tree the children of Cambridge procured to be made a stately throne-like chair. The chestnut is stained black; the upholstery is of green leather; the carving is something exquisite. It is a costly chair, and it was purchased by the contributions of the little children of Cambridge—little contributions of little children ranging from one penny to ten cents each. All the children in the public schools contributed—no child so poor as not to give its mite. I think no gift ever went to Professor Longfellow's heart as this one. He called it his throne when pointing out its beauties. He has written his thanks to the children in the following beautiful poem:—

MRS. H. C. SANDERS,

Lakefield.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

To the children of Cambridge, who presented to me on my seventy-second birthday, February 27th, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's chestnut tree.

Am I a king that I should call my own  
This splendid ebony throne;  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may belong to me;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer-time  
The effluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge beside the  
street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet,  
I wooed the bees until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn with a shout  
Toasted its great arms about.  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the  
sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repel the ocean tide;  
But seated in this chair I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of time.

I see again as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices about and  
call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat.

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day of jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and  
ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the  
mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, unto which are  
wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance  
could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so  
long,  
Blossom again in song.

THE CALL-BOY.

YOU would not know Jim Blake if you were to see him now; why, I had to look twice, and then I wasn't quite sure.

A few years ago when he used to turn "cart-wheels" along the busy streets, and stand on his head at street corners for a half-penny, he was the roughest little ruffian that ever upset an apple-stall or dodged a policeman round a lamp-post. But now! why, he's a perfect gentleman—of course I mean compared with what he was.

I was walking up to town one morning, when I first saw him in the middle of an excited crowd, fighting like a little madman with a young crossing-sweeper about his own size. I never could find out what they were quarrelling about, but I fancy they couldn't quite agree as to whose property the crossing was, and so were trying to settle it in that silly way. I believe the matter was really settled by policeman X., whose two eyes fell upon them just as I came up, and whose two hands followed suit with very startling results.

Jim didn't stop to argue with Mr. X., not he, but started off like a small express train, lest he should find himself X-pressed to the wrong station.

The next time I saw him he was at a Boys' Home, with a face as bright and clean as the dish-covers that used to hang above the mantelpiece in my old grandmother's kitchen. You see, like these old dish-covers, he had been polished up a bit, and though when they had him bright and shiny they didn't hang him up above the mantelshelf, they put him in the way of being quite as useful, for they made him "call-boy" on board a river steamer, and I am quite sure, if you heard him calling out "ease 'er," "stop 'er," and "turn 'er astern," you

would agree with me that the biggest dish-cover ever yet invented was never half so useful as is Jim Blake.

To tell the truth, Master Jim is just a little bit proud of being "call-boy" on a steamer. Why, I fancy sometimes he almost thinks himself as important as the captain himself as he shouts out the orders to the engineer below, and what is better still the captain is so pleased with him, that I heard him say the other day that he would not mind cruising all round the world with Jim to help him manage the ship.

The fact is, Jim knows almost as well as the captain does, how to command a boat. He knows when to call out "Go on ahead," without waiting to be told, and do you know he told me one day as he was leaning against the brass railings of the engine-room steps, that somehow it seemed to him as if he'd got a little sort of "call-boy" inside him. Said he: "Sir, you wouldn't hardly believe it, but as I was a-walking past some of them fine shops ashore 'other day, I see a reg'lar strapping' pilot coat a-hangin' up quite temptin' like outside a shop, and I ses to myself, I ses, it's getting a bit cold a-mornings now, aboard, and there ain't nobody 'ud see me if I nicked it. You know, sir, I ain't one to stop long a-considerin' about most things, so I just heaved up alongside to haul it in, when this yer little 'call-boy' inside me, he says, says he, 'Ease 'er, stop 'er, turn 'er astern,' and I tell yer, sir, it fetched me right straight up perpendickler-like, and turned me right round, and then without stoppin' a moment, this yer little chap he says, as plain as ever I said it myself, says he, 'go on ahead,' and I we it on ahead, sir. I've been goin' on a head, sir, ever since, and 'cept when a danger's near I don't mean to stop going on ahead for any one, and maybe some day I'll be captain of the smartest steamer afloat."

Ah, it's wonderful how useful a good "call-boy" may be, for you see what the little "call-boy" inside Jim Blake did for him.

Why, if it had not been for him, Jim Blake would have become a thief, and if he had become a thief I don't think he would ever have held up his head again. How thankful Jim Blake now is that this little "call-boy" within him was on the lookout and warned him of his danger!

We've all got little "call-boys" somewhere inside our jackets, and the way to keep them on the lookout is to attend to what they say. If the engineer on the steamer paid no attention to Jim Blake, I am quite sure Master Jim would soon get tired of calling out to him, and I am certain the boat would soon go wrong; and if we do not mind what these little "call-boys" inside say, they will very soon leave off calling, and these little ships of ours, with which we are travelling upon the sea of life, will very soon be wrecked and cast away.

It is a grand thing for us when we learn in early life to listen to the voice of conscience.

Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take the good that God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away, for indeed it is but a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your god.—Spurgeon.

WOMEN'S LOVE WRECKED BY DRINK.

THE appetite of strong drink in more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens, nay hundreds, of thousands of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son are as near the realization of Hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, lifelong struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

TO INTEREST YOUR SCHOLARS.

MANY of you are Sunday-school teachers, and it is for you particularly that I would make a few suggestions.

Would it not be pleasant and profitable to have your scholars spend an evening at your home once every week, two weeks, or as you judge would be advisable?

Am a teacher myself, and have tried this plan for almost a year, finding that it has been a grand success, and that it has been the means of binding the affections of teachers and scholars together in a manner which could not otherwise have been accomplished were it not for those pleasant evenings spent in each other's society.

True, we may sometimes inconvenience ourselves to have them come, but think of the pleasure it will afford them, and devote yourself entirely to them.

If they are fond of readings, hunt up your choice selections and read to them. If they love music, even though your knowledge may be limited in that direction, do the very best you can.

WHEN a rural resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night, "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."



A MOTTO FOR LIFE.

(From the German of Goethe.)

WITHOUT haste! without rest!  
Bind the motto to thy breast;  
Bear it with thee as a spell,  
Storm and sunshine, guard it well!  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,  
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not, let no thoughtless deed  
Mar for aye the spirit's speed,  
Ponder well, and know the right,  
Onward, then, with all thy might.  
Haste not; years can ne'er atone  
For one reckless action done.

Rest not; life is sweeping by;  
Go and dare before you die,  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time.  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait;  
Meekly bear the storms of fate!  
Duty be thy polar guide;—  
Do the right whatever betide!  
Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past,  
God shall crown thy work at last.

WILLIAM DAWSON.

A honoured name in early English Methodism is that of Wm. Dawson. A singular proof of his whole-hearted affection is given in the following story.

When very young he had a little play-fellow of the name of William Arthur, of whom he was passionately fond. This child having taken the small-pox, he was cautioned against visiting the house. But insensible of the danger, and moved by the impulse of his loving little heart, he set out to see the sick boy. His absence awakened suspicion at home, and those who were sent in pursuit of him found him with the little invalid, into whose bed he had crept without the knowledge of the family. There, in his child-like way, he was tenderly consoling him under his affliction. The result was that very soon little William was suffering from the same terrible disease, but both children recovered, and were soon playing together as usual.

While yet a lad, Mr. Dawson had a dream which he never forgot. He dreamed that he saw two roads, the one broad and the other narrow, that multitudes were crowding the former, where they were dancing along in tumultuous joy, and that the other was nearly without a traveller. Many inducements were held out to him to take the broad way, all of which he declined; and turning to his friend, John Balty, whom he thought he saw standing at the entrance with himself, he said, "We'll take the narrow path, John."

They pursued the line some distance, in agreeable companionship with each other when he awoke.

Many years after, meeting his old friend Balty one day, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "Bless God, Friend Balty, we are in the narrow way yet!"

Mr. Dawson was a gifted and eloquent speaker, and he gladly gave all his talents to God. His life was filled up with noble and useful labours, and he proved the wisdom of his early choice. His work was his delight, and when he was once told by his niece, who was his housekeeper, "Uncle, your work is too hard; you ought to contrive to secure two or three days to yourself occasionally for

rest," he quickly replied, "Mary, I shall rest in my grave. I must work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

A FAITHFUL ELEPHANT.

HERE is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The mahout, or driver, had just given him the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed round him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing either to advance or retire as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten and rallied again and again round the colours. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood, straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again.

At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant like a rock stood there, with the dead and dying around and the ensign waving in its place.

For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe nor threat could move it. They then sent to a village one hundred miles away and brought the Mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how his driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away. What a lesson of fidelity is taught us by the faithfulness of this dumb creature to his master! "Oro is your master, even Christ." Do you say where he puts you till His voice calls you away?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON III. [July 16.  
SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

Mark 10. 52-55. Commit to memory v. 42-45.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Verse 45.

OUTLINE.

1. The Coming Sorrow, v. 32-34.
2. The Selfish Request, v. 35-40.
3. The True Ministry, v. 41-45.

TIME.—A. D. 29, while Jesus was leaving Perea for Jerusalem, about ten days before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—On the road to Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 20, 17-23; Luke 18, 31-34.

EXPLANATIONS.—Jesus went before—As their leader. Were amazed—Because they knew the dangers in Jerusalem from his enemies. What things should happen—Events which took place only ten or twelve days afterward. James and John—They came with their mother. Matt. 20, 20. On thy right hand—In the highest places of the kingdom. In thy glory—When he should enter upon his kingdom. The cup... the baptism—The trials and sufferings of Christ. Ye shall—One of the two brothers was first of the twelve to be slain, and the other passed through many persecutions. Not

mine to give—Not to be given as a favour, but as the reward of faithfulness. Rule over the Gentiles—That is, in the kingdom of the world. Lordship—In places of rank and power. Not be among you—Christ's kingdom is not like those of the world. Your minister—Your servant. To minister—To serve men, and die in their stead, was the purpose of Christ's coming.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That Christ came to die for men?
2. That Christ's followers may suffer with him?
3. That the highest honour is in helping others?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what place did Christ lead his disciples? To Jerusalem. 2. Of what did he forewarn them again? Of his sufferings and death. 3. For what did James and John ask? For high places in his kingdom. 4. Whom did Christ call the greatest among his disciples? Those who serve others. 5. For what did Christ give his life? A ransom for many.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ our ransom.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

46. Were the people of Israel obedient to God in their travels through the wilderness? The people of Israel were not obedient to God in their travels through the wilderness; for they sinned grievously against him, and they were often punished by the hand of God, but he would not utterly destroy them.

A. D. 29.] LESSON IV. [July 23.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mark 10. 46-52. Commit to memory v. 46-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The eyes of the blind shall be opened. Isa. 35. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cry, v. 46-48.
2. The Call, v. 49, 50.
3. The Cure, v. 51, 52.

TIME.—A. D. 29, about a week before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—Jericho, in the Jordan valley. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 20, 29-34, Luke 18, 35-43; 19, 1.

EXPLANATIONS.—As he went out—On the way to Jerusalem, eighteen miles distant. A great number—People, many of whom supposed that Jesus was about to establish a kingdom at Jerusalem. By the highway-side—As beggars are often found in Palestine. When he heard—He asked what the crowd meant, (Luke 18, 38,) and learned that Jesus was passing by. Began to cry out—He used his first and only opportunity, for Christ visited Jericho only once. Son of David—The royal name of Christ. Charged him—Desiring not to disturb the teachings of Christ. Cried the more—An example of triumph over hindrances. Stood still—Showing his interest in the needy and suffering. Casting away his garment—In his earnestness to reach Christ. What wilt thou?—Christ knew his need, but wished him to tell it. So he would have us pray to him, though he knows all our wants. Thy faith—His faith in Christ's healing power had won for him the blessing. Received his sight—By the word of Jesus, without an act. Followed Jesus—Joined the throng, and went on with Jesus toward Jerusalem.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson teach us—

1. To call upon Christ?
2. To come to Christ?
3. To have faith in Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Christ meet at Jericho? Blind Bartimeus. 2. What was his cry when Jesus drew near? "Have mercy on me." 3. How did Christ receive his prayer? He commanded him to be called. 4. What did Jesus say to him? "Thy faith hath made thee whole." 5. What did he do after receiving his sight? He followed Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The mercy of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

47. Who brought them into the land of Canaan after their forty years' wandering in the wilderness? After the children of Israel had wandered forty years in the wilderness, Moses being dead, Joshua (whose name is the same with Jesus) brought them into the promised land, which is the land of Canaan.

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