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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1882.

No. 9.

## THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see.  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek:  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love.  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and  
beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred  
And palpitate the soil between  
With breathing almost heard

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—  
They have no power to break,  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,  
So near to press they seem—  
They seem to lull us to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,  
Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And gently dream in loving arms,  
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! Watch us  
still,  
Press nearer to our side,  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and vanished stream;  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life the dream.

## SIGHTS IN AULD REIKIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO city in Europe occupies a grander site than Edinburgh, and none are invested with more heroic or romantic associations. My first visit was to the noble Scott monument, where I had a bird's-eye view of the scene, over which he has cast such an undying spell. Beneath the arch is a marble statue of the great enchanter, and filling the many niches are the figures that he called from the realm of fancy, and enbreathed with life forever. The deep ravine of the North Loch, now a charming public garden, crossed by lofty traffic-crowded bridges, separates the picturesque and historic old town and the handsome new city.

The lofty narrow crow-stepped buildings of the former rising tier above tier, especially when lit up at night, have a strangely picturesque appearance. It was like a dream, or like a chapter from the "Heart of Midlothian" to walk up the Connongate, the High Street, the Lawn Market, between the lofty and grim-featured houses. My garrulous guide pointed

his grave—the exact position is not known—and all day long the carts and carriages rattle over the bones of the great Scottish Reformer. Near by, the site of the old Tolbooth is shown by a large heart marked in the stones of the causeway.

In the High Street is Knox's house, a picturesque old place with a steep outer stair. It was with feelings of

CHRIST;" "WHAT, EVER, ME, BEFALL I, THANK, THE, LORD, OF, ALL;" "LAVS, VNIQVE, DEO;" "NISI, DO, MINVS, FRVSTRA;" "PAX, ENFRANTIVS, SALVS, EXEVNTIVS." A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a number of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair false Queen, whose guilty conscience he probed to the quick, and the beautiful Four Maries of her court. In the Museum I saw Knox's old pulpit where, says Melville, "he was so active that he was lyk to ding it in blads and fleo out of it."

The grim old castle rises on an isolated crag, four hundred feet above the Forth—half palace and half prison—a memorial of the stormy days of feudal power. In a little chamber about eight feet square, James VI., only son of Mary Stuart, and future King of England, was born, and it is said he was let down in a basket from the window to the Grass Market, three hundred feet below. On the ceiling is a quaint black letter inscription:

Lord Jesus Christ that crowned was  
with thorne,  
Preserve the bairn quha heir is borne.

The stern old castle has looked down on many strange sights, but on none more strange than when in this very Grass Market, Scottish martyrs for the Protestant faith glorified God amid the flames.

At the other end of the long and narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—is the Royal Palace of Holyrood, with its memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress's skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the blood-stains are still shown upon the floor. The Queen's bed with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing-room, and the embroidered picture of Jacob's Dream, wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

out the Tron Church clock, which he said "was aye keepit twa minutes fast, that the warkmen might na be late," and the old St. Giles' Church, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelate hiring "wha would say a mass in her lug."

Here are buried the Regent Murray and the great Earl of Montrose, and without, beneath the stone pavement of the highway, once part of the churchyard, lies the body of John Knox. A metal plate with the letters, "I. K., 1572," conjecturally marks

peculiar reverence that I stood in the room in which Knox died, and in the little study—very small and narrow—only about four feet by seven, in which he wrote the History of the Scottish Reformation. I sat in his chair at his desk, and I stood at the window from which he used to preach to the multitude in the High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the house front reads, "LVRE, GOD, ADVFE, AL, AND, YI, KYCHBOVR, AS, YI, SELF." There are many such pious mottoes, as: "MY, HOIF, IS

MY, HOIF, IS

The Abbey Church, now an exquisite ruin, dates from 1128, and still affords a sanctuary to insolvent debtors.

The wynds and closes of the ancient town, once the abodes of the Scottish nobility, are now the squalid lairs of misery and vice. Once high-born dames and knightly men, banquetted in carved chambers, now the degraded purlieus of poverty and crime. Some of these have still interesting historic associations, as the houses of the Duke of Gordon, of Earl Moray, Hume, Boswell, Walter Scott, and others of distinguished name and fame. I penetrated some of the grim closes, which surpassed aught I ever saw of squalidness, and was glad to find myself safely out again.

The churchyard of old Gray Friars is an epitome of Scottish history. On the broad flat stone shown in the cut on page 68, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, 1638, and on Martyrs' Monument one reads, "From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until Feb. 18th, 1668, there was executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, the most of whom lie here." Nourished by such costly libations, the tree of liberty took root and flourished strong and fair. The tomb of "Bluidy Mackenzie," of sinister memory, still exerts its malign spell upon the belated urchin as he slinks past.

While visiting the antiquarian museum, I had the great and unexpected pleasure of meeting a fellow-townsmen, Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, with his two charming daughters—the only persons that I had ever seen before that I met in a four months' tour. I gladly accepted the cordial invitation to join his party, and we drove again to Holyrood, the Canon-gate, the Cemetery in which lie the bodies of Drs. Duff, Candlish, Chalmers, Guthrie, Hugh Miller, and many other of Scotland's greatest sons; and Calton Hill, with its magnificent panorama of cliff and crag, and strath and frith, and its noble group of monuments. A grizzly blue-bonneted cicerone pointed out, with broad Doric comments, St. Leonard's Crags, the home of Davie Deans, the moss-hags of Jennie's midnight tryst, St. Anthony's Chapel, and Arthur's Seat, like a grim couchant lion, one of the most majestic objects I ever saw.

#### DON'T TOUCH THE BOWL.

BY R. ALDEN BRACE.

**D**ON'T touch the bowl, my darling boy,  
Each sparkling drop is fraught with woe,  
The fee of every future joy,  
Of every noble deed the foe.

Don't touch the bowl, thou dost not know  
How small, how weak, how frail thou art;  
Thou dost not know how strong the foe  
That seeks the ruin of thy heart.

Don't touch the bowl, though friends unite  
And press thee hard with them to go;  
Resist the wrong, stand for the right,  
And firmly, sternly, answer no.

Don't touch the bowl, there's danger there,  
"Hands off" I label every bowl,  
"Hands off," 'twill lead thee to despair,  
'Twill ruin body, mind, and soul.

Don't touch the bowl, 'tis liquid hell  
And deep damnation surges there;  
Ten thousand fiends in fury yell  
To greet each soul that enters there.

Don't touch the bowl, beware, beware,  
Ere thou art bound with cruel chains;  
Ere thou the drunkard's hell shall share  
And writhe in everlasting pains.

#### THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.



**DON'T** know what the old man said about it, but Dan said it was the longest, and Dan was certainly the one who understood

the matter best.

It began like other days, only there was a heavy fog, and Dan knew that it was bad weather for haying, and tip-top for fishing. He made up his mind to go fishing. Perhaps if his mind had not been already made up he would not have minded it so much when his father said at the breakfast table. "We must get the scythes in good order, so's to take a fair start at the lower meadow to-morrow. Don't let me have to waste time hunting after you, Daniel, when I'm ready."

Daniel's appetite was gone. How he hated to turn that heavy, creaking old grindstone. He went around by the sink drain, and dug his bait; he examined his fishing-pole; he put up his lunch, he even tied a worm on the hook, and then he wandered disconsolately around, wishing grindstones had never been invented.

He went to the end of the garden, and leaned sulkily over the low stone wall, eating the half-ripe harvest apples, and throwing the cores spitefully away. Down the road a few rods lay the mill-pond, and in the middle of the road near by stood Deacon Skinner's horse and chaise.

Old Whitey had his nose down, and one leg crooked in a meditative fashion. The Deacon was over in the field, making a bargain with Solomon Murray for some young cattle. What fun it would be to start the old horse up, and set him trotting home! Dan could almost hit him with an apple core. He tried two or three, just to see, and then he picked a smooth round stone from the wall, and sent it singing through the air.

Old Whitey brought up his nose with a jerk, straightened his fore-leg, and started off at a brisk trot, the chaise-top tilting and pitching back and forth.

Dan laughed—at least the laugh began to grow, when he caught one glimpse of a frightened little face at the chaise window, and knew that Nanny Dane, the Deacon's little lame grandchild, was in the chaise.

It was only a glimpse, and then the bank of gray fog swallowed Whitey and the chaise, and it seemed to Dan that they had gone straight into the mill-pond.

"Daniel! Daniel! Come on now, and be sry about it!" called his father, as he moved towards the grindstone; and Dan obeyed.

Round and round and round; his tough little hands were blistered on the handle, but he did not know it; his mouth and throat were as dry as the stone, but he did not think of it. "Crrr-crrr-crrr," rang the rough, wearisome noise, until his ears were so deafened he did not even hear it. For he was perfectly sure he had killed little Nanny Dame. What would people say? What would they do to him? Hang him, of course; and Dan felt in his heart that he deserved it, and that it would be almost a satisfaction.

"There," said his father at last, "I reckon that'll do, Daniel. You've been faithful and stiddy at your work, and now you may go fishing."

Dan never knew how he got to Long Pond, or how he passed the slow hours of that dismal day. The misery seemed intolerable, and before evening he had made up his mind that he could bear it no longer. He would go home and tell his father, he would tell every body. They might hang him, they might do anything they pleased.

Tramping desperately home with his empty basket in his hand, he heard the sound of wheels behind him, dragging slowly through the deep sand. Perhaps that was the Sheriff coming to arrest him. Dan's heart beat harder, but he did not look around. The wheels came nearer; they stopped, and some one said:

"Hullo, Daniel! been fishin'? Fisherman's luck, hey? Well, jump in here, and I'll give ye a lift."

Before Dan knew it he was over the wheel and sitting beside Deacon Skinner in the old chaise, with Whitey switching his tail right and left as he plodded along.

"Git up, Whitey," urged the Deacon; "it's getting along toward chore-time. Whitey aint so sry as he used to be, but he's amazin' smart. This mornin' I left little Nanny in the sbay while I was making a dicker with Solomon Murray, and a keerless thing it was to do, but I'd as soon expected the meetin'-house to run away as Whitey. I reckon something must have scart him; but he just trotted off home as stiddy as if I'd been driving, and waited at the door for mother to come and get Nanny before he went to the barn."

"Oh, Deacon Skinner," burst out Dan, "it was me; I scart Whitey."

"Did ye now, sonny? Well, there wuzn't any harm done, and I know ye didn't mean to."

"I did, I did," said Dan, sobbing violently from the long strain of excitement. "I didn't know Nanny was in the chaise, and I threw a stone at him"

"Well, well," said the Deacon, rubbing his stubby chin, and looking curiously at Dan. "Beats all what freaks boys will take, but I know ye won't do it agin'."

"I never will," said Dan, solemnly. "This has been the awfulest longest day that ever was in the world."—*Harper's Young People.*

#### "THANK YOU" AND "PLEASE."

**I**T is a grand thing to be associated with men and women trying to make drunkards sober. I went to a little mission chapel in New York, and the speakers, of whom there were many, were allowed only a minute each. One woman said in that minute what thrilled me through and through: "The love of Jesus has made my husband and myself manly. We used to swear at one another, and now we say, 'Thank ye' and 'Please.'" I tell you, the preaching of infidelity and of all the scientists cannot produce an effect like that in one hundred years nor yet in five hundred years.—*John B. Gough.*

A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dewdrop on the baby plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever.

#### DEAD IN THE NEST.

(From an Epitaph in an English Cathedral.)

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

**S**HE lay in her cradle, sweet and fair,  
With smiling lips like a daisy's bloom,  
A cloud of lace on the silk-white hair,  
And slumber veiling her eyes' soft gloom.

A dew-drop gleamed on the blue-veined brow,  
Where priestly fingers the cross had signed,  
The tearful token of many a vow  
That baby spirit to guard and bind.

Still she slept, for the rite was done,  
The choral hushed and the prayers all said,  
The life for Heaven on earth begun,  
The chrismal dews on her forehead shed.

One by one the sponsors came,  
Gifts of price at her feet to lay—  
A golden cup, with the sweet new name;  
A string of pearls for the baby's day;

Ermine mantle and robe of silk,  
Thick and heavy with brodered show;  
And silver bells, as white as milk,  
Frosted like lilies all a-row;

Carven coral and filmy lace;  
Velvet shoes for the tiny feet;  
Babies to stare in the baby's face,  
With silent smiles for her laughter sweet.

Deiress she of a lineage proud,  
Tender bud of a stately tree;  
Over her cradle bend and crowd  
Lord and lady of high degree.

Gift on gift in her nest they lay,  
Knight, and squire, and priest, and nun;  
Till the christening guests are all away  
And earth is red with the setting sun.

"Still she sleeps?" 'Tis the mother calls,  
"Still, my lady; nor sound nor sigh."  
Ah! through the lofty castle-walls,  
Rings a sudden and fearful cry.

Yes, she sleeps! in her hour of pride,  
Crushed by splendors above her spread;  
Of heavy treasures the child hath died,  
Stifled and cold in her gorgeous bed.

Sleeps she now forever and aye,  
Long ago did the legend bloom;  
The baby blossom who died that day  
Is but dust in a lordly tomb.

Yet the story lives o'er and o'er;  
Still as the swift years onward roll,  
Earth's heaped riches have crushed far more  
Many and many a living soul!

#### A SHORT MEMORY.

**P**RESIDENT Arthur has a wonderful memory for faces. At one time he travelled in a railroad car for a few miles with a physician who was carrying a brother to some kind of an asylum. Seven years afterward he met the doctor, called him by name, and inquired for the brother. In this particular the President is quite unlike the celebrated anecdote: "When the great Jonathan Edwards was out riding one day a little boy opened a gate for him. 'Whose boy are you, my little man?' asked the great theologian. 'Noah Clarke's boy, sir,' was the answer. On the return of Edwards soon after, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him again. The great theologian thanked him, and asked: 'Whose boy are you, my little man?' to which the urchin replied: 'Noah Clarke's boy, sir; the same man's boy. I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir.'

PLEASE THE LORD AT ANY COST.

NEVER mind—the world will hate you,  
Never mind its frowns or smiles;  
Never mind what griefs await you,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

See! He reigns supreme above us;  
See! His favour's light itself:  
'Tis our all that He approves us,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Listen to His still small voice,  
Act upon it while He speaks;  
Give thyself no time for choice,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Perfect love will dictate to you,  
Though severe the mandate be,  
Only good His will can do you,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Please the Lord in lonely hours,  
With your friends or with the world;  
Spend for Him your gifts and powers,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Think His eye is on you ever,  
Think—He heareth all you say,  
Marks each *motive* and endeavour,  
Please Him, then, at any cost!

Where's the friend would die to save you?  
Who would bear with you all day?  
Who but He would care to have you?  
Please Him, then, at any cost!

Have no object but 't obey Him,  
Single-eyed to do His will,  
Your whole life could ne'er repay Him,  
Please Him, then, at any cost!

Work in faith of future glory,  
Nothing's lost you do for Him;  
All recorded, your life's story,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Living always in His presence,  
You will realize His "peace,"  
Aye! this forms its very essence,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Then there follows sweet communion,  
Such as worldlings never know;  
One with Christ,—a growing union,  
Please him, then, at any cost!

Oh! His love is never dying,  
Still preparing bliss for you;  
It is worth all *self-denying*;  
Please the Lord at any cost!

CARRIE'S DECISION.

"H dear, it's pleasant, and it will be just perfectly elegant this evening," said Carrie Leonard, turning away from her window with a sigh and a very, very long face. There was to be a con-

cert in Madison that evening, a remarkably fine one by the best talent, and Ned Wilmer had invited her to go. Given the prospect of a "perfectly elegant" evening, full moon, capital sleighing, a four-mile ride in excellent company, with a rare musical treat at the end of it, and can you possibly imagine what one could find to sigh and look doleful about? But you see it was Thursday:

"Prayer and conference meeting as usual on Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock."

That was the notice read on Sunday, and therein lay the secret of Carrie's sigh. It was only a few weeks before that she had publicly confessed her love for Christ, and her earnest desire and purpose to please Him in all things. It had slipped her mind what evening it was, when she had accepted the invitation. And now, what should she do?

She knew just how Ned would look, how sarcastically he would smile when she told him why she could not go. And yet how many, many times in the olden days they two had commented on the inconsistencies of Christians. Ned had been away; she did not know whether he had been told of her change or not. Somehow she had not had courage to speak of it herself, though they had compared notes on all other topics. Oh, dear, what should she do? "If Ned knows I profess to be a Christian, I'm very sure that though he may be vexed, still, after all, clear down in his heart, he will think I ought to stay at home and be in my place."

But how could she give up the treat? And how could she tell him? Her face grew hot at the very thought of his mocking smile. She had hoped it would be stormy, so that it would be impossible to go. She had felt that she should look upon her sickest sick-headache as a positive godsend; anything, in fact, she thought, would be welcome that would decide the question for her. But never had she felt better in her life, and not a cloud was to be seen. She must decide herself whether she would confess her Saviour, or deny Him.

"But," she thought, brightening up, "I do not see why I need worry and fret so. It cannot be wrong, after all, to go; for Deacon Smith and his wife are going; and Mame Trask, Will Sheldon, and Mr. and Mrs. Fisk too, and every one of them church members. The idea of my being so foolish as to think it wrong." And banishing all her scruples, she went about setting her room to rights—her face bright with pleasant anticipations for the evening's enjoyment.

But when she came to sit down to her morning's reading, her expression changed; for this was the very first verse her eyes rested up: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." After all, what was it to her whether every one else went or not—she was to follow Him, not others. But how she did hate to give it up!

Then, too, there was Ned. If he was not a Christian—she pleaded—she wanted to influence him to be. Would it not prejudice him against religion, if she should excuse herself from going on account of prayer-meeting? "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!" The words fairly rang in her ears. It was not anything to her; her part was to follow Christ. He would take care of the rest.

"The—dickens!" exclaimed Ned Wilmer in surprise, as he let fall a dainty little note from his hands that noon. "Plague take it!" he said impatiently, as he picked it up again.

An hour afterwards, he added to himself, over his books and papers: "But it was plucky in her, after all, and I respect her for it. I always said, if I was a Christian, I would be up to the mark. I hate half-way work—but—I wish she'd let me alone!" And then Ned tried to put all his thoughts upon his work. But there was an earnest little plea in the note he had thrown so impatiently aside, that would not be forgotten. In fact, the harder he tried to forget about it, the more persistently he remembered; and at last he gave it up in despair.

"And only to think," said Carrie afterwards, "the very thing I was

afraid would prejudice him, influenced him most of all, he says. I believe, after all, it was Satan put that thought into my head; for I do believe if only I follow Christ closely, everything will end right."—*Christian Intelligencer*

LIFE PICTURES.

BY E. M. MORPHY.

GRINDING YOUNG.

TIM O'Shaughnessy kept a tavern on one of the back streets of Dublin. Over the door hung a signboard on which was painted a mill; at the hopper stood the miller in the act of throwing an old and decrepit man in, to be ground young, underneath you notice a young man coming out.

The idea Tim wished to convey was, that thirsty and weary souls passing through his whiskey mill would become so refreshed and invigorated with the poteen, and they went in old and came out young. The very reverse being the truth, as witness our fast young men who become prematurely old by passing "through the mill," Byron, Burns, Shelly, Sheridan, and others, to wit.

THE KINGS, LORDS, AND COMMONS,

was the name given to a fashionable saloon opened by two celebrated and retired prize-fighters in one of the chief cities in England. The building was divided into three compartments. The King's was a gorgeously fitted up chamber, and furnished with the choicest brands of liquors and all "the luxuries of the season." Here was every attraction, "men singers, women singers, musical instruments, and that of all sorts," and to this place the bloods with long purses and short brains were politely shown in.

"The House of Lords" had its attractions also, but not equal to the other, being second-class. Here the Lords "got as drunk as lords," and in their cups imagined themselves "the Lords of creation."

"The House of Commons" was well named, being the resort of the common and unwashed of the city. This chamber was the cellar or ground floor, and carpeted with saw-dust. The amusements consisted of fiddling, dancing, comic songs, coarse jests, smoking and drinking common liquors.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

When the purse of "The Kings," like their brains, became short, they were handed into "the House of Lords." Here they visited for a time, till their habiliments becoming so shabby, and general appearance so besotted, that they were no longer fit company for the Lords, and were run in to the House of Commons. In this poisonous atmosphere, they mixed up with the boozers—and when the last shilling was spent, they were summarily ejected. Their next companions were the police, then the criminals in the lock-up.

By the above humorous anecdotes we have tried to illustrate the downward course of the tipping and drinking system, a strange congruity for a Christian Government, to license the vendor and punish the consumer.

"Friends of Temperance, Christian workers, Let your glorious standard wave, Up and arm yourselves for conflict, Fired with zeal and courage brave.

Touch not, taste not, be your motto,  
And your watchword in the fight;  
God will give you strength to conquer,  
He'll protect you in the right."

"Do not then stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do,  
Lo! the fields are white to harvest,  
And the labourers are few;  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
If you want a field of labour,  
You can find it anywhere."

HOW TO MAKE ALL THE WORLD TEETOTALERS.

"I SAY, Bill, you ought to have been at the lecture last night," shouted a sprightly Band of Hope boy to a companion, whom he recognized coming down the street.

"Of course, I know I ought to have been there if I could; but I couldn't; don't you see that? Father had a special job to finish, and I stayed at home to help him."

"Well, you should have been; it was jolly fun. And didn't he tell a crammer, that's all!"

"Who?" asked Bill.

"Why, the lecturer, certainly," said the first. "What do you think he said. Why, he said if there was only one teetotaler in the world now, and he was to get one man to sign the pledge in a year, and then both of them got one each the next year, and so on, each getting one a year, everybody in the world would be a teetotaler in thirty years."

"Did he say that?" asked Bill.

"He just did," said the first speaker, laughing; "and if that isn't a crammer, I don't know what is."

"But," said Bill, after a pause, "perhaps it is true."

"True! It can't be true! Why, look here. At the end of the first year there would be only two, wouldn't there? Then the second only four; third year only eight. Why, it would be a thousand years making the world teetotal at that rate."

"Stop a minute while I run home after my slate," said Bill. "I'll soon work it out."

In a little time the boy returned, and sitting down on a block of stone, he carefully wrote figures on his slate, and kept on multiplying, while his companion stood watching the passers-by.

"The lecturer was right enough!" exclaimed Bill. Just look here. I read the other day that the people in all the world were reckoned to be a thousand millions; and in thirty years, according to the lecturer's way of making them, there would be a thousand and seventy-three millions, seven hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-four teetotalers; and that's more than there would be people."

"Nonsense, Bill!"

"Yes, there would; just look at the figures—1,073,741,824."

"Well, said the first, after looking at the slate a long while, "I declare if it isn't right. I certainly thought it was a crammer; but it isn't, after all."

"Then don't be in a hurry next time to doubt what lecturers say," said Bill; and off the two young folks trotted in search of amusement till school-time. The same rule would in twenty years make all the world Christians.

The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.

## GOD'S WORK.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

**GATHERING** brands from the burning,  
Plucking them out of the fire,  
Lifting the sheep that have wandered  
Out of the dust and the mire;

Bringing home sheaves from the harvest  
To lay at the Master's feet—  
Lord, all Thy hosts of angels  
Must smile on a life so sweet.

Speaking with fear of no man,  
Speaking with love for all,  
Warning the young and thoughtless  
From the wild beast, "Alcohol";  
Showing the snares that the tempter  
Weaveth on every hand—  
Lord, all Thy dear, dear angels  
Must smile on a life so grand.

Fighting the bloodless battle  
With a heart that is true and bold  
Fighting it not for glory,  
Fighting it not for gold,  
But out of love for his neighbor,  
And out of love for his Lord;  
I know that the hands of the angels  
Will crown him with his reward.

For whose works for the Master,  
And whose fights His fight,  
The angels crown with a star-wreath,  
And it glows with gems most bright.  
They wear them for ever and ever,  
The saints in that land of bliss,  
And I know that heaven's best jewel  
Is kept for a soul like this.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1882.

## A MISSION BOAT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

ANY of our readers have heard Mr. Crosby describe his long and adventurous mission trips on the Pacific coast.

Last year he travelled four thousand miles on missionary work, sometimes 600 miles on a single trip. These voyages, for such they are, are made in an open boat. It is a large boat it is true, but still it is one hewn out of a single log, out of the huge trunk of some British Columbia pine. It is hollowed out with axes and then steamed, we believe, by filling it partly with water and throwing into this heated stones; and then the sides are spread out. There was one such boat at the Centennial Exhibition, about 60 feet long, and 6 or 7 feet wide.

As the voyage is made in the open sea, where, notwithstanding its Pacific name, severe storms often occur, these

boats need to be very strong. Yet such is the force of the waves that they sometimes split open from end to end, and the rowers are precipitated into the sea, and are drowned.

It requires a large number of rowers to manage such a boat as this. Mr. Crosby used to have from ten to fourteen Indians to paddle the boat. I don't think they use oars at all, only paddles. These good fellows charge nothing for their services. They are very glad to help the missionary by toiling day after day with the paddle, but he must, of course, feed them while on these trips, which costs some \$200 a year.

Now, if he had a large sail-boat with a steam-engine and screw to use in case of head winds, he could get along with two men beside himself. He would be engineer—he used to run an engine in Canada before he became a missionary—and two Indians would manage the sails and steer. He could also do much more work in the same time. A trip that used to take six weeks could be made in two or three. He could also save money to the mission funds in another way. The mission stations are a long way from the towns where supplies can be had, and it costs a good deal to convey provisions and supplies of different sorts. This mission boat could convey these supplies, lumber for building and the like, at very little cost.

A few weeks ago some one, I think in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, sent Mr. Crosby a sum of money—I think \$5—for a mission boat, without I believe being asked at all. Since then several other persons have given generous contributions. One gentleman in London gave \$100 for himself, and his wife gave \$25. A gentleman in Ottawa gave a complete outfit of flags worth nearly forty dollars.

Mrs. Crosby has given us a list of subscriptions amounting to \$14.29 given by sixteen children in sums of from four cents to \$5. The last was a gold piece given to little Bertie Cox of Peterboro', and he generously gave it all for the mission boat. At another place a number of little girls are sewing for a bazaar, for the same purpose.

Mr. Crosby has now got about \$1,000 for this object. He wants \$3,000 more. What a grand thing it would be if the Sunday-schools of Canada would furnish that sum! They could easily do so, if they would try, and we hope they will try. The time is now short before he goes back to his mission, and whatever is done should be done at once. We hope that many schools will take hold of the matter. The money can be sent to Mr. Crosby through the minister of the circuit, or through the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary, at Toronto, or if sent to the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS it will be acknowledged in this paper, and will be sent to him. We will venture to promise that Mr. Crosby will write for PLEASANT HOURS an account of his first trip in the mission boat, and at least once a year thereafter.

It is not yet decided what the boat shall be called. The "John Wesley" has been suggested, also "The Messenger" and some other names. But let us first get the boat and then a name will soon be found.

Apart from the benefit to be accomplished by such a boat, a great benefit

will be done to the young folk and to the Missionary Society, by their becoming interested in this mission cause, and feeling that they have a share in this glorious work.

We received the other day an order for 100 copies of *Pleasant Hours* to be sent to the Antipodes—to New South Wales, in Australia—also for the *Guardian*, and *Melthodist Magazine*. The latter goes to Japan and Bermuda, to nearly every State in the Union, and recently was sent to New Zealand, and the Island of Ceylon. The English-speaking race are to be found everywhere. We have also had orders for large quantities of the *Banner* to be sent to New Orleans, Newfoundland, and even Australia.

## CLEFT FOR ME.

ONE of the "Jubilee Singers," a student of Fisk University, was on a steamer that took fire. He had presence of mind to fix life preservers on himself and wife, but in the agony of despair, when all on board were trying to save themselves, some one dragged off from his wife the life preserver, so that she found herself helpless amid the waters. But she clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders as he swam on. After a little her strength was exhausted. "I can hold on no longer," was her cry. "Try a little longer," was her husband's agonized entreaty; and then he added, "Let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" Immediately they both began to sing, and their strains fell upon the ears of many around them, while they were thus seeking to comfort each other. One after another of the nearly exhausted swimmers was noticed raising his head above the waves and joining in the prayer,—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee," etc.

Strength seemed to come with the song, and they were able to hold out a little longer, still faintly singing. A boat was seen approaching, and they did get strength enough to keep themselves afloat till the crew lifted them on board. And thus Toplady's hymn helped to save more than one from death by sea, as it has often helped to save souls ready to perish.

## "SHUT THE TRAPS THAT CATCH US."

A FEW years ago, while riding in a manufacturing district, returning home one Sabbath evening from ministerial duties, a minister was accosted by a man who, though intoxicated, seemed resolved to enter into conversation. He admitted that his conduct was wrong, and said he was constantly forming resolutions of amendment. He was poor and unhappy at home because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath-breaker. "Many a time," he said, "I leave my house on a Sunday morning to go to a place of worship; but then the public-houses are open. I get past one or two, and



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED, OLD GREY FRIARS' CHURCH, EDINBURGH.—(See First Page.)

at the door of the third stands, perhaps, an old acquaintance. He invites me in, and then it is all over with me. I spend the money I should keep my family with, and have to work hard all the week, and to struggle, at the same time, with headache and hunger." I shall never forget his concluding words; they were spoken with the energy of great feeling. The poor fellow talked himself sober. "Sir," said he, "if the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober, they should shut up the traps that catch us."

Remember this, boys, and when you are old enough to put in your vote, always let it be against the rum-shop.

## A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

WHAT, detest the care to be spotless as a lily, sweet and fresh as lavender, a blessing to those who see her, a part of all fair and comely scenes, instead of something discordant, marring them? I refuse to believe it of any girl who reads this. Now let the Wise Blackbird drop a bit of wisdom in your ears which will take the harshness out of every disagreeable duty in life. In Dr. John Todd's "Letters to a Daughter" he wrote: "Whatever one does well she is sure to do easily," and words to the effect that what one goes at thoroughly ceases to be disagreeable. I know a girl of twenty years ago who took these words into her heart and they have made work the pleasure of her life. All the careless people who watch her cry out at the trouble she takes with everything she does; but they are very apt to say, after all is through, "You have such an easy way of turning off things and things always stay done for you." Of course they do. Thorough is the Saxon for through, and anything that is thoroughly done is through with. It is a queer paradox that if you try to do things easily, to shirk and slur them over, you will always find it hard to get along; while if you put all sorts of pains into your work and never think how easily it can be done, but how well it can be, you find it growing easier day by day.—*Wide Awake*.

## AN EASTERN FABLE.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

THE Evil One, allowed to kiss An Eastern king, a double hiss Was heard, and from each shoulder, stung By fiendish lips, a serpent sprung. The monarch strove with might and main To tear them from their hold in vain; Part of himself they now had grown, Their helpless victim all their own. With smiles the cup a friend may pass; A serpent springs from out the glass; You learn with horror, stricken dumb, Part of yourself he has become!



STREET SCENE, ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA.

SCENES IN BERMUDA.

A few people have learned that Bermuda is a pleasant summer resort, and act accordingly. There is almost invariably a good breeze from some quarter, and the nights and mornings are cool and delightful. Sunstroke is unknown. August and September are the hottest and most disagreeable months, owing to the enervating southerly winds. The mercury seldom rises above eighty-five degrees, or falls below forty, while the average is about seventy degrees.

The coloured people deserve some notice, forming, as they do, a large majority of the population. The importation of negroes from Africa ceased long before the abolition of slavery, which may account for the improved type of physiognomy one encounters here. The faces of some are fine, and many of the women are really good-looking. They are polite, about as well-dressed as anybody, attend all the churches and are members thereof, are more interested in schools than the poor whites, and a very large proportion of them can both read and write. They have their own secret and benevolent societies.

By his indifference to the superfluities of life the Bermudian gains much time, which offsets in a measure what he loses in other ways. His house is simple. He cannot understand why a man should have so many things which he would be just as well off without. The test question with him about houses, furniture, and dress is, "Will it last?" If it will, it is worth having; if it will not, somebody else may buy it, for he will not. What to him is a new-fashioned chair, which will have to be replaced in a year or two? Those in his dining-room are one hundred and fifty years old. They are chairs worth talking about.

A superficial survey may be made of Bermuda in a month. More critical observations will require six months or a year. He who has found in Nature a friend or teacher will here have abundant cause for renewing his love, or opportunity of adding to his knowledge, and will bear away a memory of its beautiful scenes which will enrich a lifetime.

Laura's Strategy.

Laura had taught her school, and now she was going to get her money—three months' wages. She had earned thirty dollars a month, and she had paid for her board in sewing and knitting—for Mrs.

Bennett had a large family, and was glad to have her do so, so she could have the whole of the ninety dollars to use as she pleased. It looked like a very large amount to her, and she planned how she was to spend it, a dozen times. "The boys want the work horses to draw in wood," Mrs. Bennett said, as she started, "so John has hitched up Banquo for you. He's gentle enough, but he's a colt, mind ye, and the best thing ye could do is to let the whip alone." No need of the whip, she thought, as the sleigh glided smoothly and swiftly along over the well-trodden road. She was quite surprised when she so soon came in sight of the house where the treasurer lived. He was at the door when she drove up. "I'll hitch your horse to ye," he said, coming down to the gate; "come after your money, I spose. I've got it in here, all ready for you. It's lucky you come now, I was just about startin' off. Got the colt, have you? Wall, I swan! he's a clipper; I didn't spose Bennett 'ud let anybody drive him. Come in, I'll sign your order and pay you right off; spose you want to see your money—pretty good little bunch of chink for a girl like you."

Laura talked with the treasurer's wife a while, then got her money and started for home. She had not gone far before a man on foot came out of a cross road just in front of her. He stepped aside and waited for her to come up. "Good afternoon, school-ma'am," he said; "would you object to letting a fellow ride a little? I'm pretty tired, and I see you've got Bennett's colt; I'd like to ride behind him once." Laura stopped the horse, and the man got into the sleigh. She did not know him, but from the way he spoke she supposed it must be some of the neighbours who knew her; probably a brother of some of her scholars—he was a young man. "I see you don't know me," he said; "I ain't strange, you see so many; I've

been around here all winter," he added, but Laura afterward remembered that he did not tell her his name. "This colt does step off well, doesn't seem tired, driven him far?" "No, only over to Mr. Smith's." "Yes, he's one of the board, I believe." "He is treasurer." "You taught in a good district. Some of them make their teachers wait for their pay, but I believe this one never does." "I think not." "Have you long to teach?" asked the man, evidently bent on being sociable.

"My school is done," said Laura, still wholly unsuspecting. "And you've been after your money," said the man with a sudden change of manner, "and I'll take it," drawing a revolver and pointing it at her head. No use trying to resist. They were passing through a lonely strip of woods, not a house near them. She was a frontier girl, with plenty of nerve. She remembered she had two pocket-books, one empty and one full.

"If you want my money, get it," she said, snatching the empty pocket-book from her pocket and throwing it as far as possible behind them into the snow. The man sprang after it. She caught the whip from its socket and laid it sharply, with all her force, the full length of Banquo's nervous back. With a mad plunge, he was off like lightning. The man opened his pocket-book and, enraged at his defeat, fired a couple of shots after her, but they did not touch her. "The colt's runnin' away with the school ma'am," shouted John, as she dashed in sight, but she guided him up to the gate in good order.

"You're plucky," said Mr. Bennett, when she told the story, and, "She's a plucky one," said everybody, when it was repeated. The man proved to be one of the neighbours' hired men. He was never again seen in that part of the country.—*Mass. Republican.*

SONNET.

[On Her Majesty's providential escape from assassination at Windsor, March 2nd, 1882.

A fiery message flashed through ocean wide  
In wrathful joy to say: a traitor's shot  
Had missed our gracious Queen and harmed  
her not.

Had missed fair Beatrice, who by her side,  
While England all aflame rose up and cried,  
To tears indignant moved, that such a blot  
Of infamy had stained a single spot  
Of English ground, and humbled so her  
pride.

The Queen of kingdoms and of womanhood,  
Example of all virtues, for the stay  
Of this lax age, and her dear country's rest.  
God saved her from the assassin's hand of  
blood,

And all the world give thanks; none more  
than they  
Who dwell in her Dominion of the west.

W. KIRBY, Niagara.

It is cruel to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

BY THE EDITOR \*

SCENES AT FORT OENROE, NIAGARA



AFTER the battle of Queenston Heights an armistice of a month followed, during which each party was gathering up its strength for the renewal of the unnatural conflict. General Smyth, who had succeeded Van Rensselaer, assembled a force five thousand strong, for the conquest of Canada. At length, before daybreak on the morning of November 28th—a cold, bleak day—a force of some five hundred men, in eighteen scows, attempted the capture of Grand Island, in the Niagara River. A considerable British force had rallied from Fort Erie and Chippewa. In silence they awaited the approach of the American flotilla. As it came within range, a ringing cheer burst forth, and a deadly volley of musketry was poured into the advancing boats, and the Americans, thrown into confusion, sought the shelter of their own shore.

In the meanwhile, General Dearborn, with an army of ten thousand men, advanced by way of Lake Champlain to the frontier of Lower Canada. The Canadians rallied en masse to repel the invasion, barricaded the roads with felled trees, and guarded every pass. On the 20th of November, before day, an attack was made by fourteen hundred of the enemy on the British out-post at Lacolle, near Lake Champlain; but the guard, keeping up a sharp fire, withdrew, and the Americans, in the darkness and confusion, fired into each other's ranks, and fell back in disastrous and headlong retreat. The discomfited general, despairing of a successful attack on Montreal, so great was the vigilance and valour of the Canadians, retired with his "Grand Army of the North" into safe winter quarters, behind the entrenchments of Plattsburg. A few ineffectual border raids and skirmishes, at different points of the extended frontier, were characteristic episodes of the war during the winter, and, indeed, throughout the entire duration of hostilities.

The patriotism and valour of the Canadians were, however, fully demonstrated. With the aid of a few regulars, the royal militia had repulsed large armies of invaders, and not only maintained the inviolable integrity of their soil, but had also conquered a considerable portion of the enemy's territory. †

The winter dragged its weary length along. Its icy hand was laid upon the warring passions of man, and, for a time, they seemed stilled. Its white banners of snow proclaimed a truce—the truce of God—through all the land. Apprehensions of a sterner conflict during the coming year filled every mind, but caused no dismay,—only a firm resolve to do and dare—to

\* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

† Condensed from Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. edition, chap. xxii.

LARGE streams from little fountains flow,  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

conquer or to die—for their firesides and their homes.

The spring came at length with strange suddenness, as it often comes in our northern land, causing a magical change in the face of nature. A green flush overspread the landscape. The skies became soft and tender, with glorious sunsets. The delicate-voiced white trilliums and May-apples took the place of the snowdrifts in the woods; and the air was fragrant and the orchards were abloom with the soft pink and white apple-blossoms.

The little town of Niagara was like a camp. The long, low barracks on the broad campus were crowded with troops, and the snowy gleams of tents dotted the greensward. The wide grass-grown streets were gay with the constant marching and counter-marching of red-coats, and the air was vocal with the shrill bugle-call or the frequent roll of drums. Drill, parade, and inspection, artillery and musket practice, filled the hours of the day. Fort George had been strengthened, victualled, and armed. That solitary fort was felt to be the key that, apparently, held possession of the south-western peninsula of Canada.

One evening, early in May, a motley group were assembled in the large mess-room of the log barracks of the fort. It was a long low room built of solid logs. The thick walls were loop-holed for musketry, and on wooden pegs, driven into the logs, the old Brown Bess muskets of the soldiers were stacked. Rude bunks were ranged along one side, like berths in a ship, for the men to sleep in. The great square, naked timbers of the low ceiling were embrowned with smoke, as was also the mantel of the huge open fire-place at the end of the room. The rudely-carved names and initials on the wall betrayed the labours of an idle hour. Around the ample hearth, during the long winter nights, the war-scarred veterans beguiled the tedium of a soldier's life with stories of battle, siege, and sortie, under Moore and Wellington, in the Peninsular wars; and one or two grizzled old war-dogs had tales to tell of "Hairbreath 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach."

of exploits done in their youth during Arnold's siege of Quebec, or at Brandywine and Germantown.

Now the faint light of the tallow candles, in tin scones, gleams on the scarlet uniforms and green facings of the 49th regiment, on the tartan plaid of the Highland clansman, on the frieze coat and polished musket of the Canadian militiaman, and on the red-skin and hideous war-paint of the Indian scout, quartered for the night in the barracks. In one corner is heard the crooning of the Scottish pipes, where old Allan Macpherson is playing softly the sad, sweet airs of "Annie Laurie," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Bonnie Doon," while something like a tear glistens in his eye as he thinks of the sweet "banks and braes" of the tender song. Presently he is interrupted by a sturdy 49th man, who trolls a merry marching song, the refrain of which is caught up by his comrades:

"Some talk of Alexander, some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lyssador, and such great  
names as these;  
But of all the world's great heroes  
There are none that can compare,  
With a row-row-row-row-row-row,  
To the British Grenadiers!"

In another corner old Jones Evans, now a sergeant of militia, was quietly reading his well-thumbed Bible, while others around him were shuffling a greasy pack of cards, and filling the air with reeking tobacco-smoke and strange soldiers' oaths. When a temporary lull in the somewhat tumultuous variety of noises occurred, he lifted his stentorian voice in a stirring Methodist hymn:

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His eternal Son.  
Stand then against your foes,  
In close and firm array:  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day."

The old man sang with a martial vigour as though he were charging the "legions of fiends" at the point of the bayonet. In a shrewd, plain, common-sense manner, he then earnestly exhorted his comrades-in-arms to be on their guard against the opposing fiends who especially assailed a soldier's life. "Above all," he said, "beware of the drink fiend—the worst enemy King George has got. He kills more of the King's troops than all his other foes together." Then, with a yearning tenderness in his voice, he exhorted them to "ground the weapons of their rebellion and enlist in the service of King Jesus, the great Captain of their salvation, who would lead them to victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and at last make them kings and priests forever in His everlasting kingdom in the skies."

Those rude, reckless, and, some of them, violent and wicked men, fascinated by the intense earnestness of the Methodist local-preacher, listened with quiet attention. Even the Indian scout seemed to have some appreciation of his meaning, and muttered assent between the whiffs of tobacco-smoke from his carved-stone, feather-decked pipe. The moral elevation which Christian-living and Bible-reading will always give, commanded their respect, and the dauntless daring of the old man—for they knew that he was a very lion in the fight, and as cool under fire as at the mess-table—challenged the admiration of their soldier hearts.

Once a drinking, swearing bigot constituted himself a champion of the Church established by law, and complained to the commanding major that "the Methody preacher took the work out of the hands of their own chaplain,"—an easy-going parson, who much preferred dining with the officers' mess to visiting the soldiers' barracks.

"If he preaches as well as he fights, he can beat the chaplain," said the major. "Let him fire away all he likes, the parson won't complain; and some of you fellows would be none the worse for converting, as he calls it. If you were to take a leaf out of his book yourself, Tony, and not be locked up in the guard-house so often, it would be better for you!"

With the tables thus deftly turned upon him, poor Antony Double-gill, as he was nick-named, because he so often contrived to get twice the regulation allowance of "grog," retired discomfited from the field.

While the group in the mess-room were preparing to turn into their sleeping-bunks, the sharp challenge of the sentry, pacing the ramparts without, was heard. The report of his musket and, in a few moments, the im-

shrill notes of the bugle sounding the "turn out," created an alarm. The men snatched their guns and side-arms, and were soon drawn up in company on the quadrangle of the fort. The clang of the chains of the sally-port rattled, the draw-bridge fell, the heavy iron-studded gates swung back, and three prisoners were brought in who were expostulating warmly with the guard, and demanding to be led to the officer for the night. When they were brought to the light which poured from the open door of the guard-room, it was discovered with surprise that two of the prisoners wore the familiar red and green of the 49th regiment, and that the third was in officer's uniform. But their attire was so torn, burnt, and blackened with powder, and draggled and soaked with water, that the guard got a good deal of chaffing from their comrades for their capture.

"This is treating us worse than the enemy," said one of the soldiers, "and that was bad enough."

The adjutant now appeared upon the scene to inquire into the cause of the disturbance.

"I have the honour to bear despatches from General Sheaffe," said the young officer; when the adjutant promptly requested him to proceed to his quarters, and sent the others to the mess-room, with orders for their generous refreshment.

There their comrades gathered around them, eagerly inquiring the nature of the disaster, which, from the words that they had heard, they inferred had befallen the left wing of the regiment, quartered at the town of York, (Toronto.) In a few brief words they learned with dismay that the capital of the country was captured by the enemy, that the public buildings and the shipping were burned, that the fort was blown up, and that a heavy loss had befallen both sides.

While the men dried their water-soaked clothes before a fire kindled on the hearth, and ate as though they had been starved; they were subject to a cross-fire of eager questions from every side, which they answered as best they could, while busy plying knife and fork, and "re-victalling the garrison," the corporal said, "as though they were expecting a forty days' siege."

"And siege you may have, soon enough," said Sergeant Shenston, the elder of the two men. "Chauncey and Dearborn will drop down on you before the week's out."

#### THE PROGRESS OF CANADA AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

A PAPER on this subject was read on the 14th inst., at the Grosvenor Gallery, before the Royal Colonial Institute, by Lieut.-Col. T. H. Grant, the Duke of Manchester, in the chair. The reader, after commenting on the rapidity and solidity of the progress achieved by Canada during the last half-century, went on to defend the protectionist policy of the Dominion. He contended that Free Trade was unsuited to the country, as enabling the United States to flood it with surplus stock, ruining manufacturers, closing factories, and driving people out of the country. The Protectionist tariff was not directed, as was sometimes said, against the mother country, and while the imports from the United States had decreased 12 per cent, the im-

ports from Great Britain had increased 20 per cent. The most important enterprise undertaken by the Government was the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a work of incalculable value. It would serve to bring the commerce of the East nearer to the seat of authority in the West, and would enable England to protect more efficiently her interests in China, Japan, and India. This had been recognized by the great American statesman, Mr. Seward, who admitted that with such a line British America would assume a controlling rank in the world, and that the United States would vainly attempt to dispute with her the possession of the commerce of Asia, and the influence that possession confers. The line, which would, it was expected, be completed in five years, would open up the Great North-West territory, with 200,000,000 acres of fertile land and a climate as fine as any in the world. The labouring classes were those who would, of course, derive the greatest immediate benefit from emigration, and it was essential that emigrants of the upper and middle classes should have, if they were to succeed, special training for a colonial career, if not of a professional or technical character, at any rate such as to inculcate habits of self-denial and manly independence of character.

#### THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.\*

AYE, give her Empire! for she sits enthroned  
On the firm basis of her people's love;  
Our glorious Monarch! with rare virtues crowned,  
Victoria, Queen, anointed from above!

The setting sun casts no departing rays  
On her dominions wide, from shore to shore;  
And they will bask in his meridian blaze,  
Till the firm fiat,—"Time shall be no more!"

"Eastward the star of Empire takes its way,  
With pomp and pageantry, to Delhi's gate;  
Rulers and Chieftians, subject to her sway,  
Gather in regal, Oriental state.

Let the famed jewels bright of India's land  
Flash out their smiling welcome on the scene;  
And all the lands, girt by her "coral strand,"  
Hail to their Empress! our own gracious Queen!

And let the trumpet notes sound loud and long,  
And deep reverberate o'er hill and dale;  
Let Britain bring her offerings of song,—  
Australia's distant lands take up the tale.

See! England's royal standard is unfurled,  
The "Star of India" lights the gorgeous scene;  
One hundred guns proclaim to all the world  
Victoria,—Empress! may "God save the Queen!"

The proclamation's read, the thousands cheer,  
The Empress-crown shines radiant on her brow;  
And all within her Empire, far and near,  
In loyal fealty to her sceptre bow.

Another crown awaits Victoria's brow,  
When her bright reign is closed in righteousness;  
And, with the hosts redeemed, she'll cast it low,  
Before the exalted Jesus, Prince of Peace!

\*A copy of these verses was sent to the Queen and Empress of India and graciously accepted by Her Majesty, who sent a letter of thanks to the authoress.

LUCRETIA A. DESBRISAY.

CHRIST TEACHETH BY PARABLES.

BY DR. FREESE.

By the sea-side Christ sat, with the multitude 'round,  
All list'ning intently, to catch the least sound,  
When spake He in parables truths that must live  
So long as to man, God reason shall give;  
The parables all were from God's open book,  
Which they, and we all, may see if we look,  
And now we'll repeat them, with moral as given,  
With hope that they'll lead many souls up to heaven.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Read Matt. 13 3-23.

Behold a sower went forth to sow,  
And sow he did full well,  
But the wind meanwhile commenced to blow,  
And some by the wayside fell,  
When fowls came along and devoured it all—  
Not a seed was left of all that did fall.  
The meaning of which is thus explained,  
As ye may know who will—  
The seed, thus sown, by Satan is gained,  
Who watcheth all sowers still;  
And no sooner doth seed by the way-side fall,  
Than he is ready to gather it all.

Some fell upon stony places, where  
No depth of earth was found—  
It sprouted up quick to reach the air.  
And almost leaped from the ground;  
But when sun was up to the noon of day,  
It shrank, and shrivelled, and withered away;  
This is the one who heareth the word,  
And shouts anon with joy,  
But hath no root in the living God—  
Whom merest trifles annoy;  
Who, when tribulations come on apace,  
Are soon offended and leave God's grace.

Some of the seeds among thorns fell,  
When thorns sprang up apace,  
And choked what else would have done well,  
And took of seed the place;  
So he that gladly hears God's word,  
But whom cares maketh deaf,  
Whom wealth unfruitful makes to God,  
Who loveth but little hath.

But other seed fell on good ground,  
And fruit abundant brought—  
Some hundred, sixty, thirty fold,  
The owner found when sought;  
So he that hears and understands,  
Nor stops not here, but does—  
All such bring fruit to Maker's hands—  
Their barn so full, o'erflows

And shall not we be one of these  
Whose barn of love o'erflows?  
Who seek, and plan, and work to please  
Him whom our heart best knows!  
Or shall we sow of wayside seed,  
On stony, thorny ground,  
Which may our vanity here feed,  
But not in heaven be found?

Oh, grand, dear Saviour, that our heart  
Like best of ground may be:  
Help us with every sin to part,  
And cleave but unto Thee;  
And when, at last, we're gathered up,  
As reaper gathers grain,  
May we on heavenly manna sup,  
When we a heaven shall gain.

FREDDY, sitting by an open window one evening, was earnestly gazing at the stars, when he suddenly asked, pointing up at them, "What are they, mamma?" Mamma, being very busy, only answered, "They are God's lamps, darling." With another look, practical Freddy remarked, "Takes lots of matches."

CLIMBING THE HILL.

BY REV. JOHN KAY.

"I had a dream that was not all a dream."  
J.



It was on a beautiful morning in the spring of the year as I lay, for a few minutes after the angel of sleep had folded her wings and was hovering around the couch of slumber before taking her flight for the day, that my thoughts, half waking and more than half dreaming, began to contemplate John Bunyan's Hill of Difficulty. In my dream I thought this hill was very high, having a broad base like a very large mountain. At the top there appeared a large level plain, crowned with golden sunlight. I noticed that, while at the foot of the hill it frequently grew dark, at the top there was perpetual day. I thought that it was generally understood that unalloyed happiness was there, and the only way to attain it was by climbing that hill.

I saw a great many people moving to and fro at the foot of the hill, and their faces were all set as if they would gladly face the difficulties, if they could but attain that happiness, for every one seemed possessed of a desire for it.

I noticed young and old engaged in climbing the hill; and if the young readers of PLEASANT HOURS will give me their attention I will tell them what I saw in my dream.

First, I saw a young man and young woman climbing this hill, and they thought they would like an easy and pleasant way up, so they went by the way which is commonly called Dancers Lane, and they soon found themselves brought to a standstill by a sudden termination of the road, and they were nearly killed running against Headache Rocks and stumbling over some loose rolling stones of remorse, and were at one time threatened with sudden death.

I looked again and saw some young men running swiftly around Gamblers' Curve, in a by-path which led partly up the hill. For a time I heard their merry laughter and could easily distinguish the rattle of the billiard balls, and the throwing of the dice, but soon this was still, and I heard they were overtaken by a shower of falling rocks and found a hapless and a hopeless end.

In going on only a short way, I saw some people young and old clambering up Guzzlers' Hill. They seemed like people intoxicated, and talked like fools. In the course of their conversation I heard the leader, who had undertaken to guide them along this way for a large sum of money, talking in a slanderous way about the Christian religion and the Bible. He read frequently from infamous infidel pamphlets, and the climbers ha, ha'd and clapped their hands and seemed in great glee. But in a short time I saw several of these go to an untimely grave, one was stabbed to the heart in a drunken quarrel, one was cut to pieces by a large saw, another slept the sleep of death from opium taken while drunk, and yet another was

found dying by the roadside after a bacchanalian row, and the leader filled the ranks from the young who were enticed to go up by the way of this hill, and he laughed and held his head high and put the money in his pocket, and reviled the God of the Bible. I thought, at first, they made some head way, but after awhile, upon looking closer, I observed that they were making no progress, but only wandering from mound to mound in a broad dangerous part of the mountain's side, and I left them to go on to ruin, and went to the bottom of the hill, toward the young at the beginning of the way.

In passing to another side of the hill, I noticed a place called Idlers' Green, and this was filled with people both men and women, and they were standing around doing nothing, neither trying to get up themselves nor to help any one else up. Indeed, they cried in a very mean way after those who were trying, and did all they could to discourage them. They were dressed in rags and looked as if they did not get half enough to eat. They said, "We can't try, the way is so steep." They were about as sorry a looking lot of dirty woo-begone creatures as eye could look upon. They begged for bread rather than work for it, and drank whiskey, and swore fearfully. For a time I tried to persuade them to a better way, and a few took my advice, but the most of them remained still where they were. Some of them sickened and grew weak, and the wolves of disease and passion devoured them.

Now, in my dream, I looked for some safe path up the hill, and as I came round to the western side I saw some young men drinking from a limpid stream which gurgled in melody and sparkled in beauty as it ran from under a great rock. This was the stream, of Truth and when they had partaken of this water they looked more beautiful than before. Their voices were sweet and clear, and their faces were the very picture of health. They had a good time talking and singing together, but I noticed, after a while, that some of them began to be proud of their beauty, and others were wealthy and they were proud of that, and a few others became proud of their learning, and instead of climbing they sought quiet arbors and shady glens, where they could have a good time, and business soon gave place to pleasure and they were absorbed in self-seeking and self-pleasing, and, although they made a good general appearance, they made no progress towards the top of the hill.

It was all aglow in the beautiful sunshine but they reached not after it. I saw, for my dream seemed to take in many years, that these young and beautiful men grew old and they grew hard and worldly. I counted several millionaires among them. Others became statesmen, and, for this life, had done well, but in the search for real happiness they were not much further up the hillside than when I first saw them. I noticed one or two of them die. There was no Bible in their hands, but a few works on philosophy and political economy, and some had charts and maps of new territory, and rising towns, and corner lots; and there were a few fine-looking men walking to and fro, but it was so cold and dark. Oh, how damp and chilly! It was enough to freeze the blood in

my veins, for the cold overhanging rocks shut out the sunlight and the heat, and I turned from them. I must tell the rest of my dream in the next paper.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

- I. CHARADE.—Robin Hood.
- II. CROSS-WORD.—Usufruct.
- III. ENIGMA.—Richard the Lion hearted.

IV. SQUARE—

C O V E R  
O L I V E  
V I N E S  
K Y E N T  
R E S T S

NEW PUZZLES.

I. CHARADE.

When far away from friends and home,  
'Midst scenes and faces new;  
My first to mind will often come,  
Bringing the past again to view

My next, a very little word,  
In meaning, not as much as little,  
Of it no doubt you've often heard  
Three fourths of it you'll find in spittle.

My whole we all have been  
At one time or another;  
And though its state embraced no sin,  
It oft has caused us all much bother

II. HIDDEN FIGURES.

- 1. Get ten cheap spelling books.
- 2. Hush, a dear soul is passing away!
- 3. Tell Helen her ring has been found.
- 4. Drive a long spike through the post.

III. WORD-SQUARE.

My first, some of us have had in court,  
Others find it at home:  
My second often comes to nought,  
And also means to aid some one;  
My third is often owned  
By people of high and low degree;  
And if my fourth is rightly shown,  
A maiden's name you'll see.

IV. CAPITATION.

- 1. Behead a trick and leave to consume.
- 2. Behead a loud noise and leave an instrument for rowing.
- 3. Behead a plant, and leave an animal.
- 4. Behead a limit, and leave a color.

WHAT A BOY DID.

NUMBER of years ago when Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, two famous English writers, visited Ireland, a bright boy offered to be their guide. Returning home, Mr. Hall took a flask from his pocket and offered some whiskey to the lad. As he refused, Mr. Hall, to test him, offered him a shilling, then half a crown, and at last a pound, but the boy, though his jacket was ragged, remained firm, and, pulling a temperance medal from his pocket, said: "For all the money your honour is worth I would not break my pledge." The medal had been given him by a father on his dying bed, who used to be a drunkard, but had become a sober man through the total-abstinence movement. Mr. Hall threw the flask into the lake beside which they stood, and both were ever after devoted teetotalers, working with voice and pen. The firmness of a boy brought two noble workers into the ranks.



## SIR GALAHAD.

THROUGH the world went Galahad,  
Over hill and dale,  
Seeking ever day by day  
For the holy Grail.

Thus he prayed: "Oh, Lord, I go  
Forth with pure intent,  
Show me that for which I seek,  
Make me, Lord, content."

As he spake he onward passed,  
O'er a lonely moor,  
And a man he there espied,  
Aged, sick, and poor.

Then the stranger raised his head,  
Thus to him he spake:  
"Good Sir Knight, now help me  
For thy Master's sake,

For my home is far away,  
If you pass me by,  
Here upon the cold damp ground  
I must surely die."

Galahad a moment paused.  
Must he turn aside?  
But a moment, then he leaped  
From his steed, and cried,

"Mount thou here, and I will lead  
Thee upon thy way,  
Show the road, and thou shalt see  
Home ere close of day."

Galahad walked on and on,  
Through the noon-tide heat;  
Ere the even came, full sore  
Were his weary feet.

Yet he paused not till he saw  
Near, the cottage door,  
Then he helped him to dismount,  
Gently as before.

And as thanks and blessings poured  
On his noble head,  
"Pray for me is all I ask,"  
Low the good knight said.

Then he turned and went away,  
Wearied sore was he,  
And he laid him down to rest  
'Neath the greenwood tree.

Suddenly before his eyes  
Gleamed a glory bright,  
He could scarcely look upon  
Such a dazzling light.

As its rays flashed back again  
From his coat of mail,  
Galahad sprang up and cried,  
"Tis the holy Grail!"

Then he paused, he knew not whence  
Came the gentle voice,  
"Galahad, thou hast thy wish,  
See it and rejoice.

"Know if thou hadst turned from him  
Who for aid did pray,  
Thou hadst never seen the sight  
Which thou dost to-day.

"Thou hast played a noble part,  
Thou hast followed Me;  
Be as pure as now thou art,  
God thy friend shall be."

"NO."

WOULD ye learn the bravest thing  
That man can ever do?  
Would ye be an uncrowned king,  
Absolute and true?  
Would ye seek to emulate  
All we learn in story  
Of the moral, just, and great,  
Rich in real glory?  
Would ye lose much bitter care  
In your lot below?  
Bravely speak out when and where  
'Tis right to utter "No,"  
For be sure our hearts would lose  
Future years of woe,  
If our courage could refuse  
The present hour with "No."

## A MERCIFUL DOG.

AN Edinburgh paper has a story of a poor dog that, in order to make sport for some merciless beings in the shape of men, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels. On reaching the village of Galt he was utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of a tavern, eyeing most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step farther to rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch collie, came up at the same time, and seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself gently down beside him, and, gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and, with about a quarter of an hour's exertion severed the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging to the string in his mouth; and, after a few joyful capers around his friend, took leave of him in the highest glee at his success. What a lesson to man to show mercy! And what a rebuke, from the lower animals, to the more highly endowed "lords of creation."

"Come back, come back, my childhood;  
Thou art summoned by a spell  
From the green leaves of the wildwood,  
From beside the charmed well."  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON VIII. [May 21-  
SEEKING AND CONFESSING THE CHRIST.

Mark 8. 22-33. Commit to memory v. 27-29.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Matt. 16. 16.

## OUTLINE.

1. Partial Sight, v. 22-24.
2. Perfect Sight, v. 25, 28.
3. A Confession, v. 27-30.
4. A Prediction, v. 31-33.

TIME.—A. D. 28, immediately following the events of the last lesson.

PLACES.—Bethsaida and Caesarea Philippi. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—With v. 27-33. Matt. 16. 13-23; Luke 9. 18-20.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Besought him*—Probably desiring to see the miracle wrought. *Led him out*—Not willing to gratify more curiosity, but willing to heal the man. *Spit on his eyes*—Perhaps in order to make it more evident that the healing power came from himself. *Men as trees*—That is, dimly, as if men and trees were looking alike. *Put his hands again*—Christ never leaves his work incomplete. *Sent him away*—Not wishing to gratify curiosity, nor to draw a crowd; since he had finished his ministry in that part of the country. *Towns of Caesarea Philippi*—The little villages around it, near the foot of Mount Hermon. *Whom do men say*—He wished to know men's views, so that he might give them the true view of himself. *Peter answered*—First of men to make this full and bold confession. *The Christ*—That is, the Messiah expected as the deliverer of the people. *Tell no man*—Since the people were not then ready to receive this truth, which being misunderstood might lead to riot and strife. *Suffer many things*—From this time he kept his death and resurrection constantly before the disciples. *Peter . . . began to rebuke*—Not willing to have a Christ of suffering and shame, but looking for a king. *Rebuked Peter*—Who then persecuted again the temptation of Satan, for Jesus to give up his plan of salvation by the cross, and to assume a crown by his own power. *Not the things . . . of God*—God's purpose to save men by Jesus' death. *Of men*—Peter's desire was for an earthly king.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Wherein does this lesson teach—  
1. That Christ does a thorough work?

2. That Christ expects a bold confession?
3. That Christ is opposed to the worldly spirit?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus ask the disciples while he was near Caesarea Philippi? "Whom do men say that I am?" 2. Whom did the people think Jesus to be? One of the prophets. 3. Whom did Peter say that Jesus was? The Christ. 4. What did Christ command the disciples concerning this truth? Not to tell it. 5. What did Jesus then foretell to his disciples? His sufferings, death, and resurrection.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Messiahship of Jesus.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

39. What were the laws which God gave the Israelites when he chose them for his own people?

When God chose the Israelites as his own people, he gave them some general laws, that related to their behaviour as men, some special rules relating to their religion as a church, and others about their government as a nation.

A. D. 28.] LESSON IX. [May 28.

## FOLLOWING CHRIST.

Mark 8. 34-38. and 9. 1. Commit to memory v. 34-37.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. v. 34.

## OUTLINE.

1. Self-denial, v. 34.
2. Salvation, v. 35-38; 9. 1.

TIME.—A. D. 28, on the same day with the close of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Caesarea Philippi. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 16. 24-28; Luke, 9. 23-27.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Called the people*—So that all might know the importance of what he was saying. *Come after me*—As a professed disciple of Jesus Christ. *Deny himself*—Refuse to follow his own desires where they are opposed by the commands of Christ; submitting his own will to the will of the Lord. *Take up his cross*—Acknowledging himself openly as a Christian. *Follow me*—Leading a life like that of Jesus; having the example and character of Christ as a pattern. *Save his life . . . lose it*—That is, he who prefers his own safety and enjoyment to the service of Christ, and counts his life here of more value than his soul, may save his life here, but will lose it hereafter. *Lose . . . for my sake*—He who follows Christ, even to death. *Shall save it*—Shall be saved hereafter in God's heavenly kingdom. *Gain the whole world*—Even the whole world would not pay for the loss of life. *Lose his own soul*—Probably this should be "lose his own life," for the highest life is the life of the soul, rather than the body. *Ashamed of me*—Unwilling to confess himself a follower of Christ. *When he cometh*—At the end of the world, to receive his own into his kingdom. *Some . . . stand here*—Some of the disciples—John, and perhaps others. *Not taste of death*—Not die. *Seen the kingdom . . . come with power*—The time when the Jewish State should be destroyed, and the Church of Christ established throughout the world.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we here taught—  
1. That we should follow Christ?  
2. That we should deny ourselves?  
3. That we should own Christ?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say, are the duties of every one who desires to follow him? Self-denial and bearing the cross. 2. What shall become of him who loses his life for the Gospel? He shall save it. 3. What did Jesus say concerning those who are ashamed to own him here? He will be ashamed of them hereafter. 4. What did he say that some of his disciples should live to see? His kingdom come with power.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ's second coming.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

40. What were the general laws which related to their behaviour as men?

The general laws which God gave to the children of Israel relating to their behaviour as men, were those which are commonly called moral, and which belong to all mankind; these are chiefly contained in the Ten Commandments.

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