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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

No. 6.

THE MASTER.

“**I**NTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind
to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind
to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods he came.
“Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would
woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew
Him last:
‘Twas on a tree they slew Him—
last
When out of the woods He came.”

CONQUER thyself. Till thou hast
done that, thou art a slave; for it is
almost as well to be in subjection to
another's appetite as thy own.—*Burton.*

WHEN you are reading a book in a
dark room, and come to a difficult part,
you take it to a window to get more
light. So take your Bible to Christ.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

(Sunday School Reading Union.)

SILAS TOLD, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—To illustrate Lesson for November 13. Lev. 23: 35-44.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

THE Feast of Tabernacles was at once a thanksgiving for the harvest, and a memorial of the time when the Israelites dwelt in tents in the wilderness. It was held in the fall of the year, after the fruits were gathered, from the 15th to the 22nd of the month Tisri, or the beginning of October. It began with “an holy convocation” or assembly of the people for worship, and ended on the eighth day with a similar meeting. During this week many sacrifices were offered, more than at any other time in the year, to express the thanks of the nation to God for his mercies; and for the same period the people left their homes, and lived in booths or huts made from boughs of trees. After the settlement in Palestine these booths were placed on the roofs, in the court-yards, and in the streets. Also, the people carried in their hands, with songs of rejoicing, the fruits and branches of trees, as of the palm, and the willow. When the feast of tabernacles fell on a Sabbatical year, (that is, one year in seven when the ground was left uncultivated by divine command,) portions of the law were read in public, before great assemblies of the people. In after years many additional services were held, such as the pouring out of water from the spring of Siloam, near Jerusalem, and the lighting of lamps in the city. In all the rest of the year there was no such period of universal rejoicing as during the feast of tabernacles.

A LITTLE child was eating her breakfast with a spoon, and the sun shone in upon her little mess of broth. As she lifted a spoonful to her mouth, she said, “Mother, what do you think?—I have eaten a spoonful of sunshine.”

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

THE life of Silas Told was one of extraordinary vicissitude. He has left the record of his remarkable adventures, written with a vividness of detail that De-foe might have envied. He was born in the ancient seaport of Bristol, in the year 1711. Both his father and grandfather were eminent physicians and landed gentlemen. But, through misfortune and ill advised speculation, the family, on the father's death, was reduced almost to poverty. Silas received a meagre education at a charity hospital, endowed by a wealthy East India merchant. Here, even in boyhood, he was the subject of deep convictions of sin and of subsequent religious enjoyment. While swimming with some school companions he was well-nigh drowned, and, with difficulty, was brought back to life, to pass through tribulations which, as he said, “seemed like a sea of blood and fire.”

In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a West India sea captain. In the hard school of the ship's fore-castle, he received such barbarous treatment that he thought he should have broken his heart with grief. But the orphan cabin boy, alone in the wido world, had no friend to whom he could apply for redress. On the Spanish Main the crew were several weeks on the short allowance of a single biscuit and half a pint of foul water a day. At Kingston, Jamaica, they were overtaken by a hurricane, and of seventy-six sail in the harbour only one escaped destruction.

For miles along the shore the drowned seamen were cast up by the waves and devoured by the vultures. The poor lad was abandoned, ill of fever, in the port of Kingston, without money for friends, and lay down to die on a dunghill. Here he “pondered much upon Job's case, considering his own condition similar to his.” Rescued from death by a London captain, he returned to England, and was soon shipped with a Guinea slaver, bound for the coast of Africa and the West Indies. A greater villain than his new master, he writes, he firmly believed never existed. From

the negro savages he received more kindness than from his own countrymen. The appalling cruelties of that floating hell, a slave ship, were never more vividly described. Battered down under the hatches, half the human cargo were suffocated in a single night. Driven to frenzy by outrage and wrong, the slaves rose in mutiny. Overpowered by their tyrants, many plunged overboard and were drowned. Bloodshed and murder raged unrestrained. "The mariners," says Told, "seemed greedy of eternal death and damnation." The unhappy boy, amid these vile companionships, plunged recklessly into sin; yet, through the mercy of God, his terrified conscience was never without fear of death, hell, and the judgment.

The outrages and wrongs wreaked upon the hapless slaves in Jamaica were too revolting to be described. By an awful and inevitable retribution, such wickedness degraded masters as well as slaves; and in his many sojourns on the island Told never met a single person having the fear of God, or even the form of godliness.

With a sailor like vein of superstition, he tells us that, on the home voyage, the captain being sick, a hideous devil-fish followed the ship for eighteen hundred miles, and on the captain's death disappeared, and was seen no more.

During a later voyage the vessel in which Told sailed was captured by Spanish pirates, and the crew were informed that "every one of them should be hanged, and that without ceremony." The prize, with its crew, made its escape, however, but only to be wrecked upon a rocky shore. The crew were rescued by a New England vessel, but were again wrecked on Martha's Vineyard. Reaching the mainland, they set out for Boston, but were arrested for travelling on Sunday.

After several other voyages, in one of which, through stress of weather, the ship's company could dress no food nor change their wet clothing for six weeks, the whole crew were pressed for the royal navy. The commander of the ship to which Told was assigned, in striking exception to many of his class of that age, was a devout Christian, and used constantly to visit the ship's invalids on his knees at their bedsides. The story of Told's short sailor-courtship and marriage is recorded in four lines. He now joined the royal fleet of twenty-four ships of the line, which soon sailed to Lisbon to protect the Brazil fleet from the Spaniards. They lay at anchor in the Tagus ten months, and then returned to Chatham, which movement occupied another month. Those were the leisurely times before the days of steam and telegraphs. Told was now paid off, and, disgusted with the hardships and wickedness of a life before the mast, he never went to sea again.

"Being now married, and desirous of living a regular life," as he says, "he habituated himself to church-going," but, finding churchmen living as others, he hastily concluded that religion was a mere sham. He obtained the position of a schoolmaster on the magnificent salary of £14 a year. The curate of the parish frequently decoyed Told to his lodgings to join him in smoking, drinking, and singing songs, so that often the ex-sailor could scarcely find his way home. As Told once quoted a text of Scripture, the parson exclaimed, "Are you such a blockhead as to believe that

stuff? It is nothing but a pack of lies." Such clerical influence and example did not deepen his conviction of the reality of religion.

He shortly after found employment with a builder in London. One day a young bricklayer asked him some question on business. He answered roughly, which treatment the young man received with much meekness. "This," says Told, "struck me with surprise." That young man, by his meek silence, had preached an eloquent sermon, which led to Told's conversion, and, through him, to the conversion of multitudes of others.

His new acquaintance introduced him among "the people called Methodists." Told tried to stifle his convictions by cursing and swearing at his young friend, who had been so largely the cause of them; but he bore it all with unwearied patience, without returning one evil look or word. "His countenance," says Told, "appeared full of holy grief, which greatly condemned me."

Told was at length induced to go to early Methodist service at "the Foundery." He found it a ruinous old place which the Government had used for casting cannon. It had been abandoned, and was much dilapidated. Above the smoke-begrimed rafters was seen the tile roof-covering. A few rough deal boards were put together to form a temporary pulpit. Such was the rude cradle of that wondrous child of Providence called Methodism.

Exactly at five o'clock a whisper ran through the large congregation that had assembled, "Here he comes, here he comes!" Told expected to see "some farmer's son, who, not able to support himself, was making a penny in this low manner." Instead of this, he beheld a learned clergyman of the Established Church arrayed in gown and bands. The singing he much enjoyed, but the extempore prayer savoured rather of dissent for Told's sturdy Churchmanship. Wesley's text was, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you." The words sank into the heart of the long-storm-tossed sailor, weary with bearing its load of sorrow and sin. "As long as I live I will never leave this man," he exclaimed with a characteristic, generous impulse. He was soon met by persecution. "What Told, are you a Whitefieldite?" jeered his boon companions. "As sure as you are born, if you follow them you are damned," admonished those zealous enemies of Methodism. His wife, also, although, he says, "a worthy, honest woman," swore at him, and said, "I hope you have not been among the Methodists. I'll sacrifice my soul rather than you shall go among those miscreants." Thus was the despised sect everywhere spoken against. His firmness and affection, however, overcame her opposition.

Told was soon requested by Mr. Wesley to undertake the teaching of the charity children at the Foundery school, at the salary of ten shillings a week. At this work he continued for seven years, having the children under his care from five in the morning till five in the evening, both winter and summer. During this time he "educated two hundred and seventy-five boys, most of whom were fit for any trade."

One morning as Told, with his scholars, attended the five o'clock sermon, Mr. Wesley preached from

the words, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." The generous-hearted sailor was conscience-stricken at his neglect of what was now revealed as a manifest duty, and was "filled with horror of mind beyond expression." Learning that ten malefactors were lying in Newgate under sentence of death, he committed his school, without an hour's delay, to the care of an usher, and hastened to the prison.

Silas Told had at length found his vocation. For five and thirty years he continued to burrow in the dungeons of London and the neighbouring towns—often literally to burrow, for many of them were underground—carrying the light and liberty of the Gospel to their dark cells, and to the still darker hearts of their inmates. The unvarnished story of his experiences abounds in incidents of the most thrilling and often harrowing interest.

He was often locked up with the felons all night before their execution. He sat beside them as they rode to the gallows in the death-cart, with the halter on their necks, sharing with them the jibes and jeers, and sometimes the missiles, of the inhuman mob who gloated on their misery. He prayed with them and exhorted and comforted them as they stood on the brink of eternity. He begged or purchased their bodies for burial, and often succoured their wretched and suffering families. He led many to repentance and forgiveness of sins. Hardened criminals broke down under his loving exhortations; and turnkeys, sheriffs, and hangmen wept as they listened to his prayers. Friendless and degraded outcasts clung to him for sympathy and counsel, and through the manifestation of human love and pity caught a glimpse of the infinite love and pity of Him who died as a malefactor to save the malefactors. Through his influence the felon's cell became to many the ante-chamber of heaven; and to those that sat in darkness and affliction and terror, light and joy and gladness sprang up. The ribald oaths and obscene riot of the British jails—then the vilest in Europe, save those of the Inquisition—often gave place to the singing of Christian hymns and the voice of prayer and praise.

At one time Told had a Methodist society of thirty members, and at another, of thirty-six members, among the poor debtors of Newgate. The chief opposition to this Christ-like work came from the "ordinaries" or chaplains, whose hireling and heartless service was put to shame by the intense and loving zeal of this voluntary evangelist. But he burst through every obstacle, and, "in the name of God, would take no denial."

The appalling condition of that prison-world, with which he became so familiar, makes one recoil with horror. The dungeons reeked with squalor and wretchedness and filth. Honest debtors were confined, sometimes for years, in odious cells; and, as a favour, were permitted, caged like wild beasts, to solicit the precarious charity of passers-by. Men and women were dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, and hanged by the score, for forgery, for larceny, for petty theft.

Told records the tragic circumstance of a poor man who was hanged for stealing sixpence to buy bread for his starving wife and babes. Their parting in the prison was a harrowing scene. Told collected from a poor Methodist

congregation a sum of money for the destitute widow.

Sometimes a rescue of the culprit was attempted by his friends. A volley of stones would assail the sheriff's posse, and a rush would be made toward the gallows. Then the ghastly proceeding would be hurried through with the most indecent despatch and confusion.

Yet the frequency of this awful spectacle did not diminish crime. On the contrary, it flourished, seemingly unrestrained, beneath the very gallows. Familiarity with scenes of violence created a recklessness of human life and propensity to bloodshed. Often the confederates of the felon surrounded the gibbet and exhorted the partner of their guilt "to die game," as the phrase was.

Sometimes Told had the great joy of conveying a reprieve to the condemned. After a convivial election dinner, three young sprigs of nobility, half crazed with drink, diverted themselves by playing highwaymen and robbing a farmer. One of them, an officer on one of the King's ships, was betrothed to Lady Betty Hamilton, the daughter of an ancient ducal house. The lady importuned the King upon her knees for the life of her lover. "Madam," said His Majesty, "there is no end to your importunity. I will spare his life upon condition that he be not acquainted therewith till he arrives at the place of execution." The condemned man fainted with joy when the reprieve was communicated to him; "but when I saw him put into a coach," says Told, "and perceived that Lady Betty Hamilton was seated therein, in order to receive him, my fear was at an end."

Such was some of the checkered scenes in which this humble hero bore a prominent part. He was not only a remarkable trophy of divine grace, but an example of the power of Methodism to use lowly and unlettered men in evangelistic and philanthropic work. And what was the inspiration of this unwearying zeal? It was the entire consecration of an earnest soul to the service of its divine Master. At a time when Told rose daily at four o'clock, attended morning service at five, and toiled every spare hour for the prisoner and the outcast, he was agonizing in soul over the remains of the carnal mind. Like the psalmist, he even forgot to eat bread by reason of his sin. Often he wandered in the fields till near midnight, "roaring for very disquietude of soul." If he might, he would have chosen "strangling rather than life." At length deliverance came. The heavens seemed visibly to open before him, and Jesus stood stretching forth His bleeding palms in the benedictions of full salvation. Tears gushed from the eyes of the impassioned suppliant, and, in ecstasy of soul, he exclaimed, "Lord, it is enough."

Thus was he anointed to preach good tidings to the prisoners, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty of soul to them that were bound. Like the Lord he loved, he went about doing good, till, with the weight of well-nigh seventy years upon him, "he cheerfully resigned his soul into the hands of his Heavenly Father."

I AM not what I was, I am not what I would be, I am not what I should be, I am not what I shall be, but, "by the grace of God, I AM WHAT I AM."—John Newton.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

THE grain! the grain! the beautiful grain!
How it laughs to the breeze with a glad refrain,
Blessing the famishing earth in her pain,
Making her smile with glee.

Lifting in praise each bright, golden crown,
As it drinks the dew the father sends down,
Courting the sun's warm, lover-like frown,
Returning it smilingly.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful sheaves!
A song of joy their rustling weaves,
For the gracious gift that the earth receives,
Given most royally.

From every hill-side, every plain,
Comes the father's song as he reaps the grain;
And the gentle breeze wafts on the strain,
In wildest harmony.

He pours o'er the earth his brimming horn,
That the valleys may laugh and sing with corn,
While hope, with her death-trance, rises now-born,
The brighter days to see.

FORTY DOLLARS FOR FOUR TEETH.

A REAL INCIDENT.

ELSIE!
"Yes, papa," and the child dashed away her tears and sprang to the bed where her father lay bandaged and helpless.

That day an explosion had happened in the mill where he worked, and he was badly hurt.

"Water," he said feebly. She gave it to him and he went on speaking.

"Where's the money, Elsie?" "Here, papa," putting her hand on the bosom of her dress.

"That's right. Take good care of it. God only knows when we shall have any more. Poor child!" he added fondly.

"Not a bit of it," she answered gaily, "You'll be at home all the time now and we'll have such a good time together."

Her father gave her a loving smile, and closed his eyes wearily. Elsie began to stroke his hand, and he soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

The two were all in all to each other. They came from England and had been in America but a few months. Elsie was a plain, delicate girl of thirteen, but her father called her his dove of comfort, and now she was proving her right to the name. She tended him every day and night, with a cheery, skillful patience that made everybody love her.

But the weeks went by, the money was spent, and still he lay on the bed. The wolf was at the door. How could they keep him out?

Then it was her father said: "Elsie, where are the silver spoons?"

"In mamma's little trunk, with the ring and locket," she answered.

"You must get them out and carry them to Mr. Black."

"Oh, papa, no! It's all the silver we have, and mamma thought over everything of them," she cried impulsively.

The sick man made no answer, but he put his hands over his eyes, and soon Elsie saw the tears steal slowly through his fingers.

"Papa, dear papa! I didn't mean it. How cruel of me!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about him. "I'll take them this minute, and when you get well and earn money we'll have them back again."

"When I get well! I wonder when that will be," he said despairingly.

"Before long—slow and sure, you know," she answered brightly, and in a few minutes set out on her first visit to the pawnbroker. But it was not her last. Time and again she went, till every possible thing had been carried; and meantime she was learning cheerfully to bear hunger and cold for "papa's sake."

He, too, poor man, must see his darling grow hollow-cheeked and big-eyed, with no power to save her. What could they do but lie down together and die!

As Elsie went home from her last visit to the pawnbroker, she stopped at a grocery to buy a little coal, and, while she waited for other customers, she looked listlessly at the morning paper lying on the counter. As she did so, these words caught her eye:

Wanted—Four perfect front teeth, for which I will give forty dollars.
CHAS. DOW, Dentist,
No. 5 K street.

The poor little face flushed scarlet with a sudden hope. "Perhaps he would take mine," she thought; "Mother Savage said yesterday she wondered how such a homely child came to have such handsome teeth."

"Forty dollars," "Forty dollars," kept saying itself over in her brain, and when the shopman turned to wait on her she was gone. A few minutes after, she stood in the dentist's office.

Please, will you see if my teeth are good enough to buy?" she asked timidly.

The doctor was engaged in a delicate operation, but he stopped to give the teeth a hurried examination.

"How beautiful! They are just what I want. Come to-morrow," he said, going back to his work.

The rest of the day Elsie's father thought her wonderfully gay, but he could not think why, for she said nothing of her plan, about which she began to lose courage when the first excitement of it subsided. Hard things look easier in the morning than they do at night; and as she sat in the twilight, studying herself in a bit of looking-glass, she thought sorrowfully; "I shall be homelier than ever when they are gone; but then how silly of me to care about that. Papa will love me just the same. But it will hurt so to have them out," she went on thinking, and every nerve in her body quivered at the prospect. "If it wasn't for the rent, and the medicine for papa, and ever so many other things—I never could beg, never. Yes, Elsie Benson, it's got to be done, if it kills you."

The next morning she entered the dentist's office by the mere force of will. Her courage was all gone. Dr. Dow was alone, and said "Good morning" very kindly; but when he saw how she trembled, he put her on the lounge, and made her drink something that quieted her. Then he sat down by her, and said: "Now tell me what your name is, and why you want to sell your teeth."

He spoke so gently that at first Elsie could only answer him with tears, but at last he contrived to get all her sad story, and his eyes were wet and his voice husky several times while she was telling it.

"You are a dear, brave child," he said when she finished. "Now I am going with you to see your father."

"But you'll take the teeth first, won't you?" she asked imploringly.

"I shall never have courage to come again."

"Never mind that. We'll see if there isn't some better way out of this trouble," he answered.

So, hand in hand, they went back to the sick man; but I can not tell you how happy and proud he was when the doctor told him about Elsie, or how gratefully he fell in with the plan of going to a nice hospital, where he soon got well enough to work in the doctor's handsome grounds; while Elsie, in her place as nurse to the doctor's baby, rolled it over the gravel walks.

So though Elsie kept her teeth, they saved both her and her father from poverty and distress. —N. Y. Observer.

THE HANDLE OF THE CIDER-PRESS THAT WOULD NOT TURN.



I stood in the corner of Jerry Mullin's provision-store, that little cider hand-press; and at the end of the handle of the crank, operating the press, stood Hannibal Jones. Day after day, Jerry poured apples, pickle-sour, into the hopper of the press; day after day, Hannibal kept the handle turning; and day after day, the cider gurgled down into the pail catching it. How many pails Jerry did sell!

Every day, though, that the cider was kept, it grew more and more sour. And it was just so with Hannibal's face; the longer he turned the handle, the more sour he looked. As for Jerry's face, that grew sweeter and sweeter the larger grew the stream of money flowing back into his drawer, all for cider. The difference was that Jerry's conscience was tough as the outside bark of an old oak; it did not feel. Hannibal's conscience was tender. He was a temperance boy, and he had to grind those old apples. One day he stood motionless as a handsome statue of black marble by the side of the cider-press, and the handle was motionless also.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry Mullins, who loved to hear the sound of the cider gurgling from the press into the pail below.

Hannibal was silent as a mummy.

"What's the matter?" shouted Jerry.

"It won't turn," answered Hannibal with a glum look.

"Won't turn?"

"No, sah."

"Stone got anywhere about the wheel and catches it?"

"No, sah."

"Rusty?"

"No, sah."

"Does it need 'iling'?"

"No, no! dis won't turn," and Hannibal pointed at his arm very emphatically. "My arm ain't rusty. It don't need 'iling, and no stone dar."

"Why, what is the matter? Your arm turned away at the grindstone just now first-rate."

"Something 'bout dat old cider-press dat par'lyzes my arm, and it won't turn."

"Paralyzes it?"

"Yes, sah. People come here, boss, and buy your cider, and say, 'no tang to it.' Dey go home wid it, and

keep it till it hab a tang. Dis bery day, I heard a case ob a child—dunno its name—who got his hands on a mug ob cider that had been a-working some time, and he drunk it, and when he begun fur to be uneasy, he was standin' in a char near de winder, and he gab an unlucky kick out ob de winder. And, boss, dis arm won't turn any longer."

The hitherto sweet Jerry now looked sour as the sour, wormy apples he had thrown into the press. He was mad, mad clear down into his boots,—and as Jerry's legs were long, he was mad a good deal,—and he raised his foot to kick Hannibal.

"Home with yo! And here's something to help take you home," said Jerry, raising his boot.

Hannibal was nimble as a coon in a corn-field, and he was out of the store in a minute.

"I had rader hab a good consens dan all de cider-presses in de world," he shouted.

Looking out of the door, Jerry saw Hannibal standing on his head, to express his satisfaction at the stand he had taken on his feet when by the cider-press.

"Dar! my granny told me not to stand on my head. Dunno what fur I can do, now I dun lost my pluce," he said, inverting himself. Then he went to talk the situation over with his beloved granny, who was an authority in all neighborhood matters. He was hardly out of sight when a boy came running into Jerry's store. Jerry hoped that it was a customer, and one who had a favorable interest in the cider question. He had an interest, but not a favorable one.

"Won't you—won't you—" said the boy, all out of breath, "please come up—to your daughter's?"

"Why so? What—what is the matter?"

"Her little Jerry has fallen out of the window."

"Out of the window?" said Jerry, grabbing his hat and running after the boy.

Little Jerry was his pet. The house of his daughter was reached.

"O father. Jerry went out of the window, and there he is in bed. The doctor says it will be some time before he is well."

"How did it happen?"

"He—he—drank some cider, and it made him uneasy."

"Where did he get it?"

"Some you sent up here, and it got too strong for the little fellow," she said, hesitatingly.

"Humph!" mumbled Jerry.

He did what he could for the child's comfort, and returned to his store. Then he pitched the cider-press into the yard back of the store.

"Last of the stuff I will sell, and Hannibal shall come back to-night," declared Jerry.

Back came Hannibal, to look as sweet as once he had looked sour.

Jerry did not tell his customers why he stopped the making of cider,—whether a stone had trigged the wheel, or the wheel was rusty, and needed "iling." It is a fact, however, that the wheel never turned again.

— "In pursuing my theme I should like to cover more ground, but—" "Buy shoes big enough for your feet, and you'll do it." was the impudent suggestion from the crowd.

ONLY.

ONLY a seed but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way,
And the message that through the flower
was sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content ;

For it spoke of the lilies so wondrously
clad,
And the heart that was tired grew
strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught ;
For it ran through a life like a thread of
gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundred-fold

Only a word, but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord
above,
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once
more,
For a new-born soul "entered in by the
door."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

LET me talk to you a little about Sabbath-keeping. In the first place *Remember!* Do not forget the Sabbath day when it comes. You are very busy, I suppose, in your studies or in your sports. That is right. But when Sunday comes, remember that it is a day for sport to be laid aside, a day for Bible study. Your common duties and pleasures have no business on the Lord's day. So *remember* the Sabbath day.

It is the Sabbath, that is, it is a rest day. Young people do not feel the need of rest, beyond the ordinary sweet sleep of the night, so much as grown people do. But still the Sabbath rest is a blessing to children. It would not be good for them to go on the year round with study and play, week after week, with no intermission. But rest does not mean mere idleness. Sleep is good in its place, but activity of body is needed as well as sleep. Rest is most truly gained through change of occupation. Thus if you have been studying your usual lessons diligently during the school days, it will rest your mind if on the Sabbath you study the Bible. It will make your mind much fresher on Monday than if you were simply idle all the Sunday

through. So if your leisure hours during the week have been full of sport and play, it will rest your body to give over your running and jumping and all those various activities you are so fond of, and take a more sober and quiet method for one day.

Then the great thing is—to keep the Sabbath holy. It is God's day. It is not a holiday, as so many make it. It is a holy day. It is a day for religious worship. We ought to be religious, of course, every day. But the Sabbath is the special day for religious worship.

C. L. S. C.

WE have pleasure in submitting the following appeal to Canadians, by James L. Hughes and L. C. Peake, Esqs., Toronto, who will give any further information desired:—

The necessity for literary culture is widely felt. There is scarcely a village or school section in Canada in which there are not a few people who have a longing for the establishment of a Mutual Improvement Society of some sort in their neighborhood during the winter months. This desire shows itself in the Literary Societies, Debating Clubs, and Young People's Associations started, at one time or another, in connection with every church, school-house, and temperance society throughout the land.

Unfortunately, however, these societies usually languish and die after a short existence. The moving spirit in connection with them is often the minister or the teacher, and when he removes from the district, the society is given up. Each association stands alone, receiving neither inspiration nor direction from any other; each works on its own line, without the advantage of the experience of others, and so the work done is not continuous nor systematic.

To organize all such societies into one, to bind them together by the common ties of interest and emulation, to direct them in prosecuting their work from one central department, would surely be one of the grandest educational reforms of the age.

The Rev. Dr. Vincent conceived the idea of accomplishing this great work, and by founding the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, has established a simple and effective means for the accomplishment of his noble purpose. The special features which adapt it to the circumstances of all communities are:

1. Its course is broad, and the books to be read are standard works in their respective departments.

2. The course can be read with ease by those who determine to follow it, whatever may be their position.

3. While local circles for mutual aid, drill, and discussion are very desirable, they are not essential. Even one person can prosecute his reading independently.

4. Where local circles are formed, every possible variety of literary exercises may be conducted in direct connection with the prescribed course. Debates, discussions, reviews, essays, &c., may all be based upon the books recently read, and as every member will be familiar with the subject from his recent reading, all will be able to take an intelligent part in such proceedings.

The attention of ministers, teachers, S. S. superintendents, and all interested in the wider diffusion of intelligence through good reading is specially directed to this great movement.

Let Canada be in advance!

STUDIES FOR 1881-82.

The course for 1881-82 comprise readings in:—1. History; 2. Literature; 3. Science and Philosophy; 4. Art; 5. Religion.

The required books for the year, which will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price, by Wm. Briggs, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont., are as follows:

1. *History*.—Man's Antiquity and Language. Dr. M. S. Terry. Price 10 cents.

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Mosaics of History. Selected by Arthur Gilman, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass. (Chautauquan).*

Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century. Books I. and II. Price, 15 cents.

2. *Literature*.—Art of Speech. Part II. "Oratory and Logic." Dr. L. T. Townsend. Price, 50 cents.

Illustrated History of Ancient Literature. Oriental and Classical. Dr. Quackenbos. Price, \$1.10.

English History and Literature. Chautauqua Library. Vol. 3. [To be ready in 1882.]

3. *Science and Philosophy*.—Popular readings concerning Mathematics, Political Economy, Geology, Chemistry, Laws of Health, and Mental and Moral Philosophy. (Chautauquan.)

4. *Art*.—Outline Lessons on Art. Miss de Forest. Price, 10 cents.

A Short History of Art. Miss de Forest. Price, \$1.50.

5. *Religion*.—God in History. (Chautauquan.)

Religion in Art. (Chautauquan.)

6.—*Additional*.—(For students of class of 1882.) *Hints for Home Reading*. Dr. Lyman Abbott. Boards, 75 cents.

The Hall in the Grove. Mrs. Alden. (About Chautauqua and the C.L.S.C.) Recommended, but not required.

INITIATION FEE.

To defray the expenses of correspondence, monthly reports, &c., an annual fee of fifty cents is required.

* The *Chautauquan* is a monthly magazine containing a portion of the "required" reading. Ten numbers for the year. 72 pages a month. Price, \$1.50 a year. Address—Lewis C. Peake, Drawer 2539, Toronto, Ont.

A YOUNG man was recently found in the Mersey drowned. On a paper found in his pocket, was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over 200 letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of the young man, and saying that the boy they loved had been drawn away into the shining halls of sin and drink. O boys! never take the first glass and you will never cause your parents such sorrow as that.



AT THE DOOR OF THE MOSQUE. (See next page.)

OBEDIENT. ✓

ROGER SHERMAN was one of the old-fashioned great men which Connecticut was in the habit of producing some eighty or a hundred years ago. He was brought up to fear God and honour his parents, then considered essential traits of a good education.

After Mr. Sherman had become a great man, his widowed mother came to live with him. One morning, at family prayers, a little son of Mr. Sherman's, refusing to stop misbehaving, was boxed on the ear by the father.

The old lady was childish in her love for her grandchildren, and their punishment always roused her. Rising from her seat, she hobbled over to where her son was reading from the Bible, and giving him a slap on the ear, said,—

"If you box your child, I'll box mine."

Mr. Sherman went on reading the Scriptures, as if nothing had occurred. But to his own children his quiet manner was a most impressive lesson in obedience to the Fourth Commandment.

A correspondent writes us that during the visit of Gen. S— at the White House, an incident happened which exhibited Gen. Garfield as an obedient son.

It was the practice of the President to run his eye over the morning papers while eating his breakfast. On the morning after Gen. S—'s arrival, while at breakfast, the President, treating his guest as an old familiar friend, began reading the newspapers.

The customary act annoyed his venerable mother, whose notions of courtesy are of the old-fashioned sort. "James! James!" she exclaimed, "put away the papers. Gen. S— is with us."

"Yes, mother," smilingly replied the dutiful son.

"Yes, James," continued the old lady, "Gen. S— does not come every day, and the papers do."

The papers were not read that morning at the breakfast table.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THIS famous Mohammedan mosque is situated on one of the most sacred places in the world, viz, the site of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem.

"Up to a late period," writes a recent Canadian traveller, "no Christian was allowed to enter the Temple Area, and even now the expense and difficulties are so great, that visitors form into parties for the occasion. Our party was under the protection of two cavasses, servants of the English and American consuls, who, dressed in gorgeous half-military attire, swaggered about as though they owned the whole troop. Arriving at the gate, we exchanged our shoes for slippers, and set out on a long morning's work. Our steps were first directed to the large platform or elevation, which rises about fifteen feet above the rest of the area. Here the great object of attraction is the noble octagonal building in the centre, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar. The lowest portion is composed of marble in the lower half, and in the upper half of porcelain of various colours. The windows in this part are of beautifully carved lattice-work and brilliant-stained glass. The second story is drum-shaped, and above it rises the lofty dome, to the height of 150 feet above the platform. Entering the building, we found the interior somewhat gloomy, but yet impressive. Its two spacious corridors, making the circuit of the building, are flanked by columns of marble and porphyry, evidently brought together from different sources.

Immediately under the dome is the chief object of veneration—an irregularly shaped rock, sixty feet in length by fifty in width, and five to ten in height, known as the Dome of the Rock. It is really the crest of the hill, but the Mohammedans maintain that it is a rock floating in mid-air. The tradition is that Mohammed took his flight to Paradise from this rock, and the rock felt in duty bound to follow him; but just then the angel Gabriel seized it and held it down. To convince us that there could be no mistake about it, we were shown the marks of his fingers in the stone. Under the rock is a good-sized cavern, in which are the praying-places of several prophets and saints. A wall of masonry prevents very extensive explorations. Overhead is a circular

hole about two feet in diameter, through which it is said men are pulled by the hair from perdition to Paradise. The great interest attached to this place arises from the probability that this is the spot where Abraham presented his son Isaac as a burnt-offering, and that here stood the great altar of sacrifice, when the Temple was the centre of Jewish splendour and devotion."

It was mentioned above that the travellers had to put off their shoes before entering the mosque. Thus the Mohammedans show their respect for all sacred places—probably in commemoration of God's command to Moses before the Burning Bush—"Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." At all events this is the universal usage at Mohammedan mosques, and often hundreds of slippers will be seen about the door. It must give the worshippers, we would think, a good deal of trouble to find their own foot gear.

GOING HOME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven"

THEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed.
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts forever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way!
They have gone to heavenly mansions,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But tis Jesus who has called them—
Suffer and forbid them not.

The word of God moves along like a passing shower; wherever it comes it must be received at once, or it will be gone. How soon a man's "not now" becomes a "never!"

"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

RAR away in a small clearing in the woods of the wild West lived a Scotch settler and his family. He had been there only two years, and was but just beginning to feel at home. One day while the family were at tea, a number of Indians broke in, one of them with a heavy blow broke the settler's arm to disable him, and then they took all the things they cared for out of the house, and went away.

Sandy Maclean was a Christian man, and often prayed that God would enable him to be a friend to those Indians, and to show them a good turn for their unkindness to him. One day, when he was out hunting, he thought he heard a cry or groan, and looking about under the bushes he found a tall, fierce-looking Indian in great suffering. The man had fallen from a great height, and was sadly cut about the head, as well as much shaken. Sandy spoke to him, and fetched some men who were working near to help him to carry the Indian to the settlement, where he was tenderly cared for and looked after.

Day after day the man lay on the little couch they had provided for him; he hardly spoke at all, but he watched them constantly with his large dark eyes.

At last one day, when Sandy had just come in with his gun, and was asking the Indian how he felt, the man looked up and said:

"Do you know who I am?"

"I fancy you have been in this house before," said Sandy.

"I was the leader of that band who came and robbed you and broke your arm."

"I thought as much," returned Sandy, quietly.

"And yet you took me in and nursed me like a brother!" said the Indian in a low tone.

"Because our God tells us to do good, and to love our enemies," replied Sandy, gently.

"Your's must be a wonderful God," said the Indian, "and you must be a very good man. And see here," he added, raising himself on his elbow, "I and my people will give you back all we took away."

The settler smiled, and having fetched his Bible, read to the dark man, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

"I CAN forgive," say some, "but I cannot forget." Woe to us if God should make the same distinction. But forgiving, and a disposition to forget are the same. If the memory of an injury is cherished, it is not forgiven.

I learned that he that will be a hero will barely be a man, that he that will be nothing but a doer of his work is sure of his manhood.—George MacDonald.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

CHESTER A ARTHUR was born in Franklin County, Vermont, October 5, 1829. He is the son of Rev. William Arthur who came to America from County Antrim, Ireland, at the age of seventeen years. Rev. Mr. Arthur was a Baptist minister, who died in 1875, at Newtontown, near Albany, New York.

He was educated at Union College, Schenectady, New York. He was the most brilliant student at the College in his time, graduating in the class of 1848, when only eighteen years old. Like President Garfield, Mr. Arthur taught school after he left college. He was a teacher for two years. At the end of that time he had \$500. He brought his small savings to New York and began the study of law.

Mr. Arthur, as a lawyer, struck success in the start. Almost his first important lawsuit won him national fame. It was the now celebrated Lemmon Fugitive Slave case. In 1852, when Mr. Arthur was only twenty-one years old, Jonathan and Juliet Lemmon, Virginia slave holders, attempted to pass through New York City with eight slaves, on their way to Texas. They were obliged to wait the sailing of a ship, and thus remained in New York several days. While they waited their slaves were discovered and set free, being in a free State. Judge Paine decided that under the Fugitive Slave Law the Lemmons could not hold their human chattels in New York.

The case was appealed, the Virginia Legislature authorizing the Attorney-General of that State to assist the owners. Wm. M. Evarts and Chester A. Arthur were associated as counsel for the blacks, and the State of New York. Charles O'Connor the famous criminal lawyer, was attorney for the slave-owners. Arthur and Evarts won their case triumphantly, and, as has been said, "a long step was taken toward the emancipation of the black race."

Four years afterwards Mr. Arthur had the honour again to become the champion of the rights of the negro. It can scarcely be comprehended in our time that so late as 1856 negroes were not allowed to ride in street cars with white people. Such, however, was the fact. In 1865, a respectable woman, Lizzie Jennings, was roughly pushed off a Fourth avenue car in New York. She had paid her fare, and had sat quietly, conducting herself in a ladylike manner. But she was guilty of the offence of having a black skin. That could not be tolerated, and she was thrust out of the public conveyance by violence. Mr. Arthur brought suit against the company for her and got \$500 damages.

The day following the verdict the company issued an order that coloured people should be allowed to ride in all their cars. The other car companies speedily issued like orders, and thus another question as to the civil rights of the negro was settled. Mr. Arthur, in his legal capacity, has always been the friend of the coloured people.

Personally, General Arthur is very popular, and he has many warm friends. He is still in the legal profession. He is a widower, his wife having died some two years ago.

Open rebuke is better than secret love.

LABOUR AND TRUST.

WILFULLY I sit and weave
The tangled web of life.
The pattern which my hands have wrought
Is but a bit of colour fraught
With daily, hourly strife

Longingly I seek to trace
The inwoven threads I span
To know how this and that unite,
For bringing forth the figure bright
That form the perfect plan.

Rapidly the shuttle flies
When heart and hops are mine;
When on the loom the sunlight pours,
The flecks of gold like summer dews
In wondrous beauty shine.

Gloomily the fingers move,
Dark tinted is the work,
When 'mong the threads an evil knot
Envy and malice—love forgot—
Doth unexpected lurk.

Patiently, with bowed head,
I weave in sorrow's day,
Scarce can I tell what threads I hold,
I only know that grief untold
Hides all but sadden gray.

Trustfully I sit and weave;
I know 'tis mine to do
That which he gives into my hands,
Complete in him who wisely planned
Shall be the pattern true.

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

BY DAVID KER.

O you want a story about a brave man, little people?" said Colonel Graylock, as his nephews and nieces gathered around his arm-chair by the fire. "Well, I've seen plenty of them in my time, but the bravest man I ever knew was a young ensign in our regiment, whom we used to call 'Gentleman Bob,' and right well he deserved that name, though not as we meant it.

"Soldiering's a very different thing now from what it was in my young days. Then the harder an English officer drank, the louder he swore, the more he bullied his men, and the readier he was to fight a duel, the better his comrades liked him; and we were much the same as the rest. So you may fancy what we thought when a man like 'Gentleman Bob' came among us, who was always sober and orderly, and instead of brawling and rioting like the rest of us, spent his spare time over scientific books, and read a chapter of the Bible every morning and evening. How we did laugh and make mock of him! But the provoking thing was that he never seemed to mind it; and he was so good-natured, and so ready to do any one a good turn when he could, that it ought to have made us ashamed of ourselves; but it didn't.

"But before long something did make us ashamed of ourselves. Our Colonel was in a great hurry one day to find the whereabouts of a village that wasn't on his map, and none of us could help him, when lo! forward stepped 'Gentleman Bob' with a neat map of his own drawing, and there was the very place just where it should be. The Colonel looked at it, and then at us, and said, 'It's not often, gentlemen, that the youngest officer of a regiment is also the smartest; let this be a lesson to you.'

"You may be sure this reproof made us none the more merciful in talking against poor Bob; and, perhaps, we might have done something more than talk but for a thing that happened.

One of our men, who used to have fits of madness every now and then, from an old wound in the head, came flying along with a big knife in his hand, slashing at every thing within reach. Some cried to sh of him, but Bob said, quietly, 'A man's life is worth more than that; let me try.' And in a moment he had seized the fellow's knife-hand, and tripped him so cleverly that he was down before we could call out, and then some of the men secured him.

"Of course we could say nothing against Bob's pluck after that. A few days later came one of the greatest battles of the war, and we were so hard pressed on the left, where my regiment was, that at last there was nothing for it but to fall back. We formed again under cover of some thickets, but even there we had enough to do to hold our ground, for the enemy had brought up several guns, and were giving it to us pretty hot.

"Suddenly, between two gusts of smoke, one of our wounded, lying out on the open plain, was seen to wave his hand feebly, as if for help. It was one of our lieutenants, who had been harder than any one upon 'Gentleman Bob,' and his chance was a poor one, for it seemed certain death to try and reach him through such a pelt of shot, while if a bullet didn't finish him, the scorching sun was pretty sure to do it.

"All at once a man was seen stepping out from a sheltering thicket, and that man was 'Gentleman Bob.' He never looked to right or left, but went straight to where his persecutor was lying helpless, and tried to raise him. At first the French banged away at him like fury, but when they saw what he was doing, several officers called out, 'Don't fire, my boys,' and raised their caps to him in salute. Bob lifted the wounded man gently in his arms, and shielding him with his own body, brought him back into our lines; and such a cheer as went up then I never heard before nor since."

"And did that horrid lieutenant die, uncle?"

"Luckily not," answered the Colonel, laughing, "for I'm sorry to say the 'horrid lieutenant' was no other than myself."

"O uncle, where you ever as naughty as that?" lisped a tiny voice, in tones of amazement.

"But what became of 'Gentleman Bob?'" asked an impatient boy.

"He is now my brother-in-law, and your papa," said the Colonel, exchanging a sidy look with a fine-looking man on the other side of the room.—*Harper's Young People.*

LOOK AT YOUR THUMBS.

IF anybody will look carefully at the end of his thumb, he will find that the surface is ridged with little thread-like ranges of hills, wound round and round in tiny spirals. If he will take his magnifying glass and examine them closely, he will find that there is a great deal of individuality in the way in which these are arranged. No two thumbs in all the world are exactly alike. The miniature mountain ranges are as fixed and decided as the Alps or the Sierras, the geography of the thumb as unmistakable. Now the Chinese have made use of this fact for establishing a rogue's gallery. Whenever a criminal is examined by the law, an impression is taken of the thumb

Smearred with a little lamp-black, partially wiped and then pressed down on a piece of white paper, an engraving of the thumb is made and kept in the police records.

It serves just the same purpose which is served by our photographing our burglars and pick-pockets. The accused can be identified with great certainty. Nothing short of mutilating or burning the thumb can obliterate its features. Sometimes a ghastly proof of guilt is furnished. A murderer red-handed with his crime, may touch his finger's end upon a white wall, and so leave in the colour of his guilt a photograph on the accusing wall. His signature is left, just as unmistakable as if he had signed the bond of his iniquity; and thus great crimes have been brought to light, and deeds of blood made to tell their own story.

But this individuality in the skin of the tip of the thumb, strongly marked as it is, yet admits of strong family likeness. Brothers and sisters who take impressions of their thumbs will find resemblances among each other that they will not find when comparing them with the thumbs of strangers. Even thus minutely does that strange thing, family likeness, descend. What wonder is it that faces look alike, voices sound alike: how can it seem strange that members of the same family should have similarities of temper, of mental aptitudes and hereditary diseases, when such minor peculiarities as the texture at the end of the thumb, and its ranges of hills, should also have family resemblances in the midst of their indefinite diversities.

"The hairs of our head are all numbered," and not only so, but each hair, if examined with a powerful magnifying glass shows peculiarities as strong as the trees of the forest. No two are exactly alike. Everything from the smallest to the greatest, is impressed with a specific character and individuality.—The Creator's invention is exhaustless, and he no more repeats himself in the geography of a thumb than in the geography of a continent. Now if anybody doubts this, let him take a little black or aniline colour, and try it. He will require an acquaintance with his thumb and respect for it that will be quite interesting.—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

MANY instances are cited of the manliness and kindly feeling of the Marquis of Lorne and the practical good sense of his wife, which have endeared them to the people of the Dominion.

The destructive fire in Quebec occurred on the day before a grand *fete* which the Marquis intended to give to the officers and members of colonial aristocracy. Calling that morning upon a venerable French lady, he found her greatly agitated, talking to a poor woman who, as she explained, had lost all by the fire, barely escaping with her children. Lord Lorne took this woman by the hand and shook it warmly, saying,—

"You shall have no reason to regret the fire."

He went out, gave orders to have her wants liberally supplied, countermanded the invitations for the ball and turned over the money it would have cost, three thousand dollars, to the poor, going himself from dwelling to dwelling in the burned district to relieve their wants.

The Princess won all hearts by her simple manners and hearty cordiality.

It is not easy to discover exactly what the populace expected in an actual Princess; perhaps they remembered vaguely the princesses of their nursery tales who wore crowns for night-caps. It is more than likely, too, that the object of sending a daughter of the Queen to this colony was to strengthen the loyalty of the people with a display of semi-regal state. Be that as it may, the effect seems to have been different from that expected. The Canadians appear to have given their allegiance to the Princess because of her true womanly qualities, and to have been won over, not by the assumption of royal pomp, but by the higher power of simple, generous manliness in her husband.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. ENIGMA.—Pyrrhus will the Romans conquer.

II. BLANKS.—1. Vote, veto. 2. Owl, low. 3. Time, item, mite.

III. SYLLABIC SQUARE.—
Lex i con
I on ic
Con ic al

IV. HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Chama. 2. Madison. 3. Troy. 4. Sparta.

NEW PUZZLES.

REVERSALS.

1. Reverse a girl's name, behead and curtail it, and find another girl's name.

2. Reverse a crime, and get what is often the cause.

3. Reverse an ancient model of friendship, and find a wanderer.

4. Reverse a British minstrel, and find a colour.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. A large bird.
2. A large land animal.
3. A cluster of flowers.
Primals. A bird.
Centrals. A lump.
Finals. A fish.

BOYS, DON'T BLOCK UP YOUR WAY.

I was sitting in the office of a mechanic not long since, when a lad about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly every body smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will be above working as apprentice; and if you have not money, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."

A word to the wise is sufficient.

—Scene: A court of law; trial for manslaughter is going on; Pat in the witness-box. Counsel for the prisoner: "Did you see the prisoner at the time he knock down the deceased?" Pat: "No, yer honour; he was alive when I saw him knock down."

SISTER DORA. ✓

JANUARY 16, 1832, in the village of Hauxwell, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England, was born Dorothy Wyndlow, tenth daughter of the Rev. Mark Pattison. From her mother she inherited uncommon beauty of features and complexion, and from her father a fine figure and bearing. Fortunate in many ways, it was not the least of her advantages to be one of the youngest in a large family, left from that very reason to follow her bent with less restraint and discipline than falls to the lot of older children, while still the atmosphere of obedience, the air of good breeding, and the gayety of a household of young people were around her from her birth, giving her the best educational influences. Until her fourteenth year she was a very delicate child, with no promise of the superb physical development, amazing endurance, and immense strength, which she afterwards attained. From fourteen to twenty she rapidly grew in vigour and health, engaging in active out-door exercises, so that she became noted for her skill in various boyish games, and was quite famous for her daring as a horsewoman. Her eldest brother at this time made her his frequent companion, and with him she studied classics and mathematics, writing at his dictation, copying for him, and entering, as through her life it was her habit to do, with unflinching zest and ardour into all that she undertook.

Her family were in easy and, indeed, affluent circumstances, but were distinguished by their devotion to the sick, the poor, and the suffering. It was usual among the sisters to plan how they could make their clothes last as long as possible, how they could save from their travelling expenses, or how deny themselves at the table, that they might be able to give away more generously than they were able to without the self-denial. As little children no reward could be offered them so great as to be permitted to perform some deed of love, and this feeling grew constantly stronger in Dora. For her there was no pleasure in the world equal to that of service, the service of the sad, the sinful, and the repulsive. The nine years after twenty were so beautifully spent in her home, that her father called her his "Sunshine." She faithfully attended upon her mother's failing strength, and watched beside her death-bed. When she felt that she could not be happy any longer at home, that a voice, divine as that which whispered to Joan of Arc, was summoning her forth to labour, she went out, sad because of her father's reluctant consent and her sister's disapproval, yet compelled to go. To her had come that call which many a soul hears, even as our Elder Brother heard it, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"

Her beginning was a very humble one. It happened to be the first open door, and she took it. She became the village school-mistress in the parish of Little Woolston. For three years she taught the poorest children, worked obediently under the vicar's direction, and lived in a bit of a cottage, where she did her own work, and craved no society. But she was not satisfied with this, and her next step was to enter the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans, at Coatham. Here she underwent an exceptionally severe

course of training, shrinking from no hardship, stooping to the pettiest details, and choosing danger and hardship rather than ease. Gradually she rose from subordinate positions until she became the Sister in charge of the Cottage Hospital at Walsall.

The cases which crowded the beds here were many of them the results of accident; men and boys were brought in wounded from the coal pits, torn and mangled in machine shops, or hurt on the railroad. Children were brought who had been fearfully scalded or burnt, and often men and women who had fought like wild beasts, when crazed by drink, were carried hither to be healed and helped. Sister Dora's keenness of eye and deftness of hand fitted her to excel in surgery, and the physician in charge, attracted at first, as men always were, by her rare beauty of face and form, and then delighted by her wit and common sense, taught her thoroughly, so that she became a practical setter of bones, and a remarkably successful nurse for people who were the victims of bodily injury. It would be impossible to tell in a sketch, a quarter of the wonderful stories related in connection with her hospital service. She was very tender towards little children, and had great success in quieting them when fretful and soothing them when in pain. "Don't cry; Sister's got you," she would say to the struggling babe, carrying it safely in her right arm while going about doing needed work with her other hand. And presently the little one would yield to the magnetism of her gentleness, and go into a happy sleep. Once a child of nine, dreadfully burned, but past the period of feeling pain, was brought to the hospital. The extreme exhaustion of approaching death frightened the child, and sister Dora sat down by her, and talked to her about the Saviour, and the bright home she was going to soon, till the terror was exorcised, and a smile of content wreathed the pallid lips. "When you come to heaven, Sister, I'll meet you at the gate with a bunch of flowers," were the little girl's last words, her eyes resting, no doubt, on the flowers which Sister Dora always kept within sight for the comfort and cheer of her patients. A man whose arm she had saved by pleading with the doctor to let her try to do so, when he thought amputation imperative, felt for her a gratitude and admiration which knew no bounds. Long afterward, when she was very ill, he walked eleven miles, Sunday after Sunday, his only day of leisure, to enquire how she was, always saying, "Tell Sister her arm came to inquire."

Once sitting up with a small-pox patient in a wretched cabin, the inch of candle was rapidly burning out, and Sister Dora sent a woman, who was her fellow-watcher, to buy another. She did not return, being presumably tempted by the charms of the gin-shop, and in utter darkness the kind nurse sat by the bed of the dying man. She knew he could not live till dawn, and she waited with him for the coming of death. There was a pleading voice from the couch, "Kiss me, Sister, before I die," and she put her arms around the poor loathsome wretch and gave him the kiss which enabled him to pass away in peace.

Sister Dora was noted for several qualities which always inhere in successful workers. She was prompt to decide, and thorough to execute. She

was a thrifty economist. "Mind you waste nothing," was her constant injunction to her assistants. She was patient in mastering details, and child-like in accepting instruction. She had a quick sense of humour, and her mirthfulness oiled many a rough place, and saved from friction and attrition. She was a devoted believer in Christ, and followed Him daily, praying over her cases, with simple trustfulness that her prayers would be heard and answered.

She was not perfect. Sometimes she manifested too much pleasure in the compliments paid to her winning personality and her marvellous success in managing difficult and brutal men. Sometimes she was too easily influenced by her feelings of attraction or repulsion. Sometimes she was too willing to do the hardest work herself, and to accept inefficient subordinates from what seemed an aversion to divide her duties with one who was upon an equality with her. Sometimes she lost her temper. But, take her all in all, she was a magnificent woman, grandly benevolent, splendidly capable, and an honour to her country. The poor who mourned for her when, in 1878, at the age of forty-six, she went to her rest, paid her the tributes of their honest tears, and their love will long keep her memory green. *Selected.*

A LITTLE WON'T HURT. ✓

Sometimes the devil comes to a boy or a young man and says, "Come, let's go and drink a glass of beer. It won't do you any harm, but will make you feel good." Boys, if you ever hear these words, or any like them, don't answer, "Yes," for it's a "false prophet" speaking to you.

"Oh mamma," said a bright nine-year old boy, "did you hear the fire-bells ring early this morning?" "Yes, my dear; where was the fire?" she answered. "Why, mamma," said the boy, "the City Hall was burnt down, and a young man who had been put in the lock up for disorderly conduct was burnt to death. He was a real nice, kind man. He thought last night that he would drink a little liquor, only enough to make him feel good, but it made him real drunk and he got into a scuffle with some rowdies and was arrested. The officers think that in lighting his cigar toward morning a spark fell on something in his cell that kindled very quickly, and so the building was burned and the poor man with it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not help him, for it was too late. People are so sorry that he was burnt, for he was a very kind-hearted man, and he was only a little tipsy."

Don't you see, boys, that when the tempter said to him, "a little liquor won't hurt you," it was a "false prophet" speaking to him. Instead of having "a good time," as he expected, he suffered greatly and died a drunkard's death. Drinking a little liquor doesn't always end so sadly as that, but it is very apt to be followed by a miserable and unhappy life.—*Robert T. Bonsall in Christian Union.*

O THERE are golden moments in men's lives, Sudden, unlooked-for, as the little clouds, All gold, which suddenly illumine the gates Of the lost sun.

WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY

Oh blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

Oh learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest forest?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty, I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," replied Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep, if I were to sell my time which does not belong to me and the sheep should get lost it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink, and a guide?" I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head, "The sheep," said he do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me false to my master, how do I know that you will keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy, and I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke who owned all the country around. The duke was so well pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

MY BOOKS.

My days among the dead are passed; Around me I behold, Whose these casual eyes are cast, The mighty minds of old; My never failing friends are they, With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal, And seek relief in woe; And while I understand and feel How much to them I owe, My cheeks have often been bedewed With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them I live in long past years, Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their hopes and fears, And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon My place with them will be, And I with them shall travel on Through all futurity; Yet, leaving here a name, I trust, That will not perish in the dust.

PAINTING FOR ETERNITY.



When Apelles, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor on his pictures, he replied, "Because I am painting for eternity."

He used the word as a bold figure of speech; but we may use the word literally when we say we are painting the picture of our lives for eternity. We use fast colors. Whatever pure or holy word or deed be wrought into that picture will stand there, imperishable and immortal. Whatever selfish or sinful thing be painted on that life-canvas can never be washed out except by the application of the blood of Jesus here in this present life. Now or never that precious blood availeth. When death comes the process of painting stops! No stroke of penitence can be added to it then. No guilty spots can be washed out then. The painting is finished, and finished forever!

Death frames the picture, and sends it on to the judgment-day for exhibition. Not a "private view" before a select company, but a public exhibition before an assembled multitude whom no man can number; for God will bring every word and every work into judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil. The picture of our lives which is presented before the "great white throne" will be forever unchangeable. If the canvas is adorned with deeds, however humble, for the glory of God, then the life-work will stand as an everlasting memorial of divine grace. If life were spent only for the gratification of sinful self, then the wretched picture of it will only be held up to "shame and everlasting contempt."

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

ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness.

When the noble Russel was executed as a martyr to freedom he handed his watch to a friend who stood beside him on the scaffold. "Take this watch," said he, "for I have no more to do with time. My thoughts now are only about eternity." This utterance of the dying martyr is a word in season for us all. Young friend, are you training yourself for a life of self-indulgence or an immortal crown?

Upon the walls of a Catholic institution in Montreal I saw last summer this brief line, "Nothing is long except eternity." That was a motto for every pastor's study, and for the walls of every dwelling. Let us all write it up before us as on the heavens. Nothing is worth living for but eternity.

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

—T. J. Cuyler.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 6 THE DAY OF ATONEMENT; OR, THE ATONEMENT RECEIVED.

Lev. 16. 16-30 Commit to memory vers. 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Rom. 5. 11.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Reconciling Blood v. 16-19. 2. The Sin Bearer, v. 20-22. 3. The Cleansed People, v. 23-30.

TIMES, PLACE, etc.—See Lesson II.

EXPLANATIONS—The services of the day of atonement were the most solemn of any in the year. On this day alone the people were forbidden to partake of any food, from sunset to sunset; and on this day alone the high-priest entered within the holy of holies in the tabernacle. Its design was to show the universal pollution of sin, tainting even the tabernacle itself, and those who ministered within it; the way of salvation through the sprinkling of blood; and the completeness with which God takes away sin. The services were, in brief, as follows: 1. The high-priest brought several animals for sacrifice, but especially, two goats. One of these goats and the other beasts were slain and offered. The high-priest clad in a white robe took the blood of the sacrifice, entered the holy place, sprinkled all its furniture, and then lifted the curtain of the holy of holies, went within, and sprinkled the mercy-seat. This was to remove the sin of the tabernacle and "reconcile" it to God. 2. Next, the high-priest having come out of the holy place, laid his hands on the head of the living goat, and confessed upon it the sins of the people. The goat was then taken away by a man chosen for the purpose, and led far off into the wilderness, whence it could not return to the camp, and there left to die. This was to show the fulness with which God by his salvation takes away his people's sins. 3. The high-priest then took off the white robes which he had thus far worn, (and which were never to be worn again), bathed himself, robed himself in the rich garments of his office, and offered certain sacrifices for the people, which closed the services of the day; thus representing the people brought into reconciliation and peace with God.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

- 1. The Reconciling Blood, v. 16-19. What is meant by "an atonement?" [ANS. That which unites those who have been separated on account of sin.] What is it reconciles men with God? Eph. 2. 13, 14. How was the atonement by Christ represented? ANS. By the slain sacrifice and the sprinkled blood.

What was the purpose of the services on the day of atonement? [See Explanations.] Why was the atonement made? v. 16. What is said in Heb. 9. 22? How was the atonement made in the tabernacle? [See Explanations.] Through whom do we receive the atonement? [GOLDEN TEXT.] Why is Christ's sacrifice better than those of the Israelites? Heb. 9. 12-14.

2. The Sin Bearer, v. 20-22. What was brought after the above services? v. 20. What did the priest do to this goat? How did this represent the sins of the people? Isa. 53. 6. What was then done with the goat? v. 22. Whom did this goat represent? Isa. 53. 11, 12; 1. Pet. 2. 24. How does God look upon the sins of those who have been forgiven? Heb. 8. 12.

3. The Cleansed People, v. 23-30. What did Aaron take off after sending away the goat? v. 23. What was he then to do? What sacrifices was he to offer? v. 24. What was done with the animals of the sacrifice? v. 27. What did this represent? ANS. The entire taking away of sin. What was required of the people on this day? v. 27. How may we be cleansed from our sins? 1 John 1. 7, 9.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where does this lesson show— 1. That sin needs to be taken away? 2. That sin may be taken away? 3. That sinners may be reconciled to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was represented by the services of the day of atonement? The taking away of sin. 2. What were chosen for this day? Two goats. 3. What was done with one of the goats? It was slain and sacrificed. 4. Where was its blood sprinkled? Upon the mercy-seat. 5. What was done over the other goat? Israel's sins were confessed. 6. What was then done with it? It was taken away into the wilderness. 7. What were the people to do on that day? To show sorrow for their sins.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The taking away of sin.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 13. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES; OR, BENEFITS REMEMBERED.

Lev. 23. 33-44. Commit to memory v. 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Psa. 103. 2.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Holy Convocation, v. 33-35. 2. A Hearty Offering, v. 36-39. 3. A Happy People, v. 40-44.

EXPLANATIONS.—See first page.

1. A Holy Convocation, v. 33-36. When was the feast of tabernacles held? What month was this? How long did it continue? What was forbidden on the first day? Why was this day to be kept holy? [ANS. As a day of thanksgiving.] What great event did this feast keep in mind? v. 43. By what other name was this feast known? Exod. 23. 16.

What did this name show? [ANS. That it was a time of thanksgiving for the harvests and fruits.] What similar day is kept in our own country? For what have we occasion to thank God as a people? How should we keep Thanksgiving Day? 2. A Hearty Offering, v. 36-39. What was offered during this feast? Why were so many offerings given? To what spirit were they to be given? Deut. 16. 14, 15. What kinds of offerings are named in v. 37? What offering should we render to God for his mercies? Rom. 12. 1. How should God's goodness be kept in mind? [GOLDEN TEXT.] 3. A Happy People, v. 40-44. How were the people to show their happiness? In what did they live during the week of the feast? What is related of the celebration of this feast in Neh. 8. 14-17?

What did these booths bring to their mind? v. 43. What is the command of Deut. 8. 2? What else was done at this feast? Neh. 8. 2, 3, 18. What example is here given to us? What did Christ once say at this feast? John 7. 37.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn— 1. That we should remember God's mercies? 2. That we should rejoice in God's grace? 3. That we should present hearty offerings to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. At what time in the year was the feast of tabernacles kept? When the fruits were gathered. 2. How long did it last? Eight days. 3. What were offered during the feast? Sacrifices of thanksgiving. 4. Where did the people live during the feast? In booths made of trees. 5. What was the purpose of this feast? Thanks to God for mercies.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Thanksgiving to God.

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