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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

No. 24.

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on earth, good will to men"
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song that they bring—
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing;

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Whose toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing—
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE

THE accompanying engraving is an excellent representation of the famous Giralda, of Seville, reputed one of the most beautiful towers in the world. It was built 700 years ago as the muezzin tower of the Saracenic mosque. The immense bronze figure of Faith at the top, veers round with the wind, whence the name Giralda. The tower is 350 feet high, and the decoration of the exterior is most magnificent. The mosque—now a cathedral—has one of the largest organs in the world, and is considered one of the most remarkable and beautiful buildings in existence. This engraving is one of a large number which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1885, illustrating an exceedingly interesting account of travel, entitled "Wanderings in Spain." Spain is one of the most romantic and picturesque countries in Europe, and this series of pictures and sketches will be of unusual importance.

BRITISH FEDERATION.

HERE is no other government in the world which is so "extended" as is that of Great Britain. The United Kingdom—England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland—covers an area of only one hundred and twenty-one

of Newfoundland, which was acquired in 1583; her youngest is the Island of Cyprus, over which she extended sovereignty in 1878.

The governments of these colonies are of three kinds: first, by the crown, that is, by absolute rule, the people having no part in the government. This is the system for India, and indeed

This is the form of government for Ceylon, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and other colonies, having a total population of a little less than four millions.

Finally, there is the system of responsible government, which is allowed to Canada, Newfoundland, the Cape Colony and Australia only, with a combined population of eight and one half millions.

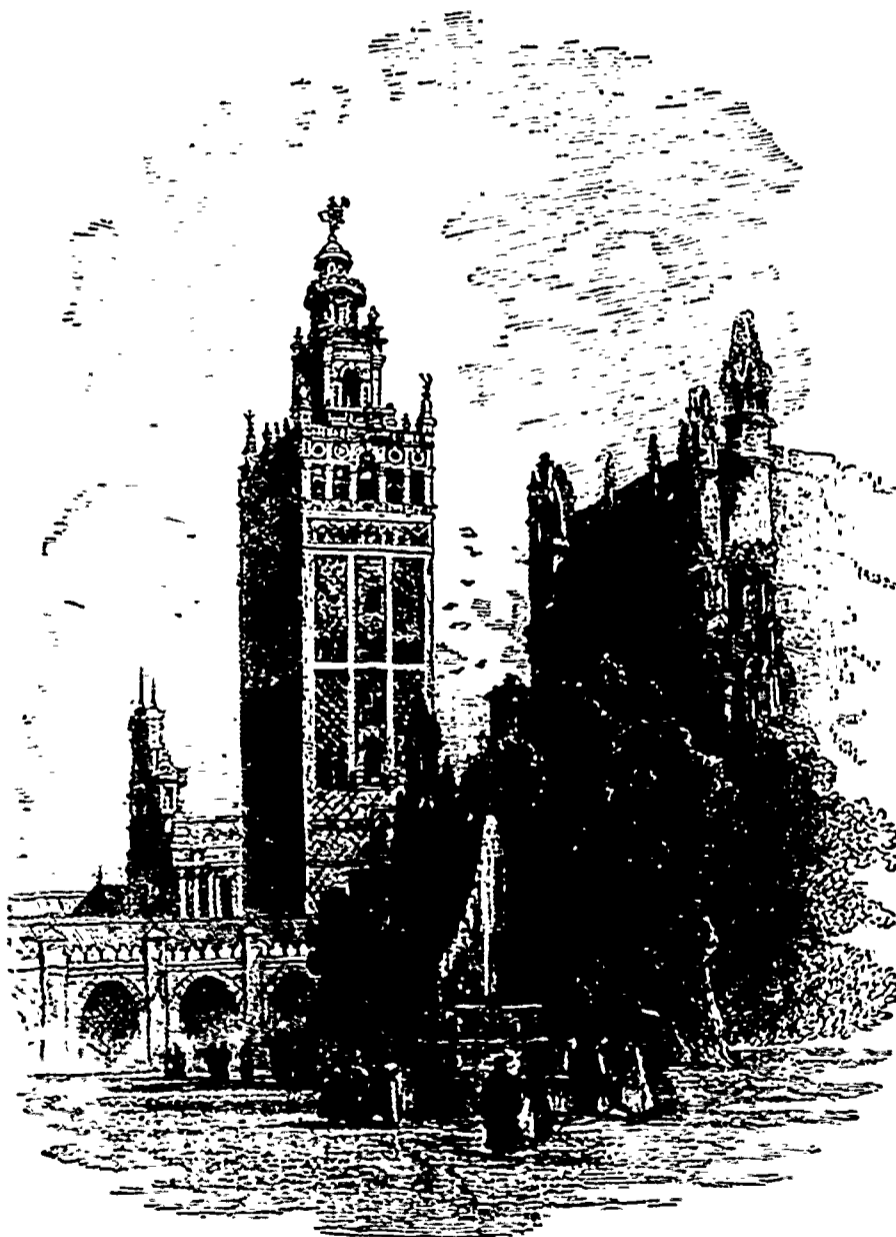
The several provinces which now constitute the Dominion of Canada were formerly independent of each other. They were united by an Act of Parliament passed in 1867. The Dominion is sometimes called a federation, or an association of allied States. It is more than that; it is almost a true union.

Now there is a strong movement in favour of a similar federation of all the governments of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. There are some difficulties in the way of this scheme which no one has yet been able to surmount.

Beyond this there is a much larger project. It is proposed to make a federation of the British Empire. The details have been worked out by no statesman as yet; but the plan involves a political, or a commercial, union, perhaps both, of the home government and the whole or a part of the colonies.

The idea is a grand one, but in carrying it out there will be immense difficulties. For England would hardly care to give up the absolute power which, in spite of representative governments, she holds over her colonies; and Canada or Australia would apparently gain little or nothing by sharing with each other the government which each now possesses, independent of any other power than England.

If, however any way can be found to accomplish the desired result, it will attach the colonies to the mother country more strongly than ever, and make of Great Britain a much more powerful country than she now is.



THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

thousand square miles, a little more than the area of New England and New York, and its population is thirty-five and a quarter millions. Its colonies cover almost eight million square miles, and have a combined population of more than two hundred millions. These colonies are on every continent and in almost every sea. England's oldest colony is that

for most of the colonies in number. The whole colonial population under this species of government is almost two hundred and two millions.

The next class of government is that of representative institutions. The people choose legislatures and make laws; but the home government may veto those laws, and it retains full control over all public officers.

the very sight of the intoxicating draught is enough to awaken the appetite in some men, so that it becomes necessary for them to make a covenant even with their eyes.

WINE is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

The following is the hymn composed by Lord Lorne and dedicated to Canada. It has been set to music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan:

GOD bless our wide Dominion,
Our fathers' chosen land;
And bind in lasting union
Each ocean's distant strand,
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen tram,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.

O bless our wide Dominion,
True freedom's fairest scene;
Defend our people's union,
God save our Empire's Queen.

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be Thou her shield and sun!
Our land, our flag's defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest,
O bless, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil
While stand her sons exalting
For her to live and toil.
She hath the victor's nurture,
Hers are the conquering hurts
No toeman's stroke shall hurt her,
"This Canada of ours."
O bless, etc.

Our sires when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine,
They tracked the floods and fountains,
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains—
The glorious Prairie land.
O bless, etc.

O, Giver of earth's treasure,
Make Thou our Nation strong;
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong!
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase:
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.
O bless, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep homes for hearts as old
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old.
The pioneers of nations,
They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations
And led the van to-day.
O bless, etc.

Inheritors of Glory,
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
Shall onward victory bear.
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly;
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win or fighting die!
O bless, etc.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID FOR JESUS.

FAR away on one of the mountains of Monmouthshire there is a place called Garndiffaith. The name signifies a heap of stones, and really it is hardly more than that. There are no streets properly speaking, but broad "alleys," with carelessly thrown together stone walls, and colliers' huts scattered all about. It is a wild, desolate-looking place, with a large population, however, and one "big house," the doctor's, perched upon the top of the mountain. From this house a very extensive view can be obtained of mountains, collieries, iron works, houses,—the houses being nearly all whitewashed and so giving a decidedly Welsh appearance to the scene.

It was in the middle of last summer that I found myself located here, a guest at this "big house" and con-

ducting a mission at the Wesleyan chapel.

On the evening of the Sunday there might have been seen in the chapel, a big, tall, strong man, nearly six feet high and broad in proportion. He was evidently unaccustomed to attend a place of worship—did not quite know when to stand up and when to sit down, and from the way in which he turned over the leaves of the Bible, it was clear he knew nothing about it.

Well, it is about this man I want to tell you. He had been a most wicked man, the leader of a gang of poachers, and one of the terrors of the neighbourhood.

Everybody on the mountain knew him. Until the Sunday evening before he had not been in a place of worship for (I think) twenty years.

It happened that that evening he was sauntering about with nothing particular to do, when a little girl belonging to our Sunday-school saw him.

They were having their Sunday-school anniversary at the Wesleyan chapel that day, and so desiring to do something for Christ, she went up to him, and offering him a sheet of the hymns to be sung, asked him to come to the service. The Spirit of God must have striven with that big, strong man just then, for without saying anything he put her hand in his and walked along with her to the chapel.

There the singing charmed him and the sermon took hold upon his conscience. Next Sunday evening he was there again, and this Sunday was the day upon which the mission services commenced. The Spirit of God strove more powerfully with him and tacitly and then he decided to give his heart to God.

But he had his own peculiar way of doing it. He had been very notorious in the service of Satan, and he determined to be just as notorious in the service of Christ. So he commenced by going to the landlord of the public-house where he used to spend a great part of his time, and told him that he did not intend to visit his house any more. He then sought his old companions and told them that he would have no more to do with them. Then he put himself in the front rank of our mission band, and night after night sung round the neighbourhood with us.

Of course the tidings got abroad in "no time" and everybody was talking about him. But he didn't care for that. They had all known that he had been a servant of Satan, now they should know that he was going to be a servant of Christ!

The last night of the mission had come, and after singing with us outside, he took his seat at the bottom of the chapel, and when the after meeting commenced he slowly walked up the aisle and knelt at the communion rail, seeking mercy. "Oh! sir," said he to me, "I have served Satan well and he has been a hard taskmaster. If the Lord will pardon my sins, I will serve him better than ever I served Satan." In an agony of mind he pleaded for mercy until at last the Lord pardoned all his sins.

Several months afterwards I saw him again, and by his bright, happy face and the testimony of those who knew him, I felt sure that he was carrying out his determination, and

serving God better than he ever served Satan.

Little girls, see what you can do for Christ. In all human probability if that little girl had not asked him to come to chapel that wicked man would never have been saved.

If one who was older had asked him to come, most likely he would have received an angry refusal.

But "a little child shall lead them," and although you think there is little you can do for Christ, if you give yourself to him and ask him to help you, you will find out that after all you can do very much.—*W. E. Sellers.*

REMARKABLE PINS.

OFTEN do we read of remarkable men, places and events, but who has heard of remarkable pins? I went one day into the office of a Sanitary Inspector in one of England's largest towns, and there I saw a map of a certain district pierced here and there with pins. These pins had large heads, and looked in some of their groups like regiments of little soldiers. I asked what they meant, and was told that each stood for a case of disease such as fever, measles, etc., according to the colour of the pins' heads.

In some streets there were none, in others very few, but in others they were very thickly placed. The Inspector was thereby able to see at a glance where diseases lurked, and where his services were chiefly needed. It was sad to see so much hidden evil thus brought to light. The sadness however deepened when one tried to think how many and how varied the pins would have to be if they stood for cases of soul disease. And the sadness was all the deeper when one thought of the Good Physician who is ever willing and able to cure such complaints if the people would but come to him for healing and life.

It is said of General Gordon that "he always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, clothed them and clothed them and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his kings, and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece. He was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages—that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went day by day. How suggestive of the kind interest which the best of all friends takes in the progress of every human being, and especially of his children. "Your heavenly Father knows your whereabouts. He needs no mechanical help to realize it. Being above all he sees all." Say not "My way is hid from the Lord;" but rather trust in that sweet little promise, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Psalm xxxii. 8.

During the Franco-German war, there were certain windows in which you might see pictures of the battle-fields with movable pins stuck here and there to show the position of the

armies and the progress of the war. Every day people went to see if the pins had changed their positions, and how the war went on. At last the day came when the pins showed that the Germans had conquered the French, and had even entered Paris.

Just now there's another battle going on in the world—a battle between truth and falsehood, and right and wrong. This battle has lasted many years. Sometimes one side has had the victory, and sometimes the other; but we know which side will win in the end. We should have to stick a great many black pins into a map of the world to stand for sin and wrong, and but few to stand for good and right, but the few will conquer the many. The whites will beat the blacks until the day will come when all the wrong will be done away, and the right shall be left the master of the field, for

God will help the good and true
Everywhere;
Be their numbers great or few,
They're his care;
One, a thousand men shall beat,
Two undaunted armies meet,
And through God make them retreat,
Nerved by prayer.
F. M. L.

A BRAND FROM THE FIRE

J"ERRY" McAuley, the well-known missionary in the slums of New York, is dead. His career has been a most remarkable one. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country when he was thirteen years of age. His father had been a counterfeiter, and the son followed in the same crime, becoming a most abandoned character. He was a prize-fighter and thief and seemed capable of all kinds of wickedness. Finally he was convicted of highway robbery and sent to Sing Sing prison for fifteen years. While in the prison he professed reformation and conversion, and when released tried to lead a correct life. This he found at first very difficult, but after several falls he finally straightened up and became a faithful Christian man, and commenced the most earnest efforts on behalf of men who were in the same class to which he belonged. He established a mission in one of the worst quarters of the city of New York and laboured most earnestly and successfully among the worst classes. Good men, and wealthy men, gathered about him and aided him and his faithful wife in their good work. A short time since he died, in the presence of his wife and a few friends, in the triumphs of the gospel. His funeral was largely attended. It took place from the Broadway Tabernacle, where thousands visited and looked upon the remains of the good and faithful man. The papers say that probably the funeral of no private citizen was ever attended by so many people in that city—a high tribute to goodness and devotion. "The memory of the just is blessed."

"My dear, look down below," said a grandioso as he stood on Brooklyn bridge with his wife, and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

SIR LAUNFAL.

"AS Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate, He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same, Who begged with his hand, and moaned as he sat; And a leathing over Sir Launfal came. The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill, The flesh 'neath his armour did shrink and crawl, And midway its leap his heart stood still Like a frozen waterfall; For this man, so foul and bent of stature, Raped harshly against his dainty nature, And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,— So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"The leper he raised not the gold from the dust: Better to me the poor man's crust, Better the blessing of the poor, Though I turn me empty from his door: That is no true alms which the hand can hold; He gives nothing but worthless gold Who gives from a sense of duty; But he who gives a slender mite, And gives to that which is out of sight, That thread of the All-Sustaining Beauty Which runs through all and doth all unite,— The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, The heart outstretches its eager palms, For a god goes with it and makes it store To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Thus stood it with Sir Launfal starting out in search of the Holy Grail, as put by Mr. Lowell "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—suggestively to all who are tempted to give in petulance and with ill-disguised contempt for the object of charity. Put alongside is the suggestive word of Scripture, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," or those other words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Sir Launfal learns better, when, an old man, having searched in vain, it is disclosed to him:

"The Grail in my castle here is found!"
"And Sir Launfal said, I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree;

Will Mary's Son acknowledge me;
Behold through him I give to thee."

It is this vision of Christ, and Christ in the man that transfigures almsgiving and makes the bestowment of charity sweet. Between the gift in scorn and the gift in love there are millions of leagues of dark sundering gulf.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

JUST between the towns of Hoboken and Weehawken, in New Jersey, lies the little hamlet of Union Hill, an old-fashioned village peopled mostly by Germans, and in this village has stood for many years a great frame building, used principally as a hotel, and known to all the townspeople by the name of "The Old Swan." In years gone by this place was quite a famous resort, but it gradually ran down until it became at length a cheap boarding-house. Among the many inmates of the building were Julie Brohmer, a little eight-year-old girl, her mother, and three younger children. The smallest, a little girl baby of two years, was Julie's special charge, and her mother could always leave the baby with Julie, sure that no harm could come to her so long as her faithful little sister was near. Julie attended the public school as regularly as her home duties would allow, and, unlike

most little girls of her age, when she came home she did not care to run out in the street and play at "tag" or "hide-and-peek," but instead staid at home and relieved her mother of the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and acted the part of a small housewife. The other evening, about half-past nine, little Julie sat in a room on one of the lower flats patiently waiting for her mother to come in that she might go to bed. She had just put her little baby sister to sleep in the back room, and as she sat waiting so quietly, her half closed eyes and frequent yawns told only too well that the "dust-man" was on his rounce.

Suddenly, as she sat there, some bright sparks fell from the ceiling and smouldered on the floor. Almost at the same instant a number of the tenants who lived upstairs ran wildly through the hall and past the door, screaming "Fire! fire!" at the top of their voices. In another moment the flames appeared in the very room in which little Julie sat. She heard the cries of fire, and the people rushing madly into the street; but there was no one to tell her what to do, or even to think of her, in that moment of excitement. Perhaps a good many of the little girl readers, if they had been in Julie's place, would have screamed and run out of the house as quickly as they could; but that was not what brave little Julie thought of as she saw the sparks falling about her, and the red glare of the fast approaching flames. No, indeed; for she knew that in the back room her baby sister slept unconscious of any danger, and the brave little girl thought first of her duty to that helpless infant. So without thinking twice, she dashed forward, and groped through the smoke and falling sparks until she reached the baby's crib. Then snatching out the little two-year old, sleeping peacefully as it was in its little night-dress—a pretty heavy burden, too, for so small a girl—and clasping it tightly in her arms, she ran out of the room, struggling through the smoke of the hall, until at last she reached the open air.

She did not stop even then, but ran on until she had reached the opposite side of the street. There she sat down on a convenient rock and watched the fire, still holding her little sister tightly to her breast to protect her from the cold. And in this position, after hunting all over, and almost concluding that Julie had perished in the flames, her mamma and the neighbours found her. Brave little girl! Though only eight years old, when danger threatened she did not have to be told what was right for her to do, nor did she for a moment lose her presence of mind, but bravely rescued her baby sister. Think what a brave little girl she was, and try to learn from her brave act a lesson of courage and self-control.—*Harper's Young People.*

LETTERS from Rev. Dr. Cochran, Methodist missionary in Japan, report the safe arrival of all the missionaries sent out this summer. The college in Tokio is being opened with good prospects, and Dr. Cochran pleads for another teacher as soon as one can be seen. The building for accommodation for 75 resident students. It will probably be filled soon after it is opened.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscle, brain, and power, Fit to cope with anything— These are wanted every hour. Not the weak and whining drones, That all trouble magnify; Not the wretched "I can't," But the nobler one "I'll try." Do what'er you have to do With a true and earnest zeal; Bend your sinews to the task; Put your shoulder to the wheel. In the counting-house or store, Wherever you may be, From your future efforts, boys, Comes a nation's destiny.

THE C. L. S. C. IN CANADA.

THE growth of the Chautauqua Circles in Canada has been greater during the present season than ever before. The energetic secretary, Mr. L. C. Peake, has within the last few weeks received the names of over 200 new applicants for membership. There are now 1500 Chautauquans in Canada. A project is on foot with every prospect of success, for having a Canadian summer assembly on the Niagara, to promote the interests of this great educational movement, similar to the world renowned assembly on Chautauqua Lake. In Toronto the movement grows apace. From a daily paper we clip the following:

C. L. S. C.—A meeting of members of the Toronto Central Circle of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was held in Richmond Street Methodist Church last night to consider the course of study for the ensuing year. Mr. E. Gurney, jr., occupied the chair. Rev. Dr. Withrow opened the meeting with prayer, after which he spoke at some length on the question of education and the advantages to be derived from a systematic course of study. The question of popular education he said, is one that is attracting the greatest attention in England, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, the United States, Canada, and even China, Japan, and India. In every country that lays claim to civilization, the education of the masses is one that they cannot afford to overlook. Thanks to the art of printing books are now within the reach of all, and to obtain the greatest benefit from them should be studied systematically. It is a great advantage to have the proper books chosen for us, and this is what the Chautauqua Circle has done. He then went on to speak of some of the studies which will form the course of this year. The study of the natural sciences, for instance, supplies a key which unlocks the secrets of nature. It expands our horizon, so to speak, giving to us a clearer view of the workings of nature, and impressing us with the fact that everything round about us is "the work of one grand plan." Mr. Hughes followed Dr. Withrow. He referred to the various subjects that would be taken up, amongst which biology, scientific, temperance, and language lessons, and studies in kitchen science and art might be mentioned. Mr. Hughes was followed by the chairman, who referred to the fact that lectures similar to those of last year will be provided for the coming term. A few questions were asked and answered, after which Dr. Withrow dismissed the meeting with the benediction.

"THAT BOY."

LECTURE BY REV. DR. VINCENT.

A LARGE audience gathered in the Central Methodist Church, Toronto, to hear Dr. Vincent's lecture on "That Boy." Although Dr. Vincent is lacking in neither humour nor pathos, he does not belong to that peculiarly exasperating class of orators who aim at moving the audience into "alternate tears and laughter." His lecture is not a mere string of anecdotes and jokes, but a masterly outline of what a boy's education should be. He presented on behalf of "that boy" three institutions—the Church, the Public School, and the Home. On the subject of the Church he spoke with the energy of a man who expects some opposition. He held that a boy, at the very earliest period of his life, should attend church with his parents, and went so far as to say, that if a child could attend but one service on a Sunday that attendance should be at church rather than at Sunday-school. To the anticipated objection that a very young child could not understand the sermon—and by the way, there were some sermons which nobody could understand—he replied that it was a good thing for a child to be early surrounded by the influences of the Church and that it would inculcate in him a spirit of a reverence for sacred things. When he entered a church and with a child's inquisitiveness asked "What house is this?" he would be told "God's house,"—that the day on which he went there was God's day—the minister, God's minister—the book from which he read, God's book. The argument that the child should not be compelled to go to church because he did not want to, and because its instincts should have full play, was answered in the *reductio ad absurdum* way by applying the same principle to the matter of food, and putting the case of a child who was allowed to eat whatever it pleased. In referring to the School, the lecturer first drew a picture of a stern, stupid, and unloving dominie, who rules his pupils by fear, and then presented that of the intelligent teacher, ruling with gentle firmness, and inviting the confidence of his pupils, a class of whom Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was put forward as a bright example. In dealing with the "Home," the lecturer put in an eloquent plea for the boy, as against the fine furniture, and told his hearers that the great aim should be to make home the most pleasant spot in the world for the children. The boy whom Dr. Vincent presented as the product of this training was an admirable character, honest, fearless, loving, and manly, but not mannish.

THE SCOTT ACT.

FIVE counties in Canada voted on the Scott Act on Oct. 30. In York County, N. B., the question submitted was on the repeal of the Act, and it is stated that the Act had been sustained by a majority estimated at 300. In Huron the Act had a majority of 1,600, with incomplete returns; while in Bruce the majority for the Act was 703, and 21 places to hear from. In Dufferin the majority so far reported is 620 for the Act, while Prince Edward County goes against the Act by 126.

DO YOU THINK TO PRAY?

WERE you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favour
As a shield to-day?

When you met with great temptations
Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit
Did you claim his Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay.

When your heart was filled with anger
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed with sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Editor

TORONTO NOVEMBER 29 1884

A NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL RECITER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of reciters in the market there is still a demand for something especially suited to Sunday-school needs. Most of those in vogue are too secular, too silly or even more objectionable. Our friend, C. W. Coates, of Montreal—a gentleman of long and varied Sunday experience, and the best conductor of Sunday-school entertainments we ever knew, has been for years collecting the material for the new Reciter, which he calls the "Acme S. S. Reader and Reciter" (pp. 192; price, paper, 35cts Methodist Book Rooms Toronto, Montreal and Halifax). It meets our approval better than any other that we know. It is not a mere collection of funny stories, though it is not without humour. But most of the pieces are marked by distinct moral purpose, either by direct religious teaching, or by heavy blows directed against drinking, dancing, smoking, idleness, etc. There are pieces for S. S. anniversaries, Christmas, missionary and other meetings. Some of them are quite touching, and several are adapted for introducing singing—in the way of echoes, refrains or the like. We believe that this book will add greatly to the pleasure and profit of Sunday-school gatherings.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PERIODICALS FOR 1885.

IN order to meet in the fullest degree the need of the enlarged number of readers of these periodicals, resulting from the union of all the Methodist Churches of Canada, a new departure, and a great improvement in several of the periodicals, will take place. Neither money nor labour shall be spared in making them the best, the most attractive, and the cheapest lesson helps and Sunday-school papers in the world.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANNER, while retaining the same general features as heretofore, will be greatly improved. It will be printed in somewhat smaller, though very clear and legible type, so as to make room for a still fuller treatment of the lessons, and for the introduction of matter of special importance to Sunday-school teachers. The black-board and other illustrations will be more full than heretofore, and occasional illustrations of Bible scenes and themes will be given. The Rev. A. Andrews, Sunday-school Agent of the Guelph Conference, will prepare a special series of

NORMAL CLASS EXERCISES,

which, it is believed, will be greatly helpful to teachers in the prosecution of their work. Every possible improvement will be adopted to keep the Banner in the very foremost rank of lesson helps. In order that every teacher in every school of the Methodist Church may have the aid of this unsurpassed teacher's monthly, its price will be uniformly sixty cents a copy, whether taken singly or in any number. This gives the individual teacher an equal advantage with the school which can take a large number. Thus

FIVE CENTS A MONTH

will place in the hands of a teacher twelve times thirty-two pages—384 pages a year—of rich, full, concise, practical lesson notes and teacher's hints, adapted for the several grades of the Sabbath-school, and well printed in clear type on good paper.

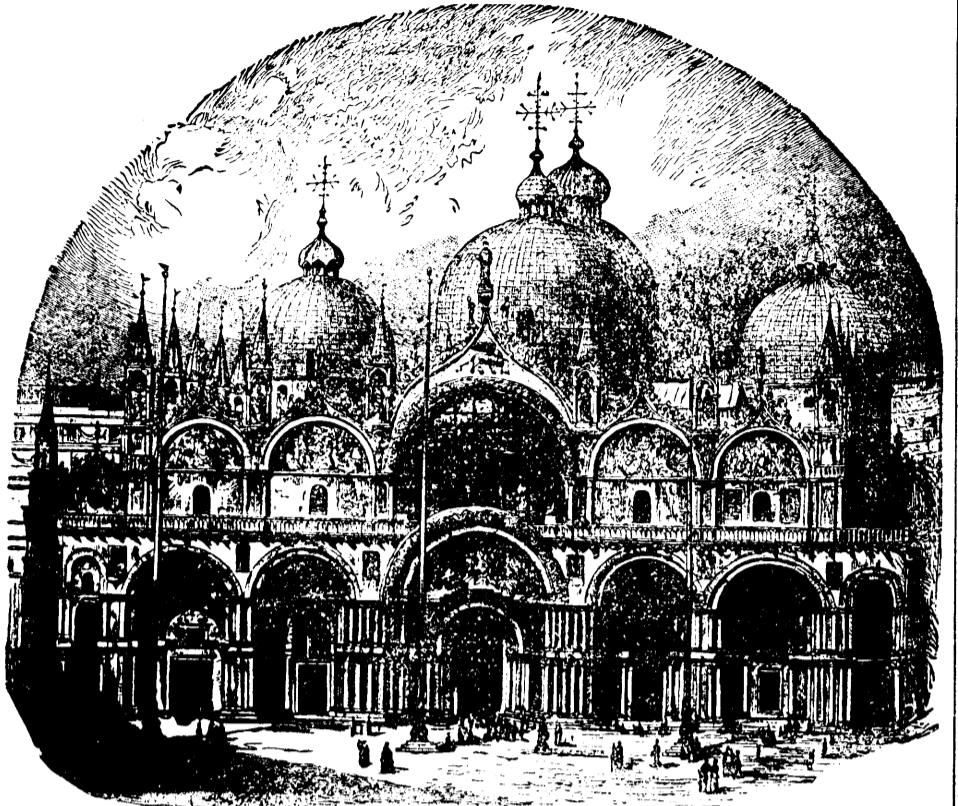
THE BEREAN LEAF

will exhibit marked improvements in the way of suitable small engravings, maps, etc.; will contain a lesson hymn for each lesson, lesson catechism questions for home study, explanations, etc.

This will still be issued at 5½ cents a year, or \$5.50 per 100.

THE CANADIAN SCHOLARS' QUARTERLY will be discontinued, and in its place will be issued quarterly the above-mentioned BEREAN LEAF, with the addition of four extra pages, containing opening and closing exercises, a descriptive index of names and places, with the pronunciation of the proper names clearly marked; also a selection of additional lesson hymns, with an occasional piece of new and choice music.

The price of this BEREAN QUARTERLY will be only 6 cents a year for 64 pages, instead of 8 cents, as was the CANADIAN SCHOLARS' QUARTERLY. This is the



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE.—(See next page.)

best and cheapest value for schools that we know. We cannot send single numbers of this, nor less than five, as the postage alone on a single number would equal the subscription price.

PLEASANT HOURS

was never so popular as during the past year. We are determined that next year it will be better still. While retaining the same general features, it will introduce marked improvements of illustration and context. It will, as heretofore, give special prominence to Christian missions—especially those of our own Church—to temperance, and Canadian and patriotic topics. It is a quarto eight-page paper, issued every fortnight, at the following low prices:—PLEASANT HOURS 8pp. 4to., every fortnight, single copies, 30 cents; less than twenty copies, 25 cents; over twenty copies, 22 cents.

HOME AND SCHOOL

will be of the same general character as PLEASANT HOURS, but of a somewhat superior grade, with more copious lesson notes and more varied home reading.

These papers are, for size, and price, and excellence, the cheapest in the world. We challenge comparison. They are even ordered from the United States and Australia, as superior to anything that can be produced for the price in those countries. Issued on alternate Saturdays, they furnish a paper for every Sunday in the year. They both abound in choice pictures, poems, stories, and sketches, in temperance and missionary sentiment, in loyalty to Queen and country; and both have copious lesson notes. Many schools circulate these papers instead of library books—finding them fresher, brighter, and more attractive, and much cheaper. HOME AND SCHOOL, 8pp. 4to., every fortnight, single copies, 30 cents; less than twenty copies, 25 cents; over twenty copies, every fortnight, 22 cents.

THE SUNBEAM

will be brighter, better, and more beautiful than ever, with a superior grade

of pictures, and will be issued every fortnight. It is just what the little folk of the primary classes need—full of pretty pictures, short stories, poems, and easy lesson notes. SUNBEAM, every fortnight, when less than twenty copies, 15 cents; twenty copies and upwards, 12 cents.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW SERVICE

gives review questions, responsive reading, hymns, etc. Very popular. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.

The above rates are all post-paid. Specimens will be sent free to an address. Send orders early, that we may promptly meet the increased demand. Schools sending new orders for the year now will receive the numbers for the rest of the year gratis, including the special Missionary and Christmas numbers.

Schools desiring graded lessons will find them in these papers. The simplest of all for the primary classes in the SUNBEAM.

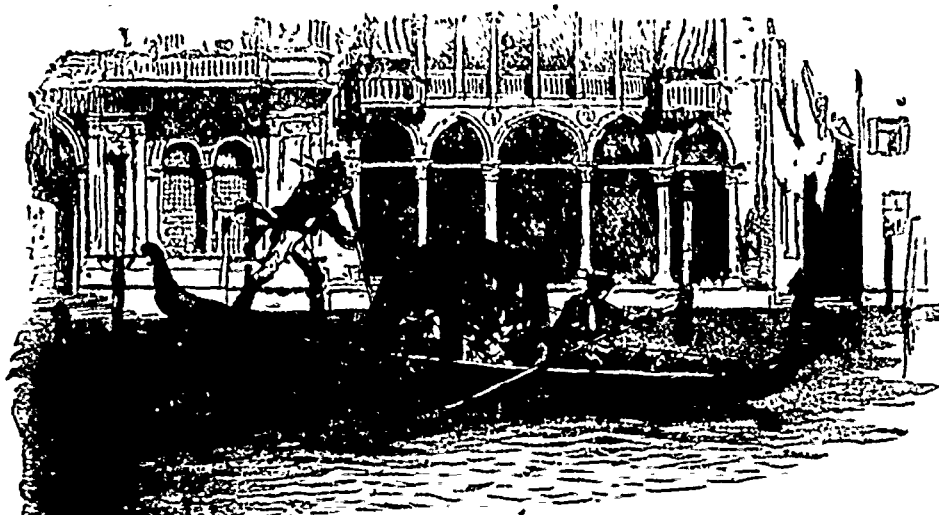
For the great intermediate mass of scholars, the lessons in PLEASANT HOURS will be best suited.

For the advanced classes, the very full lesson notes in the HOME AND SCHOOL will be found in every way adapted.

We purpose, as soon as practicable, to publish a paper of the same grade as SUNBEAM on alternate weeks with that paper. But in the meantime schools wishing a very pretty paper for the very little folks we furnish the PICTURE LESSON PAPER, published by the Great Methodist Publishing House, New York. The pictures are expressly made to teach the lesson, even when the scholar cannot read. It is issued every week at 25 cents a year.

Address, Rev. Wm. Briggs, 78 and 80 King street east, Toronto; C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury street, Montreal; Rev. S. F. Huestis, Halifax, N. S.

The duty of itself being resolved on, the mode of doing it may be easily found.



GONDOLA, VENICE.

A MAN OF PRAYER.

It is remarked that Bishop Simpson, so recently exalted to a chosen seat among the glorified, was eminent as a man of prayer. He sought daily the mercy-seat, yet not alone in his own behalf—his broad sympathies embraced the whole world. In this he was alike unto his blessed Lord, whose face he now beholds in unclouded light. That intercourse with the Father was personal, habitual, and without unnecessary repetitions. He was always ready to kneel at the bedside of suffering, and plead with God. Once, excusing himself from official duties at the session of an Annual Conference, he quietly entered the home of sickness. Bowing in prayer, he asked, in soft, tender words, for the recovery of a brother minister. He was not unmindful of the scriptural limitation—"if it be thy will." His words were gifted with hidden energy; were powerful because "the secret of the Lord" had been already communicated to his soul. While asking in strict deference to God's will, there seemed, nevertheless, to be in his utterances the pledge of assurance, the gracious response. Will any one affirm that such prayer avails nothing in physical recovery?

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

(See announcement on last page.)

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

The St. Louis South-Western Methodist says:—"THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, edited by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., is something we can recommend. The character of its contents puts it abreast of the most popular literary magazines. Besides having this merit it is especially recommended to religious readers for its positive Christian tone and teaching, and more especially to Methodist readers because it is a Methodist Magazine. The articles are by scholarly men and good writers."

The London Quarterly Review, the leading organ of English Methodism, says:—"The Canadian Church is to be heartily congratulated on its MAGAZINE."

The New York Christian Advocate, the leading organ of American Methodism, says:—"THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE is exceedingly well

edited, and is an honour to our Canadian friends."

Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—"This is a model denominational periodical, neatly published, catholic in spirit, emphatically religious, and with a moderate subscription price, \$2."

The MAGAZINE contains, monthly, 96 pages reading matter, well illustrated, at the low price of \$2 a year. Special rates to schools. Several schools circulate it instead of libraries; \$1 for 6 months; 20 cents a number. Address William Briggs, Publisher, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1885 is the most attractive ever offered. It is entitled "Bits from Binkbonny," by John Strathesk. It gives a vivid picture of life in a Scottish village and sketches of Scottish character, with a rare blending of humour and pathos. It describes also the famous Disruption of the Presbyterian Church, when Chalmers, Guthrie, Duff, and 470 evangelical ministers for conscience' sake forsook hearth and home and the Church of their fathers and went forth not knowing whither they went. The book is handsomely printed, bound and illustrated. It will provoke both smiles and tears. The publisher of the MAGAZINE has secured the right to reprint for the benefit of its subscribers this English copyright book, with all the illustrations of the English edition. The regular selling price is \$1.50. It will be sent POST FREE, as a premium to each subscriber to the METHODIST MAGAZINE, old or new, for the merely nominal sum of 40 cents, which is less than the cost price.

WAIT FOR SAMPLES.

We are sending out a copious supply of samples of our papers to every minister and S. S. superintendent of our church so far as we can learn their addresses. Wait for them before ordering elsewhere. Any superintendent not receiving samples will confer a favour by sending his name and address.

We have received recently a large number of books for poor schools—from Three Rivers, Kerwood, Preston and elsewhere. They were very welcome and were promptly distributed. But there are still many more applications for them than we can fill. Send along the books and help the poor schools. Address, Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

THE REVIVAL AT ELM STREET.

THE revival meetings in Elm Street Church, conducted by Rev. Thos. Harrison—popularly known as the "Boy Preacher"—and the pastor, Rev. W. H. Laird, have been going on since the 9th inst. From the first the congregations were good, and they have been increasing, until every evening now the church is filled, and on Sunday night hundreds came who could not be admitted for want of room. The religious interest has also been steadily increasing, and much good has already been effected. On Sunday the divine presence was manifested in a most wonderful manner. In the afternoon a meeting was held on behalf of the Sunday-school, and it is estimated that not less than one hundred and twenty-five scholars presented themselves for prayer. On Sunday evening the vast congregation was most profoundly affected, and before the close of the services more than one hundred penitents crowded about the communion railing and front seats and fully fifty more rose to express their desire for salvation. Several of those present, ministers and laymen, say that they have not witnessed anything like the work now in progress since the days of Coughy. Mr. Harrison is evidently peculiarly adapted to evangelistic work. His sermons are plain and practical, and are enforced with a faithfulness and unction which get hold of the heart and conscience of his hearers, while his unquestioning faith in the power and willingness of God to give success to his work acts like an inspiration upon others. Rev. Mr. Laird, who is indefatigable in effort to promote this revival, and who was mainly instrumental in getting Mr. Harrison here, is anticipating still greater results.—Guardian.

HOW THE S. S. AID FUND HELPS POOR SCHOOLS.

A MISSIONARY in the North-West Territory writes:—"Dear Brother,—You remember last year you helped us by sending us a library and twenty copies of Home and School for six months. Now we are able to pay for all we receive, and are at present taking sixty-five copies of your periodicals. Children and parents are alike fond of them. The best papers I ever read." Another gentleman writes: "I have been greatly comforted and strengthened by reading PLEASANT HOURS, brought home by my children from Sunday-school."

A MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL ROOM.

THE Sunday-school room of the Elm Street Church, Toronto, is one of the most commodious and comfortable that we know. It is elegantly carpeted and frescoed, has comfortable seats, a piano, etc. There are spacious rooms for primary and other classes, and everything has a strictly homelike look. Such an elegant church parlour, as it may be called, is a great help to the comfort and success of the Sunday-school, and to the social life of the church.

VENICE, THE CITY OF THE SEA.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is very odd on reaching Venice, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbuling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream, in a luxurious gondola.* In the strange stillness there was a suggestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past.

After dinner I sallied out for a sunset row upon the Grand Canal. I had only to step to the door and hold up my finger, when a gondolier, with a stroke of his oar, brought his bark to my feet. The charm of that first ride along that memory-haunted waterway, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. I was alone—as one should be to let fancy conjure up the past. Onward I glided silently—

"By many a dome Mosque-like and many a stately portico, The statues ranged along an azure sky; By many a pile of more than Eastern pride, Of old the residence of merchant kings. The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them, Still glowing with the richest hues of art, As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

Others were of a faded splendour wan, and seemed, Narcissus-like, to brood over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Contarini, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock, the Jew, and the Merchant of Venice. And

"Now a Jessica Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits At her half-open lattice."

I directed the gondolier to stop at Gli Scalzi, a sumptuous church of the barefooted friars, and attended the singing of the Angelus. The scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir.

ON THE LAGUNE.

As the sun went down I sailed out into the broad lagune, over the glowing waves which seemed like the sea of glass mingled with fire. The sunset fires burned out to ashen grey. The light faded from the sky; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's prow, and rowed me back to my hotel through a labyrinth of narrow canals threading the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and the crowded dwellings of

* An American lady is credited with the remark that she did not see Venice to advantage, because the streets were all flooded when she was there.

the poor. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna. As we traversed the narrow canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—*prème*, or *stali*—were heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the strange stillness of that silent city, without sound of hoarse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till I scarce knew whether my strange experience were real or but the figment of a dream.

THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK.

The great centre and focus of Venetian life is the Piazza of St. Mark. It is a large stone-paved square, surrounded by the marble palaces of the ancient Republic. The only place in Venice large enough for a public promenade, it is crowded in the evening by a well-dressed throng of diverse nationalities, many of them in picturesque foreign costumes, listening to the military band, sipping coffee at the cafes, or lounging under the arcades. Among the throng may be seen jet-black Tunisians with their snowy robes; Turks with their fez and embroidered vests; Albanians, Greeks and Armenians; English, French, German, Russian, Austrian, and American tourists. The women of Venice have very regular features and fine classic profiles, a circumstance which I attribute to the large infusion of Greek blood arising from the intimate relations for centuries of the Republic with Greece and the Levant. They wear a graceful mantilla over their heads, in quite an oriental manner; and a dark bodice, scarlet kerchief, and frequently a yellow skirt and blue apron—a bright symphony of colour that would delight an artist's eye.

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S.

A curious illustration is here given of the permanence of European institutions and customs. An extraordinary number of pigeons will be seen nestling in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, perched on the facade of St. Mark, billing and cooing, and tamely hopping about almost under the feet of the promenaders. At two o'clock every day a large bell is rung, and instantly the whirr of wings is heard, and hundreds of snowy pigeons are seen flocking from all directions to an opening near the roof of the municipal palace, where they are fed by public dole. This beautiful custom, recalling the expression of Scripture, "flying as doves to their windows," has been observed during six stormy and changeful centuries. According to tradition, the old doge, Dandolo, in the thirteenth century, sent the tidings of the conquest of Candia by carrier pigeons to Venice, and by a decree of the Republic their descendants were ordered forever to be maintained at the expense of the State.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

The glory of this stately square, however, is the grand historic church of St. Mark. All words of description must be tame and commonplace after Ruskin's glowing pen-picture of this glorious pile:—"A multitude of pillars

and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hallowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, coiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss,—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the sigus or heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars; until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."*

Above the great portal ramp the Greek bronze horses brought by Constantine to Byzantium, by Dandolo to Venice, by Napoleon to Paris, and restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis

"They strike the ground resounding with their feet,
And from their nostrils breathe eternal flame."

As we cross the portico we step upon a porphyry slab, on which, seven centuries ago, the Emperor Barbarossa knelt and received upon his neck the foot of Pope Alexander III., who chanted the while the versicle, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." "To Saint Peter I kneel, not to thee," said the Emperor, stung with the humiliation. "To me and to Saint Peter," replied the haughty Pontiff, pressing once more his foot upon his vassal's neck. The proud monarch was then obliged to hold the stirrup of the priest as he mounted his ass, not "meek and lowly," like his master, but more haughty than earth's mightiest monarchs.

In that same porch the doge, Dandolo—"near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on," ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the

* The Vandal like proposal has recently been made to "restore" this matchless facade in modern workmanship. Such a vigorous protest, however, is raised against the scheme, that it will hardly be carried into execution.

mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium. Here

"In an after time, beside the doge,
Sat one yet greater, one whose verse shall live
When the wave rolls o'er Venice—
The tuneful Petrarch crowned with laurel."

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheathed with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen!" "Christ shall come!" "Not in the wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent length, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—'He shall return to do judgment and justice.'" The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all gloricous within, her raiment of wrought gold."

I lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and terrors of the Apocalypse; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadences of the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. I stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church.

THE CAMPANILE.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which I enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolean and Julian Alps. A tourist, with an artist's eye, and poet's pen, thus describes the beauty of the scene. "The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to crimson and gold. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis lazuli washed with gold; the islands are bowers of greenery, springing from the bosom of the purple waves. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like the wings of some gigantic tropical bird, flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the mast head; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars, the hum of human voices; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, the glory of this beloved queen among the nations." For six centuries and more the grey old tower, which Galileo used to climb,

has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fetes and funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's axe.

NOTE.—The cuts above given are specimens of numerous engravings which will be given in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1885, illustrating descriptive articles on the city of Venice.

LICENSED TO SELL.

We are growing weary of the meaningless sign, "Licensed to retail spirituous liquors." Would not the rum-seller give us a true idea of what his license grants him, and what the true nature of his business? To help him towards this end I would suggest the following as a correct translation of the common and seemingly harmless inscription which we see over the doors of "Our Family Vaults:"—

LICENSED to hush the voice of right,
Licensed to bid all honour flee;
Licensed to make a sin seem light;
Licensed to make lives disagree,
Licensed to kill the maiden's blush,
Licensed to dull the fear of shame,
Licensed to bid her conscience hush,
Licensed to give a tarnished name;
Licensed to lead our youth astray,
Licensed to coax him from his toil,
Licensed to give his passions sway,
Licensed to lead him into brawl;
Licensed to take the workman's hoard,
Licensed to make his arm grow weak,
Licensed to rob the children's board,
Licensed to blanch the mother's cheek;
Licensed to make us need police;
Licensed to tax our house and land;
Licensed to bid all crime increase;
Licensed to form the robber's band;
Licensed to crush the drunkard low,
Licensed to leave him in the mire,
Licensed to bid his mad talk flow,
Licensed to set his brain on fire;
Licensed to fill a drunkard's grave;
Licensed to bring a widow woe;
Licensed to make a woman a slave,
Licensed to be the children's foe;
Licensed to give a prison life;
Licensed to bid a felon lurk;
Licensed to whet assassin's knife;
Licensed to give the hangman work;
Licensed to work in sin like leaven;
Licensed to live a ne'er-do-well;
Licensed to shut men out of Heaven;
Licensed to shut men up in Hell.

—Selected.

ONE WAY IN WHICH THE GOOD LORD OF HEAVEN SPEAKS TO HIS CHILDREN.

A FEW Sundays since, in the very hot weather I lay down on a couch to take a little rest. My little boy, whose name is Willie, and who always kisses me good-bye in the morning and is the first to greet me home in the evening, came to lie beside me. He went to sleep, and in a short time he awoke as in a troubled dream, and began to cry. I tried to soothe and comfort him, and just as I was thinking I would give anything or do anything to comfort the dear little boy, it seemed as if an angel from heaven spoke in my ear these words: "Like as a father pitieth or loveth his children, so the Lord loveth them that fear him." And so after some months of murmuring and repining at the Lord's strange dealings with me, I was led to see and feel something of the infinite tenderness and compassion and lovingness of my Almighty Father, and so once again I cried from the lowest depths of my heart, "Thy ways are not as my ways," but, "Though thou slay me yet will I trust in thee."—*W. K. H.*

THE VOTE ON LIQUOR.

VOTE no! and the mother's heart will leap,
The sister's tears be dry,
The poor inebriate clasp his hands
And raise his voice on high.

Vote yes! and the careworn heart will break,
The pale lip hush its prayer,
The wretched drunkard, clamoring, haste
To realms of dark despair.

Oh, then, by the life which God hath given,
By your power to curse or bless,
By your fears of hell and hopes of heaven
Let not your vote be Yes.

By the cherished hearthstone's bitter wrong,
By the spirit's deathless woe;
In the name of God and name of men,
Let every vote be No.

THE BOY PREACHER.

THE visit of this distinguished revivalist to Toronto has been accompanied by very happy results. Week after week the large Elm Street Church has been filled and the altar crowded with penitent seekers of salvation. In the Sunday school as many as a hundred scholars at one time expressed their desire for salvation and purpose to seek it.

Mr. Harrison is a very slight, delicate-looking, boyish figure. But he is a bundle of nerves and is ceaselessly active—exhorting, singing, praying, going around among the people and bringing seekers to the penitent bench in the old-fashioned Methodist style. From the *Toronto Globe* we quote the following account of this honoured worker for God:—

CONVERTED BY A PIOUS MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYERS.

Mr. Harrison, the "Boy Preacher," has attracted so much attention since his arrival in Toronto that no doubt many have gladly availed themselves of every opportunity of knowing something about the life and labour of one whose work has been so singularly successful. This cannot be denied, whatever theory may be adopted as its most reasonable explanation. In the little book by Rev. E. Davies, giving an account of Mr. Harrison's revival work, it is clear that he himself has but one theory of explanation, and that is the divine blessing on his labours, poured out in rich abundance. As the human agent of his success he gives all the praise under God to a saintly mother. It was her morning prayers, he says, that saved him. After his conversion his success in procuring conversions was as sudden as it was remarkable. At the very first meeting a number of persons yielded to his influence and underwent the blessed experiences of conversion, and ever since that time his labours have been wonderfully productive of fruit.

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

One who knew him intimately says:—"But if we would know the true secret of his power, we must look beyond all such considerations. His sincerity, unction, confidence, simplicity, etc., all combined, do not settle the question which we have started. He succeeds, as we believe, because he is truly devout and pious, and is living in constant and closest fellowship with the Holy Ghost. He prays much in secret, and learns for himself the method and fulness of salvation on his knees."

MR. HARRISON'S METHODS

are thus described: A few minutes after eight o'clock, the church being by that time pretty well filled, Mr. Harrison entered accompanied by his hearers from the vestry. Without delay he began the exercises with a hymn, leading the singing himself with great fervour. Earnest prayer and stirring psalmody followed one another in quick succession, Mr. Harrison's earnest appeals to "stand up" and "come forward" being anything but unavailing. It was impossible to resist the influence of the scene—the music now swelling forth in loud tones of triumphant faith and assurance, and now low and beseeching as if imploring all anxious ones to delay no longer, but come at once; the intense enthusiasm of the revivalist, greeting every fresh accession with a hearty "Thank God, there's another;" and using personal solicitation to many to come forward and be prayed for. The mourners' benches were soon filled, and the special half-hour prayer-meeting in the vestry afterwards was an occasion of great rejoicing.

TEMPERANCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

IN view of the recommendation of the Sunday-school Convention at Brockville, to the effect that Bands of Hope should be established in all Sunday-schools, a correspondent suggests that temperance, as that word is now generally understood, should be regularly taught in all such schools, and that it should be brought regularly and prominently forward in the general exercises of the school at least once a month, so that the children might be thoroughly indoctrinated with sound principles on the point. The suggestion is a good one, though it is not to be lost sight of that where the teachers are already total abstainers, this is now to a very great extent done, while from those who are not, it is scarcely to be expected, and though this may come round by-and-by, we are not aware that any Church makes absolute adherence to total abstinence an indispensable prerequisite to being a Sunday-school teacher.—*Globe*.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

THOSE who have heard the world-famous Jubilee Singers will be glad to learn that they are making another tour through Canada. Although the company is not now singing for the interests of Fisk University, it should be remembered that they raised for that university over \$150,000; and owing to their liberal terms and great drawing power, Churches, Young Men's Christian Associations, Libraries, Temperance and other organizations which have engaged them, have profited through their concerts, during the last four years, to the extent of over \$60,000. The Fisk Jubilee Singers were the originators of Jubilee music in concert work; it was their speciality, the one thing in which they could not be approached. The mission of the Fisk Jubilee Singers is to sing to the heart. Their "Steal away to Jesus" has brought tears to the eyes of thousands—among others of our gracious Queen. It is a never-to-be-forgotten treat to hear them sing the great camp-meeting and Gospel hymns.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

Captains of Industry, or Men of Business who did something beside making money. By JAMES PARTON. Pp. 399. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

In this book Mr. Parton, an accomplished writer for men as well as boys, has collected forty-eight brief biographies of famous men, whose lives are an inspiration to every reader. Among them are Elihu Barritt, Gerrit Smith, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Robert Dick, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Moses Montefiore, the philanthropic Jew whose hundredth birthday the civilized world is now celebrating with tributes of honour and affection. Most of these men began life poor, and some of them died poor; but their heroic examples will teach boys, and men too, how to overcome difficulties, and bless the world, and make their lives sublime. The book is elegantly bound and has eight portraits.

GORDON'S DEFENCE OF KHARTOUM.

THE telegrams received and published by the *London Times*, from Mr. Power, its correspondent in Khartoum, are enough to make the bones of death himself tingle with excitement, and the pulses even of cowardly, indifferent cynicism feel some stirrings of generous enthusiasm. For they tell a tale of pluck, endurance, and devotion to duty, almost without parallel. Once again has British valour been seen to shine clear and resplendent, when all that is in a man is tested as gold in a furnace seven times heated. Once more has the "silent race" done and endured, and been true to itself and its memories, in deeds at which the whole world wonders.

The siege of Khartoum will live in history with the sieges of Lucknow and Kars. In some respects it appeals even more forcibly to the imagination and to that sense in man which is stirred by the heroic and the romantic, than either of those. A comparison and contrast between the siege of Khartoum and that of Lucknow, has been thus eloquently drawn by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The siege of Lucknow lasted eighty-seven days; that of Khartoum had lasted a hundred and fifty-two, two months since. At Lucknow our garrison, though few in number, were as true as steel and as brave as the bravest of their race. At Khartoum the garrison were as mere sheep before wolves—two hundred of them armed with Remingtons flying in wild panic before five Arab horsemen—and there were only three Englishmen in the city. And at Lucknow there was this great difference; our garrison, outnumbered and alone in the midst of a wild chaos of mutinous soldiery, felt that they were standing for England, that if they fell they fell in England's cause, and each man went to his post feeling proud, if need be, to die for a country for which, indeed, it was an honour to die. But at Khartoum who can imagine the gloomy thoughts which must have filled the minds of the three Englishmen as they stood alone beneath the sultry sun, and confronted month after month, the pitiless hail of shot which never ceased for a single day. . . In such a cause they might well have

been proud to bear the burden and heat of the day, if only they had not been haunted by the thought of their desertion and the betrayal of the confidence which, on their word, had been placed in England."

No; looked at from every side there has probably been no parallel in history to the unflinching courage in the face of tremendous odds, the calm hopefulness, the grim tenacity with which duty was adhered to after hope had ceased to inspire, which were manifested by these three Englishmen in that isolated city, surrounded by hordes of bloodthirsty savages, against whom they were the sole inspiration of the defence for the thousands of women and children, and men hardly less weak and defenceless.—*Globe*.

AUNT BECKY'S ADVICE.

ALBERT MILTON BRUNNER.

JEDIAH, put your slippers on
And cease your needless clatter,
I want to have a word with you
About a little matter.

I heard you, on your knees last night,
Ask help to keep from strayin',
And now I want to know if you
Will vote as you've been prayin'?

Jediah, look me in the face;
You know this world's condition,
Yet you have never cast a vote
Right out for Prohibition.

You've prayed as loud as any man,
While with the tide a floatin';
Jediah, you must stop sich work,
And do a little votin'!

There now, I've said my say, and you
Just save your ammunition,
And vote the way you've always prayed,
For total Prohibition.—*Lever*.

CERTAIN publishers have for some time passed been issuing a variety of periodicals which they called cheap. Cheap they were, in every sense of the word. The paper was poor, the printing was blurred and trying to the eyes, the illustrations were very common and roughly executed. The apparently low price of course attracted some purchasers. But we are glad to know that many of these are seeing their mistake. We are ready to furnish all such, and other readers as well, with periodicals which are really cheap, and which yet are clearly and elegantly printed on good paper, charmingly illustrated, and filled with choice reading adapted to various classes.

OUR readers will bear witness that the Sunday-school papers of the Methodist Church are saturated through and through with temperance sentiments. The December number of our magazine also contains one of the most vigorous articles we ever read on the Temperance Outlook, by Prof. George E. Foster, M. P., the leader of the temperance party in the Dominion Parliament. It will be of great value to all temperance workers.—ED.

FROM a Sunday school in the Parry Sound District, which receives a small grant from the S. S. Board, we have received the following:—"The papers that we are receiving from you are a great blessing to our Sabbath-school. We know that they are a great help towards keeping up the interest in the school. Our earnest desire and prayer is that they may be instruments in God's hands of doing much good and advancing the Sabbath-school, and a deeper work of grace in our young people's hearts."

THE CHILD-FACE.

At morn or eve, where'er I go,
In crowded streets or breezy hill,
In summer rains or winter snow,
A wishful Child-face haunts me still,

When all my life is out of tune,
And sorrow spreads her cheerless night,
It breaks forth like a gracious moon,
And gilds my gloomy clouds with light.

On the dull labours of the day,
A glory-beam it seems to pour;
Forbids all wild thoughts when I pray,
And makes them purer than before.

I know not when I saw the face;
I wist not how or whence it came;
Whate'er the time whate'er the place,
It haunts and follows me the same.

Was it a vision gave it birth,
Or some chance memory that I keep?
Is it a habitant of earth,
Or but a dream-child born of sleep?

I cannot paint its form in words;
Its wondrous grace I cannot sing,
No more than can the April birds
Lay bare the mystery of spring,

I feel that face will never go
As long as I draw living breath!
'Twill be my guiding star below
And then 'twill beacon me in death.

Perchance when I have crossed the stream,
And stand upon the holy hill,
I'll find 'twas truer than a dream,
That dear Child-face, which haunts me still.

—Chamber's Journal.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the true the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy.—John Forster.

WHENEVER you commend, add your reasons for doing so, it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.—Steele.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 990.] LESSON X. [Dec. 7.
Drunkenness.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Commit to memory vs. 29, 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not among wine-bibbers. Prov. 23. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. Woe, v. 29, 30.
2. Warning, 31-35.

TIME.—B.C. 990.

EXPLANATIONS.—Who hath woe—There were drunkards in Solomon's time as in ours. Sorrow—Nothing else brings as much sorrow into the world as strong drink. Contentions—How many quarrels, ending in murder, are caused by liquor! Wounds without cause—The drunkard is likely to harm others, and to be harmed by others. Redness of eyes—Bloodshot from drink. Mixed wine—Wine made stronger by spices. Moveth itself—With sparkle and froth. Biteth like a serpent—In the want, misery, loss of character and of reputation which it brings here, and eternal death hereafter. Strange women—The lustful and wicked passions of drunkards are excited. Perverse things—The vile utterances of an intoxicated man. Lieth down—The sickness which follows drinking. Stricken me—The intoxicated man is insensible to blows. I will seek it—Seek once more the cup which brings him such evil. The appetite for liquor becomes a master passion.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That intemperance brings a curse with it?
 2. That temptation is the door to ruin?
 3. That the end of the drunkard is folly and shame?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who hath woe, sorrow, and contentions? "They that tarry long at the wine."

2. Against what are we cautioned? Looking upon wine to drink it. 3. What does wine do in the end? "Biteth like a serpent." 4. What shall we do when we are filled with wine? "Utter perverse things" 5. What is the natural result of once drinking? A desire to drink again.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The results of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

128. What is faith in Jesus Christ? Faith in Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive Him, trust in Him, and rest upon Him alone for salvation, as He is offered to us in the Gospel. John i. 12; Galatians ii. 20; Philippians iii. 9.

129. What is meant by salvation? It is the deliverance of the soul from sin and its recovery to spiritual life in God. Matthew i. 21.

130. What are the chief benefits included in salvation? They are the forgiveness of sins, regeneration or the new birth, and sanctification.

B.C. 980.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 14.

VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

Ecl. 2. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darknes. Ecl. 2. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. A Wise Man's Folly, v. 1-10.
2. A Wise Man's Wisdom, v. 11-13.

TIME.—B.C. 980.

EXPLANATIONS.—I said in mine heart—King Solomon, after seeking to satisfy his soul with wisdom, now turns toward pleasure. Go to—"Come now." Vanity—He sums up the result in one word, as worthless, a mere breath. Laughter, It is mad—It is like the laughter of an insane person. Unto wine—To find whether wine would give the pleasure which some claimed. Acquainting mine heart with wisdom—He sought wine, not from appetite, but to seek wisdom and experience—a dangerous experiment. His aim was to find "what was good," and he tells us that this was "vanity." Great works—These are the various works wrought by Solomon, some of which, as his pools, still remain. Great and small cattle—Oxen and sheep. Peculiar treasure—Such treasure as only kings can gather. My wisdom—In all this pleasure he was still seeking for wisdom. Heart rejoiced—What pleasure there was he tasted. No profit—He found that in none of these things could his soul find satisfaction and enjoyment. Cometh after the king—No man could do more than King Solomon; hence, if he found it all in vain, none can find it a success in satisfying the heart.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson is it shown—
1. That a life spent in pleasure is a life lived in vain?
 2. That there is but one source of true happiness?
 3. That those only are wise who find it?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the preacher try to ascertain? What was good for man. 2. What did he do to that end? Entered into every enjoyment. 3. What was his conclusion as to worldly pleasures? "All is vanity." 4. When he arrayed wisdom against madness and folly, what did he then see? "That wisdom excelleth folly." 5. To how great a degree? "As far as light excelleth darkness."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The folly of a godless life.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

131. What is the forgiveness or remission of sins? The penitent sinner who believes in Christ is freely pardoned, his punishment being remitted or not inflicted. Ephesians i. 7; Romans viii. 1. [Acts. x. 43, xiii. 38, 39; Hebrews viii. 12; Revelation i. 5.]

132. Why is this sometimes called justification. Because the forgiven penitent is justified, or treated for Christ's sake as if he were righteous. Romans v. 1; Romans iv. 5; Acts xiii. 38, 39.

133. But is not he who is treated as righteous made righteous also? He is made inwardly righteous by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, who enables him to do righteousness.

[Romans viii. 4; Titus iii. 7.]

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