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THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

No. 23

BE TRUE.

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.*

MANY were the almost miraculous escapes of the explorers of the Stanley expedition from the combined perils of cannibals and cataracts—of savage beasts and still more savage men—the narrative of which is of thrilling interest. But sometimes, alas! more thrilling is the story of the tragic fate of those brave men. Frank Pocock was now the only white man, beside Stanley, with the expedition, Barker having suddenly died. Amid the African jungle Frank was fond of singing the sweet Sunday-school hymns he had learned as a boy in dear old England. Saddened by the death of his brother, he seemed to have a presentiment of his own approaching fate. One night Stanley heard him singing, in a sad minor strain, the following words :

The home land, the fair land,
Refuge for all distressed,
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

The home land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before ;
The weeping eyes and weary feet,
Rest on that happy shore.

*The publisher of the METHODIST MAGAZINE has purchased the whole of the plates of Stanley's greatest book, "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—a book which was the literary crown of the season in which it was issued—from which these cuts are taken. It formed two bulky volumes of 1018 pages with about 150 engravings, many of them full page, and sold in the English edition for £12 50. Its high price necessarily restricted its sale in the colonies. This remarkable narrative of discovery and adventure will be condensed into a series of chapters to be published in the MAGAZINE and illustrated by the greater number of the high-class engravings of that book.

The home land, the bright land,
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering all the happy land,
Passed from my sight for years.

When will it dawn upon my soul !
When shall I reach that strand !
By night and day, I watch and pray
For thee, dear, blest home land.

"I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended," writes Stanley, "so I said, 'Frank, my dear fellow, you will make us all cry with such tones as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire.'"
"All right, sir," he replied, with a

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done.

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lost," said Stanley. "It is of no use, my son. The time for regret and sorrow will come by-and-bye, but just now we are in the centre of Africa ; savages before you, savages behind you, savages on either side of you. Onward, I say : onward to death, if it is to be. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

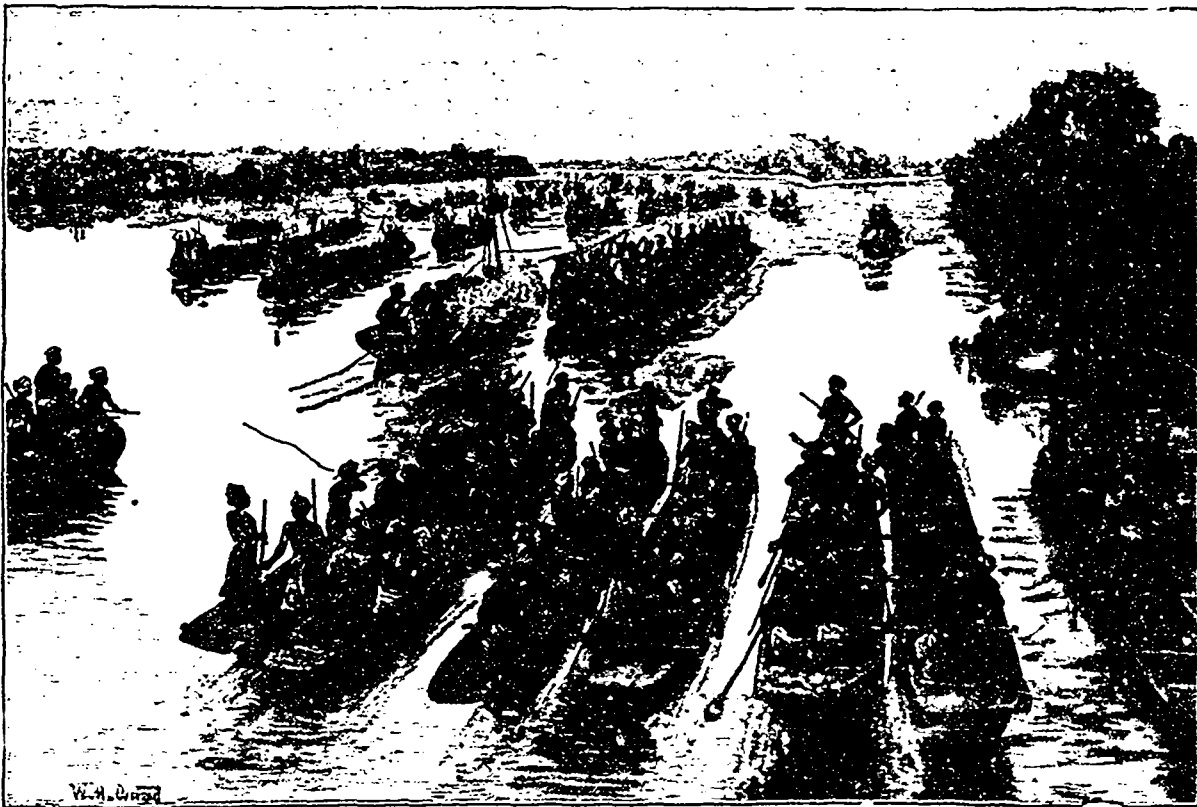
Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance and true his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion—the companion had soon become a friend. When curtailed about by anxiety and gloom, his voice had ever made music to my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives lost, he consoled me. But now my faithful comforter and true hearted friend was gone."

We give a sketch of one of the numerous river fights by which the expedition had to conquer its way down the Livingstone. As soon as its approach was known the hideous war drums resounded along the shore, and the warriors rushed to their canoes.

"Soon," says Stanley, "we saw a sight that sends the tingling through every nerve and fibre of our body—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us. There were fifty-four of them, manned by two thousand cannibals, vociferously demanded my human meat. Finding that he must fight against nearly twenty-fold odds, Stanley anchored his fleet of twenty-three boats and awaited the onset. 'Boys, be firm as iron,' he cried. 'Wait till you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't think of running away. Only your guns can save you. On they came.

Soon the spears were hurling through the air, but every sound was lost in the noise of the musketry. In five minutes the savages retreat, baffled of their anticipated prey.

But Stanley describes himself as hunted to despair. "We had laboured strenuously through ranks on ranks of savages, scattered over a score of flotillas, had endured persistent attacks day and night while struggling through them, had resorted to all kinds of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yells of the savages broke loud upon our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and



THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.

bright, cheerful face, and sang the following :

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hands united
Take our heavenward way.

"How do you like this, sir?" he asked :

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,

"He responded by singing :

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

And in this spirit the brave fellow marched on to his death. Not long after, June 3rd, 1877, in shooting the rapids of Massassa, his canoe was wrecked, he was engulfed in the eddies, and his comrades never saw him again. Stanley's grief was intense. "In my troubles," he writes, "his face was my cheer ; his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave, bold heart he uttered in my own language words of comfort to my thirsty ears.

deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted, yet we were still only in the middle of the continent. We were being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition who had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by man. I leave events to an all-gracious Providence." Often food could be procured only at the risk of life. The guns were reduced in number to thirty. The natives were often armed with European guns. "At one time," says Stanley, "I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me." He had thirty-two pitched battles with the savages. The marvel is that a single man escaped. At the Kalulu Falls nine men were drowned in one afternoon. Not at all places were the natives hostile. At Inkise Falls 600 were hired to drag the teak wood boats, some of which weighed three tons, over a steep and difficult portage. They also helped to make, with vast toil, two canoes, but they were both soon lost in the rapids.

The prolonged struggle was nearly at an end. And well that it was so; for they were nearly in despair. "Fever had sapped the frame; hunger had debilitated the body; anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people," continues Stanley, "were groaning aloud. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we had but one thought—to trudge on for one more look at the sea."

Having decided that the Livingstone was the same as the Congo, they left the river to escape its cataracts, and struck through the wilderness for the Portuguese settlements on the coast. The "Lady Alice," their companion in 7,000 miles of wandering, and all their boats, were abandoned at the river side. The way-worn, feeble, suffering column, with forty men on the sick list, dragged on its weary way. It could not complete even the few days' journey to the sea. Stanley wrote an urgent letter, addressed "To any gentlemen who speaks English at Embomma," imploring food and aid. It was despatched by four of the most stalwart men, and the starving procession struggled on. In a few days came an English letter, and a few hours after abundant supplies of food. The native bard sang a song of triumph, that they were redeemed at last from the "hell of hunger."

"Then sing, O friends, sing, the journey is ended.
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea."

The author's account of this rescue is of most dramatic interest. Soon he was met by white men and escorted in triumph to Embomma. "I felt my heart suffused," the explorer devoutly exclaimed, "with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne." Stanley conducted his faithful followers to their homes at Zanzibar, by way of Capetown and Natal, receiving everywhere ovations of triumph. Here they all received liberal payment for their heroic toil—the wages of the one hundred and

seventy men who perished being paid to their sorrowing friends. "They wore sad, sweet moments—those of parting. What noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited." Twenty times they wrung his hand at parting (December 13th, 1877), and watched his lessening sails as they disappeared beneath the horizon.

Without question this is a narrative of as heroic achievement as was ever accomplished. In this meagre sketch we have given but scanty glimpses of its many thrilling adventures and of its absorbing interest. As an example of that truth which is stranger than fiction, the graphic narrative of Stanley possesses a fascination that the most sensational romance cannot equal. The fame of the gallant explorer is known throughout the world, and his name is written forever upon the great natural features of the Dark Continent, whose mysteries he has unveiled.

Stanley entered upon the expedition with hair of raven blackness. He came out of it with hair gray as that of a man of seventy. The wearing toils, the thousand perils, the perplexing anxieties, the care of the hundreds of the human lives under him, seem to have done the work of a score of years upon his iron frame. But what are a score of years of life if he but wrest the mystery of ages from the ancient sphinx; if he can solve the geographical problems which have baffled all men hitherto; if he can open the doors of commerce to vast regions heretofore unknown, and thus make it possible to pour the light of civilization and the Gospel on the Dark Continent! The mightiest triumphs of missionary achievement in the near future shall doubtless be in this land, so long shut out from the influence of Christendom. Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and a Christian civilization gladden the laud of the White Nile, the great Nyanzas, of the Congo, and the Niger. And through the ages the names of Livingstone and Stanley shall be forever linked together as among the greatest benefactors of Central Africa.

See also engravings on fourth and fifth pages.

COALS OF FIRE.

FARMER DAWSON kept missing his corn. Every night it was taken from his crib, although the door was well secured with lock and key.

"It's that lazy Tom Slocum," he exclaimed one morning, after missing more than usual. "I've suspected him all the time, and I won't bear it any longer."

"What makes you think it's Tom?" asked his wife, pouring out his fragrant coffee.

"Because he's the only man around who hasn't any corn—nor anything else, for that matter. He spent the summer at the saloons while his neighbours were at work. Now they have plenty, and he has nothing—serves him just right, too!"

"But his family are suffering," rejoined his wife; "they are sick, and in need of food and medicine; should we not help them?"

"No," growled the farmer; "if he finds his neighbours are going to take care of his family, it will encourage him to spend the next season as he did

the last. Better send him to jail and his family to the poorhouse, and I'm going to do it too. I've laid a plain to trap him this very night."

"Now while Tom is reaping the bitter fruits of his folly, is it not the very time to help him to a better life?" suggested his wife.

"A little course of law would be the most effective," replied the farmer.

"In this case coals of fire would be better. Try the coals first, William, try the coals first."

Farmer Dawson made no reply, but finished his breakfast and walked out of the house with the decided step of one who has made up his mind, and something is going to be done.

His wife sighed as she went about about her work, thinking of the weary, heart-broken mother with her sick and hungry babes around her.

The farmer proceeded to examine his cribs, and after a thorough search found a hole large enough to admit a man's hand.

"There's the leak," he exclaimed, "I'll fix that," and he went to work setting a trap inside.

Next morning he rose earlier than usual, and went out to the cribs. His trap had caught a man, Tom Slocum, the very one he suspected!

He seemed to take no notice of the thief, but turned aside into the barn and began heaping the mangers with hay, sweet-scented from the summer's harvest field. Then he opened the crib door and took out the golden ears—the fruit of his honest toil.

All the time he was thinking what to do. Should he try the law or the coals? The law was what the man deserved, but his wife's words kept ringing through his mind. He emptied the corn in the feeding troughs, then went around where the man stood with one hand in the trap.

"Hello! neighbour, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Poor Tom answered nothing, but the downcast, guilty face confessed more than words could have done.

Farmer Dawson released the imprisoned hand, and taking Tom's sack ordered him to hold it while he filled it with the coveted grain.

"There, Tom, take that," said the farmer, "and after this when you want corn come to me and I'll let you have it on trust or for work. I need another man on the farm, and will give steady work with good wages."

"Oh, sir," replied Tom, quite overcome "I've been wanting work, but no one would hire me. My family was suffering, and I was ashamed to beg. But I'll work for this and every ear I've taken, if you'll give me the chance."

"Very well, Tom," said the farmer, "take the corn to mill and make things comfortable about home to-day, and tomorrow we'll begin. But there's one thing we must agree to first."

Tom lifted an inquiring gaze.

"You must let whiskey alone," continued the farmer; "you must promise not to touch a drop."

The tears sprang into Tom's eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said:

"You are the first man that's ever asked me that. There's always enough to say, 'come, Tom, take a drink,' and I've drunk until I thought there was no use in trying to be a better man. But since you care enough to ask me to stop drinking, I'm bound to make the trial; that I will, sir."

Farmer Dawson took Tom to the

house and gave him his breakfast, while his wife put up a basket of food for the suffering family in the poor man's home.

Tom went to work the next day and the next. In time he came to be an efficient hand on the Dawson place. He stopped drinking and stealing, and attended Church and Sabbath-school with his family, and became a respectable member of society.

"How changed Tom is from what he once was!" remarked the farmer's wife one day.

"Yes," replied her husband, "t'was the coals of fire that did it."

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's head and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

TEN REASONS WHY I LOVE TO GO TO MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I. BECAUSE I am ignorant, and want to be taught.

II. Because I shall get no good by spending the time in idleness and play.

III. Because God has commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.

IV. Because, by improving the Sabbaths which God has given to me, I wish to become wise in the days of my youth.

V. Because good boys and girls love to go there.

VI. Because prayer is offered to God there, the word of God is read there, and the praises of God are sung there.

VII. Because there my mind is improved, and I learn my duty to God and man.

VIII. Because my teachers kindly tell me of the love of Christ, to the young, and point out the way of salvation through his sufferings and death.

IX. Because when I grow old I shall not be able to go, and therefore I ought to improve the present time.

X. Because I wish to go to heaven when I die, and at the Sunday-school I shall learn the way thither.

Copies of this tract may be procured; from the American Tract Society, New York.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Least the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.
He paused beside her, and whispered low;
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong,
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow;
"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
"If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And somebody's mother bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.
(Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.)



HE little Dauphin is sick, the little Dauphin is about to die. In all the churches of the kingdom the holy sacrament is exposed night and day, and great wax candles are being burned for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old residents are silent and sad; the bells do not ring; passing carriages move slowly—the coachmen keep their horses at a walk; outside the palace curious citizens watch from behind the railings the great Swiss guards with gold laced paunches in the court-yards, talking together with a most serious mien.
The chateau is all emotion—chamberlains and major-domos ascend and descend the marble stairways at a run. The galleries are thronged with pages and courtiers in silken attire—who go by turns from one whispering group to another, asking for news in an undertone. Upon the broad steps the forlorn ladies of honour make low curtsies, wiping their eyes with pretty embroidered handkerchiefs.
In the orangerie there is a large meeting of robed physicians. Through the windows they can be seen extending, moving their long black sleeves,

and doctorally nodding their perruques-a-marteaux. Before the door the little Dauphin's tutor and riding-master walk slowly to and fro, waiting for the decision of the Faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. Monsieur, the ringmaster, swears like a pagan; Monsieur, the tutor, quotes verses from Horace. And from the direction of the stables, far off, comes a long melancholy neigh. It is the Dauphin's chestnut pony, forgotten by the grooms, calling plaintively from before his empty manger.

And the king? Where is Monseigneur the king? The king has shut himself up alone in his rooms at the other end of the chateau. Their majesties do not like to be seen weeping. As for the queen it is quite another matter. Seated beside the pillow of the little Dauphin, she weeps so that her beautiful face is bathed in tears, and she sobs aloud before everybody—like a common draper's wife!

In his couch of lace the little Dauphin, whiter than the cushions upon which he lies, reposes with closed eyes. They think that he slumbers, but no! the little Dauphin does not slumber. He turns toward his mother, and, seeing that she weeps, he says to her:

"Madame the Queen, why do you cry? Do you really believe like the rest, that I am going to die?"
The Queen would answer, but her sobs prevent her from speaking.
"Now do not weep, Madame the Queen; you forgot that I am a Dauphin, and that a Dauphin does not die thus."

But the Queen sobs more passionately than ever; and the little Dauphin becomes really afraid for the first time.

"Ho! there!" he cries, "I will not permit Death to take me away; and I know well how to prevent his coming hither. Order forty very strong lansquenets to come here at once, to mount guard about my bed. Let a hundred heavy cannon be rolled into the court under our windows; and let the gunners stand by them, night and day, with matches lighted! And woe to Death, if he dare to come near us!"

Then, in order to please the royal child, the Queen makes a sign. And in a moment is heard the rumbling of the heavy cannon rolling into the vast court; and forty tall lansquenets, armed with partisans, range themselves all about the room. They are veteran troopers, with grey moustaches. The little Dauphin clasps his hands when he sees them! He recognizes one, and calls him:

"Lorraine! Lorraine!"
The veteran makes one stride toward the bed.
"I love you very much, my dear Lorraine. Show me your great big sword. If Death tries to take me he must be killed, must he not?"
Lorraine answers:
"Yes, monseigneur!"

But two large tears trickle down his bronzed cheeks.

Suddenly the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin's bedside, and commences to talk to him in a very, very low voice, and shows him a crucifix. The little Dauphin listens to him awhile with a very astonished look, then, suddenly interrupting him, exclaims:

"I understand very well all that you tell me, Monsieur l'Abbe—but

pray inform me could not my little friend Beppo be induced to die in my place, supposing they gave him plenty of money?"

The chaplain continues to speak in a very low voice; and the little Dauphin looks more astonished than before.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin responds with a deep sigh:

"All this that you have told me is very sad, indeed, Monsieur l'Abbe; but one thing consoles me. I know that on high, in the Paradise of the stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and that He cannot fail to treat me according to my rank."

Then, turning to his mother, he says:

"Order them to bring me my finest clothes—my doublet of ermine, and my velvet shoes—I wish to appear bravely dressed before the angels, and enter Paradise in the costume of the Dauphin."

Yet a third time the chaplain bends forward, and leaning over the little Dauphin, whispers to him for a long time. In the midst of his discourse the royal child interrupts him with a cry of anger:

"Why, then, to be a Dauphin, is nothing at all!"

And refusing to listen any more, the little Dauphin turns his face to the wall, and weeps bitterly.

A STUDIOUS BOY.

ABOUT the year 1596 a poor lad of seventeen was seen traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world; and he had in his pocket an old purse, with a few pieces of money given him by his mother when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took leave of him on the road a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labour hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the City of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the booksellers' windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived at the splendid City of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and there he went, and, to his great delight, was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and to do such kinds of work. Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted

the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, and was very successful as a minister of Christ; and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a great scholar but a pious bishop.

Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been a parish clerk of Ugborough I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He left many works as fruits of his industry and learning.

TAKE THIS LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

TAKE this letter to my mother,
Far across the deep blue sea,
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me.
How she wept when last we parted,
How her heart was filled with pain,
When she said, "Good-bye, God bless you—
We may never meet again."

Take this letter to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy,
Tell her that her prayers are answered,
God protects her darling boy;
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,
Pray for me where'er I roam,
And ere long I'll turn my footsteps
Back towards my dear old home.

Take this letter to my mother,
It is filled with words of love;
If on earth I'll never meet her,
Tell her that we'll meet above.
Where there is no hour of parting,
All the peace and love and joy;
God will bless my dear old mother,
And protect her darling boy.

HOW THE SNAKE WAS CAUGHT.

A BLACK snake, about a foot long, lay sunning itself on a garden-bed one summer's day. A spider had hung out his web on the branches of a bush near where the snake lay. He saw the huge monster lying there—for huge indeed he was compared with the spider—and determined to take him prisoner. But, you ask, is not a snake a thousand times stronger than a spider? Then how can he take him prisoner? Well, let us see how he does it. The spider spun out a fine, slender thread. He slipped down and touched the snake with it. It stuck. He took another and touched him with that, that stuck too. He went on industriously; the snake lay quiet. Another and another thread was fastened to him, till there were hundreds and thousands of them. And by and by those feeble threads, not one of which was strong enough to hold the smallest fly, by being greatly multiplied, made the snake a prisoner. The spider webbed him round and round, till at last, when the snake tried to move he found it impossible. By putting one strand here, and another there, and drawing first on one and then on another, the spider had the snake bound fast from head to tail, to be a supply of food for himself and his family for a long while.

And so, if we give way even to little sins, before we are aware of it, we may be bound hand and foot, and unable to help ourselves.

FAMILY prayer serves as the edge and border of the day, to preserve the web of life from unraveling.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets—
Streamlets swell the river's flow
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play
So may we with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way,
And with honest true endeavor
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Call a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work or by the wayside,
While the sun shines making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.—*Selected.*

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 48 pp. monthly, illustrated	3 50
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
Sunday-school banner, 8x pp. 8vo., monthly	
Under 6 copies, 60c., over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25c. a dozen, \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly,	
single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single	
copies	0 35
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20	
copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 13

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 9, 1882.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PERIODICALS FOR 1883.

THE past year has been the most successful ever experienced in the history of our Sunday-school periodicals. They have all made wonderful strides in improvement and in circulation. We hope that this is but a foretaste of the still greater progress and improvement of the year to come.

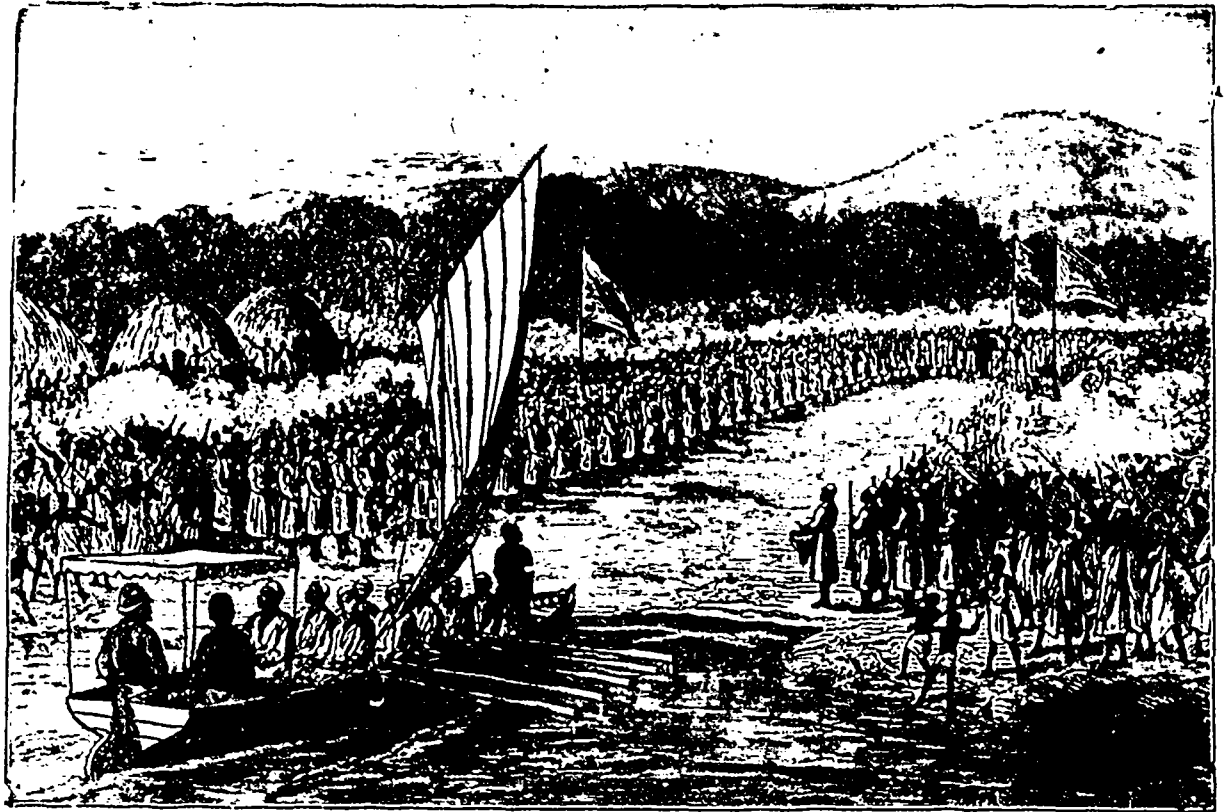
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANNER

never was so popular and so useful as it is now. Its main features will continue the same; but we shall adopt every possible improvement to keep it in the forefront among the Lesson Helps of the world. At the low price of five cents per month, when taken in quantities of six, it is one of the cheapest, as, we believe, it is one of the best Lesson Helps in the world.

OUR NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER
"HOME AND SCHOOL."

We bespeak for this new paper a warm reception. It will be ahead of anything ever before attempted in the Dominion. It is issued at the request of the Sunday school Committees of the three Western Conferences, that our Schools may have a paper for every Sunday in the year without sending abroad for them.

While seeking to combine all the



RECEPTION BY KING MTESA'S BODY GUARD AT USAVAPA.

excellencies of "PLEASANT HOURS," "HOME AND SCHOOL" will have also special features of its own. Great prominence shall be given to the subject of Christian missions, especially those of our own Church, both in Japan and among the Indian tribes of the North-West and the Pacific Coast. Special attention shall also be given to Temperance, and a series of Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons will be a feature of much importance. A series of sketches will also be given of HOMES OF THE POOR, with striking engravings that will touch every heart. Puzzles for the fireside, short stories, choice poems, everything that can refine and delight will be furnished, to make the winter nights and summer days cheery, and beautiful, and bright. Special prominence will also be given to the Sunday-school lessons; and Lesson Notes, different from those given in either PLEASANT HOURS or SUNBEAM, will be given for every Sunday in the year. The first number will contain a portrait and sketch of the Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., ex-President of the General Conference, and other fine engravings. It will be full of Christmas stories and poetry—just the thing to make the holidays happy. We hope that many superintendents and schools will order this special number as a Christmas present for the children. It will be sent in parcels at the rate of \$1 per 100.

We ask our friends to make a special effort to get this paper introduced promptly and widely into as many as possible of our schools. It is only by having a large circulation that it can avoid being a financial loss. Price only 30 cents a year, singly; under 20 copies, 25 cents a year; over 20 copies, 22 cents a year.

PLEASANT HOURS

it is intended shall share the general improvement of our publications. It is published at so cheap a rate that at first it lost considerable money. We were, therefore, obliged to exercise the utmost economy to prevent its

running into debt. But with its largely-increased circulation it is paying its way, and can afford, therefore, to use better paper, better cuts, and better ink than at first. And these shall not be wanting to make it still more deserving of the praise recently given it by a Sunday-school Superintendent—"that it is the best Sunday-school paper he ever saw." Price only 30 cents a year, singly; under 20 copies, 25 cents a year; over 20 copies, 22 cents a year.

THE SUNBEAM

will be brighter and more beautiful than ever. We have made arrangements for a regular supply of exceedingly beautiful cuts which will make it more attractive to our little friends than ever. Price—under 20 copies, 15 cents a year; 25 copies and over, 12 cents a year.

THE CANADIAN SCHOLARS' QUARTERLY.

We purpose making further improvements in this—if possible, increasing its size so as to give more room for the Lesson Questions as well as Explanations. It will contain the full text of the Lessons for every Sunday of the quarter, Golden Text, Home Readings, Connecting Links, Outlines and Questions, Brief Explanations, one or two Questions from the Methodist Catechism, and three Hymns adapted for the Lessons of each Sunday, selected from the New Hymn Book or S. S. Hymnal. It will also contain an Engraved Map of the country treated of in the Lessons, Responsive Opening and Closing Exercises, the Apostles' Creed, Ten Commandments, and Music of the *Gloria Patri*. This *Quarterly* may be used instead of the *Berean Leaves*. It will, however, contain considerably more than these. It will be sent, post free, in quantities of ten or more, to one address, at the low price of two cents a quarter each, or eight cents a year.

THE BEREAN LESSON LEAVES

will also be modified in the same direction as the *Scholars Quarterly*, so as to be increasingly useful, and will

be sent, as heretofore, post free, in quantities of ten and upward, to any address, for 5½ cents a year each, or \$5.50 per 100.

QUARTERLY REVIEW SERVICE

gives Review Questions, Responsive Readings, Hymns, etc. Very popular. Six cents a dozen; fifty cents per 100. By the year, \$2.

N.B.—We have made arrangements to meet our increased circulation so that all these periodicals will be mailed in time to reach the most remote subscriber in ample time for distribution the Sunday before they are to be used.

For announcement of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for 1883, the best that it has ever yet made, see last page.

SUPPLEMENTARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF

METHODIST MAGAZINE.—Since the announcement for 1883 was issued, a promise of a contribution has been received from the Rev. Dr. McCosh, the distinguished author, and Principal of Princeton University, N. J. Also from the Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston. And from the Rev. Geo. W. Looms, M.A., B.A., a distinguished graduate of Drew Theological Seminary, who is now absent on an extended tour through Spain, Northern Africa, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Russia. He has promised contributions from Spain and Morocco; and we hope also to obtain further sketches of travel from Tangier, Bulgaria, and Russia. Contributions from other distinguished writers are also expected.

CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.—A lady says, "I was much interested in what I heard, both in public and private, of the children's societies—of little boys raising corn and vegetables, and girls sewing and knitting, to earn money for missions. They are training up their children to this great work. One lady said to me, 'Why, my little girl knows far more of missions at ten years old than I did at eighteen.'"



A NATIVE OF RUA, WHO WAS A VISITOR AT UJJI.

PLEASANT HOURS FOR 1883.

SCHOOLS will please renew their orders early for PLEASANT HOURS for next year, so that there may be no interruption or delay in receiving the early numbers for the year. The paper will be better than ever. We are making arrangements for a fine supply of very superior engravings. The Rev. Mr. Eby, missionary of the Methodist Church in Japan, has promised to write some missionary letters from that country which will be of great interest to the young folk. It is intended that as far as possible each number shall be complete in itself. It is thought that this will be more satisfactory than having a continued story running through the year. Scholars will find it a great advantage to take both PLEASANT HOURS and HOME AND SCHOOL. They will furnish more reading and fresh reading for the scholars, than a large Sunday-school library. Something fresh every week is much more attractive and interesting than books that have grown old on the library shelves, and ever so much cheaper than now books.

In an early number will be given an interesting account, with portrait, of a very successful Canadian Christian merchant and Sunday-school worker.

WHAT THE BRETHERN SAY ABOUT OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS.

WE repeat the following expressions of opinion, which have been given of our S.S. papers.

The Rev. Dr. Sanderson, of London, writes: "Never till now have our Sunday-school papers in every respect given unqualified satisfaction. Now they do. They have no superior—not one. . . . They are an honour to us and will be a blessing to the Church."

The Rev. Dr. Potts, Montreal: "Their intrinsic worth, and loyalty to the Church should place them in every School in the Dominion."

The Rev. W. Galbraith, Brockville, writes: "I have seen dozens of Sunday-school papers, but I have met with none which I regard equal for our Schools to the PLEASANT HOURS and SUNBEAM."

The Rev. Le Roy Hooker, Ottawa, writes: "With no degree of reserve, I recommend to all our people the Sunday-school periodicals published by our Church."

The Rev. J. G. Laird, President of

the Toronto Conference, writes: They will cultivate a spirit of attachment to our Church, and awaken an interest in all our Christian and Evangelical enterprise."

A Sabbath School superintendent writes that PLEASANT HOURS is the best S. S. paper he ever saw.

Many similar Testimonies might be added.

WE commend to all our readers, the following vigorous utterance of the Rev. Dr. Buckley, Editor of the New York Christian Advocate: "We do not hesitate to say that a man who will take no Methodist paper, and who tries to get in outside lesson helps, is not fit to be the superintendent of a Methodist school. The spirit that says that a man without intelligent interest in Methodism is suitable for the superintendency of a Methodist Sunday-school is disintegrating latitudinarianism with a vengeance. Spread it far and wide that only Christian men thoroughly interested in Methodism and true to Methodism are proper persons to superintend a Methodist Sunday-school." And yet, there are in Canada men professing to be Methodists, who for the paltry saving of a few cents, will order for schools supported by Methodist money, foreign and often un-Methodistic publications, which in many cases are really far inferior to our own. It would be wretched economy to buy poor food for your children. It is still worse economy to buy poor food for their minds.

OUR new paper, HOME AND SCHOOL, is now ready, and our increasingly-popular PLEASANT HOURS, will be sent post-free to any address for 30 cents each, or the two to one address for 60 cents. This, we think, is the cheapest reading in the world. Each of these papers gives during the year as much reading as a 12mo. book of 800 pages for the low price of 30 cents per single copy; in quantities of less than 20, 25 cents each; over 20 copies 22 cents each.

WILFORDS' book on Darwinism, announced on last page of the last number of PLEASANT HOURS, will be sent post free by the publisher, Rev. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, for \$2.

SUPERINTENDENTS should not fail to order the Christmas number of HOME AND SCHOOL, as a Christmas present for the young folk, at the rate of \$1 per 100.

GOOD ENOUGH WEATHER.

IF a long season of inclement weather is not sufficient excuse for my failing to plant more than four Sunday-schools during the past month, then I can offer no other," writes a Southern missionary. "No complaints, however, about the weather," he adds, "for I shall not soon forget a little rebuke I received a short time ago while stopping to warm and take shelter from a storm in a freedman's humble home."

"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips as I greeted old Aunt Judy, on entering her cabin door.

"Bress de Lord, honey," said she, "don't eberything come from de Lord! Den, if ye is a Criston de wedder is good 'nuff for ye; and if ye ain't no Christon de wedder is more'n too good for ye."

"The harder it rained the louder did Aunt Judy sing, 'Tank de Lord for eberyting.'

"After awhile the storm ceased and, with thanks for her kindness I put a few dimes into the hand of the pious old woman to help her get a pair of winter shoes: 'Good-bye, Aunt Judy, your short sermon is well worth a collection.' Soon the cabin-door was out of sight, but my pathway seemed to grow brighter, and 'de wedder has been good 'nuff' ever since."—*My Paper.*

FACTS and figures are used to good purpose by a writer in the *Christian Union* on the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions: "Men may glorify the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, but such beliefs will never send missionaries to face the malarial belt of Africa or the cannibals of the South Pacific. Only such tremendous truths as gather round Sinai and Calvary—man's redemption, life and death, heaven and hell—can inspire to such undertakings." These undertakings require an absolute consecration of all that we are and all that we have to this work. The country spends eighty millions a year for tobacco, and Christian disciples smoke their share. The ladies of New York city spend twenty-five thousand a year for kid gloves, and Christian disciples spend their share. The country produces daily two millions of dollars. And we are content with a paltry six hundred thousand a year to send the Gospel to the heathen.—*Wesleyan.*

In a note, written by Dr. Young on the 11th inst. at Regina, he says: "I am here, 356 miles west of Winnipeg, and about 2,000 miles west of Toronto, in the capital of the North-West Territory. The country is good, the people scarce. This city has sprung up during the last forty days, and numbers about five or six hundred people. Our Missionary has pioneered well. I am staying in his house. It is small, cold, not furnished, and without a chair. He is a chairman without a chair. On the 27th of August he began with a few, lived in a tent till last week, built a house since and traversed the regions around nobly. I hope now to get away from Manitoba by 25th October, and to reach Prince Edward Island by the 5th November."—*Wesleyan.*

THE more humility the more comfort, and the more you will live to the Lord's glory.



THE KING OF CHUMBU.

PLEADING HANDS.

BY KLEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SHOW Him your hands, dear sister. As you stand at the bar supreme; Tho' the searching lights of the judgment About you, startled stream—

Stretch forth your toil-worn fingers, By generous service scarr'd; They are whiter, sweeter than lilies, Those roughen'd hands and hard.

For they to the dear Lord Jesus Will breathe the tale of the past: Will toll of the heavenly treasures By ceaseless toil amass'd.

The care for the helpless orphan, The zeal for the suffering poor; The deeds of a life devoted, Unselfish, brave, and pure.

A hero's courage in crosses, A woman's tenderness; A sympathy mid all losses To cheer, to comfort, to bless—

This is the tale of those fingers, Those trembling hands and old; Fairer and sweeter than lilies, Rarer than gems and gold;

For these are the fadeless lilies The angels love to cull; And of incorruptible gold and gems, Those dear old hands are full.

And the Master says (as He folds them To his heart)—"Thrice blessed be! For all that ye did to My little ones, Ye surely did to Me!"

A BEGGAR'S GIFT.

A MAGNIFICENT crown of gold, all set with precious stones, valued at about three thousand pounds, (fifteen thousand dollars,) was presented to the idol in the temple of Conjeveram. A beggar made this costly present to the image. He had gone about begging until he obtained this money. His rule was never to eat until he had got ten rupees (five dollars.) Do people in Christian lands often make sacrifices like this for their God and their Saviour?

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of \$1.50 collection in Aultsville Methodist Sunday-school, for the Crosby Girls Home in British Columbia. Now, let other schools follow.

It was recently decided to introduce the regular Hymn-book of the Methodist Church of Canada into the Metropolitan Sunday-school. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Wm. Gooderham has generously donated four hundred copies of the book to the school. This is an example worthy of imitation.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY
BY THE EDITOR.

CHIPPewa

URING the remainder of the winter the domestic history of the household at the Holms was unmarked by any incidents. The discharge of her homely duties and kindly charities to the people of the devastated village of Niagara who still lingered in the neighbourhood engrossed all the time and energies of Katharine Drayton. These wholesome activities prevented any morbid broodings or introspections, and furnished the best possible tonic for the strengthening of her moral purposes. Captain Vilhous found frequent opportunities of visiting The Holms. His manner to Kate was one of chivalric courtesy; but, with a self-imposed restraint, he studiously endeavoured to repress any manifestation of tender feelings. Kate was cordial and kind, but as studiously avoided giving an opportunity for the manipulation of such feelings had it been contemplated.

Neville Trueman was engaged in special religious services night after night for nearly the whole winter at several appointments of his circuit. The revival influence seemed to widen and deepen as the weeks went by. He often called to invite Zenas to these meetings. At times the young man seemed strangely subdued and docile, and Neville rejoiced over what he considered the yielding of his will to the hallowed influences of the good Spirit of God. At other times he seemed wilful and wayward, or even petulant and testy, giving evidence of the resistance of his human will to the Divine drawings of which he was the subject. At such times the faith of Neville was sorely tried; but his patience and forbearance were never exhausted, and the sisterly affection and tenderness of Katharine were redoubled. Zenas would then break out into self-upbraidings and self-reproaches, and Kate, not knowing what to say, said little, but, in the solitude of her chamber, prayed for him all the more.

"Kate, you're an angel and I'm a brute," he said one day after one of these exacerbations of temper; "I don't see how you can bear with me."

"Bear with you, Zenas!" she replied, tears of sympathy filling her eyes, "I could give my life for you. Alas! my brother, very far from an angel am I; I am a poor weak sinner, and I need the grace of God every day to cleanse my heart and keep it clean."

"If you, who are a saint, need that, what do I need, who am viler than a beast!" he exclaimed with an impassioned gesture.

"You need the same, Zenas, dear, and it is for you if you only will seek it," she replied laying her hand gently on his arm.

He unatched her hand, kissed it passionately, then dropped it and turned abruptly away. She looked after him wistfully; but felt a glad assurance spring up in her heart that the object of so many prayers could not be finally lost.

The matter went on for several weeks. At last one day Kate was sewing alone in her little room, when through the window she saw Zenas approaching with long elastic strides from the barn. Bursting into her presence, he exclaimed, with joyous exaltation of manner, "I've done it, Kate! Thank God, at last I've done it!"

She had no need to ask, as she looked into his transfigured countenance, an explanation of his words. She flung herself upon his breast, and throwing her arms about his neck said, "Dear Zenas, I knew you would—I felt sure of it! Thank God! Thank God!"

In loving communion the brother and sister sat, as Zenas told how he could not bear the struggle between his conscience and his stubborn will any longer. So, after doing his "chores" at the barn, he went on, he had climbed into the hay loft, resolved not to leave it till the conflict was over and he had the consciousness of his acceptance with God and of the forgiveness of his sins. "I envied the very horses in the stalls," he said, in describing his emotions: "they were fulfilling their destiny; they had no burden of sin: while I was tortured with a damning sense of guilt. I flung myself on the straw," he went on: "and groaned in the bitterness of my spirit, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death.' At that moment," he exclaimed, "I seemed to hear spoken in my ears, the exultant answer of the apostle; 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I sprung up, and before I knew began to sing—

It is done, the great transaction is done!
I am my God's and He is mine.

Kate took up the refrain, and brother and sister sang together the joyous song,—

"O happy day! O happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

We must turn now to the more stormy public events of the time. Preparations for the campaign of 1814 were made on both sides with unabated energy. Stores of every kind, and in vast quantities, were forwarded from Quebec and Montreal by brigades of sleighs to Kingston as a centre of distribution for western Canada.

The campaign opened in Lower Canada. General Wilkinson, who had removed his head-quarters from Salmon River to Plattsburg, advanced with five thousand men from the latter place, crossed the Canadian frontier at Odeltown, and pushed on to Lacolle, about ten miles from the border. Here a large two-story stone mill, with eighteen-inch walls, barricaded and loopholed for musketry, was held by the British who numbered, in regulars and militia, about five hundred men, under the command of Major Hancock. Shortly after mid-day, on the 13th of March, General Wilkinson, with his entire force, surrounded the mill, being partially covered by neighbouring woods, with the design of taking it by assault. As they advanced with a cheer to the attack, they were met by such a hot and steady fire that they were obliged to fall back to the shelter of the woods. The guns were now brought up (an eighteen, a twelve, and a six-pounder), for the purpose of battering

at short range, a breach in the walls of the mill. Their fire, however, was singularly ineffective. The British sharpshooters picked off the gunners, so that it was exceedingly difficult to get the range or to fire the pieces. In a cannonade of two hours and a half, only four shots struck the mill. Major Hancock, however, determined to attempt the capture of the guns, and a detachment of regulars, supported by a company of voltigeurs and fencibles, was ordered to charge. In the face of desperate odds they twice advanced to the attack on the guns, but were repulsed by sheer weight of opposing numbers. The day wore on. The ammunition of the beleaguered garrison was almost exhausted. Yet no man spoke of surrender. For five hours this gallant band of 500 men withstood an army of tenfold numbers. At length, incapable of forcing the British position, the enemy fell back, baffled and defeated, to Plattsburg, and for a time the tide of war ebbed away from the frontier of Lower Canada.

The course of political events in Europe intimately affected the conflict in America. Napoleon was now a prisoner in Elba, and England was enabled to throw greater vigour into her transatlantic war. In the month of June, several regiments of the veteran troops of Wellington landed at Quebec, and strong reinforcements were rapidly despatched westward.

The most sanguinary events occurred on the Niagara frontier. On the 3rd of July, Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley, with a force of 4000 men, crossed the Niagara River at Buffalo. Fort Erie was garrisoned by only a hundred and seventy men, and the commandant, considering that it would be a needless effusion of blood to oppose an army with his scanty forces, surrendered at discretion. The next day, General Brown, the American Commander-in-Chief, advanced down the river to Chippewa. Here he was met by Major-General Riall, whose scanty force was strengthened by the opportune arrival of 600 of the 3rd Buffs from Toronto, making his entire strength 1500 regulars, 600 militia, and 300 indians. The engagement that ensued was one of extreme severity, a greater number of combatants being brought under fire than in any previous action of the war.

Instead of prudently remaining on the defensive, Riall, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the fifth, boldly attacked the enemy, who had taken up a good position, partly covered by some buildings and orchards, and were well supported by artillery. The battle was fierce and bloody, but the Americans were well officered, and their steadiness in action gave evidence of improved drill. After an obstinate engagement and the exhibition of unavailing valour, the British were forced to retreat, with the heavy loss of a 150 killed and 320 wounded, among whom was Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweedall. Riall retired in good order without losing a man or gun, though pursued by the cavalry of the enemy. General Brown advanced to Queenston Heights, ravaged the country, burned the village of St. David's, and made a reconnaissance toward Niagara. He returned to Chippewa, followed again by Riall as far as Lundy's Lane.

In the meanwhile, General Drummond, hearing at Kingston of the in-

vasion, hastened with what troops he could collect to strengthen the British force on the frontier. Reaching Niagara on the 25th of July, he advanced with 800 men to support Riall. General Brown now advanced in force from Chippewa against the British position at Lundy's Lane. Riall was compelled to fall back before the immensely superior American force, and the head of his column was already on the way to Queenston. General Drummond coming up with his reinforcements about five o'clock, countermanded the movement of retreat, and immediately formed the order of battle. He occupied the gently swelling acclivity of Lundy's Lane, placing his guns in the centre, on his crest. His entire force was 1600 men, that of the enemy was 5000. The attack began at six o'clock in the evening, Drummond's troops having that hot July day marched from Queenston. The American infantry made desperate efforts in successive charges to capture the British battery; but the gunners stuck to their piece, and swept, with a deadly fire, the advancing lines of the enemy, till some of them were bayoneted at their post. The carnage on both sides was terrible.

At length the long summer twilight closed, and the pitying night drew her veil over the horrors of the scene. Still amid the darkness, the stubborn contest raged. The American and British guns were almost muzzle to muzzle. Some of each were captured and recaptured in fierce hand-to-hand fights, the gunners being bayoneted while serving their pieces. About nine o'clock, a lull occurred. The moon rose upon the tragic scene, lighting up the ghastly satring faces of the dead and the writhing forms of the dying; the groans of the wounded mingling awfully with the deep eternal roar of the neighbouring catacact.

The retreating van of Riall's army now returned, with a body of militia—1200 in all. The Americans also brought up fresh reserves, and the combat was renewed with increased fury. Thin lines of fire marked the position of the infantry, while from the hot lips of the cannon flashed volleys of flame, revealing in brief gleams the disordered ranks struggling in the gloom. By midnight, after six hours of mortal conflict, seventeen hundred men lay dead or wounded on the field, when the Americans abandoned the hopeless contest, their loss being 930, besides 300 taken prisoners. The British loss was 770. To-day the peaceful wheat-fields wave upon the sunny slopes fertilized by the bodies of so many brave men, and the ploughshare upturns rusted bullets, regimental buttons, and other relics of this most sanguinary battle of the war.

[We hoped to have finished this story in this number, but find that it will take several numbers yet. We hope, all our readers will continue to see PLEASANT HOURS during next year.—ED.]

THE *Sunday-school Times*, defending the employment of young teachers in the Sunday-school, says: "Young teachers are commonly the more successful teachers. When you find a successful old teacher, you find one who has kept young, and who feels young to-day. The aim of the superintendent should be to find teachers with young hearts—however old they are."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, YOUNG MAN?

Where are you going so fast, young man!
Where are you going so fast,
With the cup in your hand, a flush on your brow?
Though pleasure and mirth may accompany you now,
It tells of sorrow to come by and by;
It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh,
It tells of a shame at last, young man,
A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man?
Where are you going so fast?
In the flush of that wine there is only a bait—
A curse lies beneath that you'll find when too late;
A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup;
A monster is there that will swallow you up;
A sorrow you'll find at last, young man—
In wine there is sorrow at last.

There's a reckoning day to come, young man—
A reckoning-day to come;
Alive yet to live, and a death yet to die,
A sad parting tear and a parting sigh,
A journey to take, and a famishing heart,
A sharp pang to feel from Death's chilling dart;
A curse if you drink that rum, young man—
The bitterest curse in that rum.

HOW BOYS MAY SUCCEED IN LIFE.

"POOR boy" inquires what occupation it is best for him to follow, and how can he best succeed in life?
The choice of an occupation depends partly upon the individual preference, and partly upon circumstances.

It may be that you are debarred from entering upon the business for which you are best adapted. In that case, make the best choice in your power. Apply yourself faithfully and earnestly to whatever you undertake, and you cannot well help achieving a moderate success. Patient application sometimes leads to great results.

You emphasize the fact of your being a poor boy, but this affords no grounds of discouragement. Not only many, but most of our successful business and professional men were trained in the hard school of penury. Stewart, Vanderbilt, and John Jacob Astor struggled upward from a youth of poverty. A well known member of Congress assured the writer that at the age of nineteen he was a flat-boatman on the Mississippi River. The obscure beginnings of Abraham Lincoln are familiar to all Americans. Yet more remarkable was the rise of President Andrew Johnson, who did not learn to read and write till after he was twenty-one. So numerous are similar cases that it almost seems as if poverty, instead of being a hindrance, were a positive help. Rich boys are often spoiled, and their energies sapped and undermined, by luxurious habits, the too free use of money, and the lack of that discipline which comes from diligence.

As an element of success, great stress must be laid upon incorruptible integrity, which of late years is unfortunately too rarely found. A business man once said to the writer: "I can find plenty of smart young men to work for me. What I want is an honest clerk, whom I can implicitly trust." Scarcely a day passes in which some defalcation is not brought to light. Widespread misery often results

from the lax principles of some young men placed in a position of trust. Let our young correspondent resolve that he will live on bread and water rather than appropriate a penny that is not his own. Let him imitate the stern integrity of John Quincy Adams, who would not write a private letter upon government paper, but provided a separate stock of stationery for such uses. A boy or a man who establishes a reputation for strict honesty will not remain out of employment. Don't give up all your time to business. Reserve a part, if only an hour daily, for reading and mental improvement. If Abbott Lawrence had been familiar only with the details of his business he would never have received the appointment of minister to England, a place which he filled with credit to himself and to his country. Some men prominent in business have found time also for a wide and varied course of reading, which made them agreeable and instructive companions. Once at a dinner party an eminent clergyman made an incorrect historical allusion, and was at once set right by a quiet merchant who sat beside him.

Last of all, remember that you owe a debt to humanity. Try to live and labour so that the world may be the richer and mankind the happier for your having lived. A great inventor, a great philanthropist, leaves a legacy to his race. Who can estimate the incalculable debt of the world to the inventor of printing, of the steam-engine, of the telegraph? Who will deny that Washington, Franklin, and John Howard helped to make the world better than they found it? How long will the memory of Scott, of Dickens, and of Thackeray live in the fund of innocent pleasure which their works are destined to afford the generations to come? All cannot attain their celebrity or emulate their great achievements, but no one is so humble that he cannot promote in some degree the happiness of those around him.

A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him this parting injunction:—"My son, remember that though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man." No sounder or truer words were ever spoken. A great man may dazzle, but a good man is a beacon shining afar, by whose beneficent light a multitude are enabled to walk in safety. The best success is often achieved by the humblest, and an obscure life, well spent, is better than a wicked renown.—Exchange.

SIGHTS IN GERMANY.

HARD LOT OF THE WOMEN AND THE DOGS.

Nobody in this region seems to work but women and dogs. The "harvest hands," as they are called at home, were, with the fewest exceptions, women. They were working like oxen. In shape they are short and wide on. Centuries of carrying heavy burdens upon their heads and shoulders have stunted their height and broadened them out. This minute—5.30 in the morning—at Cologne, I hear the measured tramp of soldiers in the street outside. I look out. A squad of good-sized, well formed young soldiers are passing with a lieutenant.

They hold their head up in a spirited way, and march along limber and elastic. Immediately behind them follow three tawny, squat women, carrying upon their heads loads which look awful. It is enough to crush their skulls in, one would think. The picture tells the whole story of life among the lower classes in this country. It is a barbarism as complete as reigns among the Indian savages of America where the squaws do the drudgery and the men fight and hunt. Men in uniform fairly swarm. They waddle about the country railway stations in caps green, white, red, blue, and black—fat, lazy-looking fellows—while out in the adjoining fields women lug and tug at the bundles of hay and grain, and bend their backs in the turnip fields, plying heavy hoes, horny-handed and stiff, with weary, weather-beaten, seamed, stupid faces. It is not an agreeable sight or an encouraging one for the future progress of one of the most civilized nations in the world. Everywhere are soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, marching, drilling, or standing sentinel. I told you of those we saw before six o'clock this morning. At seven we went out to look at some sort of ancient rubbish and a splendid cavalry company passed us, full a hundred strong. Horse and rider seemed all one piece, and the animals' feet seemed to move by clock-work, so perfectly trained were they. It was a fine sight. But the most magnificently disciplined standing-army in the world is maintained at a cost which cannot fail to tell on those people in the years to come. The men are drawn off to fight, and the women do the men's work. At this day in Germany women blacksmiths are not very uncommon. What is to become of the refinements of social life, the sweet sacredness of home? But I felt sorer, if possible, for the poor little dogs than even for the women. They are not very big—no larger than the common despised "Yellow dog" of America—yet two of them draw loads which seem heavy enough for a horse. The little things are harnessed underneath a sort of long, heavy barrow upon wheels; this holds the load. A man or woman holds the handles of the thing, and the dog trots along beneath. Their ribs stick out, ill-padded with flesh, as though they were not well fed. Their panting sides, lolling tongues, and sorrowful, appealing eyes, would touch the heart of a stone. Everything hereabouts, too, seems done by sheer brute strength. There is no saving of labour, either by machinery or by the application of common sense. In the field we saw no American agricultural machinery, as in England and Scotland. Where in America a load of baggage, trunks, valises, and boxes, would be piled high upon a dray or great truck, and transferred at one gulp for short distances, here your porter takes it upon his head or arm, as the case may be, and lugs it off slowly and painfully, one piece at a time.

SWIFT'S VERSE ON THE VOWELS.

"We are little airy creatures,
All of different sound and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us is found in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

DR. VINCENT AT THE S. S. CONVENTION.

At the late S. S. Convention, Dr Vincent, the king of Sunday school leaders, gave an admirable address. His stepping forward was the signal for loud applause. Before proceeding with his address on the subject he had chosen, he expressed great pleasure at being again present at a meeting on the Canadian side of the line. Unity and variety were the Divine law, and while there was a difference between two people it was not such as to prevent them joining in works such as this. He had determined to speak on the duty of the minister towards the children of the Sunday-school. On this subject he delivered an address for almost an hour, and kept his audience attentive, amused, and delighted. Without relating any of the anecdotes, which with many clerical speakers form the stock means of amusing the audience, he yet caused his hearers many a hearty laugh. Having no anecdotes he made no digressions, and his speech throughout was terse, and the points were put as concisely as possible. The proper relations of the pastor to the young people in his charge were outlined in a vigorous way, the views expressed being such as if followed would lead to the minister being more earnest, simple, and direct in his teaching, while the children would take manly and womanly interest in the affairs of the Church, and would be found constant supporters of religious observances. He deprecated very heartily the practice now existing in Sunday-schools under which young people growing up were allowed to drift away. They were not trained to get to church services, and having been always led to believe that Sunday-school was for children, they did not wish to remain in it after they had reached the age of eighteen or sixteen years, and consequently the Church had no hold upon them at all. He pointed out that in the secular educational institutions the classes were graded so as to allow those of a separate age being kept together, and there was no reason why the same should not be done in Sunday-school. He strongly advocated bringing children to church. It would inspire the pastor and have an educating effect upon the child. "Squirm," he continued earnestly, "let them squirm if they must, but let them keep as quiet as they can. I do not believe with those who would never urge a child to keep quiet. The self-restraint necessary to keep them quiet during public service will be in itself an educator, and will increase their will power." Before closing he urged that every means should be adopted to teach the children that it was a respectable, gentlemanly, noble thing to assist in the cause of the Church.

God's promises form a bridge over which thou mayest cross from the wilderness of thy need into the fullness of his grace, which shall be to thee a veritable land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey. Moreover, the bridge is a short as well as a sure one; and there shall be no toll demanded of thee save faith in the bridge.

"I rise for information," said a legislator. "Glad to hear it," said a bystander. "Nobody needs it more."

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD

Life's rugged road As we journey each day Far, far more of sunshine Would brighten the way, If, forgetful of self And our troubles, we had The will, and would try To make other hearts glad.

The of the world's wail We have little in store; And labour to keep Grim want from the door, With a hand that is kind, And a heart that is true, To make others glad, There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken, A smile or a tear, Th' seeming but smiles, Full often may cheer; Each day to our lives, Some treasure would add, To be conscious that we Had made somebody glad.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON XII. (Dec. 17. AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.

Mark 16 9-20. Commit to memory vs 15-20. GOLDEN TEXT.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Verse 15.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Lord Appearing, v. 9-14. 2. The Lord Appointing, v. 15-18. 3. The Lord Ascending, v. 19, 20.

TEXT.—A. D. 29.

PLACES.—The road to Emmaus; Jerusalem; Galilee; Bethany.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 28. 16-20; Luke 24 9-33; John 20. 1-21, 25.

EXPLANATIONS.—The first day—On Sunday morning, the first Christian Sabbath First to Mary Magdalene—As related in John 20. Believed not—Their unbelief was to be overcome only made the proofs stronger. In another form—So, the story in Luke 24. 13-34. The very creature—Not to Jews only, but to Gentile nations also. Believed—On Christ as his Saviour. Baptized—The outward token of faith. Damned—'Condemned,' or 'judged guilty.' These signs—Now no longer seen, because no longer needed in the progress of the Church. Received up—See the account of the ascension at the end of Luke, and in Acts 1. 9. Working with—Christ in heaven working with the Church on the earth.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find the duty—

- 1. Of faith in Christ? 2. Of baptism in Christ's name? 3. Of working for Christ's cause?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did Jesus appear first after his resurrection? To Mary Magdalene. 2. How was her report received by the disciples? They did not believe. 3. What did Christ command the disciples when he met them? To preach the Gospel to all. 4. What conditions of salvation did Jesus name? Faith and baptism. 5. What did the risen Christ do after giving this charge? He ascended into heaven.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Faith in Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. How did he come into the world? The Son of God came into the world by assuming the body which God had prepared for him, and was born of a woman.

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

B. C. 713.] (Dec. 24.

THE KINGDOM OF PEACE.

Isa. 11. 1, 3. Commit to memory vs. 6-9. GOLDEN TEXT.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Verse 9.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The King, v. 1-5. 2. The Kingdom, v. 6-9.

TEXT.—This prophecy was given by Isaiah, who lived 713 B. C.

EXPLANATIONS.—A rod—Rather "a shoot," or that which grows up. The stem of Jesse

Literally "the stump or root." Jesse was the father of David, and this prophecy refers to Christ as his descendant, and points out the fact that the royal family of David were to be in humble, decayed state at the time of Christ's coming. Counsel—Good judgment, such as a king would need. Judge after the sight—But would look into the hearts and motives of men. Judge the poor—Not judge against the poor, but in their behalf against those who wrong them. Equity—Justice, that which is right. Rod of his mouth—Words which should smite like a rod. Bread—At the command of his lips. Gentle—He should have righteousness around him as a belt or girdle. Lame—The want. The wolf—He dwelt with the lambs, etc.—This is not to be understood literally, but refers to the change which Christ shall work in the hearts of wicked men. A little child—Christ's power makes men gentle and submissive. Asp—cockatrice—Different kinds of poisonous serpents.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson teach us—

- 1. That Christ is a righteous King? 2. That Christ changes the hearts of men? 3. That Christ's power shall be over all?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Christ predicted by Isaiah? As the righteous King. 2. What was promised to rest upon him? The Spirit of the Lord. 3. How was he to judge? With justice and mercy. 4. What was his juglome to bring among men? Peace and safety. 5. With what shall the earth yet be full? Of the knowledge of the Lord.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What notices were given of the coming of Christ the Saviour? Notices were given of the coming of Christ the Saviour, by many promises which had been given of him in former ages by the Prophets, and more lately by an angel.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held the door, she said, "Thank you" and passed on.

"Cracky! d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near. "No; what?"

"Why, that lady in sealskin said 'thank ye,' to the likes o' me." Amused at the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to him, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark in a low tone to a friend who was with her: "What a comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know as I blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ears caught the words, and he said: "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him in amazement while he related the forgotten incident, and told her that simple "thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honoured and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.—J. B. in Congregationalist.

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