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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

No. 20.

A JAPANESE BOAT.

THE Japanese are very curious and very ingenious people. Some of their mechanism, of which most of our readers have seen specimens, are marvels of neatness and skill. Their cabinets, carvings, lacquer-work, bronzes, and especially the shrines of their false gods are most elaborate affairs. They have a very extraordinary manner of working. Instead of shoving a plane or saw from them as we do, they draw these tools towards them, often holding their work with their toes—a most inconvenient arrangement as it seems to us. Their boats are also very curious, and are sometimes built without the use of a particle of iron, the planks being sewn together with strong thongs. They large "junks," as they are called, are very remarkable and very picturesque-looking objects. But they are being replaced largely by boats built after the English model. The standing figure in the picture is a man high in authority, and on the backs of the rowers you may see embroidered the crest or coat-of-arms of the master they serve.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

The story of Sir Garnet Wolseley's brief and brilliant campaign in Egypt, is one of the most striking and stirring recorded in history. In one sense, that General might sum it up in the old Casaric boast, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Sir Garnet set out in the latter days of August, having laid his plans with the most careful and calculating deliberation, and specifying almost the very day on which he expected and intended them to succeed. Things at the seat of war appear to have been in a much less advanced state of preparation than he had probably reckoned; but he must have taken such a possibility into account. His first bold stroke—that of seizing the Suez Canal and changing the base of our operations from Alexandria to Ismailia—gave promise that he would act with especial promptitude and vigour. But at the latter

place he found tremendous obstacles to his progress. Deficiency of transport, inadequacy of food, the suspicious attitude of Turkey, and the hostile if not malignant criticism of amateur politicians and warriors both in this country and on the Continent must have made enormous demands upon his personal patience, his powers of endurance, and his faculty for organization. But he has proved himself fully equal to the occasion; and, strange to say, he reached the end of his work by entering triumphantly into Cairo at the exact time which he had publicly assigned; as punctually, indeed, as if he had made an ordinary

of Egyptians a miscalculation of a few minutes would certainly have entailed, we can never be too thankful for the commander's skill, and for the courage, steadfastness, and dash of the troops under his command. Thousands of lives have been saved, and it was a question of twenty minutes! Had our troops reached Tel-el-Kebir twenty minutes later daylight would have disclosed the situation to an enemy lying behind formidable entrenchments, and would have enabled him to destroy more thousands than actually fell in hundreds. That the British army would have got possession of the Tel-el-Kebir lines we suppose no English-

ness of the movements immediately following the capture of Tel-el-Kebir call for our warmest thanksgivings. The presence of the British forces in Cairo has relieved a vast population of a most oppressive load of anxiety which has weighed upon them for months like a night-mare. God be thanked that there is no fear of the scenes of murder and rapine at Alexandria being repeated at Cairo.

Thus much for the past. The rebellion is subdued; the Khedive regains his throne, and is now once more in his capital; the Egyptian soldiers, to all appearance, have for the most part gone home and resumed their habits of peaceful industry. For all this Egypt will invoke a blessing on England for ages to come.

TO THE BOYS

I am glad to find that some of the boys are beginning to feel that they must earn money for missions. One of them thinks that the girls have many more opportunities than they have; but I do not know about that. Later in life, the men are supposed to have the advantage over women.

Missionary sheep and hens are often heard of, and they are certainly as suitable for boys as girls. Many boys have talent for drawing and painting, and they might sell pretty plaques, cards,

Easter eggs, etc. I know of one boy who is getting very good prices for easels and brackets, which he is making with his scroll-saw. Another has gathered up a good many pennies by doing errands. Some years ago, I knew of two boys, who earned their own pocket-money by raising flower-seeds, and putting them up in nice little packages for sale. I do not know why this method would not do as well for missions as for marbles and kites. One person whom I knew in the city, where land was scarce, had a very fruitful cucumber-vine in a barrel of soil in the back yard. In the country, where land is abundant, the raising of vegetables is easy, though there may be some difficulty in finding a market for them, so it would be



A JAPANESE BOAT.

business appointment, and had possessed all possible facilities for keeping it. It is more like a chapter in some romance of war than a piece of sober matter-of-fact history.

It is one of our first duties to offer praise to God for so speedy and effectual an accomplishment of our task. For ourselves we have no manner of doubt that the duty of suppressing the Egyptian anarchy was providentially assigned to Great Britain. And it is gratifying to observe the tacit concurrence of all the European Powers to this effect. But the quick and decisive achievement of the task is a phenomenon, and one over which we must thankfully rejoice. When we consider with what wide-spread disaster to both our troops and to multitudes

man doubts, but at what a fearful cost they would have been won but for that silent, steadfast, punctual night-march in the desert! We cannot but see the hand of God in this matter, and join with multitudes of British families in thanksgiving that they have been spared the bereavements and agonies which they had but too much reason to anticipate. We do not doubt that in sanctuaries and at domestic altars the mercy which has given the successful result of the war, with hardly any experience of its horrors, would be thankfully acknowledged. It would seem, moreover, that the escape of the capital of Egypt from conflagration and pillage was due to the same combination of foresight and courage. The rapidity and suc-

well to engage purchasers before-hand. I think some of the boys are going to try the raising of corn. I am told by some one, who I suspect is a practical farmer, that twenty-five grains of corn, in good soil, well cared for, and protected from birds and worms, might be expected to result in fifty good ears. The price would, of course, vary with the variety, the season, and the market. This statement may help to some estimate of the seed and space required for a venture.

It is an old proverb, that where there is a will there is a way. If you have it in your heart to do something, if you are not afraid of work, but are willing to give honest service for wages, I am sure that to the most of you the opportunity will come of earning something; and those who cannot earn must save. You know that many of the girls are donning themselves a neck-tie or a pair of gloves; and the boys surely have as many opportunities for generous self-denial as the girls, and are as capable of it.—AUNT CARRIE, in *Little Helpers*.

A CHAUTAUQUA DAY.

BY REV. T. F. PARKER.



I have had a great, a glorious, and wonderful day at Chautauqua. On Saturday, August 12, seven hundred members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle having finished the prescribed course of reading, received from Dr. Vincent their diplomas as graduates. Seven hundred more who have finished the course but who were absent will have their diplomas sent to them, and it is fully believed that by October two thousand persons will have graduated from this "Out-Door University."

Dr. James Strong characterized this as the most marvellous commencement he had ever seen, and he had witnessed them for forty years. Bishop Warren and Dr. Lyman Abbott also spoke in the highest terms of the work of the C. L. S. C.

The first diploma was given to the president of a college, Rev. Dr. Bugbee, and the second to Rev. C. P. Hard. Among us were a mother, son, and granddaughter. There were many over sixty years old. The order of exercises for Commencement Day had been carefully arranged and was carried out without a blunder.

At ten o'clock the members of the graduating class, seven hundred in number, formed at the south gate of St. Paul's grove, where they were required to pass a guard, none but graduates being permitted to enter. At the peal of the bell they read responsively the Bible description of wisdom. A watchman then arrived, unlocked the gate, and welcomed the graduates to the grove. After passing the arches, four in number, they were greeted by the superintendent of instruction, Dr. J. H. Vincent. "A Song of To-day" was sung and also "A Song of the C. L. S. C. for 1880," followed by a responsive reading of several passages of Scripture. The anniversary ode was then sung, after which the procession marched to the Amphitheatre for the public recognition. A song written for the occasion

was sung, followed by a responsive reading and another song.

W. C. Byrant's letter, written about three weeks before his death and fully endorsing the C. L. S. C. idea, was then read, after which Bishop Warren delivered the commencement oration, which in a masterly way presented the importance of the elevation of the spiritual man. The address gave great satisfaction.

At 2 o'clock p. m. we re-assembled at the Amphitheatre, when the story of the banner was told by Rev. A. D. Vail, D.D. The banner is of silk and was carried by Dr. Vail on a foreign tour and unveiled in all the historic places on the eastern hemisphere. It spanned the arch under which we passed on graduation day.

Miss Belle McClintock sang a beautiful solo, after which addresses were delivered by Lewis Miller, Esq., of Akron, O., Dr. Lyman Abbott, Bishop Warren, Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, Dr. L. H. Bugbee, Dr. James Strong, and John B. Gough, and the services closed with a song and responsive reading and the awarding of diplomas to the seven hundred graduates present.

Undoubtedly there are those who ask, "what of all this," as if the results of this work of the great Out-Door University are of little consequence. These graduates have pursued a four years' course in grammar, rhetoric, elocution, English, classical, Biblical, and oriental literature, ancient, Biblical, and modern history, special histories of Greece, Rome, Germany, and the United States, geology, botany, chemistry, physiology, biology, astronomy, mental and moral science, Christian evidences, history of Art, belles-letters, and several other subjects. But this is not all. An interest in reading has been awakened and such is the success of the movement that 28,000 persons in all have been enrolled and many of the class of '82 have enrolled themselves for the regular course of the class of '86. There are 24 special courses of reading prepared and many will go forward, and any one who shall complete these courses will be better read than nine out of ten of all the college graduates in the country ever became. Dr. Vincent has shown a multitude of busy men and women how to read and what to read. The plan promises the graduation of thousands in the next few years, and when we learn that the entire number of college graduates per year is only 17,000, every one should welcome this new society and the impulse it is giving to the multitudes who are enrolling themselves as members.

Any one who desires to improve himself intellectually and obtain "The Students' Outlook" should write at once to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., for full information as to the plans of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

A MAN from the far interior went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House whose constituent he was, said: "Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't!" replied Jonathan; "I always manage to have a chair to set on to home, and I haven't come to Washington to set on the floor! Injuns may do that when they come, if they like, but I don't do it."

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Far away in the North-west, as far beyond St. Paul, as St. Paul is beyond Chicago, stands Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and the gateway of a new realm, about to jump from its present state of trackless prairies, as yet almost devoid of settlement, to a most prosperous condition. Here, lies a vast extent of country, estimated to contain 300,000,000 acres, or enough to make eight such States as Iowa or Illinois. Not all of it is fertile, it is true, yet it may be safely said that two-thirds of it are available for settlement and cultivation.

Its climate is hardly such as one would select for a lazy man's paradise, for the winters are long and cold, and the summers short and fiercely hot, though their shortness is in some measure compensated for by the great length of the midsummer days. Nevertheless, it is a land where wheat and many other grain and root crops attain their fullest perfection, and is well fitted to be the home of a vigorous and healthy race. Manitoba, of which we hear so much now, is but the merest fraction of this territory, and, lying in the south-east corner, is as yet the only part accessible by rail.

Over this vast region, and indeed all that lies between it and the Arctic Ocean, for two hundred years the Hudson Bay Company exercised territorial rights. Till within a few years it was practically unknown except as a preserve of fur-bearing animals; and prior to 1870 it was hard to find any information as to its material resources or its value. The Company discouraged every attempt that threatened to interfere with the fur-bearing animals, or the Indians who trapped them; still it became known that some of this vast region was not utterly worthless for other purposes; the soil looked deep and rich in many places, and in the western part the buffalo found a winter subsistence, for the snows were seldom deep, and in the pure dry air and the hot autumnal sun the grasses; instead of withering, dried into natural hay. The early explorers, too, had brought back reports of noble rivers, of fertile prairies, of great beds of coal, of belts of fine timber. But, what cared the company for these? The rivers, it is true, were valuable as being the homes of the otter, the mink, and other fur-bearing animals, and furnished fish for their employees, and highways for their canoes. For the rest they had no use. At last, in 1870, seeing that they could no longer exclude the world from these fertile regions, the Hudson Bay Company sold their territorial rights to Canada, which now began to see its way to a railroad across the continent, to link the colonies from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

In the North-west, we see a land that has remained isolated from the rest of the world, untrodden except by the Indian or the trapper, suddenly thrown open for settlement, and on terms as liberal as those offered by our government or land grant railroads.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is already completed 450 miles west of Winnipeg, and it is hoped, not without reason, that another 100 miles will be completed towards the mountains

present year. To build two or even three miles a day across such a country as this division traverses would be no extraordinary feat in modern railroading. Branches, too, north and south, will be rapidly constructed not to accommodate existing traffic, but to create it. Now, it seems as if nothing short of some financial panic, some gross blundering or stupidity, could delay the construction of the railroad, or check the flood of immigration that must surely pour in.

THE CAPTAIN'S REMEDY.

BY JENNY L. KNO.

For Recitation.

H! sailing away, and sailing away,
Far over the shimmering sea,
Went little Jack Hill as a sailor-boy,
In the stout ship *Nancy Lee*.

The captain was kind, and kind was the crew;
No reason could any one find,
Why bright little Jack, the pet of the ship,
Should not have a contented mind.

But he longed to be grown, to become a man,
To command instead of obey;
For, like many bright lads in this world of ours,
He liked to have his own way.

He felt very sure, this sailor-boy Jack,
That could he but smoke and chew,
He would be a much larger and wiser lad—
At least in the sailors' view.

One day behind lading and boxes he hid,
With tobacco to chew and smoke;
But chewing and smoking were new to poor Jack,
And the way he soon felt no joke.

The captain spied him with swollen cheek,
As behind the boxes he lay,
And asked for a look at the troublesome tooth,
In a kind but commanding way.

When Jack slowly opened his mouth he cried:
"Much worse than the toothache sure,
But I think I know of a remedy,
That will soon effect a cure."

And he called for the tongs, and a pan of sand,
And a piece of canvas stout,
Then showed to the boatswain the dirty mouth,
And told him to clean it out.

Then freely the boatswain used tongs and sand,
And canvas and soap without fear,
Till the bleeding mouth of the sailor-boy Jack,
From tobacco was wondrous clear.

And the soap or sand, or canvas stout,
Or the pain he has endured,
Has worked like a charm, for of love of the "weed"
Little Jack is entirely cured.

BAD BARGAINS.

ONCE a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esaú made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."—*Intelligencer*.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

HE sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from,
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble—
Hopeful, and brave, and strong;
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
Hearts.
Since time and earth began!
And the boy who kissed his mother,
Is every inch a man.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A TRIP TO ISLAND LAKE.

BY THE REV. E. LANGFORD,

Missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada at
Oxford House.

[We have pleasure in presenting the following article written in response to our request by a faithful missionary of our church in the Great North Land. — Ed.]

II.

DAYLIGHT comes early in this country; weary limbs, a short night, and a sound sleep, leave us to imagine there was no darkness while we slept. In June and July we have only about two hours' darkness each night. Should the nights be clear, at this season, we can see the light of the sun all along the northern horizon, and I think ordinary print could be read during the darkest hour. At York Factory (Hudson Bay) ordinary print can be read in the house all night by the light of the sun. Those people, of the other provinces, who work from daylight till dark, would find no time to sleep here.

Our third day's paddling is more pleasant, having only one short portage to make. Should the weather prove unfavourable we are obliged to go ashore and wait till it calms, as the lakes are too large for our "frail bark when the wind blows hard." We cross two fine lakes and down a short river, and in the evening reach "Manitou Lake" (Lake of the Great Spirit). This is a large body of clear water, abounding with fish of various kinds, particularly whitefish and red trout, the latter of which are of an immense size. The Indians tell strange stories about the great fish that have been caught in this lake. I began to

think on one occasion that they were ferocious as well as large; for an Indian, who speaks a little English, said to me, "Oh! one big trout killed my father;" he wanted to say my father killed a large trout. In trying to speak Cree I have made worse mistakes than this Indian, but in what way I shall not take time to say just now. There being but few islands in this lake the water surface is very great, and it is not safe to travel over in canoes, hence we prefer taking the route I am trying to describe, and only cross a small part of it.

From this lake we begin to ascend a large river, which is almost a continuous succession of rapids, till we reach Beaver Hill Lake. The first rapid compelled us to make a portage of about two miles. In referring to my diary I find I wrote as follows: "June 24, 1880. While the men are carrying the canoe across the portage I am waiting and trying to occupy my time by taking a few notes. It rained considerably last night and a little this morning; the bush is wet, and I feel as if I had been drawn out of the river * * * but the men are here and we must push on."

From this point the men "tracked" the canoe to the head of the rapids, that is, they waded through the rapids close to the shore, keeping a firm hold of the willows, limbs of trees, &c., as a support against the rushing water. In the meantime I made my way through the woods as best I could. We are again obliged to camp early in order to dry our clothes; but we have reached Beaver Hill Lake, and are camping opposite "Oo-pa-sa-kwa-pe-se-mo-win" (Winking Point). This point got its name from the following circumstance: It appears that many years ago, the pagan Indians held a feast and dance here. During the evening the old conjuror stated that whoever would continue dancing without ceasing till morning would live for many years and become a great person. Many tried to accomplish the feat, but one after another kept failing and retiring, till but one woman was seen on the dancing circle. Towards morning some of those who had been sleeping awoke and found the woman still dancing; her motions, however, were almost lifeless; her eyes were closed, as if trying to sleep, and those observing her cried out, "oh! oh! dancing with her eyes shut." From that time to the present that place has received the name "Winking Point."

Not far from the lake we see the Beaver House Hills rising high above the surrounding forest. The Indians tell strange tales about these hills and this lake, "We-che-ka-chak" (or Noah) according to the Indian legends roamed these forests, and paddled his canoe over these waters, when all kinds of fur-bearing animals were of an immense size, hence these hills were beaver houses. Just as we entered the lake I was shown a small island on one side of which is a crevice in the rock, through which surface water running gives it a darkish colour, resembling blood somewhat. Here they say this great Indian killed and skinned one of those great beavers. Further on I was shown a large round rock deep in the lake, only part of it seen above the surface of the water. This stone they say (and they say it seriously) "We-che-ka-chak" hurled at

the beaver, but only wounding him he was not captured till he reached the island above mentioned. This is sufficient at present about the Indians' great man of the past. In this region, and in many other places, bush fires have destroyed most of the evergreen trees, giving them a barren, bleached appearance.

Crossing this lake we again enter the river and soon come to what is called "Wa-pa-ka-win Falls." A sad circumstance gave this fall its name. I shall relate it briefly. Two bands of Indians met here and spent some time feasting and drinking whisky. In former years spirituous liquors were given freely to the Indians. On such occasions they invariably fought—and desperate fights were these—fights from which many an Indian carries the mark to the present day. Since the prohibition of liquor, more than twelve years ago, I have not heard of these Indians fighting, and I have made strict enquiry respecting the matter. On this occasion they got drunk as usual and fought. Two men fighting, on a flat rock close to the water at the upper end of the falls, fell and rolled into the water. They were seen floating into and over the first and second rapids still fighting, but were not seen floating over the last rapid for they had gone down, never to rise, till the trumpet of God shall call the nations to his bar. "Wa-pa-ka-win Pa-wis-tik" (floating down falls) still gives a warning voice not to enter its mouth for it will not promise to float us safely down, which to the sober mind is enough. Here we must portage. Revelation, History, past and present, lift their warning voice, saying, beware of strong drink, while the cataract of broken hearts, failing health and fortunes, lost and wailing souls, cry aloud, "Boys and girls, don't come this way, 'make the portage' down life's stream, and go by Calvary!"

I must hasten on for I have already taken up space in this important paper that might be devoted to matters of greater importance to its numerous readers.

Another day brings us to Island Lake. I have already said sufficient about it. I have not the ability to do justice in giving a description of the small part I saw. Suffice it to say no lake outside the province of Keewatin (so far as I have seen or read) has a companion with it for the number of islands or beauty of scenery.

Having spent a few days with the Indians we prepare for our return trip. The first evening we come down the river a few miles. The guide I had last summer had not much experience in running these rapids. Next morning I said, "Well, Edward, how do you feel this morning?" "I didn't sleep much last night," he replied. "Why?" I asked. "I was thinking about the rapids," he said. "Do you think you can manage them?" I asked. "I don't know," he answered, throwing the long black hair from his face and looking down the stream, the sound of the first rapid falling on our ears. Edward is a quiet, easy going man, about 45 years of age, more inquisitive than communicative. When we came to the rapids you would feel like cheering him were you to stand on the shore and watch him floating over these fierce waters—his sharp black eyes seem to come out from their lurking

places, and peer through the various channels as though he saw the course every drop of water was taking—while with a firm grip he commanded his paddle, causing the canoe to respond to his will, and on he darted from rapid to rapid as swift as the Lightning Express train, till he reaches the calm waters below. Here he seems (like Samson when the secret of his strength was gone) to become powerless, and complains of one arm being strained, but in five minutes he is prepared for the next rapid; and on, on we go till we reach Oxford House, the happy home of the missionary and the scene of other toils in the Lord's vineyard.

KISSES OF INTEREST.

A FATHER talking to his careless daughter said: I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been of interest these long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late.—*Selected.*

A WOODEN gate had been recently painted in a garden. A little grandson, who was playing there, was charged not to open it until dry. His grandma afterward found the marks of his fingers, and told him she was sorry he had disobeyed her. He replied: "Oh, never mind, grandma, when I'm dead and gone you'll be glad to look at those little finger-marks."

THE FIVE LOAVES.

WHAT if the little Jewish lad,
That summer day, had failed to
go
Down to the lake, because he had
So small a store of loaves to show!

"The press is great," he might have said,
"For food the thronging people call;
I only have five loaves of bread,
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's word might come,
Her coaxing hand upon his hair;
"Yet go for they may comfort some
Among the hungry children there."

So to the lakeside forth he went,
Bearing the scant supply he had;
And Jesus, with an eye intent
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad.

And saw the loaves and blessed them.
Then beneath his hand the marvel
grew;
He brake and blessed, and brake again;
The loaves were neither small nor few!

For, as we know, it came to pass
That hungry thousands there were fed,
While sitting on the fresh, green grass,
From that one basketful of bread!

If from his home the lad that day
His five small loaves had failed to take,
Would Christ have wrought, can any say
That miracle beside the lake?

—Central Christian Advocate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 28, 1882.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

THE late General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada took an important step in the direction of promoting home culture and self-education among the young people of our congregations. On motion of the editor of PLEASANT HOURS, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, it was unanimously resolved that the General Conference strongly recommend the establishment, in connection with each of our churches, of a Mutual Improvement Society for the study of the Word and works of God; and that certain definite lines of reading should be adopted which should further this object. The last General Conference of the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States passed a similar resolution, and kindred societies are largely in successful operation in connection with the Mother Church in Great Britain.

It is, we think, the duty of the Church to promote as much as possible the intellectual as well as the moral and religious training of the young people committed to its care. There are many young people who are compelled to leave school early in order to earn a living; and there are others, young women, for instance, who having left school have a good deal of leisure and do not know how to make the best use of it. There are those, too, whose youth is past, but who feel that they should try to cultivate the minds which God has given them, but do not know how. Indeed whenever God converts a soul he implants a strong desire for knowledge and firm resolve to make the most of the God-given powers of the mind. To meet the needs of all such the Rev. Dr. Vincent has matured a scheme which promises to be the most useful of any ever conceived in oven his fertile brain. This is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. This organization is only four years old, yet it has about 20,000 persons now pursuing its four years course of study, and last August about 2,000 persons completed the course and received their diploma. It was this course which the writer had in view when he proposed his resolution, and he so stated to the Conference. While not asking the Conference to commit itself to that particular course, he asked for and received its endorsement of the principle of home study and reading on definite lines, and societies for mutual improvement like the Chautauqua circles. We hope that Sunday-school teachers and superintendents, and the ministers of our Church will kindly endeavour to carry out this provision of what is now the Discipline of our Church. Such societies will do much to elevate the character of the social entertainments of the Church and of the home, so that instead of being as they sometimes have been occasions for frivolous, not to say pernicious, amusement they may conduce to the spiritual as well as the intellectual improvement of those who take part in them.

We beg to call attention to the following announcement of the C. L. S. C. which we highly commend to our readers. We have had numerous letters of inquiry about it from places as far apart as the Bermuda Islands, and the Province of Manitoba, and shall be happy to answer any further inquiries that may be made:—

THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

J. H. Vincent, D.D., Superintendent of Instruction.
AIM.

THIS organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular, and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life, (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited,) so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated, by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.



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An average of forty minutes reading each week day, will enable the student in nine months to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course of reading on the same subjects has been indicated. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes during one's secular toil will lighten labour, brighten life, and develop power.

OUR CLASS MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

"Never be discouraged."

The books mentioned, will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price, by William Briggs, 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto, Ont., or by C. W. Coates, 2, Bleury Street, Montreal; or by the Rev. S. F. Huestis, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Canadians may order "The Chautauquan" from Lewis C. Peake, Drawer 2,559, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN BRANCH, C. L. S. C.

What shall I read? is the question of the day, and the almost invariable response is practically, what for the moment pleases me? Thus old and young read thoughtlessly, and without plan. Even when such reading is not positively harmful, it is without value, or dissipating to the mind, and is felt to be so by the average reader.

The C. L. S. C. offers to all thoughtful persons a carefully devised plan of reading, while covering a broad range of subjects, is brought within the reach of all classes. The matter is supplied at a moderate charge, the entire expense for each year being about six dollars, while the allotment of reading to each day cannot be burdensome to any, however fully their time may be employed. The time consumed in *wasteful* newspaper reading each day is sufficient to cover the entire demand, (and we do not depreciate *useful* and *necessary* newspaper reading.)

Consider the advantage to yourself and your family of pursuing a well selected course of reading, extending through four or more years, and join



REV. GEORGE McDOUGALL.

us without delay—the year begins on the first of October. The course is full of interest and quite comprehensive, including History, Literature, Art, and Science.

The close of 1882, the first graduating class, has completed the four years' course to the number of about Two Thousand, of whom seven hundred were present at Chautauqua on the 12th of August, and received their diplomas at the hands of Dr. Vincent, and nearly all of them expressed their intention to continue the studies in the Special Courses. Some idea of the far-reaching influence of the Circle, may be obtained from this one incident,—A dear old lady, 82 years of age, with her daughter and grandson, stood together in this graduating class, with a college President, numerous D.D.'s, Editors, and other professional men and women.

We are prepared to co-operate with the pastors of churches, with any proposed organization having in view the establishment of a local Circle, either in the way of furnishing more specific information, or when practicable or desirable, personally responding to any call for full explanation.

The Toronto Central Circle will meet once in each month, of which meetings due notice will be given through the city press; at these meetings all will be welcomed who are interested in this system of popular education.

Circulars, Forms of application, etc., may be obtained on application to E. Gurney, jun., President, Toronto Central Circle; Lewis O. Feake, Secretary, Drawer 2,559, Toronto; or the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks, a donation of books from Mr. James H. Donald, Port Hope, for poor schools. We have had many applications for books lately which we were unable to give. In no way, we think, can so much good be done with a slight effort as by such donations. During the last four years about 6,000 volumes of second-hand books have been thus

distributed to poor schools, and during the previous four years 4,000 volumes, or 10,000 volumes in all. As schools are replenishing their libraries will they not kindly send those books that have been read over and over to this office? They will be sent to needy schools in backwoods missions and similar destitute places. Please address books by express to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto; and be sure to send a post-card informing him from whom the books come, that they may be duly acknowledged in this paper. The Sunday-school Board will pay express charges on all books sent.

The following note from a minister who received a grant of books for a needy school will show the thankful appreciation which the donations of the Board receives:—"In the name of God's poor, allow me to thank you for the kind assistance you have rendered us in our Sabbath School work."

It would be the sheerest affectation in the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS if he did not feel greatly gratified that the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada by an almost unanimous vote testified its approval of his editorial management of the Sunday-school periodicals of that Church, and re-appointed him for another four years to that work. The work itself is a labour of love, to which by God's help and blessing his best energies of body and mind shall be given. Great as has been the progress and improvement in this department in the past, he anticipates still greater progress and improvement in the future. Still other periodicals shall be published to meet every want of our schools, and no effort shall be spared to make those now existing and those we shall have in the future, the very best they can possibly be made. Further announcements will be made in an early number of PLEASANT HOURS.

"The horse that frots is the one sweats."

A SIXTY-FOURTH SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

IT is a rare thing in this new country for a Sunday-school to celebrate its sixty-fourth anniversary. Indeed we do not know that it has ever been done before in Canada.

The sixty-fourth anniversary meeting of the Metropolitan Methodist Church Sabbath School was held on October 2nd. The school dates from the York Pioneer Sabbath School in 1818. The old school was held in a little wooden church on the corner of King and Moliuda Streets, Toronto, which Dr. Carroll has so well described in his "Boy Life." It was afterwards held in the old Adelaide Street Church, where the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS made his first public appearance, as a little boy of six years on a Sunday-school anniversary platform six and thirty years ago. He remembers distinctly the occasion. He recited those beautiful verses beginning

"I heard thee speak of a better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band," etc.

He remembers too an incident illustrating his early temperance principles. Being very thirsty one Sunday his brother took him to an inn close by, to get a drink of water. But fearing that the glass in which it was proffered had been used for whiskey he refused to drink it, and chose rather to return thirsty to school.

What a change from that old-fashioned basement school-room to the elegant Metropolitan Church.

The galleries at the late anniversary were filled with the pupils of the school, while there was a large attendance of the congregation in the body of the church. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnston, and after devotional services the report of the Sabbath School Committee was read. The average attendance on Sundays was 45 officers, 171 male, and 202 female pupils, making a total average of 418. The amount raised in aid of the school was \$1,227 18. Brief, instructive, and very interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. F. Cullen, of the Richmond Street Church; Rev. G. M. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's; Rev. J. Philip, of Hamilton, and Rev. D. V. Lucas, of Montreal. Mr. J. B. Boustead, the Superintendent of the School, was in favour of having the Canada Methodist hymns as sung in church being sung in the Sunday-school as well, and the younger pupils sang, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath" very well indeed. Mr. F. H. Torrington presided at the organ.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of \$2 from the Methodist Sunday-school, at Aultsville, for Mr. Crosby's mission boat. Let other schools do likewise. About \$1,000 more is needed to buy and equip this boat.

TORONTO keeps Sunday in a more rigidly quiet way than any other city of its size on this continent. The street cars do not run, the bootblack boys are not on duty, and all the telegraph offices are closed except the central one. The drug stores are open at certain hours, and that only for the sale of medicines. The liquor shops close at 7 on Saturday evening, and remain closed until 5 on Monday evening.—Western.

THE REV. GEO. McDOUGALL.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

THE history and achievements of this somewhat extraordinary man are of a character to show "how men are made," to illustrate the providence of God, to exemplify the genius of Methodism, and to teach other important lessons.

A sturdy Scot by the name of McDougall (a Highlander I should think, from his name), joins the royal navy early in this century, becomes a non-commissioned officer, and, among other services, performs naval duty upon the lakes on our frontier, during the war of 1812-15. After a time he marries, and, among other children, has a son, born in Kingston during the year 1820, whom he calls George. When the country to the north of Lake Simcoe is opened for settlement, Mr. McDougall, senior, locates his family on the Penetanguishene Road, a few miles from where Barrie now flourishes, in which settlement they are brought up to honest toil, under the constant supervision of the excellent wife and mother, and are inured to the noblest of all secular callings, that of farming, while the father spends every summer in his old water-going profession, in the mercantile marine upon our Canadian lakes. In a prayer-meeting young George McDougall, then, perhaps, eighteen years of age, is awakened to think of the interests of his soul.

After the lapse of six or eight years, we find George McDougall the partner in business of Messrs. Frost and Neelands, in Owen Sound or its vicinity. The outside departments, including the sailing of a little mercantile craft on the Georgian Bay, which touched at various and distant places, including several settlements of Indians, perhaps both pagan and Christian (for, if I mistake not, theirs was partly a trade in furs), was entrusted to his care. His familiarity with frontier life, his inherited sailor proclivities, and more or less acquaintance with Indian habits, if not language, from the first adapted him to such enterprises. This kind of knowledge was no doubt increased by these trading visits. And the exercise of his religious gifts of prayer and exhortation in those seasons of contact developed a reciprocal regard between his own and the aboriginal mind, and pointed him out as "a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the Gentiles."

The venerable founder of Canadian Indian missions, Elder Case, hears of this promising neophyte; they form an acquaintance, and McDougall in a short time leaves his ship by the lake side for a short residence with the old Elder at Alderville, the Indian village, also spending several months at the adjacent Victoria College, to remedy early educational defects, and to gain better qualifications for the great work which seemed to be opening to his views. So satisfactory were his improvements and his special qualifications for this evangelistic work in the estimation of all who know him, and especially in the opinion of Elder Case, that despite the incumbrance of a family (he was now married) the Conference unhesitatingly received him on trial at its session in 1850, being then of the age when the Great Teacher and His forerunner entered respect-

tively upon their public career, namely, thirty years; and he was appointed as the assistant of his venerable patron, Elder Case, in the Aldersville missionary circuit.

But at the end of one year he was considered qualified to go forth by himself into the mission field. Lake Huron engrossed his labour and care for the next two years. Garden River, at the upper extreme of the lake, enjoyed the benefit of his zeal and enterprise for the next four years.

The first decade of his missionary life showed him to be a man of appropriate qualities for his chosen work, namely, the union of untiring industry, ready resources, tact, and enterprise in enlarging and improving his fields of labour.

In 1860 an important crisis came in the history of the missions of central Methodism in the Hudson Bay District, creating a demand for a new chairman and a leader of energy to replace those who had been withdrawn, and to meet the openings presented and the exigencies which were arising in that far-off lone land; to lead, we might say, the "forlorn hope," composed of self-sacrificing and courageous men, who were "jeopardizing their lives in the high places of the field."

George McDougall was appointed to such commanding positions as Norway House (three years), Victoria Lake (six years), and Edmonton House (two years), while his last appointment bore the elegant name of Belly River, in each of which he had to act as resident missionary, and otherwise as the superintendent of all the missions in his district. For the first fourteen years after his going out, that district comprised all the missions in the North-West Territory, a charge which entailed the most arduous toils and trials, as well as travels over "magnificent distances," subjecting him to perils by land and water, in frozen wastes and sultry glades, and among beasts of prey, and sometimes still more beastly men.

Two things in missionary annals are more touching than the account of the sufferings of the mission household from smallpox, caught by ministering to the native tribes, the death of some of them and their burial by the survivors, when they themselves were almost too weak to perform the last sad rites of sepulture.

His duties, while within his mission bounds, entailed not only the proper ministerial work of teaching, preaching, praying, catechising, pastoral visiting, dispensing the ordinances, missionary, house, school, and church building; but also labours which involved the skill of axeman, the oxen and team driver in general, and the horse-breaker (catching and managing the mustang of the prairies), building temporary lodges, or sleeping on the ground in the snow without a lodge, and the shooting of buffalo and dressing them after they were slain.

But he had onerous duties outside of his missionary diocese. His obligations to his tawny clients, both as to spiritual and temporal interests, obliged him to take frequent journeys to all the eastern provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and even to Great Britain.

The officials of the Hudson Bay Company had unlimited confidence in him, and deservedly so. The Indians had often been deceived and imposed

upon, which has made them observably suspicious and slow to extend their confidence to any man, however promising, but George McDougall ultimately triumphed over all suspicions, and was held to be in the highest degree trustworthy by all the tribes of the North-West, though often in conflict with each other.

In the midst of his days, aged 56 years, and in the fullness of his strength, the all-wise Master saw fit to release him from his charge. It would have been pitiful to have seen the once active George McDougall in a state of dotage and decrepitude. We should have lost the inspiration of his heroic and tragic death, meeting calmly, as he did, the King of Terrors all alone. I almost think that he ought to have been buried where he was found, like Sir John Moore, with what might have been called his "martial cloak around him," and "left alone in his glory," while the winds of heaven would have howled his requiem. There ought, at least, to be a monument on that spot.

The details of this death are best given in the words of his Conference obituary:—

"In January, 1876, the supplies running short with the mission family at Morleyville, there being no men to hire for the purpose, he and his son and nephew left home on a hunting expedition. On the 23rd of January, after a successful but laborious day's work, at nightfall they began to retrace their steps to the camp, and when within two miles of it, he left his son to hasten on the supper. By a mysterious Providence, never to be re-vented in this life, he missed the camp and perished on the plains. On the thirteenth day the frozen body was found uninjured, as if laid out by loving hands for burial, and interred at Morleyville."

LETTER FROM THE REV. A. E. GREEN, NAAS RIVER, B.C.

OUR winter continues very severe; the wind actually shakes our strong house. Yesterday was a solemn day; in the morning I baptized three men and one woman, who had professed to find Christ, and had been duly examined and instructed. In the afternoon I preached a poor woman's (Lucy Sharp's) funeral sermon, after which the funeral took place, the body being followed to the grave by nearly all the village. All felt the solemn fact that life is very uncertain, as she had been among the last number baptized, previous to those in the morning. She had been, during the past six weeks, a great sufferer, but was very patient, and spent nearly the whole time in prayer. My visits seemed to give her great pleasure, and she always asked me to come again. Her brother says she would often ask him to tell her about Jesus. I visited her the day she died; she knew me but could not speak. Her last words, addressed to her brother, were, "kiss me, and meet me in heaven."

The four whom I mentioned as having been baptized, do not belong to the Naas, but to the interior, 100 miles from here. They belong to the Kit-wan-wood tribe. We have had a native teacher with them at their home, and twelve have come out on the Lord's side. They are a poor,

ignorant people, but very anxious to be taught.

The first night David McKay, our native teacher, reached their camp, they wished him to teach them a hymn. Having no blackboard, and wishing to have the words written so they could see them, they made an attempt to make one. Splitting a cedar stick, they having no plane or knife, their only tools being an Indian adze and a stone axe, with these primitive instruments they made the wood as smooth as they could. Now the question was how to make it a black-board, as they had no paint whatever. However, this difficulty was overcome by taking a salmon roe, and a burnt stick, bruising them up together with a little water till they furnished a black paint. This was then rubbed on the rude boards, and after it had dried by the big camp-fire, David wrote those old but beautiful words—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

This they quickly learned to sing. Hundreds of people from the interior and Skeena River arrived here a few days ago for the "oolican" season. This fish they catch by cutting holes in the ice, on which they stand, letting their nets down the holes. Our people will move this week to their fishing camps, and then I shall be busy going from camp to camp preaching. We expect crowded houses, and hope much good may be the result.

During the month of January, I gave medicine to 129 persons; much time is taken up visiting and attending the sick. Miss Green is getting on nicely with the language.

Three of the Indians are learning to play the organ, and are succeeding very nicely, while the sewing-class is being usefully instructed in household economy.—*The Outlook.*

THE FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC

AN old man snatched from the very jaws of death on a railway; a number of boys under fifteen arrested for being drunk and disorderly; the determined self-murder of an old pensioner; and the death of an infant of nine months from sheer neglect, while its inhuman mother lay near it in a state of beastly intoxication, and in the midst of a scene of filth and squalor indescribable such are some of the records of the whiskee business given in our columns for a single day. Multiplying this showing by the number of days in the year, and the product by the number of communities of equal population throughout Ontario, we may get some definite conceptions of the wretchedness and crime which are the fruits of the traffic in strong drink in our Province. All this takes place, too, under a license system which has perceptibly reduced the evils of intemperance, and whose conditions are probably as strict and as rigidly enforced as those in any other Province or country. It is no wonder that in the face of such appalling facts increasing numbers of people are day by day becoming convinced that the times demand something better than the best license system. We do not see how any man with a heart in his bosom can get any real conception of the degradation, misery, and vice which are the direct outcome of the liquor

traffic, and be longer unwilling to suffer any inconvenience or privation of luxury which the enforcement of a prohibitory law would entail. What ought an intelligent Christian people to do in such a case? Should they steel themselves to look on with indifference at such a state of things? Should they fold their arms in selfish despair and say they have done their best, and there is no further help or hope for the wretched victims? Can they, to take no higher view, as self-interested individuals, representing the society that has to suffer the evils and foot the bills for the maintenance of almshouses, asylums, and prisons, confess that they can do nothing further? Is it not about time to try some bold step, which can hardly make matters worse, in the hope that it may improve them? Who would not like to see a trial of one earnest, united, and persistent endeavour to rid the country of the cause of all the trouble by destroying the traffic, root and branch?

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

COUNT this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet—
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. Holland

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

A newspaper correspondent says Bartimeus should be pronounced Bar-ti-me-us, not Bar-tim-eus; Philemon, Phi-le-mon, not Phile-moir; Zaccheus, Zac-che-us, not Zac-cheus; Philippi, Phi-il-pi, not Phil-ippi; Ephraim, Eph-ra-tah, not Eph-ri-tah; Cleopas, Cle-o-pas, not Cle-o-pas; Cyrene, Cy-re-ne, not Cy-rene; Gadara, Gad-a-ra, Ga-da-ra.

In the matter of the young joining the communicant membership of the Church, the chief responsibility must ever rest upon parents. They cannot transfer it either to the pastor or to the Sunday-school teachers.

The *International Series* of lessons are in the future to be translated into the languages of the Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Bulgarians, with notes thereon, prepared by the Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., under the auspices of the American Board.

A LITTLE Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "One end of him is good."

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.

Though of the world's wealth
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,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer,
Each day to our lives
Some treasure would add
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

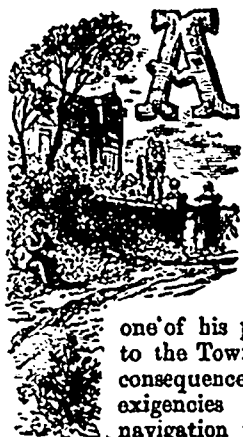
Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow so drear
Have need of a word
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

TORONTO OF OLD.



FTER the burning of Niagara, and the complete disorganization of his circuit by the border strife, Neville Trueman sought an interview with his Presiding Elder during

one of his periodical visits to the Town of York. In consequence of the military exigencies of the time, navigation was maintained across the lake by armed brigs and schooners during the greater part of the winter. Taking advantage of one of these trips, Neville obtained permission from the military authorities to take passage in the armed schooner *Princess Charlotte* to York. The voyage was tedious and the weather bleak, so he suffered severely from the cold. As York harbour was frozen over, he landed on the ice, and made his way to the twice-captured capital. It presented anything but a striking appearance, unless for dreariness and ruin. The half-burned timbers of the Parliament Building, Jail, and Court-house, showed in all their hideous blackness through the snow that failed to conceal beneath its mantle of white the desolation of the scene. In its most flourishing estate before the war, the town hardly numbered some nine hundred inhabitants, whose residences, for the most part humble, wooden structures, were grouped along the loyally-named King

street, near the River Don. At the western extremity of the struggling town were the ruin-mounds of the fort, rent and torn by the terrific explosion of its magazine. On the banks of the Don, and commanding the bridge across that sluggish stream, as though the enemy thought it not worth the trouble of destroying, stood a rude log block-house, loop-holed for musketry, the upper story projecting over the lower, after the manner of such structures.*

Neville proceeded to the hospitable house of Dr. Stoyles, on King street, near the intersection of the little-used road leading to the country,—Yongo street, now the great artery of the circulation of the city. Till the erection of the first humble meeting-house, the Methodist preaching was often held in Dr. Stoyles' house. That gentleman also gave a cordial welcome to the travelling preachers of the day, and here Trueman found, as he expected, Presiding Elder Henry Ryan.

The first place of public worship of the Methodists in York was a long, low, wooden building, running north and south, and placed a little way back from the street. Its dimensions were forty by sixty feet. In the gable end towards the street were two doors, one for each sex. Within, the custom obtained of dividing the men from the women; the former sitting on the right hand on entering the building, the latter on the left.

This old church was situated on the south side of King street, on the corner of Jordan street, so named from Mr. Jordan Post, the pioneer goldsmith of the capital, while the street in the rear commemorates the name of Melinda, his wife. When the Adelaide street Church, which, for the time, was a very imposing brick structure, was built on what was then the public square, the old mother church was converted into a "Theatre Royal,"—to what base uses must we come!

All this, however, at the time of which we write, was still in the future; and Elder Ryan preached and prayed and exhorted to a little company in the worthy Dr. Stoyles' great kitchen, which was employed for that purpose as being the most commodious room in the house. It was the day of small things for Methodism in the capital of Upper Canada. But of the religious zeal of the little company of believers, we may judge from the fact that several of the members of the society came from two to eight miles, through the proverbially wretched roads of "Muddy York," to the class-meeting.†

A QUARTERLY MEETING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Having enjoyed the counsels and encouragements of his Presiding Elder, Neville gladly embraced the invitation to ride with him in his substantial sleigh, well filled with wheat straw, on which they sat, to the village of Ancaster, where a grand Quarterly Meeting was to be held, to which the people came for many miles around. Religious privileges at that time were few, and these occasions were made the most of by the Methodists of the day. There was preaching on the Saturday; then

a business meeting, when the contributions of the several classes were received. Of money there was very little; but promises of contributions of flour, pork, potatoes, hay, and oats were gladly received instead.

On Saturday night a rousing prayer-meeting was held in the log meeting-house. Fervent exhortations were given, for the preachers looked for immediate results of their labours, and they were not disappointed. Several of the brethren and sisters "got happy," and expressed their religious enjoyment in hymns and spiritual songs, often of rugged rhyme, but, sung with fervour as they were, they seemed to bear up the soul as on wings to the very gate of heaven. Most of these hymns had a refrain of simple yet striking melody, in which every one in the house took part. A great favourite was the following:—

"Oh, the house of the Lord shall be filled
With glory, hallelujah!
With glory, hallelujah!
With glory, hallelujah! Amen.

"Let the preachers be filled with Thy love,
Sing glory, hallelujah! etc.

"Let the members be filled with Thy love,
Sing glory, hallelujah! etc.

"And the work of Lord shall revive,
Sing glory, hallelujah! Amen!"

The tides of religious feeling rose higher and higher. The standing invitation of Methodism to weary souls seeking the forgiveness of their sins, was given. Several persons presented themselves at the "penitent bench," most of whom were enabled to rejoice in a sense of conscious pardon.

Sunday was indeed a "high day" at the old Ancaster log meeting-house. From near and far, in sleighs, on horseback, and on foot, came Methodist worshippers, and found hospitable welcome with the families of the neighbourhood. First, there was love-feast at nine o'clock. The cruel war had not left unscratched that rustic congregation. There were rusty weeds of woe,—a black ribbon, a bit of crape, or a widow's cap,—that bore witness to the loss of husband or son in the sad conflict. The empty sleeve, pinned across the breast of one stout young fellow, showed that the strong right arm with which he had hoped to fight his battle of life, and hew out a home in the wilderness, had been buried in a gory trench with the bodies of his slain friends and neighbours.

But their temporal sufferings seemed to have driven these simple-minded people nearer to the source of all comfort and consolation. Many of the experiences and hymns had quite a martial ring. One of the latter was as follows:—

"Ye soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,
Prepare for the battle, the Gospel alarm.
The signal of victory, hark! hark! from the sky:
Shout, shout, ye brave armies, the watchmen all cry,
Come with us, come with us,
Come with us in love,
Let us all march together to Heaven above.

"To battle, to battle, the trumpets do sound,
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around;
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they cry,
In the strength of King Jesus, all hell we defy.
Come with us," etc.

As this was taken up by one after another and swelled into a grand chorus, it was impossible not to share the enthusiasm that it created. An other prime favourite was the following:—

"Jesus, my king, proclaims the war;
I want to die in the army;
Awake, the powers of hell are near,
I want to die in the army.

"To arms! to arms! I hear the cry,
'Tis yours to conquer or to die,
Oh, the army, the army, the army of the Lord!
I want to die in the army."

The god-fearing Canadian yeomanry, as they sang these strains, nourished at once their religious feelings and their patriotic enthusiasm. They felt in their hearts that love of king and country, and their valiant defence and self-sacrifice on their behalf, were also an acceptable service to God.

After the love-feast was a short intermission, during which a luncheon of seed-cake, comfits, and doughnuts were eaten as a preparation for the after service. Elder Ryan, whose warm, emotional, Irish nature had been deeply affected by the experiences of the love-feast, preached one of his most spirit-stirring sermons. It was like the peal of a clarion calling to the battle of Armageddon the warriors of God against the powers of darkness. He was interrupted, but not the least disconcerted, by exclamations of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" They seemed rather to give wings to his eloquence, for soaring in still loftier flights of eloquence.

After the sermon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to those devout worshippers. By these sacred ordinances, amid the carking cares and tribulations of the present life, were kept in view the far more important realities of the life that is to come, and the souls of the people were enbraved and strengthened for the conflicts, both literal and figurative, to which they were called.

MRS. BEECHER.

HE wife of Henry Ward Beecher has recently been communicating some interesting details of her early housekeeping experiences to an inquisitive reporter. When she married, Mr. Beecher was the minister of a small church out West, with a stipend of £75 per annum. As the congregation consisted of twenty-four women and one solitary man, who was afterwards excommunicated, the only wonder is that they were able to raise so much. They began housekeeping in two small rooms over a store; and this is the way in which they furnished them; "My brother gave us a piece of carpet, and other members of the family gave us a cooking stove and two lamps. A classmate of Mr. Beecher gave him a set of knives and forks, and a friend gave a set of crockery. When we got home we asked permission to paint the dirty floor. The proprietor denied our request, because he was afraid it would rot the wood. Mr. Beecher threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and helped me to scrub the rooms with soap, water and sand. They had a hard struggle in making both ends meet, but Mrs. Beecher agrees with her husband in regarding these early days as the happiest in their life.

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

† A cut of this is given in "Lossing's Field Book of the War."

† Carroll's "Case and his Contemporaries," Vol. II, p. 167.

GRANDMA'S SUNDAY.

TELL you about the Sundays,
When I was a little girl
When my hair, like yours, was golden,
And hung in many a curl!

In those old-fashioned days, dear,
The Sabbath seemed begun
On Saturday, for resting came
Near setting of the sun.

The house was clean and peaceful,
And all the work was o'er;
The very broom was hanging up
Behind the kitchen door.

And then when Sunday morning came,
'Twas not like other days;
The sun seemed shining down upon us,
With softer, brighter rays.

And did we go to Sunday-school?
Oh, yes, and had to say
Much longer Bible lessons
Than children have to day,

Whole chapters we would "learn by heart"
(I see your eyes are wide)
We did not stop at Golden Texts—
And Catechism beside.

Then, to the meeting-house we went,
In sunshine or in shower,
And we must sit the sermon through
The long old-fashioned hour.

And that was God's own house to me,
A sacred, reverend place—
I think, my dear, that children now
Are lacking in this grace.

I think that I was glad to hear
The fervent, last Amen;
But I thought our minister the best
And holiest of men.

And when we turned us home again,
(The elder folks before),
We spoke not of the music,
But the sermon was talked o'er.

Oh, yes, it all was different,
And not like modern ways;
But I know we kept the Sabbath,
In those old-fashioned days.

A LITTLE DRUNKARD ASLEEP
IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A CHRISTIAN lady had collected
a lot of wild street boys into
a class, and was trying to teach
them, when, one day, she
noticed that one of them had fallen
asleep and begun to snore.

"He's drunk!" said his ragged
little companions, laughing. Of course
there was no use in trying to do any-
thing with him then, but three days
afterward she saw and questioned him.
"Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact,"
said Johnny, as frank as could be.
"I didn't mean to let you see me,
'cause I kind o' love yer, but I couldn't
help it."

"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say
so. You could help it."
"No; yer see I've got so used to
it I can't stop."

"Oh, I am so sorry! What was it
that ever made you begin to drink?"
"I learnt it when I runned errands
for Mike Dooley, down in Willard
Street. He keeps a liquor store, and
he gin me the rum and sugar in the
bottoms o' the glasses for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to
have you die a drunkard. I can't
bear to think of it. Won't you try
to give up drinking, if I'll tell you
how you can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I
don't b'lieve I could. I've got so used
to't, you see. If I go without, I feel
so gone here" (putting his hand on his
stomach).

There were tears in the gentle
teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up and
saw them, and was touched. He be-
gan to reconsider.

"I—I donno but I'd try if I thought
'twould make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny! Do you
give me your hand on it, and say
you'll stop drinking, honest and true?"
There was a pretty long pause then.
Johnny was making a mighty effort.
"Yea'm," he said (and he drew a long
breath). "I'll promise never to drink
no more liquor—for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake,
Johnny."

"Could He make me keep my
promise? You ask Him, can't you?"
Hardly sure of the boy's meaning,
the question was so unexpected, the
kind teacher nevertheless knelt imme-
diately; Johnny knelt too, and when
she had prayed, he said he guessed he
would "ask Him himself."

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please
help a little feller as wants tor be good,
and don't never let him drink rum no
more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he
meant it. All his conduct since has
proved how truly in earnest the poor
little street boy was when he asked
the Lord to help him keep a promise
made to his teacher, "cause he kind
o' loved her." He is living in a good
situation in the country, and bids fair
to grow up a conscientious, upright
man.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I.—1. Buffalo. 2 Jaguar. 3.
Panther.

II.—But it shall come to pass that
at evening time it shall be light.

III.— A lib I
M odo O
P lac E
H avo C
I ntr O
T rol L
H ear D
Endo W
A lph A
T rou T
R ous E
E ndo R

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 5.
JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

Mark 14. 55-72. Commit to memory vs. 61-64.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,
so he openeth not his mouth. Isa. 53. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The False Witnesses, v. 55-59.
2. The Faithful Witness, v. 60-65.
3. The Fallen Witness, v. 66-72.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the morning of the
crucifixion.

PLACE.—The palace of the high-priest.
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 26. 59-75,
Luke 22. 54-71; John 18. 18-27.

EXPLANATIONS.—Sought for witness—The
Jewish law required that two witnesses
must agree in their testimony against an
accused person, in order to prove him guilty.
False Witness—Testimony giving wrong re-
ports of what Christ had said and done. I
will destroy—Probably this was a false re-
port of what is given in John 2. 19-21.
Answered nothing—Because he knew that
it would be of no use to speak, since they
had fully resolved to kill him. Art thou
the Christ?—The Messiah-king whom all the
Jews expected to appear. I am—This was

the great and solemn declaration of Jesus
that he was the Son of God. Rent his clothes
—In token of indignation. Spit upon him—
It was the ancient custom thus to abuse
those who were condemned to death. Pro-
phesy—"Tell who smote thee." Peter...
in the palace—In the court-yard of the high-
priest's house. Maids—Female servants.
A Galilean—The people from Galilee had a
different pronunciation of some words from
those of Judaea. Curse and to swear—Show-
ing that in earlier life he had been a swearer.
I know not—Blas of falsehood, cowardice,
unfaithfulness to promise, and profanity.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we see—
1. Our duty to tell the truth?
2. Our duty to believe in Christ?
3. Our duty to keep close to Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did the rulers try to condemn
Jesus to death? By false witnesses. 2.
How did Jesus reply to their testimony?
He answered nothing. 3. What solemn
question did the high-priest ask? "Art
thou the Christ?" 4. What did Jesus
answer? "I am." 5. How did they re-
ceive Christ's declaration. They sentenced
him to death.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Messiah-
ship of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

61. How did they behave themselves to-
wards God after this division?
After the divison of Israel into the two
kingdoms of Judah and Israel, most of their
Kings, as well as the people, behaved very
ill; for they provoked God by their idols,
and their great wickedness.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 12.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Mark 15. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 12-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men. Isa.
53, 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Question of the Ruler, v. 1, 2.
2. The Silence of the Prisoner, v. 3-5.
3. The Choice of the People, v. 6-15.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the morning of the
crucifixion.

PLACE.—The judgment-hall of Pilate, the
procurator.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 27. 11-26;
Luke 23. 1-25; John 18. 28-40.

EXPLANATIONS.—Held a consultation—
The whole council, called the Sanhedrin,
was called together. To Pilate—They
brought him to the Roman governor, be-
cause they had no power to put any person
to death without his authority. Art thou
the king?—The rulers had accused Jesus of
claiming to be a king. Thou sayest—An ex-
pression meaning "You speak the truth."
Marvelled—At his silence under accusation.
Pilate had talked with Jesus, and knew that
he was innocent. John 18. Released—It was
a custom in ancient times to set free prisoners
at feasts. For envy—Rather, "from hatred."
Aloofed the people—The people were not against
Christ, if left to themselves. Crucify—
This was a Roman form of putting to death,
used only with slaves and people who were
despised. Scourged—It was usual to scourge
or whip with knotted thongs those con-
demned to death. Sometimes they died
during the scourging from its severity.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—
1. The spirit of hatred?
2. The spirit of indecision?
3. The spirit of submission?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did the rulers bring Jesus?
To Pilate, the Roman governor. 2. What
did Pilate ask Jesus? "Art thou the King
of the Jews?" 3. What did Pilate offer to
the people? To release Jesus. 4. Whom
did they choose instead of Jesus? Barabbas,
a robber. 5. What did they demand con-
cerning Jesus? "Crucify him."
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The hardness
of the human heart.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

62. How did God punish them for their
crimes?
When the I. scilicet would not hearken
to the Prophets which God sent among them,
he punished them for their crimes, by allow-
ing them to be carried away captive by their
enemies into the land of Assyria.

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