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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20 1883

No. 21.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE  
(See next page.)

## ON GALILEE.

**D**OWN the bright vale of Galilee  
A tempest swept, the night was dark,  
And out upon the stormy sea  
In peril toiled a lonely bark.

And One on board, in welcome rest,  
Was sleeping sweetly as the child  
That's rocked upon its mother's breast  
Unmoved by winds or the billows wild.

The men beheld His weary form,  
And none could wish to break His rest,  
But darker, louder grew the storm,  
And harder was the vessel pressed.

Stout hearts were there, and men of skill  
That long had sailed their native lake,  
But naught avail, the ship must fill,  
Oh, will the Master not awake

Then rose above the breaking wave  
The cry of mingled faith and fear,  
"We sink, O Lord, wilt Thou not save!  
Let not Thy servants perish here"

The wearied Jesus rose from sleep,  
He glanced into the storm and night,  
"Be still," He said, "And lo, the deep,  
Like His own face grew calm and bright.

What wondering joy abounded then—  
A placid sea, a welcome strand;  
Ah, favored boat, O happy men  
To have some present help at hand!

Dear Lord, hast Thou not servants still  
On earth, who know Thy love and power!  
Sun and our hearts, our bosoms fill  
With trust, against the trying hour.

But should the erring soul grow dark,  
And waves of passion o'er it sweep,  
Ah, do not leave the foundering bark,  
But save us from the yawning deep.

## THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

**W**E give, according to promise, a portrait of his Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne, whose distinguished services, as Governor-General of Canada, we are so soon to lose. The Marquis comes of a very ancient and very noble family, whose heads have been Earls of Argyll since 1457—known in Scotland as MacCallum More—"Campbell the Great." One Earl of Argyll, in 1513, was killed at Flodden Field. The eighth and ninth Earls of Argyll were beheaded in Edinburgh during the troublous times of the English Rebellion and Revolution of 1640 and 1688. "I could die like a Roman," said the former on his way to the scaffold, "but I choose rather to die like a Christian." The romantic adventures of his heroic son are stranger than fiction. For his fidelity to the Protestant faith, he was sentenced to death. He made his escape dressed in "lackey's livery" carrying the train of his daughter Lady Sophia Lindsay. He was after many brave deeds retaken and led forth to die.

He was treated with many indignities, and led bare-headed, the hangman before and guards behind, up the High Street of Edinburgh, the scene of so many pageants of glory or of shame. It was, he said, a happier day than when he escaped from prison. He dined cheerfully, and took a peaceful sleep. Within an hour of his death he wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, and bless thee, and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu." Having ascended the scaffold, he kissed the "maiden," the rude Scottish guillotine, and said it was the sweetest maiden that ever he had kissed. He died with his hands uplifted in prayer

and the words, "Lord Jesus receive me into Thy glory," trembling on his lips, and the "good grey head that all men knew," was soon affixed on the top of Tolbooth Tower. To few is it given to number in their ancestry such heroic souls as the two martyr Earls of Argyll, and to the Lord of Lorne it is a nobler honour than is his knightly blood.

The father of the Marquis of Lorne, the present Duke of Argyll, is worthy of his heroic ancestry. He was born on the 30th of April, 1823, and succeeded to the title in 1845. He took his place in public life early, and is distinguished from the great mass of professional politicians, even in the House of Peers, by the general cultivation and the varied acquirements he has brought to bear upon politics. While known as the Marquis of Lorne, he made quite a stir in Scotland, by a pamphlet he published in 1842, having as its title, "A letter to the Peers from a Peer's son," in which he dealt with the knotty question of Church patronage. The first work of general interest given to the world, by His Grace, was written in the 25th year of his age, entitled "Presbytery Examined," an essay, critical and historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation." Of this work the *Edinburgh Review* said: "The book breathes a noble spirit,—generous if presumptuous, and candid if not profound." In the year 1866, he produced the ablest and most considerable of all his works, "The Reign of Law," which is still a standard authority on the harmony of natural and revealed religion. He next appears as the author of a work entitled "Primeval Man." In this, as in the former work, his object is to justify science with revelation. Both works called forth a good deal of discussion; they were favorably reviewed by the best critics. The only remaining work we shall notice is, "Iona." This island forms a part of the estate of His Grace, and, his critics say, he has made it twice his own in this charming volume.

He entered the House of Lords in 1847. In the year 1852, he accepted the post of Lord Privy Seal, under Lord Aberdeen. We next find him Postmaster General with Lord Palmerston as his chief. In 1868, the Duke of Argyll accepted the office of Indian Secretary, the affairs of which he administered with marked success.

The Marquis of Lorne was his father's Secretary, when at the head of the Indian Department. He has two brothers engaged in business; one of them is, we believe, a Banker in London. Evidently the Duke of Argyll does not believe in his sons being mere hang-ers on upon the skirts of society. Idleness is a disgrace, a crime, even in noblemen. With a son treading in the footsteps of such a father, and a daughter walking after the example of such a mother as our good Queen Victoria, we are certainly justified in entertaining high hopes of the future of their Excellencies.

The Marquis of Lorne is 38 years of age. He was educated at Eton, St. Andrew's, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1878 he was returned to the House of Commons for Argyleshire. In 1866 the Marquis took a tour through Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, the United States, and Canada, and on his return to the hills of his fatherland, he published a little book on the subject, which he entitled, "A Trip to the Tropics." He has since published a

poem entitled, "Guido and Lita, a tale of the Riviera," and also a "Metrical Version of the Psalms," designed to be an improvement on the old Scotch version. On March 21st, 1871, he was married at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to the Princess Louise Carolina Alberta, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, the first instance of the marriage of a daughter of a reigning Queen of England to a subject. The Princess Louise was born on March 18th, 1848, and on her marriage was voted a dower of thirty thousand pounds and an annual allowance of six thousand pounds.

We admire the plucky young Scotchman for breaking through the traditions of a thousand years, and being the first man, not of royal blood, who ever married the daughter of the Sovereign. It is probable that the Marquis will be created Governor General of India, the virtual ruler of an empire greater than that of Alexander, or than that of Rome under the Cæsars. Wherever he goes we are sure that he will have kindly recollections of Canada, whose best interests he has laboured so earnestly to serve, and we are sure that all loyal Canadians will follow with their best wishes the noble Marquis and his royal wife.

## "IF I WERE A GIRL."

**I**F I were a girl," said a well-known New England clergyman recently "I wouldn't parade too much in public places." He mentioned a number of other things that he would not do. He would not think too much about dress, or about parties, or about fashionable society. But in regard to the folly of parading in public places he was particularly emphatic. A good many girls acquire the habit of parading the streets before they comprehend how objectionable it is. Their motive at first is simply amusement; afterwards they like thus to draw upon themselves the notice of others. But notice so attracted is seldom respectful, and the very young man who will look admiringly at the girl he meets under such circumstances will probably rejoice in his own heart that his sister is not among them. There is too much of this sort of thing in many of our smaller towns and villages, and we are glad that the practice has been publicly denounced from the pulpit.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

## WHAT SHALL THE BOYS READ?

"Are you troubled lest your boy shall read dime novels, and the dreadful papers which are thrown in at the door, filled with exciting stories of adventure, and even crime?" said one mother to another.

"Not very much," said the lady addressed. "I think that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure; and so I take care to provide Freddie with so much really good reading, that he will have no taste for the other sort, and no time for it."

Like everything else, it takes time to superintend a boy's reading, but it is time well spent. And if you reflect that the style of reading will affect the style of character, you cannot be indifferent to the subject.

Why are jokes like nuts? Why, because the drier they are, the better they crack.

## ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.

**G**IVE your apartments expression, character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless, indeed. Study light and shade, and the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture, and pictures. Allow nothing to look isolated, but let everything present an air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number of people have left it, and then, as you arrange the furniture, disturb as little as possible the relative positions of chairs, ottomans, and sofas. Place two or three chairs in a conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your stand of stereoscopic views or engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the book which you may reach from the table near. Make little studies of effect which shall repay the more than usual observer, and do not leave it possible for one to make the criticism which applies to so many homes, even of wealth and elegance. "Fine carpets, handsome furniture, a few pictures, but how dreary!" The chilling atmosphere is felt at once, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to accord with the spirit of the place. Make your homes, then, so easy and cheerful that, if we visit you, we may be joyous and unrestrained, and not feel ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings.—*Art Review.*

## BOY BISHOPS.

**T**HE month of December recalls a reminiscence in connection with Salisbury Cathedral—one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in the kingdom. Old Sarum, as it is often termed, had many peculiar customs; one of these was the choice, on the Feast of St. Nicholas—December 6th—of a boy bishop from amongst the choristers, whose term of office lasted until Innocents' Day, December 28th. The boy was invested with the full authority of a genuine prelate; dressed in episcopal robes and mitre, carrying also the pastoral-crozier. His fellow-choristers, for the time named, acted as prebendaries; and were obliged to render due homage and respect as such. The evening before Innocents' Day there was a special service, attended by the juvenile prelate and his juvenile clergy in solemn procession, chanting hymns as they marched up the aisle to the choir.

There the little bishop took his seat on the episcopal throne, surrounded by his youthful clergy, when a solemn service was rendered in remembrance of the massacre by Herod of "all the male children that were in Bethlehem." Multitudes used to assemble to witness the spectacle; and so great was the crush that special enactments were passed to prevent any undue crowding of the little fellows. If the boy elected as prelate died during his term of office—twenty-two days—his funeral was conducted with the pomp and ceremonies of a veritable prelate; and he was buried in his full canonicals. There is a monument to one who did die during his brief period of official life, carved in stone, with mitre on his head and crozier in his hand, and two angels with canopy over his head, keeping in memory this reminiscence of a by-gone age.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.

To Canada and the Canadians, but more especially to the Temperance Reform Club, Hamilton, Ontario, these verses are respectfully dedicated by "Eona."

ARISE! fair land, arise!  
In all thy youthful might,  
And turn thy fair face steadfastly  
Towards the Truth and Light.  
The Light of Life, oh, fair young Queen!  
Upon the western throne,  
Nurse of the nations yet to be,  
Mother of tribes unknown.

Land of the gleaming lake,  
Land of the fertile plain,  
What wealth is thine, oh, Canada,  
In flocks and herds and grain.  
But, oh! fair land, beware!  
The serpent in thy bowers!  
The creeping tempter 'mid thy vines.  
Thy cornfields and thy flowers!

Tread down the accursed thing!  
With all thy strength, oh, land!  
Let all thy sons arise to crush  
The curse on every hand.  
Dash down the poisoned cup,  
In God's strength dash it down,  
Ere yet the venom fills thy veins,  
And claims thee for its own!

Wouldst thou be strong and true,  
Wouldst thou endure for aye?  
Let no Delilah steal the strength  
Of thy brave youth away.  
But rise and stand upon thy guard,  
Touch not the treacherous cup,  
And if, e'en now, thou feelest the spell,  
In God's name, give it up!

Give up the cup of woe,  
And let the land be free!  
Free from the curse from shore to shore,  
From rolling sea to sea!  
From the wild Atlantic's roar,  
To the far Pacific wave;  
Let the Dominion be the home,  
Of none to Drink the slave!

"Canada shall be free!"  
Be this our battle cry;  
For God, for home, for country,  
We mean to win or die.  
Rise, then, ye men, arise!  
To work and fight and pray,  
Until your zeal has banished all  
That takes your strength away.

Brethren and sisters, rise!  
Nor wait till you have seen  
Your land enslaved, as those of yore,  
And o'er "what might have been"  
Ye weep your useless tears,  
But work while yet you may,  
And in the night of Christ resolve  
To put the curse away.

Let Canada be Christ's,  
And on her power shall rest  
The blessing of the Eternal One,  
Who placed her in the West,  
The "sunset splendour" of the earth,  
And the Star of Hope to be;  
Queen of the glorious latter days,  
The land of Liberty.

TIM'S KIT.

TRUE affection and human feeling are the same diamond when seen in the rough as when displayed in polished form. No refinement could add any pathos to this picture of artless sorrow and sympathy:

It surprised the bootblacks and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and hear him say,—

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter bad just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" queried another.

"No; but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked

straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said,—

"I guess I kin write it if you will give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote the death notice.

It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, as follows: "Died—Ted—of scarlet-fever, aiged three yere. Funeral to-morrow, gon up to Hevin: left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped,—

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the door-step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted, urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?—*Free-Press.*

DISCOVERIES MADE BY ACCIDENT.

VALUABLE discoveries have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accidents.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church-spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident, a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper.

After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure.

A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it.

He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made was discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of a glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma.

It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand.

The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar colour of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter.

After storing the damaged paper for four years, Mr. East sent it to his agent in London, with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over market price.

Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply it.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his show-window with piles of writing-paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use; and, to finish his pyramids off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point.

Taking these cards for diminutive note-paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern.

As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose.

The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes

fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.—*Stauffer.*

TOO LATE!

MARIE ANTOINETTE, the beautiful and unhappy queen of France, led a very gay and careless life as a child.

She was a sunny, light-hearted little maiden, and won the love of all hearts by her merry and affectionate ways.

She had a lovely home, for she was an Austrian princess, and for the first fourteen years of her life every want which wealth could supply was gratified. Her first sorrow came in the parting from home and friends. When a bride of fifteen she left Vienna for France, where, as the wife of Louis, she was to reside at the French court.

Louis was not yet king, but his father was old, and it was clear that but few years must pass before the young couple must come to the throne. How was the beautiful girl fitted for such a place?

Her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, was a strong sovereign, who ruled her people well, but who found little time to give to the education of her children. She required reports of their progress from their teachers, but did not herself see that they were making progress. The teachers, without much conscience, let their pupils neglect hard work, and even palm off as their own work which they had not so much as touched!

Merry Marie, who loved fun and frolic, and could see no use in hard study, let slip these golden hours, and hurried carelessly over school tasks, that she might be free to come and go as she chose. Her mirth-loving nature led her to look upon restraint and effort as almost unendurable, and she frolicked away the hours which should have been spent in study.

The result of all this was that the future queen of France entered upon her life at the French court with an undisciplined mind, which soon made her an object of ridicule. With intellectual powers of a high order she yet was poor in knowledge, and all for the want of earnest and painstaking study.

Too late she saw her mistake and tried to atone for it, but the time had passed when she could give herself to hard study; and when, for a short time, with great zeal and self-denial, she would shut herself up with her books, it was only to find that in her crowded life there was no longer room for task-work.

Often she wept tears of bitter mortification over her folly in letting slip the hours of youth, when she should have stored her mind with knowledge, and the sad and distracting scenes of her life only made her mental losses the more apparent.

"What a resource," she once exclaimed. "is a well-cultivated mind! One can then be one's own companion, and find society in one's own thoughts."

At the annual parade of the Sunday School Union of Brooklyn, N. Y., which took place on Wednesday, there were over 50,000 children in line. This great army, in seven divisions, with bands and banners, marched through the leading streets of the city while the old folks gazed on the imposing demonstration with pride.

## THE CITY OF GOD.

Oh! say, have you heard of the mansions of light  
Our Saviour has gone to prepare?  
Where falls not a cloud, or a shadow of night,  
They tell us no sorrow is there.

Oh! yes, we have heard of these mansions so bright  
And free from all sorrow and care  
Our Saviour, the Lamb, is the glory and light,  
The children of Zion are there

Oh! where is that city whose portals of gold  
Are open by night and by day?  
The city whose splendour can never be told,  
Where pleasures will never decay?

'Tis yonder, where joyful our spirits may fly,  
Beyond where the bright planets roll  
Above the clear arch of the blue ether sky,  
The beautiful home of the soul.

'Tis a home where the weary may rest  
'The beautiful home of the blest'  
Oh! come, we are bound for the mansions of light,  
The beautiful home of the blest.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

## THE UNION CONFERENCE.

OUR readers, we are sure, will be glad to know that full and final arrangements have been made for the consummation of Methodist Union.

Four branches of the Methodism of Canada have blended together, so that they are now henceforth to be known by the name of The Methodist Church.

Strong arguments *pro* and *con* were used respecting other names, but it was deemed best to obliterate all the denominational names and create one new name which had not been used by any of the bodies now forming the Union. The natal day of the new Church is to be the first Wednesday in July, 1884, after which Methodism in Canada will no longer appear in separate parties as in the past. It is to be hoped that nothing will occur in the interval to prevent this consummation devoutly to be wished.

According to the statistics presented, it will be seen that "The Methodist Church" will be the strongest Protestant denomination in the Dominion. The total membership is 739,160 made up as follows: Methodist Church of Canada, 582,963; Episcopal Methodist, 103,272; Bible Christian, 27,236;

Primitive Methodist, 25,680. The Church of England has a membership of 574,818, and the Presbyterian Church 629,280.

Those who were privileged to be present in the Methodist Episcopal Tabernacle on Wednesday, September 5, 1883, will not soon forget that memorable occasion. The pastors of the city, Rev. J. B. Clarkson, M.A. and the Rev. T. McVety conducted the devotional exercises, which consisted of singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayers. The opening hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," etc., was sung to the fine old tune of "Coronation," which rolled through the edifice with sublime grandeur. The Scripture Lessons were of the most appropriate kind, while the prayers of the Rev. Dr. J. Gardner, E. Roberts, J. C. Antliff, B.D., and Dr. Williams, were so powerful that the whole Conference appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of Divine glory. Truly it was good to be there, and the hallowed influence felt was justly regarded as an omen of future blessing.

Dr. Williams presided with great ability during the two weeks' sessions of the United General Conference. Each of the other uniting Churches was well represented by the Rev. E. Roberts, Vice-President, and Revs. F. B. Stratton, J. C. Antliff, and Dr. Allison, Secretaries.

The Revs. Dr. Rice and Dr. Carman were elected General Superintendents of the new Church. All the General Conference officers of the Methodist Church of Canada—Book Stewards, Editors, and Missionary Secretary and Treasurer—were elected by acclamation to the same offices in the new Church, with the addition of the Rev. Dr. Stone, of the M. E. Church, as associate editor of the *Guardian*.

The editor of the Sunday-school periodicals, of course appreciates very highly this expression of the confidence of his brethren, and will endeavour to devote himself with increased assiduity to the discharge of the duties of his enlarged sphere of influence.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTERESTS.

The general Sunday-school interests of the Church were duly considered, and their plan of operations enlarged to meet the necessities of their enlarged sphere of operation. Large committees were appointed to superintend this important department of Church work, and provision was made to incorporate among the institutions of the United Church the Sunday-school Parliament and Normal Class Institution of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There was one service which we must not pass over in silence, viz, the mass meeting of the Methodist Sunday-schools, which was held in the Conference Church on Sunday afternoon, September 9th. There were six schools, which marched in procession from their respective places of meeting to the places assigned them. The total number exceeded 600. It was a grand sight to behold such a number of smiling, happy faces, and as they sung the inspiring hymns such as "Blest be the tie that binds," "Stand up! stand up for Jesus," "Onward, Christian soldiers," and "God bless our Sunday-school," the effect was delightful. Mr. W. Johnson, Superintendent of Bridge Street School, presided, and he was surrounded by the superintendents of the other schools. The Revs. W. Blair, T. Griffith, W. J. Maxwell, and Mr. Henry Thorne,

addressed the meeting. Rev. J. B. Clarkson, M.A., opened the exercises with prayer. The galleries were crowded, and the service was such as will not soon be forgotten.

The school-room of the Bridge Street Church, Belleville, is the best we have ever seen. It is a large amphitheatre, with large class-rooms opening from the outer circle; when the doors of these are opened, every scholar is in full view of the superintendent's desk. The class-rooms are nicely carpeted and furnished with maps, pictures, etc. The improvements cost about \$2,400—an example of enterprise worthy of imitation.

DURING the absence of the editor at the General Conference, the last number of PLEASANT HOURS passed through the press without his having an opportunity of reading the proof. To his chagrin he found on his return, on the very first page of part of the edition, a typographical error, which any school boy might detect. We shall not now correct it, but ask our readers to find it out and correct it for themselves.

## SPECIAL LUTHER NUMBER OF PLEASANT HOURS.

ON the tenth day of November, all Protestant Christendom celebrates the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, the father of the Protestant Reformation. We purpose joining in that celebration by a special Luther Number of PLEASANT HOURS, containing a sketch of the Great Reformer's Life and Works; a paper on the Footprints of Luther, and numerous Luther engravings. We will print a large edition of this number, and will send copies to any address at one dollar per hundred. We hope that every scholar in all our schools will have a copy. Send orders at once to Rev. William Briggs, Toronto.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of \$5 for the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund, under the direction of the S. S. Board, from "a poor man of Massey."

We beg also to acknowledge receipt from Wm. English, Secretary of Dundas Street East Methodist Sunday-school, London of 184 volumes of library books as a donation for poor schools. This donation is very timely, as there are several pressing requests for such books. Will not other schools kindly send their old libraries to the editor of this paper?

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher asked a poor illiterate scholar: "Jack, have you a soul?" Imagine his horror and discouragement at the reply, "No, I've got no soul!" But the lad allowed his teacher to be disheartened only for a second, for he added: "I had a soul once, but I lost it; and Jesus Christ came along and found it, and so I am just letting Him keep it."



SACRIFICING TO THE GANGES.

## SACRIFICING TO THE GANGES

THE picture shows a scene which for hundreds of years was a very common one in India. Hindoo mothers used often to sacrifice their children to their false gods, by throwing them into the Ganges. Here you see a mother who dearly loves her babe—she is weeping, you see, as if her heart would break. The Brahmin priest holds the little one aloft, as if offering it to the cruel god, before he throws it into the stream. How different those cruel gods from Him who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and how different this cruel sacrifice to the Christian offering of the children in holy baptism to Christ. Thank God! through the influence of Christian missions and of British laws, this slaughter of the innocents, worse than that of Herod, is no longer permitted; and missionaries are doing what they can to train up the children for God.

## WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A CERTAIN doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the pernicious habit. In twenty-two there were various severe disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. Now this is no "old wife's tale," as the facts are given under the authority of the *British Medical Monthly*.

The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.—Proverb.



A BRAVE BOY.

A BRAVE BOY.

**J**AMES FARRELL was an orphan boy. That is, his mother was dead, his home was broken up, and his father sent him to live at a large boarding school. Here the poor orphan, who was shy and timid, and had never been from home before, felt very lonely among a crowd of strange boys. When they all went to bed in one large room, James knelt down by his little iron cot to pray to God as he had been taught by his dear dead mother, now in heaven.

"Hello!" said Tom Loker, the bully of the school, "got a saint among us, have we? We won't have any sniffing and praying around here" and he flung pillows and boots at poor James, and the other boys joined in the cruel sport. As James took no notice of these persecutions, Tom took a pitcher of water and was going to dash it over him; but some of the other boys prevented him. James prayed in his heart to his mother's God, and felt the truth of the words, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." And night after night he continued to pray, till the persecutors got tired of their one-sided game, and one of their number even came and knelt down beside James and said, "My mother taught me to pray, but I was ashamed to do so before all these boys. God helping me, I'll be a braver boy."

So through the influence of that single praying boy much good was done in that school. Boys! dare to do right? Dare to be a Daniel, to stand up for Jesus, to confess Him before men, that He may confess you before His Father and his holy angels.

SHALL the manhood and womanhood of our country sink to the standard of the Dime Novel, or rise to that of the choicest literature of the English language? Why should any waste their spare hours over third-rate books, when they might spend them with the greatest and best thinkers of the world?

A TALK WITH TOM.

**Y**OU want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood? Well, listen, I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. That word is "truth." Now then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called. Now mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the

edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes. Alas, my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind." There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit? Now I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are. When we have laid that foundation then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and godlike, after the perfect image of Him, the perfect man, who said He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.—*Bp. Dudley.*

C. L. S. C.

**W**E beg to call attention to the announcement of the C. L. S. C. course for 1883-4 given in the advertising pages of the *S. S. Banner* for October, and on our last page. We take from the circular the following extract:

When, at the Chantaugus Assembly, in 1878, Dr. Vincent announced the plan of the C. L. S. C. which, for twenty years, had been gradually taking form in his mind, there were

many wise ones who shook their heads and looked askance at it. It was superficial, they thought, and hence not to be encouraged by the scholarly. Nevertheless, with the hearty endorsement of such men as William Cullen Bryant, Joseph Cook, Lyman Abbott, Bishop Warren, and others, the scheme was successfully inaugurated, in the belief that it offered just the help that was needed by thousands of men and women to whom the regular College was an unattainable object.

Now, no person, whose good opinion is of any value, thinks of sneering at the C. L. S. C. course as superficial. That is its glory. Through this species of superficiality nearly 37,000 persons have been encouraged to undertake a task, which, without the aid of the Circle, would, in the vast majority of cases, have seemed to be altogether beyond their reach. And that is not all. Already the two first classes have graduated about 3,000 members, all of whom have read a systematic course of History, Literature (Sacred and Secular), Art, Science, &c., extending over four years, which, in its comprehensive grasp, would surprise many of our critics. And, better still, with all the advantages of mental discipline acquired during these years, nearly all of them are continuing their studies, in the line of the Special Seal Courses. Having sipped at the fountain of knowledge, they are anxious to take a full draught of its waters.

In the class of 1882 were found a few Canadians, and in that of 1883 still more. The classes of 1884, 1885, and 1886 contain an increasingly large number, the entire Canadian membership now reaching 800. The class of 1887, now open, is expected to reach a membership of 20,000, and toward this number Canada should furnish at least 1,000.

Copies of a Circular, outlining the aim and methods of the Circle, blank forms of Application for Membership, &c., will be cheerfully furnished upon application to Lewis C. Peake, Drawer 2,559, Toronto.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, Aug. 8th, 1883.

**M**Y dear young readers of PLEASANT HOURS.—I have long thought I ought to write you, and a wish was not wanting, but I have been so much engaged. I have just returned from a trip to Victoria, Puget Sound, to see about buying a steamboat, or building one; for it has come to this, I must have a better way of getting about than by canoe.

I also spent over two weeks at Owee Reynoo. There is a tribe of people still very dark. They belong to the Bella Bella Nation, and are part of Mr. Tate's Mission at Bella Bella, about 290 miles from here. There are two salmon canneries here, where they have about 400 Indians, some few white men, and a few Chinamen. I was there just at the time when they were catching salmon. I never saw so much fish; a single boat would sometimes bring in 300 salmon, and some 500, in twelve hours, so that the canneries had so much fish that they did not know what to do with them; it was too bad to see tons of fish thrown into the water again and wasted while we know that in some parts of the world this food is very much needed. They have a saw mill in this place

also, so we get good cheap lumber, and a subscription of about \$200 was taken up. The white friends generally helped us, and many of the Bella Bella people.

Mr. Hopkins, our teacher there, and I put up a nice little church 24 by 36, we had to work very hard at the clearing of the brush and stumps for the site, and then a slack time came in the fishing, and we got several men to help us, and I left Bro. Hopkins building a little house for the teacher to live in, as we had to sleep most of the time in a little cabin on the soft side of the board, while I was there.

We had two pleasant Sabbaths there, large congregations came each time, although I am sorry to say the canneries were at work with the Chinamen and some of the heathen Indians. It is too bad that those white men who come, many of them from Christian countries, will not observe the Lord's day, they say they have to work so in order to save the fish from wasting. I am pleased to say that in most cases our Christian Indians will not work on the Sabbath. They have been sent away from places of labour this summer, because they would not work on the Sabbath day.

At this place I met a Christian woman from Bella Bella, who, the missionary told me, last spring, while he was away from home and there was no teacher or local preacher to take the services, rang the bell and called all the people together and had service three times a day, and one of the old heathen doctors was converted. This is the poor woman who, four years ago, said she had no money to give for the Church subscription at Bella Bella so she gave the ring off her finger, and she said she had been 90 miles to Owee Reynoo to tell her friends about Jesus. This poor woman is still praying for her friends. May God hear her and answer her prayers.

It is rather a trying time for those poor people, who are just learning about Jesus, to resist all the temptations which are brought about them at the different canneries on the coast. I wish we had more good Christian white people among them.

I hope, dear young friends, you are all doing what you can to help me to get my boat, for I need it so much. If you would all do like the little boy who sent his silver dollar, or as the little Dew Drops that you read about, send us help to the first Methodist Mission ship of the North Pacific Coast! It will cost more than we thought at first. We expect to have the hull built here. The engine and boiler are what will cost most. I hope by the fall it will be ready for use. Do all you can to help us by that time or later, as we shall have heavy bills to pay in spring.

Your Missionary,

T. CROSBY

DR HALL, of New York, said a smart thing recently, which I commend to both parents and children:—Every land has its own ways, and every time its own peculiarities. In our time there is a "various reading," apparently of an old text, and now it runs, "Parents, obey your children in all things, for this is right." Yet the old way is better, and I hope it will be continued in good part. It is best for boys and girls in the end that they should not be burdened with the task of training up their fathers and mothers in the way which they should go.

## HAVE A PURPOSE.

HAVE a purpose, have a purpose,  
Little girls and boys, to you  
In songful words would whisper,  
Have a purpose strong and true.  
Have a purpose, do not squander  
All your precious time away,  
Idle dreaming will not lead you  
Into wisdom's flowery way.

Have a purpose, high and holy,  
Let not impulse rule each hour,  
Bitter fruits of pain and sorrow  
Grow from this wild passion-flower.  
Have a purpose, then, to conquer  
All the wayward thoughts of youth,  
All its fond desires for pleasures  
Which, if won, will work you truth.

Have a purpose, little children,  
There is work for you to do;  
In your hours of play or labour,  
Keep it steadily in view.  
Let it be, to grow in beauty  
As in wisdom, every day  
Gaining more of love's sweet spirit,  
As the moments ebb away.

Have a purpose, and pursue it  
With a steadfastness of will,  
That will prove you earnest-hearted,  
Give you courage, strength and skill.  
Life is made of clouds and sunshine,  
Storms without and strife within;  
We have each to gain the victory  
O'er a marshalled host of sin.

Have a purpose, do not falter,  
Though the way seem dark and long,  
Let each trial make you stronger,  
Battling ever 'gainst the wrong.  
Much of error we may banish,  
Triumph over self may gain,  
If through faith our strength renewing,  
Failing once, we try again.

Have a purpose then, oh' children,  
Let the seed be planted deep  
In the heart-soil, and if watered,  
It will grow though you may weep.  
It will grow and bear rich blossoms,  
Visible to eyes above;  
And in time you'll journey homeward,  
Bearing fruits of truth and love.  
—Voice of Peace.

## ABOUT TALKING.

**A**MONG the common errors in the use of language are these: The mispronouncing of unaccented syllables, as terrible for terrible; the omission of a letter or short syllable, as goin' for going and ev'ry for every; and the running of words together without giving to every one a separate and distinct pronunciation. I know a boy who says, "Don't want'er" when he means "I don't want to;" "Whajer say?" when he means "What did you say?" and "Where de go?" instead of "Where did he go?" Sometimes you hear, "Ficood," instead of "If I could;" "Wilfercan," instead of "I will if I can;" and "Howjerknow?" for "How do you know?" And have you never heard "m—m" instead of "yes," and "ni—ni" instead of "no?" Let me give you a short conversation I overheard, the other day, between two pupils of our high school, and see if you never heard anything similar to it. "Warejergo lasnight?" "Hadder skate." "Jerfind th'ice hard'n'good?" "Yes; hard'nough." "Jer goerlone?" "No; Bill'n Joe wenterlong." "Howlate jerstay?" "Pastata." "Lemme-know wenyergoagin, woncher? I wantergo'n'show yer howterskate." "H—m, ficoodn't skate better'n you I'd sellout'n'quit." "Well, we'll try-eraco n'seefyercan."

Here they took different streets, and their conversation ceased. These boys write their compositions grammatically, and might use good language and speak it distinctly if they would try. But they have got into this careless way of speaking, and make no effort to get

out of it. Whenever they try to speak correctly they have to grope their way along slowly, and their expression seems forced or cramped, as though it were hard work for them to talk. Almost every one talks enough to keep well in practice, and those who try to speak correctly on every occasion soon find that the practice makes it just as easy for them to use the best language at their command as to use the most common. Try it, boys, and see if you cannot make some improvement. Keep a close watch over your conversation, and when you discover any habitual error, drop it and substitute the correct word, phrase, or mode of expression. You will find that it will sound much better, and be just as easily spoken, and as you get older and enter a different and wider circle of society, you can have acquired for yourself a command of language and a correctness of expression of which you need not be ashamed.—*Christian at Work.*

## LOST AND FOUND.

**F**IFTEEN years ago a poor old lady in Philadelphia, in her destitution, begged on the streets to avoid starvation. As she stood on a corner, asking alms, a good-looking sailor glanced at her, and pulled out a handful of gold and silver, saying: "There, good mother, you may as well have it as the land sharks. The last cruise I had out of New York found me with \$4,000 on hand, but as the neighbours told me my mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money and spent it all inside of a week, and then I shipped again." "O, good sir, you are too kind to an old body like me. For your sake I will take it. O, you remind me of my poor son, George White, who was lost at sea." "George White! why, that's my name. Why, you are my mother." He embraced her, as the tears rolled down his bronzed cheeks. The poor old lady was at first speechless from strong feeling. Those who witnessed that scene could not but weep. "The dead was alive, the lost found." Hailing a carriage, he drove off with his mother to establish once more a home.

## DUTY AND CONSCIENCE.

BY SAMUEL SMILES.

**M**AN does not live for himself alone. He lives for the good of others as well as of himself. Every one has his duties to perform—the richest as well as the poorest. To some life is pleasure, to others, suffering. But the best do not live for self-enjoyment, or even for fame. Their strongest motive power is hopeful, useful work in every good cause.

We often connect the idea of duty with the soldier's trust. We remember the pagan sentinel at Pompeii, found dead at his post, during the burial of the city by the ashes of Vesuvius, some eighteen hundred years ago. This was the true soldier. While others fled, he stood to his post. It was his duty. He had been set to guard the place, and he never flinched. He was suffocated by the sulphureous vapor of the falling ashes. His body was resolved to dust, but his memory survives. His helmet, lance, and breastplate are still to be seen at the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

To come to a much later date than that of the Roman soldier at Pompeii. When the *Birkenhead* went down off the coast of Africa, with her brave soldiers on board firing a *feu du joie* as they sank beneath the waves, the Duke of Wellington, after the news arrived in England, was entertained at the banquet of the Royal Academy. Macaulay says: "I remarked, (and Mr. Lawrence, the American minister, remarked the same thing,) that in his eulogy of the poor fellows who were lost, the duke never spoke of their courage, but always of their discipline and subordination. He repeated it several times over. The courage, I suppose, he treated as a matter of course."

An eclipse of the sun happened in New England about a century ago. The heavens became very dark, and it seemed by many that the Day of Judgment was at hand. The Legislature of Connecticut happened then to be in session, and on the darkness coming on, a member moved the adjournment of the House, on which an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, rose up and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found in his place and doing his duty; for which reasons he moved that candles should be brought, so that the House might proceed with its business.

## A KANSAS NURSERY.

"**T**HE baby?" we asked, as with mop and broom  
Its mother came to the ranch one day.  
"Oh, she's picketed out across the way!  
I dare not leave her alone in the room."

And the busy mother looked for a tub,  
While we saddled our horses and rode to see  
How the lonely baby fared, while we  
Had stolen its mother to sweep and scrub.

For the babies we were accustomed to  
Could never have kept their silk and lace  
And little be ribboned hats in place,  
With only a tree for his nurse, we knew.

But this Kansas baby had no hat;  
And it laughed as if it thought silk and lace  
Would have been entirely out of place  
On a prairie,—or, for the matter of that,

Anywhere else. It could only go  
The length of the rope; but its little feet  
Pattered about where the grass was sweet,  
Just as it pleased; and that, you know,

Is more than the city babies do;  
For, trundled under the city trees,  
They are carried just where the nurses please,  
Which I shouldn't like at all; should you?

As I thought it over, it seemed to me  
That a city darling has less to hope,  
"Picketed out" with invisible rope  
To a somewhat less reliable tree!  
—St. Nicholas.

## ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

**N**O European sovereign has been the hero of a greater number of popular anecdotes than Peter the Great.

One of the strangest of these stories is that which relates how Peter answered the French ambassador's petition for an audience by appointing the hour of four in the morning. The courtier, accustomed to the lordly insolence of Louis XIV., and never dreaming that any sovereign could disgrace himself by rising at such an unheard-of hour, thought it sufficient to make his appearance at seven, when he was petrified by the announcement that the czar had gone down to the

Admiralty Dock-yard more than an hour before.

The ambassador hastened thither in a state of extreme bewilderment, which was considerably heightened when a passing sailor answered his inquiries by pointing up at the main top-gallant yard of a half-completed frigate, astride of which Peter's gigantic form was to be seen, lightly attired in a pair of soiled fustian trousers and a shirt so tattered that it seemed to be held together only by the tar which besmeared it.

As the Frenchman stood gazing in silent dismay, the czar's mighty voice came rolling down. "Halloo, my friend! Is that you? Why didn't you come at the time I told you?"

"I never thought your majesty could be in earnest," faltered the envoy.

"You didn't, eh? Well, you'll know another time that when I say a thing I mean it. Come along up here, if you wish to speak to me; I haven't time to step down just now."

The poor Frenchman began his ascent with the look of a condemned criminal, clinging convulsively to the rigging as it shook and swayed beneath his weight, and staining his rich dress frightfully with the tarred cordage, while the czar above and the sailors below laughed boisterously at his dilemma. It seemed ages to him before he got high enough to let Peter's outstretched hand grasp his collar and drag him up by main force on to the precarious perch, where he sat gasping for several minutes before he could utter a word.

"Does your majesty always get up at four?" stammered he, at length.

"No; it's sometimes three," answered Peter, coolly. "But what of that? Each of my subjects, you see, has only himself to think of; but I have to think of them all!"

Another anecdote, which the czar was wont to relate with considerable humour, on his return from his travels in Holland, commemorates the "smartness" of a Dutch innkeeper, who having accidentally discovered his guest's rank rated the latter's breakfast of a loaf and three eggs at the magnificent figure of one hundred guilders!

"Are eggs so rare in this country, then?" asked Peter, in amazement.

"No," replied the landlord, with a fat chuckle, "but emperors are!"

## LORD BEACONSFIELD.

**B**ARL BEACONSFIELD, found his way to the British Parliament through much difficulty, being three times defeated in the elections. When at last he gained an election, and rose to make his first speech in the House of Commons, he stammered and hesitated to such an extent that he was laughed and coughed down. Stung with keen mortification at his failure and angered at the reception given him, he sat down, but remarked as he did so, "The time will come when you shall hear me." That time came—the time when for many years he was the real ruler of England, when Commons and Lords alike bowed to his will and the whole world watched with interest his words. Disraeli was conscious that there was strength in him, and that patient application to labour would develop it. And the development came. Every boy and girl may rise to a nobler and better life by application to study and carefully doing right.

BOYS' RIGHTS.

WONDER now if anyone  
In this broad land has heard,  
In favor of down-trodden boys,  
One solitary word?  
Why, is it enough of "woman's rights,"  
And "rights of working men."  
Of "equal rights" and "nation's rights,"  
But pray just tell me when  
Boys' rights were ever spoken of?  
Why, we've become so used  
To being snubbed by every one,  
And slighted and abused;  
That when one is polite to us,  
We open wide our eyes,  
And stretch them in astonishment,  
To nearly twice their size!

Boys seldom dare to ask their friends  
To venture in the house;  
It don't come natural at all  
To creep round like a mouse.  
And if we should forget ourselves,  
And make a little noise,  
Then ma or auntie sure would say,  
"Oh, my! these dreadful boys!"  
The girls bang on the piano  
In peace, but if the boys  
Attempt a tune with fife or drum,  
It's "Stop that horrid noise!"  
"That horrid noise!" just think of it!  
When sister never fails,  
To make a noise three times as bad  
With everlasting "scales."

Insulted thus, we lose no time  
In beating a retreat;  
So off we go to romp and tear,  
And scamper in the street.  
Small wonder that so many boys  
Such wicked men become,  
'Twere better far to let them have  
Their games and plays at home.  
Perhaps that text the teacher quotes  
Sometimes—"Train up a child,"  
Means only train the little girls,  
And let the boys run wild.  
But patience, and the time shall come  
When we will all be men;  
And when it does, I rather think,  
Wrongs will be righted then.

STORIES OF HUGUENOT CHILDREN.

BY HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL.

ON the fifteenth of April, 1598,  
Henry of Navarre, King of  
France, granted to the Pro-  
testants of his realm the  
famous "Edict of Nantes,"  
so called because it was first  
proclaimed in the city of  
that name. Until this time,  
ever since the rise of the

Reformation, the adherents of the  
newer and purer faith had suffered un-  
numbered outrages at the hands of the  
Romish priesthood, whose creed was  
the only one recognized by the state.

Now, however, the Reformers, or  
Huguenots, as they were called in  
France, were to be allowed to worship  
God in their own way throughout the  
kingdom. For nearly a hundred  
years, though many tyrannical laws  
were passed against these Protestants,  
and though they were the victims of  
countless cruelties, they enjoyed a  
fuller liberty than had been theirs since  
the evil days of Francis the First.

But the Church of Rome had viewed  
with anger and dismay the concessions  
granted by the Edict; Pope Clement  
VIII. said, in a letter to Henry, that  
"a decree which gave liberty of con-  
science to all was the most accursed  
that had ever been made;" and the  
crafty clergy used all their malicious  
ingenuity to defeat its merciful pro-  
visions.

So we are not surprised to find that  
in the latter part of the reign of Louis  
XIV. a long series of savage oppres-  
sions culminated in what is known to  
history as the "Revocation of the  
Edict of Nantes." This occurred on  
the twenty-second of October, 1685.

By the stroke of a pen all the im-  
munities and privileges that had been  
granted by King Henry were swept  
away, and once more the terrors of the  
sword and the stake were let loose  
upon the hunted Huguenots.

A merciless persecution ensued, to  
escape which the Huguenots by thou-  
sands sought to leave their native land.  
Numbers succeeded in reaching Eng-  
land, Holland, Germany, and even  
America; but so vigilant was the  
guard over frontier and sea-coast that  
it daily became more difficult to escape.  
Capture meant the separation of hus-  
bands and wives, or of parents and  
children, imprisonment, torture, and  
death. No youth was so tender, no  
age so venerable, as to insure safety.

It is of the adventures and suffer-  
ings of some little ones in this time of  
trial that I propose to tell.

In the town of Nimes lived a young  
Huguenot watchmaker and his wife.  
They had one child—a baby girl. The  
horrors of persecution daily drew  
nearer to their town. Friends had  
preceded them across the sea, and they  
knew that honour and happiness  
awaited them in a foreign land; but  
escape seemed impossible. If they  
should appear at the gates of the town  
with the child, their purpose would be  
divined and frustrated. To conceal  
the infant was likewise impossible, for  
every bale of merchandise was rigour-  
ously searched; to intrust her to a  
stranger was out of the question—no  
one, Catholic or Protestant, would  
assume the risk.

At length a happy idea presented  
itself. At dusk of evening the little  
one was given a strong sleeping potion,  
and then swathed in cloaks and other  
wrappings until it looked like a shape-  
less bundle of rags, a cord was passed  
around it, and to this was attached  
several yards of twine, at the end of  
which was a cork.

Darkness setting in, the trembling  
parents left their home to put their  
plan into effect. In the old European  
towns of that day the streets often  
sloped from the houses on either side  
to a small ditch or gutter in the mid-  
dle, which nearly always contained  
some running water. This gutter ran  
under the city gate of Nimes, and  
emptied into the open country beyond.

Approaching the postern, which was  
closed for the night, the mother laid  
her precious burden in the centre of the  
ditch, while the father set free the  
twine tied to the cork. There was not  
much water flowing, but there was  
enough to wet the babe, and its cold  
embrace might cause it to awake.  
This would spoil all, and we may be  
sure they prayed that the sleeping  
draught would hold their darling in  
its embrace a while longer.

Then the parents knocked at the  
guard-house, and requested to be  
allowed to pass out of the town. The  
sentry knew them well, and eyed them  
narrowly, but, seeing that the mother  
had not her child in her arms, he in-  
ferred that they were only about to  
make a short journey into the country;  
for, he reasoned, no Huguenot mother  
will desert her babe. So he turned  
the heavy lock, the iron-bound gate  
 swung slowly on its creaking hinges,  
and they passed out of the light of the  
sentry's lantern into the blackness  
beyond.

They waited in the shadow of the  
wall until his retreating footsteps  
marked his return to the guardhouse.  
Then the father sprang to the edge of

the ditch whose waters gurgled noisily  
over the stones. Sure enough, here is  
the cork, bobbing about bravely, with  
a taut string behind it. Draw it  
gently, lest it break! Now, Heaven  
be thanked! the babe is hauled safely  
under the massive portal, not a sound  
having escaped it, and in an instant is  
clasped to its mother's heaving breast.  
A hurried march across country, and  
parents and child are sheltered in the  
house of a friend, whence access to a  
waiting vessel is comparatively easy.

Another Huguenot family, consist-  
ing of father, mother, a daughter,  
Angela, aged sixteen, and two little  
boys, Edward and Armand, aged six  
and four years respectively, resolved  
to fly from their own unhappy land.  
They were wealthy people, so they  
commenced by sewing their money  
and jewels in a number of quilted  
petticoats, such as were then fashion-  
able, which they consigned to friends  
over sea. But just as they were ready  
to start the father was arrested and  
cast into prison.

His loved ones hastened to him, but  
he urged them not to delay their flight  
on his account; he would rejoin them  
when better times came. They yielded  
to his entreaties. The lady, disguised  
as the wife of her husband's valet,  
managed to reach a seaport, where she  
arranged for a passage to England for  
herself and children, and then secreted  
herself while the valet returned for  
them.

The daughter arrayed herself as a  
farmer's daughter, and put her little  
brothers in a pannier on either side of  
a donkey. Then she covered them  
over with vegetables and farm produce  
heaped high and set out, the man-  
servant riding on ahead in the garb of  
a farmer.

They travelled only at night at first,  
but as time pressed they decided to  
make the last few stages of the journey  
by day. The children were especially  
enjoined not to speak or move, no  
matter what should happen.

On the last day of their travels the  
girl was alarmed by the sight of a troop  
of horse-soldiers riding rapidly in pur-  
suit. They reined in their horses when  
abreast of the donkey, and commanded  
her to halt.

"What is in those baskets?" de-  
manded their leader.

Before Angela could reply one of  
the troopers drew his long rapier, and  
plunged it into the pannier in which  
the youngest boy was hidden. She  
almost fainted, but not a sound came  
from the basket. The soldiers, con-  
cluding that nothing was amiss, turned  
and galloped away, disappearing in a  
cloud of dust.

Scarcely were they out of sight than  
Angela seized the pannier, and threw  
off its upper contents, expecting to see  
her little brother a bleeding corpse.  
But happily, though covered with  
blood, the only injury he had sustained  
was a sword cut in one of his arms,  
which his sister quickly bound up.  
The heroic little fellow, shut up in his  
basket-prison, knew that if he uttered  
a sound the lives of all would be lost,  
so he bravely bore the pain and kept  
silent. He carried the mark of that  
sword-thrust as long as he lived.

These young refugees ultimately  
reached England, but their father  
never left his dungeon alive.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

He shall be immortal who liveth till  
he can be stoned by one without a fault.

SONG OF THE SPARROW

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,  
and not one of them is forgotten before God?  
"Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more  
value than many sparrows."—*Luke xii. 6, 7.*

I'm only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers—  
It is very plain, I know;  
Without a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain.  
Were it bordered with gold and purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the spring time cometh,  
I will build me a little nest,  
With many a chirp of pleasure—  
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn nor storehouse;  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
And never a seed to keep.

I allow there are many sparrows—  
All over the world they are found;  
But our heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us fall to the ground.

Tho' small, we are never forgotten;  
Tho' weak, we are never afraid;  
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly thro' the thickest forest,  
I alight on many a spray;  
I have no chart or compass,  
But I never lose my way.

I just fold my wings at nightfall,  
Wherever I happen to be;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm can happen to me.

I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
But I know that the Father loves me,  
Dost thou know His love for thee?

DOING THINGS WELL.

"HERE!" said Harry, throw-  
ing down the shoe-brush;  
"there! that'll do. My  
shoes don't look very bright, but no  
matter. Who cares?" "Whatever  
is worth doing is worth doing well,"  
said his father, who had heard the  
boy's careless speech. Harry blushed,  
while his father continued: "My boy,  
your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up  
the brush and make them shine; when  
you have finished come into the house."  
As soon as Harry appeared with his  
well-polished shoes his father said:  
"I have a little story to tell you. I  
once knew a poor boy whose mother  
taught him the proverb which I re-  
peated to you a few minutes ago.  
This boy went out to service in a  
gentleman's family, and he took pains  
to do everything well, no matter how  
unimportant it seemed. His employer  
was pleased, and took him into his  
shop. He did his work well there,  
and when sent on errands he went  
quickly and was soon back in his place.  
So he advanced from step to step until  
he became clerk, and then a partner  
in the business. He is now a rich  
man, and anxious that his son, Harry,  
should learn to practice the rule which  
made him prosper." "Why, papa,  
were you a poor boy once?" asked  
Harry. "Yes, my son—so poor that  
I had to go out to service, and black  
boots, and wait at table, and do any  
menial service which was required of  
me. By doing little things well, I  
was soon trusted with more important  
ones."—*Young Reaper.*



## JAMES' METHODISM.

MY papa is a preacher,  
And he's a Methodist too.  
I think they're the best folks  
That ever lived, don't you?

One day when pa was preaching  
He said he thought 'twas right,  
It folks felt very happy,  
I shout with all their might.

He said he was a Methodist,  
And liked the Methodist way  
Of shouting when you're happy,  
And when you want to pray.

I've awful glad he said it,  
And I listened through and through,  
For some times I'm so happy  
I don't know what to do.

And so last Sunday morning  
When papa said "Let's pray,"  
I knelt down by my mamma—  
I always do that way.

But I felt so very funny  
I thought I'd like to shout,  
So when a mamma wasn't looking,  
I peeped all round about.

And then I crawled quite softly  
Up behind old Uncle Ben,  
And put my mouth close to his ear,  
And shouted out, "Amen!"

I thought I'd make him halloo,  
So I made an awful noise,  
'Cause he said that preachers' children  
Were the very worst of boys.

The folks all got to laughing  
When they saw old Uncle Ben,  
He reached around to grab me,  
But he didn't catch me then.

I didn't stay to preaching,  
For mamma took me out,  
And said I was "Quite naughty"  
'Cause I gave that little shout.

So she put me in the closet,  
And I kept me there all day.  
I didn't think 'twas very nice,  
If 'twas the Methodist way.

But I guess I learned a lesson  
That would suit all little boys:  
When you go to a Methodist meeting,  
Be sure don't make a noise.

—Pittsburgh Advocate.

## SMALL CHANGE.

THE secret of the failure of many a faithful ministry, of the waywardness and final destruction of thousands of the most promising of boys and girls—the mentally active—is concealed between the covers of the books they read.

A BEAUTIFUL Jewish legend has it, that God Himself had decked the marriage baldachino of our first parents, and brought them together, while Gabriel and Michael acted as the groomsmen, and angels intoned the marriage hymn.

A WORRY Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once, if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:

What I spent, I had,  
What I saved, I left behind;  
What I gave away, I took with me."

LAST summer we stood near a group of Irishmen in a neighboring city, and they were speaking of Ingersoll's approaching lecture. "And are you going to hear Bob Ingersoll, Pat?" said one. "I don't know, Mike. What has he got to say?" "He says 'Christianity is dead.'" "Christianity is dead, is it? It is a quare dead thing that's building five churches in this town this year." Pat was right

THE infant boy of the ruler of Burma has a cradle which cost \$1,000,000. It is made of gold and covered with precious stones, but he has the snuffles, just the same as the baby that fills the crib that didn't cost \$2.50.

A YOUNG man dressed in the highest of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Well, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."

A NICE-LOOKING young man, who seated himself in a well-filled north-side car, held between his jewelled fingers the stump of a cigar, giving out its dying fumes. One bright little miss remarked, so as to be heard, "If he will throw it away, I will pick him up a longer stump as soon as we get to the park."

## ONE WORD.

I HAVE known one word hang star like  
O'er a dreary waste of years,  
And it only shone the brighter,  
Looked at through the mist of tears;  
While a weary wanderer gathered  
Hope and heart on life's dark way,  
By its faithful promise, shining  
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer  
Than the calmest lake, and clear  
As the heaven that gazed upon it,  
With no wave of hope or fear;  
But a storm has swept across it,  
And its deepest depths were stirred,  
(Never, never more to slumber,  
Only by a word.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

B. C. 1095.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 28.

## SAUL CHOSEN KING.

1 Sam. 10. 17-27. Commit to memory vs. 18, 19.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king. 1 Sam. 10. 24.

## OUTLINE.

1. The King Rejected. v. 17-19.
2. A King Sought. v. 20-22.
3. A King Found. v. 23-27.

## TIME.—1095 B.C.

PLACE.—Mizpeh, in the tribe of Benjamin.  
EXPLANATIONS.—*Samuel called the people*—This was after Saul had been privately chosen and anointed. *Unto the Lord*—To meet the Lord, who is the nation's head. *Thus saith the Lord*—God declared through Samuel how he had called, saved, and kept the people, and how they, on the other hand, had constantly shown themselves rebellious. *Ye have this day*—The day when a king was to take God's place before the people. *Nay, but set a king*—Their conduct had been ungrateful and disobedient. *Present yourselves*—In the person of the heads of the tribes and their families. *All the tribes*—Twelve in all, represented by their princes. *Benjamin was taken*—The lot fell on Benjamin, the smallest of all the tribes. How it was taken we do not know. *The tribe was divided into its families*, and among these that of *Matri* was taken by lot. The families were divided into households, and that of *Kish* was taken, and in the household of *Kish* Saul was taken by name. *Could not be found*—He was at that time modest and without ambition to rule. *Inquired further*—Through the high-priest. *If the man should yet come thither*—This may mean, "If another man should come," if they should choose again, as the man could not be found. *Among the stuff*—The baggage. *Higher than any*—He had a tall, noble figure, such as the people desired in their king. *The Lord hath chosen God* had chosen such a man as the people would have selected. *God save the king*—Rather, "Let the king live!" *The manner of the kingdom*—Its rules and requirements. *Laid it up*—Perhaps in the tabernacle. *Saul*

went home—Not yet assuming the state of a king. *A band of men*—Voluntary followers. *God had touched*—Who were led by the influence of God's Spirit. *Children of Belial*—An expression meaning "wicked people." *No presents*—Such as were given to a king. *Held his peace*—Did nothing to punish the rebellious in spirit.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

1. That God is his people's King?
2. That men are often ungrateful to God?
3. That rulers are by God's appointment?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was the first king of Israel? Saul the son of Kish. 2. By whom was he appointed king? By the Lord. 3. By whom was he anointed? By the Prophet Samuel. 4. Where was his appointment made known? At an assembly of the people. 5. What was his appearance? He was the tallest among the people. 6. What did the people say when they saw him? "God save the king."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The organization of the State.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

42. What was the first thing they did towards their public work?

The first thing towards their public work which the disciples did, after their Lord's ascension up to heaven was, they chose Matthias by prayer and by lot, to be an Apostle in the room of Judas the traitor.

B. C. 1095.] LESSON V. [Nov. 4.

## SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

1 Sam. 12. 13-25. Commit to memory vs. 23-25.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you. 1 Sam. 12. 24.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Two Ways. v. 13-15.
2. The Token. v. 16-19.
3. The Teacher. v. 20-25.

## TIME.—1095 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilgal, in the Jordan valley.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The king whom ye have chosen*—They had chosen to have a king, and Saul was the man whom God had selected. *The Lord hath set a king*—God had granted their desire and given them a king. *Fear the Lord*—Hold him in reverence, and look to him as God. *Serve him*—Obey and worship him. They were to regard their king as under the rule of their God. *As it was against your fathers*—Who were oppressed by enemies and helpless because of their sins. *Wheat harvest*—Which is in Palestine a season of very dry weather. *Thunder and rain*—Which coming at once in answer to Samuel's call, would show God's power. *That ye may perceive*—This would show them how divine a king they had forsaken for one who was but man. *Feared the Lord and Samuel*—Samuel as God's prophet. *Pray for thy servants*—They had faith in Samuel's prayer, the power of which they had just seen. *We have added this evil*—They now felt that in asking for a king they had neglected the King of kings. *Ye have done all this wickedness*—He would not have them consider their sins as of small account. *Vain things*—Idols, which have neither power or life. *It hath pleased the Lord*—God had chosen them by his own grace, not because they were worthy of the honour. *Ye shall be consumed*—The same trouble that their fathers had suffered would come to them if they sinned.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. The duty of following God?
2. The danger of forsaking God?
3. The power of a good man's prayer?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Samuel in his farewell address urge the people to do? To fear and serve the Lord. 2. What did the Lord do in answer to Samuel's prayer? He sent thunder and rain. 3. What was the effect of this upon the people? They feared the Lord and Samuel. 4. What did Samuel promise to do for the people? To pray for them. 5. What did he promise to teach them? The good and the right way.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's rule over nature.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

43. What became of Judas? When Judas saw that Christ was condemned, he went and hanged himself, and, falling down, his bowels gushed out.

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