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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

No. 7.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

BEFORE in sleep I close my eyes, These things I must remember thrice: What I've been doing all the day— What were my acts at work or play? What have I heard, what have I seen? What have I learned, where'er I've been? What have I learned that's worth the knowing? What have I done that's worth the doing? What have I done that I should not? What duty was this day forgot?

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

ONCE in every fifty years was the year of jubilee. It began at sunset of the day of atonement. Suddenly, after all the sadness of the day, came the sound of trumpets all over the land. Then everybody rejoiced, for the year of jubilee had come.

On that year all people who had been slaves became free, and the rest of their lives. Nobody planted any fields, nor raised any crops, nor gathered in any harvests; but all lived upon what grew of itself, and trusted in God, for he had promised to care for them.

If any one had sold his house and land in the country, it was given back to him, or to his children, if he had died before the jubilee came. No one could sell land for a longer time than to the next jubilee, for then it must be given back. This was to keep the people from want, by giving them homes; and to keep each tribe and family in its own place, until Christ should come. It also taught them that God alone was the owner of the land, and that they were to keep it under his commands.

—“Pa,” said a little boy, five years old, “I saw a lion and a lamb lying side by side in the meadow this morning.” “Tut, tut, James; don't tell such stories,” said the father. “I tell you I did,” persisted the child; “but it was a dandelion.”

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

(Sundays' School Reading-Lit.)

MARY BOSANQUET FLETCHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

RARELY, if ever, have two more saintly lives been united in Christian wedlock than those of John Fletcher and Mary Bosanquet. The former was providentially called to be the expounder and defender of the theology of Methodism: the latter beautifully illustrated, throughout a long and useful life, its rich spiritual graces.

impression on her youthful heart. “About this time,” she writes, “there came a servant-maid to live with my father, who had heard and felt some little of the power of inward religion. It was among the people called Methodists she had received her instructions.” The conversations of this lowly and unlettered girl deepened her religious convictions, and she thought if she could only become a Methodist she would be sure of salvation. But she soon found that it was not being joined to any people that would save her, but being joined by a living faith to Christ. Still, this way of faith seemed dark

Miss Bosanquet's worldly-minded parents, as their strange, unworldly child grew up, instead of fostering her religious feelings, endeavoured to dissipate them by fashionable amusements. She was introduced to the gaieties of London society, and taken to the ball and playhouse and other resorts of folly and frivolity. But she found no pleasure in these dreary amusements. “If I know how to find the Methodists, or any who would show me how to please God,” she wrote, “I would tear off all my fine things and run through the fire to them.” “If ever I am my own mistress,” she prophetically exclaimed, “I will spend half the day in working for the poor, and the other half in prayer.”

In her fourteenth year, Miss Bosanquet received the rite of confirmation in the stately cathedral of St. Paul. The religious exercises preceding and accompanying this impressive ordinance were made to her devout spirit a great blessing. It was to her no idle form, but an intense reality—a solemn renewal of her covenant with God and consecration of her self to His service. She soon felt that she could no longer attend the theatre, a place of fashionable resort to which her parents were addicted.



THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.—SOUNDING THE TRUMPETS.—To Illustrate Lesson for Nov. 20.—Lev. 25: 3-7.

Mary Bosanquet was the daughter of wealthy and worldly parents. She was born in the year 1739, and in her youth was surrounded by associations very unfavourable to a religious life. Nevertheless, she very early became the subject of spiritual influence. When in her fifth year, she says, she began to have much concern about her eternal welfare. She was a backward child, she naively confesses, and not very well read in the Scriptures at that early age—it would be very remarkable if she were—yet certain passages of the Word of God frequently occurred to her mind, and made a deep

impression on her mind. When between seven and eight years old, as she mused on the question, “What can it be to know my sins forgiven and to have faith in Jesus?” she felt that if it were to die a martyr, she could do it, and she wished that the Papists would come and burn her, for then, she thought, she would be safe. But soon she was enabled to grasp the vital truth of salvation by faith, and exclaimed with joyful fervour, “I do, I do rely on Jesus; yes, I do rely on Jesus, and God counts me righteous for what He has done and suffered, and has forgiven me all my sins!”

in her seventeenth year, gives us a glimpse of the gay world in the middle of the last century. With her father and a numerous company, she visited the “Royal George” man-of-war, whose subsequent tragic fate was made the subject of Cowper's pathetic ballad.* When they got into the ship, “it

* It will be remembered that the vessel sank, in port, with all her crew, while screened for the purpose of cleaning her copper sheathing. As the ballad has it,—

“His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.”

TEMPTATIONS.

One incident, recorded as occurring

seemed like a town, such a variety of places like shops were all around." The commander, after doing the honours of the ship, proposed a dance. "Now, Miss Bosanquet, what will you do? You cannot run away," gaily queried one of her friends, for her scruples were well known. Just then the unexpected approach of the Prince of Wales (afterward George III) and Admiral Anson was announced, and the dance was adjourned to the great relief of Miss Bosanquet. While in the boat which conveyed them from the ship, the party were exposed to imminent peril. "How are you so calm?" one of the votaries of pleasure asked our heroine. "We are in God's hands," she answered, "I am quite ready to sink or to be saved."

Her convictions of duty were exposed to another trial. A gentleman of wealth and religious profession sought her hand in marriage. Her parents, and even her religious advisers, favoured the match. She could not, however, reconcile his fashionable habits with his religious professions, and neither her "understanding nor affection could approve the proposal," so his offer was kindly but firmly declined. She was reserved for a nobler destiny than to be a mere leader of fashion.

Through mental anxiety and physical weakness, she fell into a low nervous fever, which her parents attributed to her religion. Severe medical treatment and confinement in a dark room were ordered. "Will you put me in a mad house, papa?" asked the poor distraught girl. "No," replied her father, "but you must be shut up at home unless you strive against this lowness."

But God graciously helped her in her extremity. She seemed to see a light and hear a voice, which assured her, "Thou shalt walk with me in white."

BANISHED FROM HOME.

One day her father said to her, "There is a particular promise which I require of you, that you will never, on any occasion, either now or hereafter, attempt to make your brothers what you call a Christian."

"I think, sir," she answered, "I dare not consent to that."

"Then," he replied, "you force me to put you out of my house. I do not know," he continued, "that you ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies."

She was now twenty-one years of age, and had a small fortune of her own. She, therefore, engaged a maid-servant and took lodgings, but did not remove, hoping that she might still remain beneath her father's roof. One day her mother sent her word that she must leave that night for her lodgings, and that the family carriage would convey her personal effects. She bade farewell to the servants, who stood in a row in tears, and went forth from her father's house, banished for conscience' sake.

Her lodgings had, as yet, neither chair, nor table, nor bed; so, after a supper of bread, rank butter, and water, this delicate child of luxury lay upon the floor in the cold, bright moonlight, which streamed through the uncurtained windows into her room, the sweet solemnity whereof, she writes, well agreed with the tranquillity of her spirit.

She thus records her emotions under

this painful trial. "I am cast out of my father's house. 'I know the heart of a stranger.' I am exposed to the world, and know not what snares may be gathering around me. I have a weak understanding, and but little grace." She therefore cried unto God, and found a sweet calm overspread her spirit. She remembered the words, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up."

She was permitted to visit her home, but the parting as she took her leave made, she says, the wound to bleed afresh.

She was soon joined by Sarah Ryan, a pious widow, and devoted her life thenceforth to works of Christian charity. She shortly after removed to a house of her own, and converted it into a school for orphan children and home for destitute women. Before long she had received thirty-five children and thirty-four adults. They rose between four and five, had early prayers and breakfast. School and house work and recreation occupied the day, and by eight at night, after prayers, they went to bed.

On Sunday evenings a religious service of the neighbours was held in the house, and sometimes, "when the nights were dark," we read, "a mob used to collect at the gate and throw dirt at the people as they went out, and when they were gone, the mob used to come into the yard and break things there, and, putting their faces to a window which had no shutters, roar and howl like wild beasts."

One night "four shabby-looking men, with great sticks in their hands," forced their way into the kitchen. But Miss Bosanquet explained the Methodist "Rules of Society" to them, and asked if they would accept copies. Subdued by the unexpected request, "they received them with a respectful bow, and went out." This was truly a remarkable work for a young lady of only twenty-three to carry on.

At times the expenses of the establishment exceeded its income, but, in answer to prayer, help always came when most needed. A wealthy Methodist lady, a Miss Lewen, came to live in the family, where, after a time, she sickened and died. By her will she left two thousand pounds to the Orphanage. But Miss Bosanquet, fearing that God's cause might be reproached thereby, prevailed on her to let it be burned, for "what is two thousand pounds," she exclaimed, "or two hundred thousand pounds, when compared to the honour of my God?"

A gentleman of wealth, and of religious character, struck with admiration of her person and disposition, warmly solicited Miss Bosanquet's hand in marriage. "Though I had a grateful love towards him," she writes, "I could not find that satisfying affection which flows from perfect confidence, and which is the very spirit and soul of marriage." She therefore declined to give her hand where she could not freely and fully give her heart. She accepted a life of toil and anxiety, rather than one of luxury and ease, at what she conceived to be the call of duty.

Although "the strictest account was made of every grain of corn, pint of milk, or pound of butter, the farm did not pay its way." Miss Bosanquet was greatly perplexed. She resolved to sell the establishment and live on twenty pounds a year till she could pay her debts.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

She felt increasingly laid upon her heart the burden of souls. While stopping at an inn, the lodgers on Sunday requested her to address them in the "great ball-room." "This was a trial indeed," she writes, "yet I considered, I shall see these people no more till I see them at the judgment seat of Christ, and shall it then be said of me, 'You might that day have warned us, but you would not.' She, therefore, consented to the request, and had much comfort and "some fruit" of her labours. Similar invitations were now frequently urged upon her. She dared not refuse them. On one occasion she rode twenty miles over the Yorkshire moors to address a meeting, in the absence of the regular preacher. To her dismay she found two or three thousand persons assembled. The multitude filled a spacious quarry, from the edge of which she addressed them. The people seemed as if they never could have enough, and said, "When will you come again?"

"Her manner of speaking," writes Wesley, "is smooth, easy, and natural. Her words are as fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that hear her." But her womanly sensitiveness shrank from the task. On one occasion, she writes: "All the day I kept pleading before the Lord, mostly in these words of Solomon, 'Ah! Lord, how shall I, who am but a child, go in and out before this thy chosen people!'"

MARRIAGE.

This noble woman was now to receive a new development of her character, and a great increase of her joys. A kindred spirit, in every way worthy of her love, was now to win her hand and heart. Jean Guillaume de la Flechere, or Fletcher, was the son of a noble Savoyard family. He was, in his youth, a soldier. Peace being declared he went to England, joined the Methodists, and took orders in the Established Church. He declined the rich living of Dunham because "it afforded too much money for too little work," and devoted himself to the poor miners and factory-workers of the parish of Madeley. Five and twenty years before the date of which we write the youthful beauty and lovely character of Miss Bosanquet had won the heart of the devoted pastor. But she was rich and he was poor, and travel, study, and abounding labours, postponed for long years the consummation of his dream of wedded bliss. For fifteen years they had not met. On his return from the continent in 1781, he made the long-cherished object of his affection an offer of his hand. It was accepted, and at the mature age of fifty-two and forty-two respectively this long-waiting bridegroom and bride kept their honeymoon. In her devout thanksgiving the loving wife exclaims, "My cup runneth over." So well suited to each other were these pious souls that John Wesley was unwilling that either should have married otherwise than as they did. The wealth of the bride was now at least no barrier to the long-delayed union. To pay her debts all her furniture, except a few trifles, had to be sold. "Deal would do for me," she writes, "as well as mahogany." "My husband loves me as Christ loved the Church." "My wife," writes Fletcher,

"is far better to me than the Church to Christ."

This happy union of heart and soul was destined to be of short duration. Four short years passed away in labours for the glory of God. The zealous pastor established a day-school and a Sunday-school, and soon had three hundred children under religious instruction. The parish became a proverb for its piety, and the saintly influence which emanated from its humble vicarage was widely felt in quickening the spiritual life of the neighbouring community.

But this blessed toil, for one of the labourers at least, was soon to cease. The health of Fletcher, long infirm, broke down. Yet he continued his labours to the last, and died, like a hero, at his post. In the first outburst of her sorrow the bereaved widow was almost inconsolable. "The sun of my earthly joys forever set," she writes, "Clouds and darkness surrounded both body and soul."

WIDOWHOOD.

But faith rose triumphant o'er her fears, and for thirty years she continued to perpetuate the influence of her sainted husband. Her home at Madeley became a home to the poor, to devout women, and to the Methodist itinerants. The anniversaries of her marriage and of her husband's death were commemorated by holy exercises. On one of these occasions, she writes thus.—"Twenty-eight years this day, and at this hour, I gave my hand and heart to Jean Guillaume de la Flechere. A profitable and blessed period of my life! I feel at this moment a more tender affection toward him than I did at that time, and by faith I now join my hands afresh with his."

Still later she wrote:—"Thirty years since, this day, I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband, and now I am myself in a dying state. My soul doth wait and long to fly to the bosom of my God." In her seventy-sixth year, and a few weeks before her death, she writes: "It is as if every meeting would take away my life, but I will speak to them while I have my breath."

HER DEATH.

Soon after she entered into her eternal rest. Among her dying utterances were expressions of triumphant confidence: "I am drawing near to glory;" "There is my home and portion fair;" "Jesus, come, my hope of glory;" "He lifts His hands and shows that I am graven there." "The Lord bless both thee and me," she said to a friend who watched by her bedside, and insisted on her retiring to rest. Then, in the solemn silence of midnight, unattended in her dying hour by earthly ministrations, but accompanied by angelic spirits, her soul passed away from the travails and trials of earth to the raptures and triumphs of Heaven.

Her whole life was a precious box of alabaster broken on the feet of the Lord she loved, the rich perfume of whose anointing is fragrant throughout the world to-day. In the profusion of her beneficence to others she practised toward herself a rigorous self-denial. During the last year of her life her expenditure on her own apparel was less than twenty shillings. The same year her "poor account" amounted to over one hundred and eighty pounds. Her annual personal

expenditure on dress, for many years, never amounted to five pounds.

For seventy years the "Life and Journal" of this sainted soul have been one of the classics of Methodist biography. They have, doubtless, been an inspiration to thousands so emulate her Christian heroism and imitate her holiness of heart and life. Being dead, she yet speaks in many lands and in many tongues. She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

SHALL never forget, writes a correspondent of the *Agriculturist*, an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of school-boys were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighbouring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them.

Among the number was an elderly man, with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it and each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at that old rattle-bones!" and the other boys took up the cry, with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came round the corner, and immediately stepped up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little distance.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be vain, so I went tremblingly into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me, "Such a fine boy was surely worth saving." How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made the butt of ridicule.

I tell you boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If you are ever tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime.—*Selected.*

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.—A very bad case of putting the cart before the horse is when a drinking old man talks as if he had been kept out of the grave by his beer, though that is the thing which carries people to their last home. He happens to have a strong constitution, and so he can stand the effects of drink better than most people, and then folks say it was the drink that gave him the constitution.—*Spurgeon.*

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies,
"Press not near my feet;
You are only idlers—
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies—
Neither yea nor nay;
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory;
Yet no toil they know."
Oh, how happy were the lilies
That he loved them so."
—*Sunday Afternoon.*

GOUGH'S ACCOUNT OF A NEGRO SERMON.

SOME one has said, and I think it was Mr. Moody. "I had rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal." Now, when a man becomes a Christian and is zealous, even without education, I have heard, and so have you, some of the most wonderful speeches that were ever delivered. I heard a man who was called a plantation negro, many years ago, who could not read, who could not write, who did not know his letters, but had considerable knowledge of the Scriptures. I heard from him a sermon that I shall never forget, never. He said: "Bredren, Ise gwine to take two texes. The first of these texes am 'Glad tidings of great joy which am to be to all people', and tuder text is 'Hallelujah.' Now, bredren, what am glad tidings of great joy? There is a king going through the streets in his chariot, and six calico horses, like what they have in the circus, prancing along through the street. There sits the king in his chariot. Nobody touches the king, nobody speaks to the king. He sits in his chariot, and the soldiers say: 'Hurrah for the king!' Nobody touches the king. And there is a nigger boy standing on the corner of the street, and he is as ragged and dirty, and his hair sticking out of the holes in his cap and his toes out of his shoes, looking at the procession. Nobody care for him. He hain't got no father, nor no mother, and no auntie. Nobody care for him, all ragged and dirty. The king see the boy, so he says to one of his officers. 'Bring dat boy to me.' But de officer didn't want to fetch a nigger. So he says: 'Dat boy is all dirt.' Then the king, he says. 'Bring de boy to me!' He got mad, you see. Then this 'ere officer, he wanted to shirk. He wanted to scare de king, and he says: 'If I bring dat boy to you, you will get something off from him.' Then the king got so mad that his face went clear on the top of his head, and he says. 'You bring dat boy to me' And he brought him. And he says: 'You take dat boy away, wash him up, and comb his hair. Give him a new pair of shoes and measure him for a new suit of clothes, and have him educated.' And he took the boy away. And the king came

back, after a while, and he had the same calico horses, and he asked for the boy. Everybody forgot de boy, but de king didn't. He said. 'Bring dat boy to me!' And they bring de boy, and nobody knew de boy but de king. Ho know him. He said. 'Now, my child, you come and sit right here, alongside of me. Right here. You belong here. Sit right alongside of me in this chariot. You belong in it. Why, you know I have adopted you. You are my child, you are my son, my heir. Sit right there. There is right where you belong. Wouldn't dat be glad tidings of great joy to dat nigger boy? What does the text say it am to be to all people? bredren, we are a despised people. But, The white people shove us off from de sidewalk, and they think it God's service; but we are a people. We are an oppressed people, but we are a people: and remember this, if God joined with Jesus Christ for the oppressed, despised people—think of dat, bredren, only think of it. Don't that go right down into your hearts? Now it is time for the second text: 'Hallelujah.' I want you to holler just as loud as you can holler.' —*Chautauqua Herald.*

THE RAG BAG PARTY.

CANNOT some of our young missionary collectors adopt a plan like the following?—*Ed.*

The children of St. Peter's Church of Rochester, N. Y., who have generally a good many mission "irons in the fire," were anxious to add to the funds of their Mission Band without taking from the general fund intended for their name child, "Peter Church," in Alaska. Some one suggested "rags." Rags are things that all can gather and which always find a sale. The little girls of the "Early Chumbers Band" went to work with their needles and fifty bags were soon made and labeled in large letters, "Missionary Bag"—the labels being the gift of a friend. These were given out in Sunday-school, one to a family, and with the understanding that when they were full they should all be brought together, their contents weighed, and sold to a dealer who would be in attendance.

In three months the meeting was called for, one bright afternoon, at the chapel, and all the holders of bags were in attendance, together with the dealer and his men in an immense wagon. Much as it seemed to the surprise of the neighbours and the people in the street, who wondered, doubtless, to see St. Peter's Church in the rag business, and marvelled at such a number of rag men, rag women, and you might have said, rag babies. When emptied out, the heap was a motley one. There was lace and sacking, velvet and cotton, silk and calico, coarse and fine, and it speaks volumes for our sexton that, for all the sweeping this rag meeting entailed, he was as much interested, and helped us not only with his work but with a large parcel of rags. Some of the smallest children had the largest parcels, and one family that had gathered up the fragments had fifty pounds. When the rags were weighed and the price counted out we found the bags had brought us in six dollars. The dealer expected before long to have another meeting.

MOTHER DON'T KNOW.

WALKING along one of the streets of Boston, last evening, we met two plainly dressed boys carrying a basket of clothes which their mother had washed. One might be thirteen and one nine. Both were smoking. As we said, "Good evening, boys," they both put down their basket and took out their cigars from their mouths.

"We have a boy about your age," addressing the elder, "and so we are fond of boys."

Their faces brightened. "We should feel badly to have him smoke as you are doing, because we think it would weaken his mind and his body, and you know that mothers depend upon their boys for very much in this world. How much does your cigar cost you?"

"Three cents, and I smoke three a day."

"And that would make over thirty dollars a year, which would buy clothes or books. How long have you smoked?"

"Since I was eight, five years, and Tommy, who is nine, has smoked for a year."

"Does your father smoke?" for if he has the habit there is little use for precept usually.

"He is dead."

"And what does your mother say?"

"My mother," said the boy with a downcast look, "don't know I smoke."

A smoker for five years, carrying home the clothes she had worked hard to wash, deceiving her all the time, his conscience seemed touched. We patted the delicate looking boy on the shoulder as we said, "Remember the talk we have had," and we went on, thinking, alas! of so many mothers "who don't know."

And why don't they know? Partly from the mother love that blinds them, possibly, partly from their absorption in other things besides the immortal souls given to their care, partly because they have failed to keep the sympathy of their child, and partly because they do not watch as well as pray. Mothers "don't know" what their boys, and perhaps their girls are reading, what conversations they are having day by day, whether they are on the streets at night, what promiscuous attentions they are receiving or giving, and it is their business to know.

The Almighty could have arranged, humanly speaking, no other beneficent plan for the training of a soul for Himself as to have put it, clothed in the form of a little child, into some mother's arms, and saddest among sad things is the case when the mother for some unexplained reason "don't know" the nature of the gift she holds, or the responsibilities and possibilities of the case.

HOW TO FIND THE HEIGHT OF A TREE.—Any child can measure the height of a tree without mounting it, when the tree is in the sunshine, and its shadow can be measured. Take a pole and place it in an upright position. Find the length of the pole, the length of the shadow of the pole, and the length of the shadow of the tree. Then multiply the length of the tree's shadow by the height of the pole, and divide the product by the length of the shadow of the pole. For instance, if the pole is six feet high, its shadow ten, and the shadow of the tree fifty, the height of the tree will be thirty feet.

LESSON HYMN. *Nov. 20.*

JESUS, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.

"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6. 23.

A BRIGHT little girl who had a very hot, quick temper, and who was often told by her mother that she must give it to Jesus to take care of, said one day, "Now, mamma, there are some things that I can do and ought to do myself, and I just know that if I try hard enough I can control my temper. I will do it, too, and you shall see!"

Her mother said: "Very well," and all that day and the next and the next, Kitty was as sweet as a little girl could possibly be. And so it went on for nearly a week, and then some very provoking thing happened, and Kitty's sweetness all went to pieces in a terrible storm of temper! Her mother said nothing, but a day or two after Kitty came and said, "Mamma, I see now that Jesus will have to do *everything* for me. I can't do anything but just trust him," and from that time she was really and truly cured of her bad temper. You see she thought she was going to earn by her trying the life that Jesus came to give, and, of course, she failed.

A great many children, as well as grown people, make this same mistake. The thirsty flowers hold up their cups to catch the evening dew. They have not earned it; they can do nothing to pay for it; they can only take it as a sweet gift of heaven, and grow and blossom by it. Just so God wants us to hold up our empty hearts and hands, and take his precious gift.

Sin pays wages—Death—but God offers a gift—Life, and this life is in his son." 1 John 5. 11.

So Jesus is the Gift, and we may have it if we will take it, but we can never, never earn it!

Do you ask what the life in us is?

It is the life of Jesus, tender, patient, kind, self-denying, faithful—that blessed life lived out in us! O how unlike our life! And it may be ours for the taking, for it is a gift! Let us stop trying to give to God, and just simply take his gift to us.

GARFIELD'S FAVOURITE HYMN.

Sung at his funeral.

WHEN reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall leaves lie there, ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low.
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission
In the service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

READ THE BEST BOOKS.

IN whatever branch of knowledge one reads he should read its best books. It is estimated that twenty-five thousand volumes are published each year. The British Museum contains more than a million volumes, and the National Library at Paris three millions. Only a very small proportion, therefore, of all the books can one person read. One volume read each week in a life of sixty years amounts to less than thirty-two hundred volumes. Since one can read so few books, those few should be the best. They ought to be, as Milton finely says, "the life-blood of a master-spirit."

In choosing the best books it is a good rule never to read a book in history, biography, science or in any department of heavier literature *once*, which is not worth reading twice. Luther said: "All who study with advantage, in any art whatsoever, ought to betake himself to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over." Daniel Webster was distinguished for his knowledge of English literature, and he repeatedly read his favourite authors. He says that in his "boyish days there were two things which I did dearly love, viz.: reading and playing—passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over." In those days "we had so few books that to read once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart."

Read the best books; and those books are the best which deserve to be read at least twice.

ONE there is above all others,
O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his home he safely brought us
O, how he loves!

A 58
MOSQUE OF THE PIGEONS.

AT one of the mosques of Constantinople, the pretty scene shown in the picture may any day be witnessed. Mahomet's life having on one occasion been saved by pigeons, it is thought a religious act to care for and protect them. They are fed at a certain time every day, and flock in thousands to the feeding-place—graceful, pretty things, fluttering and hopping about. It would be as much as a man's life is worth almost, if he were to hurt one of them.

A similar custom prevails at Venice. Every day at two o'clock, a great bell is rung to call the pigeons to dinner—and instantly the air is full of the whirl of their wings, as they flock to the appointed spot. Six hundred years ago, the Doge of Venice won a victory over the Turks at Candia, and the news was brought to Venice by carrier pigeons. The grateful senate decreed that they and their successors for ever should be fed by the State—and the custom is kept up to the present day.

SPENDING MONEY.

LAURENCE and Fred are cousins. Their fathers are neither rich nor poor, and the boys are growing up under good influences, in good schools, with good parents and friends to help them along, and at least a head belief in a good heavenly Father who loves them and is seeking to lead them in the right and true way.

But one of these boys has already started on a course that, we fear, will lead him into trouble. Let us see if we can find the point where the two paths separate.

These boys have each a weekly allowance of spending money, with which they are to do exactly as they please. It is not much, to be sure, but it is their own, and is paid to them regularly at the beginning of each month.

Lawrence knows from month to month what he wants to buy with his money. Sometimes, in order to make his purchase, he has to save for two or three months, and this he does, without any difficulty.

When he buys, (it is always with his mother's approval,) it is sure to be something of real use. Sometimes, not always, it is a book. He has some good games, two or three pretty pictures

for his room, a scroll saw, and quite a number of tools, to say nothing of pencils, drawing paper and paints, for Lawrence has an eye for color and form. He has gathered these things gradually, and during the four years that he has had "an income," he has made but two or three unwise purchases. His money is not all spent upon himself, either, but a good many thoughtful gifts have been made from his store, to which he is constantly adding by his own labor.

Fred, on the other hand, is almost always out of money, and often gets into debt. He says that money will not stay in his pocket! That is true, because he will not let it. He spends it for root-beer, nuts, and candies, picture-papers of a doubtful sort, marbles, and such like, and he is always wishing that he could have more money, so as to buy tools and books as Cousin Lawrence does. But he wouldn't buy them if he had, for he has learned to use his money in gratifying his whims, and it is very easy to see that he is already in the power of a habit that will grow upon him.

Look out, boys and girls, for your pennies and dimes. As you spend money now, you will be very likely to do when you are older. Think of the future when you buy! Look ahead, and ask, "Will this do me, or others, any good?"

"I'D JUMP, MASSAH."

A PLANTER once asked a colored slave, if he thought he ought to do whatever God told him.

"Yes, massah," said the slave; "whateber de good Lawd, tell me to do, dat I'm gwine to do."

"Well, Jim," said the planter, "but suppose you should find in the Bible, that God wanted you to jump through a stone wall, what would you do then?"

"I'd jump, massah," replied Jim.

"What! Jump into a stone wall, and break your head?" asked the planter.

"Yes, massah," answered Jim, "I'd jump; for, you see, jumpin' at de wall, dat belongs to me; but gettin' fru de wall, dat's de Lawd's part ob de bargain."

"CALUMNY," says Archbishop Leighton, "would starve and die of itself if nobody took it up and gave it lodging." "There would not," says Bishop Hall, "be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears." The hearer is as bad as the tattler.



365 D.H. May 14/87

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the month of March, in the year 18—, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, Lawrence Temple, a clerk at a lumber camp on the head waters of the Ottawa river, was despatched by the "boss" lumberman to Ottawa city, a distance of some two hundred miles, to report to the agent of the company the quantity of timber that had been got out, and to bring back from the bank a sum of money to pay off a number of the lumbermen.

Several of these were about to take up land in the new townships, which had been recently laid out in the Upper Ottawa, and as Lawrence had won the confidence of the company, he was commissioned to bring back the money required for making the payments. Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money, he was directed to procure gold and silver. He was to ride as far as the town of Pembroke, about half way, and leaving his horse there to rest, was to go on to Ottawa in the stage. He selected for the journey the best animal in the stable—a tall, gaunt, sinewy mare, of rather ungainly figure, but with an immense amount of go in her.

He reached Ottawa safely and transacted his business satisfactorily. Having drawn the money from the bank, chiefly in English sovereigns and Mexican dollars, Lawrence set out on his return journey.

At Pembroke he mounted again his faithful steed, for his ride of over a hundred miles to the camp. The silver he carried in two leathern bags in the holster of the saddle, and the gold in a belt around his waist. He also carried for defence one of the newly-in-

vented Colt's revolvers.

The weather was bitterly cold, but the exercise of riding kept him quite warm. The entire winter had been one of unprecedented severity. The snow fell early and deep, and remained all through the season. Deer were exceedingly numerous, even near the settlements, and at the camp furnished no inconsiderable portion of the food of the men, varied by an occasional relish of bear's meat.

Towards the close of the second day he was approaching the end of his journey and indulging in a pleasant anticipation of the feast of venison he should enjoy, and of the

refreshing slumber on the fragrant pine-boughs, earned by continued exercise in the open air. The moon was near the full, but partially obscured by light and fleecy clouds.

He was approaching a slight clearing when he observed two long, lithe animals spring out of the woods towards his horse. He thought they were a couple of those large, shaggy deer hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals with immense length of limb and depth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, he thought, could not be far off. He was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds, but instead a guttural snarl, which, nevertheless, appeared to affect the mare in a most unaccountable manner. A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop, that got over the ground amazingly fast.

But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps by her side, occasionally springing at her hams, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight and snapping when they closed like a steel-trap. When he caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes, there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds, but hungry wolves that bore him such sinister company. All the dread hunters' tales of lone trappers lost in the woods, and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring beside their steel-traps, flashed through his mind like a thought of horror.

His only safety, he knew, was in the speed of his mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster. Seeing that she was evidently flagging under this tremendous pace, he resolved to abandon the money. "Skin for skin, yea, all that

a man hath will he give for his life," so he dropped both bags on the road. To his surprise the animals stopped as if they had been highwaymen, seeking only his money and not his life. He could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but, lightened of her load, the mare sprang forward at a hand-gallop, that covered the ground in gallant style.

He was beginning to hope that he had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horrid yelp and melancholy, long-drawn howl grow stronger on the wind, and soon they were again abreast of the mare.

He now threw down his thick, leather gauntlets, with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detention of a few minutes while they greedily devoured them. He was rapidly nearing the camp; if he could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more he would be safe. As a last resort he drew his revolver, scarce hoping, in his headlong pace, to hit the bounding, leaping objects at his side. Moreover, they had both hitherto kept on the left side of the mare, which lessened his chance as a marksman. The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire, and, if he should miss, and in the movement be dismounted, he knew that in five minutes the maw of those ravenous beasts would be his grave.

One of the brutes now made a spring for the mare's throat, but, failing to grasp it, fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up, he bounded in front of her, and made a dash at the rider, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast. Lawrence could feel his hot breath on his naked hand. The fiendish glare of those eyes he never in all his life forgot. It haunted him for years in midnight slumbers, from which he awoke trembling, and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror. He could easily have believed in the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which Satanic agency was feigned to have changed men for their crimes into were-wolves—ravenous creatures, who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the bestial appetite for human flesh. If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon-eyes that glared into those of Lawrence, and which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful, greenish light, a flame of inextinguishable rage.

Lawrence felt that the supreme moment had come. One or other of them must die. In five minutes more he would be safe in camp, or else—and he shuddered. He lifted up his heart in prayer to God, and then felt strangely calm and collected. The muzzle of his revolver almost touched the brute's nose. He pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash! the green eyes blazed with tenfold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and, in the same moment, the mare reared almost upright, unseating her rider, throwing him to the ground, and shaking the pistol from his hand.

Lawrence sprang to his feet and drew from its sheath his sharp hunting-knife. The hoof-beats of his mare, galloping wildly through the night, sounded fainter and fainter in the distance. While the famishing wolf remained to devour his fellow, Lawrence took to his heels, straining every nerve and muscle to reach the camp. Already,

he could see the light glimmer in the window. Already he seemed within the reach of safety. But a long, low howl broke on his ear, then the horrid yelp, yelp of a pack of wolves, attracted by the barking of those he had already escaped. Nearer and nearer they came. He could hear the quick, hard panting of their breath, and the patter of their feet on the crisp and frosty snow. He had reached the enclosure of the camp. Would the gate be open or closed? Alas, he saw by a gleam of moonlight that it was shut and fastened, but the mare had cleared it at a single bound. There was no time, he felt, to unfasten or even to climb the bars. He would be torn to pieces while attempting it. It was also too high to leap over. Just then he noticed near the gate a panel of the fence that seemed a little lower than the rest. Endowed, with what afterwards seemed to him superhuman energy, he made a spring and cleared it at a single bound, only just escaping the maw of a ravenous beast which sprang against the fence as he leaped it.

The galloping hoof of the mare had caught the ear of the shanty-men. They flung open the door, a flood of light burst out upon the ground. There stood the trembling mare, with a look of almost human gladness in her eyes. Lawrence staggered to the rude log-shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate his peril and escape.

The ravenous beasts, disappointed of their prey, sped away, yelping with rage, to the forest, and during the night their long-drawn howls were borne fitfully upon the wind.

After light refreshment—for he had lost all relish for food—Lawrence went to bed, to start up often through the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror he had undergone.

In the morning, returning with a number of the men to look for the money, he found the feet, tail, muzzle, and scalp of the wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow; also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. They found, also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money bags, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two at most
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children ever so small
That they sit there and sing; so small a
thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all.

Only a baby's grave!
Strange how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a
space—
Oh! more strange could we forget.

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure our grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead—
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come to sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it.

—Presbyterian Weekly.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

WAS in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare;
The guests sat down to dine.
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near,
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear."

"We've rich supplies of port,
We've first-class wine and cakes."
The youth with guileless look replied,
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears.
And soon a conflict, deep and strong,
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine,
O God! he thought, were he to taste,
Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?

No; God forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
Bright water unto me,
My son will take what father takes;
My drink shall water be."

HANS, THE CRIPPLE.



A SOLDIER'S widow lived in a hut near a mountain village. Her only child was a cripple. Hans was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her bear her burdens of poverty, but that feebleness forbade him. He could not even join in the rude sport of the mountaineers. At the age of fifteen he felt keenly that he was useless to his mother and the world. It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe. He had decreed that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purpose. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women, and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion ten thousand French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single pass by an immense avalanche of rocks and trees prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be com-

municated from village to village by signal fires, from one mountain height to another, and materials were made ready to give instant alarm. The village where Hans and his mother lived was in the direct line of the route the French army would take, and the people were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans," she said one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled down his cheeks. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter grief. "Look around our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and fatherland—I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you. I cannot work for you, cannot support your old age. Why was I made?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother, "these repining thoughts are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb:

'God has his plan
For every man.'

Little Hans did not think that, ere a few weeks had past, this truth was to be verified in a remarkable manner.

Easter holidays—the festive day of Switzerland—came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans; he stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village. In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the wish that the Father of Mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army were approaching. He could not shake off this impression, but with the hope of being rid of it, he arose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he climbed to the signal pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen; perhaps they were busied with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine-tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans passed by the tree, and as he listened a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and steady tread, then the click of two muskets; and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile. Two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw that there was no foe in ambush—naught but a single youth running

down the mountain-path. They fired and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top. The plan of the advancing army was defeated and a hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people with their arms were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who fired the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy—the French were there." He faltered, and sank upon the ground. They stooped to lift him. "What is this? he has been shot. It is true; Hans the cripple has saved us."

They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "It is not now you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother it is true,

'God has his plan
For every man.'

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his wound, but lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother, to hear that she should be considered a sacred and honored request to the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies like these which met Hans cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak and all will experience its truth. None need stand useless members of God's great family. There is work for everyone if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

DEAN STANLEY AMONG THE CHILDREN.

THE London Spectator tells this incident: About three years ago, on Whit Monday—one of those occasions when the Dean delighted to mingle with the groups in the Abbey, drawing their attention to points of interest and beauty—a woman and her two children, boy and girl, were lingering round Henry the Seventh's Chapel. As they chanced to come near the Dean, who had been talking to others, the woman timidly asked him if it was "true that some little princes were buried in the Abbey." Immediately he took them to the chapel where are deposited the remains of the two Princes murdered in the Tower, and spent some little time talking to the children, especially asking them if they were learning English history at school, upon which the mother answered with pride, pointing to the boy, "O yes; he learns his lessons, and he is going to be a preacher." The quick sympathy of Dean Stanley was roused at once, and with that enthusiasm which kindles young minds, and is never lost upon children, he said, "Then he ought to see John Wesley's monument—Come

with me." We followed him to the aisle where the monument is placed, one of many others added during Dean Stanley's time, and there he pointed out to the small, white-faced boy of twelve years or so the image of the man he was to emulate, and spoke of the goodness, earnestness, and zeal of Wesley. Surely the enthusiasm with which it was done, shown in voice and manner, can never be forgotten by those children, and was as characteristic of the man we mourn as was the quickness of his unfailing sympathy!

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. REVERSALS.—1. Hannah, Anna.
2. Murder, red rum 3. Damon, nomad. 4. Bard, drab.

II. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—

E a G I E
M o O n E
U m B o L

NEW PUZZLES.

BLANKS.

(To be filled with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.)

1. Did you ever — of the — of Hermes.
2. No; but I have often — of — tape.
3. We plied the — and glided swiftly — the water, in search of the precious —.
4. — brings many a man to his —.
5. Summer is the — to gather —.
6. The — walks the streets with the — of a prince.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

- Composed of 70 letters.
- My 14, 51, 63, 66, 43, 27, is a near relative.
- My 69, 34, 40, 36, is an emblem of purity.
- My 10, 17, 58, 31, is a cereal.
- My 29, 21, 53, 4, 23, is a colour.
- My 48, 7, 55, is what all must do.
- My 39, 15, 44, 25, 11, 50, is a combination of a certain sort.
- My 49, 37, 33, 58, 9, 34, is a mythological ferryman.
- My 20, 40, 64, is a river.
- My 15, 5, 32, 57, 13, is a quadruped.
- My 1, 33, 16, is an evil.
- My 45, 3, 35, 22, 7, is an Asiatic country.
- My 54, 2, 10, 24, is a boy's nickname.
- My 46, 70, 18, 12, 19, 33, 8, 60, 62, 7, is a country.
- My 41, 13, 30, 59, is a lake.
- My 67, 56, 65, is a relative pronoun.
- My 42, 68, 52, 51, 33, 23, is a girl's name.
- My 44, 38, 26, 70, is a flower.
- My 10, 21, 61, is what I hope none of our young friends will do if they get discouraged with this column.
- My 6, 56, 28, 47, is a kind of fish.
- The whole, from sacred Writ, we should all do well to heed.

ACROSTIC.

1. Taken by the Medes.
 2. All had better seek for.
 3. Sang as song with Deborah.
 4. Worketh no ill.
 5. A precious stone.
- The initials form a highly-prized book.

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

MONARCHS whose kingdom no man bounds,
No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads,
Whose thrones are any mossy mounds,
Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads!

The only sovereigns on the earth
Whose sway is certain to endure;
No line of kings of kingliest birth
Is of its reigning half so sure.

No fortress built in all the land
So strong they cannot storm it free;
No palace made too rich, too grand,
For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known
Can their diplomacy resist;
They can usurp his very throne;
He abdicates when he is kissed.

No hovel in the world so small,
So meanly built, so squalid, bare,
They will not go within its wall,
And set their reign of splendour there.

No beggar too forlorn and poor
To give them all they need to thrive;
They frolic in his yard and door,
The happiest kings and queens alive.

Oh blessed little kings and queens,
The only sovereigns in the earth!
Their sovereignty nor rests nor leans
On pomp of riches or of birth.

Nor ends when cruel death lays low
In dust each curly little head.
All other sovereigns crownless go,
And are forgotten, when they're dead;

But these hold changless empire past,
Triumphant past, all earthly scenes;
We worship, truest to the last,
The buried "little kings and queens."
—Helen Hunt, in Harper's.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN A PRISON.

BY G. W. MEARS.

MY class had fifteen men in it, ranging from twenty-five to fifty years of age: three of them colored men; one a German, who had a German Bible. Two of the class read very well, several could scarcely read at all, and the remainder read very indifferently. They were all very attentive, however, kept their eyes on me every moment while not reading the verses I called for, and seemed thankful for the lesson. The school had four hundred scholars, all men, with no ladies, no children, no young people about. It was held in a chapel, large, roomy and well lighted, and good order, quietness, and attention were marked features. The men were all dressed alike, wearing the same kind of goods, and showing the same cut and style in their clothes.

Did you ever see such a school? It was a sad sight, notwithstanding the order and attention; for the clothes were all of black and white stripes, the stripes as broad as your three fingers, and running from side to side across the body. The men were prisoners in the Ohio State Prison. Those who behave the best are allowed to come to Sunday-school.

I taught my class from Matthew 7: "Ask, and ye shall receive,"—the broad and the narrow ways, and the houses built upon the rock and upon the sand. I did not allude to their being condemned prisoners, but merely tried to show the way of salvation plain, and have them feel that Christ died for sinners, not the righteous; that he

taught these plain lessons about the broad and easy way of sin, and the narrow way of life, so that we all might grasp them, whatever our circumstances might be; that he painted the graphic pictures of the houses on the rock and on the sand so that no man might mistake his meaning. Thus I tried to enforce the thought that the Bible was *their* book, as well as mine.

After the school, they went out of the chapel across the prison yard to join their comrades, who were marching in single file, closely following each other in lock step coming into the chapel, the right hand of each man on the shoulder of the one before him. In they tramped, company after company, now marching to this long row of seats, now to that, until in five minutes the chapel was crowded, and every seat occupied. Think of fifteen hundred and eighty men in one large room, all dressed alike, nearly all evil-looking, but few of them young, most of them over twenty-five years of age, many of them from thirty-five to fifty, a few of them with gray hairs, and about a tenth of them colored men. When they sang, being led by a good choir of twenty of their own number, and a first-rate player on the cabinet organ, the sound was strange, strong, and heavy.

They were reverent and silent during the prayer, and listened attentively to the sermon. After service they filed out to their dining-room, where they sat in long rows at narrow tables quietly eating their dinner of boiled meat, boiled beans, potatoes, brown bread, and a bowl of water.

In the choir I saw a young man whose countenance was very attractive. I asked about him. "He is here for ten years, shot a man in the streets of Cincinnati." Could it be that he was a murderer? Another was pointed out, a man of sixty,—“He has been here thirty-five years; is here for life.” Another I was taken to see, a man of forty. He had been in prison ten years, and was to stay for life. I looked in his little cell,—a yard and a half wide, a little over two yards long, and just high enough to stand up in. His bed, half a yard wide, was turned up by hinges against the wall, leaving him room to turn around. I asked him, through the thick iron grating door, how he occupied his time. He showed me a blank book in which he was making up a system of short-hand writing, combining three other systems, so as to enable a stenographer to take down a hundred and eighty words a minute, in place of a hundred and twenty-five, the usual limit, he said, of the old systems. The pages of short-hand were clean, well written, clear, and beautiful; but when would he ever have an opportunity to make it of use to himself or any one else? I asked him if he was preparing for a home in the better land? He replied that he “made no professions that way.” I asked him if he would read Matthew 7, about the narrow way and the house on the rock. He said he would, and I bade him good-bye.—*S. S. Times.*

God gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest. In like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

COARSENESS.

Any lack of refinement in one's manner, or any incivility in one's ordinary personal address, ought certainly to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect.

But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidences of a strong character; and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt man," who is above shams and pretences.

Every one who is trying to lead a good life should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life. By abandoning gentleness of disposition and graciousness of word and deed, he throws away a means of growth and an effective weapon. Coarse Christians little know how often they play into the enemy's hands. It is almost always a grave mistake in a matter of manners, or in any other matter, to try to put yourself on other people's level. If you are trying to do right, the chances are that by adopting a coarse manner of speech or action, you will degrade yourself both in your own eyes and in those of him whom you are trying to reach, and yet will fail in the good you seek. Rude and rough people are ready to excuse themselves for their own coarseness; but, after all, they despise it in those who are seeking to instruct and help them.—*S. S. Times.*

MRS. GARFIELD—THE MODEL WIFE.

As the farmer's daughter, the pupil and afterward the teacher in a public school, as the wife of a poor man laboring at his profession, Mrs. Garfield early learned to practice the virtues that form good wives and mothers. Frugality, simplicity and quiet study filled up her early life. She shared with her husband a love of books and knowledge; together they read, reflected, gathered facts and studied to be of use. Their minds advanced equally and sustained each other, and it would be well for all American women could they pursue a career not dissimilar. How often is the intellect deadened amidst the early influence of luxury, and the finer feelings lost in a fatal selfishness! In nothing is the future of American women so doubtful as in its intellectual aspect. Are they rising in intelligence? are they cultivating their moral and mental natures? In many cases, no doubt, they are: a happy training of the intellect and the affections prepares them to become faithful wives and useful mothers. But for some there is no such fortunate influence. They grow up without restraint and can not teach what they have never learned. Happy had they been born upon a farm, trained in a public school and had brought into early use their intellects and their hearts.—*Eugene Lawrence in Harper's Weekly.*

THE SIN OF COVETOUSNESS.

Some years ago there was a large ship called the *Kent* going from England to the East Indies. On its way it caught fire. The flames could not be put out. While the ship was burning another vessel came in sight and

offered to take off its passengers and crew. The sea was very rough; and the only way to get the people off the burning ship was to let them down by ropes from the end of a boom into the little boats that were tossed about like corks by the waves below.

One of the sailors who knew that the mate had a large quantity of gold in his possession determined to get it and take it with him. So he broke into the mate's cabin, forced open the desk, and taking two thousand dollars in gold-pieces put them into a belt, which he fastened around his waist. His turn came to leave the burning ship. He got out to the end of the boom, slipped down the rope, and let go, expecting to drop right into the boat that was beneath him. But a sudden movement of the waves carried the boat out of his reach, and he plunged into the sea. He was an excellent swimmer, and if it had not been for the gold he coveted he would have risen like a cork to the surface, and soon been safe in the boat. But the weight of the money round his waist made him sink like lead in the mighty waters. He never rose again to the surface. Ah! as he felt the golden weight dragging him deeper and deeper down into the vast ocean, he must have understood plainly enough how injurious covetousness is.—*From "The King's Highway."*

THE TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

Eighty years ago, a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tippee Sahib. On one occasion, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A grey-haired officer said to the native official:

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man!"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer; "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city; but his noble friend died in prison.

This was indeed a noble act; to bear a heavy burden for another which that other could not bear for himself. That was the way in which our Saviour showed His love for the world. If we only think of it as we ought, we shall soon see what reason we have to love God.

The Apostle John tells us that "we love Him because He first loved us."

—In an action that was recently tried at Westminster Hall, when the question in dispute was as to the quality and condition of a gas-pipe that had been laid down many years before, a witness stated that it was an old pipe, and therefore out of condition. The judge remarking that "People do not necessarily get out of condition by being old," the witness promptly answered, "They do, my lord, if buried in the ground!"

THE ROMAN CENTURION.

JESUS came down from the Judean mountains, Crowds followed him along the dusty way, Tracking His hurt feet to Capernaum Where the next object of His mission lay; Jesus my servant!

For me beside the city gates, the sentinel All helm'd and mailed stands in the burning sun. For me the undaunted servants of the Tiber Come for fresh orders when the day is done. One, lies a sufferer.

All night the fever raged, delirium triumphed, Save once I saw his eyes remembered me, My hand upon his brow, I asked his wants, His burning lips murmured but one sad plea, Jesus of Nazareth,

That Thou should'st come to me, I am not worthy, My glowing armor fires the Eagles fleet, But pales before the Lion of Judea My marble floors are not pure for Thy feet, Speak the word only.

In the stern hour of battle, when the legions Marched o'er the children of the Nile's proud night, The well aimed spear of the dark browed Egyptian Flew at my heart, my soldier checked its flight, Speak the word only.

Far in hot Nubia's desert I was resting, A lion rushed out from his secret lair, Two eyes beheld it, and the creature's talons. From wrist to shoulder laid his strong arm bare, Speak the word only.

We camped upon the snowy Appenines, Far up the mountain height the storm swept by, I slept, not knowing what his watch-coat carried Warmth to my veins, Jesus he must not die, Speak the word only.

The Roman soldier turned his eyes beseeching, Upon the calm gaze of the Lord of Death, And felt a gentle hand laid on his shoulder, Hope became certainty, Jesus of Nazareth, Spoke the word only.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 20 THE YEAR OF JUBILEE; OR, THE JOYFUL SOUND.

Lev. 25. 8-17. Commit to memory v. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. Psa. 89. 15.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Jubilee Trumpet, v. 8-10. 2. The Jubilee Rest, v. 11, 12. 3. The Jubilee Return, v. 13-17.

TIME, PLACE, etc.—See Lesson II.

EXPLANATIONS.—See first page.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

- 1. The Jubilee Trumpet, v. 8-10.

How often did the year of Jubilee take place?

How was it to be announced? On what day did it commence?

What did the jubilee trumpet proclaim? v. 10.

Who were to be free in that year? What did Christ proclaim in his ministry? Luke 4. 19.

What liberty did Christ bring to men? John 8. 34-36.

How should we regard the freedom which he gave us? Gal. 5. 1.

2. The Jubilee Rest, v. 11, 12.

How did the people rest during the jubilee year?

How did the land have rest?

Upon what were the people to live during that year?

How did this teach them to trust God's care? 1 Peter 5. 7.

What is Christ's promise concerning the support of our lives? Matt. 6. 32-33.

What is the promise of Psa. 34. 10?

When may we trust God for our support?

3. The Jubilee Return, v. 13-17.

What was to be returned at the jubilee? [See Explanations.]

To whom was it to be returned?

What exception was made to this rule? v. 20.

What was this rule intended to teach? v. 23.

How was property to be sold? v. 15, 16.

What command is given in v. 17?

How should we deal with others? Col. 3. 12, 13.

What is the summary of this lesson in the GOLDEN TEXT?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

- 1. That God owns all the earth? 2. That we should trust God's care? 3. That we should be kind to our fellow-men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

(For the entire school.) 1. How often did the year of jubilee take place? Every fiftieth year. 2. How was it proclaimed? By the blowing of trumpets. 3. What was the command concerning the land during that year? It was not to be planted. 4. What was the privilege of all slaves in that year? They were to become free. 5. What was to be done with the land that had been sold? It was to be given back.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS.—God the supreme possessor.

B.C. 1452.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 27. THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS, OR, LIFTED UP TO SAVE.

Num. 21. 1-9. Commit to memory 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. John 3. 14, 15.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Fidelity, v. 1-3. 2. Fear, v. 4, 5. 3. Destruction, v. 6. 4. Deliverance, v. 7-9.

TIME.—B.C. 1452, or thirty-eight years after the previous lessons of the quarter.

PLACES.—The wilderness south of Palestine, afterward the mountainous region east of the Gulf of Akabah.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The departure from Sinai. Num. 10. 11-36. 2. The arrival at Kadesh, on the border of Canaan, and the sending of spies. Num. 13. 1-20. 3. The report of the spies, the murmuring of the people, and their return to the wilderness by God's command. Num. 13. 21-34. 4. The thirty-eight years' wandering in the desert. (For list of stations, see Num. 33.) 5. The return to Kadesh, the sin of Moses, and the death of Aaron. Num. 20.

EXPLANATIONS.—(On names of persons and places see Descriptive Index.) Arad the Canaanite—Probably this should be translated, "the king of Arad of the Canaanites!" Arad being the name of a place, not a person. In the south—The region south of Palestine. By the way of the spies—By the same way that the spies had come. Num. 13. 21, 22. Since then the Israelites had wandered for nearly forty years in the desert. Fought against Israel—As he feared that they would conquer his country. Destroy their cities—As a sort of offering to God. Utterly destroyed them—This was then necessary, in order to prevent the Israelites from being led into their sins; and the hopes of the world's salvation depended upon the purity of the Israelites. By the way of—Along the shore of the Red Sea.

To go around Edom, since they could not go across it. Edom—The Edomites were descended from Esau as the Israelites were from his brother Jacob. No bread—This was not true, for God gave them manna. Fiery serpents—Either fiery in color, or like fire in the effect of their bites. Pray unto the Lord—They had more faith in Moses prayer than in their own. Serpent of brass—An image of a serpent. Behold the serpent—Thus showing faith in God's provision for mercy. The final history of this brazen serpent is given in 2 Kings 18. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. Fidelity, v. 1-3.

Where were the Israelites at this time? [Ans. Not far from Canaan on the south.]

How long after the giving of the law was this? [Ans. Thirty-eight years.]

Who made war upon the Israelites? Why did he make war upon them? [See Explanations.]

What was the result of the warfare? What vow did the Israelites make? Why was it right to destroy these cities? [See Explanations.]

How did the Israelites keep their pledge? How does their conduct teach us to treat sin? 2 Cor. 6. 14.

2. Fear, v. 4, 5.

What took place at Mount Hor? Num. 20. 27, 28.

What joy they did they take? Where was Edom?

Why were they compelled to go around the land of Edom? Num. 20. 20, 21.

What was the relationship between the Edomites and Israelites?

What effect did the journey have on the people? What is said of them in Psa. 107. 4, 5?

What was the effect of their discouragement? Why were their complaints unjust? Num. 20. 11.

How should we endure trouble? Heb. 12. 1, 2.

3. Destruction, v. 6.

How did God punish their murmurings? What warning do we find from their fate? 1 Cor. 10. 9.

What serpent is our enemy? Rev. 12. 9.

4. Deliverance, v. 7, 9.

How did the people show sorrow for their sin? Why was Moses's prayer of more avail than their own? James 5. 16.

What did God command Moses to do? How did this save the people? How did this represent Christ? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

How may we be saved from the power of sin? Acts 16. 31.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where may we learn from this lesson—

- 1. To keep our vows to the Lord? 2. To be patient under discouragement? 3. To look to Christ for Salvation?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

(For the entire school.) 1. How long did the Israelites wander in the wilderness? Thirty-eight years. 2. Around what country did they then journey? The land of Edom. 3. What came among them as the punishment of their murmurings? Fiery serpents. 4. To what did the serpents drive the people? To sorrow for their sin. 5. What did God command Moses to do? To lift up a serpent of brass. 6. How were the people to be healed from the bite of the fiery serpents? By looking at the brazen serpent. 7. Who was thereby represented? Christ, lifted up to save men.

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