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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1888.

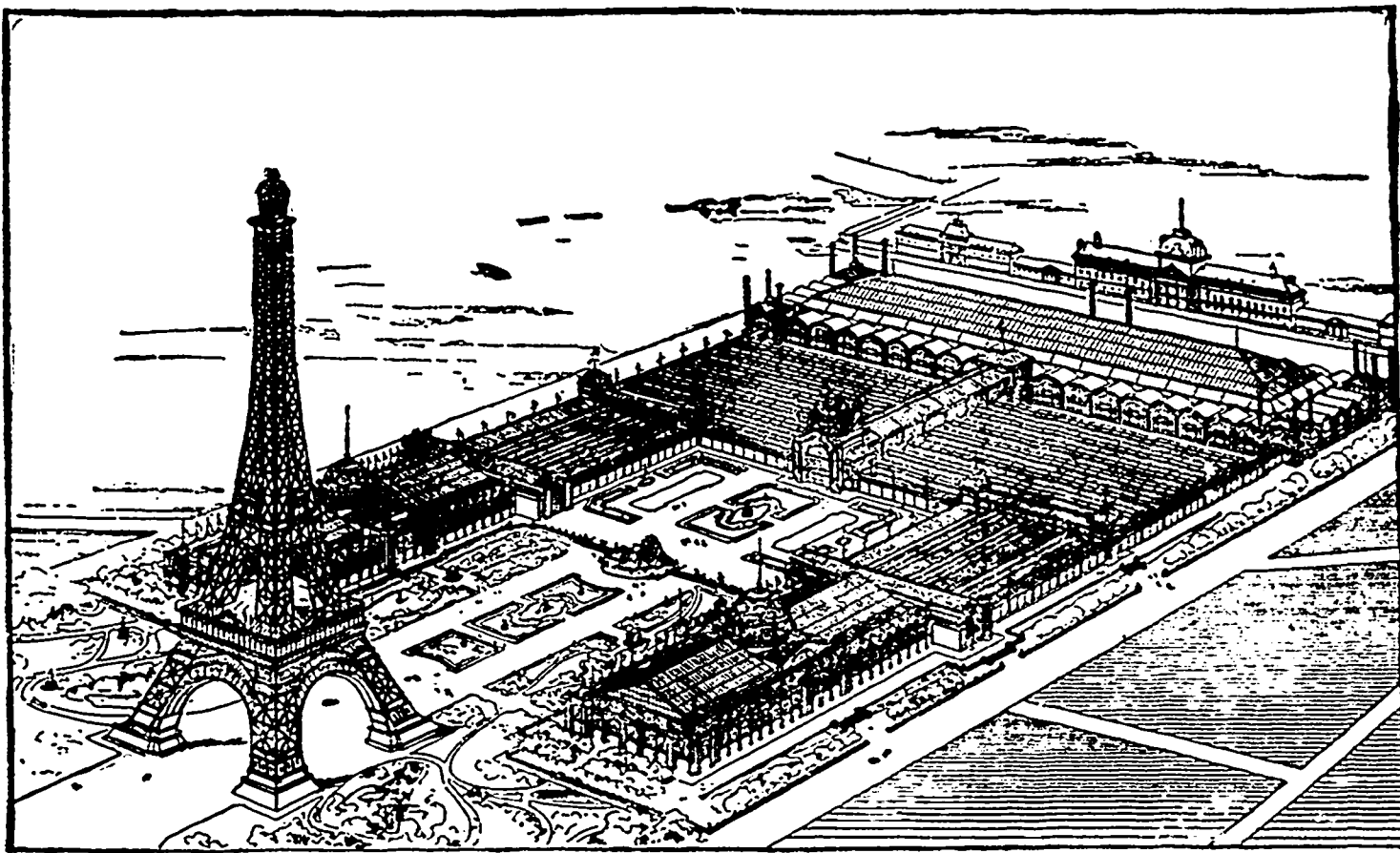
[No. 25.]

THE PARIS WORLD'S EXHIBITION OF 1889.

THE year 1889, which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, from which the French Republic dates its history, will be celebrated by a world's fair in Paris—an international exhibition of industries and arts, which will be probably the most magnificent and extensive ever held. It will have several features new to such exhibitions. One of the most remarkable of these will be the Eiffel Tower, a gigantic structure of tapering trestle-work, shown in our cut, which will reach a height of a thousand feet, and to whose

of the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers of the early Stone age, the "lake-dwellings" of the later Stone age, built upon piles over the water, and then the huts of the Bronze and Iron ages. After these follow, in order, the dwellings of the historic period, with representations of the houses of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and others. From these the dwellings pass down to the present day, and the houses of the Incas and the Aztecs, the wigwams of the Indians, and the huts of the Africans are represented. The series will include representations of the architecture of many foreign

vast panorama of the Universal Exposition of 1889, the scene must be viewed from the terrace of the Trocadero. At the foot of the palace we observe the beautiful park, which slopes very rapidly toward the Seine, opposite is the immense arch of the Eiffel Tower, between the pillars of which we distinguish at the end of the garden the great mass of the industrial galleries that are symmetrically preceded to the left and right by the twin palaces of the fine and liberal arts, and that are limited to the rear by that wonderful machinery palace which will remain the boldest conception of metallurgists of



THE PARIS WORLD'S EXHIBITION OF 1889.

summit passengers will ascend by means of an elevator. This enormous structure will be by far the tallest that has ever been erected by man, and will command a magnificent view of the pleasured city at its feet.

Another interesting feature of the exhibition of 1889, will be a series of buildings to be erected on the Quai d'Orsay, along the Seine, representing the habitations of different nations in all times. It is called the "History of the Habitation," and is designed by a famous French architect, M. Charles Garnier. The series will begin with the dwelling-place of pre-historic man—a mere shelter or cover under trees and rocks. Then comes the grotto

nations of the present time, peopled by their inhabitants, dressed in their native costumes, and illustrating their native customs.

In very many respects the exhibition of 1889 will be the most instructive ever held, as it will mark a more advanced epoch of the world's industrial, scientific and artistic history than any other.

Our engraving gives a mere outline of some of the features of this remarkable exhibition. The palace of the Trocadero, which will be a chief centre of attraction, is on the opposite side of the Seine, and is connected with the group in the picture by a bridge. Of this gigantic exhibition the *Le Monde Illustré* says.—"In order to take in at a glance the

our time. Almost everywhere, at the edge of the water, on the roads, on the lawns, there are pavilions, chalets, kiosks, palaces, rustic cottages, monumental fountains, hothouses, tents, colonnades—a sort of strange city buried in verdure and flowers, a picturesque grouping of edifices of all epochs, of all countries, of all dimensions, and of all styles. Upon the whole, we have the novel impression that the entire modern world is here with its customs, its arts, its discoveries, the most complex manifestations of its life, its remembrances and its hopes.

"As vast as are the galleries designed for the exhibition of the various industries, they are not capable of accommodating the numerous foreigners,

and the still more numerous Frenchmen, who have asked for space to present their products to the public therein. It has been necessary to erect in the park, in which the tower is located, an infinite number of buildings of all sizes and shapes to accommodate these."

EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

A large number of Canadians will, doubtless, wish to visit this great exhibition, and make at the same time a tour of some of the more attractive routes of Europe. The World's International Sunday-school Convention, to be held in London in the month of June, will also be to many an additional attraction. Many advantages will result from making up a party and securing passage and accommodation in advance at more reasonable rates than can be obtained by the single tourist. The Editor of this paper has been urged to organize and personally to conduct such a party. In deference to this solicitation he has consented to do so, and will be happy to give any information on the subject to any persons who will address Rev. Dr. Withrow at his residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

BENNIE.

If you could see Bennie, your first thought would be to laugh, and the next to take him right into your arms and kiss him. The laugh would come because he is so little and fat and tries to be very dignified, like his tall, handsome father, who used to be a soldier; and the kiss because he has the sweetest, ruby-lipped mouth, with a dear little dimple in each corner.

Bennie's father is superintendent of a big mission Sunday-school, and has his hands full to keep all things running in good order, but I do not think he feels the care and worry any more, according to his years, than Bennie. When papa comes into the room on Sunday afternoon, Bennie is sure to be with him. When the time comes to open the school and papa steps up on the big platform, Bennie goes too, keeping a tight hold of papa's hand. He stands there grave and quiet during the prayer, with his little eyes tightly closed, and when the singing begins Bennie opens his book, no matter if it is wrong side up—for he has not learned to read yet—and sings as hard as papa does; and so Bennie helps to lead the school. Why, it would not seem like the mission without him.

But he used to have one strange little whim which troubled papa not a little. He did not like the time after school was over when papa stood down by the big door and shook hands with the teachers and older scholars as they were going out. Bennie thought that hand of papa's belonged to him, and he was not willing to have them touch it. "He's my papa," he would say. "Stop! he's my papa." Of course this was naughty and very selfish in Bennie, but all papa's talking and explaining did not seem to make any difference, until one sunny afternoon, when the apple trees were in bloom and the robins and bluebirds were singing, Aunt Carrie came over with her little Alice and asked papa to let Bennie go with her for a long ride.

Bennie was in great glee, but papa, who was home with a sick headache, said, "No, you can't have him, Aunt Carrie; he's my Bennie."

"Oh, papa," cried Bennie, "just lend me for a little while; I'll come back."

"No," said papa again, "I can't lend you; you're my Bennie."

The blue eyes grew big with tears in a minute; and papa said, "Well, I will make a bargain with you, Bennie. I will lend all of you to Aunt Carrie for this afternoon if you will lend my hand to those friends down at our school for a little while every Sunday afternoon."

Bennie looked solemn for a minute; then he laughed a little. I think that, small as he is, he saw how foolish he had been.

"Is it a bargain?" asked papa.

"Yes, papa," said Bennie.

So he went out into the sweet air and had a lovely afternoon; and he remembered his promise, too, for papa never had any more trouble with him down at the mission.

"I just lend them your hand, papa," he says; "it's mine all the time, isn't it?"

Song of the Seasons.

GAUNT Winter flinging flakes of snow,
Deep burdening field and wood and hill,
Dim days, dark nights, slow-trailing fogs,
And bleakened air severe and chill.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.

Young Spring with promise in her eyes,
And fragrant breath from dewy mouth,
And magic touches for the nooks
Of budding flowers when wind is south.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.

Then Summer stands erect and tall,
With early sunrise for the lawn,
Thick-foliaged woods and glittering seas,
And loud bird-chirpings in the dawn.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.

Brown Autumn, quiet with ripe fruits,
And hay-yards stacked with harvest gold,
And fiery flushes for the leaves,
And silent cloudskies soft outrolled.
And so the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.

Swift speeds our life from less to more.
The child, the man, the work, the rest,
The sobering mind, the ripening soul,
Till yonder all is bright and blest.
For so the seasons circling run—
And swift they change till all is done.

Yes, yonder—if indeed the orb
Of life revolves round central Light;
For ever true to central force,
And steadfast, comes the balm or blight.
And so indeed the seasons run—
And last is best when all is done.

HOW HE WON THE BEST PRIZE.

THERE were prizes in Willie's school, and he was anxious to merit one of them. Willie was behind the other boys in all studies except in writing. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that with all his might. And he did try, so that his copy-book would have done honour to a boy twice his age. When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said: "It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, not unmingled with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," said the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then, handing the book back, he said, "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake, one day, instead of his own."

The chairman and committee were so pleased with Willie's honesty and truthfulness, that, although they could not give him what was called "the first prize," they gave him another, and it was really "the best prize."

THE KING'S MESSENGER; OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ACCOLADE.

"Christ to the young man said, "Yet one thing more;
If thou would'st perfect be,
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me.

"Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head."

LONGFELLOW—*Ordination Hymn.*

"O blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands that, without heed,
Still touch thy wounds and make them bleed!
So many feet that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray!
Unless thou fill me with thy light,
I cannot lead thy flock aright;
Nor, without thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway."

LONGFELLOW—*Golden Legend.*

As the Conference was to be held not far from Northville, Lawrence yielded to the combined inducement of paying a visit to his home and attending, as an interested spectator, the meetings of that august body, which he regarded as entrusted with the most important interests in the world—and we are not sure that in this he was very greatly mistaken.

The home-greeting was of the warmest. There was much to hear and much to tell, notwithstanding that almost weekly letters were exchanged between mother or sisters and the absent one. Mary was blossoming into lovely womanhood; and proud was Lawrence, as she gave him her sisterly greeting among the June roses, herself more blooming-fair than they. The saintly mother looked more saintly still; wan and worn with care and toil, and the streaks of silver were more abundant in her hair. But the same hallowed light was in her eyes; the same calm peace—the peace of God, that passeth all understanding—was on her brow.

The period of the visit was a continual holiday. It was a short drive to the Conference town, and every day Lawrence took his mother or sister to the sessions of that body. It soon assumed a more important relation to him than he had anticipated. On his arrival, he was informed by the chairman of his district that the Stationing Committee had put him down again for Centreville Mission; and, furthermore, that in view of the remoteness and isolation of the field, and his own success and maturity of character, beyond his years—here Lawrence blushed and bowed—they had resolved to recommend his ordination—"for special purposes"—that is, in order that he might administer the sacraments and celebrate marriage.

This was unexpected, almost startling news; but, as he looked into his heart, he found a feeling neither of exultation nor of shrinking from his increased responsibilities, but of acquiescence with the will of God, whatever it might be.

The Conference assented to the somewhat unusual proposal, on account of the special circumstances of the case; and Lawrence was directed to present himself with the class of probationers whose reception was to take place on the Friday evening, and who were to be ordained on the fol-

lowing Sabbath. He sought solitude as much as possible during the interval before these solemn services, that he might commune with his own heart, and afresh dedicate himself to God.

That important service—to him one of the most solemn of his life—when he, so young, so retiring, so almost morbidly shrinking in his disposition, in the presence of a vast multitude, including some hundreds of ministers, was to make his confession of faith, and tell the story of his call to the work of the ministry, at length arrived. At first he had shrunk from the ordeal, but as the time drew nigh he felt strangely calm and sustained by the presence and power of God. His mother and sister, of course, were in the audience, and their magnetic eyes drew the gaze of his, and inspired him with their sympathy till he seemed to forget the presence of all others than they. When called upon, he spoke as simply as in a quiet class-meeting in Muskoka, yet with a suppressed emotion that touched every heart.

He did not wonder, he said, that he was trying to serve God. He wondered that he was not trying to serve him better. As he spoke of his early consecration to God, of the hallowed spell of his mother's influence on his young life, in moulding his character and in leading him to the Saviour, his voice faltered, and many an eye was suffused with tears. But that mother's eyes, into whose depths he gazed, lit-up with a starry splendour, seemed to give him control over his emotions. Then he spoke of the moulding influence of the Sabbath-school, of the early strivings of God's Spirit with his soul, of his yielding to his blessed influence.

As he spoke of his father as the ideal hero of his boyhood, of his brave-example, of the white flower of his blameless life, of his triumphant death, and of the promise made to follow in his footsteps as he had been a follower of the Lord Jesus, many of the ministers present, who had known and loved the man, carried away by the fervency of their feelings, cried out, "Hallelujah!" "God bless the lad!" "May the father's mantle rest upon the son!" "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!"

Then he spoke of the great help he had received from his fathers in the ministry, and especially from the professors of the college—his brief season at which was an un fading memory of gladness and perpetual impulse to the culture of all his powers. But when he spoke of the great joy of gathering in the first harvest of souls in his far-off mission, his voice deepened, and his form seemed to dilate as he rejoiced before God with the joy of those who bring their sheaves with them.

When he, with the other probationers, had sat down, he listened with deep emotion and delight to the wise counsels, the fatherly and brotherly utterances of the senior ministers, who moved, and seconded, or supported their reception. The names of some of these had been for years as familiar to his ears as "household words," and he now saw them and heard their voices, and felt that he was welcomed by these veteran warriors, who had borne the brunt of many a conflict with sin and wrong, to the same holy brotherhood to which they belonged—a grander knight hood than the mail-clad chivalry of arms.

But on the Sabbath his emotions were even deeper, as he listened to the solemn charge of the President of the Conference, and was set apart—as a being consecrated to God forever—by the laying on of hands of the presbytery. Never did he so feel how high was the dignity, how weighty the office to which he was called; how precious the treasure committed to his care; and how grave the responsibility which he bore. He therefore

—while he almost trembled beneath the vows which he took—put his whole soul into the words he uttered in answer to the questions of the President, looking up to God for strength to keep these solemn vows.

As he repeated with the others that sublime hymn of the ages—the *Veni, Creator, Spiritus*—he realized in his soul the blessed unction from above of the Anointing Spirit and the impartation of his sevenfold gifts. As he received in his hands the Holy Bible, which was to be the charter of his authority to preach the Word of God and to administer the sacraments in the congregation, he fervently kissed the sacred book, and then pressed it to his heart as his guide and counsellor through life, trusting in whose blessed teachings he hoped at last to go home in triumph to the skies. He grasped it in his hand as the sharp two edged sword of the Spirit, which he was to wield as his battle-brand; and he cried in his heart, as did David when he grasped the mighty sword of Goliath—"Give it me; there is none like it."

During the Conference sessions, Lawrence took especial delight in sitting in the gallery of the church with his mother or sister, and listening to the debates. From his chairman, who sometimes joined them, he learned the names of most of the ministers, and sometimes sketches of their often remarkable history. They seemed to him like the warriors of a Homeric battle-field; or rather—for that simile degraded their character—they were the plumed heroes of a nobler chivalry than that of the steel-clad warriors of old—the true Christian knight hood—

"Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who revered their conscience as their King,
Who spoke no slander; no, nor listened to it;"

whose trophies were not garments rolled in blood, and brazen helms all battle-stained and dented, but a world-redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, by the mighty manumission of the blood of Christ.

At last came the closing hour of the Conference, and its crowning act—the reading of the stations. The scene rose to the dignity of the morally sublime. The galleries were filled with interested spectators. Every minister was in his place. Several of them were for the first time to learn their destiny for the year—often involving the sundering of tender ties, a long and tedious journey, and the seeking of a new home among perfect strangers. The President took the chair, with unusual gravity of mien. The grand inspiring battle-hymn was sung—

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,"

A hero-soul looked out of each man's eyes. There was no faltering—no flinching. Each one was ready to accept his fate, and go forth—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son."

The Secretary read, with a clear, distinct voice, the decrees of the Book of Fate, which he held in his hands. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. Every sound was hushed. The very ticking of the clock smote with unusual emphasis upon the ear. As Lawrence heard his name read out for Centre-ville Mission, he bowed his head upon the rail before him, and lifted up his heart to God; and when he raised it—by the glad light in his eyes—it might be seen that his prayer had been answered.

Not a murmur arose; not a protest was heard in all that assembly against the decisions of that day, although they vitally affected these men in their most intimate and personal relations. Has the world ever witnessed a sublimer spectacle!

Then they sang again, each man making the words the utterance of his own soul—

"Faith in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thou only thou resolved to know
In all I speak, or think, or do."

"The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will."

"For thee delightfully employ
Whatever thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven."

With this, as their sublime marching-song and battle-hymn, they went forth again on their sacred crusade—the army of the holy cross—against the embattled legions of the Prince of the power of the air—to know no truce nor respite till the Great Captain of their salvation should say to each warrior, "It is enough, enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

The few days that Lawrence spent at home were days of hallowed enjoyment. But although they were to him like an oasis to a weary traveller, he was eager to be at his field of sacred toil.

"I am the King's messenger," he said, when his mother asked him to stay a little longer; "and the King's business requires haste."

"Go, my son," replied that nobler than Spartan mother, "had I ten sons, I would give them all to be the messengers of such a King."

The next day, therefore, Lawrence departed, inspired with fresh zeal and courage, to labour for the glory of God amid the rocks and lakes and wilds of Muskoka. Here for the present we must leave him. The story of his trials and his triumphs, of his discouragements and successes, of his varied adventures on various fields of labour in the wide waste and in the city full, and the blending of his fortunes, after many strange and providential vicissitudes, with those of the far Eluth, this story may be hereafter told. For the present we bid "Farewell" to our kind readers, and "Farewell and God-speed" to LAWRENCE TEMPLE, THE KING'S MESSENGER.

THE END.

THE MARKED TEXT.

"ISRAEL, this is the key of your mother's ward robe," said a father to his motherless daughter and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and at your leisure look over your mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother's possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was dead, and as she looked on the long unused things she yearned to have that fair mother by her side.

Suddenly Isabel came on a well worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once about the middle, the place being marked by a bunch of dry and colourless flowers. She saw at once that it was a small Bible, and that it opened to a place where was a verse strongly marked in red ink. That verse was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;" and by the side was written, "My little, motherless Isabel."

"It is almost like my mother speaking to me from the dead," Isabel said, solemnly. "She must have known I should find this some day," and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

The Good Time Coming.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming, girls,
Wait a little longer.
We hope to live to see the day,
For we can hear it on the way,
This good time coming;
Cannon balls are not for us,
But votes are weapons stronger;
We'll win our battle by their aid;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming, girls,
Wait a little longer.
When we beside our brothers stand,
Then right, not might, shall rule the land,
In the good time coming.
The law shall innocence defend,
And make the helpless stronger;
We'll vote for every noble cause;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
There's a good time coming,
There's a good time coming, girls,
Wait a little longer.
Then let us aid it all we can,—
Yes, every woman, every man,—
This good time coming.
For every prayer and every tear
Will make the impulse stronger;
'Tis surely coming, never fear,
Wait a little longer.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1888.

TESTIMONY OF MINISTERS CONCERNING OUR S. S. PAPERS.

We reprint the following testimonials of leading ministers of our Church—and they could be supplemented by many others—in the confidence that they may demonstrate, if there be need in any case for that, that the authorized S. S. periodicals of our own Church are better adapted for our own schools than any foreign ones can possibly be. Since these opinions were written all our periodicals have been greatly improved.

The Rev. Dr. Sanderson, to whom is due the honour of issuing the first Sunday-school papers in Canada—a quarter of a century ago—being himself both their editor and publisher, writes:

"There is nothing left to be desired, save their introduction into all our schools. They have no superior—not one. Very few S. S. papers, either

in England or America, are at all equal to them. In illustration, matter, and price, they are in the front rank; and they should be in every Methodist Sunday-school in the Dominion. The papers are an honour to us, and will prove a great blessing to the Church."

The Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, writes:

"I have examined the Sunday-school papers submitted to me, and beg to say that I think they are well adapted to our Methodist schools. They evince good taste in the pictorial department; they are patriotic; they are instructive in matter; they are interesting in literary style, and they are true to the teachings of our Church. Their intrinsic worth and loyalty to the Church should place them in every Methodist school in the Dominion."

Rev. Professor Shaw, of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, writes:

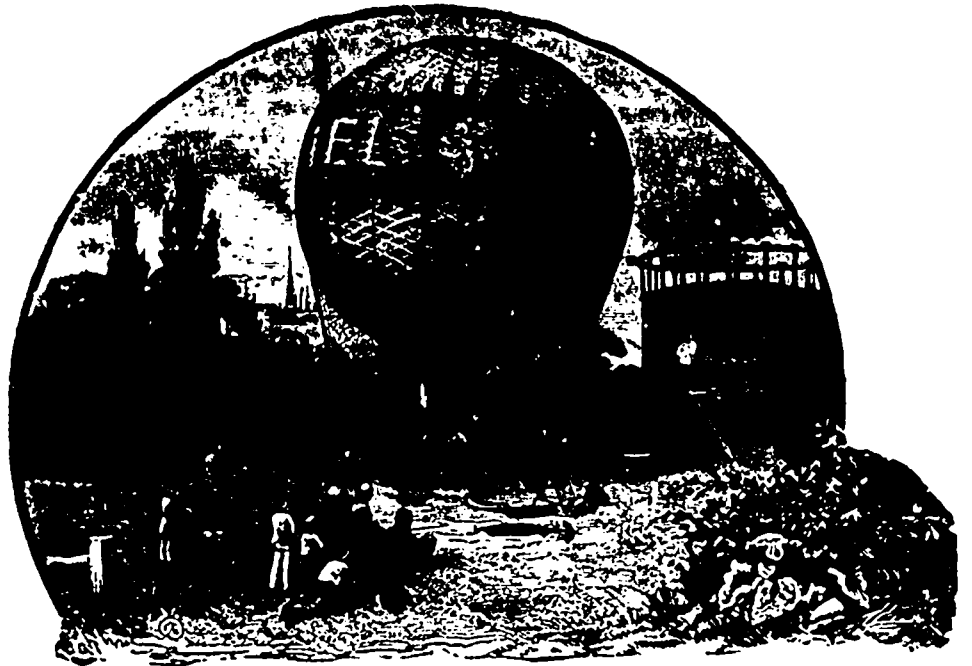
"The papers appear not only to be unmarred by any objectionable matter, but also to have much positive merit in the combination of spirituality and patriotism with raciness of style and an instructive method of description. I regard them as most excellently adapted to the Sabbath-schools of Canadian Methodism. I have heard them commended by several Sunday-school superintendents, and disparaged by none. Even if they were independent publications, and not published with the authorization given them by our Church, still it would be very advantageous to any school to have them introduced."

The Rev. W. Galbraith, D.C.L., writes:

"During the past few years I have seen dozens of Sunday-school papers, but I have met with none which I regard equal for our schools to the PLEASANT HOURS and the Sunbeam. They abound with charming, interesting, and profitable reading matter for the young. They are free from the extravagant and trashy tales so common in Sunday-school papers. They benefit head and heart, and breathe a spirit of true loyalty to Church and State. All our schools should have them."

The Rev. Le Roy Hooker writes:

"With no degree of reserve, I commend to all our people the Sunday-school periodicals published by our Church. If we wish our children, when they shall have become men and women, to be devoted to Canada and to the Methodist Church, nothing can be plainer than that Canadian and Methodist literature should enter largely into the composition of their mental and spiritual food."



BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

FOR over a hundred years men have been trying to navigate the air, but with only indifferent success. It is easy enough to rise several hundred or thousand feet, and it is delightful to sail with the wind and to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the landscape beneath. But to land safely—there's the rub. It is not so pleasant to drift out to sea, or to come bumping along the ground like an india-rubber ball. Our cut shows the way in which large balloons are inflated. We have not space here to describe all the perils of ballooning, but the Editor of this paper, in an early number of the *Methodist Magazine*, will devote a special article to it, illustrated with numerous cuts. He will describe his own adventures in ascending at Paris, with forty-nine others, in the largest balloon ever made—a balloon which was wrecked a short time afterwards.

Queer People with Paws and Claws, and their Queer Capers. By Palen Cox. 4to. Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia, and William Briggs, Toronto. Price \$1.00.

From the time of Æsop's fables it has been a favourite way to convey amusement and instruction by attributing to lower animals human qualities and feelings. The German story of Reynard the Fox has in this way become quite a classic. But we doubt if anything finer was ever written or drawn than the rhymes, and especially the pictures of our four-footed friends in this book. Those who have hung with delight over Mr. Cox's *Brownie Books*—and we can speak for one little boy—will be equally delighted with this charming book. How so much human expression can be given to these animals is a marvel. For innocent fun we know nothing that will surpass this book.

The Palace Beautiful, published by Cassell and Company, has proved to be one of the most popular stories for girls written since "Little Women." Like that famous tale it deals with the adventures of three sisters. These girls—Primrose, Jasmine and Daisy—were left alone in the world at a tender age, and the story of the part they took in the battle of life is one that will be read with interest by all girls.

THE Christmas number of PLEASANT HOURS and HOME AND SCHOOL, full of Christmas pictures, Christmas stories, and Christmas poetry, will be sold at \$1.00 per 100. Let every scholar have one for Christmas. Address, Rev. William Briggs, Toronto; C. W. Coates, Montreal; or S. F. Huetis, Halifax.



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

SCENES IN CAIRO.

THE following is an extract from one of a series of articles in our *Methodist Magazine*, by the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, M.A., ex-President of the New-foundland Conference, describing his recent travels in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Levant. They will be continued during the year 1889, and will be illustrated with nearly 100 fine engravings of scenes made sacred by the footsteps of our Lord. They will be of special interest to every preacher, Sunday-school teacher, and Bible student, and will alone be worth the subscription price. Special rates will be given schools. Many schools have taken from two to ten copies to circulate instead of libraries, as being cheaper, fresher, and more attractive. Write to the Rev. Dr. Briggs, Toronto, for special terms to schools.—ED.

I have called Alexandria a mongrel town. The same might with equal, if not greater truthfulness, be said of Cairo. It is but a step or two from the European quarter; with its stiff, stone buildings, and handsome shop fronts, to the devious, dark and dirty purlieus of its labyrinthine bazaars. In fact, it is but a hop, skip and a jump from the nineteenth century comforts of hotel, and shop, and villa, to scenes animate with the life, redolent with the odour, and dusky with the darkness of the Thousand and One Nights. Yonder stately turbaned Moslem, with salmon-coloured robe of sheeny satin, with loose, long outer cloak of deepest blue, might well be the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid; yonder veiled houri, whose coal-black eyes sparkle with sly sauciness, as the audacious unbeliever glances admiringly at her, might well be the beautiful Scheherazade; yonder stalwart, swarthy boatman, exultant it may be at having fleeced a Frankish tourist of a few piastres beyond his fare, might stand for Sinbad the Sailor, returned successful from the

quest for a roc's egg, or better still, having found in some New-found-land an addled egg of the Great Auk, and sold it, in London (mashalla!) to an addle-headed Giaour for three hundred guineas of infidel gold!

Essay a bargain at one of these quaint shops. It is little bigger than a large-sized packing-case; an attempt to swing the proverbial cat would certainly be disastrous to the outraged feline; and yet it is filled from roof to floor with articles of cost or commodity; of art, unique and expensive beyond the affording of any but the wealthiest virtuoso; of vulgar use and quaint adornment, within the few paras of the poverty-stricken fellah. Here shelf upon shelf of splendid silks, fresh from the looms of Madras or Damascus, there an array of kaleidoscopic carpets, woven in intricate and exquisite patterns, and soft enough for the unsandalled feet of an angel from Paradise. Here one is filled with tarbooshes, the graceful tasseled caps worn almost universally in the East; there a shop where quaint pointed shoes and slippers of red morocco are piled promiscuously upon the board. Here is one for the sale of antiques. Come and feast your eyes, you who are trying to "live up to" blue china, on rare arabesque tiles, on bronzes wreathen like lace and carven in the queer, grinning, goblin, genii forms, only possible to an opium-eater's fantasies; armour that might have belonged to the Mameluke Beys; scimitars, such as Saladin may have swung when he cleft a silk handkerchief in the air for sport, or cleft a Crusader's skull in the field for patriotism and the Prophet. Look at the proprietors as they squat solemnly beside their counters. What dignity of demeanour, what patriarchal grace, what ineffable patience, as they await the customers that providence may send them, and employ themselves meanwhile in whiffing the soothing narghileh, indulging

a nap, or reading the Koran. What an utter absence of the vulgar eagerness to sell, what a plentiful lack of the dapper and loquacious courtesy which characterizes the good salesmen of our Western emporiums—surely this is the very poetry of business, the very piety of trade.

One of the prettiest books that will tempt the youth of America at Christmas-time is *Mother Goose*, set to music, illustrated in colours, and published by Messrs. Cassell & Company. We venture to say that there will be no more attractive juvenile prepared for the Christmas stocking.

FISHIN' JIMMY.*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

It was on the margin of Pond Brook, just back of Uncle Eben's, that I first saw Fishin' Jimmy. It was early June, and we were again at Franconia, that peaceful little village among the northern hills. He was a spare, wiry man of middle height, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, a thin brown face, and scanty gray hair. He carried a fishing rod, and had some small trout strung on a forked stick in one hand. A simple, homely figure, yet he stands out in memory just as I saw him then, no more to be forgotten than the granite hills, the rushing streams, the cascades of that north country I love so well.

Fishin' Jimmy's real name was James Whitcher. He was born in the Franconia Valley, and his whole life had been passed there. He had always fished; he could not remember when or how he learned the art. He had not cared for books, or school, and all efforts to tie him down to study were unavailing. But he knew well the books of running brooks. No dry botanical text-book or manual could have taught him all he now knew of plants and flowers and trees.

But it was of another kind of knowledge he oftenest spoke, and of which I shall try to tell you, in his own words as nearly as possible.

First, let me say that if there should seem to be the faintest tinge of irreverence in aught I write, I tell my story badly. There was no irreverence in Fishin' Jimmy. He possessed a deep and profound veneration for all things spiritual and heavenly; but it was the veneration of a little child, mingled, as is that child's, with perfect confidence and utter frankness. And he used the dialect of the country in which he lived.

"As I was tellin' ye," he said, "I allers loved fishin' an' knowed 'twas the best thing in the hull airth; I knowed it larnt ye more about creeters an' yarbs an' stuns an' water than books could tell ye; I knowed it made folks patienter an' commonsenser an' weather-wiser, an' cuter gen'ally; gin 'em more faculty than all the school larnin' in creation. I knowed it was more fillin' than vittles, more rousin' than whiskey, more soothin' than lodlum; I knowed it cooled ye off when ye was het, an' het ye when ye was cold; I knowed all that o' course—any fool knows it. But—will ye b'leve it?—I was more'n twenty-one year old, a man growed, 'fore I found out why 'twas that away. Father an' mother was Christian folks, good out-an'-out Calvinist Baptists from over east'n way. They fetched me up right, made me go to meetin' an' read a chapter every Sunday, an' say a hymn Sat'day night after washin'; an' I useter say my prayers mos' nights. I wa'n't a bad boy as boys go. But nobody thought o' tellin' me the one thing, jest the one single thing that'd ha' made all the diffence. I knowed about God, an' how he made me an' made the airth, an'

* This touching story we abridge from the *Methodist Magazine*.—ED.

everything, an' once I got thinkin' about that, an' I asked my father if God made the fishes. He said, course he did, the sea an' all that in 'em is, but somehow that didn't seem to mean nothin' much to me, an' I lost my m'rist agin. An' I read the Scrip'ter account o' Jonah an' the big fish, an' all that in Job about pullin' out levin'g with a hook an' stickin' fish spears in his head, an' some parts in them queer books nigh the end o' the Ole Test'ment about fish ponds an' fish gates an' fish pools, an' how the fishers shall l'ment—everything that I could pick out about fishin' an' sech, but it didn't come home to me: 'twasn't my kind o' fishin' an' I didn't seem ter sense it.

"But one day—it's more'n forty year ago now, but I rec'lect it same's 'twas yest'day, an' I shall rec'lect it forty thousand year from now if I'm round, an' I guess I shall be, I heard—suttin'—diffunt. I was down in the village one Sunday, it wa'n't very good fishin'—the streams was too full; an' I thought I'd jest look into the meetin'-house 's I went by. 'Twas the ole union meetin'-house, ye know, an' they hadn't got no reg'lar s'ply, an' ye never knowed what kind ye'd hear, so 'twas kind o' excitin'.

"'Twas late, most 'leven o'clock, an' the s'rm'n had begun. There was a strange man a preachin', some one from over to the hotel. I never heard his name, I never seed him from that day to this, but I knowed his face. Queer enough I'd seed him a fishin'. I never knowed he was a min'ster, he didn't look like one. He went about like a real fisherman, with ole clo'es, an' ole hat with hooks stuck in it, an' big rubber boots, an' he fished, reely fished, I mean—ketch'd 'em. I guess 'twas that made me hiss'n a little sharper 'n us'al, for I never seed a fishin' min'ster afore. Elder Jacks'n, he said 'twas a sin'fl-waste o' time, an' ole Parson Loomis he'd an idee it was cruel an' om'marciful, so I'd thought I'd jest see what this man 'd preach about, an' I settled down to hiss'n to the s'rm'n.

"But there wa'n't no s'rm'n, not what I'd been raised to think was the on'y true kind. There wa'n't no heads, no fustlys nor sec'ndlys, nor fin'ly buthin's, but the fust thing I knowed I was hearin' a story, an' 'twas a fishin' story. 'Twas about some one—I hadn't the least idee then who 'twas, an' how much it all meant—some one that was d'reffle fond o' fishin' and fishermen, some one that sot everythin' by the water, an' useter go along by the lakes an' ponds, an' sail on 'em, an' talk with the men that was fishin'. An' how the fishermen all liked him, an' asked his 'dvice, an' done jest's he telled 'em about the likeliest places to fish; an' how they allers ketch'd more fer mindin' him; an' how when he was a preachin' he wouldn't go into a big meetin'-house an' talk to rich folks all s'licked up, but he'd jest go out in a fishin' boat an' ask the men to shove out a mite, an' he'd talk to the folks on shore, the fishin' folks, an' their wives, an' the boys an' gals playin' on the shore. An' then, best of everythin', he telled how when he was a choosin' the men to go about with him an' help him, an' larn his ways so's to come a'ter him, he fust o' all picked out the men he'd seen every day fishin'; an' mebbe fished with himself, for he knowed 'em, an' knowed he could trust 'em.

"An' then he telled us about the day when this preacher come along by the lake—a d'reffle sightly place, this min'ster said; he'd seed it hussel when he was trav'lin' in them countries—an' come acrost two men he knowed well; they was brothers, an' they was a fishin'. An' he jest asked 'em in his pleasant-spoken, frien'ly way—there wa'n't never sech a drawin', takin', lovin' way with any one afore as this man had, the min'ster said—he jest asked 'em to come along with him; an' they lay

down their poles an' their lines an' everythin', an' jused him. An' then he come along a spell further, an' he see two boys out with their ole father, an' they was settin' in a boat an' fixin' up their tackle, an' he asked 'em if they'd jine him too, an' they jest dropped all their things, an' left the ole man with the boat an' the fish an' the bait, an' follered the preacher. I don't tell it very good. I've read it an' read it sence that; but I want to make ye see how it sounded to me, how I took it, as the min'ster telled it that summer day in Francony meetin'. Ye see I'd no idee who the story was about, the man put it so plain, in common kind o' talk, without any come-to-passes an' whuffers an' thuffers, an' I never conceited 'twas a Bible narr'tive.

"An' so fust thing I knowed I says to myself, 'That's the kind o' teacher I want. If I could come acrost a man like that I'd jest foller him too, through thick an' thin.' Well, I can't put the reat on it into talk very good; 'taint jest the kind o' thing to speak on 'fore folks, even sech good friends as you. I ain't the sort to go back on my word—fishermen aint, ye know—an' what I'd said to myself 'fore I knowed who I was bindin' myself to, I stuck to afterwards when I knowed all about him. For 'tant for me to tell ye, who've got so much more larnin' than me, that there was a d'reffle lot more to that story than the fishin' part. That lovin', givin' up, suff'rin', dyin' part, ye know it all yerself, an' I can't kinder say much on it, 'cept when I'm jest all by myself, or—long o' him.

"That a'ternoon I took my ole Bible that I hadn't read much since I growed up, an' I went out into the woods 'long the river, an' 'stid o' fishin' I jest sot down an' read that hull story. Now ye know it yerself by heart, an' ye've knowed it all yer born days, so ye can't begin to tell how new an' astonishin' 'twas to me, an' how findin' so much fishin' in it kinder helped me to unnerstan' an' b'leve it every mite, an' take it right hum to me to foller an' live up to 's long 's I live an' breathe. Did I ever think on it, reely? I tell ye, his r'ligin's a fishin' r'ligin' all through. His friends was fishin' folks; his pulpit was a fishin' boat, or the shore o' the lake; he loved the ponds an' streams; an' when his d'sciples went out fishin', if he didn't go hisself with 'em, he'd go a'ter 'em, walkin' on the water, to cheer 'em up an' comfort 'em.

"An' he was allers 'round the water; for the story'll say, 'he come to the sea-shore,' or 'he begun to teach by the sea-side,' or agin, 'he entered into a boat,' an' 'he was in the stern o' the boat, asleep.'

"An' he used fish in his mir'cles. He fed the crowd o' folks on fish when they was hungry, bought 'em from a little chap on the shore. I've oft'n thought how tickled that boy must 'a' been to have him take them fish. Mebbe they wa'n't nothin' but shiners, but the fust the little feller'd ever ketch'd, an' boys sot a heap on their fust ketch. He was d'reffle good to child'en, ye know. An' who'd he come to a'ter he'd died an' ris agin? Why, he come down to the shore 'fore daylight, an' looked off over the pond to where his ole frien' was a fishin'. Ye see they'd gone out just to quiet their minds an' keep up their sperrits; there's nothin' like fishin' for that, ye know, an' they'd been in a heap o' trouble. When they was settin' up the night afore, worryin' and wond'rin' an' s'misin' what was goin' ter become on 'em without their Master, Peter got kinder despit, an' he up an' says in his quick way, says he, 'Anyway, I'm goin' a fishin'.' An' they all see the sense on it—any fisherman would—an' they says, says they, 'Well go 'long too.' But they didn't ketch anythin'. I suppose they couldn't fix their minds on it, an' everythin' went wrong lika. But when mornin' came creepin' up over the mountin's, fust thin' they knowed they see him on the bank,

and he allel out to 'em to know if they'd ketch'd anythin'. The water jest run down my cheeks when I heard t a min'ster telled that, an' it kinder make my eyes wet every time I think on't. For 't seems 'a if it might 'a' been me in that boat, who heerin' that vice I loved so d'reffle well, speak up agin so that nat'ral from the bank there. An' he eat some o' their fish! O' course he done it to sot their minds easy, to show 'em He wa'n't quite a sperrit yit, but jest their own ole frien' who'd been out in the boat with 'em so many, many times. But seems to me, jest the fac' he done it kinder makes fish and fishin' diffunt from any other thing in the hull wirth. I tell ye them four books that give his story is chock full o' things that go right to the heart o' fishermen. Nets, an' hooks, an' boats, an' the shores, an' the sea, an' the mountin's, Peter's fishin'-coat, lilies, an' sparrers, an' grass o' the fields, an' all about the evenin' sky bein' red or lowerrn', an' fair or foul weather.

"It's an out-doors, woody, country story, 'sides bein' the heav'nliest one that was ever telled. I read the hull Bible, as a duty ye know. I read the epis'les, but somehow they don't come home to me. Paul was a great man, a d'reffle smart scholar, but he was raised in the city, I guess, and when I go from the gospels into Paul's writin's it's like goin' from the woods an' hills an' streams o' Francony into the streets of a big city like Concord or Manchester."

The old man did not say much of his after life and the fruits of this strange conversion, but his neighbours told us a great deal. They spoke of his unselfishness, his charity, his kindly deeds; told of his visiting the poor and unhappy, nursing the sick. They said the little children loved him, and every one in the village and for miles around trusted and leaned upon Fishin' Jimmy. He taught the boys to fish, sometimes the girls too; and while learning to cast and strike, to whip the stream, they drank in knowledge of higher things, and came to know and love Jimmy's "fishin' r'ligin'." I remember they told me of a little French-Canadian girl, a poor, wretched waif, whose mother, an unknown tramp, had fallen dead in a road near the village. The child, an untamed little heathen, was found clinging to her mother's body in an agony of grief and rage, and fought like a tiger when they tried to take her away. A boy in the little group attracted to the spot ran away, with a child's faith in his old friend, to summon Fishin' Jimmy. He came quickly, lifted the little savage tenderly, and carried her away.

No one witnessed the taming process, but in a day or two the pair were seen together on the margin of Black Brook, each with a fish-pole. Her dark face was bright with interest and excitement as she took her first lesson in the art of angling. She jabbered and chattered in her old patois, he answered in broadest New England dialect, but the two quite understood each other, and though Jimmy said afterward that it was "d'reffle to hear her call the fish pois'n," they were soon great friends and comrades. For weeks he kept and cared for the child, and when she left him for a good home in Bethlehem, one would scarcely have recognized in the gentle, affectionate girl the wild creature of the past. Though often questioned as to the means used to effect this change, Jimmy's explanation seemed rather vague and unsatisfactory. "'Twas fishin' done it," he said; "on'y fishin'; it allers works. The Christian r'ligin' itself had to begin with fishin', ye know."

But one thing troubled Fishin' Jimmy. He wanted to be a "fisher of men." That was what the Great Teacher had promised he would make the fishermen who left their boats to follow him. "I allers tried to think," he said, "that 'twas me in

that boat when he come along. I make b'leve that it was out on Streeter's Pond, an' I was settin' in the boat, fixin' my lan'ing' net, when I see him on the shore. I think mebbe I'm that James—for that's my given name, ye know, though they allers call me Jimmy—an' then I hear him callin' me 'James, James.' I can hear him jest's plain sometimes, when the wind's 's blowin' in the trees, an' I jest ache to up an' foller him. But says he, 'Ill make ye a fisher o' men,' an' he aint done it. I'm waitin'; mebbe He'll larn me some day."

He was fond of all living creatures, merciful to all. But his love for our dog Dash became a passion, for Dash was an angler. Who that ever saw him sitting in the boat beside his master, watching with eager eye, and whole body trembling with excitement, the line as it was cast, the flies as they touched the surface—who can forget old Dash? "I never knowed afore they could be Christians," he said, looking, with tears in his soft, keen eyes, at the every-day scene, and with no faintest thought of irreverence. "I never knowed it, but I'd give a stiffikit o' membership in the orthodoxest church goin' to that dog there."

It is almost needless to say that as years went on Jimmy came to know many "fishin' ministers," for there are many of that ilk who love our mountain country, and seek it yearly. All these knew and loved the old man. And there were others who had wandered by that sea of Galilee, and fished in the waters of the Holy Land, and with them Fishin' Jimmy dearly loved to talk. But his wonder was never-ending that in the scheme of evangelizing the world more use was not made of the "fishin' side" of the story. "Haint they ever tried it on them poor heathen?" he would ask earnestly of some clerical angler casting a fly upon the clear water of pond or brook. "I should think 'twould 'a' ben the fust thing they'd done. Fishin' fust, an' r'ligin's sure to foller. An' it's so easy; fur heath'n mostly r'sides on islands, don't they? So ther's plenty o'water, an' o' course ther's fishin'; and onc't gin 'em poles an' git 'em to work, an' they're out o' mischief fur that day. They'd like it the better'n cannib'lin', or cuttin' out idols, or scratchin' picters all over theirselves, an' bimeby—not too suddent, ye know, to scare 'em—ye could begin on that story, an' they couldn't stan' that, not a heath'n on 'em. Won't ye speak to the 'Merican Board about it, an' sen' out a few fishin' mishneries, with poles an' lines an' tackle gen'ally? I've tried it on dresse bad folks, an' it allers done 'em good. But"—so almost all his simple talk ended—"I wish I could begin to be a fisher o' men. I'm gettin' on now, I'm nigh seventy, an' I aint got much time, ye see."

One afternoon in July there came over Franconia Notch one of those strangely sudden tempests which sometimes visit that mountain country. It had been warm that day, unusually warm for that refreshingly cool spot; but suddenly the sky grew dark and darker, almost to blackness, there was roll of thunder and flash of lightning, and then poured down the rain—rain at first, but soon hail in large frozen bullets, which fiercely pelted any who ventured out-doors, rattled against the windows of the Profile House with sharp cracks like sounds of musketry, and lay upon the piazza in heaps like snow. And in the midst of the wild storm it was remembered that two boys, guests at our hotel, had gone up Mount Lafayette alone that day. They were young boys, unused to mountain climbing, and their friends were anxious. It was found that Dash had followed them; and just as some one was to be sent in search of them, a boy from the stables brought the information that Fishin' Jimmy had started up the mountain after them as the storm broke. "Said if he couldn't be a fisher o' men,

mebbe he knowed 'nuff to ketch boys," went on our informant, seeing nothing more in the speech, full of pathetic meaning to us who knew him, than the idle talk of one whom many considered "lackin'." Jimmy was old now, and had of late grown very feeble, and we did not like to think of him out in that wild storm. And now suddenly the lost boys themselves appeared through the opening in the woods opposite the house, and ran in through the hail, now falling more quietly. They were wet, but no worse apparently for their adventure, though full of contrition and distress at having lost sight of the dog. He had rushed off into the woods some hours before, after a rabbit or hedgehog, and had never returned. Nor had they seen Fishin' Jimmy.

As hours went by and the old man did not return, a search party was sent out, and guides familiar with all the mountain paths went up Lafayette to seek for him. It was nearly night when they at last found him, and the grand old mountains had put on those robes of royal purple which they so stimes assume at eventide. At the foot of a mass of rock, which looked like amethyst or wine-red agate in that marvellous evening light, the old man was lying, and Dash was with him. From the few faint words Jimmy could then gasp out, the truth was gathered. He had missed the boys, leaving the path by which they had returned, and while stumbling along in search of them, feeble and weary, he had heard far below a sound of distress. Looking down over a steep, rocky ledge, he had seen his friend and fishing comrade, old Dash in sore trouble. Jimmy saw him holding up one paw helplessly and looking at him with wistful, imploring brown eyes; heard his pitiful, whimpering cry for aid, and never doubted his great distress and peril. Was Dash not a fisherman? And fishermen, in Fishin' Jimmy's category, were always true and trusty. So the old man without a second's hesitation started down the steep, smooth decline to the rescue of his friend.

We do not know just how or where in that terrible descent he fell. To us who afterwards saw the spot, and thought of the weak old man, chilled by the storm, exhausted by his exertions, and yet clambering down that precipitous cliff, made more slippery and treacherous by the sleet and hail still falling, it seemed impossible that he could have kept a foothold for an instant. Nor am I sure that he expected to save himself, and Dash too. But he tried. He was sadly hurt. I will not tell you of that.

Looking out from the hotel windows through the gathering darkness, we who loved him—it was not a small group—saw a sorrowful sight. Flickering lights thrown by the lanterns of the guides came through the woods. Across the road, slowly, carefully, came strong men, bearing on a rough, hastily made litter of boards the dear old man. All that could have been done for the most distinguished guest, for the dearest, best-beloved friend, was done for the gentle fisherman. We, his friends, and proud to style ourselves thus, were of different, widely separated lands, greatly varying creeds. Some were nearly as old as the dying man, some in the prime of manhood. There were youths, and maidens, and little children. But through the night we watched together. The old Roman bishop, the Churchman, ascetic in faith, but with the kindest heart when one finds it; the gentle old Quakeress; Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist—we were all one that night. The old angler did not suffer—we were so glad of that! But he did not appear to know us, and his talk seemed strange. It rambled on quietly, softly, like one of his own mountain brooks, babbling of green fields, of sunny summer days, of his favourite sport, and ah, of other things.

But he was not speaking to us. A sudden, awed hush and thrill came over us as, bending to catch the low words, we all at once understood what only the bishop put into words as he said, 'If to himself, in a sudden, quickly broken whisper, "God bless the man, he's talking to his Master!"'

"Yes, Sir, that's so," went on the quiet voice, "twas on'y a dog sure 'nough; 'twan't even a boy, as ye say, an' ye ask me to 'a' fisher o' men. But I haint had no chance for 'hat, somehow; mebbe I wa'n't fit for't. I'm on'y jest a poor old fisherman, Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, Sir. Ye useter call me James—no one else ever done it. On'y a dog! But he wa'n't a common dog, Sir; he was a fishin' dog. I never seed a man love fishin' mor'n Dash." The voice faltered an instant, then went on: "Yes, Sir, I'm comin'—I'm glad, dresse glad to come. Don't mind 'bout my leavin' my fishin'; do ye think I care 'bout that? I'll jest lay down my pole abin the alders here, an' put my lan'in' net on the stuns with my flies an' tackle—the boys 'll like 'em, ye know—an' I'll be right along."

"I mos' knowed ye was on'y a tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. 'Twas a fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers dresse good to fisher men—dresse good to—everybody,—died for—'em, didn't ye?"

"Please wait—on—the—bank there, a minnit; I'm comin' 'crost. Water's pretty—cold this—spring—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can do it—don't ye mind—'bout—me, Sir. I'll—got—'crost." Once more the voice ceased, and we thought we should not hear it again this side that stream.

But suddenly a strange light came over the thin face, the soft gray eyes opened wide, and he cried out with a strong voice we had so often heard come ringing out to us across the mountain streams, above the sound of their rushing: "Here I be, Sir! It's Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, from Francony way; him ye useter call James when ye come 'long the shore o' the pond an' I was a fishin'. I heern ye agin, jest now—an' I—straightway—f'ook—my—nets—an'—follered—"

Had the voice ceased utterly? No, we could catch faint, low murmurs, and the lips still moved. But the words were not for us; and we did not know when he reached the other bank.

"GOD GIVE—I GIVE"

THERE is a very touching story of a poor little boy, who, when suffering from cold and hunger, was warmed and fed through a friend "sent by God," as he truly told the child. When the little fellow was warm, he thought of some other children as poor as himself, and wanted to carry them some of the wood God sent. "Because," said he, "God give—I give."

That is just the reason why we should give. This poor little boy who had been at a mission Sunday-school two or three times, and heard the story of God's great gift to the world, had learned the secret of real giving. He would pass on to others God's good gift to him. That was real love and gratitude.

Perhaps some one says: "What can I give?" Like everything else, giving should be thought about, prayed about, and planned for. Perhaps you can earn money to give to Christ's cause by doing some self-denying work, or going without something you want very much. If you begin to look out for a way to give, you will certainly find it! Be sure of that.

Think about this, boys and girls, and when you think of it, repeat the words of the poor child: "God give—I give."

EXALT ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

LESSON NOTES. FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1129] LESSON XI. [Dec. 16

DEATH OF SAMSON. Judg. 16. 21-31. Memory verses, 29, 30

GOLDEN TEXT. Great men are not always wise. Job 32. 9.

OUTLINE. 1. Blind, 2. Mocked, 3. Avenged. TIME. 1120 B.C. PLACE - Gaza, in south-western Palestine

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON. Where, in this lesson, are we taught - 1. That sin binds its victims with fetters?

THE LESSON CATECHISM. 1. When the Philistines had overpowered Samson what did they do to him?

CATECHISM QUESTION. 13. Who is the devil or Satan? The chief of the fallen angels who, before man's fall, sinned against God, and was cast out of heaven.

B.C. 1312.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 23

RUTH'S CHOICE. Ruth 1. 16-22. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Ruth 1. 16.

OUTLINE. 1. The Voice of Love. 2. The Voice of Woe.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON. Where, in this lesson, are we taught - 1. A lesson of domestic love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM. 1. Whose story is told by the book of Ruth? Of Ruth, of Naomi, and of Boaz.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS. 14. What is the employment of the fallen angels?

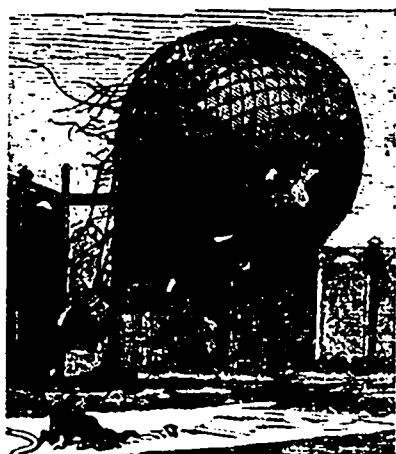
15. Can they do what they please? No: God controls their power, and will save from their malice and subtlety all who put their trust in him.

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