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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1887.

[No. 14.

The Barefoot Boy.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mock's the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

The Owl Critic.

"Who stuffed that owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he could not stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading the
Different dailies, and so little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised his head, or even made a suggestion:
And the barber kept on shaving.
"Don't you see, Mr. Brown!"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is?
How preposterous each wing is?
How flattened the head is? how jammed down the neck is?
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down;
Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.
"Examine those eyes!
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass!
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down!
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving,
"With some sawdust and bark,
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that:
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl,
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather:
In fact, about *him*, there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch.
Walked around, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic;
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say:
"Your learning is at fault this time, anyway:
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER V.**"BITTER TO THEM THAT DRINK IT."**

WITH Mimy's help Manice got her boy up stairs and into bed without meeting the aunts, who had taken Anne and Alice out to walk and fortunately did not come back till tea-time.

Manice went up stairs when tea was over and sat down by her window. Her heart was wrung by this thing; as yet she had no explanation of the matter, she only knew that Jack had come home to her as his father had come, day after day, in those dark, dead years, she could scarce endure to remember. What should she do with him? How impress it on him that he must never taste liquor in any shape, without telling him his father's story? She could not do that. Her feeling

and her principle would not permit it. Should Jack ever learn the sad truth, he must have it to remember that his mother had respected her dead husband, and tried to have her boy honour his father's memory.

Manice Boyd did not close her eyes that night. Between wrestling prayer and bitter tears the slow hours crept by; and when Jack woke in the morning the first thing he saw was his mother's wan, piteous face by his bedside.

"Why, mammy!" he said, raising his head, but it ached so that he fell back again on his pillow. "I don't remember coming to bed," he said, in a voice of vague distress. "Am I sick?"

"Not very," said Manice. "Jack, where did you go yesterday when you took a drive with Will?"

"O, I don't exactly know. Somewhere out beyond Red Farms."

"What did you eat or drink, dear?"

"I ate a lot of apples. We stopped and picked 'em up by the road-side, where the trees hung over. I guess I ate more than the rest, because I don't like peanuts."

"But did you have anything to drink?"

"O, yes; we stopped at a watering-trough close by a cider-press, and the man gave us straws to suck it up with. 'Twasn't cider, he said, only apple juice. And it was first-rate, seemed as if I couldn't get enough of it."

Manice shuddered. Was this the first symptom of his dreadful inheritance—the thirst that is unquenchable?

"Jack," she said, in a tone of solemn horror, "you came home *drunk*."

In all her life she never forgot the cry of agony and shame that replied to her. She had brought the boy up to consider that drunkenness was a fatal disgrace, a thing so godless and indecent that it stamped a man for all time as a beast. She had meant now to impress Jack's mind. She had branded it with a hot iron.

But the mother-heart understood what she had done.

"My boy, my darling!" she said as she lifted his face from the pillow where he had hidden it, "I don't blame you; you did not and could not know what you were doing. But I want you to understand fully what you can and what you cannot do."

"He said it wasn't cider," murmured Jack.

"But it was cider, and though many people might use it and do use it in that state without harm, *you* can't do it."

"Why?"

"Because you are made with a body that cannot bear what a great many can. The cider that would not hurt any other boy in that waggon made you drunk."

Jack sprang up in the bed and his eyes blazed.

"Why did God make me so?" he asked, passionately.

Manice choked.

"Do not ask questions of your Maker, Jack. Try instead to do your very best with what you are. If you have special weakness to conquer, put on all your strength for the war. A good soldier is always put in the front of the battle, and those behind follow his example when they see him rushing on to the fight. They are ashamed to run."

Jack's eye kindled.

"But now, my boy," Manice went on, "you have seen that you cannot touch the simplest form of liquor without being overcome. I want you to promise me that, with God's help, you never will touch or taste it again in any shape."

"I won't, any way."

"You can't keep that promise without God's help, my child. Jack, you have got a temptation born in you that is worse than any tiger, for it can kill both body and soul, and only God can help you to conquer it."

"You ask," whispered Jack after a moment of awed silence.

Manice folded her hands over his, and shut her eyes.

"Our Father!" she said, softly, and Jack said it after her.

"I promise never to taste a drop of liquor as long as I live. Please help me, for Christ's sake."

"Amen," said Manice, with a sob.

It was an hour Jack never forgot. But our boy had his own troubles to bear, for it was many a day before his companions on that drive ceased to torment him.

"Hullo, Jack! Been drunk again?" they would call out, in the street or the playground, delighted to see Jack redden and set his teeth. Or, "Here's the babby, got tight on apple juice. Ought to have a milk-bottle."

It was a hard and daily trial to Jack to restrain his temper at these taunts. What he had done seemed to him so dreadful that he could not laugh with his teasers, he could only endure the lash; and he could not or would not go to his mother for comfort, for he knew by instinct that she would be more keenly hurt than he was by far.

Yet all this, hard as it was to bear, did him great good. It strengthened his character, gave him self-reliance and self-control. He worked hard at his lessons, and at home tried by his very best behaviour to comfort his mother for that one lapse so dreadful to them both.

He had a great deal of fun in his nature, and a keen enjoyment of outdoor sports. Many a time he came home with a lump on his head, a black eye, or a bloody nose, the result of a fall on the ice, an encounter with a fence in coasting down a hill, or an attempt at climbing some tree too frail or too slippery to support such an attack.

The aunts made great outcry when they happened to meet him in such conditions, and accused Manice of hav-

ing no love for her boy or she could not allow him to run into such dangers.

"Aunt Maria," she said, one day, quite worn-out with her aunt's expostulations, "I want Jack to be a man sometime. I have got two girls, but I can't bring the boy up as if he were a girl too."

"Very well!" answered Aunt Maria, indignantly, while Aunt Sally sighed in a piteous way. "When you see Jack brought home dead, perhaps you will think of what I say!"

"I hope he will never come back so," replied Manice; "but if he does it will be God's will, and I must submit to it. But in the meantime I must bring my boy up in the best way I know how, and trust God for the results."

So the days and months crept by till they made years, and when Jack was well past fifteen he had learned most of what was taught in the highest grade in the school, and just as he hoped, with his uncle's help, to enter a business college and fit himself to work and help his mother, Mr. John Boyd failed in business, lost all his property, and was obliged to begin life again as teller in the Danvers Bank, very thankful to get even such a position. So our Jack was thrown on his own resources.

It was a real blow to Jack, giving up his prospect of further education, but he faced it like a man. Thanks to his mother's training he was tall and strong for his age; very unlike his cousin Will, who was pale and thin and always ailing. Will had gone with his father into the Danvers Bank, where he was "boy," having to sweep out the rooms, make the fires, run off errands, and learn the business from its beginning.

The only thing for Jack to do was also to begin at the beginning; but it must be in some other business than banking, and after some weeks of suspense he found a place in a "general store" in Danvers, and was glad enough to think he could still board at home. His duties were not all pleasant. He had to be at the store very early in the morning to make the fires, sweep, dust, take down the curtains from the shelves, fetch in coal from the shed to last through the day, look over the goods in the cellar to see if the apples and potatoes stored there needed sorting, or if the covers were all right on the butter jars or the cheese-boxes; then all day to run on errands, wait on the other clerks, and only be spared time enough for his meals.

It was all new to Jack, and he had to give up his amusements almost entirely. But Sunday became dear to him as it never had been, simply as a day of rest.

Aunt Maria and Aunt Sally bemoaned his hard fate at all seasons, but Manice strengthened him with her own hope and courage.

"Poor boy!" sniffed Aunt Sally. "Here he'd just got a new pair of

skates, and he can't have an hour to skate in!"

"Why, yes, I can, Aunt Sally. Wednesday nights they shut up at six, and there's a whole evening."

"In the dark!" growled Aunt Maria. "And how are you going to see air-holes and the like? You'll be drowned before you know it."

"I'd rather not know it if I'm going to be drowned," laughed Jack. "But there's no danger, Aunt Maria; the pond isn't deep enough to drown me; and I shall keep off the river unless it's a bright moonlight."

"But only one night!" sighed Aunt Sally.

"That's a lot better than nothing!" and Manice's bright, tender eyes smiled at him across the tea-table.

"Half a loaf 'th better than no bread!" lisped Alice, with such a wise look that Jack had to laugh.

Manice had trained all her children to look persistently for some good in every arrangement of their lives. She allowed no whining or fretting. Prompt, cheerful obedience was enforced till it became a habit; and they caught from her a spirit to "make the best of it," which she acted on herself always.

"She beats all!" Minny said to one of her cronies. "I b'lieve if she had nothin' better 'n a crash gown to wear she'd say 'twas as good crash as the was; and the children take after her. They don't cry unless they're really hurt consider'ble, and then she says, 'That's right! cry a lot, dear, it lets off the excitement!' Land! I've seen folks that fetched up their children not to cry, never, nor if they was hurt; made 'em hold in if they was bustin', and then took on because they had heart complaint when they growed up, when the creturs done it themselves a-tirin' the weak little hearts out with holdin' in; and I've seen folks that let young ones cry and bawl the hull endurin' time for everything they wanted and everything they didn't want, till every mortal bein' hated the sight and sound of 'em; and I don't call it fair to young ones to make folks fairly hate an' dread 'em for want of a little tunin'. But our Mrs. Boyd's got on to the right course an' steers straight. Our children aint no little primmy stuck-ups, too good to live, neither. They're real youngsters, but they know where they b'long, too. She aint forever a sayin' 'Don't yo! don't yo!' and they aint noosances to the hull house."

Jack pursued his way in this fashion, trying to encounter everything cheerfully, amusing himself with the odd manners and whims of the customers, and whenever he had time, either at home or in the store, practising at simple book-keeping that he might be ready for promotion if it ever came. He was quick, helpful and industrious; and at first nothing interfered with him, but one day he was sent to an Irishwoman's house to carry a gallon jug of molasses.

"Fill it with that poor New Orleans," said Mr. Gilbert the senior partner of the firm. So Jack did as he was told and thought no more about it till three months after the woman came to pay her bill.

"'Twas moighty poor m'lasses you sint me, sir, that time; 'twas that sour the childher wouldn't ate it on their bread."

"First-rate Porto Rico, Mrs. Donovan," briskly answered Mr. Gilbert.

Jack put in eagerly,

"O don't you remember, sir? you—"

"Go help 'Tom with those potatoes, quick," said the angry man.

An hour afterward he said to Jack, "Look here, young fellow, you mind your own business in future! Don't slip your tongue into mine."

Jack stood silent with surprise.

Again he was sent over to a customer with some stale keg butter, worked over into pats, when fresh butter had been ordered.

"Is this new-made butter?" asked Mrs. Rankin, who happened to be in the kitchen when the orders were delivered.

"No, ma'am," said Jack, "we hadn't got any."

"Then you may take it back. I will send to Boston for some at once. Mr. Rankin will not touch this."

Jack was received with anything but complacency at the store.

"How came you to bring this back?" growled Mr. Gilbert.

"Mrs. Rankin said she wanted fresh butter."

"How did she know it wasn't fresh, eh?"

"Why, she asked me if it was and I told her."

"Why didn't you say you didn't know! You young fool!"

"Because I did know," answered Jack, colouring.

"Well, if you expect to stay here, you mustn't know so much. When I call butter fresh you've got to call it fresh. 'Twas fresh, too; just worked over and washed and stamped. What's that but fresh!"

Jack looked puzzled. He did not understand sophistry, but as usual he carried his trouble to his mother. She had but one thing to say.

"Stick to the truth, Jack, whatever the consequences are. We won't judge Mr. Gilbert, that is not your business. You must keep your own fort, not your neighbour's."

"But, mother, he seems to think it is 'business' to deceive people. These ain't the only times; they were the two times I was mixed up in it, so I told you."

"That's right, Jack. I have a property in your troubles, but, 'business' or not, I can only say what I said before, *don't lie*. That is God's law.

But Manice wanted to arm her boy gradually for the contests of manhood, and she had thought deeply on many subjects that most women let alone or dislike.

After a few months Jack was ordered

to take some charge of the books; he made out the little bills, entered the daily sales of the grocery department, and wrote letters when he was not serving behind the counter, for he wrote a good, clear hand, without any flourishes or ornamentation to it—a style his mother taught him when he first began to use a pen.

It happened one day that the same woman to whom he had carried the sour molasses came in to settle her quarterly bill before Jack had made it out.

"Never mind, never mind, Mrs. Donovan," said Lewis Denning, the clerk, next above Jack. "You're so prompt with the pay, you come before the bill's made out; but we'll cross it off; that's just as well."

"Shure an' 'tis a bit av a win'fall fetched me before the fifteenth. Me boy come home onexpected from the coal country wid twenty-five dollars for th' ould mother, an' 'tis to pay the store bill I hurried on, so 'twould be off me mind; for I'm goin' to Boston wid him till this day two weeks, to see the childher there."

Jack was called away just then and gave no more thought to the subject, for he did not doubt that Lewis had crossed out the account as he promised. Next time the quarter came round Mrs. Donovan presented herself at the desk and asked for her bill.

Mrs. Donovan looked astonished at her debt.

"'Tis a mistake ye hev here," she said.

"We don't make mistakes here," shortly answered Mr. Gilbert.

"But 'tis the last quarter added in here an' I ped it before 'twas djew, goin' out of the town I was, ye see."

"If it had been paid 'twould have been crossed off, or you'd have had a receipt."

"Sorrow a resate I got thin! for the smilin' felly wid the blarneyin' tongue said he'd cross it off instid."

"It isn't crossed off and you must pay it," said Mr. Gilbert.

"O wisha! how'll iver I pay it! an' me wid but the hard-earned money for the rale bill at all, at all! Ow! there's the felly, come along here thin, an' tell the masther I ped it!"

Lewis Denning came, but Mr. Gilbert gave him a threatening look.

"Here, Denning!" he said, "this woman claims she paid her bill."

"If she did, I crossed it off, sir," said Lewis, blandly.

"Of course you did, and here it is standing unpaid!"

"O Mr. Gilbert!" broke in Jack, who was just about to interfere for Mrs. Donovan when Lewis came in, but drew back then because he supposed, of course, Lewis would set the matter right. "She did pay it. I saw her; and Lew meant to cross it off. I suppose he forgot it."

"I don't remember the matter," said Lewis, guided by Mr. Gilbert's scowl.

"But I do!" went on Jack. "She

said she had got twenty-five dollars from her son, and she gave you two tens and a silver fifty-cent piece; don't you recollect!"

"Hold your interfering tongue, sir!" thundered Mr. Gilbert. "We don't make mistakes in this store or take money twice over. Lewis, give her a receipt on account for what she has brought; and Mrs. Donovan, hurry up with the rest. We can't let you get behindhand."

"The heavens be your bed!" sobbed the poor woman, turning to Jack. "'Tis you have the good heart an' the throe tongue."

"I'm awfully sorry," blurted out honest Jack. "I know you paid it, Mrs. Donovan; but I suppose Lewis forgot."

"Fait' thin! 'tis the last chance iver he'll have to forgit Cauth Donovan! I'll dale no more wid folks as can't remember widout a writin' tin seconds!" And in great wrath the Widow Donovan went out, slamming the door behind her.

"Look here!" said Mr. Gilbert, turning to Jack. "Your eyes and ears are too sharp for my business, and your tongue too. You can go home to-night with your wages in your pocket, and you can stay there for all me."

Jack had nothing to say.

(To be continued.)

A CROOKED DAY.

"MOTHER, what has been the matter with the day? It has been the longest day of my life, and such a very crooked one."

"It is very easy for me to see where the fault lies. Can you not see it also?"

"I know, dear mother, that I was very naughty to read the book you told me not to," Gracie answered, gently.

"But what did you omit to do to-day?"

Gracie said: "What do you mean, mother? I know everything has gone wrong."

"My darling, did you ask your heavenly Father to forgive your disobedience to me? Did you ask his loving care over you to-day? Did you ask to be helped through the day?"

Gracie hung her head, and confessed that she was in such a hurry to get to breakfast that she forgot her prayers.

"Ah! little girl, there is reason enough for a crooked day. I, and all grown-up folks who love God, have to ask for help all the time, that we may be shown how to take each step, as well as how to live each moment. And I know you do not forget how the Saviour listens to the little children when they call upon him."

Gracie has lived a good many years since she had that talk with her mother; and as she does not now forget her morning prayers, she no longer wonders that she has so few crooked days.

Soldiers of the Temperance Army.

See the loyal temperance army
Moving on with gallant tread,
Bold and fearless, brave and steady,
By a great Commander led.

See their glorious banner waving,
Truth's eternal sword they bear,
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Soon its laurels they will share.

They must meet a lawless tyrant,
They must help to break his chain,
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Come and join their loyal band,
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1887.

**\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.****NATIVE JAPANESE PREACHERS.**

ONE item in the business of the Methodist Conference last week was specially interesting and suggestive. We refer to the number of Japanese young men who were received on trial for the Methodist ministry. Five were thus taken on trial, while others were continued as second year men and one as a third. At the same time some fourteen or fifteen were continued on trial as evangelists.

To have a native ministry raised up as speedily as possible in all mission fields is, of course, the aim of all Churches. We are not sure, however, that any in this respect can show so good a record as the Methodist. In the list of the clerical members of the Methodist Conference of Toronto, as given in the Canadian Almanac of this year, there are the names of ten Japanese. How many of these are ordained and how many are merely on probation we do not know, but the

fact is evident in any case that, as far as the Methodists are concerned, a native ministry in Japan is a thing of the near future.

Who shall say that before the first quarter of the next century has run its course the Empire of Japan shall not be as much entitled to be called a Christian country as Canada is to-day, with its native Churches, pastors, Conferences, Presbyteries and Synods, or that the ecclesiastical lists in some Japanese Almanac shall not be as slightly sprinkled with the names of Anglo-Saxon pastors as such lists in our Canadian Almanac of the current year are with those of Japanese origin? It will be a triumph for genuine Christianity when the first Negro, Jap or Indian takes his place as the honoured pastor of an Anglo-Saxon congregation, socially, intellectually, and spiritually the peer of his fellow-pastors, not by sufferance but by right and power.

WHAT MAY BE DONE.

A CHRISTIAN school-girl loves Jesus; she wants to please him all day long and so she practises her scales carefully and conscientiously. It is at the impulse of his love that her fingers move so steadily through the otherwise tiresome exercise. Some day her Master will find a use for her music. The hand of a Christian lad traces his Latin verses or his figures or his copying. He is doing his best, because a banner has been given him that it may be displayed, not so much by talk as by continuous well-doing. And so, for Jesus' sake, his hand moves accurately and perseveringly.—*Havergal.*

ALMOST, BUT LOST.

How important it is to sail on a ship which has the Master on board. Some years ago a minister now preaching in New York City was preaching in Liverpool, England. It became there his duty one evening to bring a message of sadness to the wife of the first-mate of a steamer, the *Royal Charter*. The ship had gone round the world in safety, had reached Queenstown, where its arrival was telegraphed to Liverpool. When two or three hours out from Liverpool the ship was overwhelmed with sudden calamity, and over four hundred persons perished. Among them was the unfortunate officer. The minister who brought the dreadful intelligence to the wife, found her sitting in her parlour, with the table spread, and all things in preparation for the anxiously-expected return of her husband. The news was appalling as an earthquake shock; and the woman, with a look of inexpressible grief on her face, with an anguish too deep for tears, could but seize the minister's hands with both of hers, and exclaim, "Oh, so near home, and yet lost!"

Have you ever thought of it, young reader, how near one may reach the harbour of heaven and yet be forever

lost? Many a soul is stranded in the seas of unbelief and sin, and never gains the heavenly port. Jesus once said to a man, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God;" and yet we do not learn that the man ever entered in. Be sure that you are on a vessel that has Jesus aboard, and the safety and ultimate success of your voyage is assured.

MORNING PRAYER.

O LORD, thou art the Creator of all things; there is no other God beside thee; thou art the Maker of heaven and earth; thou art our Father, and hast invited us to come unto thee for those things which we need.

Be pleased to teach me how to pray, and give me right desires; help me to understand what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to bring my prayers unto thee in his precious name.

Dear Saviour, wash my soul in thy blood, and put upon me the beautiful robe of thy righteousness: may I show such a holy and obedient spirit that thou mayest be glorified in my life, though I am but a child.

O Lord, preserve me this day from all evil, from all sickness, and accident, but especially from sin; and when the sun has gone down may I rejoice to think that I am one day nearer to my sweet home in heaven. I ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS was asked one day, "What is intercession?"

A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor and mixed with much of sin, but if they come really from the heart he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian who had done the State great service, in which he had lost a hand. His brother, for some offence, was tried and condemned, and about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced, the other came into court, and without speaking a word, held up his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven and made dear children of that blessed household above.—*Youth's World.*

As long as the Church is living so much like the world, we cannot expect the children to be brought into the fold.

**A PENN'ORTH O' GIN.**

THE picture illustrates a very frequent and very sad scene in England. In many, perhaps most of the inns and refreshment stalls of that land, the bar-tenders are young women, and many of the customers are of the same sex. It must, we should think, be very destructive of self-respect in any young woman to deal out liquor all day, often to a lot of rude and vulgar men, and to listen to their bold remarks and often insulting compliments. The poor haggard creature who has come in for her "penn'orth of gin" was once, perhaps, as handsome and well-dressed as the girl behind the bar; and the latter may perchance become as degraded and lost as the poor wretch who seeks to appease the insatiable craving of appetite by that which has brought her to such ruin. Would that the accursed drink traffic, with all its wretched accompaniments, were swept from the face of the earth forever.

WHAT A GLASS OF WINE DID.

THE Duke of Orleans was the eldest son of King Louis Phillippe, and the inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a very noble young man—physically noble. His genial qualities had made him universally popular. One morning he invited a few of his friends to breakfast, as he was about to depart from Paris, to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine; he did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that jocose hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered the carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop near by and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property, and sent the whole family into exile.—*Selected.*

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the wind and its own impetus, was flying at fearful speed. But Dave had the double advantage of wind and steam. He piled in the coal with nervous hands, and pulling wide the throttle-valve he stationed himself at the outlook and shouted:

"Go it, Old Gal!"

It would almost seem as if the "Meteor" understood the words and the situation, as snorting and puffing and shrieking she rushed like a race-horse down the iron track.

Dave knew how much steam it was safe to carry, and with his eye fixed on the steam-gauge he pushed his iron pedal to its utmost speed.

But all the time thoughts of the "Lightning" coming towards them filled him with terror and anxiety. He did not know the time; every minute seemed an hour. He longed for a watch. He would have given worlds to have had his father with him, to have had honest old Jim the stoker, to have had anybody to advise or encourage him. He began to get very nervous over the step he had taken, as every minute increased the doubt and the danger. He had thought it would be but the work of a few minutes to overtake the runaway. He did not appreciate the speed it had acquired. Now it seemed he would never come in sight of it, although the "Meteor" had never shown over the ground at such a rate before.

At length, just as he was despairing of ever overtaking the fugitive, just as, with hesitating hand he was about to reverse the "Meteor" and give up the chase, he rounded a curve in the road, and there, a short distance before him, was the long dark hulk of the runaway. The road had changed to an up-grade and he was gaining on them every minute.

And now came a new problem. At his present rate of speed he would inevitably run into them with a crash. He must "slow up," but do it so nicely and carefully that when he did come up with them there should be the least possible shock, for here came the hardest part of the whole business. He had nobody to help him "couple." He must be, for the nonce, both engineer and switchman. He had not thought what a formidable job this would be until it stared him in the face.

On he flew, revolving the situation in his head and adjusting his engine with the nicest care, until he was upon the very heels of the run-away. Then with many misgivings he slipped out of the engine house and crawled along the side of the locomotive, holding on with might and main and so, at length, down upon the "cow-catcher."

Here, seizing the long coupler in one hand and holding on with the other, he stood watching with breathless interest the approaching collision. The suspense was agonizing. The situation was perilous in the extreme; a gust of wind might at any moment

sweep him from his place, he might be shaken off or crushed by the contact of two such heavy bodies.

He was for a minute almost panic-stricken. A dozen times he was at the point of darting back and giving it up. To his startled ears, the air seemed full of uncanny sounds; the sweep of another tornado, the rush of the "Lightning" just ahead. That in the face of these real and imaginary dangers he should have persevered in his purpose proves that he had in him the stuff which heroes are made of. The hero—remember!—is not he who is insensible to danger, but rather he who feels and realizes, but yet overcomes it.

Meantime the "Meteor" drew nearer and nearer to the flying train. The event showed that Dave had used excellent judgment in regulating its speed, for when it at length came up with the rear car it was with scarcely a perceptible shock so that, although they were both going swiftly along, Dave was able quite comfortably to reach over and drop in the pin.

Then clambering back into the engine-house with trembling eagerness he seized the "throttle" and reversed the engine. To his amazement the train did not stop. Instead of the "Meteor's" stopping the run-away, the run-away dragged the "Meteor" along in its headlong flight. Dave was horror-struck. He had thought of course the train would stop at once. He had not calculated what a tremendous impetus all those heavy cars had acquired.

Now, then, began a tussle for the mastery. Dave put on more steam. He talked to the "Meteor" as if she had been intelligent. He urged, he coaxed, he implored her to do her best. For a while it seemed all in vain, the puffing, struggling "Meteor" was dragged ignominiously along in the wake of the captured cars.

But Dave kept up the struggle. He put the "Meteor" to her mettle—nobly she strove and nobly at length she won. The train at last began to slow up. Dave gave a tremendous sigh of relief. Finally after what seemed to him a short eternity they came to a standstill.

Then began the backward pull. Slowly they got under way, but once started they soon acquired momentum. But now they had the wind and, most of the way, an up-grade against them, so that their speed was nothing to what it had been in the other direction.

Again Dave began to get anxious. The "Lightning" must be due by this time. He kept a sharp look-out behind and whistled like mad around all the curves. At length he entered upon the long, straight level line of road which extended clear to Blankton. Dave began to breathe freer. It was the home-stretch—a good ten-mile run.

Hardly had he congratulated himself, however, when far behind—but

this time unmistakably—he heard the scream of the "Lightning's" whistle. He traversed the remaining distance with frightened fancy. He could not hasten, he was going already at his topmost speed. He was making, at most, not more than thirty-five miles an hour, while the "Lightning" was coming on at the rate of sixty.

With horror he heard them gaining on him: the next whistle sounded much nearer, and at length when he had made only two-thirds the distance the far-off gleam of their head-light came shooting round a wooded curve in his rear.

And now for a moment conflicting emotions almost overmastered him: the nearness of the goal, of perfect safety on one hand, the nearness of certain destruction on the other. It was a great crisis. Strange to say, out of the very despair of the moment Dave gathered calmness. He turned his back on the pursuing train, he cast no look behind, he shut his ears to its on-coming roar; he looked only straight ahead, he kept his eye fixed on the track, his mind fixed on his duty.

Thus on he flies. He is almost there—he is there, he dashes past the station-house, whistling furiously, across the switch and down at last upon the side track.

It is all right. Jake and Jim are there; they throw the switch back just in time and the "Lightning" goes whizzing and shrieking past.

The next minute Jake jumped aboard the "Meteor," when his gallant son fainted dead away in his arms.

A NICE SCENE.

Two boys were in a schoolroom together and exploded some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition. The one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart was melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master marched down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:

"Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might almost have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest. And when from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

Charade.

A LITTLE object is my first,
But said to be by far
A mightier power for good or ill
Than warlike weapons are.

Where'er the sea-bird cleaves the air
My third's swift course is held;
Sometimes it flies on tireless wing,
Sometimes it is propelled.

My second did devise my first,
And eke my third he planned;
But still, although he made them both
He cannot aye command.

My whole is something practised
Where'er my first is found;
Sometimes 'tis sharp and angular,
And sometimes it is round. C. W. K.

Answer:—Penmanship.

NEWGATE PRISON.

This is a celebrated prison in London, and stands on a spot where prisons have been for over six hundred years. The first prison here was connected with one of the gates of the old city wall. This gate, when first completed, was called "the new gate," and the name was transferred to the prison. Though the gate and the original prison have long since passed away, the name still remains.

Public executions, for many years, took place in the street in front of the prison. Indeed it is only about fifteen years that they have come to an end. Here immense crowds were wont to gather the night before the execution, and wait in the darkness, and sometimes in the storm, for the morning to come. As soon as the clock of the church of St. Sepulchre, not far off, struck eight, the poor, condemned man was brought out, and the crowd of rough, wicked people feasted their eyes on the sad sight of a fellow-being hurried into eternity for crime. It was a wise thing to put an end to these disgusting public exhibitions, for they did no good, and often resulted in harm.

It was in Newgate prison that the celebrated Mrs. Fry laboured during the early part of the present century, especially among the female prisoners. She was instrumental of great good among these wretched creatures.

Many a poor fellow has gone into Newgate because he kept bad company and the history of every prison shows the same. How true it is that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Afterward, those who are thus corrupted find the truth of another saying of the Bible, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

A Little Boy's Troubles.

I THOUGHT when I'd learned my letters,
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right; it is dreadful.
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head;
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain top we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A. D. 26.] **LESSON III.** (July 17.)

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Matt. 3. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for
repentance. Matt. 3. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Man.
2. The Ministry.

TIME.—26 A. D. Just before the opening
of Christ's public life.

PLACE.—Beyond Jordan, at the fords.
He seems to have preached in all the vicinity
of Jordan, moving slowly northward.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Preaching*—Not such
preaching as ours nowadays, but exhorta-
tions to reform, like these of the prophets.
Repent ye—That is, reform; turn again to
God; change your lives. *Kingdom of
heaven*—Or the expected kingdom of
Jehovah, long promised, and long hoped for.
The voice of one—This means, I am the man
who was to cry in the wilderness, etc.
Raiment of camel's hair—Clothing woven
from camel's hair. A coarse kind of cloth
worn by peasants. *Meat was locusts and
wild honey*—This shows how poor he was,
and how in appetites he was allied to the
wandering Bedouins. They still live in the
same way. *Generation of vipers*—Nation of
evil-doers. *The axe is laid*—The axe at the
root meant overthrow and ruin. This was
John's way of warning against sin. It was
true. It was a Roman axe. *Whose shoes,
etc.*—John says he is not worthy even to be
the slave of the coming king. *Whose fan
is in his hand*—The fan, or shovel, for
winnowing was used to separate wheat from
chaff. *He will . . . purge his floor*—The
work of Christ is thus compared to the
common work of the Jewish farmer, all the
details to the act of winnowing and storing
grain and destroying chaff are given. It
meant that the king should also be a judge.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The duty of repentance?
2. The certainty of future punishment?
3. The need of the work of the Holy Spirit?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What prophet appeared in the wilder-
ness? John the Baptist. 2. What did he
proclaim as near at hand? The kingdom of
heaven. 3. What was his message to the
people? "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."
4. What was his command, as given in the
GOLDEN TEXT? "Bring forth," etc. 5.
What ordinance did he establish? Baptism.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Repentance.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Who is Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ is the
eternal Son of God, who became man, and
so was, and continues to be, God and man,
in two distinct natures and one Person for-
ever.

John i. 1; John i. 14; 1 Timothy ii. 5.

A. D. 26.] **LESSON IV.** (July 24.)

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Matt. 3. 13-17. Commit to mem. vs. 13 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am
well pleased. Matt. 3. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Baptism.
2. The Voice.

TIME.—26 A. D.

PLACE.—The Jordan, where John was
baptized.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Then cometh Jesus*—At
same time during John's work. *To be bap-
tized*—The baptism was in accordance with
a settled purpose, and not a chance
occurrence. *John forbade*—John at first
refused, probably because he had a divine
revelation that this was the Messiah.
Thus it becometh us—It is duty for us to do
whatever is in accordance with God's will.
John's mission was to preach repentance to
sinners, and baptism was the sign of a
purpose to lead a holy life. So Jesus gave
to the world the exhibition of his purpose.
Out of the water—How Jesus was baptized
we do not know. He may have gone into
the water, or simply to the river's brink, as
in either case the word translated *out of*
would have been used. While being bap-
tized, Luke says he was praying. *Heavens
were opened*—We cannot say what this
phenomenon was. Some think the sky was
cloud-cast, and that at that instant there
was a rolling back of the clouds, and the
glory of God for an instant shone out.
Whatever it was, the appearance was
memorable, as showing supernatural ap-
proval of the act. *Like a dove*—Not a dove,
but descending like a dove. A gentle,
beautiful appearance, which, perhaps, all
saw. *A voice from heaven*—Whether all
heard this voice we do not know. Jesus
must have told the disciples what it said.
A voice out of the vast expanse, out of that
heaven where God dwells. Perhaps John
heard it, perhaps others. At least we can
hear it after all the centuries.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

1. An example of humility?
2. An example of obedience to law?
3. That Jesus is the Son of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to John the Baptist to be
baptized? Jesus. 2. What took place at
the baptism of Jesus? The heavens were
opened. 3. What was seen coming upon
Jesus? The Spirit like a dove. 4. What
voice was heard speaking? The voice of
God. 5. What did God say, as given in the
GOLDEN TEXT? "This is," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ our
Pattern.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. How did Christ, being the Son of God,
become man? By taking to himself a true
human body and soul, being conceived of
the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin
Mary, yet without sin.
Hebrews ii. 14; Galatians iv. 4; Hebrews
iv. 15.

"JOHNNIE, I hear you have been
vaccinated. Did it take?" "Yes,
mum." "Much?" "Two dollars."

THE PATH TO BE TAKEN.

"WHERE are you going, Fred?"

"Across Broad Point."

"That is a broad point, a good deal
of country to be crossed. There are
some bad places on that point. Do
you know the way?"

"O, I can strike in and foot it
across, 'most anywhere."

"A good many people have talked
that way. You see, there is a high
ledge, Rough-weather Rock, to get
over somehow. Then, in one place,
the sea reaches up to the foot of the
cliffs, and people have been caught
between the tide and the cliffs, when
the night is shutting down. If you
succeed in reaching the top of the
cliffs the fog may roll in, and it is a
perplexing place to a stranger."

"O, I can get along. Young, you
know, and strong."

"You take my advice, Fred. There
is a path that strikes across Broad
Point, taking you up Rough-weather
Rock all right, leaving the sands just
below where it winds around the side
of the cliffs, and then carrying you
across these safely. It is an old path.
Many people have gone that way, and
you will find it well-marked. Hadn't
you better try it? All you have to do
is to follow it. Take it, Fred."

"Well, I will."

"Hold on, Fred, before you start.
Have you thought about the new year,
so lately begun? It has its hard
places. There is the Rough weather
Rock of Duty, the Sands of Tempta-
tion, where people meet with sudden
disaster, and the Mists of Bewildering
Sorrow. One path, tried by so many
feet, runs across all the New Years,
the path of a child like trust in the
Saviour. Will you take it? It is a
safe, sure path."

What does Fred say?

It is time that question was answered.

DON'T, PAPA, DON'T.

COOPERSTOWN, Otsego county, is
classic ground. If any of the many
visitors who go there to see the home
of the great American novelist, J.
Fenimore Cooper, wish to see the work
of a demon worse than the savage of
whom Cooper wrote, let him visit the
county jail.

There he will see a man bearing the
honoured name of Schuyler, whose
hands are red with the blood of his
own innocent child.

The little one, only three years old,
was caught up by the rum crazed
father, and three times dashed against
a block, then tossed back to its mother
and the horrified spectators with,
"There, take it and lay it out!"

The baby cried when caught by its
father, "Don't, papa, don't!"

Strange to say, the papers take
pains to say the man was not drunk,
having drank nothing that day. He
was, nevertheless, a maniac from the
use of licensed strong drink, and, as
his poor wife testified, "Always ugly
when he had been drinking."

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