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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1883.

No. 16.

HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY IN JAPAN.

BY E. WARREN CLARKE.

The most interesting sights are the games and sports of the children. The

Japanese believe in enjoying themselves, and the young folks are as bright and merry as the children of other climes. The girls play battledore and shuttlecock, and the boys fly kites and spin tops. The girls enjoy their game very much, and are usually dressed in their prettiest robes and bright-coloured girdles, their faces are powdered with a little rice flour, their lips are tinted crimson, and their hair is done up in a most extraordinary fashion.

They play in the street, sometimes forming a circle of half a dozen or more, and sending the flying shuttlecock from one to the other. They are very skillful, and rarely miss a stroke. The boys like a strong wind, that their kites may soar high; but the girls sing a song that it may be calm, so that their shuttlecocks may go right.

The boys have wonderful kites, made of tough paper pasted on light bamboo frames, and decorated with dragons, warriors, and storm hobgoblins. Across the top of the kites is stretched a thin ribbon of whalebone, which vibrates in the wind, making a peculiar humming sound. When I first walked the streets of Tokio, I could not imagine what the strange noises meant that seemed to proceed from the sky above me; the sound at times was shrill and sharp, and then low and musical. At last I discovered several kites in the air, and when the breeze freshened, the sounds were greatly increased.

Sometimes the boys put glue on their kite-strings, near the top, and dip the strings into pounded glass. Then they fight with their kites, which they place in proper positions, and attempt to saw each other's strings with the pounded glass. When a string is severed, a kite falls, and is claimed by the victor. The boys also have play-fights with their tops.

Sometimes I met boys running a

race on long stilts; at other times they would have wrestling matches, in which little six-year-old youngsters would toss and tumble one another to the ground. Their bodies were stout and

the boys have their "Feast of Flags," and is hollow. They celebrate the day very peaceably, with games and toys. They have sets of figures, representing soldiers, heroes, and celebrated warriors, with flags,

and is hollow. When there is a breeze it fills with wind, and its tail and fins flap in the air, as though it were trying to swim away. The fish is intended to show that there are boys in the family. It is the carp, which is found in Japanese waters, and swims against the stream and leaps over waterfalls. The boys must therefore learn from the fish to persevere against difficulties, and surmount every obstacle in life. When hundreds of these huge fishes are seen swimming in the breeze, it presents a very curious appearance.

The girls have their "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding this holiday, the shops of Tokio are filled with dolls and richly dressed figures. This "Feast of Dolls" is a great gala-day for the girls. They bring out all their dolls and gorgeously dressed images, which are quite numerous in respectable families, having been kept from one generation to another. The images range from a few inches to a foot in height, and represent court nobles and ladies, with the Mikako and his household, in full costume. They are all arranged on shelves, with many other beautiful toys, and the girls present offerings of rice, fruit, and "saki" wine, and mimic all the routine of court life. The shops display large numbers of these images at this special season; after the holidays they suddenly disappear.

I once bought a large doll-baby at one of the shops, to send home to my little sister, the doll was dressed in the ordinary way, having its head shaved in the style of most Japanese babies. It was so lifelike, that when propped up on a chair a person would easily suppose it to be a live baby.

In going along the Tori, I would often see a group of children gathered around a street story-teller, listening with widening eyes and breathless attention to the ghost story or startling romance which he was narrating. Many old folks also gathered around, and, the story teller shouted and stamped on his elevated



JAPANESE LADY AND CHILD.

chubby, and their rosy cheeks showed signs of health and happiness. They were always good-natured, and never allowed themselves to get angry. On the fifth day of the fifth month

daimio processions, and tournaments. Outside the house a bamboo pole is erected by the gate, from the top of which a large paper fish is suspended. This fish is sometimes six feet long,

breathless attention to the ghost story or startling romance which he was narrating. Many old folks also gathered around, and, the story teller shouted and stamped on his elevated

platform, attracting great attention, until just as the most thrilling part of the story was reached, he suddenly stopped and took up a collection! He refused to go on unless the number of pennies received was sufficient to encourage the continuation of the story.

Street theatricals can also be seen, and travelling shows with monkeys, bears, and tumbling gymnasts, who greatly amuse the children. Sugar-candy and various kinds of sweetmeats are sold by peddlers, who are eagerly sought after by the little folks. Sometimes a man carries small kitchen utensils on the end of a pole, and serves out tiny griddle cakes to the children, who watch him cook the cakes, and smack their lips in anticipation of the feast.

A showman will put a piece of camphor on the tiny model of a duck which he floats on a shallow dish of water, and as the children look on in wonder, the dissolving camphor gum sends the duck from side to side, as though it were alive.

The boys delight in fishing, and will sit for hours holding the line by the moats and canals, waiting for a bite. I have seen a dozen people watch a single person fish, when there would not be a bite once in the half hour.

There are few vehicles in Tokio, excepting the jinrikishas; and most of the people walk in the middle of the street. When riding on horseback, it is impossible to go at a rapid rate without endangering the youngsters who sprawl around in the street. Chickens, dogs, and cats are also in the way; the latter animal in Japan has no tail.—*From The Gospel in all Lands.*

WHAT BOYS CAN DO.

BY THE REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

THE hope of the future triumph of temperance lies with the young. But what can they do? A little fellow was an errand boy in an office where there were four gentlemen. He was quite small for his age, and did not seem to grow much. One of the gentlemen said to him one day—

"You will never amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

"Well," said the little fellow; after a moment's hesitation. "As small as I am, I can do something which none of you gentlemen can do."

"Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and they urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the boy. I tell you there were some blushes on four manly faces in that office then, and there was not another word on the subject.

All boys and girls can keep from ever taking intoxicating drinks, and that is what thousands of men are unable to do.

A Swedish ship called the *Takla Maria*, was out on a long voyage. They had scarcely got more than fairly out at sea, when the captain, the mate and several of the crew took sick and were obliged to stay in their beds. None of the other sailors know how to navigate the vessel. The captain's son, a boy twelve years of age, was on

board, and he had learned how to take a solar observation. That boy took charge of the ship, navigated her during a voyage of six months, and brought her safely into port, and landed his sick father and the other sick sailors, when they were taken to the hospital. The Insurance Company, who had insured the vessel, heard of that boy, and made him the present of a good sum of money. And well he deserved it.

Boys, if nobody else can or will, take you hold and help to navigate the noble ship of Temperance.

Let me tell you what a little boy, ten years of age, once did. He was a French boy, and his name was Jean Cavalier; he was born among the mountains. He was accustomed to scale the rocky heights with fearless agility, and he was sure-footed as one of the mountain goats. Jean lived in a time of dark and bloody persecution. People dared not then to read God's word and worship Him according to their conscience; and for doing this, they were hunted down and murdered by the king's soldiers.

For twenty years, the Popish king, Louis XIV., employed sixty thousand of his soldiers to exterminate three thousand of these Protestant worshippers. For several weeks it had been made known among these persecuted mountain Christians, that the great pastor Brousson would minister to them on a certain day. In spite of every precaution, the news of this meeting had reached the ears of Captain Daigurrier, who had six hundred men under him, and who at once started to capture and butcher, if possible, the entire congregation.

"Jean was climbing a high rock above his father's house, in search of a missing goat, when he spied the red caps of the soldiers far below in the valley. He knew well what they were coming for, and he hurried down to his mother.

"I have seen the King's troops going up, and there is no one at home to give warning but me."

"Then," said the mother, "Speed away boldly, my boy; the safety of five hundred of God's people depends on your fleetness and courage." Jean stooped and kissed his mother's hand, jumped on his smart mountain pony, and in a few minutes he was riding away through the dim forest, anxiously conning the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he might get ahead of the soldiers; when he heard the sound of a conch shell, and in an instant the soldiers were in sight. Quick-witted Jean, instead of attempting to fly, boldly rode up to meet them.

"Where are you going?" asked the captain.

"To the upper hills to seek my father," replied Jean.

"This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel alone," said the officer.

"I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none," returned the boy.

"You shall come with me," continued the captain suspiciously. "So fine a boy must not grow up a rebel."

Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors' apparently quite submissive, but the vigilant little fellow contrived to fall back gradually, till after a while he was among the hindmost. Jean knew that close to a brook, and hid among the bushes, was a cavern. Seizing an opportune

moment, he turned his pony, dashed down into the brush, leaped off, and ran into the cavern. It was some minutes before the clumsy soldiers could descend after him. When they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was to be seen.

Little Jean crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search, but soon the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band. When the last echoes had died away he ventured out, aware that his chances of giving timely warning were less now than before; but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure, and lifting up his heart to God in prayer, the intrepid boy hastened breathlessly on.

Not far away several hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform, engaged in worship. When little Jean was coming up, the minister was saying—

"What fear you? Did not God nourish his people in the wilderness? Has not His Holy Spirit comforted His afflicted children? Will He not in time of need cause His angel to go before us?" A cry startled the congregation.

"Fly, the enemy comes!" rang out in a shrill childish voice. And looking around, they saw a little figure in a white goatskin coat, and white locks of golden hair gleaming in the mellow sunset. They quickly dispersed, and when the troops arrived there was nothing to be seen but deserted rocks and the lonely forest. The commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, but many of the congregation always maintained afterwards, that God had sent an angel to save them. Jean lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant Faith. That boy helped to save five hundred lives, and so may you help to save hundreds and thousands from a far more deadly enemy—drink.

It is just the finest sight in the world to see a man or boy, courageous and strong in refusing to do evil.—*The Temperance Battle-Field.*

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

NUTMEGS grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high.

The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year.

The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg-trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg-pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Sang the lady soft, and low,
And her voice's gentle flow
Rose upon the evening air
With that sweet and solemn prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Yet she sang as oft she had
When her heart was gay and glad,
Sang because she felt alone,
Sang because her heart had grown
Weary with the tedious day
Sang to while the hours away,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Where the fitful gaslight falls
On her father's massive walls,
On the chill and silent street
Where the lights and shadows meet;
There the lady's voice was heard
As the breath of night was stirred
With her tones so sweet and clear,
Waiting up to God that prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Wandering, homeless, thro' the night,
Praying for the morning light,
Pale and haggard, wan and weak,
With sunken eyes, and hollow cheek,
Went a woman, one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife;
One, a lost and only child,
One by sin and shame defiled;
And her heart with sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady as she sang
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Pausing, low her head she bent,
And the music as it went
Pierced her blacking soul, and brought
Back to her as lost in thought
Tremblingly she stood the past,
And the burning tears fell fast,
As she called to mind the days
When she walked in virtue's ways;
When she sang that very song
With no sense of sin or wrong;
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that moment felt
More than she could speak, as there
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer,
And the God she had forgot
Smiled upon her lonely lot,
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang in silence there,
That her voice had pierced a soul,
That had lived 'neath sin's control!
Little knew when she had done,
That a lost and erring one
Heard her—as she breathed that strain
And returned to God again!
—F. L. Stanton.

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

THE Rev. Richard Cecil, who lived to be a greatly useful minister, was born in London, in 1748. When a boy he was strong-willed, but brave, straight-forward and thoroughly to be trusted, hating all that was mean, shuffling, or deceitful. One day his father, who had business in the city, took little Dick with him, and left him at the door of the East India House, telling him to wait there till he should finish his business and return to him. Taken up with other matters his father forgot all about him, and left the house by another door. Richard in the evening was missed by his mother. His father, now remembering where they had parted, said, "Depend upon it, he is still waiting for me where I left him." Immediately returning to the spot, there, to be sure, he found poor Dick faithfully waiting as he had been for hours, and as he had been ordered to do!

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As a little child, Saviour,
Keep me near Thy side,
Clasp me close, my Saviour,
Let me there abide.
Whisper to me, Saviour
Tell me of Thy will,
Let me "as a little child"
Listen, and be still

Fit me for Thy service,
Thine, and Thine alone;
Strengthen me, Lord Jesus,
Use me as Thine own.
Take away all shrinking
To obey Thy voice;
Make me quick to hear Thee,
And in Thy Word rejoice!

As a little child, Saviour,
Use my lips for Thee;
Help me tell the story
As Thou teachest me;
Help me speak to sinners
Of my dying Lord,
Of my risen Saviour,
Crucified—adored!

Tell them of His yearning
Over wayward souls;
Of the finished sacrifice
He from none withholds,
Wondrous revelations
Waiting to impart
To each hungering spirit
From His very heart.

Thus Thy light reflecting,
Saviour, lead me on,
Till, with mission ended
And life's duties done,
With Thy "little children"
Thou dost bid me "come"
To Thine upper kingdom,
Cross exchanged for crown!

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.
REMOVAL OF PATIENTS TO THE
SUMMER HOME.

THE opening of the new "Lake-side Home for Little Children," as it has been decided to call the summer branch on the Island opposite Toronto, of the Children's Hospital, took place on July 5th, when twenty-five little invalids were removed from their wards in the Elizabeth street Hospital, and conveyed across to the new summer quarters. The removal was effected under the superintendence of Drs. Cameron and Wright, the Hospital physicians and, Mrs. A. McMaster, to whose energetic labours is due in a large measure the establishment of the Home. The removing of the children was assisted by a party of the Queen's Own ambulance corps under Sergt. McMillan, who kindly volunteered their services in carrying the children to and from the boats and vans. The land part of the journey was effected in vans and cabs from the Hospital. The *Luella* was lying in wait for them at Tinning's wharf, having been gratuitously put at the service of the Hospital by Captain Turner. Taking a cruise outside the harbour along the west side of the Island, the party were landed on the beach in front of the Home, and in a short time the little company were snugly ensconced in the airy wards of the new building. Their appreciation of the change was fully exhibited by their gleeful prattle and happy faces, as they took in the new surroundings. The pure, fresh air of the lake, and easy access to the beach, with unbounded facilities for exercise, and good sanitary arrangements, will no doubt act very beneficially on the health of the young invalids.

Two wards have been fitted up for their accommodation—one for the boys and the other for the girls. Their wants will be cared for by a regular

salariated matron from the Hospital, and two volunteer nurses. The whole premises, though not elaborately fitted up, are substantial, light and airy, and meet all requirements.

The building has two stories, each floor having a space of eighteen hundred square feet. On the south and west sides of the building there are large and commodious verandahs two stories in height, accessible by large doorways, through which the children can be wheeled in their cots, and so enjoy the cooling breezes of the lake.

The entire expense of building the Home and bringing it to its present state of completion has been borne by Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of the Toronto *Daily Telegram*. The request for admission of a Mason's child must be endorsed by any one of the following members of the craft:—Messrs. Daniel Spry, Barrie; Dr. J. A. Henderson, Kingston; George Birrell, London; J. J. Mason, Hamilton; D. McLellan, Hamilton; J. G. Burns, Toronto, and Wm. J. Hambly, of Toronto. Mr. Mark Hall was the architect, and the work was executed under the general superintendence of Mr. J. J. Withrow. These two last-named gentlemen rendered their valuable services gratuitously.

We beg to acknowledge receipt for this beautiful charity, per K. L. Maxwell, of \$1 90 from first class of boys Methodist school, Amherstburg, and 60 cents from two "friends of the sick."

SHALL THE DRINK TRADE
DRIVE ON!*

IT is recorded of Tullia, wife of Tarquinius, that she was riding through the streets of Rome, when the body of her father, weltering in his blood, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses, about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out at the top of her voice, "DRIVE ON." With crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed forward over the lifeless body, spurning the blood upon the daughter's dress. Yet this revolting act recorded, is not more heartless than the acts of the thousands dealing out the deadly drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live men going down to shame and ruin. Point them to the wreck of manhood—beseech them to stop their heartless traffic. They cry out, in utter defiance of all solemn appeal and shocking sight, "DRIVE ON!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only insult to the DEAD, it might be borne, but the dire traffic lures, dashes down, and destroys the LIVING,—degrades manhood, womanhood, and everything noble. "Lamentation and mourning and woe" ascend from the wretched families which these mangled dead represent, and although hearing the long, loud, piteous pleadings from one end of the land to the other, for the dread liquor sellers to desist, they SELL ON STILL. Bidding high defiance to God and man, they cry "DRIVE ON!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons threaten; officials arrest; courts condemn, and still the heartless dealers,

*A packet containing over 100 pages assorted Prohibitory Literature mailed free for ten cents. Apply to Jacob Spence, Toronto, Ont.

defying all that is true and good, ignore all sacred sympathies and still shout "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!" Shall not tens of thousands of stronger voices raise the counter cry, DESIST, and all good citizens rising in their might for the right, bring the dread carnage to a speedy and "perpetual end."

Surely public indignation is far from being up to the mark, while the dire destruction is tolerated! Surely "there is a cause." Let us then determinedly, in patriotic might, by all available means, hasten the death of the deadly trade, not by injury to any, but in the rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely, raise Prohibition's banner high;
And sure as heard the heaving sigh, sure soon to raise the victors' cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh!

HOW TO BREATHE.

MANY people do not know how to breathe. *Deep Breathing* is the title of a book by Sophia Ciccolina, published in Dutch, and now translated into English to tell them how. It purports to be written for singers, but has very valuable suggestions for all people supposed to have lungs. Page 12, in a comparison between the feet of the Chinese and the compressed or unused lungs of many, gives the keynote. "My dear reader, the Chinese may not know any better, yet they are much wiser than we Europeans. They violate the laws of Nature much less than we do. A person can be healthy with three-fourths or one-half a foot, or, indeed, without any foot at all. Without lung, life is not possible even for a moment; and by our forcing one-half or three-fourths of our lungs to remain inactive, we give ourselves and our children an enervating, sickly organism." Yet there are many who never in voluntary breathing have used more than one-half of either lung. The lungs are very much like a sponge, full of passages through which the air circulates. If you squeeze the lungs, as many girls do by tight lacing, the air cannot circulate, the air chambers become compressed almost solid, and grow so, and the blood is not properly purified, and consumption, the bane of the race, is induced.

The enthusiastic manner in which the author treats this subject carries the reader along to the close. Finally, she proceeds to show how easily deep breathing can be learned. Her rules are as follows:

To learn deep breathing, be as passive as possible; that is, assume a position in which all the motor muscles are inactive. Lie flat on the back perfectly horizontal, without even the elevation of the head. Shut the mouth, and draw the air in by the channel provided by nature, the nose. As a result of bad habits, most persons will raise the upper ribs, yet this expansion will soon yield to a movement of the lower ribs, and this again will gradually cease by continual practice, as will also every distension of the ribs. All these faulty movements will be superseded by a bulging out of the stomach, whose outward swelling will be proportional to the amount of air inside.

She affirms that invalids, especially consumptives, should not attempt to attain perfection at once; to derive benefit from it they should be content with the gentle flowing in and out of

the air, alternating with short retentions of the breath.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* says

We firmly believe in the general theory advanced in this book. The writer has no hesitation in affirming that he owes his life and the ability to use his voice at any length and with any degree of loudness that may be necessary, without injury or conscious fatigue, to long-continued practice of abdominal breathing.

"The late Dr. Eliphaz Clark," he adds, "had a method of his own, which he recommended to those who had lost the power of using the abdominal muscles in breathing and public speaking. It was to place the hands above the hips, and extend the thumbs as far backward as possible, and the fingers as far forward, grasp the abdominal muscles vigorously, and then practice breathing or speaking with the hands in that situation. By this he claimed that the laws of physical association, the attention being constantly held by the tightening of the hands to the parts, would soon restore the normal action of the diaphragm in breathing, and, with some hours' practice each day, it would become habitual. Experiment has proved his theory true."

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

LEAD thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
These deep lines of care,
Think, it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart,
Which through weary years
Echoed with its sympathies
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon.
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When the grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

GET away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, find out all you can about yourself, ascertain from the original source if you are really the manner of man people say you are; find out if you are always honest, if you always tell the square, perfect truth, in business dealings, if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon, if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday school picnic, if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scripture's sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child your age,
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He and her bidding gladly,
And lightened all her care.

I'm sure He never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded, and He hastened—
No errand was deferred
And in the little household
The sunbeam used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child Divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that in home life
The children's happy part
Is but like little soldiers
Their duty quick to do,
To mind commands when given,
What easy work for you!

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with His parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
So like Him day by day,
So gentle, meek and loving,
And ready to obey.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1883.

THE STUDY OF THE CATECHISM.

WE are glad to know that, on the whole, there is a steady increase in the number of the scholars in our schools who study the catechism. During the last quadrennium that increase has amounted to 60 per cent. Still the number is much less than it ought to be. We know nothing more desirable, more essential for the proper training of our young people, than that they should be thoroughly drilled in the great doctrines of our holy religion. John Knox never did a grander thing for Scotland than when he placed a school in every parish, and a Bible and catechism in every school. The strong mental and moral fibre thus developed has carried the sons of Scotland to the front, and to the top in every land—in Montreal and Melbourne, in Toronto and Timbuctoo alike. And if our young people be thoroughly

grounded in the principles of the Christian faith; if they are so trained in the Scriptures as to be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them, they will not be blown about by every wind of doctrine—they will not be the prey of the specious fallacies and blatant blasphemies of wandering Bob Ingersolls and their infidel followers.

Lord Bacon says that man will bear burdens better if they be trussed up into fardels,—i.e., bound into bundles—than if they be carried loose; and he goes on to urge the due classification of the sciences and of all knowledge. This is no less true of religion than of secular knowledge. The great truths of the Bible when properly grouped together, and bound into bundles according to the subjects of which they treat, are more easily learned and more easily remembered than in any other way.

Thonow English catechisms, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Pope, are acknowledged to be a great improvement on the old ones we have been using. The late General Conference appointed a committee consisting of Drs. Dewart, Harper, Burwash and the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS to prepare them for republication in Canada. Catechism No. 1, the shorter of these, is now published, and is sold at 25 cents per dozen. It will also be reprinted in the *Sunbeam* in short sections, so that every child, even the youngest, may learn these short and easy lessons of divine truth. We recommend strongly that the primary classes be taught to repeat them in concert at the close of each lesson. It can be done in a minute, and the form of sound words thus learned will never be forgotten.

The larger catechism is now in course of publication, and when the present catechism series of questions is completed, this new series will be begun in *Banner*, *PLEASANT HOURS*, *Berean Leaf*, and *Quarterly*. We are determined that, so far as is in our power, whatever else is included or omitted in our lesson helps, the great doctrines of our holy religion, which are able to make wise unto salvation, shall not be omitted, but shall be furnished in such form that every scholar in our schools may learn them by heart. We ask the kind co-operation of both teachers and parents in bringing about that result.

A WELL SPENT HOLIDAY.

WE wrote in our last issue of how to spend a holiday. Our American friends at Woodstock, Conn., have given an example of a holiday well spent. In that little town 6,000 persons assembled on the 4th of July to hear patriotic addresses from some of the leading men of the nation. Ex-President Hayes, —four years ago the foremost man in the land, now a private citizen—urged the duty of national education, that the millions of black and foreign voters might at last, be able to read their ballot. Senator Blair, who some years ago introduced into Congress a resolution that all manufacture of liquor in the United States be abolished after the year 1900, strongly argued in favour of his motion. It would give plenty of time to get rid of the vested interests, and would save the future generations from the curse of drink. John B. Gough gave a magnificent address on Temperance; Bishop Cox, Senator Aldrich and others spoke on

patriotic themes, and Whittier and Dr. Bacon contributed noble poems. But these men spoke not merely to the 6,000 present, but to a quarter of a million or more readers of the *New York Independent*, in which their speeches were given in full. The back seats of that assembly were in the Rocky Mountains, and on the Gulf of Mexico, and on the Pacific coast. Such speeches stir the patriotic instinct in every heart. We hope that on our Dominion-day and Queen's Birthday similar meetings will be held in many towns in Canada. We belong to a mighty empire, and will do well to remember its glories. Let us learn more and more to love our country and our Queen, and be proud of one of the grandest lands God ever gave to any people.

BOOKS WANTED FOR POOR SCHOOLS.

WE are continually in receipt of letters like the following. The Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund sends papers, but the stock of second-hand books is exhausted. Will not our larger schools send us some? There are several urgent demands for them.—Ed.

Dear Brother,—Could you send a loan or gift of Sunday-school books to a small settlement in the great Manitoulin Island? About fifteen to twenty families have been settled here for over three years. During all that time only one visit has ever been made by a minister of any denomination—that is in a ministerial capacity. The settlement is yet too small to have a day-school, and the families are somewhat scattered. They have just written to me about trying to start a Sabbath-school, and I know of no case in which a helping hand could be extended to those in need more appropriately than in this case.

They would like to get also some lesson-leaves and children's papers. If you send a limited supply, say for about fifteen or twenty, I will see that you get paid, if they cannot pay for them.

Everything is in embryo, and you will now know as much about the case as I do, except you cannot know as I do the great need there is for help in this case. They are hungry for some religious literature, and books that are of no value to others generally will be a great boon to them. Please do what you can immediately.

ONE of our ministers in New Brunswick, in selecting a Sunday-school library, writes:—"I do not think much of the religious novels that are filling our Sabbath-schools, and books of that class. If we want to make good Methodist Christians we must have a better kind of literature, such as the life of Wm. Carvoso, and books of that style, and these are seldom found in the libraries that are made up." This witness is true.

THE total amount raised by the Metropolitan Methodist church Toronto, for all purposes, during the year just closed, is \$22,646 31 or \$436 a Sunday. Some people will wonder what they do with so much money, but the disposal of it is not one of the burdens that any parties will groan under.—*Berlin News*.

WE are glad to observe that *The Gospel in All Lands*,—the best missionary exchange that we get—in the number for July 12, reprints in full Mrs. L. Harvie's admirable article on "Woman's Work for Women in Heathen Lands," in the July number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*; also the article on "Labrador and its Missions," in the same Magazine. We are also pleased to notice that the *Christian Miscellany*, London, England, reprints from a late number the Rev. E. R. Young's story of his "Race for Life on Lake Winnipeg." We are anxious to give special prominence to missionary topics in the Magazine. In the August number the Rev. S. P. Rose contributes a beautifully illustrated article on "Methodist Missions in Fiji." Other illustrated missionary articles of much interest will follow.

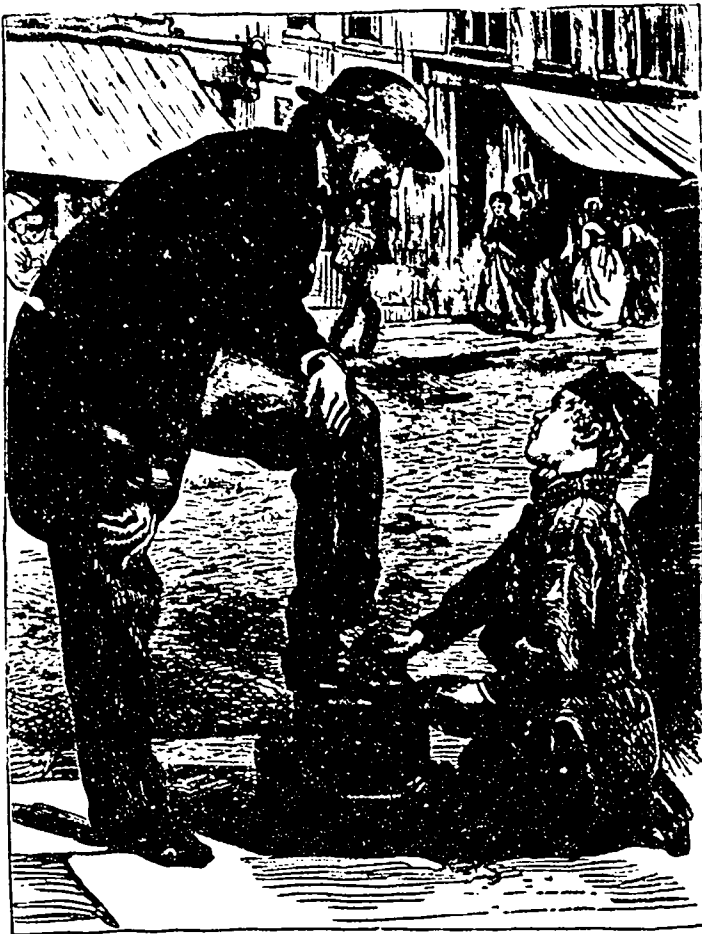
WE have had a story sent us, written by a boy of thirteen, with a request to correct and print it. The story is very well written for so young a lad; but while we can lay under tribute the whole range of literature, it will be obvious that we can find something that will be better worth printing and more acceptable to our readers. The same remark applies to juvenile poetry and the like. We do not wish to discourage the young folks from writing. Write by all means; and show it to your friends, who will be those most interested in it; but it must be something very good indeed, that will have a claim to be printed for the 100,000 readers of PLEASANT HOURS.

METHODIST UNION IN ENGLAND.—The English Primitive Methodist Conference has given its consent to the Congregational Conference entering the proposed union. A motion was also submitted for the better utilization of Methodist agencies in England, by mutual concessions and arrangements, in the small villages of the country, with a view to save what appears to be wasted labour, as one Methodist body could do the work that is being done in many rural neighbourhoods better than two or three are doing it. The principles of the motion found a warm response in the minds of many present, but as many of the delegates had gone home, it was felt to be too late in the session to discuss a subject of such great importance.

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION, BOSTON.—The Exhibition opens September 3, 1883. The following nations have already made arrangements for fine exhibits: England, France, Ireland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Prussia, Persia, Spain, China, Portugal, East Indies, Japan, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Mexico, Siberia and Brazil. All the surroundings will be foreign, and a visit to the Foreign Exhibition will in some sort be equivalent to a voyage around the world.

A Sunday-school in Muskoka is entertaining the project of supporting a cot for a sick child at the Children's Hospital, Toronto. It costs \$50 a year. Cannot other schools undertake a similar good work?

Rev. Thomas Crosby, Port Simpson, B.C., writes:—"I have just received a nice package of papers and tickets, from some little friends in Barrie, for our Sunday-school. I hope others will do likewise."



TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

ONE day, as I sat at my office desk writing busily, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," said I.

The door opened, and there stood a small boy, very ragged and rather dirty. "What do you want?" I asked sharply; for I was annoyed at the interruption.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "will you set me up?"

It was such a queer request that I laughed outright. "Set you up?" said I. "You are not a bowling-pin, are you? What in the world do you mean?"

"Please, sir, I want to be set up in business."

"Oh! you want me to give you some money."

"No, sir, I only want to borrow."

"And how much do you want?"

"Only twenty cents, sir."

"What kind of business will that set you up in?"

"The newspaper business, sir. I want to buy papers."

"And you promise to pay the money back?"

"Yes, sir."

There was something about the boy that pleased me. I handed him two dimes, and he went away. A friend who happened in, just as I was closing the transaction, expressed the opinion that I had been imposed upon. "You will never see that little rogue again,"

Day after day passed, and I began to think that my friend was right. The boy had not come back. But, just as I had about given him up, he appeared, and repaid the money honestly. I was so pleased, that I made him a present of the amount, and added a trifle to it.

Two years or more afterwards, I stopped one day at a street-corner to

have my shoes cleaned. As I placed my foot on the block, the bootblack looked up in my face, and said, "I should like to shine your shoes for nothing, sir."

"Why so?" said I.

"Don't you remember, sir, how you set me up?"

Then I recognized my old acquaintance, though he had grown so that I should hardly have known him. He was thriving, he told me, in his new line of business, and had no occasion now to borrow any more money.

He had improved greatly in his looks, and, what was better, he had been improving himself in many other ways. He had learned to read and write, and, being ready to turn his hand to any honest work, he was trying bravely to make his way in the world.

All this happened a good while ago. I kept watch of that boy, and took great pleasure in finding that my first impression of him was correct. Whatever he undertook to do he did it with a will, and he soon found a better employment than blacking shoes.

He is now a prosperous merchant, and, if I were to tell you his name, you would hardly believe that he ever could have been Tom the bootblack.

The Rollo Books. By JACOB ABBOTT. Ten vols., 12mo., illustrated. New York: John R. Anderson. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$10 per set, in box.

The famous Rollo Books by the Rev. Jacob Abbott have delighted many thousands of young readers, and in this handsome edition will delight many thousands more. This is one of the most interesting and instructive series of books for young people that we know. The plan of the series is very simple, Mr. Abbott being the pioneer of the popular method which has been adopted in half a score of similar series.

A family party, consisting of Rollo, aged twelve, his father, mother, brother, sister, and uncle, make a tour through Europe, visiting the chief places of interest in England, Scotland, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Separate volumes are devoted to London, Paris, the Rhine, Geneva, and Rome. The narrative is written in a bright, vivacious manner that will arrest and hold to the end the attention of its readers, either young or old. The books contain numerous engravings of the more striking scenes and incidents of travel, although these are not as good as the text. The object of the series is not definite religious teaching; but as opportunity occurs religious lessons are taught—as when Rollo, following the crowd one Sunday in Paris, thinking that they would lead him to some church, finds himself in a hippodrome. His remorse for his involuntary Sabbath breaking is a fine occasion for a religious lesson.

We venture to say that young people will find these books vastly more interesting and instructive than the majority of the Sunday-School fiction that makes up too large a part of our libraries. They have all the liberalizing effects of travel, broadening the mental horizon, making the mind familiar with the geography, history, and customs of foreign lands; with the great works of art and architecture; with the wonders of nature, and with the gems of poetic descriptive literature. Probably no series of juvenile books has ever had so wide a circulation. To speak further in their commendation is as superfluous as to paint the lily or to gild refined gold.

Lone Land Lights. By the REV. J. McLEAN. Pp. 75. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 35cts.

The Rev. J. McLean is a zealous missionary of our Church among the Blood Indians at Fort McLeod, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He is erecting mission premises, which will require a large amount of money. To aid in obtaining it he has written this book. It consists of nineteen pointed and pithy articles, which were first printed on the printograph and circulated on his mission, and are now issued through the press. They are exceedingly well written, and any one purchasing a copy will do himself a service, will get the worth of his money, and will help the mission of the author among the Blood Indians.

The Canadian Citizen and Temperance Herald is issued in a new series as a 16 page live temperance weekly under the management of that energetic temperance worker, F. S. Spence Esq., Toronto; only \$1 a year. We wish it success.

FOLLOWING in the wake of the Canadian Methodists, says the *Toronto Globe*, those of New Zealand are agitating for a fusion of the various Methodist bodies into one. The Wesleyans, Primitives, and Free Church leaders have the matter under consideration.

A PREACHER in Kentucky the other Sunday, becoming exasperated, paused in his discourse to say, "Ladies, if you will give me your attention for a few moments I will keep a lookout on the door, and if any thing worse than a man enters, I will warn you in time to make your escape."

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

FIRST somebody told it.
 Then the rumour went to bed,
 So the busy tongues rolled it
 Till they got it outside,
 When the crowd came across it,
 Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
 It grew deep and high, sir,
 Till it reached the sky, sir,
 And frightened the moon
 For she hid her sweet face, sir,
 At the dreadful disgrace, sir,
 That had happened at noon

This he brought forth others,
 Dark sisters and brothers,
 And fathers and mothers—
 A terrible crew,
 And while heading they burned
 The people they burned,
 And troubled and worried,
 As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
 Thus monstrous he goaled,
 Till at last it exploded
 In smoke and in shame:
 While from mud and from mire
 The pieces flew higher,
 And hit the sad liar,
 And killed his good name!

—Mrs. M. A. Kilder.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

THE boy or girl who cannot say "No," and say it decidedly, has a great lesson to learn, which must be learned if any true manhood or womanhood is to be reached. The weak will which yields because somebody urges, without stopping to consider the right or wrong of the matter, is an enemy which must be turned out. There is but one true will, and that is God's will, and there is no safety but in seeking to become acquainted with that.

Tom Evans was a bright, promising boy, quick to learn, obliging, and of pleasing address. He had many friends and fair prospects in life, but Tom's weak will, and something which is called "good nature," proved too much for him. When a boy his companions could lead him where they would. Father and mother's commands and pleadings were forgotten as soon as a comrade called out,

"Hallo, Tom, you are just the fellow we want. Come along; we're going to have some fun!"

Tom used to say sometimes, "I'm sure I don't know what makes me go with those fellows. I don't want to, and don't mean to! I know very well that they will do me no good."

Tom grew to be a—man, shall I say? No, he cannot be called a man who has no moral force in him. Like a leaf, Tom blew hither and thither with every breeze. Now some earnest Christian laid hold of Tom, and tried to show him the source of all true will, and for a time there would seem to be promise of new life; but, alas! Tom's goodness was like the morning dew! Some gay young fellow would call out, when he thought things were looking serious,

"Hi, Tom, gettin' pious, are you? Come take a drink, and let's talk it over." And down Tom would go.

Tom went down at last in good earnest. Some counterfeiters used him for a tool in getting their bad notes into circulation, and the end of it was that Tom was sent to prison.

Yes, it is true that Tom's will was weak by nature, and that goes to show how greatly he needed another and higher will than his own. We all need to have God's will given us with which to do his will!

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

BY LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, D.D.

This line poem is of scarce less interest to us in Canada than to the people of New England. The heroic traditions it relates are ours as well as theirs. They were grand, brave Englishmen who founded on Plymouth Rock the Greater Britain of the West. The opening verses allude to the fact, that within three months from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, more than half their number died. The survivors levelled the graves of the dead on Burial Hill and sowed wheat on the spot that the Indians might not know how many had died. Yet as Longfellow says, "Having put their hand to the plow, they turned not back from this plowing, O, brave hearts and true, not one went back with the *Mayflower*."

THEY levelled down the nameless graves
In Plymouth's drear and frosty sands,
And eastward looked across the waves,
And mused of home and fatherland.

They reared no tell-tale monument
From which the savage foe might guess,
As stealthily he came and went,
How fast their ranks were growing less.

In secret slept their heroes dead,
And broken hearts and wistful eyes
Sought not to mark the unknown bed
With "Sleep in hope" or "Here he lies."

In loving hearts their epitaphs
Were writ, more rich than sculptured tomb,
Mid dreams of England's restful graves,
And thoughts of home, sweet thoughts of home.

They scanned the Eastern sky away,
As watchers watch for dawn, to hail—
More fair than flush of purpling day—
The dawning of some friendly sail.

Oh! fair to-day, from Plymouth height,
To watch the ocean's changeful smiles,
And see the ships in countless flight,
Like sea-birds over tropic isles!

In vain they sought with weary eye,
Through all that waste immensities,
One sail—and found, for sole reply,
The laughter of the glittering sea.

So night wore on to morn—how slow!
And northward crept the tardy Spring;
The Mayflower bloomed beside the snow
And song-birds flocked on homeward wing.

And sweeter than the song of birds,
And kinder than the vernal rain,
Came sailing o'er the sea the words
That made the Pilgrims glad again.

The good ship came, the good ship went;
But still the Pilgrim hearts abode,
Choosing with joy the banishment
That shut them up alone with God.

And while they watched the lessening ship,
From out the new King James's text
They read aloud, with quivering lip,
God's Word for this world and the next:

"Truly if these had had a mind,
They to the land whence they came forth
Might have returned. Themselves they find
Strangers and pilgrims in the earth.

"From far away beholding, these"
(Thus saith the word), "all died in faith,
Receiving not the promises,
But trusting what the Scriptures saith.

"Who do such things make manifest
They seek a country yet untrod;
And Abraham's God, the ever best,
Is not ashamed to be their God,

"Wherefore be steadfast, well-beloved!
The time of our sojourning's short.
By faith, when we are duly proved,
We shall obtain a good report.

"And doubt not He who spreads our board
In presence of our enemies,
And leads our pilgrim footsteps toward
His city founded in the skies,

"Can on our poor foundations build
A Christian nation to his praise,
And make our nameless graves to yield
Fruit to the glory of his grace."

Vainly on Burial Hill we search
To find some work of Pilgrim hands.
The timbers of their fortress church
Have mouldered on the drifting sands.

But the foundations they began,
How deeply sunk! how firm! how broad!
Compacted of the rights of man
Fast bonded in the law of God.

We trace upon the *Mayflower's* scroll
The lines of their prophetic thought,
And watch the centuries unroll
The great fulfilment God has wrought.

Not for the glory of royal James,
With loftier hope they took the pen
And wrote above their human names,
"We, in the name of God, Amen."

No lesser praise for them we ask
Than quaint old Master's classic word;
"There was the task" how great the task!
"To build a nation for the Lord!"

And when, to-day, we speak of those
Who made this nation free and blest,
We think of Plymouth's desert snows
And write their names above the rest.

And near them write the later band,
Of gentler title, courtlier grace,
Who gave wise heart and willing hand
For guarding Freedom's hiding-place.

And fearing not the royal wrath
Brought the prized parchment o'er the sea,
To guard the new and untried path
Of the fair nation yet to be;

HOW JOHNNIE HELPED HIS MOTHER.



His funeral was over,
and the house was
put to rights, John
and his mother had
gone through the
form of supper; the
table was cleared,
and the lamp was
lighted and set on it,
in the usual order. And now that
there was nothing to be done but to
sit and think, the grief came back
afresh, and they wept together. John
was nearly seventeen. He felt as if
he had made a sudden stride into man-
hood.

"There, mother? Don't cry any
more! Poor, dear little mother!" said
he, drawing his chair beside hers.

Kind-hearted John Moss! He truly
meant it. He fully intended to devote
himself to make his mother happy and
comfortable. Inexperienced, thought-
less John Moss! He did not know
himself. He did not dream that he
could be selfish enough to forget his
mother's need for his own pleasure.
He brought her his first wages, and
they went to buy materials for a new
suit for him, which she worked far into
the night to make up. The second, he
wanted a gun. He had been promised
one by his father, and now he knew a
chance to buy one for "only six dollars."
He worried his mother with arguments
until she consented. Her face had
grown paler already, from constant
confinement at her needle. And six
dollars was all she earned by a whole
week of steady, hard work. But John
did not think of that. She rose early
every Monday morning to do the wash-
ing for herself and John. She was a
delicate little woman, and washing was
hard work for her. Biddy McGuire
would do it many weeks for six dollars,
as she had done when John's father
was alive. But John did not think of
that.

"Perhaps I can shoot a squirrel for
dinner, now and then," said he.

She did say then: "Six dollars
would buy meat for a good many din-
ners, John."

But he bought the gun, and she
smiled patiently at his enthusiasm over
it, as mothers will, and sewed a little
longer every night that month.

The next month John had lost his

knife, and must have another, and am-
munition and a new school book left
but a trifle for his mother. That
month she sewed a stitch in her side.
The next month was December, and
wood must be bought, and other ex-
penses pressed hard, and John's wages
were needed, and she took them re-
luctantly, feeling that he had yielded
them but half willingly. When the
wood-pile was in the yard, however,
the sight of it, and the knowledge that
he had paid for it, made him feel quite
self-complacent. "I am going to saw
it all up, as soon as I can get it housed,
so it will be out of the way of the
snow storms," said he; "I do help you
some, don't I, mother? What a big
pile it is! I did want those skates at
Brigham's though!"

His mother smiled and sighed, pres-
sed her hand on the aching spot in her
side, and then made her needle fly fast
as ever.

"Don't you think I can have the
skates next month? This wood will
last a good while. Will there be any-
thing else to buy?" His mother
thought of the shoes she needed even
now, of the nearly empty flour barrel,
of approaching taxes, and of the many,
many stitches that must be set to meet
these demands, and others that were
continually arising, and replied: "I
don't know. I fear we shall need all
we can earn through the winter.
Boots are of more consequence than
skates, and yours will soon be worn
out."

"Oh, these will last over so long!"
said John, giving the the chair a
thump with his best boot, that made
his mother start painfully. She had
grown weak and nervous lately. "I
guess I won't begin to saw the wood
to-night. There's enough for to-morrow
in the shed now, and I'm tired."

To-morrow came, cold, snowy, and
blustering. John was obliged to be off
early at the school-house, but, promised
to come straight home after school, and
attack the wood-pile. How could he
forget?

At four o'clock the last stick of the
wood was burned, and the sitting-room
began to grow chilly. Mrs. Moss went
out and scraped up chips to keep the
fire till John should come. Five o'clock,
and still he came not.

"I shall have to saw off a stick or
two, to last till he comes," she said,
and went out to the shed. Slowly and
laboriously she pushed the saw up and
down, till one stick was off. Then she
stopped to breathe and pressed her
hand on her side. But one stick would
not keep the fire, so she went to work
again. Up and down weakly and
wearily now, till, suddenly, the dread-
ful stitch in her side that hurt her
seemed to break, and she fell down,
the blood flowing from her mouth.

John found her there a little later,
chilled, fainting, half-dead. The doctor
did all he could; the neighbours
watched, and nursed, and helped;
John was all assiduity, all tenderness
and self-sacrifice now, but there was no
help for the poor little mother. She
died blessing him; calling him her dear,
kind boy, and praying for his welfare.

John has had twenty-seven years
since, in which to remember, with re-
gret and self-reproach, how little he
helped his mother.

JOSEPH BILLINGS has this playful ap-
plication of see-saw: "I saw a blind
woodsawyer. While none ever saw him
see, thousands have seen him saw."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.



BOY about eleven years of
age, a cripple by paralysis
from infancy, was being car-
ried by his mother from the
cars to the ferry at Jersey City. Just
as they were leaving the train a quiet,
unassuming gentleman came to them
saying, "That boy seems too heavy a
burden for you; will you allow me to
carry him?"

The mother assented, and the little
fellow put his arm about the stranger's
neck, and was carried to the boat and
placed carefully in a good seat, and
there left with his mother until the
boat had crossed, when the gentleman
returned to his charge, and with a
smile that lingers still upon the
memory, and kind words that soothed
and comforted, carried the boy to the
waiting-room in the New York depot,
where, on being assured he could be of
no further assistance, he bade the boy
good-by and left him, speaking cordi-
ally as he passed out to an elderly
gentleman who was just entering.

The grateful boy beckoned to this
elderly gentleman, and asked, "Can
you tell me the name of the gentle-
man to whom you just spoke?"

"That is Bishop James, of the Meth-
odist Episcopal Church."

That boy had never been taught to
venerate Methodists or Methodism,
but from that hour he was often heard
to say that he knew at least one good
man who was a Methodist. His limbs
never received the coveted strength,
but God converted his soul and gave
him abundant grace to bear his afflic-
tion.—From "Life of Bishop James,"
by Dr. H. B. Ridgway.

WHAT LIQUOR DOES.

EX-SENATOR MERRIMON, of North
Carolina, in a recent prohibition-meet-
ing in that state, said: "I have never
meddled with liquor. I have never
drank it, have hardly kept it as a
medicine in my family; and yet it has
meddled with me. It has made my
boy a wandering vagabond; it has
broken my wife's heart. Yes, when I
was asleep, thinking my boy at home
in the house, he was being made a
drunkard in the bar-rooms of Raleigh."

BISHOP COXE spoke thus of the poet
Whittier at the Forefathers' celebration
at Woodstock, Conn.: "Hereafter let
us speak and hear less of glories and
more of duties; and let us conspire
together to "keep the peace," to per-
serve peace, and to perpetuate it. I
am glad our peaceful poet contri-
butes the ode of the day. Peace-
ful he is by his creed and by his
amiable and loving nature; but I am
not sorry to have a chance to say that
he must answer to his conscience as he
can for the fact that he has made others
warlike. He is like the trumpeter in
the fable, who cried for quarter, protes-
ting that he was a non-combatant.
'Ah,' said his captor, 'but you set
others on!' So the lyrics of Whittier
have made battalions of soldiers.
When I saw them on their march
through Baltimore, I said to myself:
'A Quaker set them on.'"

"If you can't keep awake," said a
parson to one of his hearers, "when
you feel drowsy, why don't you take a
pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the
shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put
in the sermon."

INVISIBLE BATTLES

NOT upon fortified hill or field,
Where foemen meet with sabre and shield,
Are mightiest battles fought!
Not amid warfare's wild alarms,
In the roar of cannon, the clash of arms,
Are grandest victories wrought!

Look abroad into the earth's sad homes
Where fierce temptation stealthily comes,
Followed by wan despair—
Where souls are assailed by a merciless foe,
By sin, by hollow-eyed want, or woe—
And mark the conflicts there!

Only God and his angels pure
Ever can know what they endure
Who cope with these unseen foes;
Only heaven, with its infinite rest,
Can symbol the peace of the victor's breast,
When these perilous conflicts close.

HOW DR. GUTHRIE BECAME A TEETOTALER.

IN a journey in Ireland, in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. "By the time we reached a small inn we were soaked with water outside; and as those were days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whiskey inside. Accordingly, we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver we called him in. He was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged-school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the gander,' but our car-driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. He would not taste it.

"Why?" we asked; "what objection have you?"

"Said he, 'Plase, your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.'

"Well, that stuck in my throat, and went to my heart and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman; and I said, 'If this man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister?' I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

BY SENATOR ALDRICH.

HERE is a great disposition on the part of our educated young men to crowd into a few professions or callings. There are, to-day, in all our cities and large towns, great numbers of young lawyers and doctors without remunerative practice, who can never rise above mediocrity in their profession. There are a much larger number seeking clerkships in stores and banks, or employed in situations of this kind for compensation which does not afford adequate means of subsistence. These callings are highly honourable, furnishing ample opportunities for the success of superior ability and energy; but there are many other callings equally honourable,

where the prospects of success, with the same natural abilities, either in the way of emoluments or position, are very much greater. There is an active demand, which is very far from being fully supplied, for men who can apply scientific knowledge to the useful arts; for good chemists, designers, engravers, engineers, skilled in mining or mechanism, railway superintendents and managers, managers and overseers in manufacturing establishments; and for skilled mechanics of every kind. Many a young man is now employed as a clerk, at from ten to twelve dollars per week, who, with proper training, could find equally respectable and healthful employment, with better chance for advancement, as overseer in a cotton or woollen mill at from twenty to thirty dollars per week. I would say to our young men: Do not allow yourself, from any false notions of respectability, to drift into subordinate positions from which you will find no means of extrication, and where you will become mere machines; but rather fit yourselves to become leaders of men by courageously grappling with and mastering the forces by which the world is moved.

STRANGE USE FOR PAPER.

PAPER car-wheels are composed entirely of paper rings pressed under a weight of six tons, and then fastened by means of bolts and steel ties put on them, when they are ready for use. Laid loosely, the rings stack as high as the shoulders of an ordinary man. Under treatment they sink to the thickness required. If the tire should wear or fall off the wheel, or the train from the track, there would be no danger of their breaking, as they are flexible, and would spring. A paper ball can be rendered so solid that nothing but a diamond tool can cause an indentation into it. At the mill is a square block of compressed paper fastened on a turning lathe, and so hard, that if a fine steel chisel is held against it when it is moving, instead of cutting the paper it will break the chisel into a hundred pieces. The strength is astonishing. You can take a £5 note of the Bank of England, twist it into a kind of rope, suspend 830 pounds upon one end of it, and it will not injure it in the slightest degree. Bath tubs and pots are formed by compressing the paper made of linen fibres annealed—that is, painted over with composition, which becomes a part thereof, and is fire-proof. The tubs last indefinitely, never leak, and, put in the fire, will not burn up. You can beat on them with a hammer and not injure them. Plates compressed and annealed are durable; you cannot only wash, but drop them upon the floor and stand upon them. The fork can be used for any particular purpose, and the knife can always be kept sharp. Paper can be substituted for wood, converted into picture frames, and colored like walnut, cherry, and the like.

Bedsteads are fashioned the same as car-wheels, only of long strips instead of rings. They are very beautiful and lasting. Cooking and heating stoves are also annealed, and it is impossible to burn them out. They are less costly than iron. A house can be literally constructed and furnished with every convenience in paper. The printing-press, type, and all the fixtures of

the office, could be concocted out of this material, and more cheaply than the ordinary kind. A complete steam engine can be thus manufactured, and do all required duty. Clothes and shoes will come in the future. Twenty-nine hours are needed to transfer linen fibre into a car-wheel.

"FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form. A little while after she began to go to school the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," said she, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about, Carrie?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"My dear, did Jesus ever invite little children to come unto him?"

The little girl repeated the verse. "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me, for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.—*The Morning Light.*

PORRIDGE AND PRAYERS.

M. R. Trestrail's last meeting with Guthrie was in Amsterdam, in 1867, at the Evangelical Alliance Congress in that city. The doctor gave an account of his ragged schools to a vast audience, chiefly composed of foreigners. Many were able to follow him, though he spoke in English; and their astonishment was indeed great. Even the undemonstrative Dutch were roused by his stirring appeals; and their enthusiasm rose to a high pitch when he closed by saying, "Now, if you mean to take this work in hand, and try and rescue these forsaken ones, mind that ye provide plenty of soap and water. Begin by washing and scrubbing them well, that they may know, it may be for the first time in their lives, the feeling of being clean. Then feed them with a bountiful meal of milk and porridge, and then, prayers! Porridge first, mind; prayers afterward."

The people fairly shouted as they listened to his quaint but sensible advice from the eloquent Scotchman.

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS.

OUR every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may be dressed in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror,

washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may or may not be anything better than a calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you may have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

EMPLOY THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

IF possible, says a sensible writer in the *Evening Post*, furnish an aim and object for your boys' spring excursions to the woods; it will keep them from mischief. Let them hunt far and near for the first ferns that are visible. If they are taken up with ordinary care they will live and grow luxuriantly. A bed of ferns under the sitting-room window will fill the room with a sort of woody fragrance that is full of pleasant suggestions. To stock a small aquarium will be a labour of love for the healthily minded boy or girl, and will lead to delightful and profitable excursions. If you can teach them or direct that they be taught a few lessons in botany, this will greatly increase their means of grace. Even if they learn no more than to distinguish the different kinds of leaves they find, it will be an advantage. Many of the bad habits which children acquire, and which have to be severely dealt with sometimes, are formed because their minds as well as their hands are idle. They seek objects of thought as well as things to play with, and a fretful, discontented mood in a child is often wholly and at once dispelled by the suggestion of something he may do. "But it would take almost all my time," I heard a mother say in conversation when this subject was broached, and it is true enough. I suppose that if we do our duty by our children it will take nearly all our time; but how may we be better employed?

"GOD BE WITH THEE."

It is related by travellers as an instance of how little the customs of eastern nations have changed during many hundreds of years, that in the fields of Palestine the very same words may be heard now as in the days of Boaz and Ruth. When the master enters the harvest-field he salutes his reapers, just as Boaz did, "The Lord be with you;" and the peasants respond always in the words, "God bless thee." It is a happy custom that may well see no change. We should all do well to use from the heart this ancient salutation, "The Lord be with thee"

"Now, Edith," said her mother, "you are going to be a good girl to-day and act like a little lady, aren't you?" "Yes, mamma," replied Edith; adding after a few moments' silent cogitation, "what makes oo say 'ittle lady,' mamma? Is it 'cause big ladies act so awful?"

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

THEY bore him to his mother, and he lay upon her lap till noon, unconscious yet, his little face was pale and cold as clay, His tiny hands were clenched, his eyes were set.

The agonized mother wept to see him lie As tho' his spirit from this world had fled, And many a sob-suppress'd, and heart-felt sigh, And laid him gently on his little bed. The feeble throbbing of his little heart alone Bid hope revive within that mother's breast, And in her eyes fond expectation shone, As she with lips and hands her boy caressed. "O tell me, dearest, speak!" the mother cried.

"Tell mother, darling, what befell her pet,— And languidly the "darling" thus replied— "O mamma, dear, I smoked a cigarette!"

MR. WHITTIER'S CHILDHOOD.

FEW American poets have been as widely known by the children, and as much beloved by those of all ages, as John G. Whittier.

A little girl in Oxford, Pennsylvania, wanted to know what Mr. Whittier thought about when he was a little boy (he is now over seventy years of age); so she asked him in a letter, and received this reply:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I think, at the age of which thy note inquires, I found about equal satisfaction in our old rural home, with the shifting panorama of the seasons, in reading the few books within my reach, and dreaming of something wonderful and grand in the future. Neither change nor loss had then made me realize the uncertainty of all earthly things. I felt secure in my mother's love, and dreamed of losing nothing and gaining much. Looking back now, my chief satisfaction is that I loved and obeyed my parents, and tried to make them happy by seeking to be good. That I did not succeed in all respects, that I fell very far short of my good intentions, was a frequent cause of sorrow. I had at that time a very great thirst for knowledge, and little means to gratify it. The beauty of outward nature early impressed me; and the moral and spiritual beauty of the holy lives I read of in the Bible and other good books also affected me with a sense of my own falling short, and longings for a better state."

PLEASANTRIES.

A MAN advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the undertaker." No doubt of it.

A DRINKING professor to the Rev. Rowland Hill: "Now, do you think that a glass of spirits would drive religion out of my heart?" Mr. Hill: "No, for there is none in it."

BE careful to say what you mean. They did not, evidently, who built a monument to a missionary, and put upon it an epitaph ending, "He was shot by his attendant. Well done, good and faithful servant!"

WHEN a lady living in Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered the M. D. "I happened to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."

"SAY, Mrs. Bunson," said a little girl to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a brass band?" "No, my dear." "I thought you did." "Why did you, my

child?" "Because mamma said you was always blowing your own horn, and I thought you must belong to the band."

"I SUPPOSE the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man, as the church-bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning. To which a clergyman, who was passing, replied, "Yes, my friend, but the fire is not in this world."

THAT is a good story about the aged lady on her death-bed, who was in a penitential mood. She said, "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time exclaimed, "Lors! I knowed that all the time!"

FATHER to his little son, who has just handed him the teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month: "This report is very unsatisfactory; I'm not at all pleased with it." Little son: "I told the teacher that I thought you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't change it."

ONCE, when a certain very eccentric laird, named Hamilton, had business with the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, the Duke politely asked him to lunch. A liveried servant waited upon them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the Duke and his guest. At last our eccentric friend lost patience, and looking at the servant, addressed him thus:—"What for are ye dance, dancing about the room that gait; can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's plenty on the table for three."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1427.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 19. ISRAEL FORSAKING GOD.

Judg 2. 6-16. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers. Judg. 2. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Good Days in Israel. v. 6-10.
2. Evil Days in Israel. v. 11-16.

TIME.—This lesson contains a general statement of the condition of Israel from the death of Joshua, B. C. 1427, during the period of the judges, about three hundred and thirty years.

PLACE.—The land of Israel.

EXPLANATIONS.—Let the people go.—From the meeting referred to in the last lesson. Children of Israel.—the descendants of Jacob, divided into twelve tribes. To possess the land.—It had been conquered fifteen years before. All the days of Joshua.—While they were under his influence. Elders that outlived Joshua.—Those who were young men during the conquest of Canaan. Seen all the great works. Such as the crossing of the Jordan, the taking of Jericho, and the victories over the Canaanites. They buried him.—The exact place of his burial is not known. Mount of Ephraim.—No one mountain is referred to, but the land of Ephraim, which was mountainous. Another generation.—Children or grandchildren of those who had lived during Joshua's time. Knew not the Lord.—They were not a religious, God-fearing people. Forsook the Lord.—God, who had given them their land. Followed other gods.—Idols, which were no gods. The Lord to anger.—God's anger is a wrath against sin. Not against Israel.—It was a just anger, and God's dealings with the people were righteous, for with all his anger he loved Israel. Spoilers.—Enemies who conquered, ruled over, and oppressed them. Sold them.—That is, he gave them into their power. As the Lord had said.—God had warned them of this as the sure result of their sins. Raised up judges.—These were heroes whom God called forth from time to time among the people. They led the people to turn back to God, and gave them freedom from their oppressors. Fifteen

judges are generally given, including Abimelech, "the bramble-king." They were not in direct succession; sometimes a generation passed without a judge, sometimes more than one ruled at the same time in different parts of the land.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we taught in this lesson—

1. How easily men forget God's mercies?
2. To what men are led when they forsake God?
3. How God shows his mercy to those who forget him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did the Israelites serve God? While Joshua lived. 2. What did they do after Joshua and the elders died? They forgot God. 3. What other sin did they commit? They followed idols. 4. How did they suffer for this? They were oppressed by their enemies. 5. How did God still show them mercy? By raising up judges.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The evil results of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

33. Was he crucified immediately, or did he suffer other injuries before his death? Christ was not crucified immediately after his condemnation, but suffered other injuries before his death: thus, he was mocked, he was spit upon, he was crowned with thorns, he was scourged, and wickedly abused.

B. C. 1249.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 26.

GIDEON'S ARMY.

Judg. 7. 1-8. Commit to memory vs. 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon. Judg. 7. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Many. v. 1-3.
2. The Few. v. 4-8.

TIME.—B. C. 1249.

PLACE.—The hill of Moreh, now known as Little Hermon, near Mount Tabur.

EXPLANATIONS.—The Midianite oppression was the hardest of all which the Israelites had yet endured. See the account of it in chap. 6. 1-10. God called Gideon, a brave warrior, to set Israel free. Read his call and how it was received in chap. 6. 11-24. He began by breaking down the altar of Baal, and rearing in its place an altar to God, on which he offered sacrifice, chap. 6. 25-27. See why Gideon was named Jerubbaal, (which means, "Let Baal plead.") in chap. 6. 28-32, and the story of Gideon's fleece in chap. 6. 36-40. He called upon the northern tribes to revolt, and a large army gathered around him near the well of Harod. But when they saw the vast host of the Midianites encamped on the side of the hill of Moreh, now called Little Hermon, they were afraid, and two-thirds of the army went to their homes. God wished to deliver Israel in a way to show that it was by his own power, and verse 5 shows the test by which he chose the men who were best fitted for his work. Gideon marched his army of ten thousand men down to the water, and all drank. Nearly all of them laid aside their weapons, knelt down by the brook and put their lips to the water, more eager for a drink than for the war. But three hundred men scarcely stopped, only caught up a handful of water in their hands while passing, thus showing themselves single-hearted in their warfare. With these three hundred Gideon made a night attack on the Midianites, and utterly destroyed their great army, so that Israel was set free from their oppressions.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

1. How God helps his people?
2. Whom God chooses for his work?
3. An example of faith in God's promises?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did God call to deliver Israel from the Midianites? Gideon. 2. How many people came at his call to fight the Midianites? Thirty-two thousand. 3. What did God say of this army? "The people are too many." 4. How many did God choose out of them? Three hundred men. 5. What did God do by the three hundred? He delivered Israel.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sovereignty of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

34. In what company was he crucified? Christ was crucified in a most shameful manner, between two thieves, as if he had been the chief of sinners.

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