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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

[No. 48.]

## Thanksgiving.

November has come with its festival day.  
The sweetest home feast of the year.  
When the little ones mingle in frolic and play,  
And share in the Thanksgiving cheer.

And let us remember that tale of the past,  
Of the Pilgrims who gathered their band,  
And offered up thanks for the corn when at last  
It waved o'er the famishing land.

For hunger had wasted these strong,  
patient men,  
Who struggled and laboured in pain,  
And the blessing of plenty which gladdened them then,  
Gave courage and hope  
once again.

And the fame of their  
bravery never decays,  
While year after year  
rolls away,  
Since the morning that  
ushered in prayer  
and in praise,  
The birth of our Thank-  
sgiving Day.

## "COME, FOLLOW ME."

A few weeks ago we watched a young girl and a lad somewhat older go down the aisle on Communion Sunday and stand before the people assembled in the church to say that they had resolved to follow faithfully, God helping them, the same Jesus who long ago called to the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, "Come, follow me." And we thought as they came back after the simple ceremony, their faces so bright and fresh and hopeful, how much better it was for them to give to Christ's service the beauty and freshness of their lives than to wait, as some young people think they must, till years have passed by—perhaps the best of their life. God wants, and we ought to give him, the very strongest and fairest and sweetest portion of our lives, and not the worn-out ends of them. If Christ loved us enough to lay down his life for us, is our living service any too precious to offer him in return?

But boys and girls have such strange ideas of what following Christ means. Sometimes they seem to think that they must become very holy before they are fit to become his disciples. "Don't ask me to be a Christian now," said a bright boy the other day, "for I can't do it. I'm not good enough, and there are too many temptations in the way. When you're older it's different; but I don't believe it's ever so hard to be a Christian as it is when you're a boy." You see he thinks he must fight his way alone till the temptations which he feels are about him are overcome or have passed away, and then he will offer himself to Christ.

But don't you see how greatly mistaken he is? Temptations will not stop coming after he is grown up, but will only grow stronger; and for those that come to him now he needs Christ's help, hour by hour, to conquer them. And when he has truly given himself to Christ, those very temptations will lose the greater part of their power over him; for temptation and sin come from Satan, and when Christ comes into the heart to reign, Satan and his evil works must go

out, for there is no agreement between Christ and Satan.

Christ wants you now, you need Christ now. If you are to lead a life that will make the world better and nobler because you have been in it, it is time for you to begin. Won't you come to him to-day and ask his forgiveness for the past and his help for all your life to come?

## WHICH IS WORSE?

BY AMY LEONARD.

Mira came in one day with a smiling face and showed me a box of candy she had had given to her. After a few days she told me she didn't like her candy, for it had wine in it. Afterwards she

"Oh, yes, of course, but I didn't think a little in candy would do any hurt."

That is just the way every drunkard begins, by taking a little that he thinks won't do any harm. So he drinks till his body and soul are poisoned. Would that man who, a few miles from here last week, killed his wife, the mother of twin babies but three weeks old, have done such a deed if his soul had not been poisoned with alcohol? No! The paper said he was not bad only when crazed with liquor; then he shot himself. There is a Book where these things are noted, and one day it will be seen who helped and who hindered; who said 'Flourish the saloon,' and who said 'Down with it.'

## BELIEVING AND TRUSTING.

Faith accepts as true everything which God has said. Trust puts all to practical and personal use. The need of trusting is so great that the Bible is full of exhortations concerning it: "Trust in the Lord and do good;" "Trust ye in the Lord forever;" "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee;" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." The comfort of every promise is ours if we trust. We may believe it all—what rational person would doubt what God has said?—but the blessedness of the promises is ours only when we trust God to carry them out in our life and being. When shall we trust? When we are conscious of sin let us trust the finished work of Christ for us. When tempted, trust him who is able to keep us from falling. When perplexed, trust him who has promised to lead the blind by a way they knew not. When tired, trust him who says "I will rest you." When full of pain, so that even prayer is difficult, trust him who says: "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." When you are weak and unable to meet the duty or the pain of life, trust him who says: "My grace is sufficient for thee." When resources fail, trust him who says: "God shall supply all your need." "Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us."

## COME NEAR.

There are some things which will do little good far off. A man might stand outside a house on a bitter night, and, looking through the window, see very plainly a glowing fire in the generous fireplace, without being any warmer for it. To thaw his chilled fingers, he must come in and come near.

A fountain of water may be springing, clear and cool, at arm's length, but what good will it do if a thirsty passer-by does not come near enough to take a drink? Then, too, no matter how wholesome and inviting any food may be, the hungry boy will not have the good of it if he does not take and eat it.

So there are other things, more important than fire or food or drink, which cannot be used at a distance. It will do no good to read of the "water of life" in the Bible, if one does not take it. Jesus calls, "Come unto me." It is not easy to keep up a conversation with a friend at a distance; and especially if one is in trouble, it is impossible to tell one's griefs in a loud tone at a distance.

So let all come near, come very close to the Saviour, so that his words can be heard in the heart, and his help may be felt each moment.—Happy Hears.

## CRUEL AND HEARTLESS.

We often hear of the cruel things drinking people will do to obtain money with which to buy strong drink, they will pawn anything, however necessary it may be to the home and family, and many a little child has been almost heart-broken because its father has taken some of its possessions. We have known men to pawn their children's shoes or books, to sell a pet bird or dog, in fact anything that will bring them a bit of money. But here is the worst instance of cruelty we ever heard of, the most heartless, and being a mother's act makes it much worse. Mr. Bristol Wallen relates the instance as follows.

A little girl suffering from diphtheria was brought to a London hospital. To save her life, a little silver tube was inserted in her throat, through which to breathe. The child improved rapidly, and the mother begged very hard to take her home. The physician gave permission, but before the day was over resolved to visit the child's home the next morning. He found the child dead, and the neighbours told him that the mother had pawned the tube for eighteen pence, and was out spending the money in drink.



A LAKE IN THE ALPS.

## A LAKE IN THE ALPS.

Climbers in the higher regions of the Alps and other lofty mountain ranges are often agreeably surprised to find a lake between the cliffs where they least expect it. The little lake shown in our picture is a typical one of the sort. After climbing up a long, steep and rough path where huge precipices and wild mountains rise on every side, the blue waters of the Oschenen Lake burst suddenly into view. From the great white snow-fields, that we see on the further side, several streams are always seen flowing in the summer months, and very pretty water-falls dash themselves down the precipitous sides of the mountains into the lake. Sometimes there are other falls besides those of water. A rock, loosened by the heat of the sun from its icy bed, will begin to topple over on one side and then suddenly lose its balance altogether and go plunging down the mountain side into the abyss below. But it does not go alone, for on its way it carries against others, which, in their turn, are hurled against others, and all join to form a tremendous rock avalanche. It is a grand sight to see these, bounding by gigantic leaps over the edge of the cliffs and then whizzing silently through the air till they reach the water with a splendid splash. The noise of their fall wakes many an echo in the surrounding cliffs, and we are sorry for any unhappy men or animals that may chance to be in their way.

said the more she ate of it the better she liked it; she wished she had some more

"That is what makes so many drunkards; a little poison always wants company."

"Well, I don't think I'll have any more given me, and perhaps I won't eat them if I do."

"I would not eat anything that had poison in it."

"Is alcohol real poison?"

"What is poison?"

"Oh, those horrid things like arsenic and Paris green that kill rats and bugs. I would not touch them for anything."

"They kill rats and bugs, alcohol kills men; which is the worst?"

"Do you think it kills many?"

"About one hundred thousand a year, we are told; alcohol not only poisons the body, but poisons the mind and poisons the heart. How quick it makes one crazy, how surely it hardens the heart. No other poison does that. Don't you think it best to keep clear of it?"

## Thanksgiving.

BY SUSAN COULIBER.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,  
She has passed away like the rest  
The other fair summers long since fled  
From the woods and the meadow-crest:  
The blossoms of spring were white and  
sweet  
But they paled and shrank from the  
touch of the heat.  
The fields are shining yellow and dun,  
Where the autumn gathered its tale of  
grain;  
We thank thee, Lord, for the blessed  
sun.  
We thank thee for the rain  
Our beautiful summer is passed and fled,  
We are older grown and gray,  
The spring is gone from the youthful  
tread,  
The laugh from the lips once gay;  
The childish hope in the child's eyes  
is darkened by many a sad surprise;  
But the promise stands sure as then  
it stood.  
We can smile in loss as we smiled in  
gain,  
And we thank thee, Lord of the year,  
for the good,  
And we bless thee for the pain.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 4, 1898.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

PROMISED TO ADAM.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Gen. 3. 15.

Like a bright star shining amid the darkness, so through the long ages the promise of the Messiah shone in the sky till at last the Star of Bethlehem led where the Young Child lay. He was indeed the bright and morning star. No sooner had Adam's sin "brought death into the world, and all our woe, till one greater Man restore us," than the promise was given that Satan's head should be bruised, that his kingdom should be destroyed. For four thousand years that promise sustained the hearts of God's people, the patriarchs and the prophets, who saw his day afar off, and were glad.

To our first parents—driven from the sinless bowers of Paradise, their joys of Eden shattered, the trailing of the Serpent around and over all, their first-born son the murderer of his brother, and all the hapless ruin of the fall around them—came this blessed promise to rescue their souls from utter despair, to sustain their hearts as they fared forth from the gates of Eden, guarded evermore by the flaming swords of cherubim, into the wilderness world. And God was still with them. He did not forsake them, but gave this blessed promise which grew brighter and brighter as the ages passed, till at last it was fulfilled in the coming of his Son, Jesus of Nazareth, born of the Virgin Mary, to restore our lost and ruined race to highest Christian manhood.

## EVERGREEN SCHOOLS.

We reprint this article from Onward, as we are anxious that it should reach all our schools.

We hope that our schools will try more than ever to keep open all the winter. We know that, in some cases, on account of bad roads and the great distance to be travelled, this is difficult; but where- ever the week-day school is kept open for five days in the week, we think it ought not to be impossible to have the Sunday-school open on one day of the week.

A very considerable number of our Sunday-schools, unfortunately, close in the winter, thus the school becomes scattered, and it is often difficult to re-organize in the spring and takes a long time to get into running order. We think it most disastrous to the best interests of the schools that these interruptions should occur.

In many cases it has been found that the introduction of the Sunday-school papers has been sufficient to keep the schools open in the winter, where, without them, they would have been closed. But if it be found absolutely impossible to keep the school open regularly, the next best thing—and not a bad thing either—would be to still take the papers, and, as is done in many places, distribute them to the families at the regular weekly or fortnightly service, as the case may be. These papers will all have the lessons; and fathers and mothers, at the home fireside, can have a Sunday-school of their own children, and thus keep up the good and godly habit of the regular study of the Word of God.

This is done with great success in some scattered neighbourhoods where it is not found practicable to have a school at all, and certainly can be accomplished, with best results, in very many places where the schools have to be suspended during the winter. But by all means make an effort to keep it open, notwithstanding rain and snow storms; and if the younger children and those residing at a great distance cannot come, send them their papers. Let them feel that they are not forgotten, and urge them to keep up the memorizing of the golden texts and the memory verses; and also urge the parents to hear them recite these verses, and answer the questions given in the papers. The parents will thus themselves become more interested in the school and the welfare of their children, and may be induced to take a greater interest in the school itself, and become themselves adult scholars—as they ought to be.

## A BROTHER OF GIRLS.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

The old-time significance of the edelweils is familiar to most, but it is worth while at any time to recall it, and some may not know it. The edelweils, that pale flower found with the greatest difficulty among the snows of Alpine heights, was only to be worn by youths and men of pure, true hearts, and noble, stainless lives. In the olden days, the highest compliment one could have was to receive a gift of this snowflower of the heights. It meant so much. Well might any one covet the honour of wearing the edelweils, and seek to do it worthily. As one had to climb high to get it, so one had to aim high, in his life, to wear it.

"He is fit to be a brother of girls," is a description that has come down to us, which is as significant as that other, "He is worthy to wear the edelweils." Here is an ambition worthy of any boy.

To attain that good comradeship which is a most beautiful and helpful thing between boys and girls, a boy should be indeed true-hearted, pure-hearted, gentle and manly, and should show it by the fine courtesy and consideration which is so winsome, and so entirely worthy of a strong character.

The energetic, growing boy sometimes thinks girls tiresome, and even—yes, he occasionally says it, "too silly." They are easily scared, he remarks, and can't take care of themselves, and need no end of petting and fussing generally. A fellow has to keep himself in and hold himself down, and it is "no fun," says this boy, to attend upon his sisters and their friends.

But, my dear young sir, you are growing up, remember, and there is something to be thought of besides fun, although the right sort is excellent and even indispensable in its place. What sort of a man do you wish and intend to be?

You will not manufacture your manhood out of whole cloth in a week or two after you attain your proud majority and cast your first vote. You are making it now, piece by piece. If you had no higher ambition than to be well-mannered, it would be worth while to practice upon your sisters in the school

of home and in the circle just outside of it, with its daily study and social interchange. Granted, for a moment, that girls are sometimes tiresome, or that some of them are not that all the more reason for their having good brothers, who will help them to be braver, more self-reliant and strong?

The boy who is fit to be a brother of girls has a magnificent scorn of everything low and mean. Language that he would not use in the presence of his sister and her companions, he will not use at all. Rough, careless, slouching, selfish ways he will never cultivate, but will curb and cure them, if betrayed into them, and this, first of all, because they are wrong in themselves.

The brother of girls will guard against the sarcastic, irritating, contemptuous (and contemptible) sort of teasing which harrows up a girl's soul. If it is required of a good woman that the "law of kindness should be in her tongue," why should it not be demanded also of the boy and of the man he is to be? There is plenty of room for sharpening of wits in allowable raillery and pleasantry that has no sting in it.

One of the tenderest titles given our Lord is that of "The Elder Brother," and to many a favoured girl this has a deep and sweet significance. Well may any boy seek a kind brotherliness like the Master's, which will make him a tower of strength to weaker ones, and the good comrade and helper of all.—Interior.

A company of men were in the Arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. But they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it—they made other people happy. The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. "Make one? Why, trees grow!" Certainly, but they do not grow in the Arctic lands, for these explorers were far north of the tree line. But they took bones of the whale, walrus, and other animals, and tied them together so as to make a trunk with branches. That was the tree. A Christmas without candy would seem strange to you, but instead of candy they made balls of whale fat, or blubber, of which the Eskimo children are as fond as you are of chocolate drops or peanut brittle. They hung these on the tree, and prepared some little presents of buttons and beads, and that was all. But it was enough for a delightful time for the little Eskimos, and their pleasure made the men so happy that they forgot their loneliness and homesickness.—Christian Herald.

## SLANG FROM THE DAYS OF OLD ROME.

Miss E. F. Andrews writes an article on "Some Vagabond Words," for St. Nicholas. Miss Andrews says:

"Passing through a vacant lot the other day, where some boys were having a game of ball, I heard one of them who had got a rap on the knuckles from a 'foul' exclaim, 'Jiminy, that hurts!' and then, after rubbing his fingers a moment, he went back to his place on the field, little dreaming that he had just uttered a solemn invocation to the old Roman demigods Castor and Pollux. For our vulgar 'jiminy' is but a corruption of the Latin 'gemini,' twins, a name applied to Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Jupiter and Leda. These hero gods were the patrons of games and festivals of all kinds, and the especial friends of travellers; hence, when an old Roman exclaimed, 'O Gemini!' it was a devout appeal to the gods for help or protection, very much the same as when a knight of old called on his patron saint.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a man of courage and honour, was once insulted by a hot-headed youth, who challenged him, and, on his refusal, spat upon him in public. The knight, taking out his handkerchief, made this reply: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life." The youth was so struck with a strong sense of his misbehaviour, that he fell upon his knees, and begged forgiveness.

To be cheerful in the face of misfortune is to show the highest type of courage. The Christian may rest assured that he will be able to do this, for the promises of heaven are pledged to him in his day of need.

## WHERE IS MY BOY?

There are heart-songs so intensely and universally human and true that they will always have their occasion and their sympathetic ministry. One of these is the well-known hymn, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" The following is condensed from a chapter of autobiography in The Union Gospel News:

A young civil engineer of Western Kentucky, who assisted his father in his business of railroad prospecting and surveying, had contracted intemperate habits. His work from place to place threw him into the society of loose men, much more than his father seemed to be aware of, and being a generous, convivial fellow, he paid for his popularity by copying their indulgences.

His dangerous appetite and his occasional fits of dissipation were so shrewdly concealed that his parents were kept in ignorance of them for two years—until he was twenty years old. They were worthy people and constant church-goers, the father being choir-leader and the mother a fine soprano singer.

Once, while the young man was employed on a section of road forty miles from home, it became necessary to "lie over" from Thursday noon till Monday. His father would be detained till Saturday, reaching home in time for the choir-rehearsal, but the son returned at once and went to a liquor-saloon to commence a three days' "spree."

The saloon-keeper understood his case too well and kept him hidden in his own apartments. When his father returned, expecting to find the boy at home, a surprise awaited him. Trouble began when the question, "Where's Harry?" informed the startled mother that he was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was to sing a solo, and by special request—because she sang it so well—her selection was to be the hymn: "Where is my wandering boy?"

It seemed to her impossible to perform her promise under the circumstances; and when, on Sunday morning, a policeman found Harry, the certainty was no more comforting than the suspense had been; but she was advised that he would be "all right to-morrow morning," and that she had better not see him until he "sobered up."

She controlled her grief as well as she could, took her part that day in the choir as usual, and made no change for the evening.

Toward night Harry began to come to himself. His father had hired a man to stay with him and see to his recovery, and when he learned that his mother had been told of his plight the information cut him to the heart and helped to sober him.

When the bells rang he announced his determination to go to church. He knew nothing of the evening programme. He was still in his working clothes, but no reasoning could dissuade him, and his attendant, after making him as presentable as possible, went with him to the service.

Entering early by a side door, they found seats in a secluded corner, but not far from the pulpit and the organ. The house filled, and after the usual succession of prayer, anthem and sermon the time for the solo came. It was probably the first time in that church that a mother had ever sung out of her own soul's distress:

"Oh, where is my wand'ring boy to-night,  
The child of my love and care?"

What faith sustained her, when every word must have been a cruel stab? The great audience caught the feeling of the song, but there was one heart as near to breaking as her own. That he was present she had no knowledge. She had sung the last stanza,

"Go for my wandering boy to-night,  
Go search for him where you will,  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still."  
"Oh, where is my wandering boy?"

when a young man in a woollen shirt and corduroy trousers and jacket made his way to the choir stairs with outstretched arms, and, sobbing like a child, exclaimed:

"Here I am, mother!"  
The mother hastened down the steps and folded him in her arms. The astonished organist, quick to take in the meaning of the scene, pulled out all his stops and played "Old Hundred"—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The congregation, with their hundreds of voices, joined in the great doxology, while the father, the pastor and the friends of the returned prodigal stood by him with moist eyes and welcoming hands.

The wayward boy ended his wanderings then and there. That moment was a consecration and the beginning of a life of sobriety and Christian usefulness.



## The Saloon Must Go!

BY MRS. N. O. ALGER.

From "How to Fight the Drink"  
An Evening's Entertainment by Miss L.  
Penny.

There is a king, a wicked king,  
Who curses this fair land.  
He spreads disease and death abroad,  
And rules with implous hand.  
Even the smallest boys and girls  
Cannot escape his power;  
Satan and all his hosts seem pledged  
To help him every hour.  
A king who tortures boys and girls,  
Takes from them all they love,  
Leaves them in poverty and vice,  
Robs them of homes above.  
Oh, such a king, who ruins souls  
By thousands every year,  
Ought to be buried down so deep  
He never could appear.  
Now this, we know, can never be,  
Unless the people rise,  
Strong in the strength which God will  
give,  
And fight him till he dies.  
Mothers and fathers—children, too—  
Must join this holy war,  
Urgent the need—'tis land, and home,  
And heaven we're fighting for.  
Saloons are places where King Rum  
Makes slaves of young and old.  
Then, when they've all their money spent,  
They're turned out in the cold,  
Good people, help us fight this curse,  
Its deadly work you know;  
Oh, say, "No matter what it costs,  
The vile saloon must go!"

## WHAT SAVED HIM.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

Lucy Fairbanks was going home from school one afternoon, when she heard the voices of two of her school-mates, who were standing inside the fence that surrounded the home of Dr. Mills. Lucy could not help but hear what they said, as they were speaking in quite a high key.

"Oh, Mamie! Did you see Mr. Fairbanks going past a few minutes ago? That was Laura Mills' voice."

"I should think I did!" replied Mamie Lord, emphatically. "Isn't it just awful, Laura, the way he drinks?"

"Yes, indeed! My papa says if he keeps on, he'll become—a sot!"

"Oh, Laura, what's that?" asked Mamie in horrified accents.

"Oh, it's when a man drinks and drinks, till at last he becomes a sot!" said Laura, impressively. "My papa ought to know, because he's a doctor. I don't think I care to 'sociate with Lucy Fairbanks any more, do you?"

"No, indeed," said Mamie, who generally agreed with her friend in everything. Little Lucy, with a heavy heart, hurried home, filled with wondering thoughts. What did her papa drink to make it probable that he would become that mysteriously awful thing, a sot? And why should these two girls, who had always been friendly before, make up their minds not to associate with her on account of her papa's tendency to become a sot? Why did her papa want to drink? Was it because he was so very thirsty, and if he was thirsty, what harm could there be in drinking?

Lucy reached her home, a neat-looking white cottage in a small yard. Opening the door she ran in, bursting into a storm of tears and sobs. Her mother came out of the bed-room, and in surprise inquired the cause of her tears.

Lucy tried to tell her, but the baby awoke and cried, and there was no opportunity just then for the child to unburden her heart.

"You may set the table for supper, Lucy," said her mother, rocking the baby as she spoke. "Your papa is not very well and has gone to bed."

"Is papa very sick, mamma?"

"No, dear, he'll be all right in the morning," said Mrs. Fairbanks, who looked sad and troubled. They had supper, and Lucy tried to study her spelling lesson for the next day, but her heart was so heavy that she could not fix her mind on the words. When bed-time came, she kissed her mother, and going into her little room knelt by the neat little bed and prayed.

"Oh, Lord, bless papa and mamma and baby, and if papa gets thirsty again, keep him from drinking so much. Make me a good girl, for Jesus' sake, amen." Then she went to bed, where she cried herself to sleep.

Mr. Fairbanks appeared at the breakfast-table his usual self, gentle and tender in his words to his wife and children. Lucy watched to see if he seemed ill. "Yes, but he drank only one cup of coffee as usual. After breakfast he went away to business, and Lucy helped her mother with the work till it was time to go to school.

As she entered the school-yard she saw

Laura Mills and Mamie Lord standing together, and with them Lulu Hannon, who was Lucy's special friend. "The two Lu's" they were often called. Lucy smiled, and was about to speak when Laura put her arm around Lulu and drew her away, while Mamie muttered something about "drunkard's children."

Lucy's eyes filled with tears, and she hurried up the steps, and to her seat. She could not study, and failed both in arithmetic and spelling, and was kept in at recess. At noon she heard one of the girls say she was going to have a party, but was not going to invite Lucy. The little girl felt that she was shunned by all the world, and when she tried to eat her lunch, the food seemed to choke her.

As it was Friday, Miss Lee, according to her custom, read the scholars a story. This time it was about a little girl whose father drank whiskey and abused his family, till one night he turned poor little Mary out of doors. Lucy listened to the story with terrified interest, her cheeks scarlet with excitement, her eyes open to their fullest extent. What if her papa became like this unnatural father of little Mary, and should abuse her mamma and baby and herself? The idea took such complete possession of her mind that she could think of nothing else.

She felt afraid to speak of her fears to her mother, and brooded over the matter till the sight of her father threw her into a state of nervous terror. She could not eat nor sleep, and her mother was very anxious about the child.

One evening Mr. Fairbanks came home so much the worse for liquor that he fell over the threshold. When his wife tried to help him he answered her so roughly that Lucy screamed aloud in horror, and ran to her own room, where she threw herself on the floor, moaning and sobbing in her agony. There her mother found her, and put her to bed, where she tossed all night, muttering and crying in her sleep. In the morning she was in a raging fever, and Dr. Mills was sent for.

Even in her delirium Lucy recognized him as Laura's father, and she began to repeat Laura's name and to grow more and more excited.

The sight of her father threw her into paroxysms of fear, and she raved about his "drinking so much, and pleaded with him so excitedly "not to turn her out of doors," that the unhappy man, who dearly loved his child, was obliged to keep out of her sight.

Sometimes Lucy would be begging her schoolmates not to treat her so cruelly, and she mentioned Laura's name so often that the doctor suspected something. Going home, he called his little daughter and said:

"Laura, how have you been treating that little Fairbanks girl?"

Laura looked startled, and stammered: "I don't know, papa. Why?"

"Tell me the truth," he said sternly, and as she began confusedly to tell something of the facts of the case, he said, "I see. Well, my child, you have treated her most cruelly. That little girl, nervous and delicate to a remarkable degree, is lying at death's door, and it is extremely doubtful if she gets well."

Laura was shocked. "Oh, papa, let me go to Lucy, and tell her how sorry I am. I didn't mean anything."

"No, the sight of you would agitate her the more, and hasten the end. She has brain fever. You can do nothing now. Let this be a lesson to you to be careful how you treat others. You may go."

Laura crept away, too miserable to do anything but cry. At last she knelt down and prayed to God to forgive her, and to make Lucy better. Then she went to Mamie and Lulu and told them how sorry she was for her naughty behaviour.

There came a day when Lucy lay helpless and exhausted on her little bed. Dr. Mills said, in answer to Mr. Fairbanks' frantic question, "To-day will decide. There is a possibility of her recovery, but you must be prepared for the worst." The miserable man left the house, and was gone several hours. During that time he had asked God's pardon for his past sins, and resolved to begin a better life. It was late when he returned. The house was very quiet. The baby was asleep, and his wife, tired out, was lying on a couch.

Mr. Fairbanks crept into the sick-room. There lay Lucy, perfectly quiet, all the fever gone from her face. Her eyes were closed; the head, shorn of the pretty hair, was motionless on the pillow. So she was gone! With a cry, her father knelt by the bed, and kissed one of the little hands. "Dear papa!" said a weak voice, and a faint smile parted Lucy's lips.

"My darling!" murmured her father, "the Lord has saved you. Do you love me still, Lucy?"

"I love papa," she whispered.  
"Thank God for his goodness! Lucy, he has saved me from my sins, and I shall never drink another drop, God helping me!" The setting sun shone on Lucy's happy face, and rested on a beautiful Easter lily sent in by Laura, Mamie and Lulu to their little friend.  
"Oh, Lord Jesus, I am so glad!" sighed the little girl.—Union Signal.

## THE DEAD SEA OF AMERICA.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Unlike the Dead Sea of Asia, which lies in the deepest known depression of the earth, over one thousand three hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, the Dead Sea of America sparkles in a mountain valley, four thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the ocean level. When man first beheld it, its shores in every direction were desolate stretches of what seemed a desert. Now, as one goes toward it from Salt Lake City, he may see on one side of the cars a garden in which grow potatoes, corn, beans, pumpkins, currants, pears, apples, plums,—everything in fact, and on the other will be the barren plain not yet under the hand of the cultivator, nor irrigated with sweet water. Every year the lines of plum-like Lombardy poplars go a little nearer to it. But it is not probable that they will ever be coaxed to live near enough to it to make one vivid spot of green in the savage loveliness of its landscape.

When I first beheld the sea (for Salt Lake is a sea in all its characteristics), it was high noon, and under that radiant sky it took on hues so resplendent that only the words of St. John the divine, describing his heavenly vision, would describe them:

"And I saw a sea of glass—mingled with fire."

Straight ahead, at one point, the water line met the violet sky. To the right and left were mountainous islands, Antelope and Stansbury, glowing in roseate brown, pink and purples. Behind me rose the bare brown terraces of the Ogulrh Mountains. To the east were the luminous ranges of the Wahsatch. To the west, ethereal as clouds, were the Onaquis. Never before or since have I seen a landscape of such noble lines in such exquisite tints. Sometimes I have found the lake the greenest green, like an emerald. Sometimes I have found it blue as a sapphire. Sometimes I have seen it palest green, while its islands seemed to float in the air. At night I have seen it black with metallic lustres, or silvery under the moon. But always it was delicately transparent, yet massive, as if it were some gem-like substance molten.

Nothing lives in its waters save a minute shrimp. The fish swept into it by its tributaries, the rivers Bear, Weber and Jordan, and several lesser streams, die quickly, and are once snapped up by the great white gulls, always on the watch for them. It has no outlet, and is diminished only by evaporation. It is, too, subject to mysterious risings and fallings. In spring its shores are bright with flowers. Blue lupins, yellow rattleweed, and scarlet-painted cups look out gaily from between the gay green of the sage-brush, then in its fairest dress. But as the season advances and the lake grows warm enough for bathers, everything withers. The rains are few and far between. The vegetation of July and August is but a faint dappling of the alkaline soil with pale pinks, yellows and browns. But it supports insect life, for swallows circle above it. About the lake shore are, at times myriads of gnats, food for the terns, which sit by the waves in rows, and calmly watch the visitors, as do also the gulls, sure of their own safety, since the law imposes a heavy fine for harming even one feather of one prety head.

A bath in this beautiful dead sea is a pleasure never to be forgotten. You may lie upon your back, your arms outspread, in a foot of water or in fifteen. The water sustains you like a warm, soft bed. You cannot sink. Your only difficulty is to keep your feet down. You have only to remember that a drop of that supersaturated, transparent brine in the eyes, nose or ears is extremely painful, and that to swallow even a small quantity is dangerous. You come out in a delightful glow, and even after your shower bath will find salt crystals on the back of your head and over your ears.

Common salt is in the proportion of one pound to every seven pounds of water, and lime carbonate, lime sulphate, Epsom salts, and lime chloride of magnesia, are the solids present. The ocean averages about three per cent. salt, and Salt Lake twenty-two per cent. Some one with a turn for figures has estimated that there are 250,905,600,000 cubic feet of salt in the lake. At the present market value this would be worth \$105,483,296,000,

a very tidy sum. Loaded in box cars, ten tons to the car, you would have a train long enough to reach two hundred times around the earth.

Salt Lake is seventy five miles long, by an average of thirty broad, and covers an area of two thousand one hundred square miles. Thousands of tons of salt are evaporated from it every year, and sent to the cattle ranches of the West, the mines of Silverland, and to the refineries where it is prepared for the table. It seems to me the saltiest salt I ever tasted. A mine of wealth, it is also a mine of health, for the winds that blow over it bear away with them vigour to all the inhabitants of the valley. More than all, it is a spectacle of unique and majestic beauty, matchless, wonderful.

## Legend of the Vio.

BY MARY LAMBERT.

Satan watched in jealous gloom  
While Noah planted the grape vine tree.  
Stealing out when all was done,  
He cried—"Sweet plant, thou art scarce begun;

Of evil things thou shalt have no scant,  
My own, my charming plant!  
Mine thou art, and mine shall be,  
And I will carefully nurture thee!"

Through a lion, hog and sheep,  
He plunged a dagger both swift and deep;  
Drawing forth the steaming blood,  
He bathed the vine in their gory flood.  
Each attribute to the living beast  
Within the plant increased,  
Christened by this motley tide,  
A mongrel crew in its veins abide.

Hidden 'neath a verdured crest,  
Its beastly baptism is manifest,  
Traces of this foster draught,  
Impregnated with all the vices quaffed.  
Flash out in glints from the ripened plant  
Like evil rays askant.  
Discord floats from out the fruit,  
Like voices hoarse from a strident suite.

He who drinks the garnered wine,  
Imbibes these traits from the deluged vine.

Drinking light, with gentle thirst,  
Awakes the friendliest nature first,  
That babbles forth in a bleating psalm—  
Just like a tethered lamb.  
Deeper draughts the traits will bring  
That make him growl like the forest king.

Deeper still, will bring him down  
Below the jest of the vilest clown.  
Quenchless flames of thirsting fires  
Consumed his soul with their base desires.

He wallows round in the sweeping bog—  
A woeful, filthy hog.  
Reason flies before the vine,  
Whose tendrils drip with the blood of swine!

Charming plant of nectared fire;  
A noble sprout of ignoble sire,  
Paying him most royally  
For all the care he bestowed on thee.  
Evil dreams that Satan weaves  
Deceitful lurk in thy trellised leaves;  
Luring by their vivid tone,  
Through meshy snares that are all his own.

A woman at the Presbyterian hospital at Canton, hearing of Christ, loving him, asked, "How long can I live if I remain in the hospital?" "Four months." "And how long if I go home?" "Two months," replied the doctor. "I am going home," she said. "But," urged the doctor, "you will lose half your life." "Do you not think I would be glad to give half my life for the sake of telling my people of Jesus?" And she went home.—C. E. World.

Mr. Charles E. Tripler, of New York, The Scientific American says, has accomplished the economical liquefaction of air in large quantities. He recently sent two and a half gallons of liquid air to Professor Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania. The latter found that a piece of tin thrust into the intensely cold liquid—311.8 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—became as brittle as glass, but that copper and platinum were not thus affected. This suggests the proper metals from which vessels intended to contain liquid air should be made. The nitrogen of the air liquefies at a temperature several degrees below the point at which oxygen becomes liquid; consequently when liquid air is allowed to evaporate in an open dish the nitrogen vaporizes first, and what remains is mostly liquid oxygen, which possesses a characteristic blue colour. In Mr. Tripler's apparatus the air, after passing through three coils, each colder than the preceding, finally flows from the end of the last coil in a liquid stream.

**Stop and Think.**

BY B. E. NEWFORD.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,  
Stop and think.  
Just think of the danger ahead;  
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled  
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl  
Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,  
Stop and think.  
The draught that he drinks will destroy  
High hopes and ambitions, my boy;  
And the man who a leader might be,  
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

O this terrible demon of drink!  
Stop and think  
Of the graves where its victims are laid,  
Of the ruin and woe it has made,  
Of the wives and the mothers who pray  
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,  
Stop and think  
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,  
Of the death that it brings to the soul,  
The harvest of sin and of woe,  
And spurn back the tempter with "No!"

**THESE DOGS TALKED.**

I met Elizabeth going to school this morning. She was going along so sedately I looked twice to be sure it was my little neighbour.

Usually Elizabeth goes on the tips of her toes. Her hair floats back in a tangled fluff of curls, and altogether she impresses you as a whirlwind out on a frolic.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," I said. "Is your foot lame?"

"Why, no," she answered, hopping first on one foot, and then on the other, to be sure they were both in good working order. "My feet's all right."

"Then what made you go so slow?" "I was thinking of something, Miss Kate. Do you think dogs can talk? It does make me so sorry to think they can't. Joe says dogs are stupid not to talk, but Dandy isn't stupid, and I'm so bothered." And the blue eyes looked at me so wistfully I wanted to kiss her.

"I wouldn't worry over that," I said. "Of course dogs can talk. It's we who are so stupid we don't understand them that's all. They understand one another, but as we don't know their language, of course we can't tell what they say."

"Do you really think so? Did you ever see a dog talk to another one?" "Often."

"When? Oh, I wish I could." "You can if you keep your eyes open. I saw two dogs have a conversation on Fifth Avenue the other day that interested me very much."

"Oh, Miss Kate, won't you tell me about it? We can walk real slow, and I have plenty of time. I started to school early so I could have a game of tag, but I'd ever so much rather hear about the doggies."

"Very well," I said, walking along beside her, and glad of a chance to get her little fingers twined round mine. Elizabeth has beautiful hands. I don't mean they are soft and white and daintily shaped. I imagine they are very brown and fat and dimpled, but they are the kind of hands that give you loving squeezes, and are always ready to do things for you, and that makes them seem very beautiful to every one who loves her.

"Let's see," I said. "the first dog I saw was at the corner of Fifth Avenue. He was a dreadfully forlorn little dog, dirty and ragged and thin and pale. You've seen dogs like that, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," answered Elizabeth. "I've often seen ragged, pale-looking doggies."

"That was the kind this was, and he wanted to cross Fifth Avenue very much, but the street-cars were crossing, and waggons, horses and carriages and people, and every time he tried, he grew frightened and ran back."

"Why didn't you take him over, Miss Kate?" asked Elizabeth.

"I did try, but he did not know me, and was afraid to follow when I called him."

"Poor little doggie!"

"That's what I said; but a friend was coming. A great splendid Newfoundland dog came along, his black coat shining like silk, his gold collar glittering in the sunshine, and such an air of elegance about him that every one looked at him admiringly as he stopped a moment on the crossing."

Just as he was about to go over, a low whimper greeted him, and, turning, he looked at the forlorn little doggie. I don't know what he said. I only saw him bend his splendid head and seem to whisper to the little fellow. You should have seen it brighten up. Its tall lost its pitiful droop and waved

proudly, and it cuddled up close to its big friend in such a glad, happy fashion it was a pleasure to see it, and then they started over together. The big dog looked carefully around, waited for a car to pass, ran under a wagon, around a carriage, dodged a bicycle, and then the two were safe on the other side. They touched noses politely, just as gentlemen would shake hands, and then parted, while I stowed the story of them away to tell my little Elizabeth when I would see her."

"Oh, Miss Kate, I'm so glad you told me," she cried, giving my hand a good bye squeeze. "Now I'll always know dogs do really talk and aren't a bit stupid, but just as kind and polite and as considerate—"

"As all well-bred folks should be," I laughed. "Remember, Elizabeth, I told you the Newfoundland dog was a splendid fellow. I doubt if a tramp dog would have been so polite."

What were Hilkiah and Shaphan doing?

How had the temple sunk into decay? What king showed a holy zeal in repairing it?

What did Hilkiah say to Shaphan? What book was this?

What did Shaphan say to the king about the money?

What did he show the king? What else did he do?

When the king heard the words of the book of the law what did he do?

2. Inquiring of God, v. 12-14.

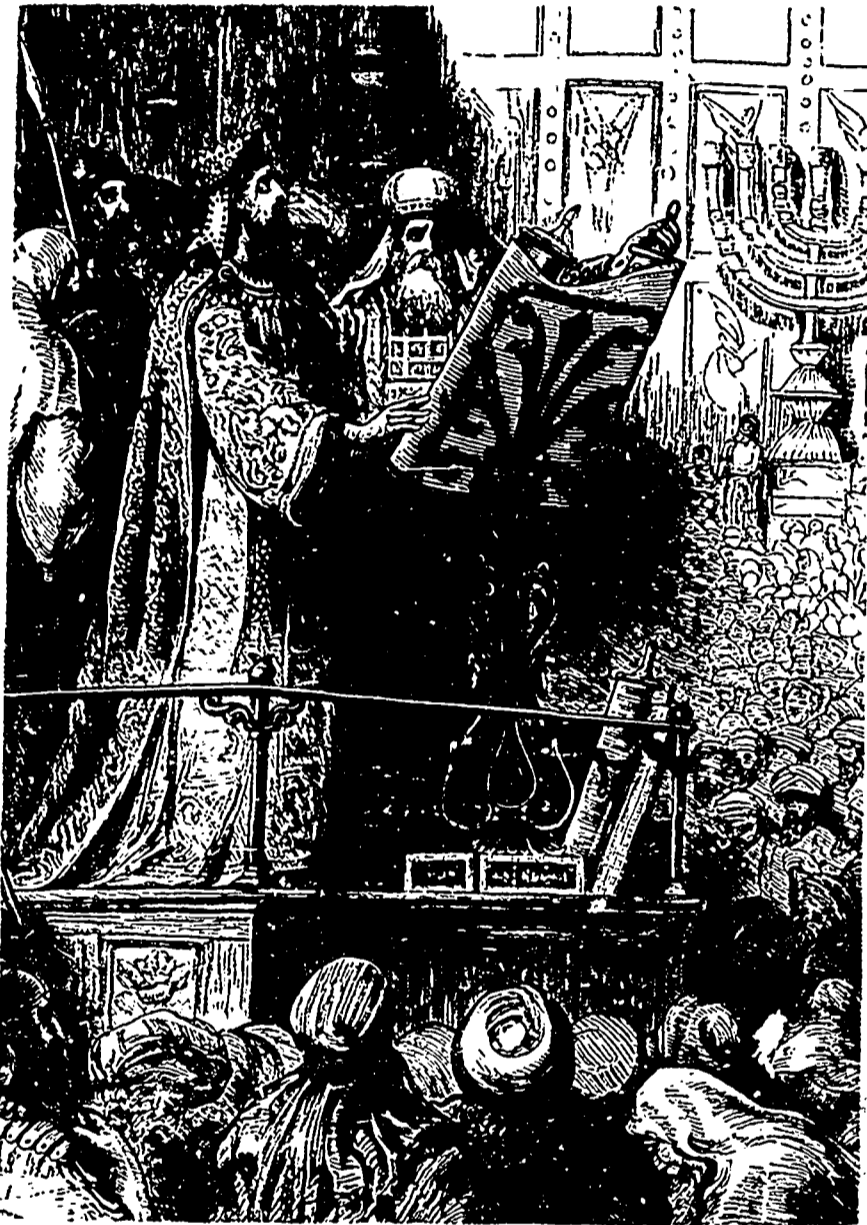
What did the king command his four servants mentioned in verse 12?

What reason did he give? To whom did they go?

Whose wife was Huldah? Are there any other prophetesses mentioned in the Bible?

3. God's Answer, v. 15-20.

What did God say about his written word?



READING THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

**LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.**

THE BOOK OF THE LAW FOUND.

2 Kings 22. 8-20. Memory verse, 19.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.—Psalm 119. 2.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Book of the Law, v. 8-11.
  2. Inquiring of God, v. 12-14.
  3. God's Answer, v. 15-20.
- Time.—About 622 B.C.  
Place.—Jerusalem, the capital of the kingdom of Judah.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. A good king.—2 Kings 22. 1-7.
- Tu. The book of the law found.—2 Kings 22. 8-20.
- W. Effect of the book.—2 Kings 23. 1-8.
- Th. Putting away evil.—2 Kings 23. 15-25.
- F. The law in the heart.—Deut. 6. 1-13.
- S. Hear, learn, and fear.—Deut. 31. 7-13.
- Su. The perfect law.—Psalm 119. 7-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Book of the Law, v. 8-11.
- What is the Golden Text?

Why did he say he would bring evil upon Jerusalem?

What had he observed in the behaviour of the king of Judah?

What message did he promise him? How did Josiah die?

Did this break God's promise? What did the messengers of Josiah do?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. God's word studied curiously?
  2. God's word studied penitently?
  3. God's word heard with comfort?

**CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.**

I cast myself down, I know not how, under a certain fig tree, giving full vent to my tears. . . . So I was speaking and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house, a voice, as of a boy or girl, I knew not, chanting and oft repeating: "Take up and read; take up and read." . . . I arose, interpreting it to be no other than a command from God to open the Book and read the first chapter I should find. . . . I seized, opened and in silence read that section, on which my eyes first fell—Rom. 13. 13-14: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." No further would I read; nor needed I, for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.—St. Augustine's Confessions.

**The Coming of His Feet.**

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,  
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,  
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,  
I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,  
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,  
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,  
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,  
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,  
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—  
The music of the coming of his feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,  
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,  
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Taborlight of old—  
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,  
With his blessedness immortal and complete,  
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,  
I listen for the coming of his feet.  
—Independent.

A delegate to a young people's convention being asked what his occupation was, said, "I am a cheer-up-odist!" Not a bad business for the rest of us.

**Fathers and Mothers**

Have you watched the faces of the children at Christmas, as you handed them a bright new book? If so, why not see that face brightened oftener by an occasional presentation of one of the many beautiful volumes that are now being issued. Do not wait until the child has a liking for pernicious literature; commence with good picture-books, read them the stories, and as they grow up they will appreciate and thank you for your efforts. Peruse carefully the subjoined list.

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