

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

No. 3.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

I.—THE PLANTING.

WAS a dull little room in a dark English town,

And no one to speak of was there,
 At ten ragged boys on a bench sitting down,
 And a motherly woman so fair,
 The background a solid and kind-hearted man.

Whose face tells the pleasure he takes
 In this, the first Sunday-school, leading the van
 Of the army whose marshal is RAIKES.
 Is not much they're doing; just learning
 To spell.

And slowly a promise to con-
 In an hour or two kept out of mischief, well,
 Is there ought here to stir upon?
 No boys they are ragged, and vicious, and
 Small.

And the room it is meagre and plain,
 And the name of the teacher is hid from us all,
 In God's book we'll see them again;
 For the seed of that planting was potent in
 Love.

Was watered and tended for garner above.

II.—THE FULL CORN IN THE EAR.

The years of a century quickly have sped,
 Since that memorable opening day,
 The scholars who followed, and teachers who
 Led.

From earth have long passed away.
 Yet all over Christendom, each Sabbath day,
 When the bells the blessed hour chime,
 They gather by millions to study God's way.

These children of fortunate time
 Far out in the desert, in many a tongue,
 In Europe and Asia the same,
 The lessons are studied and psalm songs are
 Sung.

And often they mention the name
 Of that kind-hearted Englishman, prophet of
 God,

Whose magic example awakes
 These echoes and praises. Under the sod
 Is the body of good ROBERT RAIKES—
 His soul is with God, and sees from the skies
 His wonderful harvest with blessed surprise.

W. S. B. M.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

(Sunday School Reading Union.)

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE FIRST "METHODIST."

CHARLES WESLEY, a younger brother of John, was sent to Westminster High School, where his brother Samuel was one of the younger assistant teachers, and who paid his younger brother's course of study. Little

Charles was a spirited lad, well-knit, active, and afraid of nothing, which qualities not only made him a favorite for boys who are always hero-worshippers—but gained him the title of "Captain of the school." His leadership, however, was of a different sort from that which would have led him to rob his superiors, cringe to his superiors, and fight his equals; he had a heroic spirit, and was as generous as he was brave.

Dr. Smith mentions a case in point. "There was a Scotch laddie at school, whose ancestors had taken sides with the Pretender, as the papist claimant to the throne was called, and who, in consequence, was greatly persecuted by the other boys; but the little 'Captain,' Charles Wesley, took him under his charge, defended him, fought for him, and saved him from what would otherwise have been a life of intolerable misery. This lad was James Murray,

question was submitted to the young man himself, whether to go to Ireland as the adopted son of Garret Wesley, or to stay in England and take his chances as the son of a poor clergyman, he made choice of the latter, a decision which his brother John called a "fair escape," and another boy became the heir of the Irish Wesley's name and fortune.

Charles Wesley followed his brother John to Christ Church College, Oxford,

somebody's prayers, (my mother's, most likely,) that I am come to think as I do, for I cannot tell how or when I awoke out of my lethargy, only it was not long after you went away."

Charles' piety first showed itself in honest, hard work with his books, then in attendance upon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper every week; and being now desirous of doing something more by way of working out his own salvation, he persuaded two or three of his young friends to join him in a systematic effort to obtain a state of absolute holiness. They adopted a system of rules for a holy living, apportioned their time exactly among their various duties, allowing as little as possible for sleeping and eating, and as much as possible for devotion.

It was this regularity of life that earned them the name of "Methodists," a term derived from a Greek word which signifies "One who follows an exact method."

John Wesley afterward defined the word "Methodist" as "One who lives according to the method laid down in the Holy Scriptures."

It thus appears that the "Holy Club" was organized by Charles Wesley, while his elder brother was absent at Epworth, but when John returned to Oxford, Charles and his two friends, Kirkham and Morgan, received him with great delight, and by reason of his superior age and acquirements, he at once became the head of the little fraternity.—*Illustrated History of Methodism.*

LABOURS OF THE HOLY CLUB.

Mr. Morgan, the son of a gentleman in Wales, was of a benevolent disposition, and led the way in many charitable undertakings. Pity led him to Oxford Castle, as the jail was then called, to visit a man who was under sentence of death for murdering his wife.

On his return he tried to enlist his companions in prison visitation, and after a little hesitation this was added to their duties.

In those days the laws were unreasonably harsh upon debtors. However small the debt, it was in the creditor's power to cast a poor man into prison, and keep him there until the debt was paid. In many cases it was impossible for him to raise the money while kept away from his business; and for weeks, months, or even years, he might languish in poverty and despair. To these unhappy men the visits of kind, godly sympathizers were peculiarly welcome.

Many of the debtors were freed by the kindness of the "Methodists," who, by lending money without interest, or



A DOUBLE-DECKER MEETING HOUSE.—(See next page.) H 43

afterward the great Baron Mansfield, Lord Chief-Justice of England.

While Charles was a pupil at Westminster, a wealthy Irish gentleman, Garret Wesley, Esq., wrote to the Rev. Samuel Wesley inquiring if he had a son named Charles: giving out that he wished to adopt a boy of that name.

The result was that for some years the school bills of the lad were paid on the stranger's account by his supposed agent at London, but when the

six years after. He is said to have spent the first two years in anything else except study. When reproved by his elder brother for his folly he would reply, "What! would you have me to be a saint all at once!" But soon after John had gone down to Epworth to assist his father, Charles became deeply serious. In a letter to his brother, asking such advice as he had so lately scouted, he says:

"It is owing in a great measure to

by freely giving it to the more needy, enabled them to carry on business once more. An instance of this kind of Christian help may be mentioned here, though it happened many years later.

An artist had often asked leave to take a cast of Mr. Wesley's face, that he might make busts for sale. At last he overcame the good man's reluctance by promising him ten guineas for a sitting, to be given away as Mr. Wesley liked. On leaving the studio Mr. Wesley remarked to a friend who was with him,

"Well, I never till now earned money so speedily; what shall we do with it?"

They had not gone far before they found a poor woman begging on Westminster Bridge. Her husband had been taken up for a debt of eighteen shillings, and she, with her three children, were reduced to poverty. One of the ten guineas quickly changed hands and the debtor was released. They next went to the Gillsur Street Prison, where they found a man who had been kept there for months for lack of ten shillings. His sufferings had not made him thoughtless for others, and his first act after receiving Mr. Wesley's bounty was to beg him to go to another prisoner he named, if it were not too late to help him. On going upstairs they found the wretched victim, reduced to skin and bone, his wife was slowly dying of starvation on a little heap of straw, with a dead child lying by its mother's side. Of course a doctor was brought at once, but the poor woman was too far gone to recover, and the man required careful attention for weeks. This case swallowed up the rest of the ten guineas, and even more, for Mr. Wesley collected enough to set the young man up again when he was restored to health. He had owed money to several creditors, all of whom were willing to give him time except one. This man insisted upon his arrest, and gratified his spite to his own cost and at the expense of all the other creditors, who were kept out of their money while the debtor was languishing in jail. The released debtor was afterward very successful in business, and not only paid all his debt, but endowed a fund for the relief of those who were liable to imprisonment for small sums. The cruel creditor was the first to apply for relief!

But to return to the Holy Club. Besides visiting the sick and prisoners, they established schools, gave away tracts, Bibles, etc., and were forward in every good word and work. Lest it should be thought they were intruding where they had no right to go, they asked the Bishop for his approval. He granted it, and Samuel Wesley also highly approved of his son's deeds; but from other quarters ridicule, envy, anger, and opposition poured in.—From "The Father of Methodism."

A WORD IN SEASON.

At the age of thirty-two, John Wesley, with his brother Charles and two friends, Ingham and Delamotte, went out to work in a colony in Georgia. General Oglethorpe was at the head of this colony, and showed great kindness to the four earnest young missionaries.

Oglethorpe was irritable, but noble-hearted and generous. One day John Wesley, hearing an unusual noise in his cabin, entered to inquire the cause, on which the angry soldier cried:

"Excuse me, Mr. Wesley: I have met with a provocation too great to bear. This villain, Ghimaldi (an Italian servant,) has drunk nearly the whole of my Cyprus wine, the only wine that

agrees with me, and several dozens of which I had provided for myself. But I am determined to be revenged. The rascal shall be tied hand and foot, and be carried to the man-of-war; for I never forgive."

"Then," said Wesley, with great calmness and gentleness, "I hope, sir, you never sin."

Oglethorpe was confounded. His vengeance was gone. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a bunch of keys and threw them at Ghimaldi, saying, "There, villain! take my keys, and behave better for the future."

Another incident of this portion of his life is related:

"Some of the boys in Mr. Delamotte's school were too poor to wear shoes and stockings, on which account those who could boast of being shod used to tease them for going barefoot. The teacher tried to correct this small cruelty, but failed, and reported his want of success to Mr. Wesley.

"I think I can cure it," said Wesley, and if you will exchange schools with me I will try."

Accordingly, the next Monday morning the teachers exchanged schools, and what was the surprise of Wesley's new scholars to see their teacher and minister coming to school barefoot. Before the week was ended it began to be fashionable in that school to dispense with shoes and stockings, and nothing further was heard of persecution on that account."

A STRANGE PREACHING PLACE.

WHEN John and Charles Wesley began ranging through the kingdom, preaching everywhere, they were often excluded from the church. They took, therefore, to the fields and highways and the market places of the towns. Often a large barn, or brew-house, or malt-kiln, or a private house, was employed. The picture on the first page shows an odd contrivance adopted at Nottingham to enable Charles Wesley and his brother John to address a double congregation. A trap door was made in the ceiling, and the preacher, mounted on a chair upon a table, could address an audience of men above and of women below. The old-fashioned "coal-scuttle" bonnets of the women, and the knee-breeches of the men, would create a sensation in a modern meeting.

OUR LITTLE GIRL.

"H. Mamma, Mamma, it's half-past eight! Where are my rubbers! I shall be late; And where is my pencil? I know just where I laid it down, but it is not there. Oh, here is my bag, with my books all right—I'm glad that my lessons were learned last night.

And now I'm off—here's a kiss—good-by," And out of the door I see her fly.

I stand at the window and watch her go, Swinging her school-bag to and fro, And I think of a little girl I knew A long way back when my years were few; And the old red house beneath the hill Where she went to school—I see it still, And I make for the child a little moan, For her face, through the mist, is like my own.

The hours go by—it is half-past two, And here comes Nell with her schoolmate Sue; They had their lessons, they both were "five." There are no happier girls alive. They laugh and shout, and to and fro Through every room in the house they go. The music teacher will come at four, But they can play for an hour or more.

It is evening now, and with look sedate, Our little maid, with her book and slate, Comes into the room. We chatter and read, But she to be perfect must work indeed. No need to be talking in days like these Of the early birds and busy bees, There's work enough, and (don't you tell!) There's quite too much for girls like Nell.

THE CHILDREN'S WARDS.



LARGE hospital is a strange place, and has allsorts of people in it, and from many lands. Its rooms are called "wards," and along the sides of these wards are the beds for the sick. Sometimes they have clean white curtains around them, as I have seen in Paris hospitals, and that makes them

look more home-like.

Two of my wards were for children—one for boys and the other for girls, and I was always glad when I visited the rest of my patients in my daily rounds, and came to the children's wards. There was "Bono," a little Italian fellow, who came on a ship all the way from Genoa. He hurt his hand on the voyage, and having no home or friends, they sent him to the hospital. He couldn't talk a word of English, and so we had strange times understanding each other. "Bono" was not his name; but when he was happy, and his hand did not pain him, he always said "Bono," which means "Good," or "All right;" and when he was in pain he would say with a sad face, "No bono"—"Not good," and so we called him "Bono."

Bono, like a good many older people, used to make a great fuss at a little pain at first; but after a while he became real brave, and when I was dressing his hand he would shut his mouth tightly and bear the pain like a man. Then when he saw any one else making a great ado over a small matter, he would look at them so disdainfully, and sternly say, "No bono." He was a little sunbeam all over the hospital, and everybody was glad to see him. His bright, cheery face was enough to make almost any one forget his sufferings; and when I took him with me on my rounds through the hospital, I did not hear half so many complaints. I would not have believed that one little Italian boy could have had so much influence. He was always ready to help, too, and would get up early in the morning, put his injured hand in a sling, and help the nurse to give out breakfast and wait on his comrades who had to stay in bed.

I went away from the hospital before Bono did; and when he saw me packing up he clung closely to me; and then when it came to saying, "Good-bye," he stood up in a chair, put his arms around my neck, hugged me, and cried as if his little heart would break. Poor Genoese Bono, I wonder where you are now in this great world!

Then there was "Pat." I found him one day in the "Accident Room," on a stretcher looking very thin and pale, with an ugly wound in his knee. When I asked him where he came from, he said from the "Island." The "Island" is where boys and girls are sent who are vagrants or do something bad, and there is a "Reform School" there. When I asked what his crime was, he answered: "Breaking and entering, sir." Still, if you could have seen his pale, wan face, I don't think that you would have said that he was bad.

Poor Pat had a great deal of pain,

and was very badly off altogether, and we all thought that he would die.

One day he asked me if he could have his "instrument," he said it was very hard to lie there all day long and suffer, and if he could play a little on his instrument it would help him to forget his pain. Pat had been a member of the band in the Reform School, and played on some kind of an instrument like a cornet. So Pat's teacher brought him his instrument, and he would prop himself up in the bed and play a little, and forget his sufferings. It always made me a little sad to hear him; for I thought it was his swar song. When he was too weak to play, he would put his instrument on the little wooden frame which protected his knee and look at it, it seemed to be a pleasure to him to do this even

Well, the only chance of saving Pat's life seemed to be to take off his leg, and his obstinate, wretched parents would not permit it. But Pat brave little fellow that he was, wanted it done. I am glad to say it was successful, and Pat got well, and continued to play his instrument, I hope, which gave him so much comfort when he was sick.

Then there was the "Old Man," as we used to call him. His first set of teeth were gone, and the second had not come, so he had none, and that's why he got the name of "Old Man." And Mike, who broke both of his arms swinging on a gate on Sunday, and had to have them put into splints. Still, with his arms bandaged up, he managed to be one of the most useful boys in the ward. Once in a while one of the doctors who could play the violin would go up of an evening and play to them. And how delighted they were when they saw him coming with his "widdle," as the "Old Man" called it. So you see, we did not have such a sorry time, after all, in the children's ward, if it was in a hospital.

SWORD INSCRIPTIONS.

THE various inscriptions on the blades of swords almost constitute a literature in poetry and prose. For the most part they are brag and bluster; and here and there some of them are pious, wise, or silly. The mighty glaive of Conrad of Winterstetten (4 feet 8 inches long, and inches wide) which is in the Dresden Museum, bears in antiquated German the tenderly swaggering advice—"Conrad, dear Schenk, remember me—"Do not let Winterstetten the Brave leave one helm unclean." The sword of Hugues de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight, the noble motto won by his ancestor in the fight at Bouvines—"Mon sang teint les barrières de France." In the Erbach collection is an old Ferrara blade with the sage advice—"My value varies with the hand that holds me." A blade in the Paris Cabinet de Medailles is reverently inscribed—"There is no conqueror but God." The rapiers of Toledo were engraved in hundreds with the wise counsel—"Do not draw me without reason nor sheathe me without honour. The invocations of saints are very frequent, and so are prayers, like—"Do not abandon me, O faithful God"—which is on a German sword at Lim in the Az collection.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!

UNCLE JIMMIE'S IDEAS.



"TAIN'T right!" squeaked little Pete Doolittle, wiping his red nose fiercely on the back of his hand.

"What aint?" asked Uncle Jimmie

"This here crowdin' o' the

old folks fur a passel o' boys 'n' girls. But I s'pose it's the way o' the world; an' I don't see's the church is any better."

"What are ye drivin' at, Peter? I didn't know as anybody was crowded, leastways not in our church, 'ceptin' on funeral occasions."

"Taint that," snarled Pete. "It's yer Sunday schools, an' concerts, an' sech. I tell ye, the old folks is pushed to the wall an' the young folks is put forred, 'tel they'r that sassy the's no gittin' along with 'em."

Uncle Jimmie replenished the old-fashioned box-stove with sundry hickory chunks, adjusted the dampers to his liking, so that the wind fairiy hummed through the little open quadrants in the stove-door, until the crackling wood sent back showers of sparks, and fishing out of the depths of a keg of saw-dust a couple of clean clay pipes, passed one to little Pete, without a word, and filled the other from a box on the counter.

We do not propose to excuse Uncle Jimmie in this. Indeed, he would not have excused himself. We simply state the facts: Our Uncle Jimmie, him of the "Ideas," like Carlyle enjoyed a smoke.

Pete broke off his pipe-stem to an orthodox shortness, blew carefully through it, patted the bowl upon his palm, filled and lit his tobacco in the hot ashes, and was soon deep in the enjoyment of what Uncle Jimmie expressed as: "Somethin' wonderful mellerin'."

"Well," said Uncle Jimmie, reseating himself on his nail-leg, as soon as he supposed the aforesaid 'mellerin' was commenced, "You an' I don't alrus think alike, Pete. 'Twas jest so when we 'jined farms down at Falls-crick. Ye see 'Squire," said he, turning to Squire Broaders who as usual occupied the chair, literally and figuratively, "I alrus kep' the warmest place fur the lambs. Sometimes the old sheep 'ud stan' a sight o' hardship; but ef I wanted thrifty lambs I hed to give them a warm place and the best o' care. But Pete Doolittle here, he didn't believe in coddlin' of 'em." Sez Pete, 'ef the old sheep can't tak care o' the'r own lambs, I hain't a join' to do it fur 'em.' Well, what with foot rot, an' head rot, an' the sogs, Pete lost pretty nigh onto all he had in the sheep line."

"You mind that big snow, 'at come so late in the spring of—well, I can't call the year, but 'twas when the meetin' house sheds broke down?"

The 'Squire "minded" the storm very distinctly.

"Well," said Uncle Jimmie, "I hed as nice a flock o' lambs that spring as ever sot eyes onto. An' Pete he done pretty tol'able well with his'n. Well, I was just a finishin' up my horses when I see that 'ere snow-squall comin' up the crick, an' I grabs a tin sh and a handful o' salt—fur I

wouldn't lie to a dumb critter no more'n I would to a person—an' I cuts fur the lot where the sheep wus. By that the big flakes a'most blinded me, but I found the sheep all huddled up in a holler where the snow drifted all o' ten foot deep afore mornin'. I'll take that back, fur the sheep found me fast, and the hull flock starts fur me full drive. Ye see I made pets o' them ever since they was little lambs, an' they knowed me, and follered me, an' 'twant ten minutes 'tel I had 'em under cover warm an' cosy.

"Well, when they was a follerin' me, a tumblin' over one another to get clost up, I heerd Pete acrost the crick a callin', 'Kuda-a! kuda-a! kuda-a!' But the more he kuda-aed the scarter they was, an' the harder they run. He couldn't do nothin' with 'em an' every one was snowed under. 'Twas three or four days afore we found 'em, an' when we shovelled 'em out, there they was, with the snow over 'em jus' lik' a ruff. The old sheep was middlin' spy considerin', but the lambs was every one o' them dead.

Children is jus' lik' lambs, Pete. If ye want to save 'em ye must give 'em the best of care, an' make 'em know you'r the'r friend. But ef we make 'em kind o' strange in the church, pay no 'tention to 'em at all, or hustle 'em down into some damp, forbiddin' old oasement, bimeby when the storms of life beat hard on 'em they'll be liker to go to the devil, than to the good Shepherd. I tell ye, Pete, He stopped right in the middle o' His sermon, to take 'em up into His arms an' bless them, an' ef we old folks don't make His Church a kind o' homelike fur the children, we're not His disciples."

There was a long silence, only broken by the measured puffs of the pipes, and the busy ticking of Uncle Jimmie's little clock within, and by the whistling and sighing of the wind, or the tapping of the big snow-flakes on the window without. But the men were thinking. Pete Doolittle was thinking of the long years spent in sin, when he was "fraider'n death" of preachers and churches, wondering whether he was not like one of his own sheep in the snowstorm, and whether things would not have been different with him had he been taught in youth to love the Shepherd and the fold. Uncle Jimmie's thoughts ran further. He was in the habit of saying: "The'r lots of allowance to be made fur anybody like Pete Doolittle, that kind o' growed up promiscuous-like, an' never sot foot inside of a church nor gave a cent for any thing till he was more'n fifty." And now he was thinking what Pete might have been if his heart had been won to Christ, before it grew so gnarled and shriveled. Then Uncle Jimmie's thoughts wandered out through the blinding snow, to the spot unknown, where his own boy was wandering, a prodigal in a far country, heard from at long intervals, now in the mines, now on the Pacific coast, once in prison.

The old postmaster was questioning whether he had not in making his lambs gentle, forgotten the dearest lamb of all. It seemed duty then, to hold "a pretty stiff rein" on the head-strong, generous lad. He saw now that he should have taken for his "lines" the cords of love. But he had one hope: he knew that a strong cable of love for the wayward wanderer was anchored in his 'vn heart, and taking a wind around a certain sacred spot

where the mother slept, made connection as he hopped with his boy's heart. Would it bring him back? Uncle Jimmie heaved a deep sigh. The 'Squire started from his doze, and his paper fell rustling to the floor. Pete Doolittle knocked the ashes from his pipe, and put it into his vest pocket, saying as he pulled up his collar and cap down over his ears ready to face the storm:

"Mebbe yer right, Jimmie. Mebbe yer right."

WHAT WE OWE TO POOR CHILDREN.

THE world owes some of its richest treasures to those who were deemed unfortunate in youth, and who looked to others in that unsheltered period for pity, protection, and help. Our country was discovered by Columbus. He was a hard-worked boy, and often knew the want of sufficient food. We owe our freedom of religion, which has made our institutions what they are, to Luther. The reformer once sung ballads in the street to procure the means of an education. Our advances in science started with Franklin, yet the inventor ate his penny roll in the city of Philadelphia when a lad, and knew what it was to feel alone in the world. We owe the beginning of our cotton mills to Sir Richard Arkwright. He was the youngest of a poor family of thirteen children, and his father was a barber. The curse of slavery was removed from our land by the pen-stroke of Abraham Lincoln. He ate the bread of hardship in childhood, and went as poorly clad as the humblest child in the streets of any country village to-day. The President-elect of the United States was once a poor, hard-working, friendless boy. The great missionary of the century is Dr. Livingstone. He learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work, and he once said proudly on completing his education, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn." Professor Heyne, one of the greatest scholars that Germany or the world ever produced, was a penniless child. "Want," said he, "was my companion from childhood. I well remember my mother's distress, when without food for her children. I have seen her on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands as she returned home, having been unable to sell the goods that my father had made." A kind family helped him in his distress at school, and in so doing honoured themselves and their country in a way of which they did not dream. Some forty years ago, there lived in one of the country towns of New York a slender little factory girl. She speaks of her early recollections of noise and filth, bleedings hands, sore feet, and a very sad heart." She said, "I used often to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and do the washing for the family." She found friends. That girl was Emily Chubbuck Judson. He who protects, assists, educates friendless children, makes the best contribution to the future that human resources can find. He built himself a monument, not imarble, but influence. Lips will call him blessed when the moss is filling the letters of his cenotaph. He lives for ends that do not terminate in himself.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

FOLLOWS THE PLOUGH.

I AM the lad that follows the plough—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
In a hickory suit, pretty well worn,
I get to the fields at early morn,
I help to scatter the golden corn,
Robin and thrush just whistle for me

Out in the meadows, and woods, and coast—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
I watch the sheep and lambs at play;
When the grass is high I toss the hay;
There isn't a boy in the world so gay,
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

I go with my father to shear the sheep—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
I fodder the cattle, the mangers fill,
I drive a team, I go to the mill,
I milk the cows with a right good will,
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

I help the peach and plums to save—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
I am the boy that can climb a tree;
There isn't an apple too high for me;
There isn't an apple I cannot see—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

When I'm a man I'll own a farm—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
Horses and sheep and many a cow,
Stacks of wheat and a barby mow;
I'll be a farmer and follow the plough;
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

'Tis better to stand in the golden corn—
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—
To toss the hay in the breezy lee,
To pluck the fruit on the orchard tree,
Than roam about on the restless sea,
So, sailor boy, I'll follow the plough.

'Tis better to hear the wild birds sing—
Robin and thrush on the apple bough—
'Tis better to have a farm and a wife,
And lead a busy, peaceful life,
Than march to the noisy drum and fife;
So, soldier boy, I'll follow the plough.

HOW THIEVES ARE MADE.

WHAT with cruelty at home, and suspicion and difficulty of making good sales upon the street, some of the boy street-peddlers have a hard time of it. The following from Gough's "Sunshine and Shadow" is an English boy's way of accounting for the fact that so many of these little street-vendors become thieves:

"What makes boys thieves?" "Vell, sir, because they von't let a boy get an 'onest living." "How's that?" "Vell, I'll tell yer. Suppose my father he says 'Jem, you go out and holler them inguns; you bring me back so much money or enough inguns to make you accounts square or I'll vallop ye;' and boys don't like volloping, it 'urts. So I goes out and 'ollers 'he inguns. I gets tired. I've been at it all day, and don't sell none. I sees a woman a-standing at her gate. I think she's a fly, so I says, 'Please ma'am, do you want to buy any inguns of a poor boy?' 'How d'ye sell 'em?' she says. 'Threepence ha'penny a bunch, ma'am.' 'I'll give ye threepence.' 'Couldn't let ye 'ave 'em for threepence.' 'Then I don't vant 'em.' Now, vot would a ha'penny be to her? Nothing; but it's a good deal to me; so I goes on a-ollering. Another woman, she says, 'Ow do ye sell inguns?' 'Threepence ha'penny a bunch, ma'am.' 'I'll give ye threepence ha'penny, if you throw a couple of inguns in.' Vell, I 'aven't sold any. I'm tired, and I think perhaps I'll make it up off somebody else; so I lets 'er 'av 'em, and I'm a ha'penny short. And so it goes on; everybody thinking I'm making a fortin selling inguns, and everybody beating on yer down. So I goes home short, and my father vallops me, and sends me to bed without nothin' to eat, and vo precious soon I'm out it's easier to prig than it is to get an 'onest living ven everybody's beating on yer down."

"Perish 'policy' and cunning."
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right.
—Dr. Norman Macleod.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR	POSTAGE FREE	
Christian Guardian, weekly		\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 20 pp. monthly, illustrated		2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vs., monthly		0 60
Under 6 copies, 65c; over 6 copies		0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly		0 60
Quarterly Review Service		0 60
By the year, 24c a dozen, \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 60c. per 100.		
Pleasant Hours, 5 pp. 4to, semi-monthly, single copies		0 30
Loss than 20 copies		0 25
Over 20 copies		0 22
Over 600 copies		0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month		1 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies		0 15
20 copies and upwards		0 12

Address—WILLIAM BRIDGES,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PERIODICALS

ENLARGED IN SIZE!

IMPROVED IN QUALITY!!!

REDUCED IN PRICE!!!

To introduce these Periodicals still more largely into our Schools, the following very SPECIAL OFFER for new orders is made.

For Six Months from July 1st, the price per copy will be as follows:

PLEASANT HOURS, enlarged series... 10c.
SUNBEAM, " " " " " " 6c.
S. S. BANNER, " " " " " " 30c.

The regular rates will also be reduced at the end of the year.

THE "WIDE-AWAKE."

THE attention of our readers is called to the charming magazine known as the "Wide-Awake," published in Boston, for the benefit of children and young people. It is equal to the *St. Nicholas*, in some respects superior. It has been placed upon the new "Chautauqua Course of Reading for Young People." The price is reasonable; the articles brilliant; the course of study, of which it is a part, beautiful and useful. It will contain "Stories from English History," "Ways to Do Things," "Twelve Papers on 'Old Ocean,'" "Papers on Music, Art, Science, and Literature; Health and Strength Papers, etc., etc.; all splendidly illustrated. Each number will contain 80 large pages. The price will be \$2.50 a year. But to persons taking the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, it will be given for \$1.50; that is, the *Magazine* and *Wide Awake* will be given for \$3.50 (full price, \$4.50), *Magazine*, *Wide Awake*, and *Guardian*, \$5.00 (full price, \$6.50). Subscriptions should be received by 25th December. Specimen numbers of *Wide Awake* and *Magazine* sent for 10 cents each (full price, 20 cents each). A 16-page prospectus sent post free.

A HINT TO PUBLICANS.—I think I would rather rot or feed the crows than earn my daily bread by the pence of fools, the hard earnings of the poor man stolen from his ragged children and his emaciated wife.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

THE JUVENILE SIDE OF CHAUTAUQUA.

BY REV. DR. J. H. VINCENT.



HERE is a sort of "city camp" on the shores of Chautauqua Lake in Western New York, to which every summer hosts of children and young people come with their parents and friends for a short sojourn. Some stay for two weeks and some for ten. All who once visit the place want to visit it again, for if there be a "children's paradise" on the planet, it is at Chautauqua.

Here the young folks revel in innocent and helpful recreation—bathing, fishing, rowing, sailing, gathering mosses, ferns, and wild flowers, playing at croquet, lawn tennis, or archery, wielding wands, rings, or dumb bells in the calisthenic hall; or gliding about in the roller-skating rink.

Now in company a number of the little folk make a pilgrimage through the "Park of Palestine" by the lake side, with its miniature hills, valleys and cities, the Dead Sea, the overflowing Jordan, the lake of Genesaret, and the hills of Moab and Bashan beyond, going "round about Jerusalem," they study the "Holy City"—houses, mosques, minarets, ruins, tombs, and olive groves, all represented on a scale large enough to make the little looker-on feel as though he were really living in that old and blessed "Land of Promise." As they go about, venturesome members of the party try to climb a section model of the pyramid of Gizeh. They enter the Jewish tabernacle and examine its altars, golden candlestick, table of show-bread, the holy of holies, and the ark of the covenant. Beyond this they find the Archaeological Museum with its Assyrian and Egyptian figures, its pictures, models, relics, parchments and other ancient treasures. In the Educational Museum they find the "Language Alcove," where, if so inclined, they may study the names, in German, French, Latin, and Greek, of several hundred toys representing a large variety of familiar objects.

On and after the first Wednesday morning in August every year, the little pilgrims to Chautauqua may daily spend an hour in the children's temple on the hill, where the best teachers may be found to give instruction in the Bible, and to delight them with songs and pictures and scientific experiments. For weeks they have opportunity to hear historical and scientific lectures, and to attend concerts, vocal and instrumental. I am happy to say the children at Chautauqua are wise enough not to embrace too many of these opportunities.

At night—well, no one can adequately report the glories of the Chautauqua nights—there are electric lights, the finest fireworks, camp-fires, children's bon-fires, the "illuminated fountain," and the vision of the "silver palace." One night during the season our visitors are sure to see the "illuminated fleet"—the lake being then covered with boats of every size, two hundred or more, decorated with lanterns from stem to stern and from deck to topmast. On another night they see a naval fight between two huge ships, the sky being filled with smoke and fire, rocket, and bomb "bursting in air."—*Wide Awake*.

WHAT IS IT?

IS not this an elegant creature! What an interesting expression of countenance it has! What beautiful eyes, and such a charming mouth! It is impossible to help laughing in its face as it stares at you through the glass side of an aquarium.

This is the ray or skate-fish, one of the most curious of all the finny family. For it has fins. The immense wing-like things on each side are expansions of the pectoral fins. The ray has a very broad, flat body, and it swims slowly along the muddy bottom of the sea. It lives on clams and other shell-fish, which it digs up with its spade-like snout, and crunches as easily as you would a cracker. In France its flesh is considered a delicacy. It is tough, we are told, when caught, but becomes tender when kept several days. "No, thank you. None for me, please. I prefer good beef-steak."

On the coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it is sometimes caught as much as five feet long and weighing 200 lbs.; but it is used chiefly to bait lobster-pots, and for manure.

There is a sort called sting-rays, and whip-rays, from the long, stinging lash which they wind about their victim. The torpedo-fish is a kind of ray, which can give a powerful electric shock when handled. The sword-fish, which often has terrific conflicts with the whale, and sometimes conquers that giant of the seas, is also a sort of ray.

The sole is another flat-fish of a kindred family, the strange peculiarity of which is, that it has both eyes on one side of its head, because swimming with its side towards the bottom it has no use for an eye below. It is a hideous looking object, but like some other things a better than it looks, and is excellent eating. In the museum of the Toronto University there are some excellent specimens of both rays and soles.

ODD MOMENTS.

It is often that odd moments are the most valuable, and offer the best privileges for acquiring knowledge, or doing some little act of charity. It was Schliemann, whose books on Troy and Mycenæ are much sought by the learned, who said he never went on his errands, even in the rain, without having his book in hand, and learning something by heart, and never waited at the post-office without reading. A missionary in Burmah has just completed a work, which he has written, as he says, "in the corners of my time that would otherwise have been wasted." Some who read this may complain of their odd moments being so few, and feel inclined to look upon a half hour as a trifling thing to gain any knowledge; but it is these odd moments and half hours that are so valuable, and give such rare opportunities for improving the mind and the heart. "The odd moments of most men are, in reality, the only time that they can call their own. All the working hours are occupied in making a living. These belong to their employers, and the evenings, and an occasional rest-day are the only time they have to secure intellectual wealth. But, rightly improved, great things can be done in the odd moments."



WHAT IS IT!

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby gives in the *Sunday Afternoon*, advice to mothers about the training of their daughters. He says that the idea of uselessness as a fashionable necessity for a young woman is wrong. "The boys, after leaving school or college naturally gravitate to commerce, law, medicine, science, or divinity; but the girls at a like period begin to play the fine lady, spending their day in pet idleness. The question that seems to be asked is, 'How can I best amuse myself?'" Dr. Crosby's remedy for this evil is regular daily tasks for girls, either of household or charitable work, or of self-improvement. He thinks that young women trained in that way are more likely to get good husbands than those who devote themselves to folly. He adds: "Perhaps you have a notion that if your daughter is of 'society' she might as well be in Sahara or Kamscatka, and you have brought yourself to believe that the only 'society' on earth is that which is distinguished by white kid gloves and 'germans.' Did you ever soberly think of the possibility of life outside of the charmed circle? It is humbly believed by some that men and women, both old and young, who have brains and hearts, have managed to enjoy life without initiation into the mysteries of fashion. Some have dared to think that true refinement is best cultivated in a less artificial atmosphere."

"How old are you?" a stranger asked a little fellow who was selling newspapers at the corner of a Paris boulevard, carefully reckoning up his gains, and giving change with a practiced hand. "Six," was the laconic reply. "And how long have you been at this business?" With a roguish look, and bending down to fold his newspapers on the pavement as if he would show how easy it was for him to attend to two things at once, he answered, "How long? Over since I was a child!"

OUR lives are like some complicated machine, working on one side of a wheel and delivering the finished fabric on the other. We cannot cross the barrier and see the end. The work is in our hands—the completion is not.



"HE BROUGHT FORTH HIS PEOPLE WITH JOY."—Ps. 105: 43.
To illustrate Lesson for September 18. Review.

TO WATERPROOF CLOTH.

A CORRESPONDENT desires us to give a receipt for rendering cloth waterproof. The process referred to is at once so simple, so easy of application, so perfect a protection against mildew, as well as rendering the fabric to which it is applied impervious to water, that we comply with the request of our correspondent with pleasure. As an illustration of the impermeability of cloth thus treated, we give the following experiment. A bag made of common muslin was treated in the manner named below, and then filled with rain water and hung in the laboratory of the University, where it remained for over a month without a drop of water passing through it.

The plan adopted is as follows: Dissolve two and one-half pounds of alum in ten gallons of boiling water. The cloth is well "handled" in this solution, dipping and squeezing until every part is thoroughly saturated.

Dissolve in another vessel two and one-half pounds of lead acetate (sugar of lead) in ten gallons of boiling water; the cloth is wrung out of the first solution and put into this, and treated as in the alum solution; the cloth is now wrung out of this last solution (of sugar of lead) and dried in the shade. If necessary, the cloth may be washed with cold water before using, or, if desirable, it may be dipped in the solutions the second time and treated in the manner stated above.

—A small boy could not see why the leaves of tables, not resembling any leaves with which he was familiar, should be so called. At last he found it out. "I know," he cried, "they are called leaves because you can leave them up or you can leave them down."

THE ENSLAVING POWER OF TOBACCO.

BY REV. A. SIMS.



AN old man, who had borne an irreproachable character up to the age of seventy-two, was lately brought before one of the tribunals of Paris for stealing a piece of lead worth eight cents.

He admitted that he was wholly without means, and for the first time in his life knew not where to find a single sou; but it was not hunger that drove him to steal. After considerable questioning on the part of the judge as to what could be stronger than hunger, he confessed it was tobacco for his pipe. "Tobacco, monsieur judge!" said he growing violent. "I have the misery to be a hopeless smoker! I smoke at waking; I smoke while eating; I cannot sleep without smoking till the pipe falls from my mouth. Tobacco costs me six cents a day. When I have none I am frantic. I cannot work, nor sleep, nor eat. I go from place to place raging like a mad dog. The day I stole the lead, I had been without tobacco twelve hours! I searched the day through for an acquaintance of whom I could beg a pipeful. I could not, and resorted to crime as a less evil than I was enduring. The need was stronger than I!"

"The Danes," writes the Brussels correspondent of the *Irish Times*, "are passionately fond of smoking. The punishment of death cannot be inflicted upon Danish criminals unless they confess their crimes, and the withholding of tobacco is said to frequently lead to an acknowledgment of guilt, and, indeed, on some occasions to this confession when the accused are really innocent, because the beloved weed is no

longer denied them. We have heard (continues the writer) of men dying for their country, for their creed, for their love, but it is strange to hear of martyrs to a deleterious plant."

Said a young man: "I believe my pipe does me harm. I feel it is injuring me, but where I certain that it would curtail my life by fifteen years, I could not give it up!" How distressing to hear such a statement from a free-born son of Britain! "I am a slave to tobacco," says a lawyer, "and I will give a hundred dollars to be told how to get rid of it without killing me!" "I have resolved to be free a thousand times," says another, "but I am still a slave, a hopeless slave!" A deacon, on his death-bed, made the following painful statement "I thank God that as my last sickness has now come, I shall get rid of my hankering for tobacco!" The Rev. Geo. Trask writes, "I have known men to dream and rage about tobacco as madmen, when deprived of it. I have known men so enslaved, that now if they would in parlours, in churches, in defiance of all remonstrance, in defiance of all decency. I know an excellent clergyman who assured me that he had sometimes wept like a child when putting a quid of tobacco in his mouth, under a sense of his degradation and bondage to this habit. I saw a man who told me that tobacco was the dearest thing he had on earth—dearer than wife, child, church, or state."

Said a carpenter on the streets, "Sir, I would use it if I knew it would kill me!"

Truly tobacco-victims yield obedience to one mightier than the Pope!

I can name a clergyman who was much enslaved to his snuff; he sometimes reproved a neighbour who was a drunkard. At length the drunkard said to him, "If you will give up your snuff, I will give up my rum." The bargain was made. But within forty-eight hours the clergyman was in perfect anguish for his snuff. He set a spy over the drunkard to watch for his downfall. When told that the fatal cup had passed his lips, he flew to his snuff-box with the fury of a maniac, made himself idiotic, and died a fool! Tell us which was the greater drunkard? Or, as sin, is the point in debate, which was the greatest sinner? Dear sir, we said to a brother clergyman, do, I pray you, give up tobacco. "Not I, not I," was his reply, "I will use it if it shortens my life seven years. I will smoke while I live." If this is not slavery, what is slavery? Is it not a sin to practice a habit which makes an abject slave? An eminent minister once said, "I would lay down one hundred pounds gladly at any time if I could give up smoking!" A woman in Essex county, a Christian professor, called for her snuff-box in her dying agonies, on the verge of eternity! Weeping friends witnessed her passion strong in death! Her last words were, "snuff, snuff, give me snuff!"

"There is many a man who would see widows and orphans, and even his own wife and children, suffer long for want of bread to eat, rather than leave off tobacco, if he had no other means, them devote the money for its purchase to their supply of bread.

This is a startling, and yet a tangible truth, and one which should look every tobacco slave in the face. Nine out of ten would sooner endure the sight of starvation in others than the teasings of this denied lust.

AUNT NANCY'S MIND ON THE SUBJECT.

AND this is the new New Testament, And us come in the sweet of the year When the birds are singing in cloth of gold, And the trees are singing in clear gold, And over and into the grand old text, Reverent and thoughtful men, Through many a summer and winter past, Have been peering with book and pen.

Till they've straightened the moods and lenses out, And dropped each obsolete phrase, And softened the strong old fashioned words To our dialect of modern ways, Collated the ancient manna rights, Partible, verb, and litte, And faithfully done their very best To improve the book divine.

I haven't a doubt they have meant it well, But it is not clear to me That we needed the trouble it was to them, On either side of the sea, I cannot help it, a thought that comes You know I am old and plain But it seems like touching the ark of God, And the touch of my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten At the back of that, my dear, I've made and mended and toiled and saved, With my Bible ever near. Sometimes it is only a veras at morn That lifted me up from care, Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark Cleaving the golden air;

And sometimes of Sunday afternoons 'Twas a chapter rich and long, That came to my heart in its weary hour With the lift of a triumph song, I studied the precious words, my dear, When a child at my mother's knee, And I tell you the Bible I've always had Is a good enough book for me.

I may be stubborn and out of date, But my hair is white as snow, And I love the things I learned to love In the beautiful long ago, I cannot be changing at my time; 'Twould be losing a part of myself, You may lay the new New Testament Away on the upper shelf.

I cling to the one my good man read In our fireside prayers at night; To the one my little children lisped Ere they faded out of my sight, I shall gather my dear ones close again Where the many mansions be, And till then the Bible I've always had Is a good enough book for me. —M. E. SANOSTER, in *Harper's Bazar*.

A CRUMB FOR THE BOYS.

A CLERGYMAN on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh!" he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries!"

"Missionaries!" said the minister. "What do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary-box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

Now that is what we want. Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linch-pins are little things; but if they drop out, the wagon is very likely to come to a stand-still. Every pin and screw should be in working order, and every child should be able to say, "I always go the missionary meeting. Why, I'm part of the concern!"—*Exchange*.

ONE contented with what he has done stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.

READING.



Reading let us have a noble, grand, and God-like purpose in view, that of the cultivation and growth of the mental power God has given us. Lord Lytton once said, that reading without a purpose is sauntering, not exercise.

Purposeless reading is mentally unhealthy, that is, there is no bracing rigourousness about it; and, as a rule, there will be no fruit, no lasting result, but a mental waste, barrenness, and a blank.

Lord Bacon says that reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man; but to come up to this definition, viz., to be full, correct, and ready, will require a fixed and definite purpose in our reading of men and books. Above all, the Highest authority has said, "That if the soul be without knowledge it is not good."

What shall we read? It is said that Guthrie, in addition to other reading, made it his habit to read yearly Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Sir Walter Scott's Novels, the Bible and "Robinson Crusoe." If such a man felt the need of systematic reading, the same necessity should be ours. It is to be regretted that the conversation of some people, and some speeches and sermons remind us of people who have never been outside of their village. Well, reading with a definite aim would remedy this, and render utterance effective and useful.

Rowland Hill said that when he saw a boy on a rocking-horse it was like some Christians, motion without progress. This remark may be extended to careless, indefinite, purposeless reading.

How many of us find out, though very often too late, that in order to feel that we know nothing, it is requisite for us to read and study hard.

Men who only know by halves always speak wholesale. An empty wagon, as a rule, makes the greatest noise.

What shall we read? Let us listen to the voice of great and good men. Spurgeon confesses his indebtedness to Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Dickens knew little of Latin and less of Greek, but he was a well-read man. Dr. Marsh read the Bible through more than fifty times. John Newton said that he read the newspaper to see how God was governing the world. Romaine in the latter part of his life put away all his books and read only the Bible.

The writer would say, gather honey from every flower, but let it not be a poisonous flower. Get spring water from every fountain, but see that the fountain is pure. Persons who read nothing but trash are trashy. You find that their mental well is not deep, or there is no water in it, or there is nothing to draw with.

Mere snatch-and-scrap reading will be of little use. It is well to have a useful and solid book in hand, to read it through, to take notes, and to underline anything that may be of service.

Let us remember, in conclusion, that it is not what we read, or what we utter, but the spirit in which we act, that is the true test. No one knows the good that he is doing in this sin-blighted world, while he is acting and living aright in the sight of God and man.—REV. SILAS JONES.

THE GREAT SUFFERER.



RESIDENT Garfield never appeared in a more admirable light before the country than he has since the criminal assault upon his life. The people have seen him struggling out of poverty; have seen him a plod-

ding labourer, an earnest scholar, a devoted patriot, a brave and skillful soldier, a brilliant orator, a profound and honest statesman, a champion of the poor and oppressed; and finally a firm and impartial President, superior to flattery, and unswerved from the path of duty by either friendships or hates.

When on the day of his inauguration, he turned from the plaudits of assembled thousands, to bestow a kiss upon the wrinkled cheeks of his aged mother, he dawned upon the people in a new aspect, but since his wounding he has revealed his true greatness as it never was before.

From the moment he fell upon the floor of the depot, he appreciated the full gravity of his situation, and he contemplated it with heroic Christian calmness. His faculties have been unclouded, and his temper at all times has been sweet and serene, cheerful and firm.

A moment after the wounding, when palsy of the first shock was upon him, his thoughts turned to the loving invalid wife at Long Branch, and he dictated to her a despatch marked for its thoughtful tenderness.

To the physicians who examined him at a critical moment, he said, "Conceal nothing from me doctor, for remember that I am not afraid to die." When the evidence of internal hemorrhage became unmistakable and all the indications pointed to his early dissolution, the President turned to Dr. Bliss, and asked, "Are the prospects bad, doctor? Don't be afraid; tell me frankly. I am ready for the worst."

"Mr. President," replied Dr. Bliss, "your condition is extremely critical. I do not think you can live many hours."

"God's will be done," he finally responded, "I am ready to go if my time has come."

And afterwards there was neither moaning nor despair. Weeping eyes looked down upon the wounded man, low, sad voices surrounded him, and the stricken President, to whom death was announced, was the one cheerful man in the room. All these critical hours were marked by a perfect self-control and a wonderful loving thoughtfulness, of others. His mind was fixed upon his wife, his children, and his mother. He forgot that he was a sufferer to remember that he was a husband, a father, and a son. He feared the effect of the terrible news upon Mrs. Garfield, and he was anxious to have her and their daughter Mollie with him, that he might reassure them, if possible, and look upon them for the last time if it was decreed that he should die. And after, his wife came and was closeted with him, a new cheerfulness took hold of him. What passed between the husband and wife in their fifteen minute interview may never be known, but its effect upon the wounded man was wonderful. A correspondent of the *New York Times* writes: "At the end of about fifteen

minutes the door opened, and Mrs. Garfield came slowly out. There were no tears in her eyes, and she walked out with a firm step and took her seat in the library. She was very brave and bore up nobly under the great blow which had fallen upon her. As she left the room Mrs. James passed in. The President was smiling as he beckoned with his finger to the lady to approach. She leaned over the President, and he said, 'Have you met Creto?' Mrs. Garfield's Christian name is Lucretia, and Creto is the pet name by which the President always speaks of her. 'Yes, I have met her,' said Mrs. James. 'And how does she act; how does she bear it?' was the next question. 'She bore it like the true wife of a true soldier;' answered Mrs. James. Ah, the dear little woman, exclaimed the President, 'I would rather die than that this should cause a relapse to her.'

A little later the President turned to Mrs. James, wife of the Postmaster-General, who was watching by his bedside, and asked, "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?" "Oh, yes," Mrs. James answered, "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband." He looked up to the lady with an anxious face, and said, "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her that I say if she will undress and go to bed I will turn right over, and I feel sure that when I know she is in bed I can go to sleep and sleep all night. "Tell her," he exclaimed with sudden energy, "that I will sleep all night if she will only do what I ask." Mrs. James conveyed the message to Mrs. Garfield, who said to her at once, "Go back and tell him that I am undressing." She returned with the answer, and the President turned on his right side and dropped into a quiet sleep almost instantly.

WORDS THAT STAIN. ✓

A SMALL brush of camel's hair had been dipped into a fluid in which was some nitrate of silver, or "caustic" as it is sometimes called. The brush was wiped upon a white sheet. Pretty soon there appeared a black stain upon the white surface. It did not look very dark at first; but the action of the light seemed to deepen the colour until it was an ugly spot that could not be washed out nor bleached out in a whole summer.

A bright lad heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory; and they left a stain that could not be washed out by all the waters of this round earth.

Do not allow yourself to listen to vile "smutty" stories or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Do not lend your ear to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and of bad books, it is our duty to care what we listen to and what we read. A vile story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory, and inflames the fancy.

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous kiss" of the crocodiles,

seen in DeQuincey's opium-dream. If by chance you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and the beautiful things he has made.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. PUZZLE.—PeRSeVeRe Ye PeR-FeCT MeN
oVeR KeoP THoSe PReCePTs Ten

• Persevere ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten.

II. ENIGMA.—Deliver me, O Lord,
from the evil man.

III. TRANSPOSITIONS.— I, Vote, veto. 2, Dry, yard. 3, Cat, act. 4, Salt, last. 5, Abel, bale. 6, Lever, revel. 7, Note, tone. 8, Presto, toppers. 9, Leaf, flea. 10, Trader retard.

NEW PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 43 letters.

My 5, 36, was a man who was wicked in the sight of the Lord;

My 43, 2, 22, 8, 1, 32, 1, is a book in the Bible.

My 14, 1, 19, 28, 21, 16, was one of the prophets.

My 7, 30, 11, 38, 27, 42, is a mountain.

My 40, 25, 4, 41, was one of Jacob's sons.

My 12, 27, 11, 29, 19, 1, was a woman much commended in Scripture.

My 26, 10, 39, was one of the patriarchs.

My 4, 19, 1, 34, 15, 32, was a queen.

My 6, 34, 37, 31, 10, 14, 12, dates from the beginning.

My 17, 10, 3, 43, 32, 4, 18, is required of all.

My 13, 10, 20, 9, 12, was a part of creation.

My whole is a verse of Scripture.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

Equal rights for equal men,
Loss below me, gain above.

SECOND.

First of a long train am I—
Children seldom do me love.

THIRD.—(Phonetic.)

Smaller than the cards he holds,
Gambler's friends, or foes are we.

WHOLE.

Small things like my third, alas!
May close my gates, poor friend,
on thee.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A very short distance.
2. A rising.
3. An ancient dwelling-place.
4. To await decision.

DECAPITATIONS.

(Bible Animals, etc.)

1. Behead a bird and leave pale.
2. Behead an animal, and leave something used by artists.
3. Behead one animal and leave another.
4. Behead a species of animals taken collectively, and leave a beverage.
5. Behead a species of animals, and leave a kind of grain.
6. Behead insects and leave hard water.

DON'T TELL IT AT THE GLOAMING.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

WE gather at the eventide;
Each came a different way,
But many paths have brought us all
To sunset of the day,—
To the sweet hush that God's dear hand
Spreads o'er us like a tent;
To shut out all the sounds that jar
Its folds were surely meant.

Now, Pilgrim, from the desert sands,
Put off thy dusty shoon,
But do not tell us how the sun
Smote sorely at the noon.
And, shepherd, from the quiet meads
If any feet have strayed,
Let story of the weary search
Upon thy lip be stayed.

The young child does not watch to-night
The lengthening shadows creep,
The crimson of the sunset sky
Is flushing its soft cheek.
O mother, it hath sinned, mayhap,
But let it rest from blame,
Within thy bosom let it hide
The tear-wet cheek aflame.
The twilight hour flits quickly by,
But its great peace may run
Thro' many hours if to thy soul
Its first tide waves be won.

We gather at the evening hour;
And all day long we set
Our feet on stones, or secretly
Some grain of sand would fret.
All came by different paths; and each
Was dangerous, rough, or steep.
The truest hero in the throng
The stillest lip will keep.
We rest till morning 'neath the calm
That cometh on, and so,
Unbroken by a sound of plaint,
Its deepening grace should grow.

O dusk pavilion whose firm stakes
The hand of love hath set,
Not to thy folds we come to tell
How tiny sands can fret;
Nor even of the burdens borne
Tho' sorely they have pressed,—
We toil on bravely thro' the day:
The gloaming gives us rest.

O light of even, softly toned
To suit our weary eyes!
O sweet hush breathed by God, that deep
Upon our spirit lies!
Sometime our soul will watch to see
Our life-day fading so;
That God will tone its noonday glare
And give His peace we know.

And we believe no memory
Of all the weary ways
We left, shall ever come to break
That deeper calm that stays
Upon our soul; and so we pray
With tender eyes of those
Who gather in the waning light,
To watch the twilight close,
To hush discordant sounds that mar
Our beautiful, pure type
Of that near day close, when for us
"At eve it shall be light."

—The minister of a country parish in Scotland called one day, in the course of his pastoral visitation, on a decent old woman who was a member of his congregation. Engaging in friendly conversation with her, he said, "I hear your potatoes are not very good this year, Jennet." "Deed they are no', sir," said Jennet; "they're very bad; but I've reason to be thankfu' that ither folks' are as bad as my ain."

WAITING FOR THE GRIST.

BY MINNIE B. FENWICK.



"Tis strange," said a gentleman, who sat next to me in the car, and with whom I had struck up quite an acquaintance, "what an influence a look, a word, or the little act of a perfect stranger will sometimes have upon a person."

"Yes," said I; "more than any of us realize."

"It was the simple act of a stranger that changed the whole course of my life."

"Indeed! How so?"

"When I was a boy, my father moved to the then Far West, —Ohio. It was before the days of steam, and no great mills thundered on her river-banks, but occasionally there was a little grist-mill by the side of some small stream, and hither, whenever the water was up, the whole neighbourhood flocked with their sacks of corn. 'First come, first served.' Sometimes we had to wait two or three days for our turn. I generally was the one sent from our house, for, while I was too small to be of much account on the farm, I was as good as a man to carry the grist to mill. So I was not at all surprised one morning when my father said, 'Henry, you can get up old roan and go to the mill to-day.'

"Saunders' mill was ten miles away, but I had made the trip so often that it did not seem so far. I believe one becomes more attached to an old mill than to any other building. I can see just how it looked as it stood there under the sycamores, with its huge wheel and rough clapboard sides.

"When I arrived, I found the North Branch and Rocky Fork folks there ahead of me, and I knew there was no hope of getting home that day; but I was not at all sorry, for my basket was well filled with provisions, and Mr. Saunders always opened his big barn for us to sleep in; so it was no unpleasant time we had while waiting for our grist. This time there was an addition to the number that had been in the habit of gathering, from time to time, in the old Saunders' barn,—a young fellow about my own age, probably a little older. His name was Charley Allen, and his father had bought a farm over on the Brush Creek road. He was sociable and friendly, but I instinctively felt that he had 'more manners' than the rest of us. The evening was spent as usual, in relating coarse jokes, and playing cards. Although I was not accustomed to such things at home, I had become so used to it at the mill that it had long since ceased to shock me, and indeed, I was fast becoming a very interested spectator.

"Well, boys, it is time for us fellers to go to roost," said Jim Finley, one of the greatest roughest on the Rocky Fork, as he threw down his pack of cards and began to undress. We all followed his example, although it was not much undressing we did to sleep on the hay-mow; but we were so busy with our own affairs that we did not notice Charley Allen, until Jim exclaimed, "Heydey! we've got a parson here; we hev!" Charley was kneeling by the oats-bin, praying. Jim Finley's jest met with no response. The silence

was only broken by the drowsy cattle below, and the twittering swallows overhead. More than one rough man wiped a tear from his eyes as he went silently to bed on the hay. I had always been in the habit of praying at home, but I never thought of such a thing at Saunders' Mill. As I laid awake that night in the old barn, thinking of Charley Allen's courage, and what an effect it had upon the men, I firmly resolved that in the future I would do right. I little thought how soon my courage would be tested. Just after dinner I got my grist, and started for home. When I arrived at Albright's gate, where I turned off to go home, I found the old squire waiting for me. I saw in a moment that something had gone wrong. I had always stood in the greatest awe of the old gentleman because he was the rich man of the neighbourhood, and now I felt my heart beginning to beat very fast. As soon as I came near he said, "Did you go through this gate yesterday?" I could easily have denied it, as it was before daylight when I went through, and I quite as often went the other way. Charley Allen kneeling in the barn came to my mind like a flash, and before I had time to listen to the tempter I said, "Yes, sir, I did."

"Are you sure that you shut and pinned the gate?" he asked.

"This question staggered me. I remembered distinctly that I did not. I could pull the pin out without getting off my horse, but I could not put it in again, so I carelessly rode away, and left it open.

"I—I—I—"

"Out with it; tell just what you did!"

"I left it open," I said abruptly.

"Well, you let the cattle in, and they have destroyed all my early potatoes,—a terrible piece of business!"

"I'm very sorry, I'd—"

"Talking won't help matters now; but remember, boy, remember that sorrow don't make potatoes,—sorrow don't make potatoes."

"I felt very badly about the matter, for I was really sorry that the old gentleman had lost his potatoes, and then I expected to be severely reprimanded at home; but I soon found that they knew nothing of the matter, and after several days had passed, I began to rest quite easy. Alas for human hopes! one rainy afternoon I saw the squire riding down the lane. I ran off to the barn, ashamed to face him, and afraid to meet my father. They sat on the porch and talked for a long time. At last my curiosity overcame my fear, and I stole back to the house, and went into mother's room to see if I could hear what they were talking about. 'Why, the boy could be spared well enough, but he don't know anything about the business,' said my father. 'There is one thing he does know,' said the squire, 'he knows how to tell the truth.' He then related the circumstance which I so much dreaded to have my father hear. After he had gone, my father called me to him, and told me that the squire was going to start a store in the village, and wanted a boy to help, and that I could go if I wanted to. I went, and remained in the village store until it blossomed out into a city store; and people say that I got my start in life when I entered Albright's store; but I always maintain that I got it while I was waiting for the grist."

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

ON the summit of Mount Holyoke, which rears its crest in Central Massachusetts, nine hundred feet above the town of Northampton, there is an observatory attached to a public house, where a good telescope is kept for the use of visitors, in charge of one who knows how to use it with advantage. With this he shows you, now the time of day by the college clock in Northampton, now the flag that waves over the United States Armoury in Springfield, now the distant summit of the grand Monadnock, in New Hampshire. Without the intelligent assistant, who knows the salient points in the wide field of view, and knows how to focus his glass upon whatever one wishes especially to see, most visitors would come back with an impression of much in general, and very little in particular. The Bible, in like manner, spreads a wide field of view before us. The Bible teacher must know the main points in the landscape upon which attention should be focused. We characterize a mountain view by instancing the principal objects, the lakes, cities, or the sea, which can be seen from the summit. So of the Bible view. The competent interpreter and guide is the teacher who turns eye and mind continually on the overlasting mountains of God's love and righteousness in the background; the broad river of salvation flowing thence, and the peaceful city of God which this supplies, on the right, the troubled, treacherous, restless sea of sin on the left, and the monument of the Cross in the foreground, with its time-defying inscription, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." An ancient philosopher gave the advice to learn not many things, but much. Here, in the little field of view, I have instanced not many things, but much, and he who shows, he who comprehends this much, shows all, comprehends all.

When a railway is to be laid out through a country of uneven and diversified surface, the plan of the surveyors is to find and keep to, so far as possible, the natural highways. These lie mostly along the river valleys, and are shut in on either side by boundary ranges of hills. The object of the railway projectors is to traverse the region so as to lay open its varied resources, and make connection between its fields, and forests, and mines, and the wants of consumers. This is accomplished, not by berrying parties, or rambling excursions, but by surveying parties discovering the natural route which the valleys open and the hills compel. There is Bible study which goes on the berrying party plan,—a mere ramble after a few baskets of perishable fruit, profitless information. The teacher needs to follow the surveyor's plan to find the natural highway which the features of the region of study have determined, and to open this up from end to end, so as to develop the staple truths which are there, for the supply of spiritual life. In the light of whichever of these two illustrations we view the subject, we shall admit that the teacher needs to conceive of the Bible as being essentially a presentation of some salient and striking truths in which its teaching power lies; as presenting some main lines of thought along which all profitable Bible study must run.—Rev. Dr. Whiton.

THE RESURRECTION.

IN the course of his wanderings among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the celebrated English traveller, accidentally came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be at least two thousand years old. In examining the mummy, after it was carefully unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a small round root. Wondering how long vegetable life could last, he took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in course of time, a few weeks to his astonishment and joy, that root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

This interesting incident suggested to Mrs. S. H. Bradford the following thoughts upon the Resurrection.—

Two thousand years ago, a flower
Bloomed lightly, in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came on earth,
That man had lived and loved and died,
And 'e'en in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well,
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
And died, two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to rise?
Ay! though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here you bear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace
When called to leave this vale of tears;
For "in my flesh shall I see God,"
Even though I sleep two thousand years.

SHOP HEROES.

BRAVE deeds are in shops and forges. A few days ago, in the American Iron Works, at Pittsburg, an iron-roller, named Robert Moore, had a white-hot ring of iron thrown by accident over his head and down on his shoulders.

With wonderful nerve he took hold with a pair of tongues of a piece of iron protruding from one side of the fiery circle, and seized the other side of the ring with his naked hand. The ring was a pretty tight fit, there not being quite an inch and a half to spare as it passed over his nose.

The man had the fortitude to lift the hot iron slowly and carefully over his head, without touching any part of it.

His face was badly scorched, and his hand was burnt to the bone; but he never flinched. When the iron band was cold, he put it back on his neck, and found it just two inches larger round than his head.

Some years ago, a German labourer, in the Fort Pitt cannon foundry, had some melted iron poured accidentally into one of his shoes.

He was carrying at the time one side of a vessel filled with liquid iron. If he had dropped it, he would have endangered the lives of his comrades and set fire to the building. If he had set it down he would have spoiled the casting of a gun weighing one hundred and thirty tons.

The man walked steadily to the pit into which the molten iron was to be poured, and did not let go the handles of the vessel until his duty was done. He had that melted iron in his shoes about one minute and a half. It did not take him as long to get his shoe off, but who can imagine the torture and the length to him of that minute and a half?

A fine young fellow in the same smoky city of Pittsburg, had his hand terribly lacerated by the machine he was in charge of. He felt he was about to faint, and he had only strength to say one thing to the foreman who caught him in his arms:

"Don't let anything be said of this to my wife."

For every splendid act of heroism done on the battle field, a hundred are done in shops, and quarries, and on the storm-tossed ocean.—*Youth's Companion.*

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth forever. Psa. 118. 2.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. State the TOPICAL TITLES, GOLDEN TEXTS, and OUTLINES of the lessons.

II. Give the answers to the questions of the LESSON CATECHISM.

III. State what the lessons tell of the following events in the life of MOSES:

His birth.	His miracles.
His call.	His flight to Midian.
His training.	His prayer for Israel.

IV. State what the lessons tell concerning the ISRAELITES:

Their growth.	Their condition in
Their going out of	Egypt.
Egypt.	Their crossing of the
Their food in the	Red Sea.
wilderness.	Their law from God.

V. Where do these lessons teach the following DUTIES?

Trust in God.	Kindness to little
Obedience to God's	children.
call.	Thanks for God's
Worship of God.	mercies.
	Honor to parents.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON XIII. [Sept. 25.

THE RACE AND THE PRIZE; or, TEMPERATE

IN ALL THINGS.

1 Cor. 9. 22-27. Commit to memory vers. 25-27.

22. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.

23. And this I do for the Gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you.

24. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain.

25. And every man that hath striven for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.

26. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

27. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means,

when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

GOLDEN TEXT

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. *1 Cor. 9. 25.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Motive of Life, v. 22, 23.
2. The Method of Life, v. 24-27.

EXPLANATIONS.—The weak—Those who are not firm and strong in freedom from Jewish scruples. Became I That is, Paul talked with them on their own ground, and gave up some of his own rights as a Christian for their sakes. All things—That is, he met the Jews as a Jew, and the Gentiles as a Gentile, though he would not give up any principles for the sake of obtaining favour. A race—The ancient races and contests were religious services. So run—That is, run with the same earnestness as these contestants show. Striveth—In the wrestling match. Temperate—self-controlled, not yielding to appetite, but careful and self-denying in his habits. Corruptible crown—The prize of the games was a wreath of leaves. An incorruptible The heavenly reward, which endures through eternity. Not as uncertainly—But with earnest, direct purpose. Beateth the air—As one who misses his aim and strikes wildly in the air. Keep under my body—Controlling the appetites and desires, and not yielding to them. Preached to others—Literally, "been a herald to others." A cast-away—one thrown aside as of no worth.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. *Motive of Life*, v. 22, 23.

Who are here meant by "the weak?" [See Explanations.]

How did Paul appeal to such?

How did he come to different men?

What is here meant?

In so doing, did Paul give up any principles?

What duty is declared in Rom. 15. 1?

What motive of his life does Paul state in v. 23?

How is the same principle stated in 2 Tim. 2. 10?

In what respect are those who use strong drink "weak?"

How can we benefit such by our example?

Should we not abstain also for our own sake?

What danger is there in the use of intoxicating drinks?

What motive do you find in these verses for not using them?

2. *The Method of Life*, 24-27.

To what is the Christian life compared in v. 24?

What does the apostle say of himself in Phil. 3. 14?

In what respect is the Christian race better than the worldly race? v. 24.

How should we run this race? Heb. 12. 1.

To what is the Christian life compared in v. 25?

What does the word "temperate" here mean? [See Explanations.]

Does this temperance include eating and drinking?

What should it teach us to avoid?

What is the difference between the two crowns?

What is said of this crown in 1 Pet. 5. 4?

How should we run? v. 26.

What is it to "run uncertainly?"

How should we fight?

What is our duty to our bodies?

What is meant by "keeping under" the body?

Do those who use strong drink keep under their bodies?

What fear does Paul express?

How may we escape that danger? 2 Pet. 1. 10, 11.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson teach the duty of temperance—

1. From our duty to others?
2. For the sake of the Gospel?
3. For the sake of the reward?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what purpose should we live? To do good to others. 2. To what should this lead us? To self-denial. 3. What is required of those who succeed in the Christian life? To be temperate in all things. 4. What duty is given to us? To keep the body in subjection. 5. How should we do this? By avoiding all that can intoxicate.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Personal influence.

GOOD BOOKS FOR A TRIFLE!

Standard Series of Cheap Books.

Printed in large type, on good paper, and bound in heavy card manilla. Mailed post-free on receipt of price.

Nos. 67, 68.—MURPHY'S CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON EXODUS, with a new Translation. Preface, by John Hall, D.D. In Two Parts, paper, each, 50 cents. An excellent help in studying the present S. S. Lessons.

Nos. 65, 66.—CONANT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATION, with Specimens of the Old English Versions. Revised Edition, containing the History to the present time. By Thos. J. Conant, D.D. In two parts, each 25 cents.

No. 64.—THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER (Mother of Madame De Staël). Translated from the French. Part III. Price 15 cents.

No. 63.—THE PERSIAN QUEEN, AND OTHER PICTURES OF TRUTH. By Rev. Edward P. Thwing. A new hook. Price 10 cents.

Nos. 61, 62.—LOTHAIR. By Disraeli. Two Parts, each 25c.

No. 60.—SARTOR RESARTUS. By Thos. Carlyle. Price 25 cents.

No. 59.—THE NUTRITIVE CURE. By Robert Walter, M.D. Price 15 cts. This book is full of practical hints on how to get well and keep well without the use of medicines.

Nos. 54 to 57.—VAN DOREN'S COMMENTARY ON ST. LUKE. Four Parts, each 75c.

Nos. 53, 58.—DIARY OF A MINISTER'S WIFE. By Almedia M. Brown. In two volumes, each 15 cents.

Nos. 51, 52.—GODET'S COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE. With Notes and Preface, by John Hall, D.D. In two volumes, each \$1.00.

No. 50.—CULTURE AND RELIGION. By Principal J. C. Shairp. 15 cents.

Nos. 48-49.—CHRISTMAS BOOKS. By Dickens. In two parts. 50 cents.

No. 47.—JOHN CALVIN. By M. Guizot. Price 15c.

No. 46.—LIFE AND WORKS OF CHAS. H. SPURGEON. 8vo., Illustrated. Price 20 cents.

No. 45.—AMERICA REVISITED. By George Augustus Sala. Revised. Price 20 cents.

No. 44.—LETTER FROM A CITIZEN TO THE WORLD. By Oliver Goldsmith. Price 20 cents.

No. 42.—THE BIBLE AND THE NEWS-PAPER. By Chas. H. Spurgeon. Price 15 cents.

No. 40.—JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PICTURES; or, MORE PLAIN TALK FOR PLAIN PEOPLE. By C. H. Spurgeon. Price 15 cents.

No. 39.—THE HERMITS. By Charles Kingsley. Price 15 cents.

No. 37.—THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Price 15 cents.

No. 35.—FRONDES AGRESTES; or READINGS in "MODERN PAINTERS." By Ruskin. Price 15 cents.

No. 32.—MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; or, GIVERS AND GIVING. By Mark Guy Pearse, author of "Dank Quorn," illustrated. Price 15 cents.

No. 27.—CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS including some inquiries respecting the moral and literary characters. By D'Israeli, author of "Curiosities of Literature," &c. Price 20 cents.

No. 23.—ROWLAND HILL; LIFE ANECDOTES AND PULPIT SAYING with Introduction by Chas. H. Spurgeon. 15 cents.

No. 26.—OUT-DOOR LIFE IN EUROPE. Sketches of Men and Manners, People and Places, during two summers abroad. By Rev. E. P. Thwing. Illustrated. Price 20 cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

General Agent for I. K. Funk & Co.'s Publications, for the Dominion of Canada. Send for complete list.