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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

No. 17.

A LADY'S JOURNEY IN THE EAST. THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS. BY THE EDITOR.

THE island of Cyprus occupies a distinguished place in both sacred and profane history. It early belonged to the Phœnicians of the neighbouring coast. It was afterwards colonized by the Greeks, who founded there several independent kingdoms, and it passed successively under the power of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Romans. At the time of the Crusades it was detached from the Greek Empire, and made a kingdom for Guy of Lusignan. Then it fell to the Venetians, and in 1570 was subdued by the Turks, after a brave defence. And now it has passed under the protection of Great Britain, and is held as a pledge for the fulfilment by the Sultan of the convention entered into before the late Treaty of Berlin.

The island is about 140 miles in length, by a breadth of 40 miles at its widest part. Its population, which, under the Venetians, was over 1,000,000, under the misrule of the Turks has dwindled to one-fifth of that number, of

whom two-thirds are Greeks, and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Jews, Armenians, and Roman Catholics. The Greek Church in the island was made independent by the Council of Ephesus in the 5th century, and so it has remained to this day.

This fair and fertile island lies in the extreme north-east angle of the Mediterranean, about 65 miles from the Syrian coast and 44 miles south of Asia Minor. Through its centre runs the mountain range, rising to a height of over 6,000 feet, known to the ancients as Olympus—not, however, the fabled residence of the gods, which was another mountain of the same name in Macedonia and Thessaly. The

wine of Cyprus was famous in ancient times, but has now little reputation. Famagusta, a commodious port under the Venetians, under Turkish neglect has been so choked up as to hold only about a dozen small craft. Larnaka, where the consuls and foreign merchants reside, is the chief port. Its trade consists of exports of colocynth, cotton, carob beans, madder and wine. Its imports are all kinds of manufactured goods. It has valuable mines, but they are neglected. Special interest has of late been awakened by the rich "finds" of antiquities of classic times. Turkish oppression and tax-farming

column to which St. Paul, it is alleged, was bound, and then scourged, for preaching in the island, was also shown them. The British camp was visited, and one-fourth of the men found ill with Cyprus fever, and the convalescents looking like ghosts. Lamasol, the second port in the island, was the next place visited. The country is described as naturally very fertile, but the vine-culture is very slovenly, the water bad, and the climate insalubrious. At Larnaka they found that the troops had been despatched to Afghanistan on account of the outbreak of the war. There horses and stores were sold at a

and other Indian troops, suffered as much as the British. The officers had seen nothing like it, even in India. The difficulties of intorment were great, as some burned and some buried the dead with peculiar religious ceremonies. An interesting visit was made to the Archimandrate, or Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, and to his church. The pulpit is entered by a rope ladder, which forms the only communication with the floor. A large estate owner acted as camp interpreter and servant for the sum of 7s. 6d. per day. At Dali, the ancient Idalium, General Ceanola made some of his most interesting discoveries of Cypriote relics in gold, silver, glass, and pottery.

of his most interesting discoveries of Cypriote relics in gold, silver, glass, and pottery.

The next place visited was the once magnificent Famagusta, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and renamed Famagusta, by Augustus, the victor of Actium. Here Shakespeare's Othello was once governor. "In the midst of the dust and ruins of houses and palaces," writes our author, "once containing a population of 300,000 souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud huts, the habitations of some 300 people. Three churches remain standing where there were once 200; and in the



OLD CONVENT IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

have greatly injured the island, but under British administration it is recovering a degree, at least, of its former prosperity.

We will now be better able to appreciate Mrs. Brasse's charming account of her visit to this picturesque and historically interesting island. On the 7th of November, 1878, the *Sunbeam* made the western extremity of Cyprus, and anchored off the port of Papho, the ancient Paphos, where were once the famous temple and gardens of Venus. Going ashore, our tourists explored the ruins of Ktima, the adjacent fields and roads being strewn with fragments of white marble capitals and acanthus leaf ornaments. The

fearful loss—a good horse fetching only from 17s. to 20s. Almost every one was ill with the fever, or only convalescent. On the whole, the military occupation of the island seemed to have been hardly a success.

Having accepted an invitation to visit the camp of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the commander of our Canadian Red River Expedition, our tourists started for the interior. They reached the town of Mikosia late at night, only to find the gates closed, and with much trouble effected an entrance and found the camp. The weather was excessively hot by day and cold by night. In summer the heat rose to 120°, and the troops died like sheep. The Ghoorkas,

streets only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts." The predominant features were ruin, desolation, and dirt. The once capacious harbour is now choked with rubbish. Here our tourists met a famous Syrian brigand, who used to rob the rich and give to the poor. He was said to have given dowries to 2,000 Greek girls. After seven years confinement, chained to a wall, he was doing duty as a groom at the Government stables.

A lazy fellow once declared in company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION WORK.

BY MARY E. DAMFORD.



HERE! it's all done," said Bertie Russell, as he surveyed the neat pile of wood that he had just finished splitting. "Now, this evening, father will give

me twenty-five cents."

"Bertie, Bertie, where are you?" called Aunt Katie from the kitchen window.

"Here," answered Bertie from the woodshed. "Come out and see my wood-pile, won't you, auntie?"

Aunt Kate came to the back door and down the steps into the yard, still beating her eggs.

"Look there," said Bertie, pointing with pride to his work. "Haven't I been smart, auntie? I split and piled all that after school this week."

"That is a good deal of work for a ten-year old," said Aunt Kate looking at the pile.

"Father hired me," explained Bertie as he followed his aunt back to the kitchen. "You see, I wanted to earn some money awful bad, and I just tried every way I could think of to earn some, and father said if I would split and pile the wood he would pay me just the same as he would a hired man."

"But what did you want your money so much for?" asked his aunt.

"Why," said Bertie, "our class have a missionary meeting Thursday afternoon, and teacher always wants us to bring some money to give to missions."

"If you had asked me, I would have given you some money," said his aunt.

"No," said Bertie, "that wouldn't have done at all. Teacher says that we ought to earn the money our own selves, so as to have it our own contributions. Oh, auntie, won't you go with me to-morrow? The two little Chinese girls that we've been helping to send to school, are coming over from San Francisco, and they are going to recite and sing. Won't you go?"

"Maybe I can," said Aunt Kate. "Is that what becomes of this mission money?"

"Yes," said Bertie. "It costs forty dollars to send a Chinese boy or girl to school at the Home for a year, and all the money that we scholars give goes towards that."

"Well, I'll go if I can," said Aunt Kate. Accordingly next day, Thursday, about three o'clock, Bertie showed his aunt the way to the church, and when they arrived there they both went into the large primary class-room. It was almost full of children who had just come from the day-schools. Aunt Kate and Bertie sat down on a bench near the wall and waited for a little while until the primary class teacher came.

"Pretty soon a Chinese girl, about ten years old, appeared at the door.

"That's one of the scholars," whispered Bertie. "She stays at the Chinese Home, but she hasn't been there very long and can't talk English as well as Chin Pav."

"Who is Chin Pav?" asked Aunt Kate.

"She is the youngest scholar in the Home," explained Bertie. "She is eight years old and she can talk English 'most as well as I can."

In a few minutes little Chin Pav came hurrying in with the other Chinese girl. Chin Pav had a bright, pleasant face, and she was dressed very finely. She wore a blouse of pink silk, trimmed around her neck and sleeves with blue. This blouse came down to her knees. Then she had on the large, loose trousers that Chinese women wear. They were made of bright green silk, trimmed with blue like the blouse. Her funny shoes had thick white soles and the tops were blue and pink. So, altogether, Chin Pav looked very queer and gay, like one of the Chinese pictures.

Her companion was not dressed so finely. She wore a green blouse and a skirt of dark cambric with American shoes. The two little girls stood on the platform before all the children.

"Now," said the teacher, "these two little girls will sing for us." And so Chin and her friend sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

They had very sweet voices and spoke the words very distinctly, but they did not sing very loudly for they felt rather afraid of so many white children. Next they sang one verse of—

I am so glad that our Father in Heaven,
Tells of his love in the Book he has given."

After that, Chin Pav recited the parable of the prodigal son, word for word, very readily. Then she said the 23rd Psalm and told what the Bible says about the idols that the Chinese worship.

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not. They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat."

Afterward, while the children were marching around the room, laying their money on the table, Aunt Kate went to the little girls and tried to talk with them. Their teacher was there with them and she answered almost all of the questions, because the little girls were afraid to talk.

The teacher said that Mr. Hunter had found little Chin Pav wandering around with a woman who was unkind to her, and before Mr. Hunter brought the little girl to the Chinese Home, she had been whipped so hard by this woman that her face and shoulders were all covered with blood. But now she had lived at the Home for two or three years, and was very happy, and, best of all, little Chin Pav thought she had become a Christian. She had not joined the church yet, but she expected to very soon. There were four or five Chinese girls at the Home, the teacher said, who belonged to the Mission Church, and three afternoons, in each week, these Chinese girls held a prayer meeting in their teacher's room, where they studied the Bible and prayed that the Chinese who now worship idols might soon learn to know of the only true God.

"Wasn't the meeting nice, auntie?" asked Bertie, as they were walking home.

"Very nice, indeed," said his aunt.

"Don't you think," said Bertie, "teacher says that there is a little Chinese boy that has just come to the Home, and may be his mother will let him come over next missionary meeting. We are going to give some money for him next time."

"Do all the scholars earn the money that they give?" asked auntie. "I saw quite a little pile of five and ten-cent pieces on the table."

"I don't know whether all do or not," said Bertie, "but Arthur Hall earns his money by selling eggs. He has seven hens. Then Mabel Brown hemmed a table-cloth for her mother, and she got ten cents that way. I'm real glad that they are getting so many scholars at the Home, and I'm going to try and earn some more money for next missionary meeting, so that more Chinese girls and boys can learn to read the Bible and stop praying to idols."—*Morning Star*.

BEECHER ON GLADSTONE.

IN the course of a recent sermon Rev. H. W. Beecher paid the following eloquent tribute to Gladstone:—"No nobler statesman has risen in our day than Mr. Gladstone. He stands with Count Cavour, and is greater than he. As compared with Theirs, he is as patriotic and immeasurably his superior both in wisdom and in public and private morality. Perhaps Bismarck is fitted to guide an empire amid the storms of war, but he is not to be compared with Gladstone as a statesman, controlling a nation in peace. He is an unselfish man, seeking the good of his country and his race, and not seeking himself; seeking good to all by ways of peace and not by ways of violence. A Christian and a patriot, clothed with learning uncommon even among the scholars of our day. A man of spotless honour, he stands upon the highest place on earth—higher than the throne which he serves. A man without violence; a diplomatist without guile; a leader without personal ends; a statesman carrying into public life the conscience of a Christian and the instincts of a gentleman. If he should go down we should renew in our day the magnificent spectacle of the ancient days, when the great lawgiver and leader of Israel, having conducted his people through the desert, came to the borders of the promised land and died without entering therein. Gladstone will have brought the English and Irish people to the very bounds of liberty and died without being permitted to go over. Who can avert it but God and the people? It is for us standing in our place to exert a true Christian influence to the full for England and to the full for Ireland, to pour out our prayers that He who guides the destinies of nations, He who has been the Captain of our salvation, will overrule all things to the furtherance of justice and settled order of that empire which we all love. God save the Queen! God save the Parliament! God save England, Scotland, and Ireland! God save Ireland from the hands of oppression and from her own hand, and may the mercy which he gives to this continent go on the wings of the prayers of every emigrant for his own land until all the earth shall dwell together in settled peace with a love light spread from every star."

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.
BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

IN the minister's morning sermon,
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter,
Thro' the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows,
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals,
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us,
These gifts from his hand, my child!"

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old; lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"Oh, father, these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By his decree man fell,
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But he doeth all things well.

"And whether by his ordaining,
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish he was good and gentle,
And kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And, lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread Ineffable Glory,
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

BY D. W. HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold seamaias rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its web of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his glowing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn,
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

DISCOVERIES IN THE UPPER AIR.



BY the aid of the balloon, numerous voyages have been made into the upper regions of the atmosphere surrounding the earth, for the purpose of scientific discovery.

The first ascension with this object in view, was made by Gay Lussac and Biot, in 1804. They wished to gain accurate information respecting the density, temperature, moistness, and electricity of the atmosphere at different elevations from the earth. Lussac brought down flasks filled with air at a height of over 21,000 feet, and found by analysis that it was composed of the same proportions of oxygen and nitrogen as the air on the surface of the earth. He also noted that the higher he ascended the colder the atmosphere became; from being 82° Fahr. on the surface, it became 14° 9' at an altitude of 23,000 feet. The stratum of clouds through which they had passed, as they looked down upon it, resembled a wide plain covered with snow. Lussac also discovered that the air grew much thinner as he ascended, and at the greatest height he attained, the air was so thin as to make it very difficult to breathe; his pulse beat much faster; his throat be-

came parched; the cold was so great as to numb him; the air was dull and misty; a stratum of clouds still above him (four and a half miles high) prevented the sun's rays from reaching him.

In 1836, some English balloonists made a long journey through the air, and noticed the existence of different strata of rain clouds, one above the other, and separated by a clear space of a thousand feet or more.

The balloon ascensions of Mr. Glaisher have all been made for scientific purposes, and in 1862, with Mr. Coxwell, he ascended to the astonishing altitude of 35,000 to 37,000 feet, equal to seven miles, being the greatest height ever reached by man, and exceeding by far the top of the highest mountain on the globe.

In ascending the first 1,000 feet, he found the fall in temperature to average about one degree for each 200 feet; above 20,000 feet the fall in temperature was at the rate of one degree for each additional 1,000 feet ascended.

There is not uniformity, however, in the fall of temperature. In 1864, Mr. Glaisher, at an altitude of 1,300 feet, entered a belt of warmer air, which he found to be 3,000 feet thick, the air being in motion from the southwest, and this current was three or four degrees warmer than the atmosphere on the surface of the earth, whereas according to the usual rule, it should have been four or five degrees colder.

Another object in balloon ascensions has been to find out the air-currents in the upper regions with some degree of certainty. Job said of the wind and the rain thousands of years ago: "He looked to the ends of the earth * * * to make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure," (28: 24, 25); and science has not added much to our knowledge of these matters; indeed it may be that a careful study of the book of Job might guide science to richer results in the investigation of these elements.

A French aeronaut, M. Flammarion, after several experiments, concluded that the upper air-currents over France were circular. In 1867, he says, he started in his balloon with a north wind, carrying him south-south-west, but later it moved due south-west; and a similar result was noticed in every excursion. The result of observations under direction of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, led the late Prof. Henry to conclude that the resultant of all winds here was from the west. Hence he suggested that if a balloon could be sustained long enough, say ten days or more, it might be safely wafted across the Atlantic. No one has yet attempted this perilous voyage, although some American balloonists, like Prof. Wise, have seriously thought of undertaking it.

No successful means of guiding a balloon have yet been invented. Once in the upper regions and the balloonist is wholly at the mercy of the air-currents; indeed, it is often impossible for him to tell whether he is going, or whether he is moving at all. He may be swept along at the speed of a hurricane, and suppose he is in almost a calm. The earth is not to be seen; the moving clouds deceive him, and unless he can see the sun, there is no object by which to mark his position in air.

Many attempts have been made to bring the balloon under the control and guidance of man. Mr. Glaisher declares, after a long experience, that he can see no probability of any method of steering a balloon ever being invented. Other distinguished aeronauts, especially among the French, believe it probable and possible, and some have vigorously worked and studied to discover some practical method of steering a machine in mid air. M. de Lorne has made the nearest approach to this end, and though unsuccessful, his experiments indicate that it is far more probable than some results would have seemed, which are now familiar to us through remarkable inventions of man.

SYMPATHY FOR THE DRUNKARD.

TELL you there is not a village or town in this country that sustains and supports the liquor traffic but is bound in honour to furnish places of refuge for every poor victim of the drink. My sympathies go out to these men. I do not believe in coddling them or making pets of them, but I believe in helping them to help themselves, and in removing, as we can, temptation out of their way. One thing more. When the poor wrecks come to me by the score I sometimes thank God I had no son. One Scotchman said, "I am a lost laddie." And so many of them are lost! I sometimes thank God I have no son to be lost; but if I had, I would rather take him to the vilest and dirtiest grogshop that could be found, and keep him there for half an hour, than to take him into the most respectable social drinking circle in Saratoga. If I took my boy fresh from his pure home, fresh from his mother's knee, fresh from Sunday-school exercises, into such a den as that it would frighten him. He hears strange sounds; he does not like the odor of the place; he puts his hands to his ears, "Take me out of this, papa. What are these men doing? I don't like it. Oh, take me away!" But in the social circle, where the mother smilingly offers the wine to her guests, and the minister under whose preaching the boy has sat gives assent to it by a smile, there he will take his first glass. So if we wish to prevent this evil, we must assail the drinking customs of society that are made fashionable and respectable. The moderate drinker tells us we are very hard on him. I do not pretend to say that the moderate drinker intends to do this mischief. A lady said to me, "My son, eighteen years of age, came from his chamber one New Year's morning, and said, 'Happy New Year, mamma.' While seated at his breakfast he said, 'Now, mamma, I am going out for the first time in my life to make New Year's calls, and I mean to make a business of it; good morning;' and he kissed her on both cheeks. She said she stood in the bay-window, and watched him till he turned the corner, and then drew a long sigh of satisfaction. My boy, sweet, pure, clean, lovely! I was proud of him. I thought of him all day. At night came a ring at the bell—a strange sort of ring—and instead of permitting the servant to go, she went herself, and there she beheld two young men holding up her drunken

son. She said, 'Bring him in.' They laid him on the carpet. 'And then,' she said, 'I sat down and lifted his head in my lap. I tried to comb his hair; it was all matted and damp; his lips, that were so pure and sweet, were cracked and dry, and his breath, that was like the newly-gathered violets, was a horrible stench. My boy! The eyes half-closed, just showing the white, the horrible breath pouring forth its effluvia. My boy! His face seemed to be so changed. It was so smooth when he went out, but now it looks coarse.' 'Mr. Gough,' she said, 'If that had been the work of my boy's enemy it would have been a comfort to look upon him and feel that it was the work of my boy's bitterest foe; but if that is the work of my boy's friends, God have mercy on me! for I have but little hope for the future.' And she said that it was not the last time by many that he came home to her drunk. Who gave him his first glass?"—John B. Gough.

COMETS AND THE EARTH.

PROF. Simeon Newcombe, LL.D., in his "Popular Astronomy," thus speaks of the probable effect of a comet's striking the earth:

The question is frequently asked, "What would be the effect if a comet should strike the earth?" This would depend on what sort of a comet it was, and what part of the comet came in contact with our planet. The latter might pass through the tail of the largest comet without the slightest effect being produced, the tail being so thin and airy that a million miles' thickness of it looks like gauze in the sunlight. It is not at all unlikely that such a thing may have happened without ever being noticed. A passage through a telescope comet would be accompanied by a brilliant meteoric shower, probably a far more brilliant one than has ever been recorded. No more serious danger would be encountered than that arising from a probable fall of meteorites. But a collision between the nucleus of a large comet and the earth might be a serious matter. If, as Prof. Pierce supposes, the nucleus is a solid body of metallic density, many miles in diameter, the effect where the comet struck would be terrible beyond conception. At the first contact in the upper regions of the atmosphere, the whole heavens would be illuminated with a resplendence beyond that of a thousand suns, the sky radiating a light which would blind every eye that beheld it, and a heat which would melt the hardest rocks. A few seconds of this while the huge body was passing through the atmosphere, and a collision at the earth's surface would in an instant reduce everything there existing to fiery vapour, and bury it miles deep in the earth. Happily, the chances of such a calamity are so minute that they need not cause the slightest uneasiness. There is hardly a possible form of death which is not a thousand times more probable than this. So small is the earth in comparison with the celestial spaces that, if one should shut his eyes and fire a gun at random in the air, the chance of bringing down a bird would be better than that of a comet of any kind striking the earth.

There are silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers.

THY FATHER WAITS FOR THEE.

WANDERER from thy Father's home,
So full of sin, so far away.
Wilt thou any longer roam?
Oh, wilt thou not return to-day?
Wilt thou! Oh, He knows it all,
Thy Father sees, He meets thee here!
Wilt thou! Hear His tender call,
"Return, return" while He is near.

He is here! His loving voice
Hath reached thee, though so far away!
He is waiting to rejoice,
Oh, wandering one, o'er thee to-day.
Waiting, waiting to bestow
His perfect pardon, full and free;
Waiting, waiting till thou know
His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

Rise and go! Thy Father waits
To welcome and receive and bless;
Thou shalt tread His palace gates
In royal robes of righteousness.
Thine shall be His heart of love,
And thine His smile, and thine His home,
Thine His joy, all joys above—
Oh, wandering child, no longer roam!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, SEPT. 9, 1882.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

EVERY Sunday-school should have some direct connection with Foreign Mission work.

The sympathy of teachers and scholars should be secured for those who are gone and going to distant lands to win them for Christ. The romance of the work will have a charm for the young, and the duty of it should be deeply impressed upon them.

Already very much has been done by our schools on behalf of Foreign Missions. The Juvenile Association, Class Collections, Christmas Offerings, and Blake System have realized a very handsome sum of money towards the funds of the Society. Indeed, the juveniles of Methodism have raised since the year 1841 not less than three hundred thousand pounds for this noble, Christ-like work. That is a magnificent result, but during the next forty years, with better organization, a much larger amount may be collected and given by the same class.

But what is everybody's business soon becomes nobody's. In each school some one earnest lover of missions should be charged with the care of this particular department. As Missionary Secretary, he should keep the school well supplied with mission-

ary literature; the periodicals issued by the Society should be carefully distributed; he should organize good plans for collecting offerings and receiving the money; he should see that the money is promptly remitted to the treasurers; he should stimulate interest in every class; he should arrange for holding Juvenile Missionary meetings, and induce superintendents and others occasionally to give addresses directly bearing on Foreign Mission work.

It is well to encourage the children themselves to give, and not merely to collect from other people. They will so be trained to a good habit, and to the performance of a Christian duty; and they will, perhaps, be saved from swelling the ranks of those disagreeable people who never cease to beg for almost any cause from their neighbours, but never are known themselves to contribute. That easy sort of benevolence that never sees a case of need without wishing some one else to relieve it, is often very eloquent and very persistent, but it is somewhat disgusting.

Still, scholars should be encouraged to collect. The selection of such collectors requires care. No slight moral mischief has been done by the indiscriminate distribution of collecting cards. The Missionary Secretary of the School should be wide-awake, prompt, and very systematic in securing the regular payment of contributions from the young collectors.

Our schools make richer gifts to Foreign Missions than gifts of coin, they have often given life; they have sent forth missionaries; they have enlisted youthful piety, enthusiasm, and dedication. It is well to remember that every Sunday we are teaching future missionaries; and, as that is so, it cannot be unimportant to work the class and school so that these boys and girls may be helped in their training for their great work; and so that when they are away in the far-off lands, and among the strange people, they may remember the missionary tone of the school, and feel that they are blessed with the sympathy and the prayers of those who are at home.

It may stimulate teachers to remember that the result of their work in their own small classes may be found in years to come among alien, distant people; in Ethiopia with its dark nations; among the crowded millions of China; in vast, gorgeous India, or populous Japan, for the boys and girls in whose young hearts they are quietly burying holy seed and blessed truths, may become Christ's confessors, the messengers of the churches in the midst of the billions of fallen and darkened souls, who are moving through a dark present to a darker hereafter.

We would earnestly recommend the formation of a Branch Missionary Association in every one of our Sunday-schools; and that it should be made as effective as possible, so as to enlist the hearty sympathy of officers, teachers, and scholars in our Foreign Missionary Society. Heaven looks down on no grander or truer work than that of its toilers—work done for no record but that of the Book of Life; and it is well, indeed, to train our children to help to support them who endeavour to win the world for Christ. —Wesleyan Methodist S. S. Magazine.



THE SKYLARK.

H. D. 88 Feb 4

THE SKYLARK.

HARK! the lark is singing
In the clear blue sky;
Now I scarce can see him,
He has flown so high.

Yet his glad song floating
Downward still to earth,
Shows his little heart is
Full of joy and mirth.

Little lark, what is it
Makes your heart so gay?
Do you love the sunshine
This bright sunny day?

Do you know who made us,
And the earth so fair?
Have you flown to thank him
For his love and care?

MORAL COURAGE.

IN every school the difference is clearly marked between the boy who has moral courage and the boy who is a mere pulp. The one knows how to say "No." The other is so afraid of being thought "verdant" that he soon kills everything that is pure and fresh and manly in his character, and dries up into a premature hardness of heart.

Five lads were once gathered in a room at a boarding-school, and four of them engaged in a game of cards which was expressly forbidden by the rules. One of the players was called out. The three said to the quiet lad who was busy at something else:

"Come, take a hand with us. It is too bad to have the game broken up."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference," exclaimed the players. "We'll show you. Come along."

Now that was a turning point in that lad's life.

He nobly said:
"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I will not disobey him."

That sentence settled the matter, and settled his position among his associates. He was the boy who could say "No," and henceforth his victories were made sure and easy. I will

remember the pressure brought to bear in a college upon every young man to join in a wine drink or to take a hand in some contraband amusement. Some timber got well seasoned. Some of the other sort got well rotted through with sensuality and vice. The Nehemiah's at college have been Nehemiah's ever since. The boy was father of the man.—Band of Hope.

THE TICK OF THE CLOCK AT MIDNIGHT.

THIS the click of the clock at midnight,
Solemnly, startlingly clear,
Like the throb of a fevered pulsation
Made audible to the ear.
Through the house reigns a death-like
silence,

The death-like silence of sleep,
While the fragments of time, like meteors,
Pass flashing across the deep.

From the coming eternity rushing,
They illumine for a moment our sky,
But no power can stay their departure,
They touch us and hover by.

They touch on the heart of the watcher,
And utter these words in his ear:
"Can you not watch for one hour,
And our soul stirring messages hear?"

We are God's messengers, speeding
With swift and invisible flight,
And we speak to you best in the silence
Of the quiet dead-hush of the night.

Remember we carry our message
Of what ye are doing on earth
To the Bountiful Father in heaven,
Who endowed you with souls at your
birth.

What are ye doing, oh, mortals!
With that glorious gift of a soul?
For what are your strongest earnings,
And what is the longed-for goal?

Pleasure, and power, and riches,
Leisure and freedom from care—
Is it for these you are striving?

Such strivings must end in despair.
Like a butterfly crushed in the grasping,
So pleasure is crushed when caught,
And power must end in weakness

And riches must end in naught,
While indolent leisure lies basking,
Sleepily, selfishly glad,

Till the adder of conscience stings it,
And the terror drieth it mad.
Soon the dawn will streak the horizon
And herald the fateful day;

Prepared! Lo, the kingdom of heaven
Approacheth! Watch and pray!"

Heaven will pay for any loss we
may suffer to gain it; but nothing can
pay for the loss of heaven.



THE GIRAFFE.

THE GIRAFFE'S DIFFICULTY IN GETTING FOOD FROM THE GROUND.

THE giraffe is the tallest of the quadrupeds. It feeds on the leaves and small branches of trees, hence its tall body and long neck. The head of a full-grown animal is sometimes eighteen feet from the ground, and it is with much difficulty that it can pick up branches or other things which have fallen to the ground. It seldom makes the effort, but feeds directly from the trees.

AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

INTO my arms, when the twilight is falling,
Climbs my wee darling, with drowsy blue eyes;
Into my arms, as the robins are calling
Homeward their mates, 'neath the darkening skies;
"Sing to me, mamma," the sweet lips are pleading,
While round me closely the dear arms entwine.
Ah! can I listen with ears all unheeding,
Watching the loveliest in baby eyes shine?

No! So I feel her still closer and nearer,
Pillowing the small golden head on my breast;
Singing the song that is sweeter and dearer
Both to my heart and the darling at rest.
"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head."

Low and yet lower the white lids are drooping,
Shutting the lovelight within the blue eyes;
Angels of slumber and glad dreams come trooping
Downward so softly from Slumberland's skies.
Yet in my arms still she lieth; it may be
That I am jealous of pillow and bed,
Since I am happiest, oh, my fair baby!
When on my heart lies your dear golden head.

"I can't tell for the life of me," said an old farmer at the White Mountains to a party of city visitors, "what you fellers see up here to draw ye. For my part, these hills have been the worst thing we've had to contend with. Still it's all right if you like it; we're glad to see ye; only it's might funny."

NIXIE.

NOBODY would take little Nixie Markham for an heroine, nor would one suppose that little quiet figure possessed nerve enough to save hundreds of lives by her prompt action, but this was the way of it: It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station of Parkerstown up in northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary loafers were around, and only at train time was there any show of life.

The down train was due at 5.20, but until then, as the sensational writers say, "all was as quiet as the grave."

Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was fifteen, although she looked some three years younger, and was usually quiet as a mouse. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the school season, spent nearly all of her time in the ticket office with her father, either reading the few books and papers which came in her way, or "unbeknown" to her father, picking up, letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and finally one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a neat "copy."

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office just as well as he could himself."

Well, one day her father came into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.

"Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even s'posing there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? S'pose you can tend the concern alone till I get back—probably by six?"

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie, "there won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket or two if there are."

"Well see that those boxes go by

express. The way-bills are ready and in the drawer—guess you'll get along all right," and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation which phrase meant more than you might imagine, on that very particular day.

At first she felt her newly-acquired importance somewhat and stepped briskly around, dusting the musty little office and watering the few plants in the window, but there being absolutely nothing to do, and no one coming near, she dropped into inactivity and listened to the click of the telegraph instruments, which to her was as companionable as the talk of near friends would be. As the afternoon passed drowsily along, the heat and stillness overcame her, and dropping her flaxen head on the desk before her she was soon—as one of the good old ladies of

Parkerstown, was wont to express it—"in the arms of Morphine."

Afterward, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams, said, "Tain't likely she's left here alone, and asleep too."

"No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's prob'ly round somewhere—but," in a lower tone, "come, let's go 'long. The train'll be along and we'll jest lay 'em out."

Nixie was wide awake enough now, but she had presence of mind in her small body, and realised that safety lay in keeping still.

"How fur is it up there?"

"Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yourself too?" and then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and up the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were—two miserable looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognised them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? Oh, if she could send for her father! But there was no one anywhere near, and besides by the time he could get home it might be too late—for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their fancied wrongs upon the innocent. She looked at the clock. Half past 4! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No living being in sight. She called once, feebly—but where was the use. If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home—only she was sure there was harm coming to the down train—that long, crowded express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.

The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track, Nixie ran in, locked up the office, snatching a hat from a nail in the corner, and then hurried up the track until she arrived at the slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes, she watched them. They had stopped and were doing something, she could not at first see what, to the

track. Protty soon, up came a rail, and in a minute more it was thrown down a steep ledge within four feet of the track—where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now, and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the scoundrels shake their fists towards her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on and Nixie, grown cold in the sudden extremity, turned and sped toward the depot.

The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank, so that at half-past five it was quite dark there, and as the trains always came in on a down grade, they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself, "I am so glad I came, for now I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see, Mr. Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."

She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to five, and the train left Stratford at 5.3. Well, eight minutes was more than plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sd-sd-sd" clicked the instrument. Never before was there such an impatient operator on that line. With her eyes on the clock which seemed then, if ever, to say, "forever—never—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could think of and kept on. The moments kept on—one, two, three, four, five—slowly pealed the old clock—each stroke an agony to the girl.

Meanwhile, the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy, who could and who served as general chore-boy about the place, had gone for the cows, and there was no one to answer the call on which so much depended.

A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma.

Nixie closed the key in despair. She did not know the train signals, but she seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally the dear lives of her fellow-creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked place did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them, or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumble in the distance. Faster, faster she sped round the curve straight on up the track. She could see them now coming. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stopped in the midst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed towards her, showing no abating of speed.

Meanwhile, the engineer and fireman had seen the slight form of the girl, and the fireman stood aghast to see the engineer so utterly regardless of her.

"Stop, man," he shouted, "don't you see the girl?"

"Yes," said the half-drunken engineer. "Why don't the little fool get out of my way? I'll teach her," and made no movement to stop.

Nixie waited with a sinking heart. Oh, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing should happen? The engine was close upon her, and

she ran up a jutting rock by the railroad, still waving her scarlet flag, but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine, and she saw the fireman thrust the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came towards her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie, and she could only grasp out "Round the curve," and then she was a white heap, with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and after some had been to the curve and seen what the little plain girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so royally waited upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some little time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and when Nixie got out at her own station, many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand, too, just as the train left, saying, "You are the bravest little woman in the State."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his law-suit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to—and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read a note, "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved, August 23, 1880!"

The note was wrapped round \$500 in bank notes.

"Oh, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:

"I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

The superintendent of the Q. and L. railroad company came down to Parkerstown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices of the company in a neighbouring city, and Mr. Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted, "so Nixie can have the schooling she wants so much," he said, and to-day Miss Eunice Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school of that city. But more than ever is she the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station agent."

But, after all, you would never take her for an heroine.

THE BABY'S AUTOGRAPH.

THEY gave it to me at Christmas—the pretty new autograph album—and I was very proud of it; the binding was so gay, and the white, gilt edged sheets so spotlessly pure. I could hardly make up my mind who should have the honor of dedicating the album, or what verse was grand enough to be inscribed on its pages, and before I had quite decided, baby found it. She had toddled into the parlor and taken it down from the table before we missed her, and was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, with the precious book in her lap. That would not have been worth recording, and I should not value my album beyond price now if it were all. But she had a pencil—for she dearly loved to scribble on bits of paper—and she had made her mark on the front leaf (the title page) of my

beautiful book. She had made a dozen marks, criss-cross and zig-zag, and there she sat, her bright hair tossed down over her face, her little demure mouth pursed up, her blue eyes full of mischief, half shy, half defiant, and we three women looking at her.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty baby!" I cried; "you've just ruined my new album, you bad little thing!"

"Bless her dear little heart," said my mother; "doesn't she make a picture?"

"Whip her!" said Aunt Harriet in a vindictive tone. She has no children of her own, and knows just how to bring up other people's.

I was angry enough to do it, and had made one step forward intending to wrest the book out of the clasping baby hands, and then—what beat! my own child! I was saved that degradation by my own good mother, who shook her head at me over Aunt Harriet's shoulder.

How long is it since Christmas? Counting by heart-throbs, I should say years! years! It is only a couple of months and to-day I would give, oh! what would I not give to have those little hands doing their sweet mischief. Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth His beloved rest." The baby is gone, but when I look at the short lines that dedicate my album—the sweetest, saddest lines to me that were ever written—soon ended like her little life—I am glad that I took her in my arms, kissed the rosebud lips, and put the book away without one reproving word—glad that I caused no angry feeling in that baby heart, or left memories for myself that would now have power to wound!

That is why all the leaves of my new album are blank—pure, spotless, just as the fair page of her little life was; but you, who think these characters on the dedicating page unmeaning, have never had the key to them. Mothers can tell what they are. Angels will be glad over this record without blot or stain. There is no handwriting so fine that I would exchange it for the baby's autograph; as for us:

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true.
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the bad with tears."

THE REV. PAUL DENTON'S APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

THIS is the liquor which the Eternal Father brews for His children. Not in the simmering still over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions, doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life.

"But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and child loves to play, and down, low down, in the deepest valley, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing.

"And high up on the tall mountains' top where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash!

"And far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweep the march of God.

"There He brews it, this precious

essence of life, the pure cold water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, sparkling in the dew-drop, shining in the iceberg, sporting in the cataract, dancing in the hail-shower, singing in the summer rain, spreading its soft snow-curtains about the wintry world, and wearing the many-coloured iris in the rainbow, that seraph zone of the sky, made all glorious by the mystic hand of refraction.

"Still always it is beautiful, this blessed life-water. No poison bubbles in its brink, its foam brings not murder and madness; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave, curses it in words of eternal despair.

"Speak out, my friends. Would you exchange it for the demon-drink of alcohol!"

HOW LOST CARS ARE TRACED.

TRAVELLERS up and down any line of railway see daily, hundreds of fugitive freight cars extending in broken lines along the side tracks and reaching many miles out of the city. They belong to a hundred different railroad companies, each bearing the initials of the proprietary road, and in the general office of the company, whether it be in New York, Pittsburg, or San Francisco, there are records that show just where the car is standing and why it is there. For instance, if the car is detained an unwarranted length of time at Germantown Junction the Pennsylvania Railroad receives a "searcher," either by telegraph or train service, asking why the car is not sent home. In this way a great railway stretching across the continent, and with its rolling stock scattered over every State in the Union, keeps an account of its stock, numbering in the case of the Pennsylvania Railway more than 30,000 freight cars of all kinds. Occasionally one of the number is lost altogether, and the complicated railway detective service is set at work. The last clue to its whereabouts is traced out, and in time the lost car is found somewhere between Texas and Montreal. As soon as a car is unloaded it should be started back to the road from which it came, but in New England they turn it over as the common property of the road and it is run back and forth, carrying local freight. It is not an uncommon thing when a car is loaded and sent to an eastern point that it is not again heard from for three or four months. In the meantime there are more than a hundred clerks employed on the car accounts, and week after week searchers are sent out for the missing car. A fair idea of the magnitude of these accounts may be had from the fact that the entire movement over the Pennsylvania railway exceeds over 40,000 per day. Lost freight cars, which were formerly hunted by travelling agents, are now traced by "searchers," official documents, which contain the number and description of the lost car, and the date of which it was last seen on the Pennsylvania road. These documents are forwarded in the wake of the car, receiving many official signatures on the way.

All railroads to watering places have a right to call themselves great trunk lines.

THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK.

SURPRISING falls the instantaneous calm,

The sudden silence in my chamber small;

I, startling, hit my head in half alarm—

The clock has stopped—that's all.

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I found

The instant feeling almost like dismay?

Why note its silence sooner than its sound!

For it had ticked all day.

So may a life beside my own go on,
And such companionship unheeded keep;

Companionship scarce recognized till gone,
And lost in sudden sleep.

And so the blessings Heaven daily grants

Are in their very commonness forgot;

We little heed what answereth our

wants—

Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways,

As if some pulse were gone beyond recall—

Something unthought of, linked with all

our days—

Some clock has stopped—that's all.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

MAKE a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end tie a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing moderately at first,—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak,—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength, from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body with the exception of the clavicle with the breast bone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest. Nature allows no vacuum, and the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural purifier of the blood, and preventing the congestion or deposit of tuberculous matter. We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs, and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who love to live strive to develop a well-formed capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all,—should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption. Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.—*Dio Lewis.*

An open question—*Bridget* (looking at the picture over the mantelpiece): "What's thim, marm?" *Mrs. Dolonart*: "Those are cherubs, *Bridget*." *Bridget*: "Cherubs, is it? Mary Ann says as how they were bats, and I says twins, barrin' the wings."

A LATIN LULLABY.

We wonder how many of our readers know this lullaby, which tradition assigns to the Virgin, but which is not very old.

"Dormi fili, dormi! mater
Cantat unigenito:
Dormi, puer, dormi! pater
Nato clamat parvulo:
Millies tibi laudes canimus,
Mille, mille, millies.

"Dormi, cor, et meus thronus;
Dormi matris jubilum;
Aurum celestis sonus,
Et suave sibilum!
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

"Ne quid desit, sternam rosia.
Sternam fanum violis,
Pavimentum hyacinthis
Et praeaepe lillis,
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

"Si via musicam pastores;
Convocabo protinus;
Illis nulli sunt priores;
Nemo canit castius.
Millies tibi laudes canimus,
Mille, mille, millies."

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

ELDER CASE IN WAR TIME.



He now return to trace the progress of events in Upper Canada. After the British disasters on Lake Erie, and at Moravian Town, Sir Geo. Prevost instructed

Vincent to fall back on Kingston, abandoning the western peninsula to the enemy—a desperate resolve, only to be adopted in the last extremity. At a council of war held at Burlington Heights, however, it was wisely decided by Vincent and his officers to stand their ground as long as possible. Colonel McClure, the commandant of the American force, was strongly posted at Twenty Mile Creek, and his foraging parties ravaged the country, and pillaged the inhabitants.

The season for active operations in the field having now passed, the Canadian militia were dismissed to their homes with instructions to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action should necessity demand their aid. Zenas Drayton had returned to The Holms, quite recovered of his wound and covered with glory by the distinction it had conferred upon him. He strode about with a martial air, to the undisguised admiration of the maids of the household and of all the damsels of the neighbourhood. His father's eyes followed him sometimes with a look of pride, but oftener with one of glistening wistfulness, for in these troublous times pre-eminence of merit was pre-eminence of peril. But Kate lavished all the love and homage of her woman's heart upon her brother, as the ideal hero of her dreams. The lad was in a fair way to be spoiled, if he was not also pretty sure to have

the conceit taken out of him in the stern school of adversity.

One evening, early in December, the family were sitting around their kitchen fire, which snapped and roared up the wide chimney throat as merrily as though such a thing as war had never been known. The squire and Zenas sat on opposite sides of the hearth comparing the old soldier's reminiscences of the Revolutionary War with the boy's recent military experiences. Between them sat Kate as she had sat on that memorable evening, more than a year before, on the eve of the fatal fight of Queenston Heights. How much she had lived in that short time! The outbreak of the war had found her a light-hearted girl; she had now the graver mien and sometimes the thought-weighted expression of a woman. But to-night, a look of happy contentment rested on her face as she gazed musingly on the glowing embers, or occasionally took part in the conversation of her father and brother.

Suddenly was heard without the fierce barking of the mastiff watch-dog, which as suddenly subsided and was followed by a quick, joyous yelp of recognition. Shuffling feet were then heard in the outer kitchen, stamping off the snow.

"Who can that be?" asked the squire.

"Some of the neighbours, I suppose," said Kate, for the hospitable hearth presented rare attractions to the rustic swains of the vicinity.

"Some of Kate's admirers I should say," laughed Zenas, as he rose to open the door; "only they don't hunt in couples."

Two snow-besprinkled, travel-stained men, came in out of the darkness and stood revealed in the glowing fire-light as Sandy McKay and Tom Loker.

"Welcome home! However did you get here?" asked the squire warmly shaking their hands, and making room for them at the fire. "We thought you were prisoners in the hulks at Sackett's Harbour."

"So we were," replied Tom Loker with all his *sang froid*, "longer than we wanted."

"How did you like picking oakum for the Yankees, Sandy?" asked Zenas.

"Nae oakum picked I," said Sandy with an air of grim determination. "It was clean against ma conscience to gi' aid or comfort to the King's enemies in any way."

"What did they say to that?" asked the squire. "I thought they had a way of overcoming scruples of that sort."

"They could na overcome mine," said Sandy.

"They jost clapped him in the bilboes and kept him there for one while," interjected Tom. "For me, I'd rather pick all day at the tarred rope though it was hard on the fingers."

"Did they use you well otherwise?" asked Kate with commiseration in her voice.

"Prisoners can na be choosers, Miss Katharina," responded Sandy. "I suppose our treatment was naething by ordinar. We hadna thae oaten bannocks and hot kale ye aftens gavo us. But warst o' a' was bein' pent in the close hot hulks 'tween decks, whaur ye couldna stan' upright wi'out knocking your heid again the timmers, and whaur ye gatna a sough o' the blessed

air o' heaven save what stole in through the wee port-holes. How we tholed it sae lang I dinna ken. We faured better after yon Methodist parson came."

"Ay, he wor a good un, he wor," said Tom.

"Who was he?" asked Kate with much interest.

"He wuzn't much to look at," continued Tom; "that is, there wuzn't much of him. But he had a heart big as a mountain; ther wuz nothin he wouldn't do for them poor prisoners. 'He wuz come to preach salvation,' he said, 'to them that wuz bound.' Case wuz his name,—a lootle man, but worth mor'n a dozen ornary men. I remember one day he came 'long side with a boat load of tea, coffee, sugar, and several jars of milk for the prisoners; and he preached, and prayed, and exhorted so long that it seemed as if he couldn't tear hisself away."

We return from this digression to the group at the fire-side of the Holms.

"How did you get away?" asked Zenas.

"Tam here gied 'em French leave," replied Sandy. "He just droppit out o' a port-hole into the water after the guard made his rounds and got awa in the mirk; I wonner he was na drooded."

"So I wuz e'en a'most. But wuss still was that villian of a sentry blazing away at me. It's lucky the night wuz so dark. But I thought I'd have to give up afore I got to land. I had to lie on the beach panting like a dying mackerel. Well, I walked all night to Cape Vincent, and at day-break I just borrowed one of Uncle Sam's boats and paddled across to Wolfe's Island, and soon after got to Kingston."

"How much longer did you stay, Sandy?" asked the squire, who said the story reminded him of the adventures of the Yankee prisoners in the *Jersey* hulk during the old war.

"Weel, Tam here helped me tae win out, as I may say," replied Sandy. "He hadna enouch of fechtin,' sae he mun join thae yeomanry corps that followed Wilkinson's army down the St. Lawrence, and took part in the battle o' Windmill Point. They took a handle o' preeoners there, and sune cam a 'cartel' they ca' it, offering an exchange. We did garrison duty at Fort Henry awhile, and learned the big gun drill; it may come in useful yet."

"How got you here?" asked the squire; "you never marched from Kingston at this time of year, surely."

"No," said Tom Loker, "the ten-gun brig *William and Mary*, Captain Richardson, master, wuz a-carrying stores to Colonel Vincent at Burlington, and we got leave to take passage in her. We reached there last night and walked all day to get here, and glad we are to get back to our old quarters, the best we've seen since we left them."

* Captain Richardson afterwards became a distinguished minister and bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and was for many years Agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He was under fire at the sking of Oswego, and while engaged rigging a pump, a round shot carried away his arm. We have heard him say in his own parlour, picking up a carpet ball, "It was a ball like this that took off my arm." He became, on recovery from his wound, sailing master of Sir James Yoe's flag ship the *St. Lawrence*, a position requiring much nautical skill, as the huge kraken drew twenty-three feet of water, and carried

By this time Kate had a hearty supper ready for the wanderers, to which they did ample justice before returning with grateful hearts to their old lodgings in the capacious attic. By such privations and sufferings on the part of her faithful yeomanry, were the liberties of Canada maintained in those stormy days of war and conflict.

AMBER.

VERY few natural products have excited more curiosity in regard to their origin, or have had a more diverse value attached to them, than this peculiar fossil. It is older than Homer and can be traced among all nations having a remote antiquity. Its chief use has been, and is, as a sort of incense in religious worship, it being still thus employed by the Mahomedans. Its beautiful tints, its clearness and durability once rendered it valuable for ornament, but it is now chiefly used as a mouth-piece for pipes, great quantities of it being thus consumed by the Turks. Among the ancient Romans, it was accounted so precious, that a small figure in amber, was worth more than a slave. From its electric qualities it was formerly accounted to possess certain magical powers, and one with amber beads about the neck was supposed to be safe from annoyance from witches. The greatest source of supply is from the Baltic and other northern seas, where it is cast up by storms and mined by digging deep pits along the shores. Amber is the resinous product of a tree growing upon a low marshy ground in a far-off geological era. About eight hundred species of insects, mostly now extinct, have been found imbedded in amber, and many varieties of plants which have long since disappeared, as existing species. It is not uncommon to find an insect perfectly preserved in amber, and some of these are exquisitely beautiful, as they are thus set in a transparent and delicately tinted mass. It is found in masses of all sizes up to thirteen pounds, and the supply seems almost inexhaustible. In classic lore it is spoken of as—

The sweet tears shed by fair Heliades
Apollo's daughters,
When their rash brother down the welkin
sped,
Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
In Euxine waters.

THE BEST LESSON HELP.

WE heard, a short time since, William Taylor, D.D., of New York, himself a distinguished author and successful Sunday-school expositor, speak on this subject as follows: "This is a day of great multiplication of Sunday-school Lesson Helps. Every religious paper has its column or two every week, and many special periodicals are published for this purpose. And all this is admirable. But there is help that surpasses all others, and that is a loving heart. Sound interpretation is good. Accurate information is good. But love in the heart is best of all."—*S. S. Banner.*

something like a hundred guns. Few men were better known or more esteemed in Canada than Bishop Ric' He died in 1875, full of years and full of honour, beloved and regretted by all classes of the community.

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Triceman, the Pioneer Preacher: a Story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

A BROKEN WING.

I WALKED in the woodland meadows
Where the sweet thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a youth's life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the soul with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And his life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss had its compensation,
'There are healings for each pain';
But a bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

DECAPITATIONS—1. Nico, ice. 2. Opine, pile. 3. Opal, pal. ACRONIC.—Pashur, Urban, Tatnai, Olives, Nicodemus, Tyre, Hophni, Ephraim, Wormwood, Haman, Othniel, Lamech, Ehud, Adriel, Rome, Marah, Omer, Uz, Rahab, Obed-edom, Felix, Gethsemane, Obed, Delilah. SQUARE.—

O O N E
O D E S
N E A P
E S P Y

CHARADES.—1. Band let. 2. Bank note. 3. Barbato. 4. Bar-bones. 5. Barrack. 6. Barrow. 7. Beardroll.

NEW PUZZLES.

I. CHARADES.

My first is the joy of every child,
And fills with pleasure the school-boy's heart,
When from his studies, he's not beguiled,
But bears the meritorious part.

My second oft the forest treads,
With snorts and roars displays his wrath,
The daring hunter his anger dreads
When forced to cross him in his path.

My whole's a variety of my first,
Made of a somewhat larger size,
And if to know it, now you thirst,
Just call to action you thoughts and eyes.

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Am composed of 34 letters.
My 13, 30, 15, the beak of a bird.
My 21, 6, 34, 13, 22, middle.
My 16, 9, 12, 19, 1, 27, a wise man.
My 9, 26, 4, 8, 19, 10, 6, a small net.
My 25, 17, 19, 22, 30, a Chinese coin.

My 31, 29, 26, 9, 21, 12, 5, warm.
My 3, 32, 33, a trifle.
My 23, 20, 11, 18, to agitate.
My 28, 24, 14, 2, 7, is to dig.
My whole is part of a nursery rhyme.

III. ANAGRAMS FROM THE CAPITOL.

1. Nor lion's cages.
2. Ben, I act.
3. Blue caps in R.
4. Mad escort.

5. Rat noses.
6. Priest never eats.

IV. ZIGZAG.

(Words of four letters each.)

1. Right.
2. Fancy.
3. At liberty.
4. A metal.
5. A cover.
6. Twisted.
7. An appellation.
8. At a distance.
9. Chief.
10. To stagger.
11. A fish.
12. Queen of night.
13. A temple.
14. Free.
15. To walk wearily.
16. Lofty.
17. An exclamation.
18. A girl's name.
19. To eat.

Zigzag downward from upper left corner the name of a poem by Campbell.

INDEFINITE INVITATIONS.

HERE is one sort of invitation which, except to very intimate friends, means absolutely nothing, and is, therefore, to be classed with hollow compliment, and not considered sincere and kindly. It is the indefinite invitation. "Come and take tea with us some day," "Come to lunch," "Come and spend a Sunday at our house some time," may be cordially meant, but it is only half polite, and is wholly outside of good taste. If you really wish a friend's company at your table, or under your roof, set a time when you tender an invitation. Ask the friend to come on a specified day for a meal which you indicate, and do not give an airy invitation to particular hospitality in a loose, general manner.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

I have found by a strict and diligent observation that a due observance of the duty of Sunday has ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 29] LESSON XII. [Sept. 17.
WATCHFULNESS ENJOINED.
Mark 13. 21-37. Commit to memory v. 33-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. 1 Thes. 5. 6.

OUTLINE.

Watchfulness Enjoined:—
1. Against Deception, v. 21-23.
2. Against Doubt, v. 24-31.
3. Against Surprise, v. 32-37.
TIME.—A. D. 29, Tuesday afternoon before the crucifixion.
PLACE.—The Mount of Olives.
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 24. 23-51; Luke 17. 22-37.
EXPLANATIONS.—*False Christs*—People pretending to be Christ. *The elect*—The most faithful and devoted followers of Christ. *After that tribulation*—Christ now points out the troubles of the Church and the world after the fall of the Jewish state. Some think this refers to the persecutions of the Christians, others to the fall of the Roman Empire, others to the second coming of Christ at the end of the world. *Gather... his elect*—Perhaps a reference to the final judgment; perhaps to the universal preaching of the Gospel among the nations. *Four winds*—Meaning the most distant parts of the earth. *Fig tree*—As, when the leaves of the fig-tree appear, you know that summer is coming; so when these events take place, know that the end is at hand. *This generation*—This would seem to show that Christ is still speaking of events connected with the downfall of the Jewish state. *Of that day*—The great day of Christ's second coming, and of the last judgment. *Knoweth no man*—No man, thou, has any right to fix a date for its coming. *Neither the Son*—Not even Christ himself had sought to know the time of these events. *Watch and pray*—In order to be always ready.

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TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we here commanded—
1. To watch against error?
2. To watch against danger?
3. To watch for Christ's coming?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Against whom did Christ warn his disciples? Against false Christs and false prophets. 2. What great event did he predict? The coming of the Lord. 3. What did he tell his disciples as to the time of his second coming? "Of that day knoweth no man." 4. What command did he give to his followers concerning it? To watch and pray.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The second coming of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

55. Who was the second King of Israel? The second King of Israel was David, who was raised to the kingdom from keeping of sheep.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 24.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. Repeat the TITLES and GOLDEN TEXTS for the quarter.
II. Answer the questions in the LESSON CATECHISM.
III. After reading each lesson carefully, see how much you can tell about each of the following

LESSON PICTURES.

LESSON I.—*Little children in Jesus' arms.*—Who brought them? Who tried to send them away? What did Jesus say? "Suffer," etc. What did he do to them? How can we get Jesus?

LESSON II.—*The young man whom Jesus loved.*—What did he ask Jesus? How did Jesus answer him? How did the young man say he had lived? What did Christ say that he lacked? What did Christ tell him to do? How did he feel?

LESSON III.—*The selfish request.*—Who of the disciples made it? What did they ask? What did Jesus say to them? How did the other disciples feel toward them? For what did Jesus say he came?

LESSON IV.—*The blind man at Jericho.*—What was his name? What was he doing? What did he cry out? What did they tell him to do? What word did Christ send him? What did Christ do to him?

LESSON V.—*A triumphal procession.*—Into what city? In whose honour? Upon what did Christ ride? What did the people do? What did they say?

LESSON VI.—*The fruitless tree.*—Where was it? Who saw it? What did Jesus say to it? What happened with the tree? What did Jesus do in the temple?

LESSON VII.—*Praying and forgiving.*—What did Christ say about believing when we pray? Whom should we forgive? What is promised to those who forgive others?

LESSON VIII.—*The vineyard and the husbandmen.*—Who planted the vineyard? To whom did he leave it? Where did he go? Whom did he send? How were the messengers treated? What did the lord of the vineyard do?

LESSON IX.—*The penny and the tribute.*—What question was asked Jesus about paying tribute? What did Jesus ask them to show him? Whose image was on the penny? What did Jesus then say?

LESSON X.—*The greatest commandment.*—Who asked Jesus which it was? What did Jesus give as the first commandment? What as the second? What did he say to the scribe who talked with him?

LESSON XI.—*The coming dangers.*—What dangers to the city did Jesus foretell? Of what troubles did he forewarn his disciples? What did he tell them to do when persecuted?

LESSON XII.—*The great day to come.*—Of what great day did Christ speak? Did he tell when it would come? Who alone knows when it will be? What did he give as our present duty?

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