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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

No. 3.

## NOW I LAY ME.

**G**OLDEN head, so slowly bending,  
Little feet so white and bare,  
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,  
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
'Tis to God that she is praying,  
Praying him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,  
"If I should die before I wake,"—  
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—  
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,  
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!  
Children's myriad voices floating  
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,  
I could choose what might be mine,  
It should be that child's petition,  
Rising to the throne divine.

## THE GIRAFFE.

**O**F all the strange creatures to be seen in zoological gardens, none are more remarkable than the giraffe, the tallest animal in the world. It was called the camelopard by the ancients, because it had long legs like the camel, and was spotted like the leopard; but it is not really like either animal, though it has some resemblance to the camel, as in the shape of its nostrils and upper lip it is more nearly allied to the deer; but its most striking peculiarities are all its own, and in general from it is unlike any other quadruped. The spots with which it is adorned are totally different to those of the leopard, being large, and of irregular shape, and are arranged in a geometric pattern along its sides. The small horns with which its head is armed are made of horn, like those of the ox or deer, but are of bone, and seem like a prolongation of the bones of the skull; they are terminated by a tuft of stiff bristles.

The singular shape of the giraffe is adapted to its habits of life; it feeds on the young branches and top shoots of the trees, and its long fore legs and neck enable it to browse at a far greater height than any other animal.

In feeding it stretches up its neck, and with its long prehensile tongue, which it can protrude to a surprising distance, hooks down the tender shoots and leaves into its mouth. But the creature's peculiar form, though enabling it to feed on what it likes best, is sometimes the cause of its destruc-

tion. The fore-legs are so long that to reach the ground it has to stretch them wide apart, and bend down its neck in a semi-circle, and while drinking in this defenceless attitude the lion or leopard springs upon it, and overpowers it before it can recover

injuries. Most horned animals lower their heads, and butt at the object of their attack; but the giraffe swings its long neck sideways, and delivers a tremendous blow which sometimes proves fatal. A young female giraffe at the Zoological Gardens, London,

admiring the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens, one of the animals, attracted by the decorations of one of their bonnets, took advantage of the lady's turning her head to stretch its neck over the high iron railings, and hooking its long tongue round a brilliant flower, plucked it out, chewed it up, and swallowed it before the fair owner was aware of her loss!

Every one who has seen the giraffe must have noticed the great size and beauty of its soft black eyes; they have a gentle yet fearless expression, and their prominence enables the animal to see almost behind it, so as to guard against an enemy attacking it while feeding. In walking the giraffe does not move its legs like the horse, ox, and most other quadrupeds, but moves both the fore and hind legs of the same side at once, like the elephant and camel.

In its native country of Africa the giraffe sometimes attains the height of seventeen feet; but of those taken to or bred in Europe, few have exceeded fourteen feet. The giraffe was first brought to Europe by the Romans after their conquest of Africa. Julius Cæsar exhibited it in his gorgeous spectacles to the wondering eyes of the citizens of Rome, who thought they saw in this new and strange creature a combination of the characters of the horse, ox, camel, and leopard; but the short stiff mane down its neck is certainly not like that of a horse, though its tufted tail may have some resemblance to that of an ox. But every rare or strange animal brought to Rome was only destined to heighten the barbarous sports of the amphitheatre; and, however much the Romans admired the giraffe, or camelopardalis, as they called it, it was slaughtered without mercy. In the reign of the Emperor Philip ten of these beautiful creatures were slain in the arena at one time for the amusement of the populace! It is difficult to imagine the cruelty of people who could find pleasure in witnessing the destruction of such animals.



THE GIRAFFE.

itself. The giraffe is rather a timid animal, and as it runs with great swiftness it usually seeks safety in flight; but when hard pressed it will turn and beat off even the lion by striking out with its strong fore-hoofs. Its horns, too, though they are so small, are capable of inflicting severe

Eng., once playfully drove her horns through a wooden partition an inch thick.

In feeding, the giraffe appears to be guided by sight rather than smell, for it has been known to eat artificial flowers and leaves. On one occasion, as some gaily dressed ladies were

"JAMES, my son, take this letter to the post-office and pay postage for it." The boy James returned quite elated, and said: "Father, I see a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped your's in for nothing."

## THE CHILDREN'S WAITING.

THE day had been wild and stormy  
And the night fell chill and gray,  
And the air was keen and frosty  
As I went my homeward way.  
Down by a rock in the roadside,  
Hiding away from the storm,  
I found two little children  
Muffled in garments warm.

"Why are you here?" I asked them  
As they smiled up at me,  
Through the dusk and the falling snow flakes  
Their shunning eyes I could see,  
And I wanted to hug and kiss them,  
The roguish little lives,  
As sweet—why there's nothing sweeter  
Than their own little laughing selves!

"We're waiting for papa," they answered,  
"It's time for him to come.  
We always come here to meet him  
And kiss him welcome home.  
You know that papa'd be sorry  
If he didn't find us here,  
For you can't think how he loves us!  
He don't know, does he, dear?"

Then the motherly little darling,  
Who may have been eight years old,  
Pulled her brother's cap down closer  
To keep out the wind and cold.  
"No, he doesn't know," he answered,  
And laughed at the wind in glee;  
"Oud ought to see how much papa  
Sinks o' Dolly an' me."

A step in the road behind me  
I heard in the twilight gray;  
And "Papa is coming, brother,"  
I heard the little girl say.  
A shout of glee and greeting,  
A jubilant "Papa's tum,"  
And both of them ran to meet him  
And kiss him welcome home.

Bless the dear heart of the children  
Waiting for papa to come.  
The love of the dear little darlings  
Is a beacon to light him home.  
I never have crossed the threshold  
Where the household fire burns bright,  
But I know 'tis a happy kingdom  
Where love holds court at night.  
—Eben. E. Rexford.

## A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

YOU would not have said that John Hammond looked in the least like a hero, a square shouldered, rough-handed fellow of fifteen, wearing a very happy-go-lucky checked shirt and blue overalls. Those blue overalls had seen service, as their irregular patches bore witness; driving the cows through the morning dew, hoeing, milking and tramping the fields, they and others exactly like them had been of John's wearing apparel for as many years as he cared to remember. But though John was a country fellow, with rather a steady and monotonous round of work before him and no very brilliant prospects in the future, as far as eye could see, he had, like all boys worth anything, ambition of his own.

His father was a hard-working man who had as a boy lived on the large, rather barren farm which he had at last been able to purchase with his jealously treasured "savings," and held naturally the belief that his son would work and improve the same land after he had grown old, died and left it.

John had other thoughts; he felt in himself an ability for pursuits different from the one his father chose. That was well enough. Boy as he was, he saw it to be a noble and dignified thing to till the ground and make it fair with orchard and garden, but all men were not intended by nature for the same work. He had a genuine love for mechanical pursuit and there was a cunning at his fingers' ends which seemed to promise a real bent toward

making and fashioning. It was better to be a carpenter even than a farmer, but best of all would be engineering; the building of stupendous bridges and laying out of long lines of railroads.

His mother knew all these longings. Most mothers do find out their boys' inclination, I fancy, in the right kind of family. "I wish you could have all the learning you want, Johnnie," she said one morning, fondly patting the rough head that lay on her ironing table. Then, getting a fresh iron from the stove and skilfully "trying it" with her finger, she went on: "But I don't think it would do any good to talk it over with father. He wouldn't hear to it, because he thinks farming's good enough for anybody. And besides that, you know, there isn't any money."

"Yes, I rather guess I do," said John, dolefully. Then catching the troubled look of his mother's face, he said bravely: "But don't be bothered, I can stand it anyhow." There was a good deal of real tenderness between his mother and himself. That night as John was bringing in the wood to fill the great box by the kitchen stove an idea struck him; such a bright idea that he stopped short and nearly fell an armful of kindlings. "I'll do it!" he said aloud. "No, nothing, mother, I was only talking to myself," as Mrs. Hammond came out in time to hear the exclamation.

Just after dark John might have been seen going up the neatly kept walk that led to the minister's trim little house. His only concession to the importance of making a call all by himself consisted in brushing his hair very smoothly and polishing his square, determined face with soap and water until it shone again. It would not have done to put his best clothes on for, aside from the fact that they made him ill at ease, he had been careful that no one at home should suspect his absence on any unusual errand. Yes, the minister was at home and would be glad to see John alone. The boy's heart beat loudly as he was ushered into the study; ministers were in his mind inseparably connected with churches, sermons and funerals, and nothing but the importance of his present errand could have induced him to encounter one alone. Mr. Burns was a hearty, jovial-looking man.

"Glad to see you, John," he said warmly, rising from his study table and greeting him. John thought proudly, just as if he were a grown man. "Now this is nice to have you come by yourself for a call."

"I wanted to ask you a question," said John, choking a little in his awkwardness, choosing the extreme edge of his chair. "I want to go to school and have a real business, different from farming, and I thought you'd know better about such things than anybody here. We haven't got any money and I want to know what to do." It seemed a very long speech to the boy when he had finished and his heart beat alarmingly at his own daring.

"Ah!" said the minister, rubbing his chin and eyeing the boy sharply. "So you want a profession. Have you talked with father?"

"No, sir, but mother knows about it. I thought it wasn't any use to speak to father until I could see a way to do it. He'd say no, unless he could see some real sense in it."

"Yes, I understand, and it is wise of you to think of it. Do you want to go to college, or haven't you got as far as settling that?"

So John, encouraged by the kind tone and apparent interest of his listener, went on to talk of his plans more freely than he had ever told them to any one. The minister listened, put in a word now and then, and at the end gave a nod of approval.

"I think something must be done for you, my boy," he said, heartily. "But I can't say a word until I've thought it all over, and when I have, I'll either send for you or go up and see your father. Will that do?"

It would do beautifully, John thought, and he went away delighted beyond reason. And in the days which followed he did very little but whistle and toss his cap up into the air at uncertain intervals, rousing in his mother homely fears that "John wasn't well because his appetite was so poor."

But after waiting, the day came when the minister called and asked to see his father. John on his way from a neighbour's saw the two in close conclave near the kitchen window, and, in a ridiculous desperation, ran into the barn to hide on the highest hay-mow of all. No one came to find him, a fact not to be wondered at considering that the hay-mow is not a common resort for families in general, however well the boys may know its fragrant, dusty corners. Finally he crept out and went into the house, rather shamefaced, but very conspicuously unconscious of out-of-the-way occurrence. His mother, rather flushed and excited, was laying the supper table; his father, by the window, was reading the *Belbrook Gazette* upside down.

"So you want to go to school," said the father rather gruffly. "Why didn't you come to me about it first?" John's heart sank into his boots at the tone.

"I thought Mr. Burns might know best whether it was foolish or not, and—"

"Oh, tell the boy, father," broke out his mother. "It's a shame to keep him waiting. And don't you see, he's ready to cry?"

It all came out then, and I am not sure good as the news was, that John did not cry after all. He was to study with the minister that winter, mathematics and general English branches, and the next fall enter the institute of technology. His father would mortgage the river pasture or perhaps sell it for the money necessary for the first year's expenses; they could not plan beyond that. Perhaps, then the boy's ability would have proved itself worth the borrowing of money if he cared to pledge himself for its payment when he had gotten to the point of earning it himself. How John worked that winter at books and "chores" no other boy without an object in life would ever believe. And when summer came, a little tired, but still enthusiastic, he was all hope for the coming fall term at school. Mr. Burns praised his scholarship and ability without measure, and the father, at first agreeing to the plan under protest and because the minister declared it to be the best thing, grew prouder than ever of his boy and willing that he should make his way in the world, let the farm pass into what hands it would.

There came a morning—and I am

sorry to tell this part of the story—when the little household was all in confusion and the village doctor was looked for with as much anxiety as if he carried the keys of life in his black case. Mr. Hammond had had a stroke of paralysis and the doctor could only say, pityingly, that there was no immediate danger of his death, but that he must be a helpless man always. The farmer moaned and tried to speak. The good doctor's voice had not been low enough and from outside the door the verdict had reached the sick man's ears. John was close by his father's side, half-terrified by his drawn face. The moan came again and he put his own face down to translate the half-articulate sound. "The farm? the work?" he questioned. The eyes brightened with assent.

"Oh, father, don't bother about that. I shall stay at home. I'll take care of the farm just as you would." And he kept his promise.

Sick people through weakness and pity of themselves cannot always be generous, and it is a question whether farmer Hammond ever quite understood the sacrifice his son made for him. His mind became a little clouded by bodily illness, and as no one ever reminded him that John had hoped for a different life, he forgot the fact altogether.

Do you know how a hard blow some times hardens character and changes the boy into the man in the space of days? It was so with John. He put his own plans resolutely aside and took on his shoulders the burden of his father's work, hiring when it was necessary, but bending all his energies toward making the farm pay. And it did, as farms go; there was never much ready money in the family purse, but there were fields of grain, a cellar stocked with vegetable beauties and thriving live-stock as witnesses of success. Beyond that his father had been made as happy as a man so disabled ever could be.

When, after years, the father died, it was too late for the accomplishment of John's boyish purpose. If you should ask him to-day how he regards his life, it is probable he would tell you that it seems a failure, but his townsmen tell a different story. Cheery, helpful and brave, he never fails a friend and has made the very best of the place duty seemed to mark out for him. I could show you a score of intelligent articles from his pen on various agricultural subjects. I could recount dozens of his brave deeds, but the story of his life dwindles down to the one moral—that, although circumstances may deny a man what he longs for most, he can succeed in becoming good and great at heart in spite of them. And after all character is the only thing worth striving for.

TELL a boy that he is a dunce, and he will soon be one. Tell a girl that she is fretful and disagreeable; she will soon be such. Helping, and not hindering, is what humanity needs. A half-drunken man went into a temperance meeting in Chicago which was led by women. He signed the pledge. The next morning, as he was about to drink, he found the pledge-card in his pocket. "Did I sign that last night?" he said, reading his name. "Well, if Mrs. R. thinks I can keep it, I can," and kept it he has for nearly ten years.

EVANGELISTE.

THE Sabbath morn was fresh and cool,  
And along the quiet street  
The children came from Sunday-school.  
I heard the pattering of their feet,  
I saw their faces fair,  
Their gravely happy air.  
The sweetest sight in all the land  
It was to see them meet or part,  
Each with a Bible in her hand,  
A holy lesson in her heart.

One child more fair than all the rest  
(I wish that I could sing her name),  
In richest silk and velvet dressed,  
When school was over, onward came,  
With childhood's beaming face  
And childhood's winsome grace,  
Holding her mother's hand. Her eyes  
Were homes of holy love and prayer,  
And kept the colour of the skies,  
Untroubled by a tear or care.

And, as they trod the quiet street,  
They met a poor, toil-weary child.  
The children stopped as glad to meet,  
And each upon the other smiled.  
"Good-by," I heard them say,  
"You'll come next Sabbath-day!"  
"O yes! I'll come." And on she went,  
Beguiled of half her care and fear.  
The mother to her daughter bent,  
"How do you know that child, my dear?"

"I know her lately," she confessed.  
"Just since this morning when she came  
To Sunday-school so badly dressed—  
I do not think I know her name;  
But she looked tired and shy,  
And almost like to cry,  
And half ashamed to onward pass.  
I could not bear her face to see;  
And no one knew her in the class,  
And so I made a place by me,

"And smiled to her The place she took,  
And then she smiled right back to me.  
I let her read out of my book,  
And she was glad as she could be;  
And when the school was o'er,  
And we were at the door,  
She smiled again as I stood near,  
And I smiled back; and so you see  
We got acquainted, mamma dear."  
The mother kissed her tenderly,

And onward went with solemn face,  
Thinking, no doubt, how childhood's love,  
How childhood's kindly care and grace,  
Is most like that which is above.

THE FOX'S DINNER-PARTY.

ONE of the funniest animal stories I ever heard was lately told by a sober Quaker gentleman from New Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness himself. He was one day in a field near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one of them disappear under water with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. The fox chanced to go in a direction where it was easy to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, made a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manœuvre. The geese by some means took the alarm, and flew away with a loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in the direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man went to the place, uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings. The sly thief soon returned

with another fox, whom he had apparently invited to dine with him. They trotted along merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips in expectation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rocks, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves, but lo! his dinner had disappeared. He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than doubted whether any goose was ever there at all. Appearances were certainly very much against the host. His tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a timid glance, at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unlucky associate and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if aware that he received no more than might naturally be expected under the peculiar circumstances.—*Harper's Young People.*

OUR OWN MOTHERS.

WHO does the horrid ugly creature belong to, any way?

At the sound of the shrill voice I glanced from my phæton in front of the post-office, where I was waiting for the morning mail to be distributed, across the white dusty country road to the top of a picket fence, where was perched a queer little old woman in quaint black dress and funny black bonnet, from which floated a long voluminous black veil. She was talking rapidly and brandishing a crutch toward a peaceable-looking horse that was feeding quietly by the roadside.

The men grouped about the little railway station near by, and those standing in front of the village store, laughed heartily at the queer spectacle, which was, indeed, ludicrous in the extreme.

"That ugly creature don't belong to nobody, auntie," called a rude boy from the top of a load of cordwood. "He is an escape from that circus advertisement over yonder on the blacksmith shop, and is not a horse at all, but a widow-eating ryoosona."

"Look out for him, black bonnet and crutches are his regular diet," shouted another young fellow who was loading lumber.

"For shame!" exclaimed a third young man, who then called politely to the woman on the fence: "The horse is perfectly gentle, madam, he will not hurt you."

Thus reassured, the poor woman clambered down, and still holding her crutch in a defensive attitude, shouted: "How long is he going to be round here!"

"All day, I presume," said another man, mischievously.

"Then how am I going to get home, any way?"

"We don't know, grandma."

The bystanders laughed with evident enjoyment. The poor woman looked perplexed enough, until the gentlemanly youth, who had reassured her before, said:

"I will go with you, if you would like to have me."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried the woman. "I left bread in

the oven, and Nancy Jane is sick, and I've got medicine here for her, and I ought to be at home this minute."

The young man crossed the road, picked up her parcels from the damp, dewy grass, and walked beside her as she swung herself rapidly along, her black veil streaming back like a banner.

"I would pitch into anybody who called me a coward," said one of the railroad boys, doubling his fist in a pugilistic way; "but I wouldn't have gone over there and walked across the bridge with that old woman for fifty dollars."

"I don't know as I would," said a middle aged man who had lost an arm at Antietam; but I suppose no one disputes that moral courage goes far ahead of physical courage. I do not think I am lacking in the last."

They were still talking upon this point when the young man returned, evidently expecting to be chaffed by all hands. He blushed a little at the remark of one of the older men.

"We should all have been glad to have done just what you have done, but we were afraid of the laugh."

"I was as foolishly afraid of that as any of you in the first place," he replied, frankly; "but, in my mind, I changed the saying, 'Do as you would be done by,' so that it ran, 'Do as you would have your own mother done by' and then, of course, I went right along with the poor, nervous, timid old woman, as any of you would have done had you put it in that way."

"That is so," chorused the men, and one said, solemnly:

"I don't care how rough a fellow may be, if he always keeps a soft place in his heart for his own mother."

"I think we should all get along better if we would always make a point of following our best impulses," said the gentlemanly young man.

The locomotive sent out its shrill call, and the young freight hands ran to their places on the top of the long, sinuous line of smoky cars, each one, I was sure, with a softened heart under his rough, begrimed jacket.

SOWING WILD OATS.

THIS is the story that a well-known clergyman tells:

"The most magnificent specimen of young manhood that I have ever known was a young fellow-student named Henry Haines. As an athlete on the campus, as a scholar in the arena of debate, he was *facile princeps*, everywhere and always. We were not so much envious of him as proud of him, and we fondly fancied that there could be no height of fame or fortune too difficult for his adventurous feet to climb, and that the time would come when he would fill the world with the echo of his fame, and it would be a proud thing for any of us to declare that we had known him. A little tendency to dissipation was by some of us observed, but this was only the wild oats sowing which was natural to youth and genius, and which we did not doubt that after years would chasten and correct.

"But the years came and went, and the young collegians were scattered through the world, and ever and anon would some of us wonder what had become of Henry Haines. We looked in vain for his rising star, and listened long for his coming feet.

"Some time ago, for a single Sabbath, I was preaching in New York. My theme in the morning had been, 'The Ghost of Buried Opportunity.' On my way to the hotel I discovered that I was shadowed by a desperate-looking wretch, whose garb, whose gait, whose battered, bloated look all unmistakably betokened the spawn of slums. What could the villain want with me? I paused at my door, and faced about to confront him. He paused, advanced, and then huskily whispered, 'Henson, do you know me?'

"I assured him I did not, whereupon he continued, 'Do you remember Henry Haines?'

"Ay, ay, well enough; but surely you are not Henry Haines?'

"I am what is left of him—I am the ghost of him."

"I shuddered as I reached for his hands, and gazing intently into his face, discovered still some traces of my long lost friend, still doubtly lost though found again. I put my arms about him in brotherly embrace, and took him to my room, and drew from his lips the story of his shattered life. I begged him by the old loves and un-forgotten memories of better days to go back with me to my Philadelphia home, and under new auspices and with new surroundings to strike out for a noble destiny, which I hoped might still be possible. But, striking his clinched fist on my table he said: 'Henson, it's no use to talk to me I'm a dead beat, and am dead broke. I'm a burned-out volcano, and there's nothing left of me but cinders now. I have come to New York to bury myself out of sight of all that ever loved me. I know the ropes here, and shall stay here till I rot. I live in a muskrat hole near the wharf. I shall die as I have lived, and I have lived like a dog.'

"In vain were my earnest protests and brotherly pleading. He tore himself from me, and went shambling off to his den by the wharf. He had sown the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind. He had sown to the flesh, and was reaping corruption. He had sown 'wild oats,' and the oats were now yielding a dreadful harvest of woe."—*Selected*

DO YOU KNOW THE PLANTS?

IT is not only a pleasure, but very useful, to know the names and qualities of trees, plants, herbs, and flowers. All this you can learn only by keeping your eyes open. Many a time you will need such knowledge. A vessel was once wrecked in the English Channel. Only four persons were saved. No one could see them for the darkness, nor hear them for the noisy storm. They climbed from rock to rock till they could get no higher, but just then one of them, by a flash of lightning, saw a samphire plant. By this he knew they were safe; for it never grows in a place where the tide can reach. Then they knew they could rest. So life might often be saved if you knew certain common herbs and plants that are cures for diseases. Keep eyes and ears open as you pass through life, and you will learn much that may be useful to you. Then, too, such knowledge is in itself a pleasure, even if you never need it.

## GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm,  
God bless its every rood!  
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms  
Can earn an honest livelihood—  
Can from the coarse and fertile soil  
Win back a recompense for toil!

God bless each meadow, field and nook,  
Beguimed with fairest flowers;  
And every leaf that's gently shook  
By evening breeze or morning showers—  
God bless them all—each leaf a gem  
In Nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchards that, in early spring,  
Blush rich in fragrant flowers.  
And with each autumn surely bring  
Their wealth of fruit in golden showers,  
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod—  
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may he bless the farmer's home,  
Where peace and plenty reign.  
No happier spot neath heaven's high dome  
Does this broad, beautiful earth contain,  
Than where, secure from care or strife,  
The farmer spends his peaceful life.

Unvexed by toil and tricks for gain,  
He turns the fertile mould;  
Then scatters on the golden grain,  
And reaps reward an hundred fold—  
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,  
For God hath blessed his home and farm!

—Exchange.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

## STAND UP FOR JESUS.

There are a great many of the young readers of PLEASANT HOURS, it is hoped, who have given their hearts to the blessed Saviour. Every year there is a larger number of them reported as meeting in class and having their name on the record of the Church. It is hoped that a great many of them have their names written in heaven. They are subjects of the Kingdom of God. And such a king as he is deserves loyal subjects. Jesus expects his subjects, young as well as old, to stand up for him. Jesus is the Captain of our salvation, and he wants all his soldiers, the little ones as well as the big ones, to be true and brave.

And children do not know how much good they may do by honouring Jesus in this way. A little girl from one of the cities of the sunny South was converted while on a visit to an uncle in Philadelphia. Her father

was a great man in the city where he lived, but he was not a Christian. He was a lawyer and a politician. He lived in a fine house, and had everything very elegant around him, only there was no prayer in the house. But in the home where his twelve-year-old daughter had been visiting there was worship every day, and she wondered why it was not so at her father's house.

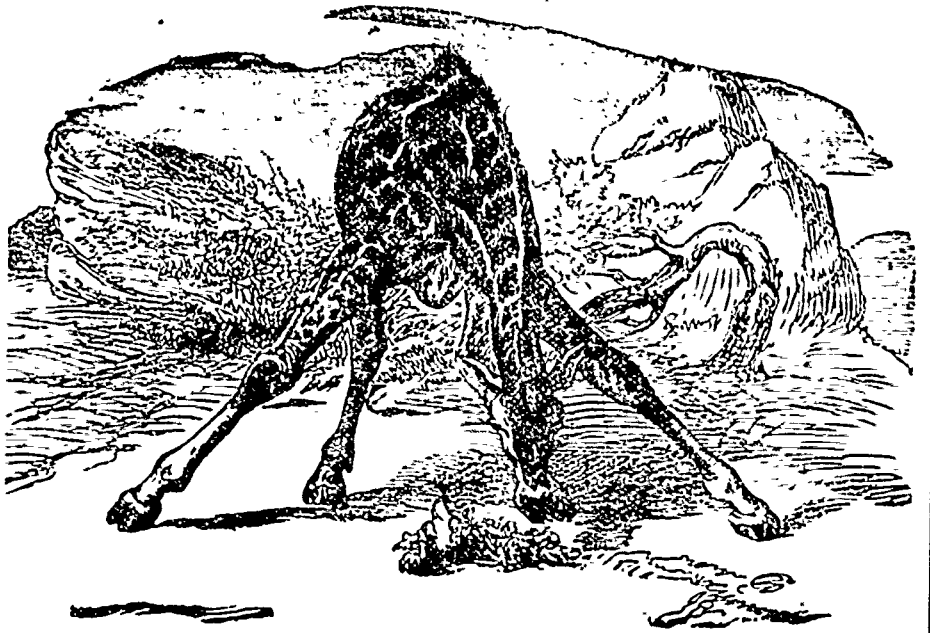
When she came home she thought she would try to find out why their house was not, in this respect, like her uncle's, and see if they could not have a Christian home as he had. When they sat down at the breakfast table, the morning after she came home, she said, "papa, why don't you ask a blessing as uncle does?" "Oh, my child, I am not a professor of religion as your uncle is," was his answer. "Please, papa," said she, "may I ask a blessing?" "Certainly," said he, "if you want to." Then she asked the blessing.

After breakfast was over, this brave little girl said in a very polite and lady-like manner, "Please, papa, why do you not have family worship as uncle has?" "Oh," said he again, "uncle is a professor of religion and a member of the Church, but I am not." "Then," said his little daughter, "papa, may I have family worship?" Papa could not answer that question. It was too much for him. He could only weep and sob. He saw the greatness of his sin in not having given his heart to God long before, and that he had been living all this time in a prayerless home. He asked God to have mercy upon him for Christ's sake. The Lord saved him. And after that his little daughter had not to ask the blessing, or to conduct the family worship. Papa did all that himself, and they had a Christian home just like uncle's. That little girl stood up for Jesus, and in doing so not only honoured the blessed Master but was instrumental in saving her own father.

## FEED MY LAMBS.

THE Lord Jesus is the Good Shepherd, and his people are his sheep. They know his voice, and they follow him. They hear him speaking to them in his word; and by the help of his good spirit, they trust him and obey him. The Good Shepherd loves his sheep. He died for them on earth, and he lives for them in heaven. In both these senses "he giveth his life for his sheep." When he was going away from this world he gave very strict orders to his Church as to the care of his sheep.

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, has lambs, too, as well as sheep, in his fold. The little children are his lambs. These he carries in his bosom. They are very near his heart. They are in his thoughts and his affections. He thinks about them, and loves them, very much. He likes to see them coming to him for a blessing. When the mothers brought their little babies to him to be blessed by him, his disciples rebuked those who brought them; but Jesus was much displeased, and told them to allow the little children to come unto him, and to forbid them not. Jesus loves to see them coming to him.



GIRAFFE DRINKING.

He has given orders, too, about the care of his lambs. He said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." And what he said to him he says to his whole Church. This refers to the feeding of the soul, rather than the body. He cares for the body, it is true, but he cares a great deal more for the soul. He wants to have them fed. He desires to have them instructed. The truth is the food of the soul. But to feed, in the sense in which Jesus would have his lambs fed, does not mean merely to supply them with food. It means to act the part of a shepherd toward them. What he wants his Church to do for the lambs is just what he would do if he were personally present with them on earth. He wants it to love them, care for them, carry them in its bosom, and do everything that can be done to make them wise, and good, and happy.

Blessed Jesus! How he loves the little ones! How the little ones ought to love him!

## SWEETNESS OF SPIRIT.

THERE are some Christian men who somehow carry the charm of an attractive atmosphere with them. It is a pleasure to see them. Even when one differs in judgment with them as far as the poles are asunder, one is none the less drawn and fascinated by them. There is such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such kind catholicity, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on one hand, and on the other hand such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one cannot help loving them, however conscience may compel conclusions on matters of mutual consequence unlike those which they have reached.

Those are not weak men, either. What people like in them is not that, with the everlasting unvaryingness of a mirror, they reflect back the thought which is presented to them, and so are always on agreement with others. Sometimes one is even more drawn to them when they are in opposition, because they are so true and just that their respect carries with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility.

Natural temper has something to do with this. God gives a great gift to a man when he gives him a sunny dis-

position, a candid spirit, and the instinct of fairness in a controversy. It is exceedingly hard for some men to be just. They are jealous, suspicious, and morose in their natural bent. It is hard for them to believe good of others. It is easy for them always to put the worst construction upon matters. It sometimes seems as if it were almost more than grace can do to transform their tempers so that they will be just toward any man against whom they have been led to have a prejudice.—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SOME of the answers of English school children in the examinations on paper conducted by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, are very amusing. The following were recently among the written answers in examination on scripture:

"Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark maid of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt braizen snakes, and he het nothin' but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was korb by the 'air of the 'ed while ridin' under a bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot, and had tew wives. Wun was called Hismale and tother Haygur. He kep' wun at home and he hurried the tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."

"Write an account of the Good Samaritan." "A certain man went down from Jerslam to Jeriker, and he fell among thawns and the thawns sprank up and choked him. Weren upon he gave tuppins to the host and said tak care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he passed bye on the hother side."

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "Oh! yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning; and oh! ma, can I go?"



WOMEN WEeping AT THE TOMB.

WOMEN WEeping AT THE TOMB.

“IT is the custom in Syria,” says a recent writer, “during several weeks after a funeral, for the women of a bereaved house to go early in the morning to weep over the grave. Whether the sorrow be real or not, still they must conform to custom or they will be held in contempt by their friends. So, in cold weather or warm, in piercing wind and chilling rain, they assemble, fearing that if they remain at home the world will talk about them.

“Often the relatives of the dead do not care to do such an inconvenient thing or are unwilling to expose themselves. Out of this difficulty there is always an easy way. There are many women who, if sufficiently paid, are anxious to give every evidence, by eye and voice, of the most overwhelming grief. It is not necessary that they should know the family at all; money is all that is needed to start their tears and tune their voices to the most doleful lamentations.”

“SUCH A SPLENDID WAY OF DYING.”

MISSIONARIES in Japan are beginning to use with effect the argument in favour of Christianity to be drawn from the changed lives and happy deaths of Christians. They do not hesitate to affirm openly that heathen religions have no such power.

Many instances are occurring to convince the people of the truth of the statements.

One of these—a woman whose home was in the house of the head man of the village—sickened and died early last month, and her death was so serene and happy as to have made quite a profound impression on the community. “How is this,” people asked, “that without even naming an idol, one can have such a happy death?” literally, such a splendid way of dying. The Buddhist priest of the

village was aroused, and protested against the introduction of the “foreign religion,” especially into the very house of the head man of the village. The latter replied that he was not a Christian, but that a religion which did so much for one in this life, and gave such a promise for the life to come, could not be very bad.—*Dr. Gordon Kioto.*

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

ONE of the strongest arguments against the use of tobacco is the intense nausea and sickness felt by people in their first attempt at smoking. It is nature's protest against abuse, and it would be well for millions if they heeded the warning, for offensive to smell and taste as it is at first, the dislike often changes to intense craving, and the user of tobacco has become its slave, the habit being often harder to overcome than the love of strong drink. And of what use is it?

Very few persons can state distinctly the effects of tobacco upon them, the kind of pleasure which the use of it gives, and why they continue to use it. Let any user of tobacco ask himself these questions, and he will be surprised to see how unsatisfactory the answers he receives will be.

It is a habit which continually grows stronger, at the same time weakening the will, and finally making a man its abject slave. Its physiological effects are such as to warrant its abandonment, even if there were no other consideration.

All its ill effects are transmitted from parents to child, and usually with a weakened constitution and a disposition to intemperance. It is a filthy habit. It is an expensive habit. It is of doubtful morality, because its consequences are bad.

Smoking to excess produces nausea, vomiting, and trembling, with accelerated motion of the heart, and it is an open question whether the prevalence of heart disease, which has been attributed to the rapid, exciting, modern

life, should not be really attributed to the extensive use of tobacco.

It is with tobacco as with deleterious articles of diet, the strong suffer comparatively little, while those not of robust habit, or who are predisposed to disease fall victims to its poisonous operation. Under such circumstances an article so injurious to the health and so offensive in its mode of enjoyment should be speedily banished.

A BOY'S HYMN.

The Rev. Moulais Jones “wished he could write expressly for the boys another version of Charlotte Elliott's hymn, ‘Just as I am,’ full of bright dreams and happy anticipations.”—*Vide Christian World, Oct. 16th.*

“JUST as I am,” Thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me;  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay,  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might,  
Therefore, to Thee I come.

“Just as I am,” young, strong, and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold;  
But dearer still my faith to hold,  
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at Thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.  
—*Marianne Farningham.*

WHAT LOVE WILL DO.

“CAN a mother forget her child? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.”

It was the morning of a festival. At an early hour the villagers had assembled on the green. Above them the peaks of the Alps towered in majestic grandeur. The happy children were sporting in groups, when a loud scream arrested the attention of all. A mountain eagle had swooped unperceived, and to the horror of the bystanders rose with a child struggling in its talons. In the terror and confusion it was some time before it was known who it was; and a deep groan burst from the crowd when it was found that it was a beautiful child, the sole comfort of a widow.

“My child! my darling child!” she cried, as, wringing her hands in agony, with streaming eyes she watched the flight of the powerful bird, while the pastor vainly tried to comfort her. Several mountaineers instantly sprang to the cliffs, and all eyes followed them as slower and slower they ascended. At length, as the eagle disappeared beyond the abrupt precipice, they were seen to pause, and all but two gave up the attempt. At last, as rocks towered above rocks, these gave up the desperate pursuit, and a groan from the beholders told that all hope was over. With her face blanched by despair, her gaze riveted upon the precipice, the mother had stood motionless until now, but when she saw the pursuers falter, with a cry of agony she sprang up the almost perpendicular ascent. Upward, still upward, she held her perilous way until she gained the point which seemed to defy further progress,

and there the cliffs rose high and bold before her; but where effort failed in others, she, impelled by love, nerved every power, and pausing not at danger, her bare and tender feet caught upon the lichens, and upward she pressed to the admiration and terror of the beholders. Once, and once only, she paused to glance below. When midway to the summit what a startlingly beautiful view greeted her eyes. Far down the winding valley was a dense mass of human beings. Not one was standing, not a head was covered, but air and youth and child were kneeling in fervent supplication, while from the village the tolling bell met her ear calling on the neighbouring inhabitants to rally. At length she gained the summit, and to her speechless joy she beheld her child still alive in the nest. On rapid wing the eagle was wheeling and circling above her. To grasp the child, clasp it to her bosom, and bind it to her with her shawl, was the work of a moment. Commending herself to the loving Father she turned to descend. Fearful had been the ascent, but more fearfully perilous seemed the descent. On reaching the difficult spot, with a dizzy brain and sinking heart she paused, clasping her child to her bosom with a shudder. At that moment her ear caught the faint bleat of a goat guiding its kid down another way. With unspeakable gratitude to God she crossed over to descend by that before unknown path, and she heard the distant shouts of joy from the villagers below. Soon strong arms were by her side, and she was safe with the child.

Love had borne her aloft where Alpine climbers could not go, yet we are told the love Divine goes far beyond. “As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts, saith the Lord.” Dear, suffering one, believe it and rest on Christ your substitute, for “He taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy.”

“His is love beyond a mother's,  
Faithful, free, and knows no end.”  
—*J. P. Pease.*

ROCKS.

A GENTLEMAN was once, when a boy, sailing down the East river, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came to a stick of pointed wood floating on the water he changed the course of the boat.

“Why do you turn out for these bits of wood?” asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his work to talk, and simply growled out:

“Rocks.”  
“Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood,” said the thoughtless boy. “I would go right on.”

The old man did not reply, but simply looked at the boy, as if he thought:

“Poor boy! how little do you know about rocks!”

So boys and girls, shun the rocks as you would the way of death. There are plenty of warnings to show you where the rocks are hidden, and whenever you meet one turn aside, for there is danger.

## THE NEWSBOY'S CAT.

**W**ANT any paper, mister,  
Wish you'd buy 'em of me—  
Ten years old an' a family,  
An' business dull, you see.  
Fact, boss! There's Tom and Tibby,  
An' dad, an' mam, an' mam's cat,  
None on 'em eaymn' money—  
What do you think of that!

Coldn't dad work! Why yes, boss,  
He's workin' for gov'ment now—  
They give him his board for nothin'—  
All along of a drunken row.  
An' mam? Well, she's in the poor house  
Been there a year or so;  
So I'm takin' care of the others,  
Doin' as well as I know.

Oughten't to live so! Why, mister,  
What's a feller to do!  
Some nights when I'm tired and hungry  
Seems as if each on 'em know—  
They'll all three cuddle around me,  
Till I get cheery an' say:  
Well, p'raps I'll have sis ers an' brothers,  
An' money an' clothes, too, some day.

But if I do get rich, boss,  
(An' a lecture chap one night,  
Said that newsboys could be Presidents,  
If only they acted right :—)  
So if I was President, mister,  
The very first thing I'd do,  
I'd buy poor Tom and Tibby  
A dinner—an' mam's cat, too!

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,  
But a good square meal for three;  
If you think I'd skimp my friends, boss,  
That shows you don't know me.  
So 'ere's your papers, come, take one,  
Gimme a life if you can—  
For now you've heard my story,  
You see I'm a fam'ly man!

HOW LITTLE GRACIE CLOSED  
A SALOON.

**G**RACIE was only six years old,  
but beautiful and loving.  
When her father wanted her  
to come into his saloon that  
he might introduce her to the men  
lounging there, and here them praise  
her beauty, she would say: "No,  
papa! make the naughty men go  
away and then I'll come." There was  
a children's Temperance Society in the  
town, in charge of the Women's Tem-  
perance Union, and little Gracie and  
her brother still younger, were invited  
to attend. The father consented, for  
he liked to see Gracie dressed up and  
have people notice her.

Gracie had never seen any one pray  
before, and when the leader talked  
about God, and asked them all to bow  
their heads in prayer, Gracie bowed,  
awed into the most solemn reverence.  
Months passed; Gracie had learned  
to pray, and often talked to her father  
about the child Christ, and wanted  
him to pray; but he only laughed and  
called her a little saint. One day  
Gracie was taken very ill; the doctor  
was sent for, and when he saw her he  
said she was very sick. "Will I  
die?" "I hope not." "You needn't  
be afraid to tell me, 'cause I'm ready;  
I asked Jesus to take me if he wanted  
me." The father, who stood at the  
foot of the bed sobbed out, "Oh,  
Gracie! you don't want to leave your  
papa, do you?"

"Yes, I do, if he wants me to come,  
'cause he has the best right to me!"  
The customers came and went, but  
the saloon-keeper heeded them not, for  
his dear Gracie was on her little bed  
panting her life away. What cared  
he for money, now that the light of  
his life was going out? One day on  
his coming up out of the saloon Gracie  
opened her eyes, and turning on him  
an imposing look, said:

"O, papa, is the saloon open? Are

the men drinking? Do close it up,  
papa. I know I will feel better if  
you will."

"I'll do it, darling—anything to  
make you feel better."

The saloon-keeper's heart was almost  
breaking: the bar-tender was ordered  
to clear the saloon and close the doors.

"Darling, the saloon is closed," he  
said bending over her a few minutes  
later.

"Thank you, papa! It makes me  
feel better already," and a glad smile  
came over her face. Every few hours  
Gracie would ask:

"Is the saloon closed now?"

"Yes, darling."

"Are the shutters up?"

"Yes, dear, they are up."

"O papa! I wish you'd never, never  
open the saloon again. Mamma, can't  
you get him to promise me never to  
open the saloon again?"

"O George! do promise our dying  
child," sobbed the mother, who had  
never favoured her husband's business.

The strong man shook like a reed.  
He could not speak for a moment.

Then coming and bending over her, he  
said in a strange and husky voice:

"My Gracie, papa will never open  
the saloon again."

"O papa, I'm so glad! I'll tell  
Jesus when I get to heaven that you  
have closed the saloon. And now,  
dear papa, you must be good, and he'll  
let you come to that beautiful home  
too; and mamma and Alice can come."  
There was a glad smile on the dying  
child's face that soon faded out into  
lines of pain. But all at once, just at  
the last, her face brightened up with a  
strange, unearthly brightness, and she  
cried out joyfully:

"O mamma look, look! the room  
is full of angels. Papa, don't you see  
them? They are about you."

There was a hush in the room, for  
the gates of heaven were thrown open  
to let the pure spirit pass through.

Only the body of little Gracie was  
left—the real Gracie had gone to live  
with Jesus and the angels.

The father never opened the saloon.  
The bar-room shutters have never  
been taken down. The saloon-keeper  
has not only signed the pledge, but  
has become a Christian, and expects  
to follow his Gracie to heaven after  
awhile.—*Pioneer*.

## BUT DO TRY, PAPA.

**P**A, I have signed the pledge,"  
said a little boy to his  
father, on coming home one  
evening; "will you help me  
keep it?"

"Certainly," said the father.

"Well, I have brought a copy of the  
pledge; will you sign it, papa?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my child.  
What could I do when my brother-  
officers called (the father had been in  
the army), if I was a teetotaler?"

"But do try, papa."

"Tut tut! why you are quite a little  
radical."

"Well, you won't ask me to pass  
the bottle, papa?"

"You are quite a fanatic, my child;  
but I promise not to ask you to touch  
it."

Some weeks after that, two officers  
called in to spend the evening.

"What have you to drink?" said  
they.

"Have you any more of that prime  
Scotch aic?"

"No," said he; "I have not, but I  
shall get some. Here, Willie, run to  
the store and tell them to send some  
bottles up."

The boy stood before his father  
respectfully, but did not go.

"Come, Willie—why, what's the  
matter? Come, run along." He went,  
but came home presently without any  
bottles.

"Where's the ale, Willie?"

"I asked them for it at the store,  
and they put it out on the counter,  
but I could not touch it. O pa, pa!  
don't be angry. I told them to send  
it up, but I could not touch it myself!"

The father was deeply moved, and  
turning to his brother-officers he said:  
"Gentlemen, do you hear that? You  
can do as you please. When the ale  
comes you may drink it, but not  
another drop shall be drank in my  
house, and not another drop shall pass  
my lips. Willie, have you your tem-  
perance pledge?"

"O pa, I have."

"Bring it, then."

And the boy was back with it in a  
moment. The father signed it, and  
the little fellow clung round his father's  
neck with delight. The ale came, but  
not one drank, and the bottles stood on  
the table untouched.—*Home Journal*

## THE BRIDLE ON THE TONGUE.

**M**Y son, have you prospered  
to-day?" said Mrs. Stone.  
"First-rate, mother;  
and I think it is because

I remembered the verse you gave to  
Sadie and me this morning. You see  
we were playing at blindman's buff,  
and the boys would peep so as to see  
us. I was so provoked that I wanted  
to speak right out sharp, but every  
time I began I could see that verse  
real plain, 'He that is slow to anger  
is better than the mighty, and he that  
releth his spirit than he that taketh a  
city,' and I did not say a word. It  
was hard work, though, to keep from  
speaking."

"I do not doubt it, Willie; but I  
am very glad that my little boy was  
so brave. I think it often requires  
more true courage to hold the bridle  
of the tongue than that of a horse."

"That verse helped me, too," said  
Sadie. "I was hurrying along so as  
to call on Julia Howard before school;  
but just as I turned the corner old  
Mrs. Lane opened her window and  
asked me if I would go to Pinkham's  
store and get a bundle. I was so dis-  
appointed that I wanted to say 'No,'  
but the verse came into my mind so  
quick I said 'Yes'm,' and ran along."  
"You did quite right, my children,"  
said Mrs. Stone, "and have each  
gained a victory that is better than  
taking a city."—*Well-Spring*.

## DOES ALCOHOL WARM US?

**A**PATIENT was arguing with  
his doctor the necessity of his  
taking a stimulant. He urged  
that he was weak and needed  
it. Said he:

"But, doctor, I must have some  
kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and  
it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty  
answer. "See here, this stick is cold,"  
taking up a stick of wood from the  
box beside the hearth and tossing it  
into the fire, "now it is warm; but is  
the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood  
first send out little puffs of smoke, and  
then burst into flame, and replied:  
"Of course not; it is burning itself!"

"And so are you when you warm  
yourself with alcohol; you are literally  
burning up the delicate tissues of your  
stomach and brain."

Oh! yes, alcohol will warm you up,  
but who finds the fuel? When you  
take food, that is fuel, and as it burns  
out you keep warm. But when you  
take alcohol to warm you, you are like  
a man who sets his house on fire and  
warms his fingers by it as it burns.

## IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

**I**N the secret of His presence  
I am kept from strife of tongues;  
His pavilion is around me,  
And within are ceaseless songs!  
Stormy winds His words fulfilling,  
Beat without, but cannot harm,  
For the Master's voice is stilling  
Storm and tempest in a calm.  
In the secret of His presence  
Jesus keeps, I know not how;  
In the shadow of the Highest  
I am resting, hiding, now!

In the secret of His presence  
All the darkness disappears;  
For the sun that knows no setting  
Throws a rainbow on my tears,  
So the day grows ever lighter,  
Broadening to the perfect noon;  
So the way grows ever brighter,  
Heaven is coming, dear and soon.

In the secret of His presence  
Nevermore can foes alarm;  
In the shadow of the Highest,  
I can meet them with a psalm;  
For the strong pavilion hides me—  
Turns their fiery darts aside,  
And I know, whatever betides me,  
I shall live because He died!

In the secret of His presence  
Is a sweet, unbroken rest:  
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness,  
Making earth like Eden blest:  
So my peace grows deep and deeper,  
Widening as it nears the sea,  
For my Saviour is my Keeper,  
Keeping mine, and keeping me!  
In the secret of His presence  
Jesus keeps, I know not how;  
In the shadow of the Highest,  
I am resting, hiding, now!

## A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

**A** CLERGYMAN once tried to  
teach some children that the  
soul would live after they were  
all dead. They listened, but  
evidently didn't understand. Taking  
out his watch he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my  
hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"Because we see it and hear it  
tick."

"Very good."

He then took off the case, and held  
it in one hand, and the watch in the  
other.

"Now, children, which is the  
watch?" You see there are two which  
look like watches. Now I will lay  
the case aside—put it away down there  
in my hat. Now, let us see if you can  
hear the watch ticking?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed  
several voices. "Well, the watch can  
tick, go and keep time, as you see,  
when the case is taken off and put in  
my hat, just as well. So it is with  
you children. Your body is nothing  
but the case; the body may be taken  
off and buried in the ground, and the  
soul will live just as well as this watch  
will go when the case is taken off."

SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

AWAY from the roar and the rattle,  
The dust and din of the town,  
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,  
Till the strong treads the weak man down.  
Away to the bonnie green hills,  
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,  
And the heart of the greenwood thrills  
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,  
The vale of the dun and the brown,  
The push and the plash and the pother  
The wear and waste of the town!  
Away where the sky shines clear,  
And the light breeze wanders at will,  
And the dark pine wood nods near  
To the light plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,  
And steaming above and below,  
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,  
And the thought has no quiet to grow.  
Away where the clear brook purrs,  
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,  
And the plume of the tern uncurls  
Its grace in the depth of the glado

Away to the cottage, so sweetly  
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,  
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me  
With thoughts ever kindly and good.  
More dear than the worth of the world  
Fond mother with bairnies three,  
And the plump-armed babe that has curled  
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

—J. Stuart Blackie.

FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

EASTERN OYSTER BEDS AND THE METHOD OF PLANTING AND HARVESTING THE CROPS.

OYSTERS are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four feet to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of larger rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake Bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island Sound. Formerly the Northern beds were almost wholly kept up by restocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake Bay and the Hudson River, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds on any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way. A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a right holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered or on newly prepared ground, as the may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year and Sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favour of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves

unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay and are called Sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point, and the East River. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake Bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use.

The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with oyster tongs and a dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It has a big bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from 1,000 to 6,000, according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a water-logged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, cullins, and cullentines. Some of the dealers open the oysters that they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get \$1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from 3,000 to 6,000 a day.—*Tidings*.

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

BY AUNT HOPE.

IT is a great mistake to think that you can tell what sort of a man a little boy is going to become, and so discourage your mischievous, fun-loving brothers with your croaking of "O, you're such a torment of a boy you'll never grow up to be anything." Very often our worst boys make our best men. I don't advocate harm in boys, but a real, open-hearted, full-of-fun boy, is often a comfort, and ought not to be condemned by his "home folks," or made to feel that there never was such a bad boy, and that he surely will grow up to be a wicked man. Let your boys feel that they are wanted at home, that they are missed from the home circle, and if their fun-loving spirits over-reach the boundary of propriety, gently draw them back with words of love. Never set them the example of acting carelessly at home, and then punish them for not being able to put on "company manners,"

as readily as you can. Give them a room, where they can have a perfect curiosity shop if they wish, and encourage their having companions in play; but watch carefully how they choose their companions, and what influence they have over them. Don't call them away from their play to do this and that thing you forgot, but respect your boys' feelings by remembering what you want them to do in their work time, and then let them feel that their playtime is theirs. And if their merry voices ring out through the house, don't dampen their spirit, with, "You're a thoughtless, bad boy, to be so loud and rough; I won't have you in the house; go somewhere else to play," but quietly say, "I guess my boy forgot that mother doesn't like so much noise;" that will make him feel your reproof, while the other will only make him hate it, and have little respect for your wishes. Encourage your boys to talk; don't laugh at their earnest questionings; let them feel frank with the home circle. Don't laugh at their slang phrases at one time, and let them think it is smart, and then condemn them the next. Never countenance anything of the kind; tell them they must use the language they were taught at home, not the language they hear on the streets. Above everything, don't let your boys think you have a bad opinion of them simply because they are full of mischief; half of it doesn't mean any harm; it's only the outcropping of a bright mind, light heart and happy life.

HABIT.

HERE was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse, was that every morning after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. It was the force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth, will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

SELF-CONTROL.

ONE day, when I was a very little girl, I was watching my mother making strawberry preserves. I can see the great kettle of boiling liquid now, clear as rubies. Beside the stove stood a large milk pan containing some squash for "company" pies, with plenty of milk and eggs in it. "Now, Bridget," said my mother at last, in a satisfied tone, "it is done; take the kettle off." This was accomplished, and then, with almost incredible stupidity, the "help" actually emptied the strawberries into the squash! My mother turned her head just too late. She was quick

and impulsive, but there escaped from her mouth only a despairing "Oh, Bridget!" Then as she saw the girl's instantly regretful face, she uttered no angry reproaches, no useless lamentations. No doubt when my tired mother, who was not strong (I lost her at 15), went up stairs to rest, she felt disheartened, and thought that her preserves and squash, her time and labour, had all been wasted; but probably she never did for me a more valuable morning's work than when she gave that unconscionable lesson in sweet self-control.—*Mothers in Council*.

THISTLE DOWN.

O thistle down! Soft thistle down!  
A breath dispels thy dainty snow.  
The softest of all winds that blow  
May carry wide from each roadside  
The treasure of the thistle down.

O thistle down! Fair thistle down!  
A host of winged faeries spring  
Into my thoughts, and with them bring  
Uncontrolled memories old  
Of days as fair as thistle down.

O thistle down! White thistle down!  
In olden, golden summer hours,  
Through meadows sweet with woodland flowers  
My light heart blest with peaceful rest,  
I walked amidst the thistle down.

O thistle down! Light thistle down!  
Your barbs have stung my careless breast,  
You fill my soul with wild unrest;  
Tearful I gaze these summer days  
On silver of the thistle down.

O thistle down! Barbed thistle down!  
Your beauty mocks my sense of pain;  
My faith, my trust, your barbs have slain;  
For friends, who seemed true as I dreamed,  
Are false and light as thistle down.

O thistle down! False thistle down!  
Scatter thy flakes o'er hill and lea,  
Thy barbs alone remain with me:  
Love, friendship, faith, joy, life and death  
Are but barbed thistle down.

—Jessie F. McDonnell.

PAPER.

ONE-third of the paper consumed in the world is made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily. The four thousand paper mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one-third of which is used for newspapers. Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two-horse waggon loads of beautiful papers of various tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson river, millions of postal cards are made each day for the Government out of wood pulp. Paper has become a great necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof tiling, jewellery, bronzes, false teeth, water cans, row boats, flour-barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common windowpanes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.—*St. Nicholas*.



THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SAID the child to the youthful year: "What hast thou in store for me? O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer, What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring Their treasures: the Winter snows, The Autumn's store, and the flowers of Spring, And the Summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine, Dear child—but the last and best Thyself must earn by a strife divine, If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift? 'Tis a conscience clear and bright, A peace of mind which the soul can lift To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love, If thou unto me canst bring, I will set thee all earth's ills above, O Child, and crown thee a King!"

"GOD BE WITH THEE."

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

Edison is credited with the statement that the latest electrical phenomenon is a live fish swimming in a tub of clean water, having swallowed a bait consisting of a little incandescent lamp. When the current is turned on the fish is lighted up so that you can see through him and observe the circulation of the blood.

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 58.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 15.

PAUL'S DEFENCE.

Acts 22. 1-31. Commit to memory vs. 18-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And I said, What shall I do, Lord? Acts 22. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Persecutor, v. 1-5.
2. The Penitent, v. 6-16.
3. The Preacher, v. 17-21.

TIME.—A. D. 58.

PLACE.—The stairs leading from the temple to the Tower of Antonia, at Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Men, brethren*—Literally, men who are my brethren. *Fathers*—Probably men of age and office, members of the Sanhedrin were present. *Hebrew tongue*—Probably because it was deemed more appropriate to the temple, and also to secure the attention and sympathy of the Jews. *This way*—As yet Christianity had received no permanent name, and hence this vague phrase. *High-priest*—Probably Theophilus. *Estate of the elders*—The Sanhedrin. *A great light*—The Shekinah or divine lustre of the glorified Jesus. *Wash away thy sins*—Baptism the outward symbol expressing the work done by the Spirit. *The Lord*—Jesus, who appeared to him on the way to Damascus. *Martyr*—This word is pure Greek, and means witness, but was applied to those dying for their testimony, as confessor designated the faithful who survived persecution.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That a man can be zealous in a wrong cause!
  2. That God overrules the designs of the wicked!

3. That obedience to the heavenly call brings light and peace!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did the people pay the more attention to Paul's speech? Because he spake in the Hebrew tongue. 2. What happened to Paul on his way to Damascus? A great light shone round about him. 3. What did the voice say to Paul? "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" 4. What did Paul say when the voice made itself known? "What shall I do, Lord?" 5. What did Ananias of Damascus say to Paul? "Arise, and be baptized."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The ascended Saviour.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

7. What was the Spirit's work of inspiration?

He moved and guided the writers of the Bible, so that they truly recorded the truth of God. 2 Peter i. 21.

[2 Samuel xxiii. 2; Acts iv. 25. xxviii. 25; 2 Timothy iii. 16.]

8. What was the Spirit's work as to the person of Jesus?

He brought into being the human nature of our Lord, so that He was born without sin; and gave to Him as the Christ (or the Anointed) wisdom and grace without measure for His redeeming work. Luke i. 35; Luke ii. 52; Isaiah lxi. 1.

[Matthew xii. 18; Luke iv. 18; John i. 33, 34, iii. 34; Acts x. 38.]

A.D. 58.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 22.

PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

Acts 23. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul. Acts 23. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. A Brave Rebuke, v. 1-5.
2. A Great Dissemion v. 6-10.
4. A Divine Friend, v. 11.

TIME.—In the spring of A. D. 58, on the day after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The hall of the Sanhedrin, in Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Council*—The Sanhedrin, the highest court of the Jews, summoned by the commander of the garrison. *Lived*—Administered mine office for God. *Ananias*—The son of Nebedæus, appointed to the high-priesthood by Herod. *Smite him on the mouth*—An insult. "He that strikes the cheek of an Israelite, strikes, as it were, the cheek of the Shekinah." *Whited wall*—Whitewashed wall, a phrase like whited sepulchre, used of the hypocrite. *Wit not*—Some understand that Paul in his haste did not consider the position of Ananias; others that so many changes had been made that Paul was ignorant as to the present incumbent. *I am a Pharisee*—In so far as he believed in the resurrection and existence of spirits. His object in so declaring himself was doubtless to divide the Sanhedrin, as he feared he would not have a fair trial and a just decision. *Stood by him*—Whether in a dream or a vision in a waking state, is not stated. *Good cheer*—An assurance that he was not forgotten or forsaken by Jesus.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Respect for rulers?
2. Boldness for the truth?
3. Safety in true service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What were the Sadducees? A skeptical school of Judaism. 2. What were the Pharisees? The orthodox party in Judaism. 3. To which of these parties did Paul belong? To the Pharisees. 4. What did the Pharisees say concerning Paul? "We find no evil in this man." 5. What did the Lord say to Paul the night following? "Be of good cheer."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection of the dead.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

9. What does the Spirit perform for the Church?

He calls and qualifies men, from time to time, to preach the word and administer the sacraments; makes their preaching effectual to the conversion of sinners, and the edification of believers; and is present as the representative of the Lord Jesus in all the ordinances of public worship. Acts xx. 28; 1 Thessalonians i. v; John xvi. 7.

[Acts xiii. 2, 4, vi. 10; 1 Peter i. 12.]

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