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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

No. 26.

1833—MIDNIGHT—1884

HIME merrily, ye silver bells!
A bright new year
Doth now appear;
And hopeful once more we ignore fear
Of a year like the past;
Though a memory last
Of sadly muffled silver bells.

Ring cheerily, ye silver bells!
Old year depart!
Nor leave a dart
Ranking in a careless, thoughtless heart;
May a profitless past
Be redeemed at last
In the years to come, oh silvery bells!

WINTER IN THE NORTHLAND.

BY REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG

(late Missionary at Norway House, Keewatin.)

HO for a sleigh ride! Old winter is coming again, and already the snow is falling like a great mantle of purity, making everything it touches look so bright and beautiful.

How exhilarating are our wintersports, and how glorious the fun! Where is the boy who does not welcome the first snowstorm, as it comes pouring down its millions of glittering snow flakes! hurting no one, but beautifying everything it touches, covering up the mud and dust and dirt of the land, deadening the harsh sounds of the noisy streets, and acting as a wonderful incentive to innocent amusement and mirth. It makes eyes flash out with unusual brightness, and pale cheeks flush up with the rosy hues of health, and hearts beat more joyously than they have done for long months before.

The handsleds or toboggans are brought out from their dusty retreats, and are quickly put into service along the beaten track, or down the sloping hill.

Glorious Canada! land of bracing winters, and health-giving breezes, we would not exchange thee for those sunny, tropical lands, where the snow never falls, and the cold bracing air never blows. Beautiful may be your flowers, and gorgeous the plumage of your birds; sweet may be the perfume of

your breezes, and glorious your tropical forests, but the death-dealing pestilence, in a thousand forms, there lurks, and insidious fevers, such as we never know, are ever doing their horrid work. Your inhabitants are a sickly, puny, saffron-skinned lot of people, without ambition, or courage, or enter-

So to our fair Dominion we will still give our preference, our love, our loyalty. For her prosperity we will still work and pray. In her sports we can find all the relaxation and enjoyment our physical natures require, and, among them all, none gives us more health and pleasure than those which can be enjoyed when the Frost King reigns and the snow covers the ground.

Look at our second picture. There is sleigh-riding that is exciting enough to almost take your breath away. What would you not give to be wrapped up as cosily in the fur robes in the cariole or dog sled as that traveller is.

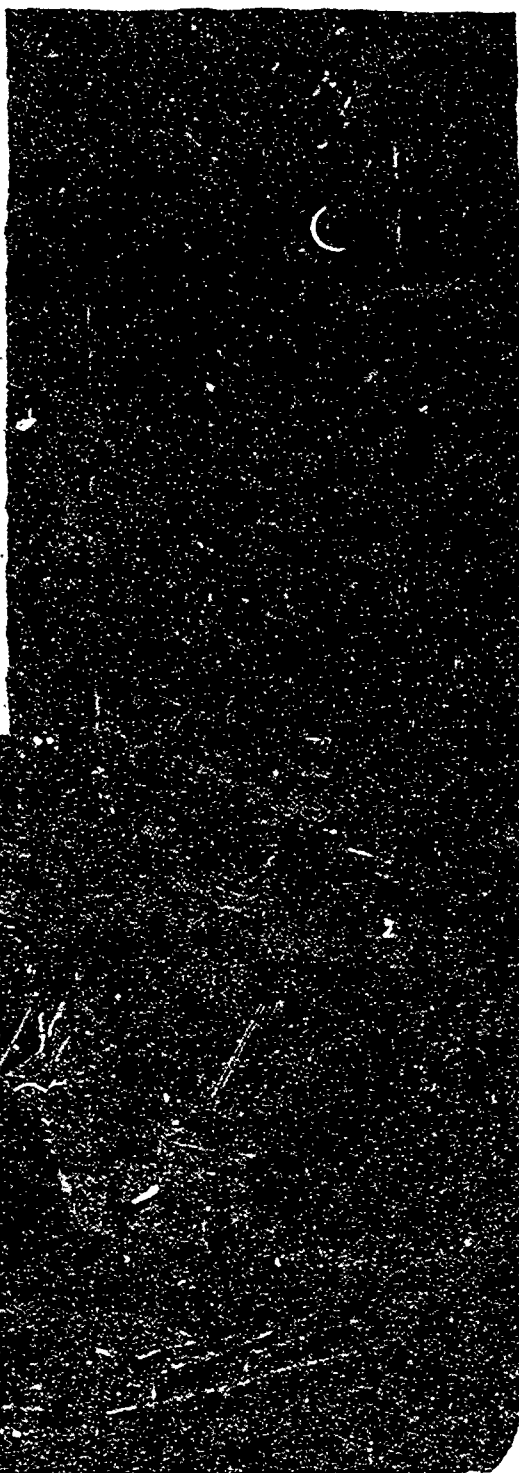
The picture represents a white man—let us for the time being call him a missionary—with his Indian attendant and dog trains leaving Norway House for a long trip on Lake Winnipeg. Let us join them and see what an exciting time we will have.

But ere we start let us examine our outfit—our dogs, our Indians, our sleds and their loads. Did ever you see such fiery-spirited dogs? they are called the Esquimo or Huskie dog.



CAMPING OUT IN THE NORTH-WEST.—(Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1884.)

I used them altogether on my long winter journeys until I imported my St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. These Esquimo dogs are queer fellows. Their endurance is wonderful, their tricks innumerable, their appetites insatiable, their thievish propensities unconquerable. It seems to be their nature to steal, and they never get the mastery of



it. I have gone to an Indian's wigwam, and have bought from him a litter of puppies; these I have taken to my mission home, and, giving them abundance of food, have brought them up in the way they should go, but they would not stay there. Some of them are easily trained to the work, and quickly submit to the harness, but

others die rather than yield. We will learn much about them as we journey on.

Our sleds are like toboggans. They are about ten feet long and eighteen inches wide.

Of our Indian runners it is indeed pleasant to speak. Faithful indeed were their services rendered, and bright indeed are the memories of their untiring devotion and constancy. When their feet and ours were bleeding, and nearly every footprint of our trail was marked with blood, their cheerfulness never failed them, and their heart quailed not. When supplies ran short, and home and plenty were many days distant, can we ever forget how, ere the missionary was made aware of the emptiness of his provision bags, they so quietly put themselves on quarter rations that there might yet be sufficient for full meals for him? And then when the long day's journey of perhaps sixty or eighty miles was ended, and we gathered at our camp fire, with no roof above us but the stars, no friendly shelter within scores of miles of us, how kindly, and with what reverence and respect, did they enter into the worship of the great God who had shielded us from so many dangers, and brought us to that hour. Sometimes they tried patience, for they were human, and so were we; but much more frequently they won our admiration by their marvellous endurance, and unerring skill, and wisdom, in trying hours, when blizzards raged, and blinding snowstorms obliterated all traces of the trail, and the white man became so confused and affected by the cold that he hardly was able to distinguish his right hand from his left.

Picturesque was their costume, as in new leather suits, gaily adorned with bead or porcupine quill work, by the skilful hand of bright-eyed wife or mother, they were on hand to commence the long journey. And when the "Farewells," to loved ones were said, and the word "Marche" was given, how rapid was their pace, and how marvellous was their ability

to keep it up for many a long, long day. To the missionary they were ever loyal and true. Looking over nine years of faithful service to him, as he went up and down through the dreary wastes preaching Jesus, often where His name had never been heard before, he cannot recall a single instance of treachery or ingratitude, but many of devoted attachment and unselfish love. Some of them have since finished the long journey, and have entered in through the gate into the celestial city about which they loved to hear us talk as we clustered around the camp fire. May we all get there by-and-by.

Look at the picture again. In the distance you see the flagstaff, a portion of the walls and a few of the housetops of Norway House Fort, a large establishment of the Hon. Hudson Bay Company. This fort is twenty miles north of the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg. It was for many years one of the most important of all the Company's posts. Gentlemen of the Company, and large numbers of Indians, used to gather here every summer, some of them coming from vast distances. The furs of half a continent almost were here collected and then sent down to York Factory on the Hudson's Bay, and from that place shipped to England.

This side of the Fort we see a couple of wigwams, the habitations of Indians. That human beings can live in such frail abodes, in such cold regions, is indeed surprising. But they do, and many of them seem to thrive amazingly. What fat papooses (babies) we have seen in some of those wigwams, and what fun I have had with the bright little boys and girls. Many a stormy day and night I have spent in those queer dwelling-places. Sometimes the winds whistled, and the fine snow drifted in through the many openings between the layers of the birch bark, of which they were generally made, and we shivered until our teeth rattled again. Often the smoke from the little fire built on the ground in the centre of the tent refused to ascend and go out through the top; then our eyes suffered, and tears would unbidden start.

What a mixed-up crowd we often were. Men, women, children, and dogs,—and all smoking except the missionary and the dogs. During the day we huddled around the fire in a circle with our feet tucked in under us. After supper and prayers, we each wrapped our blanket around us and stretched ourselves out with our feet to the fire, like the spokes of a wheel, the fire in the centre being as the hub. Frequently the wigwam was so small that we dare not stretch out our feet for fear of putting them in the fire, and so had to sleep in a position very much like a half-opened jack-knife. Sometimes the dogs would keep prowling round and over us after we had retired to rest, and were a great nuisance.

I have vivid recollections of a certain wintry night, where we were sleeping over twenty strong in one small wigwam, and the annoyance a small mangy dog was to me. He persisted in coming in and walking over us, and after licking the fish pot, would crowd himself down between myself and his Indian master. If he had kept quiet I might have put up with his company, but he kept up such a persistent scratching, and was in such a peculiar position, that my back bone got each alternate kick of his

bony back. Several times I drove him out of the tent, but he was not easily discouraged. After a while I went to sleep. My dreams troubled me, and that dog was much mixed up with them. During the night the tall Indian next to me, wearied with his cramped position, turned over and accidentally touched me with his knees. I in my slumber, and troubled dreams thought it was that horrid dog again, and quick as thought I drew up and gave him a left-handed blow, as hard as I could drive, in his ribs.

Then there was a row. The man I struck was a Saulteaux, a pagan Indian, a fiery, passionate fellow. He sprang up with a wild yell, and seizing his loaded gun pointed it towards me, and in excited tones spoke of the breach of hospitality on the part of the white man. All in the tent were excited. My faithful men, who would have risked their lives for me, were afraid to stir, for fear at their first effort he might discharge the contents of his gun into my body. It was an exciting moment. Knowing the power of tobacco to soothe a savage heart, I took from the fire bag of my guide a large plug, and reaching over placed it in the angry man's hand. At once he was pacified, and when he and the others had filled their pipes, I gave my explanation and apology. Boisterous was the mirth of that company, and hours passed away ere they could compose themselves to sleep again.

But farewell Norway House and Rossville Mission, which is two miles the other side of the Fort, and therefore invisible in the picture. This Mission is one of the most flourishing in the wild North Land. Here it was that the Rev. James Evans invented the wonderful syllabic characters for the Cree Indians. In these characters the whole Bible is now printed, as well as a large number of our Hymns and Catechisms. The church is large and is often filled with hundreds of Indians who love to hear the word of God. The missionary at present in charge of Rossville Mission is the Rev. Orrin German, who is spending this winter in Ontario, attending missionary meetings, and getting printed additional hymns and other things for his Indians, for he has, by hard study, become a master of the Cree language, and is grandly succeeding in his work.

On we go. How the dogs seem to enjoy the sport. With heads and tails up they bark and bound along as though it were the greatest fun. The Indians, too, are full of life, and are putting in their best paces, for bright sharp eyes are on them, peering out from the wigwams and little houses which abound along this trail. For twenty miles the route is on the frozen river, with the exception of a short portage at Play Green Point, and then we reach Lake Winnipeg. Along the eastern shore of this vast lake we travel, not skirting the coast closely, but striking out across the deep bays, from headland to headland.

The bracing air and vigorous exercise has made us very hungry, and so we will stop and dine. A few small dry trees are cut down and a fire is quickly built. Snow is soon melted, tea is made, and this, with some boiled meat and biscuits, will do very well. Our axes and kettles are again fastened on our sleds, and we are off again. We journey on until the sun is sinking in the west, and the experienced Indian guide says we will need all the

daylight that is left in which to prepare our camp for the night.

Our picture on the first page will give you a fair idea of what a winter camp in those northern regions is, under the most favourable circumstances. To get away from the fierce breezes that so frequently blow on the lake, we have turned into the forest perhaps a quarter of a mile. The first thing done after finding a suitable place for the camp is to unharness the faithful dogs. Then, using our big snowshoes as shovels, we clear away the snow from a level spot where we build up our camp fire, and around which we spend the night. Our camp kettles are got out and supper is being prepared. Then balsam boughs are cut, and are spread on the ground under our robes and blankets, adding much to our comfort. Our dogs must not be forgotten, and so frozen fish in sufficient numbers are taken from our sleds to give a couple to each dog. As these are frozen as hard almost as stones we thaw them out at the fire. What a pleasure it used to be to feed the dogs! How they did enjoy their only meal of the whole day. What appetites they had. The way those dogs could eat twelve or fourteen pounds of white fish, and then come and ask for more, was amazing.

When convinced that there was nothing more in the fish line to be obtained, they generally curled themselves up in some well-sheltered spot and went to sleep; but not always. See in the picture a couple of them have organized a concert on their own responsibility and are howling at the moon. Others are hanging around the camp fire in hopes that a spare bone may be thrown to them.

There were some dogs that seemed always hungry, and never would be quiet. All night long they kept prowling round in the camp among the kettles, or over us when we tried to sleep. They were very jealous of each other when in the camp, and as they passed and repassed each other it was ever with a snarl. Sometimes it would result in open war, and we have more than once been rudely aroused from our slumbers by finding eight or ten dogs fighting for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our head.

But supper is now over, and the Indians are having a good smoke. The white man in the centre of the camp is gazing into the fire, and seems lost in thought. In addition to his warm fur clothing he has thrown a blanket around himself, and with his back against a loaded sled, and with his feet and face towards that bright fire, and that cup of hot tea within reach, he ought to be enjoying himself. But I have an idea he is not very comfortable. Perhaps he froze his nose the last time he slept out in a similar camp, and he is wondering how he will get along this time.

We used to enjoy the wintry camp after a fatiguing day's journey, when both missionary and Indians had tramped all day on their snowshoes. It was a real luxury to find a place where we could sit down and rest our aching bones and wearied and often bleeding feet. With plenty of dry wood and good food we forgot our sorrows and our isolation, and our morning and evening devotions were filled with gratitude and thankfulness to the great Giver of all good for His many mercies.

How gloriously the stars shone out

in those northern skies, and how brilliant were the meteors that flashed athwart the heavens! But the glory of that land, surpassing any and every other sight that this world affords, is the wondrous Aurora. Never alike, and yet always beautiful, they break the monotonous gloom of those long, dreary wintry nights, with their ever-changing splendour. Sometimes the arc of light would be visible in the northern sky as we see it here. Then it would become strangely agitated, and starting on its southern journey would deluge us in floods of light. Sometimes at the zenith a glorious corona would be formed that flashed and scintillated with such brilliancy that the eye was almost pained with its brightness. Then suddenly from it bars of coloured light would shoot out, reaching down apparently to the far-off distant shore. Along these bars of light there would flash a hand-shaped cloud of exceeding brightness; and we have, as we gazed upon it, almost hushed our breath and involuntarily listened for the music that we thought the action must produce, so wonderful was the resemblance to that of a hand sweeping across the strings of a harp. But to our ears there was no sound. Amidst their ever-changing glories these northern lights were as voiceless as the stars above them.

The pagan Indians, as with awe-struck countenances they gazed upon some of these wonderful sights, said they were the spirits of their warlike ancestors going out to battle.* Many of them are no longer pagans. Through many difficulties and hardships, the missionaries have gone to them with the story of the cross, and hundreds of these once savage men are devout followers of the Lord Jesus. Their conversion to Christianity has amply repaid the missionaries for all they have suffered in the bitter cold winters, when they, with dog trains, were obliged to journey to carry to them the news of salvation. But there are many yet unconverted, and, thank God, there are devoted missionaries still willing to suffer and endure the bitter cold, if by so doing they can bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Pray much for them that God would wonderfully bless and prosper them in their labours.

It was Sheridan who said to his guests one day, "Now, gentlemen, let us understand each other. Are we going to drink like men or like wild beasts?" A little indignantly some of the guests replied: "Like men, of course." "Then," said S., "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want." He might have added, "Nor anything intoxicating either."

A REVEREND sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If I were a hare," said a Quaker who was present, "I would take my seat in a place where I should not be disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last day of December." "Why, where would you go?" asked the sportsman. "Into thy study!" replied the Quaker.

* In the January number of the *Methodist Magazine* will appear a fine engraving illustrating this superstition, also several other engravings of life in the great North Land.

AT THE DOOR OF THE YEAR.

The corridors of Time
Are full of doors—the portals of closed years,
We enter them no more, though bitter years
Beat hard against them, and we hear the chime
Of lost dreams, dirge-like, in behind them ring,
At memory's opening.

But one door stands ajar—
The New Year's; while a golden chain of days
Holds it half shut. The eager foot delays
That presses to its threshold's mighty bar;
And fears that shrink, and hopes that shrunk
around
Around it wait and crowd.

It shuts back the unknown,
And dare we truly welcome one more year,
Who down the past a mocking laughter here
From idle aims like wandering breezes blown?
We whose large aspirations dimmed and
shrank
'Till the year's scroll was blank!

We pause beside the door,
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in?
How shall we thence Thy hidden treasures
win?
Shall we return to beggary, as before,
When thou art near at hand, with infinite
wealth,
Wisdom, and heavenly health?

The footsteps of a Child
Sound close behind us! Listen! He will speak,
His birthday bells have hardly rung a week.
Yet He trod the world's press undefiled,
'Come to Me!' hear Him through His smiling
say,
'Behold, I am the way!'

Against the door His face
Shines as the sun. His touch is a command,
The years unfold before His baby hand!
The beauty of His presence fills all space.
'Enter through Me,' He saith, 'nor wander
more,
For lo! I am the Door.'

And all doors openeth He,
The new-born Christ, the Lord of the New
Year,
The threshold of our locked hearts standeth
near;
And while He gives us back love's rusted key,
Our future on us with His eyes has smiled,
Even as a little child.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY SAMUEL WRAY.

Once was young, and so was
I; but now it is old, and I
—? Well, however I may
boggle at it, I am getting
older. All things are going
on—all getting older and
older. I fain would dis-
cover something at a stand-
still. I should much like to rescue a
breathing time on my own account;
but, you see, I cannot. It is no use
trying—I gave it up, in fact, an age
ago. Perhaps never so powerfully as
now are we reminded of the unresting
revolution of the wheel of change.
We almost can see its motion, and
hear its noise, and feel it fan the air
into our faces, with its everlasting
whirl. We are conscious that all
things sublunary are subject to vicis-
situde. The scenes which pass before
our eyes have all been acted in vanished
ages. Society, as the centuries come
round, does little more than readjust
its drapery. It is still essentially the
same. "The things that are, are the
things that have been; and there is no
new thing under the sun."

There are chapters in the story of
the Old Year which will long be fresh
in our recollection. To some it has
been more eventful than any of its
predecessors: and to all apt learners it
teaches lessons that will influence our
lives through all our remaining years.
What times, during these twelve
months, have passed over some of us!
We have had prosperous times, and
adverse times; seasons of health, and

seasons of sickness, occasions of joy,
and occasions of sorrow.

"Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the Old Year lies adying."

The Laureate is right. The tolling
of bells befits the occasion better than
the merry peals with which the New
Year is usually hailed and heralded.
Why so much boisterous exultation?
Is it because another important cycle
in the brief term of our probation is
rounded off, and we have the happy
consciousness that we have improved
it to the utmost? or because we have
done with much toil and trouble, and
are sure of a brighter future? or because
we are twelve months nearer the great
day of audits, and are satisfied with the
account we have to render? These
were good and valid reasons for rejoic-
ing. Then, indeed, it would be "meet
that we should make merry and be
glad."

While, therefore, a few may appropri-
ately express their sentiments with a
chime, the condition of the great
mass of mankind would be better
represented by a knell.

Let us examine our hearts and
consider our "work—of what sort it
is." This, we know, "shall be made
manifest;" for "the day shall declare
it"—being "revealed by fire." At
this season, thousands are anxiously
making up their accounts for the year,
to ascertain how they stand with re-
spect to "profit and loss." How many
dream of a moral debtor and creditor
statement, and try to ascertain their
gains and losses in the faculties of
their minds and the affections of their
hearts? How many calculate their
hopes for eternity, to which they are
twelve months nearer?

A distinguished foreigner once asked
a member of the British Parliament
what had passed during the last session.
"Five months and fourteen days," was
the sarcastic answer—deponent, prob-
ably, belonging to the Opposition.
What has passed in our lives during
the Old Year? Numbers could give no
better answer than, "Three hundred
and sixty-five days." They have done
scarcely anything worth doing. The
world is not bettered by them; nor
have they improved themselves. Their
reading has been limited to trash,
and their energies to the pursuit of
trifles. They have neglected the
husbandry of the heart—they have
forgotten God their Maker. For them
to ring bells to-night appears as un-
reasonable as if a condemned criminal
should meet his executioner with dance
and fiddle.

As to those of us who are supposed
to be "up and doing," are we really
wide awake? While the Old Year
was a young one, we knew of its
inflexible successor—predestined to
supersede it. We knew, though alas!
we sometimes forgot it, that every
heart-throb brought the invisible
traveller nearer. We set out with
sanguine hopes and magnanimous
resolutions; but Procrastination, that
subtle thief, has filched away from us
invaluable opportunities, and we find
at last that our purposes are but half-
performed—our expectations but half-
realized.

In memory of our mercies, let us
afresh invoke our souls in the happy
words of David, "Bless the Lord, O
my soul; and forget not all his bene-

fits." Our affliction also, and our
misery—Let us still have them in
remembrance, and be humbled.

The Old Year is indeed dying, and
going away—away, to mingle with the
ghosts of forgotten ages.

"His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin.
Step from the corpse, and let him in
Who standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor,
And a new face at the door,
A new face at the door."

Look up and behold the stranger!
One Thousand Eight Hundred and
Eighty-four salutes us. It comes
snowing its congratulations, and whist-
ling its good wishes. It means well,
and wants to be a blessing to us! for
it comes in the name of Another—who
pities us, and spares us, who created
and redeemed us, and would sanctify
and lift us up for ever. Thank God,
that we live to see it! While a
thousand have fallen at our side, and
ten thousand at our right hand, we
have been kept alive. Wherefore?
Is it not that we may know the things
belonging to our peace? that what is
lacking in our piety may yet be perfected?
and that we may make known to others
the truth which makes us free? For
these reasons, another year of gracious
opportunities is about to smile upon
us. Let us use these wisely. In fifty-
two short weeks, the new year will be
dead, like all the old ones—dead, like
them; but, like them, not done with.

"Time himself with all his legions—
Days, months, years,—since nature's birth,
Shall revive, and from all regions
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace
Charge their spenders face to face."

1883—1884.

FEW there are to whom the
boundary line between the
old and the new year does not
become something like a mile-
stone on life's journey. To some,
especially the very young or the very
old, the steps of their pilgrimage are
measured off by birthdays. Those
who are more actively engaged in the
struggles common to humanity, often
have special periods from which they
reckon for a season. The young man
and woman who have agreed to make
his journey united in the holy bond
of wedlock, for a few years measure
their progress by the return of the
day when they first went forth to-
gether. Would that the years might
always continue to come and go, noted
only by the return of such a happy
period! But, alas, death is abroad,
and soon one or both may be found
measuring the years by the return of
the day on which a grave hid from
sight the form of a loved one, for whose
absence time can offer no healing balm
to the bursting heart. Then may be
heard a voice often impatiently crying,
"Quick time with these cyclical years
of earth, and give me the cycles of
eternity in a realm where partings are
not known!"

Others there are whose sad lot it is
to remember that so many years ago,
on such a day, their life was darkened
by some great calamity, such as being
plunged into poverty, or suffering from
disgrace of character.

But the year which we close up with
the joys of Christmas festivities may
serve to mark periods in our life's

record disconnected from any associa-
tion with these sadder experiences. If
the dying year speaks of any solemnity,
it should be the solemnity of eternity.
Let it sink deep into every heart—the
thought that the year does not come
back. Soon the last one will be
measured out to us, and the book
closed forever.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

A CLOUD came out of the golden west,
A bell rang over the silent air,
The sun god hurried away to rest,
Flushing with kisses each cloud he prest,
And oh! but the day was fair!

"How bright the year goes out!" they said;
"The glow of the sunset lingers long,
Knowing the year will be over and dead,
Its sad hours over—its sweet hours fled—
With service of even-song."

"How sadly the year came in!" they said.
I listened and wondered in dusk of night,
To me the year that might come instead
Of the old friend numbered among the dead,
Could ever be half so bright.

The sun kissed clouds grew pale and grey,
The bells hung silent in high mid air,
Waiting to ring the year away
In strains that were never so glad and grey
For me as I listen there.

Oh, hearts that beat in a million breasts,
Oh lips that utter the same old phrase,
'wonder that never a sorrow rests
In words you utter to friends and guests
In the new year a strange new days'

Is it just the same as it used to be?
Have new years only a gladder sound?
For ever and always it seems to me
That no new faces can be sweet to see
As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west,
The bell is silent in misty air,
The year has gone to its last long rest,
And I who loved and who knew it best
Shall meet it—God knows where!

THE QUEEN HONOURED.

THE following is the second toast,
following that of the President
of the United States, at Evacu-
ation Day banquet of the Chamber of
Commerce at New York—"The
Queen of Great Britain! The many
virtues of her life have won the hearts
of the English-speaking race, her reign
will mark an epoch in history more
memorable than that of England's
virgin Queen or that of the illustrious
Isabella of Spain, who pledged her
jewels to furnish the means by which
Columbus gave this continent to the
world!" The toast was drunk stand-
ing amid cheers.

Thank God the bitterness engendered
by the war of the American Revolu-
tion has disappeared. As such acts as
that above recorded, and the election
of the Poet Lowell, United States
Minister to Great Britain, as Rector
of St. Andrews University, fully
demonstrate. In an early number of
the *Methodist Magazine* will appear an
article by Mr. Gladstone, the foremost
living Englishman on Americans, "Our
Kin beyond the Seas," as he calls
them.

"WORDSWORTH," says Char. Lamb,
"one day told me that he considered
Shakespeare greatly over-rated." There
is an immensity of trick in all Shake-
speare wrote, said he, "and people are
taken in by it. Now, if I had a mind,
I could write exactly like Shakespeare."
"So you see," proceeds Lamb, "it was
only the mind that was wanting."

THE OLD YEAR.

Alas! the Year is dying;
When first he came in joyous state,
On youth and hope and strength relying,
We formed a hundred projects great,
Resolved and planned; but Time was flying,
And winter wind surprised us, sighing—
"Too late! too late!"

What lofty schemes employed our leisure,
The glad New Year should these unfold,
But Spring was surely made for pleasure,
And Summer's tale was quickly told,
Then Autumn filled his horned measure,
But when we looked in his measure,
The Year grew old.

So must we look, with conscious glances,
On deeds that rise to our distress;
So must we think of wasted chances
For heavenly gain we did possess;
Of misspent hours, of foolish fancies,
Of broken vows, and small advances
In holiness.

Oh, it is well to pause and ponder—
Shall every year thus lightly go!
Shall it be only ours to squander?
No, by the grace of heaven, no!
See, the dim future stretcheth yonder,
And thither, prayerless, shall we wander!
Not so, not so.

Go, rest, Old Year! thy life is ending;
Thy strength is gone, thy glory fled.
Go, rest! while God our way defending,
We the new path before us tread.
Hark! as we listen, meekly bending,
The midnight bells proclaim, ascending,
The Year is dead.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

OUR joy is chastened, as we cast
a retrospective glance along
the path of bygone years.
What changes do we observe;
what mysteries of life are still unsolved;
what trying vicissitudes have baffled
our wisdom; what golden opportunities
have been unimproved; what weakness
of purpose has made our efforts to bless
others ineffectual.

But let us never despair. Look
upward and onward. All hail! happy
New Year! We may not know what
hidden experiences of trial await us in
the veiled future. Be it so. We need
not care to know. Whatever is per-
mitted need not overwhelm us, for "as
thy days, so shall thy strength be."
If at any time we are in doubt God
will "guide us by his counsel;" if
thirsty, he "will open rivers in high

places, and fountains in the midst of
the valleys;" if weak, he will "give
power to the faint;" if exposed to
misrepresentation and malice, he will
"hide us in the secret of his presence
from the pride of man; he will keep
us secretly in a pavilion from the strife
of tongues;" if mists of ignorance
obscure the face of our blessed Saviour,
God will send the Comforter, who
"shall receive" of Christ and shall
show Himself unto us; if called to put
aside our armor during this year, He
will enable us to exclaim, "Henceforth
there is laid up for me a crown of
righteousness, which the Lord, the
righteous Judge, shall give me at that
day."

WINE ON NEW YEAR'S.

THOUSANDS of tables will be
spread with refreshments on
New Year's Day. Not in one city
only, but in many, the custom of mak-
ing friendly calls will be observed.
Ladies are not disposed to abandon
the practice of setting a table, although
it is a pleasure rather than otherwise
to find on calling that no refreshments
are offered. Wines and other intoxi-
cating drinks ought to be dispensed
with universally, totally, and for ever.
Happy New Year needs no help from
the exhilarating cup. Hundreds of
young men, and many young women,
are made drunk on that day by the
social use of wine. Every considera-
tion of taste, of civility, of good sense,
of religion and morals, should enforce
the duty of withholding intoxicating
drinks from those who call on New
Year's Day.

HOW METHODISM CAME
TO FOXES.

THIS is a story of Life in New-
foundland, by the Rev.
Henry Lewis, for many years
missionary in that country.
It is a singularly interesting and
graphic tale. It describes the strange,
out-of-the-way life in a fishing village.
The names are fictitious but the facts
are real. The main facts are a revival
or two; two or three courtships and
marriages, a suicide, a ghost story, a

thrilling shipwreck, and some other in-
teresting details.

The character of the quaint dear,
pious old saint Uncle Peter, is worthy of
the graphic pen of the Rev. Mark Guy
Pearse. The account of the triumph
of Methodism over opposition and per-
secution, recalls the story of its heroic
deeds in the days of Wesley. It is
sure to command the sympathies of a
wide range of readers, besides making
us acquainted with life in one of the
least known but most interesting of
Her Majesty's dominions. The story
begins in the January number of the
Canadian Methodist Magazine, and
will run through a good part of the
year.

PLEASANT HOURS for 1884 will be
more attractive than ever. Special
attention will be given to missionary
topics, and to everything that our
young people,—and older ones, too,
—will like to know. The first num-
ber of the new year will contain
a portrait and life sketch of our new
Governor-General, the Marquis of
Lansdowne. Great prominence will
be given to Canadian topics, such as
are never treated, or treated only to
sneer at, in the "cheap" foreign publi-
cations, which are really much dearer
than ours. Of special interest will be
a series of anecdotes and table talk of
Martin Luther, with whose name and
fame the world is ringing four hundred
years after his birth. So great has
been the demand for our papers, that
we have been unable to supply some
special numbers. We will now print
so large editions as to supply every
demand.

We clip from the *Christian Mis-
cellany*, London, the following notice
of the English edition of Withrow's
"Valeria, the Martyr of the Cata-
combs:" "A most useful book, in which
the learned author has contrived to
give a vivid picture of the Church of
the Catacombs in the form of a story.
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is gathered into a small compass, and
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gent boys and girls will count a prize,
and which their seniors will read with



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no less pleasure. It is profusely illus-
trated and attractively got up." For
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TEXT FOR THE NEW YEAR.—My
grace is sufficient for thee: for My
strength is made perfect in weakness.
—2 Cor. xii. 9.

THE DYING YEAR.

THIS is the last lone hour of the dying year,
And the winds are sighing, low and
drear,
As they toss the sleet, half snow, half rain,
Like gusts of sand, 'gainst the window-pane,
As I listen to hear the gladsome shout,
"The New Year in, and the Old Year out."

No one grieves for the Old Year's death,
As they wait for his latest, falling breath;
For now that his glory and prime are o'er,
He may go as the years have gone before,
Where the bells of time are joyfully rung,
O'er the birth of the New Year fresh and young.

Could a bard of the ages truly sing
Of the changes this same New Year may bring,
His song translated would be like this:
"While some may quaff from a cup of bliss,
Alas! for those who must sadly know,
How bitter the days in a cup of woe."

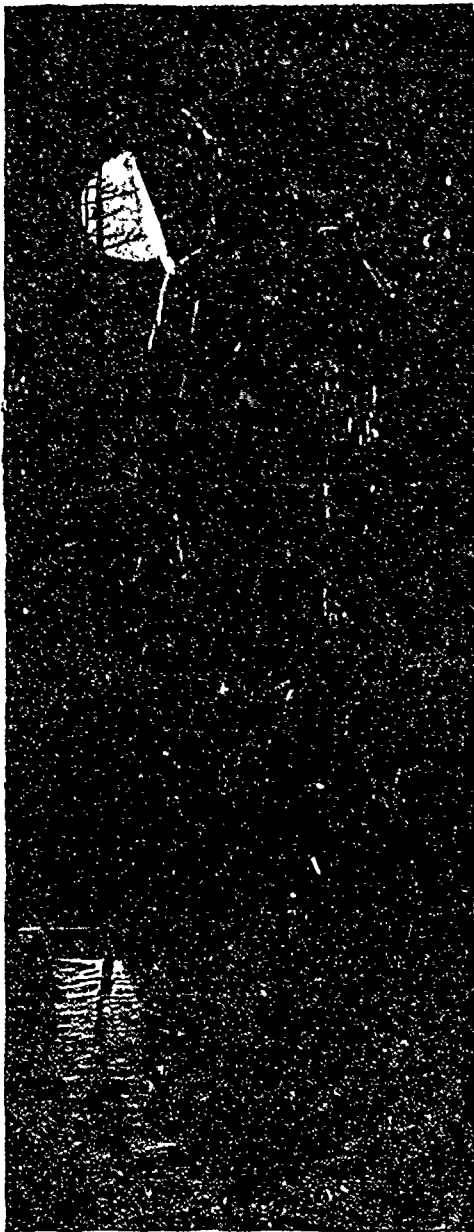
Yet gladly we hail thee, bright New Year,
With words of welcome and songs of cheer,
When the springtime, and summer, and
autumn are past,
Old winter shall grizzle thy beard at last,
And then, when thy glory and prime are o'er,
Shalt go as the years have gone before.

The years they come, and the years they go,
While time, with a tide of ceaseless flow,
Is bearing us on through his changing hours,
Now under the shadows, now 'mid the flowers,
But ever anon, toward eternity's shore,
Where time, with his changes, shall come no
more.

—Lucy H. Washington.

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listen-
ing to the extravagant yarns of a
person as long as her patience would
allow, said to him: "Friend, what a
pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so
necessary to thy happiness!"

WHEN the royal baby of Brazil cries,
his nurse remarks. "Now, you Luiz
Maria Phillippe de Alcantara Gastao
Miguel Raphael Gabriel Gonzaga, you
just keep quiet."



THE GIANT OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

THIS striking picture represents one of the strange superstitions of the pagan Indians on Lake Winnipeg. They believe that near the mouth of the Red River is an enchanted island, whose rocky portals, sometimes at the witching hour of midnight, when the moon is near the full, open, and a giant Indian comes forth dragging a stone canoe, which he launches upon the bosom of the lake and sails away upon the path of brightness made by the moonlight on the waves. Notice the fixed and stony stare of his face. It is only the Gospel of Christ that dispels the superstitions and the fears of those red sons of the forest. These handsome pictures are specimens of some 250 which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1884—only \$2 a year. *Guardian* and *Magazine* together, \$3.50.

FACTS AND FANCIES CONCERNING THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year has almost closed with its record of events, sorrows and joys, reverses and successes, wrongs and rights, and what has been still exists as an indelible entry in the book of Time. The act of a moment produces the consequences of an eternity, and the word lightly spoken, or the deed unthinkingly done, has effects extending through all time. Our deeds are not

for to-day but forever, and though but in real possession of the present, we are inseparably connected with the past and future by silent influences working throughout eternity. The shadow of a lifetime may be the result of a slight indiscretion or error of judgment, and in a moment of unthinking folly a person may plant thorns in his dying pillow. There is no escaping from the consequences of our conduct, and the reflections of past light and shade brighten or cloud the aspect of the present.

"Improve mine hours, the space is brief,
While in the glass the sand grains shiver
And measure less the joy or grief,
When thou and time shall part forever."

At such halting places in a lifetime, though the occasion is one generally observed with rejoicings, there are not wanting materials for serious and saddening thought, and memory more often strikes a minor chord of sorrow than an exultant one of joy. The thought of friends with whom we surrounded the festive board at similar seasons, who have since "passed that bourne from which no traveller returns," takes possession of the mind, and a sense of incompleteness is felt at their absence from our gatherings.

To the great majority of the people, however, New Year's Day has nothing to do with gloomy reflections and unavailing regrets. The season is welcomed with pleasure, and if there are thousands to whom

the day brings no relief from corroding care, those who can rejoice are not in the mood to enjoy the blessings of life any the less because there are so many whose misery is only intensified by contrast with the joys and pleasures of others.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

A prominent feature of New Year's Day is the presentation of gifts, and if immemorial usage can sanction custom, this ought to be looked upon now almost as a part of our mental constitution. The custom of celebrating the new year's day by some religious observance, generally accompanied with festive rejoicing, is very ancient. The Jews, Egyptians, Chinese, Romans, and Mohammedans, differing as they did in the time from which they reckoned the beginning of the year, all agreed in regarding it as a day of special interest. In Rome the year anciently commenced in March; but when Numa, according to ancient tradition, changed it to the 1st January, that day was held sacred to Janus Bifrons, who was thus supposed to turn back upon the old year and forward into the new. On the establishment of Christianity the usage of a solemn inauguration of the new year was retained, but great variety prevailed, both as to the time and the manner of celebrating the event. Christmas Day, the Annunciation, Easter, and March 1st have all shared at various times with the 1st of January, the honour of opening the New Year, and it was not until near

the end of the 16th century that the 1st of January was accepted as the date of the opening of the year by all the leading nations, with the exception of Russia. The early fathers of the Christian Church spoke and wrote against the immoral and heathenish observances which characterized the celebration of the new year. From the earliest existing records we find that the day was kept with feasting and rejoicing, and the habit of making presents was then more universally observed than at present. In many countries the night of New Year's Eve was celebrated with great rejoicing, which was prolonged until after twelve o'clock, when the dawn of the new year was ushered in with congratulations, complimentary visits, and mutual wishes for a happy new year. This is an ancient Scottish custom, which still exists, though not to the same extent as formerly, and in Germany it is still celebrated with greater *eclat* than in England, and the ordinary mode of salutation is *prost neu jahr*, "may the new year be happy." The day is recognized by special religious services by the majority of Christian communions; and in the Roman Catholic churches the *Te Deum* is still sung at the close of the old year, and New Year's Day is considered a holiday of strict obligation.

"This day time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelve months' length again;
To see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

"First, what did yesternight deliver?
'Another year is gone forever,
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
'The passing moment's all we rest on.'
Rest on—for what! what do we hear?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will time, amus'd with proverbial lore,
Add to our date one minute more!
A few days may—a few days must—
Repose us in the silent dust."

—Purns.

A GERMAN at a hotel in this city the other day had some Limburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose."



LAND OF ZWINGLE

ULRICH ZWINGLE.

BY THE EDITOR.



ALL Protestant Christendom has just been celebrating with wonderful enthusiasm the 400th anniversary of the birth of the Saxon monk, Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation in Germany. We ought not to

overlook his friend, the great Swiss Reformer, Ulrich Zwingli; whose 400th anniversary falls upon the 1st of January, 1884. We therefore present the following sketch of the noble life and tragic death of this heroic man.

The Reformation in Europe was a simultaneous movement in many lands for which the age was fully ripe. The stirring of thought produced by the spread of learning, through the invention of printing and the revived study of the Sacred Scriptures, led to religious inquiry, and loosened from the minds of earnest thinkers the bonds of superstition. Among the mountains of Switzerland, where freedom ever had her home, were many lovers of religious liberty and many leaders of reform. But towering above them all, like the snowy Jungfrau above the Bernese Alps, shines afar the majestic character of Ulrich Zwingli. On New Year's Day, 1484, seven weeks after the birth



SWISS CHALET.

of Luther, in a lonely chalet overlooking Lake Zurich, lying far below, the future Swiss Reformer saw the light. His boyhood was spent as a goat herd amid the mountain solitudes. "I have often thought," writes his friend Myconius, "that being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he then contracted something heavenly and divine." In the long nights of winter, while the storm howled aloof, the boy listened with thrilling pulse to the stirring tale of Tell and Furst and Winkelried, and to the Scripture stories and quaint legends of his pious grandmother. As his father was the well-to-do amman or bailiff of the parish, young Zwingle was sent to school, successively to Basle and Berne, and to the University of Vienna. He studied literature, philosophy and theology, and developed an extraordinary talent for music. He read his first mass in his native village in his twenty-second year.

The Swiss cantons then, as often since, hired their sturdy peasantry as mercenary soldiers to the Great Powers of Europe. Twice, Zwingle accompanied, as chaplain, the troops of his native canton to the Italian war. He came back, like Luther, disgusted with the idleness and profligacy of the Italian monks and with the corruptions of the Italian Church. By tongue and pen he remonstrated with his countrymen against the mercenary shedding of their blood for a foreign Power, and sought to revive the ancient spirit of liberty. He devoted himself with intense zeal to the study of the Scriptures in their original tongues, which quickly loosened from his mind the fetters of Rome.

In 1516 Zwingle was transferred to the vicarship of Einsiedeln, on Lake Zurich, long the richest and most frequented pilgrimage church of Europe. As many as 150,000 pilgrims were wont to visit it annually. The object of adoration was an ugly black doll, dressed in gold brocade and glittering with jewels—Our Lady of Einsiedeln. An inscription at the sacred shrine offered the full forgiveness of all sins—*plena remissio peccatorum a culpa et a pena*. Zwingle's whole soul revolted against the flagrant idolatry. He boldly preached Christ as the only sacrifice and ransom for sin. "Can unprofitable works," he asked from the pulpit, "can long pilgrimages, offerings, images, the invocation of the Virgin or of the Saints, secure for you the grace of God? What efficacy has a glossy cowl, a smooth-shorn head, a long and flowing robe? God is all around you and hears you, wherever you are, as well as at Our Lady of Einsiedeln's. Christ alone saves, and He saves everywhere."

This new and strange doctrine smote the hearts of the people like a revelation from the sky. The pilgrims went everywhere telling the strange news. "Whole bands," says D'Aubigne, turned back without completing the pilgrimage. Mary's worshippers diminished in numbers daily. It was their offerings that largely made up the stipend of Zwingle, but he felt happy in becoming poor if he could make others rich in the truth that maketh free. To the Pope's Nuncio, who called him to account, he said: "With the help of God, I will go on preaching the Gospel, and this preaching shall make Rome totter." And so it did. The civil governor caused the

inscription to be removed from the lintel of the church, the relics which the pilgrims revered were burned, and the new doctrines prevailed.

ZWINGLE AT ZURICH.

In 1518 the Cathedral Church of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingle was elected preacher. On New Year's Day he entered the pulpit, from which as from a throne he thenceforth ruled the souls of men. "To Christ," he cried, "to Christ will I lead you—the true source of salvation. His Word is the only food I wish to set before your souls." He began forthwith to expound the Gospels and Epistles—long a sealed book to the people. Like another Baptist, he boldly preached repentance and remission of sins—denouncing the luxury, intemperance and vice of the time. "He spared no one," says Myconius; "neither pope, emperor, kings, dukes, princes, lords. All his trust was in God, and he exhorted the whole city to trust solely in Him." On market days he had a special service for the benefit of the neighbouring peasants, who on that day thronged to the city. "The life of Christ," he said, "has too long been hidden from the people," and he sought by every means to make it known. With his zeal for the Gospel was blended a fervid love of fatherland. Piety and patriotism were the twin passions of his soul. He sternly rebuked those who for the love of money lent themselves as the hireling soldiers of foreign Powers—thus, as he called it, "selling their very flesh and blood." "The cardinal of Zion," he said, "who recruits for the Pope, rightly wears a red hat and cloak; you need only to wring them and you behold the blood of your kinsmen."

At Zurich, Zwingle was brought into direct antagonism with the Papal power. Over the wild St. Gothard Pass had come from Rome an indulgence-monger of even more flagrant impudence than Tetzal. "Here," cried Abbot Samson, "are pardons on parchment for a crown—on paper for threepence." He bargained with the Knight Jacques de Stien to exempt from hell forever himself and his five hundred men-at-arms, for a dapple-gray horse to which he took a fancy. Walking in procession with his acolytes around the churchyard, he pretended to see the souls of the departed escaping from the graves to heaven, and exclaimed, "Ecce volant,"—"See how they fly!" A wag climbed the heltry tower and shook a bag of feathers on the procession, crying in derision "See how they fly!" Zwingle sternly denounced such impious mockery of religion, and forbade the Pope's indulgence-monger to enter Zurich.

The zealous labours of the Swiss Reformer wore upon his health, and he was ordered to repair to the baths of Pfeffers. Here, in a frightful gorge between impending rocks, in a house shaken by the concussion of the raging torrent and drenched by its spray, and so dark that lamps had to be burned at midday, for some weeks he dwelt. The fearful plague known as the Great Death—*der Grosse Tod*—now broke out in Zurich, more than decimating the population. Zwingle hastened from his refuge to the place of danger among the dying and the dead. He was soon smitten down, and never expected to rise again. In that solemn

hour he wrote in rugged verse a hymn of faith and trust:

"Lo, at the door, I hear Death's knock;
Shield me, O Lord, my strength and rock;
The hand once nailed upon the tree,
Jesus uplift and shelter me."

He was at length restored to the pulpit of Zurich, and preached with greater power than ever. "There was a report," wrote his friend Myconius, "that you could not be heard three paces off. But all Switzerland rings with your voice." The Reformed doctrines spread from town to town. At Basle, on the festival of Corpus Christi, instead of the relics it was customary to bear through the streets, was borne a Bible with the inscription: "This is the true relic; all others are but dead men's bones." Attempts were made by the agents of the Papacy to take away the Reformer's life by poison, or by the assassin's dagger. When warned of his peril, the intrepid soul replied: "Through the help of God, I fear them no more than a lofty rock fears the roaring waves." The Town Council placed a guard around his house every night.

Zwingle asked for a conference at which his enemies might publicly bring their charges against his life or doctrine. He appeared in the great council hall with his Bible in his hand. "I have preached that salvation is found in Jesus Christ alone," he said, "and for this I am denounced as a heretic, a seducer of the people, a rebel. Now, then, in the name of God, here I stand." But his enemies, while secretly plotting against his life, dared not openly confront him. "This famous sword will not leave its sheath to-day," said the burgomaster, as he broke up the assembly.

Like Luther, the Swiss Reformer perceived that the enforced celibacy of the clergy was a yoke which the Scriptures had not imposed, and one which caused unspiritual natures to fall into sin. He therefore wrote against the Romish rule, and showed his consistency by marrying a worthy widow, Anna Reinhardt, who made him a noble and loving wife.

ZWINGLE A SOLDIER.

"I came not," says Christ, "to send peace on the earth, but a sword." The doctrines of the Cross in the early centuries arrayed mankind into hostile camps—the friends of Christianity and its foes. So was it during the Reformation era. All Europe was marshalled into two great armies—the adherents of the Romish Church and those who embraced the soul emancipating doctrines of the Reformed faith. In Switzerland the hostile lines were sharply defined; canton was opposed to canton, city to city. The Protestant free cities demanded religious toleration and the right of return for those who had been banished for conscience' sake. The Catholic cantons refused this demand, and a Reformed minister was apprehended and burned. At Berne and Basle tumults broke out, and the images of the saints were hurled from their niches and trampled under foot. Men-at-arms buckled on their hauberks and helmets, seized lance and arquebuse, and through mountain passes and forest defiles marched for the attack or defence of the Reformed faith.

The army of the Catholic cantons advanced against Zurich. The Zurich lansquenets marched out for the de-

fence of their native city. "Stay with the Council," said the burgomaster to Zwingle; "we have need of you." "No," he replied, "when my brethren expose their lives I will not remain quietly by my fireside." Then taking his glittering halberd he rode off with the troops. Every day divine service was held in the camp. No dice, no cards were seen, no oaths were heard; but psalms and hymns and prayers consecrated each hour. The war was for a time postponed and an armed truce prevailed.

The Catholic cantons, without warning, renewed the war. Their attack upon Zurich was like the deadly and resistless sweep of one of their own mountain avalanches. Not till the Papal army held the heights near the city was their approach known. It was a night of terror in Zurich. The scene is thus described in the vivid pages of D'Aubigne: "The thick darkness—a violent storm—the alarm bell ringing from every steeple—the people rushing to arms—the noise of swords and guns—the sound of trumpets and drums, combined with the roaring of the tempest—the sobs of women and children—the cries which accompanied many a heart-rending adieu—an earthquake which violently shook the mountains as though nature shuddered at the impending ocean of blood: all increased the terrors of this fatal night—a night to be followed by a still more fatal day." At break of dawn, October 11, 1531, the banner of the city was flung forth, but—sinister omen—instead of floating proudly on the breeze, it hung listless on the pulseless air. Forth from his happy home stepped Zwingle, clad in arms. After a fond embrace from his wife and children, he rode forth with the citizen soldiery of the town. The brave-souled woman kept back her tears, although her husband, brother, son and many kinsmen were in the ranks—destined to return no more. Zwingle went forth with a presentiment of disaster; yet not for a moment did he falter in what he considered the path of duty. "Our cause," he said to his friends, "is a righteous one, but badly defended. It will cost me my life, and the life of many an upright man who wishes to restore its native purity, and to his country its ancient morals. But God will not forsake His servants: He will help even when you believe all is lost. My confidence is in Him alone. I submit myself to His will."

As the forlorn hope climbed the Albis mountain to its crest, they beheld the hostile army, 8,000 veteran men-at-arms, strongly encamped, and heard the fierce challenge of their mountain horns. Against this host the little Protestant republic could oppose in all scarce 1,800 men. It was with the utmost difficulty that the rude artillery of the period was dragged up the rough mountain road, and the arduous climb exhausted the strength of the mail-clad men-at-arms. When the Protestant troops at length gained the upland meadows, every head was uncovered, every knee was bowed in prayer. The Catholic army also fell upon their knees, and amid solemn silence each man crossed himself and repeated five Paters, as many Aves, and the Credo. Then their leader, denigrating the words of religion to a cruel war-cry, exclaimed: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy

Mother of God, and of all the heavenly host—fire!" and volley upon volley flashed from the levelled arquebuses and echoed back from the surrounding mountains. "How can we stay calmly upon these heights," exclaimed Zwingle, "while our brethren are shot down? In the name of God, I will die with them or aid in their deliverance." "Soldiers," cried the leader, "uphold the honour of God and of our lords, be brave, like brave men." "Warriors," said Zwingle, who stood helmet on head and halberd in hand, "fear nothing. If we are this day to be defeated, still our cause is good. Commend yourselves to God."

ZWINGLE SLAIN.

The action had scarcely begun when Zwingle, stooping to console a dying man, was smitten by a missile which struck his head and closed his lips. He struggled to his feet, but was twice struck down and received a thrust from a lance. Falling upon his knees he was heard to say, "What matters this misfortune! They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." These were his last words. As he uttered them he fell backwards and lay upon the ground, his hands clasped, his eyes upturned to heaven. Crushed beneath the weight of numbers, the little band of Protestants, after performing deeds of heroic valour, and leaving 500 men dead upon the field, was utterly defeated. Twenty-seven members of the Council and twenty-five Protestant pastors who accompanied their flocks to the field of battle were among the slain.

The darkness of night was now gathering on the field of battle. In the deepening gloom, stragglers of the Catholic army prowled with torches or lanterns over the field of carnage, to slay the wounded and to rob the dead. "What has your heretical faith done for you?" they jeeringly demanded of the conquered Protestants. "We have dragged your Gospel through the mire. The Virgin and the saints have punished you. Call upon the saints and confess to our priests—the mass or death."

The dying Reformer lay upon the gory field, hearing the groans of the wounded and the shouts of the victors, and surrounded by the mangled bodies of the dead. Beyond the moonlight and the starlight he looked up into that heaven whither, all life's battles and fightings over, he was soon to pass. "Do you wish a priest to confess you?" asked a soldier prowling near. Zwingle could not speak, but shook his head. "Think at least of the Mother of God and call upon the saints," said the man. Protesting against the errors of Rome even in his latest hour, the dying Reformer again expressed his emphatic dissent. Hereupon the rough trooper began to curse him as a miscreant heretic. Curious to know who it was who thus despised the saints, though in the very article of death, he turned the gory head to the light of a neighbouring camp fire. "I think it is Zwingle," he exclaimed, letting it fall. "Zwingle," cried a Papal captain, "that vile heretic! Die, obstinate wretch!" and with his impious sword he smote him on the throat. Thus died the leader of the Swiss Reformation, in darkness and defeat, by the hand of a hireling soldier.

But still further indignities were heaped upon his mangled frame. The ruthless soldiery demanded that his

body should be dismembered and distributed throughout the Papal domains. "Nay," cried a generous captain, "peace be to the dead. God alone be their Judge. Zwingle was a brave and loyal man." But the cruel will of the mob prevailed. The drums beat to muster, a court-martial was formed, the dead body was tried and condemned to be quartered for treason, and burned for heresy. "The executioner of Lucerne," writes D'Aubigne, "carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his; and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven."

RESULTS OF HIS DEATH.

The kindled fire of the Swiss Reformation seemed extinguished in blood. Zurich on that night of horrors became a Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. As the wounded fugitives, escaping through the darkness, brought the tidings of disaster, the tocsin of alarm knelled forth, and tears and lamentations resounded through the streets. Almost every household mourned a husband, brother, son, among the slain. Anna Zwingle had lost all three, and her son-in-law, her brother-in-law, and other kinsmen besides. As the fatal news "Zwingle is dead! is dead!" rang through the streets and pierced like a sword her heart, she knelt amid her fatherless babes in her chamber of prayer and poured out her agonized soul to God.

The city in the hour of its deepest despair was roused to heroic effort. It rallied every available man and gun. The imminent danger of the capture of the city was averted, and another battle with the army of the Papal cantons was fought. The latter made a night attack, the soldiers wearing white shirts over their armour and shouting their watchword—"the Mother of God"—that they might recognize each other in the dark. The men of Zurich were again beaten, and 800 of their number left upon the field. But they proved too stubborn a foe to be completely conquered. Zurich maintained the Protestant faith; and from the pulpit in which it was first preached by Zwingle it has ever since been manfully declared. On the neighbouring battlefield a grey stone slab commemorates the spot where the Swiss Reformer fell; but his truest monument is the Protestant Church of his native land, of which he was, under God, the father and founder.

Zwingle died at what may seem the untimely age of forty-eight; but measured by results his life was long. He was not a disciple of Luther, but an independent discoverer of the truth. "It was not from Luther," he said, "that I received the doctrine of Christ, but from God's Word. I understood Greek before I ever heard of Luther." The great mistake of his life was his consent to the use of carnal weapons for the defence of the Bride of Heaven, the Church of Christ. But in extenuation of this grievous fault—and grievously he answered for it—it has been pleaded that he believed that the fatherland belonged to Christ and His Church, and must be defended for their sake: and that Switzerland could only give herself to Christ so far and so long as she was free. Wiser than he, Martin Luther over and over declared, "Christians fight not with the sword

and arquebuse, but with suffering and with the cross. Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "My kingdom is not of this world," said the Master, "else would My servants fight." Not with weapons forged by mortal might, but by weapons of immortal temper—the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God—shall earth's grandest victories be gained.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

THE days are brief, and dark, and cold,
The barren fields are brown and acre,
The world is chill, the world is old,
And speeds the flying year.

The birds and flowers are gone away,
Or sleep in mother Earth's warm breast,
But I amid the storms must stay,
And toil and never rest!

Hush, heart unquiet and dismayed!
Soon shall the sun in strength return,
Why dost thou mourn, of life afraid?
Soon the black year will turn.

The darkest day preludes the light,
However man its depths bewails,
After the longest, loneliest night
The morning never fails.

What if thy year be near its end;
If failing heart and flesh be faint,
What if thy lovers, kin and friend,
Be deaf to thy complaint?

Even as turns the faithful year
In the slow days of storm and gloom,
And spring begins her journey here
To tempt the earth to bloom,

So shall the Sun unveil His face,
And all these mists in radiance burn.
Wait but His hour, take heart of grace,
Thy year begins to turn!

—Rose Terry Cooke.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

BY AUNT HOPE.

IT was New Year's morning, and the snow that had been falling fast all night lay thick and white on the streets. Merry sleigh bells rang out their "Happy New Year;" bright faces passed and re-passed; joyous laughter chimed in with the glad day; and as I gazed out from my window upon the passing crowd, I could not help comparing it with the snow, pure and fresh in the morning, but trodden under foot ere night-fall. I thought, "How many of those merry voices will be smothered in drink, and what a heart-burden there will be carried to many a poor father and mother! It makes one shudder to think of the sin committed at the beginning of the New Year—the time for good resolutions, and the day to put them into practice. How freely the wine flows, and how few young men resist the tempter in the form of a handsome lady, who, with bright smiles and coaxing eyes, says, "Just one glass in my honour." And fast on to that glass follows many glasses, until the glorious New Year becomes a blank to them.

Oh, why is woman so often the tempter! She who was made for man's helpmeet, but who, too often, proves his curse. Oh! you tempters, think of the end; think of what you are doing against your God, yourself, and the world; think of the homes you are helping to blight, and henceforth be a blessing to your sex, and never curse your high position of womanhood, by using it to help the devil in his work. Rather help every one to keep good resolutions made on

the coming of the New Year, and let your merry voice and bright eyes and happy, encouraging words, be the only stimulants offered by you on New Year's Day.

ANOTHER YEAR

ANOTHER year is fading
Into the shadowy past,
What if for me, my Saviour,
This year should be the last?
Could I, with joy recalling
The hours and moments gone,
Say I had well employed them,
Nor o'er one failure mourn!

Another year is passing,
And I am passing too—
Passing from earth and earthly scenes
To those earth never knew
What shall I plead when standing
Before the "Great White Throne"
Nothing, O Christ, but thine own blood,
Thy righteousness mine own

Another year is dying.
And Time is dying too,
And all things here below, with him,
Are passing out of view
Passing as swiftly as our thoughts
Flit through our minds, then flee.
Oh, realizing facts like these,
What ought our lives to be!

Another year is adding
To those already dead
Dead! will they never rise again
Where, all the actions fled?
We surely yet shall meet again,
This old year and our souls
His deeds will greet us yet, though now
Oblivion o'er him rolls.

We leave the year with Jesus
To sprinkle with His blood
Jesus the Loving One, who once
As our Sin-bearer stood.
We leave the year with Jesus,
And thus the weight is gone.
We trust the future all to him
Who all its weight hath borne.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

RING, ring, ye gladwime bells,
From yonder bell-tower high!
Ring out your joyful strains
From earth to sky!
For, lo, a stranger comes
Kingly and proud,
Upon the blast
He rideth fast,
Peal out your welcome loud!
Ring merrily,
Ring cheerily,
To the great, the coming year,
The glad New Year!

We'll lift with braver heart,
Life's burden once again,
We'll act a nobler part
Among our fellow men—
Hope's flowers again shall bloom
Along life's dusty ways,
And murmurings and sighs
Shall change to prayer and praise.
Faith shall with clearer vision
Look toward the coming days,
When peace shall o'er division
Reign with benignant rays,
When man to man as brother
Shall lend a helping hand,
And God's best benediction
Rest on our smiling land!

Ring, ring, ye bells!
Ring loud, ring high!
Peal out your merry cheer
From earth to sky,
To greet the glad New Year,
The ever glad New Year.
—American Rural Home.

"WHAT did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he's a sort of animal upholsterer."

"PLEASE to give me something, sir!" says an old woman. "I had a blind child. He was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight!"

THE NEW YEAR.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go, Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand, Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A D 60] LESSON I. [Jan. 6.

THE CONFERENCE AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 16. 1-11. Commit to memory, vs. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they. Acts 15. 11.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Difference. v. 1. 2. A Discussion. v. 2-6. 3. A Decision. v. 7-11.

TIME.—A.D. 50, while Claudius was emperor of Rome; Quadratus, prefect or Roman governor of Syria; Cumanus, procurator of Judea; Ananias, son of Nehedæus, high priest at the Jews.

PLACES.—Antioch, in Syria, and Jerusalem, the capital of Judea.

EXPLANATIONS.—Certain men—These were narrow-minded Jews. Came down—From Jerusalem to Antioch. The brethren—The Gentiles, converted to Christ from the worship of idols. Circumcised—Made members of the Jewish Church. Dissension—The apostles would not admit that Gentiles must become Jews, for God had not commanded it. Go up to Jerusalem—As this was the mother Church this question—Whether Gentiles must become Jews in order to be Christians. Brought on their way—The church sent them as messengers. Phenice and Samaria—Countries between Antioch and Jerusalem. Received of the Church—In a public meeting. God had done with them—The salvation of the Gentiles. Pharisees—Men who were very strict in obeying Moses' laws. Disputing—Not quarrelling, but difference of views. God made choice among us—When Cornelius the centurion was converted. Gentiles—People who were not Jews. Bare them witness—Showing that their salvation was real and true. Giving them the Holy Ghost—With power to speak with new tongues. No difference—God saves all men in the same way. Tempt ye God—Ask more than God asks, and so sets up higher authority than God's. A voice—The burden of obedience through all the law of Moses. Grace of the Lord—God's mercy in sending salvation. Saved—By believing in Jesus.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson do we find— 1. That good men sometimes differ in regard to duty? 2. That the Holy Spirit is given to all believers? 3. That salvation is alike free to all?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what two classes of people was the early Church composed? Jews and Gentiles. 2. What did some Jewish Christians demand? That the Gentiles should become Jews. 3. To whom was the subject submitted? To the apostles and Church at Jerusalem. 4. By what did Peter declare the Gentiles were purified? By faith. 5. How are both Jews and Gentiles saved? Through grace. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Freedom from ceremonial law.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

51. Were not the apostles greatly persecuted? The Apostles were greatly persecuted; for they were put in prison by the High Priest; they were beaten by order of the council; James, the brother of John, was slain by Herod; and Peter was put in prison again in order to be put to death.

A.D. 60.] LESSON II. [Jan. 18.

HEARING AND DOING.

James 1. 16-27. Commit to memory vs. 22-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. James 1. 22.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Father of Lights. v. 16-20. 2. The Law of Liberty. v. 21-25. 3. The Pure Religion. v. 26, 27.

TIME.—A.D. 50, soon after the events of the last lesson. Some commentators give the time as eleven years later.

PLACE.—This epistle was written from Jerusalem by James, the Lord's brother, to the Jewish disciples of Christ throughout the Roman Empire.

EXPLANATIONS.—Do not err—Be careful to avoid wrong views of God and duty. Gift is from above—God gives nothing but good to men, for he loves us. Father of Light—God who is here compared to the sun, shedding his beams abroad. Shadow of turning—The day turns to night, but God is light always. Begat he us—God has made us his children, giving us the right to be sons of God. First-fruits—The first sheaf of harvest was given to God, so all believers are God's own children. Wherefore—Because we are God's and should be like him. Slow to speak—We should hear more than we say. Slow to wrath—We should not let ourselves yield to anger. Worketh not the righteousness—No person in anger will do God's will. Lay apart—Give up and turn away from. Superfluity of naughtiness—'Abounding wickedness' is the meaning. Ingrafted word—Or, the implanted word, in our hearts as seed is sown. Doers of the word—We must obey God's word, as well as hear it. Deceiving—Any one is deceiving who thinks he can be saved without obeying the truth. Beholding—Looking at his own face in a mirror. Forgetteth—People are always forgetting just how they look; so does everyone who hears his duty but does it not. Perfect law of liberty—God's law, which gives freedom to all who obey it from the heart. Blessed is his seed—He will find a blessing in obeying God's word. Religious—One may seem, but not be, religious. Bridleth not his tongue—How many cannot keep from angry words. Deceiveth—He mistakes if he thinks himself religious. Pure religion—These are the acts to which pure religion lead. Visit—To help all in need. Unspotted—Without wickedness.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where does this lesson teach— 1. The need of watching our tongue? 5. The duty of obedience to God's command? 3. Our duty toward the Lord's poor?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From whom do we receive every good and every perfect gift? From the Father. 2. How should we receive the word? With meekness. 3. What should we be? Doers of the word. 4. When is religion vain? When the tongue is not bridled. 5. What is pure religion and undefiled before God? To visit the afflicted and live uprightly.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Practical religion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

52. Did God give them any miraculous deliverances? God gave the apostles some miraculous deliverances; for several times when they were imprisoned they were released by angels.

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