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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1882.

No. 10.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. \*

BY ANNA M. TOMKINS.

"Would I had  
Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce be-  
ing one,  
To strew him o'er and o'er?"—*Winter's  
Tale.*

And must we say a sad good-night  
To him, our life-long, dear delight?  
And now, with darkness and the dead,  
Associate that beloved head,  
And feel no more, with joy, that he  
Breathes the same atmosphere as we?  
Will nevermore a springing flower,  
Or chiming bell, or sunset hour,  
Or lofty deed, or vanquished wrong  
Provoke from him a noble song?—  
Not often from our earthly shore,  
So fair a spirit passes o'er

To join the circle of the great  
Celestials: We, outside the gate,  
Feel, with a deepening sense of loss,  
That life is poorer than it was;  
Bereft of him whose carol dear  
Rang rapture on our childhood's ear,  
Whose silver note distinct, sustained,  
For fifty years its charm maintained,  
And deeper and diviner grew  
As nearer to the night he drew.  
Poet of light and sweetness, he,  
Those silver locks so fair to see  
Bound with the Laurel's glistening leaf,  
Betoken, neither age nor grief.

He was no Michael, sword in hand,  
Who comes the Dragon to destroy,  
But Gabriel mild with lily wand,  
Announcing tidings of great joy.  
Yet not the less, he had his part  
In all that wrings and rends the heart;  
But swift from the abyss of pain  
He soared to life and light again,  
And showed, though hours of grief in-  
trude,

That joy is the soul's natural mood,  
And peace, and boundless confidence  
In that great Good beyond the sense.  
He found in every common sight  
Secrets of beauty and delight,  
And left, as precious legacies,  
Some lovely thought with each of these.  
And now the common flag-flower blue  
A lily is; a rare one too,  
And boasts a nobler pedigree  
Than royal Bourbon fleur-de-lis  
Henceforth for us the wayside trees,  
Will murmur *Benedictus*.

And bow and sign the holy cross;  
Whenever the winds their branches toss,  
Henceforth our rude Atlantic coast  
Will harbor many a lovely ghost,  
And phantom fair, his magic song,  
Has bodied forth, our shores along,  
The midnight's starry pulses beat  
Symphonious to his music sweet;  
Redolent, Orion, all the throng  
Point the high moral of his song;  
Those pealing Voices of the Night  
That echo from an endless height  
Not earthy fibr of earth was he,  
His Genius was ethereal, free;  
And deep relations and benign

He ever held with things divine.  
He with a Raphael's pure, light touch  
Drew angels that are truly such,  
And hints of Paradise that seem  
To wear the colors of a dream.  
There was no schism in his soul,  
'Twas pure and catholic and whole.]

The incense clouds, the lifted Host,  
The mighty hovering Dove almost;  
The chants, the pealing bells and all  
The old and splendid ritual.  
And then with equal grace he drew  
The meeting house with high-backed pew,  
The village choir, the rustic throng,

More wealthy in the beautiful;  
For that is indestructible,  
And all men see and feel its worth.  
How deep the charm, how heavenly sweet,  
When passion and high honour meet,  
And love, so stronger far than death,  
Draws among men its angel breath;  
Pure as the water-lily's cup  
From ooze and slime that floateth up!  
Such Elsie and Evangeline,  
Handmaids for Shakespeare's Imogen,  
As high in love and constancy,  
And almost as renowned as she.

It may not be the loftiest art,  
And yet it is a noble part,  
To touch the universal heart,  
And speak to peasants and to kings  
The word that joy and healing brings,  
And win a love and fame that reach  
As far as doth our English speech.  
Thus he, whose praises we rehearse  
In numbers all unworthy him;  
Nor can we think that years will dim  
The halo that surrounds his verse,  
Because it has the enduring grace  
And magic charm of loveliness,  
And nobly utters truths sublime,  
"Not for an age, but for all time."

Poet of sweetness and of light!  
We will not say a sad wood-night,  
Nor leave thee where thy body lies,  
'Mid Auburn's funeral sanctities.  
Surely the world unseen must be  
Far ampler than the one we see,  
And lovelier; and it holds for thee  
Store of congenial company.  
And thou, who still wast happy here,  
Uplifting high thy hymns of cheer  
'Mid sorrow's storms and age's frost,  
Hast not thy joyous ardor lost.  
Thou swan-like Poet! silver bright  
Be those long rivers of delight  
That bear thee to the mystic sea  
Of all-enfolding Deity.  
We may not guess how deep thy joy,  
What lofty themes thy thoughts employ,  
What converse high 'tis thine to hold  
With sovereign bards and heroes old;  
With what a rapture near to pain,  
Thy spirit clasps its own again;  
How passing fair thy being's rose  
In yon Elysian climate blows;  
How rich and wide an empire  
Thy faithful service wins for thee;  
But we believe thy soul has found,  
The peace without a name or bound,  
And rests, and evermore shall rest,  
In that bright country, wholly blest!

STANSTEAD, P. Q.

An interesting anecdote is told of  
Mr. Longfellow and Paul Fleming, the  
hero of his "Hyperion." It is said  
that, being once asked whether the  
character of the young man was drawn  
from life, he paused for a little time  
before replying, and then said, hesitat-  
ingly, "He was—what I thought I  
might have been—but I never"—and  
shaded his face with his hand and did  
not conclude his sentence.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. \*

*In the elder days of Art,  
Dwelt I wrought with greater care  
Each minute and unseen part:  
So the gods see everywhere:  
Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
Make the house, where lives many dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.*

*Henry W. Longfellow*

All creeds, all races, every age  
His muse had for her heritage.  
With master hand he made us see  
The great cathedral's majesty,  
Its pillared aisles and arches high  
All dim and rich with imagery;  
Angels and saints in dazzling maze  
Amid the illumined windows' blaze,

The sermon good, and dull, and long;  
The open window, and the stray  
Light breeze, sweet scented with the hay,  
Fluttering the hymn book's leaves, that  
Lies open on the window sill.  
Oh! great is he who makes the earth

\* We are indebted to the courtesy of J. W. Gage, Esq., for the use of this fac-simile of Longfellow's autograph which the poet, a short time before his death, sent for use in Gage's new series of school readers.

We have pleasure in presenting this beautiful fac-simile of a Canadian lady, who, familiar with Longfellow's poems will see how happily she refers to him.—Ed.

THE HUMAN-HEARTEDNESS  
OF LONGFELLOW.

BY MISS LILLIE R. GRACEY.



LENNY Wadsworth Longfellow, the sweet poet, the gentle scholar, the genial gentleman, so revered, so beloved among us, held most dear in other lands as well as our own, a poet of marked excellence, the "people's" poet, has gone.

A simple life has uttered itself in song and men listened, rejoiced, and loved, and now they mourn. By reaching the highway to the human heart, coming in contact at all points with the great interests of humanity, humanizing everything he touched, Longfellow made himself controller of the high art of Poetry and the friend of his race.

"The most popular poet of the civilized world," Mr. Fields calls him, and says there must be a reason for this: some reason for this popularity among high and low, some sufficient cause for this lasting and firm regard for the man who, at a very early age, came "singing out from the borders of Maine into the world of song."

Longfellow breathes his whole spirit, his energy, his courage, and tenderness into others and touches the popular heart by expressing universal sentiments and feelings in simplest, most melodious verse; and in the heart's alternate moods of dejection and gladness, solaces and cheers, inspires and helps. He is the sweet singer who carols from the heart to the heart. A bond of sympathy exists between him and all his readers. He is pre-eminently the poet of the home.

He was a true philosopher who said: "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Longfellow approached nearer than any other to that standard.

"All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sung of beauty, love, and longing,  
Sung of death and life undying  
In the land of the Hereafter."

Longfellow is never false, never unfeeling, but radiant in truth and hope, imparting strength and courage to endeavour and always singing in his own peculiar way that "life is real" and "earnest," and saying to us in the living present with a "heart within and God o'erhead," to be "still achieving, still pursuing." He touches alike the fountains of joy and tears. He has us wander with him through foreign lands; he takes us into his studies; we are admitted into the sacred joy of home; we feel the pains of sorrow and loss, and we hear the prayers of trust and thankfulness.

His simplicity and fondness for children make him largely a children's poet, for with the most genial music the purest and simplest expression is united. Old and young alike find occasion for his exhilarating words.

The London *Daily Telegraph* says: "As long as the English language lasts, Longfellow's works will be quoted as models of simplicity of style and purity of thought."

He is quoted and read on both continents, and in the isles of the sea. "In England he is cited in Parliament, Westminster Hall, in cathedrals and every pulpit admits him. The mottoes on thousands of title pages are from him."

To few men, indeed, is it given to see so complete a realization of ambition and hope. He lived to hear his name honoured among good men everywhere, to know he had done his best and that the world appreciated his endeavours. But life had its sorrows even for Longfellow, the bitterest that come, when days were "dark and dreary;" when, he says:

"My heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burdens laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear."

Through Longfellow's poignant sorrows we have the quiet sympathy, the yielding spirit, the pensive thought, that are the alluring, abiding charms of his poems. In a world of solicitude and anxiety—

"Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer."

He has so breathed himself into his songs that in them he is with us still. Wherever they go over the world he will be with them. He will be beside the youth giving courage; he will be with the wanderer in foreign lands; he will be with the mariner on the sea; he will be with the explorer of the woods; he will be in the quiet beauty of home; he will be by the side of the sorrowing heart pointing to a higher faith; and as old age gathers about the human soul he will whisper,

"For age is opportunity, no less than youth  
Itself."

We leave him,

"Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death and time shall disappear  
Forever there, but never here."

And we go forward refreshed, strengthened, inspired with the light of a singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning and sweet as its breath: songs about the fleeting nature of life which comes and goes as the waves of the desert sand, as the tents of a caravan, as a flower that shoots up and dies away: songs with which the lover meets his bride, and the mother soothes her child, and the heart of a people beats with pride: songs that cheer human endeavour and console human sorrow and exalt human life.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO  
DIE IN THE LORD.

HOW blest are ye whose toils are ended!  
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!  
Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever;  
Ye have that for which we still endeavour,  
To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,  
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?  
Who here would languish  
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!  
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!  
With Thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

## THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW.

IT is impossible that any other American should die whose death would come so close home to so many hearts as this which has just happened. It is felt well nigh universally. The death of a great man may be widely noted, but not correspondingly felt. But this brings with it sadness. Full years had come upon him, but the poet is never old. When by distant firesides we read his poems, we do not say "These are the words of an old man," we do not figure the white locks and trembling limbs of age; but rather, we see before us an immortal youth or an age that has the freshness and glory of youth. Besides, we none of us ever weary of those we love. When a nation has learned to love a great man, he sinks deeper and deeper into its affection—"as streams their channels deeper wear." It is but the simple truth that Longfellow is the most widely-known name in the country, if we except some political names that are known perforce, and the most widely read, without exception. I would not indulge in gross estimates; but I think it no exaggeration to say that half the population of the country have read some one or more of his poems. When we recollect that all the school-readers for nearly fifty years have contained his verses, we see that the estimate is not low. And no young person reads these poems—"The Psalm of Life," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Hymn to Night," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Footsteps of Angels," "The Skeleton in Armor," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "Sandalphon," or, in riper years, the tender tale of "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the "Tale of Hiawatha," redolent of woods and wild nature—no young person ever reads these, even in a lesson-book, without a peculiar drawing to the poet. The reader's touched sensibilities go out toward the man and rest there with sympathy. And so it has come about that this poet is held in an almost friendly esteem by a vast number of his countrymen, and by a nearly equal number of Englishmen, for he is the popular poet there, as here.

## ELSIE'S PRAYER.

MY Redeemer and my Lord,  
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding,  
With these bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and erred  
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
And in the grave hast thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
Even as thou hast died for me,  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou leadest,  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
Die, if dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live,  
And more nearly,  
Dying thus, resemble thee!

A little that a righteous man hath,  
Is better than the riches of many wicked.

## MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dust in the evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet;

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still that gliding stream,  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision  
While bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough wherealumbered  
Birds and blossoms many numbered;  
Age that bough with snow encumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows  
To embalm that tent of snow.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile like sunshine, dart,  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art!

"AND ye who filled the places we once filled,  
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,  
Young men, whose generous hearts are  
beating high,  
We who are old, and are about to die,  
Salute you; hail you; take your hands  
in ours  
And crown you with our welcome as with  
flowers!"

A PRECIOUS reminiscence of Mr. Longfellow is related by Mr. G. W. Childs, who several years ago entertained the poet at dinner in Rome. "He was walking to the dining-room with Mr. Childs, and on their way through the corridor of the hotel they passed a series of lighted wax candles placed in candelabra, surrounded by flowers. Mr. Longfellow immediately shaded his face with his hand and begged his companion to hasten his footsteps. It was through the flame of a lighted candle, when in the act of melting some sealing wax, that Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And Islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the  
slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill ;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil  
bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill .  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that  
dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

There are things of which I may not  
speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die !  
There are thoughts that make the strong  
heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist into the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town ;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-  
known street,  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that  
were  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts."

LONGFELLOW, THE HELPFUL  
FRIEND.

BY ONE WHOM HE HELPED.



NOT very few of his  
intimate friends,  
I think, know how  
kind was the dear  
friend who has  
just died to those  
who were study-  
ing to fit them-  
selves for a career in literature or  
music or art. But there were not a  
few of those to whom he gave his  
sympathy and help who felt that a  
very dear father had passed away when  
they heard the news of his death. I  
have been sadly turning over the port-  
folio which contains some scores of  
notes and letter which I have received  
during the last eight or ten years from  
him, while pursuing the study and  
practice of music at home and abroad,  
signed with his dearly-loved initials.  
I can hardly bring myself, Mr. Editor,  
to agree to your request that I copy  
some selections from his letters, and I  
would not do it except that I am  
allowed to conceal my name, that I  
may not seem to seek publicity as  
having been the recipient of his good-  
ness. Delicacy requires this reticence.  
It is painful to read much that is  
written, and our grief would fain be  
left sacred and silent ; but his good-  
ness should not be concealed. It be-  
longs to the world, which gives speech  
to its own sorrow and asks from those  
who have best known him their experi-  
ence also.

Most exquisite was his tender way  
of doing a kindness to others, as if he  
were receiving, instead of doing the  
favour. It was this which constantly  
affected me with the sense of his good-  
ness.

My story is not a solitary one. I  
had come, a poor girl, to Boston, from  
a distant part of the country, a young  
writer and singer, teaching music to  
defray my expenses in the continuance  
of my studies, and writing bits for the  
several papers in the city. One day I  
visited an editor, with some verses of  
greater length than usual. He said :  
" This is too long for a newspaper or  
magazine. Finish it, and then I want  
you to take it to Mr. Longfellow." I  
opened my eyes in wonder. " I go to  
Mr. Longfellow !"

I had never dreamed it possible that  
Mr. Longfellow would trouble himself  
about a perfect stranger, and I im-  
agined the editor to be making sport  
of me and my poem. Three months  
later I yielded to a sudden impulse,  
and wrote Mr. Longfellow, and was  
invited to visit his home. The day  
was a golden one, for I found in him  
a calm, wise counsellor. Afterward  
fortune favoured me, so that I drifted  
to foreign shores, to carry on my am-  
bitious plans ; and even then his  
thoughtful kindness followed me—now  
a word of encouragement, praise, or  
comfort ; which he found time to give

expression to, making its way across  
the Atlantic ; ever suggesting, with-  
out seeming to do so, some subject for  
my pen ; begging me at all times to  
write all about myself ; and offering  
his help in any way that was possible.

At one time his letter before me  
show him taking charge of a produc-  
tion of my pen to place it in the hands  
of the editor ; at another visiting the  
dusty office of the paper for which I  
was writing letters, to subscribe for it  
with his own hand ; and the editor,  
who never expected such an honour to  
be paid his poor paper, immediately  
begs me to consider myself engaged to  
write the following year.

Again and again would he give some  
little commission to do for him, as if  
it were granting him a great favour,  
while it is only his delicate way of  
presenting me to persons who might  
be interested in my struggles and prove  
themselves friends.

Too proud to reply to his oft-repeated  
question of whether he might aid me,  
he finally visited some of my friends,  
to learn my exact needs, and then one  
New Year's morning I remember my-  
self seated on the side of my bed, where  
letters have been brought to me, the  
tears rolling down my cheeks, for I  
feared I must yield to the inevitable  
and go home. " Only a little New  
Year's gift, that will serve to buy  
gloves," said his letter. Did he know  
that it was bread, not gloves, I feared  
I should need, and which his generous  
gift supplied ?

But I copy from these letters, my  
choicest treasure, a few paragraphs  
which will give an idea of his thought-  
fulness and kindness. In one of his  
early letters he writes :

" How kind of you to write me such  
a long letter. It has interested me  
extremely. But the next must be all  
about yourself. No so much what you  
are doing, for I can imagine that, but  
what you are feeling and fearing and  
hoping and desiring. In short, a pic-  
ture of your inner self.

" Tell me, also, how I can be of aid  
and comfort to you, being assured of  
my constant wish and willingness to  
help you in all ways."

This bit is from another letter :  
" Your tour in Switzerland will be  
a great refreshment to you. But when  
one is sad and sorrowful there is a  
kind of terror in mountain scenery.  
I have often felt it."

The following was in response to  
some confidences :

" I feel now, more than ever before,  
the dangers that surround you ; but I  
am sure you will be strong and valiant.  
Instead of giving you good advice, I  
send you a song I wrote the other  
day."

This song is that beginning " Stay, stay  
at home, my heart and rest," the last  
verse of which is :

" Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,  
The bird is safest in its nest ;  
O'er all that flatter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;  
To stay at home is best."

" I beg you, dear—, not to feel  
wounded at my frank manner of speak-  
ing. I cannot speak otherwise and be  
true to myself and to you. And be-  
lieve always in my unabated interest  
in your welfare and your success, and  
how truly I am your friend.

" H. W. L."

Farewell best, tenderest, truest of  
friends !

CHRIST AND THE SULTAN'S  
DAUGHTER.

EARLY in the morning,  
The Sultan's daughter  
Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew.  
And as she gathered them,  
She wondered more and more  
Who was the Master of the Flowers,  
And made them grow  
Out of the cold, dark earth.  
" In my heart," she said,  
" I love him ; and for him  
Would leave my father's palace,  
To labour in his garden."  
And at midnight,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And, looking forth from her window,  
She saw a beautiful youth  
Standing among the flowers.  
It was the Lord Jesus ;  
And she went down to him,  
And opened the door for him ;  
And he said to her, " O maiden !  
Thou hast thought of me with love,  
And for thy sake,  
Out of my Father's kingdom,  
Have I come hither ;  
I am the Master of the Flowers.  
My garden is in Paradise,  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Thy bridal garland  
Shall be of bright red flowers."  
And then he took from his finger  
A golden ring,  
And asked the Sultan's daughter  
If she would be his bride.  
And when she answered him with love,  
His wounds began to bleed ;  
And she said to him,  
" O Love ! how red thy heart is,  
And thy hands are full of roses."  
" For thy sake," answered he,  
" For thy sake is my heart so red,  
For thee I bring these roses.  
I gathered them at the cross  
Whereon I died for thee !  
Come, for my Father calls.  
Thou art my elected bride !"  
And the Sultan's daughter  
Followed him to his Father's garden.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are num-  
bered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door,  
The beloved, the true hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ;

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a low and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

A LADY who had been travelling in  
Italy was asked by a friend how she  
liked Venice. " Oh ! very much, in-  
deed," was the reply. " I was unfor-  
tunate enough, however, to arrive there  
just at the time of a heavy flood, and  
we had to go about the streets in boats."

\* This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and the *Boss*, off the harbour of Portland, in which both captives were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.



## WEARINESS.

**LITTLE** feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires,  
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white,  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source  
divine;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1882.

## LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

**L**ONGFELLOW was especially the poet of children. He wrote a good deal for them, and they can understand *everything* he wrote, which is more than can be said of some other poets, over whose writings even grown folks have to puzzle to find out what they mean.

The poem on "The Children's Hour," was addressed to his own three little daughters. We give in this number several of his poems, and articles on Longfellow, that the young people of Canada may know how kind a friend all children have lost by the death of the great poet. Every boy or girl who can, should have a copy of his poems. They can be had complete in one volume for \$1, (Houghton and Mifflin's Diamond Edition), which will be sent for that price by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Publisher of PLEASANT HOURS.

A few years ago the children of Cambridge made the poet a present of a beautiful chair made from the wood

of the "spreading chestnut tree" of which he sings in "The Village Blacksmith." He wrote in return for the gift a fine poem, which I cannot find in my edition of his works, and so cannot quote it. Only two days before he died two young lads called to see him, and he took them through the house, and showed them his treasures including "the children's chair." The pretty verses which follow this notice refer to this chair.

So far as we are aware no special memorial number of any periodical has been devoted to Longfellow. We are glad to have the opportunity of devoting to his memory this number of PLEASANT HOURS, that thus a hundred thousand Canadian young people may be brought into closer sympathy with the greatest recent poet, not merely of America but we think, of the English speaking race. All the poems in this number, unless otherwise indicated, are by Longfellow.

## THE POET'S EMPTY CHAIR.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**F**ROM the chair the children gave  
him where he sat as on a throne.  
While they clustered round him fondly,  
claiming him as all their own,  
He has gone, the poet stately, aureoled  
with snowy hair;  
If we looked, we could not find him in  
this wide world anywhere.

If we called, he would not answer—he,  
so swift to smile and bless  
Every little child who sought him with a  
gracious tenderness;  
Though we wept, he would not hear us:  
he has gone too far away,  
And the children's chair in Cambridge is  
a vacant throne to-day.

And he slumbers, oh, so deeply! all his  
earthly labors done,  
Never more a care to vex him 'neath the  
ever-circling sun;  
Of all sweet things said about him, this  
shall farthest fragrance send,  
That the poet, sage, and scholar was the  
children's loving friend.

Like his Master, he would suffer tiny  
hands to touch his gown;  
Fearlessly the small feet thronged him,  
unrebuked by word or frown;  
Surely he was met in heaven by a white-  
robed shining band,  
Since before Our Father alway do the  
children's angels stand.

MISSIONARY heroism has not yet died out of the Church, as will be seen from the following account of the death of a faithful missionary to the Indians at Cape Croker on Lake Huron:

Brother Bawtonheimer has been gradually sinking for some weeks, so that his death was not unexpected. I visited him a short time ago, and found him calmly and confidently trusting in Christ as his personal Saviour, waiting to learn all the good pleasure of his will. So much was the head and heart of this missionary in his work, that, when so prostrated by sickness as to be utterly unable to walk, he requested the Indians to carry him to the house of God, and there, though in great weakness and suffering of body, he proclaimed to his eager and sympathizing audience that glorious Gospel that gives peace, and joy in life, and strength, and comfort, in weakness and suffering. Our dear Brother Bawtonheimer sleeps in Jesus. I earnestly solicit for his bereaved family, the prayerful sympathy of our people.

CHAS. FISH.

THE Rev. J. C. Seymour, author of "Voices From the Throne," etc., has prepared a volume of Temperance Readings under the title of "The Temperance Battle Field and How to Gain the Day." A new book for the young of all ages, full of humorous and pathetic stories. We have read the greater part of this book in MS. and can commend it as one of the most interesting temperance volumes we have ever seen. It has not a dull page in it. It abounds with incidents and anecdotes which will move alternately to smiles and tears; with arguments that will convince the judgment, and appeals that will arouse the conscience and influence the will. The book is now passing through our Connexional press, and will be ready by the Conferences. We recommend it for Sunday-school libraries, Bands of Hope, Temperance Societies, public readings, etc.

ONE of the accompaniments of the tenth anniversary, recently held, of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Sunday-school, Toronto, was somewhat novel. Anniversary sermons were delivered on Sunday, April 2, and the anniversary meeting on Monday, April 10, when tickets to the Toronto Zoological Museum, available during the Easter vacation, were presented to the officers, teachers, and scholars, by the superintendent, Mr John N. Lake. The invitation was largely accepted by the scholars.

We regret that we are unable to use the following articles written for PLEASANT HOURS: "Little Amy Payne," "The Refining Fire," "The Use of the Four Senses." If the writers wish the MSS. returned and will kindly send their address they will be sent to them.

AFTER Longfellow's visit to Windsor Castle, in 1857, the Queen said to Sir Theodore Martin: "I noticed an unusual interest among the attendant and servants. I could scarcely credit that they so generally understand who he was. When he took his leave, they concealed themselves in places from which they could get a good look at him, as he passed."

QUEEN VICTORIA is punctilious in the recognition of the devotion of her servants. The old couple who had charge for many years of her Swiss cottage at Osborne died last year, and over their graves the queen has placed a stone inscribed with the record of their service, with this addition: "This stone was erected by Queen Victoria and her children, January, 1882. 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'"



SPRING.

## SPRING.

**P**LEASANT it is, when woods are green,  
And winds are soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight shewn  
Alternate come and go;

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound;

The green trees whispered low and mild;  
It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a child  
And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, soft and low,  
"Come, be a child once more!"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodland hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere!  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer!  
Like one in prayer I stood.

And falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lisplings of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!  
Ye were so sweet and wild!  
But distant voices seem to say,  
"It cannot be! They pass away!  
Other themes demand thy lay;  
Thou art no more a child!"

"Hark! I hear their voices sweet,  
And the echo of their little feet,  
Tripping lightly down the street.  
Oh! golden childhood, fair and meek.  
How vain are words, how faint and weak,  
Of youth and purity to speak."

Kate Wood.



MAD RIVER.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST POEM.

"MAD RIVER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS."  
A MOUNTAIN STREAM'S STORY.

The title of Mr. Longfellow's last contribution to the *Atlantic* is "Mad River, in the White Mountains." It is a dialogue between a traveller and the mountain stream—the man questioning, the river replying, and at last giving us its history thus:—

A BROOKLET, nameless and unknown,  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the wide world I panted;  
Out of the forest, dark and dread,  
Across the open fields I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing cloud;  
The wind the forest bent and bowed  
The rush of rain descending

I heard the distant ocean call,  
Imploring and entreating;  
Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow;  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
The rudeness of my labours;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neighbours.

Men call me mad, and well they may;  
When full of rage and trouble  
I burst my banks of sand and clay  
And sweep their wooden bridge away  
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now, go and write thy little rhyme  
As of thine own creating;  
Thou see'st the day is past its prime,  
I can no longer waste my time,  
The mills are tired of waiting.

We live in deeds, not in years—in thoughts,  
not breaths—  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;—  
We should count time by heart-throbs.  
He most lives,  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—  
acts the best.—*Bailey.*

BOOK NOTICES.

*Canadian Methodist Magazine*. Contents of May number: The most notable article in this number, and one which will attract much attention, is a paper by John Macdonald, Esq., on the Approaching General Conference, in which, among other things, he advocates the election of three or four bishops, who shall hold office for life. Another article, founded largely on Miss Gordon Cummings' "At Home in Fiji," describes the marvellous conversion, through the labours of Wesleyan missionaries, of those islands from savage cannibalism to a Christian Crown Colony of Great Britain. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Longfellow. There is also an article on his poetry, sketches of the late Henry Wilkinson, William Beatty, and Bishop James, with other articles—four in all being illustrated—makes up a number of more than average interest. Of the illustrated articles in this Magazine the *Missionary Review*, of Princeton, N. J., says: "They are well fitted to awaken and cherish deeper and more profound interest in foreign mission. We wish them the widest possible circulation and influence."

The *Quarterly Review Service*, and *Canadian Scholar's Quarterly*, have both become very popular. The *Review Service* for June, is now ready, and will be mailed for 50c. per 100. The third number of the *Quarterly*, that for July, August, and September—20 pages—Map, Lesson Hymns, everything required, will be mailed for \$2 per 100.

This Longfellow number in quantities of 10 or more will be sent to any address for one cent each.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain-road

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand,  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand!—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream;  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream;  
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day;  
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEVER has the death of any poet been mourned by so many millions as that of the sweet singer who has just passed away. He was emphatically the people's poet. He sang not for a cultured few, but for the toiling millions, who by his songs were lifted up and strengthened. No poet had so many contemporary readers, or so many editions of his works, from the sumptuous illustrated folios to the dainty pocket volume. From their frequent repetition in school-reading books, scarcely a boy or a girl of the English-speaking race is not familiar with at least some of his poems.

He is not, it is true, one of the "grand old masters," one of—  
"The bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time."

He is one of the—

"Simpler poets,  
Whose songs gush from the heart,  
As rain from the clouds of summer  
Or as tears to the eyelids start"

And, therefore, is he dear to the universal heart of humanity, to the lofty and lowly alike. There is in him such a wealth of human sympathy with the highest joys and deepest sorrows of mankind that he voices for all of us the hopes, desires, and aspirations, the thoughts too deep for tears, the feelings that we have longed to express. There is a tender pensive about his poems that tells of a soul that has known sorrow and a humble trustfulness that tells of the Christian's hope. To many a stricken heart the tender strains of such poems as "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Resignation," have brought comfort and solace.

But for the most part Longfellow's is sunnier theme. His "Village Blacksmith" sings the joys of noble toil—

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns what'er he can,  
He looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man."

There is, too, a strength of purpose often manifested that braces one for duty like a call to arms.

"Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong!"

Where is the young man who has not been enbraved in soul by the "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," and "The Gable of Life?"

Longfellow yielded not to the glamour of war, but branded it as the great curse of the universe.

"The warrior's name should be a name abhorred,  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead  
Should wear forevermore the brand of Cain."

The deep religious feeling of the poet is seen in his "God's Acre," "The Flowers," the "Hymn," for his brother's ordination, "The Legend Beautiful," and "Sandalphon." The last we think his grandest poem.

Note also the Biblical imagery in the "Ballad of the French Fleet, 1740."

"The Fleet it overtook,  
And the broad sails in the van,  
Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
Or the curtains of Median."

"Like a potter's vessel broke  
The great ships of the line,  
They were carried away as a smoke,  
Or sank like lead in the brine."

In his later poem "Keramos," one of the most exquisite in the language, is a series of fine images derived from the potter's wheel in the Song of the Potter, which runs like the base note of a fugue through the whole poem.

Yet as some authors noted have given proof of their patriotism by their writings on national themes, so also Longfellow even more than they. "The Song of Hiwatha," is the grandest treatment the red man has ever received in literature. His "Miles Standish," and "New England Tragedies," "The Baron of St. Castino" and others are distinctly national, and so also in parts the most touching of all Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy," published in 1871, is far less familiar than it ought to be to Bible students. It recounts, in exquisite verse, the Story of the Life of our Lord; The Baptism,

Temptation; The Miracle at Cana; In the Cornfields; The Demoniac of Gadera; The Death of John the Baptist; Scenes at Bethany; The Legend of Helen of Tyre; and The Tragic Story of the Crucifixion; and this poem is enriched, like the Golden Legend, by much curious lore from the Talmud and Rabbinical books, and from the Apocryphal Gospels.

Another characteristic of Longfellow is the infinite variety, and exquisite appropriateness of his figures, though some at first sight seem far-fetched, and by the surprise they create have all the effect of art. Take a few at random. See for instance his "foot-prints on the sands of time," the description of the dew of flowers which,

"Their blue eyes with tears overflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

In the wreck of the *Hesperus*—

"The cruel rocks that gored her sides,  
Like the horns of an angry bull."

In the "Slavo's Dream"—

"His lifeless body lay,  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away."

In "The Arsenal at Springfield"—

"Like a huge organ rise the burnished  
pipes."

In the "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year"—

"The hooded clouds like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

In "Evangeline" the sweetest of all his poems, the church bell "sprinkles with holy sounds the air;" and the setting sun, like the Hebrew, smites with his rod the streams and turn them into blood. At the burning of Grand Pre, the flames were thrust through the folds of smoke and withdrawn "like the quivering hands of a martyr." The face of Evangelino's father was "without either thought or motion, as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken." In "The Building of the Ship," the rudder, "like a thought," controls the whole; the anchor's great hand reaches down and grapples with the land. The wild winds seize the sea in their strong grasp and "lift it up and shake it like a fleece." In Miles Standish's *Cæsar*, "the thumb-marks thick on the margin," "tell like the trampling of feet where the battle was hottest." The white sails of the departing ships gleamed—

"Like a marble slab in a church-yard;  
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of  
escaping."

Not merely the literary grace of Longfellow's poems is their claim upon us, but their moral elevation, their perfect purity. He wrote not "one line which dying, he could wish to blot," but thousands that linger like rousic in the ear, that sink like balm into the heart, that are a perpetual inspiration to the soul.

Longfellow was the first book of poems the present writer ever owned; for thirty years none has been so frequently in our hands, no poems so often on our lips and in our heart. They have been solace in solitude, joy in gladness, and have supplied some of the most exquisite pleasures, and often the luxury of tears, in a busy life. More than once, when in Cambridge, we longed to call and pay our homage as a scholar to a beloved and honoured master, to the great poet, but we felt that we had no claim more than thousands of others to intrude upon his time. But had we done so we would

have pleaded as our justification his own words—

"If any one thought of mine, or sung or  
told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have paid me back a thousand fold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation."

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

**B**ETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to  
lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up unto my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, oh, blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down in the dungeon  
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the wall shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder to dust away!

#### A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW.

**A** GENTLEMAN after visiting the poet writes: Before our departure we were invited to sit down in the carved chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree," presented to the poet by the school-children of Cambridge, and shown many other objects of interest, including the old clock on the stairs and the pen received from "beautiful Helen of Maine," with its "iron link from the chain of Bonnavard," its "wood from the frigate's mast," that wrote on "the sky the song of the sea and the blast," and its three jewels from the sands of Ceylon, the mountains of Maine, and the snows of Siberia.

We parted at the poet's gate on that sunny September morning, never to meet again; but I shall always retain the remembrance of his venerable appearance, his sweet old-school courtesy of manners, and of the many meetings that it was my privilege to have enjoyed with the best loved of American poets:

"Say not the poet dies!  
Though in the dust he lies,  
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,  
Unsphered by envious Death!  
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll:  
Their fate he cannot share,  
Who, in the enchanted air,  
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo  
stole,  
Has left his dearer self, the music of his  
soul!"

#### VIA SOLITARIA.\*

(The Solitary Way.)

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

**A**LONE I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with his  
own;  
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—  
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of June  
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray  
In vain the evening's starry marches  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;  
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;  
They gaze on other fields than ours—  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,  
The blade is stolen from the sheath;  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,  
And, therefore, life and health I must  
crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein apart a traveller stands—  
One absent long from home and nation,  
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
On yonder shore a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,  
And there—oh! vision of delight!  
I see the child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that break-  
est,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest  
The parted—one.  
SEPTEMBER 18th, 1863.

#### LONGFELLOW'S FUNERAL.

**T**HE last rites were thoroughly fitting. They united the undisturbed retirement which the family and personal friends of the dead ever desire and have the right to possess, with that opportunity which the public seeks to pay its homage to one whom it has honoured and loved. The private services were held in the house, and were as private as those of any citizen. The public services, at the conclusion of the exercises of a private nature, were held in the chapel of Harvard College. Professor Peabody read selections from the Bible, and

\* Now that our best and sweetest Poet has left us, rendering by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been ascribed before, the following touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife. She was burned to death while playing with her children in 1851. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and, has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart he has waited at the "stallion," till now at last, "the parted" are made "one."  
H. M. Goodwin.

also from Mr. Longfellow's poems of eminent fitness to the occasion. Of that most beautiful poem, "Resignation" two stanzas were repeated:

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad unereal tapers  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no death! What seems so is  
transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian  
Whose portal we call death."

From "Hiawatha" were read the lines beginning with that verse which is true of Longfellow above all modern poets:

"He the sweetest of all singers,  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers—  
All the many sounds of Nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing.  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sung of beauty, love, and longing,  
Sung of death and life undying  
In the land of the hereafter.  
For his gentleness they loved him  
And the magic of his singing."

Professor Peabody concluded with the reading of those not unfamiliar lines, which, perhaps, as truly as anything he ever wrote embody the religious belief of Longfellow:

"From all vain pomps and shows,  
From the heart that overflows,  
And the false conceits of men:  
From all the narrow rules  
And subtleties of schools,  
And the craft of tongue and pen,  
Bewildered with the search,  
Bewildered with the cry,  
Lo here! lo there! the Church!  
Poor, sad humanity,  
Through all the ages meet,  
Turns back with bleeding feet  
By the way you road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the Great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still,  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will."

Professor Everett's noble eulogy concluded somewhat as follows: "His was a calm and loving age, full of activity, confidence, and peace. The world's love gathered about him as he lived, and its homage was breathed into his ear till on his last birthday there was paid him an homage such as has been given to few living. From his old home in Maine came greetings. Children's voices, those voices which of all others had ever been most welcome, joined in the acclaim, and thus the day of his life was completed. He passed away! I think we have not yet learned the meaning of these words. Wherever his sons go, he will go with them, a minister of love. He will be by the side of the youth, pointing to heights as yet unscathed and bidding him faith and courage. He will be with the wanderer in foreign lands, making the beauty he sees more fair. He will be with the mariner upon the sea; he will be with the explorer in the woods; he will be in the quiet beauty of home; he will be by the side of the sorrowing heart, pointing to a higher faith; and, as old age is gathering about the human soul, he will be there to whisper courage, and to say:

"For age is opportunity, no less  
Than youth itself."

Thus will he inspire in all faith and courage and point all to those unfailing sources of strength, the "heart within and God o'er-head."



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes,

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

MR. LONGFELLOW AT HOME.

BY A NEIGHBOUR.

**W**HILE all the English-speaking world mourns the departed poet, Cambridge, the community in which Mr. Longfellow lived, groans at the loss of the man, the friend, the neighbour, the most honoured and the most beloved.

Hundreds of men honoured him who knew nothing of him as a poet. The first notice I had of the impending calamity was from an Irish porter in an office in Boston, who rushed into my room with this exclamation: "It is on the bulletin-boards, that our dear, good friend, Mr. Longfellow, is dying. I have worked at his house, repairing his furnace, many a day. There was nobody like him in all Cambridge." On the way home in the horse-cars, the fatal end being then publicly known, men and women talked about it to their fellow-passengers, though strangers, as they are wont to do in some great public calamity. And in his own town, I believe, that on that night there was scarcely a home which was not pervaded by the common sorrow. On the next morning the sentiment, if not the words, was uttered from every lip: "The Sun of Cambridge is extinguished."

To the poorer classes Mr. Longfellow was endeared by his kindness. I happened to be often brought in contact with a very intelligent but cynical and discontented labouring man, who never lost an opportunity of railing against the rich. To such men wealth and poverty are the only distinctions in life. In one of his denunciations I heard him say: "I will make an exception of one rich man, and that is Mr. Longfellow. You have an idea how much the labouring men of Cambridge think of him. There is many and many a family that gets a load of coal from Mr. Longfellow, without anybody knowing where it comes from."

The crowds of strangers who visited him at this mansion, with letters or personal introductions through friends, would have been an annoyance to one of a less kindly nature. The poet was never more attractive than in those unexpected interviews with absolute strangers. He received them with gentle courtesy, glided readily into common topics, but carefully warded off all complimentary references to his works. This was his invariable custom in general conversation. I was present when a distinguished party from Canada was introduced, and remember, when a charming lady of the party gracefully repeated a message of high compliment from the Princess Louise, how courteously he received it and how instantly he turned the conversation in another direction. I remember at another of these introductions a stranger lady distrustfully asked Mr. Longfellow for his autograph. He assured her by at once assenting, while he remarked: "I know some persons object to giving their autographs; but, if so little a thing will give pleasure, how can one refuse?"

My first impression of his sweetness I gathered some years ago, when I accidentally overheard him in conversation with Mr. James Russell Lowell, as I walked behind them on Brattle Street. A sweet little girl came running by them, and I heard Mr. Longfellow say to Mr. Lowell "I like little girls the best," and he continued:

"What are little girls made of?  
Sugar and spice  
And all things nice,  
That's what little girls are made of."

We can see how by a sort of instinct all the little girls in the land are repeating the verses of the poet who loved them so well.

CLIMBING THE HILL.

BY REV. JOHN KAY.

"I had a dream that was not all a dream."

II.

**N**OT very far from this I observed other young men. They, too, were drinking from the same stream, but a little higher up, and nearer the fountain. They were beautiful in appearance and very healthy; and I heard them enquire for the best way up the hill. Not far from the place where they were drinking they found a narrow passage. Two large perpendicular rocks walled this way on either side, and the top was arched with evergreens and wild hanging vines. An old man at the spring told them this

was the best, in fact, the only way up. The young men looked at the narrow passage and some of them said we cannot go in there. But he replied this reminds me of the passage of Scripture "narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." So, after much thought and careful weighing of the matter, some of them resolved to go through. But when they came very near the entrance they saw that the rocks on either side were full of sharp edges, almost as keen as a knife; and the evergreens overhanging were full of thorns, while the path at the bottom was covered with sharp loose stones, and it was a forbidding sight. Some of the young men looked at this small and difficult entrance, and then at their fine clothes, and one after another said, "I will not go in there." They would not stoop so low, nor run the risk of appearing with their garments, and, perhaps, their flesh, torn with the brambles and thorns. So they first glanced at the beautiful light at the top of the hill, then stood for a moment and with a sigh turned away. And I thought "how hardly shall they that have riches" and pride "enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But some of the company spoke and said that often the true way was the most difficult, and they resolved to try. So they went down on their knees and began the struggle. One of them being smaller than the rest with some difficulty managed to get through, and oh, how he shouted to the others to follow. He tried to describe the appearance of the way inside, but he could not, and all he could say was, "It is better than I thought." "I am more than repaid for my torn coat and lacerated hands and knees." So, hearing the sound of their companion's voice, and noticing that it was so cheerful they took heart and one by one the most of them passed through this narrow gate. One of the largest I heard cry out in terrible pain when he was only partly through. He tried at one time to go back and fairly roared with pain; but being encouraged by the friendly words of those within, and the manly shouts of some of the more determined and courageous outside he pushed forward. One man cried, "Make a clean breast of it, brother." "I see where the trouble is;" and I looked and saw a package of playing cards sticking out of his pocket, and a purse of stolen money swelled another, and some letters of invitation to a dancing party, and odd-looking books filled another; and the man could not get through.

For some time it was not clear what he would do, but it was impossible to get through with the kind of stuff he was carrying. His companions cried shame at him and said, "Make a clean breast of it, man." "You must leave all behind." "If you get through with your life you will be more than repaid." And being a candid sort of man withal he decided to confess all and to go in with the evidences of his meanness and sin left behind. And as soon as he decided so to do those with him helped him, and the cards were soon in the flames, and the stolen money was speedily returned with a confession and a request for forgiveness, and all the other papers and books of folly and sin, which he tried to drag through, were piled together outside the gate and burned. Then he tried again, and he was soon on the

other side of this difficult pass, one of the most light-hearted and happy men you ever saw. His shouting and singing made those outside feel all the more eager when they knew they too must go through that way in order to get to the top of the hill. So one by one they resolved to go that way also.

Once inside they were very much surprised, and greatly delighted to find the way so straight and well made. It inclined upward, in some places more steeply than at others, but the road had an up-grade all the way. It was withal quite narrow, and yet plenty wide enough to give ease and freedom to all the climbers. Here and there close beside the road was a deep ravine, and in one or two places there were roads leading away from the "old path," and some of the party wandered on these for awhile, but came back only to speak of the dark passages and dangerous rocks to which those ways led. But when they came back they were sorry to find that their wandering had consumed time which the others had used in climbing up the "good way," and so the poor wanderers were quite a way behind, and they regretted it very much. However, they ran fast, and worked hard, and again joined the company. I saw one poor fellow, who would persist in walking dangerously near the edge, fall into a deep and dark pit, and all that was heard of him were his screams as he fell over.

As I looked I noticed that the climbers became more beautiful in appearance, for their climbing gave colour to their cheeks and strength to their whole frame, and they were in cheerful spirits.

Now and again there were obstacles placed in the way, but this was generally the result of the carelessness of some of the climbers, or they were put there by an enemy, for there were many enemies lurking beside the way. And sometimes one of the company would become disheartened and fearful, but, keeping with the rest, they cheered him up, and soon the danger was passed.

I looked after these climbers with great interest, and would have been glad to be with them. I saw them near the top of the hill. It seemed in my dream that years had rolled by while those happy climbers were getting near to the celestial sunlight. They were bathed in its refracted rays. I never knew a more light-hearted and cheerful company. You could not make them look behind. They looked upward and were bound to reach the beautiful summit.

In a little while there was a commotion as if they were excited to great joy, and, as I looked, I saw the shadowy outlines of beautiful angels moving to and fro. The climbers seemed to leave the roadway and fairly to fly. I looked till I saw their forms lost in the golden light. The echo of voices came to me from above. They were echoes of singing and shoutings of great joy and now and then I heard the words "salvation" and "home" and "Jesus," and I awoke to find that it was not all a dream.

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.



## CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look toward the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are birds and sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices,  
Have been hardened into wood.

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing,  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said,  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

## PUZZLEDOM.

## ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. CHARADE.—Thoughtless.  
HIDDEN FISHES.—1. Tench. 2.  
Shad. 3. Herring. 4. Pike.  
SQUARE.—

C A S E  
A B E T  
S E A T  
E T T A

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Ruse, use. 2.  
Rour, our. 3. Rape, ape. 4. Stint,  
tint.

## NEW PUZZLES.

## I. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

J-j-y-i-e-e-t-e-s-a; -b-t-o-o-d-  
v-n-

L-k-q-i-t-i-h-

## II. CHARADE.

My first is a bird of ancient renown,  
Who reminds us of daylight's approach;  
My second and third together were  
thrown,

To try, upon time, to enroach.  
My whole is a reptile, of mythic crea-  
tion,

And is said to proceed from my first,  
But, friends, if this proves beyond your  
imagination,

Please throw it aside as the worst.

## III. DECAPITATIONS AND CURTAILMENTS.

1. Behead and curtail a musical in-  
strument, and leave a liquor.

2. Behead and curtail a box, and  
leave a stream.

3. Behead and curtail sure, and  
leave to corrode.

4. Behead and curtail a close om-  
brace, and leave to gain.

5. Behead and curtail to pinch, and  
leave a pinion.

## IV. WORD-SQUARE.

1. To catch for breath.
2. Dexterous.
3. A narrow opening.
4. A nick-name.

## WHAT A FIRE!

**F**ONES, have you heard of the  
fire that burned up the  
man's house and property?"

"No, Smith; where was it?"  
"Here in this city."

"What a misfortune to him! Was  
it a good house?"

"Yes; a nice house—a good home  
for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire  
take?"

"The man played with fire, and  
thoughtlessly let it destroy his pro-  
perty."

"How silly! Did you say the farm  
was burned too?"

"Yes; all gone."  
"That is singular. It must have  
been a terribly hot fire; and then I  
don't see how it could have burned the  
lot."

"No, it was not a very hot fire.  
Indeed, it was so small that it attracted  
but little attention; it burned a long  
time—more than twenty years. And  
though it seemed to consume very  
slowly, yet it wore away about one  
hundred dollars' worth every year till  
it was all gone."

"I can't understand you yet. Tell  
me where the fire was kindled, and all  
about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the  
end of a cigar. The cigar cost him,  
he himself told me, about ten dollars  
per month. You can reckon up how  
much that would amount to in twenty  
years, the money being worth at least  
six per cent. Don't you pity the  
family of the man who has slowly  
burned up their home?"

"Whew! I guess you mean me, for  
I have smoked more than twenty years.  
But it doesn't cost so much as that,  
and I haven't any house of my own.  
Have always rented—thought I was  
too poor to own a house. And all  
because I have been burning it up!  
What a fool I have been!"

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON X. [June 4.  
THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Mark 9. 2-13. Commit to memory v. 3, 4, 7, 8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This  
is my beloved Son, in whom I am well  
pleased. Matt. 3. 17.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Three Witnesses, v. 2, 3.
2. The Two Saints, v. 4-6.
3. The One Saviour, v. 7-13.

TIME.—A. D. 28, a week after the events  
of the last two lessons.

PLACE.—Mount Hermon, north of Caesarea  
Philippi.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 17. 1, 13;  
Luke 9. 28-36.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Six days*—Meaning a  
week. *High mountain*—Probably Mount  
Hermon, the highest mountain in Palestine.  
*Transfigured*—Changed to a glorious appear-  
ance. *Shining*—All the more wonderful,  
since the event took place at night. *Fuller*  
—One who washes garments. *Elijah with  
Moses*—Elijah, who had gone to heaven  
without death, and Moses, whom the Lord  
had buried. *Talking with Jesus*—About his  
approaching death. (See Luke 9. 31.) *Tab-  
ernacles*—Huts or tents for worship, as if to  
remain there forever. *A cloud*—The cloud  
of God's presence, such as once had hung  
over the mercy-seat in the tabernacle. *A  
voice*—The voice of God the Father. *Tell  
no man*—For the reason that people were  
not ready to receive such news. *Rising  
from the dead*—Though Christ had warned  
them before, yet they did not even yet un-  
derstand that he was to die and rise again.  
*Elias*—Malachi had prophesied that Elijah  
should appear before the coming of Christ.

Indeed come—In the person of John the  
Baptist.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here shown—

1. The glory of Christ's appearance?
2. The joy of Christ's presence?
3. The authority of Christ's words?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Jesus take with him to a  
high mountain apart? Peter, James, and  
John. 2. What there took place with  
Jesus? He was transfigured. 3. Who ap-  
peared talking with Christ? Moses and  
Elijah. 4. What did Peter say? "It is  
good to be here." 5. What did a voice  
from heaven say? This is my beloved Son;  
hear him. 6. What did Christ command  
concerning the vision? To tell it to no  
man.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The divine na-  
ture of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

41. In what manner was this moral law,  
or Ten Commandments, given them?

The moral law, contained in the Ten  
Commandments, was spoken to the children  
of Israel from Mount Sinai by God himself,  
with thunder and lightning, and then  
written for them by him in two tables of  
stone.

A. D. 28.] LESSON XI. [June 11.  
THE AFFLICTED CHILD.

Mark 9. 14-32. Commit to memory v. 21-24.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

All things are possible to him that be-  
lieveth. v. 23.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Suffering Child, v. 14-20.
2. The Believing Father, v. 21-24.
3. The Mighty Saviour, v. 25-32.

TIME.—A. D. 28, immediately following  
the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Near Caesarea Philippi. Ver. 30-  
32. In Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 17. 14-23;  
Luke 9. 37-45.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Questioning*—Talking in  
a spirit of opposition. *Dumb spirit*—An  
evil spirit living in the child's body, and  
causing him to suffer greatly. *Teareth him*  
—Causing spasms or convulsions. *Pineth  
away*—Becoming weak and wasted. *They  
could not*—Because the evil spirit had an un-  
usually firm hold, and because they were  
lacking in faith. *Faithless generation*—  
People unwilling to believe. *If thou canst  
do*—He had hope, but not strong faith in  
Christ's power to help. *All things are  
possible*—All things which God is willing to  
grant may be obtained by faith, and true  
faith asks for no other. *Said with tears*—  
Showing his earnest desire for stronger faith.  
*As one dead*—Being left faint and breathless.  
*This kind*—Showing that some evil spirits  
are stronger in power than others. *Prayer  
and fasting*—Prayer so earnest that it causes  
the needs of the body to be forgotten. *Not  
... know it*—He wished to be alone with  
his disciples, to give them instructions which  
were not suited to be heard by the multi-  
tude. *Taught his disciples*—Giving them a  
third warning of his coming death. *Afraid  
to ask him*—Hesitating from reverence from  
asking if he were really about to die.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here shown—

1. The terrible results of Satan's power?
2. The power of faith in Christ?
3. The need of prayer?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was brought to Jesus as he came  
down the mountain? A child having an  
evil spirit. 2. What were the disciples  
unable to do? To cast it out. 3. What  
did Jesus tell the father was the condition  
of healing? "If thou canst believe." 4.  
What did the father say? "I believe; help  
thou mine unbelief." 5. What did Jesus  
then do? He cast out the evil spirit. 6.  
What did Jesus say was necessary in order  
to work such miracles? Prayer and fast-  
ing.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Evil spiritual  
agencies.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

42. What were the special laws which  
God gave them, relating to their religion as  
a church?

The special laws which God gave to the  
children of Israel, relating to their religion  
as a church, consisted of many rules about  
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sacrifices, about sprinkling of blood, and  
washing with water, and about holy places  
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42. What were the special laws which  
God gave them, relating to their religion as  
a church?

The special laws which God gave to the  
children of Israel, relating to their religion  
as a church, consisted of many rules about  
the worship of God, about their priests and  
sacrifices, about sprinkling of blood, and  
washing with water, and about holy places  
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