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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

No. 23



INDIANS RIDING ON THE C. P. R.

ON THE TRACK OF CIVILIZATION.

THE construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was a great surprise to the Indian tribes. They knew not what to make of the iron horse with breath of flame and lungs of fire, that scouted its way like a huge dragon over the prairie and through the mountain canyons. But they soon accepted the situation and readily availed themselves of the facilities it offered for rapid transit, and learned to travel with all the composure of veteran globe-trotters. The railway is to be the great civilizer of the great North-West. It is the path-finder of Empire—the pioneer of Christian civilization. It makes straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Son of man and the preaching of his gospel of grace. Instead of

illimitable herds of bison we will soon have fertile farms and smiling villages and happy Christian homes all through our vast inheritance in the new Canada of the far West.

THE HAT AND ITS OWNER

A good illustration of the detective quality was shown in the trial of a house-breaker a few years ago. The burglary was effected—as most burglaries are—by the aid of a neighbouring uninhabited house. The thieves crossed along the roof, and made their descent through a skylight. They robbed the premises at their leisure, and departed successfully with the stolen property. There was one clue left—only one. A hat was found on the roof. The hat was sent to Scotland Yard, and the force were invited to inspect it. One policeman immediately said that

he knew who was the owner. In the event it was found he was as good as his word. The owner was discovered, and, being unable to give a satisfactory account of how he spent the evening of the burglary, and, moreover, being awkwardly for him, in the possession of the stolen property, the jury came to the conclusion that he was guilty, and found their verdict accordingly. A more interesting question remained. How did the policeman know the exact head on which to fit that very unlucky hat? The constable told the story himself. He had been on duty in the gallery of the Old Bailey during the trial of a well-known burglar. He sat on a back bench, and wore plain clothes, and he noticed in front of him a young man, with a highly criminal type of face, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the trial. The constable, accordingly, took the greatest interest

in him and in his belongings, and, as the unconscious spectator held his hat in his hand, looked into it, and, as Inspector Bucket would say, "totted it up." The result in this little sum in addition was the registering in his memory of a peculiarly-shaped grease-mark on the lining which crossed the maker's name. The constable never forgot that hat, and the professional career of its owner soon rendered him more and more interesting. Thus he was able in a moment to restore to the burglar the property he had been so unfortunate as to leave behind him on the roof.

THE thinner and the most transparent the layers of which the pearl consists the more beautiful is its luster; in this respect the sea pearls excel river ones.

INDIAN SUMMER.

She waveth a royal sceptre
O'er fallow and glade and wood,
Her tread is the tread of a monarch
Her raiment is purple and gold—
The glint of the summer sunset
Is mirrored in her floating hair,
A faint gleam of mist-wreathed silver
Their bosoms her bosom fair.

A venture of scarlet splendour
She drops on the maples high,
And clothes the dogwood and sumac
In robes of eastern dye,
She comes to the woodland waters
Till they burst into purple bloom,
And waves like a royal banner
The golden-rod's yellow plume.

She relents the clinging ivy,
And deepens the corn-field's gold;
Bursts open the podded mild-weed,
Bids the blossoms unfold,
She mellow the autumn vintage,
And purples the watered vine,
And with lips like damask roses
She tastes of the ruddy wine.

But the languorous span of her beauty
Grows fainter and fainter still,
And the print of her vanished footsteps
Is passing from vale and hill:
And the mist-wreath that floated around her,
Enshrouding her bosom fair,
Has faded away with the sunlight
That glistened her golden hair.

The maples have lost their scarlet,
And the dogwood their crimson dye,
And the golden-rod's yellow banners
All pallid and faded lie,
The glow of the royal purple
Has fled from the mist-wreathed lawn,
And the tropical queen of the forest,
The Indian Summer, is gone.

"WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON!"

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE golden rays of a summer afternoon were streaming through the windows of a quiet apartment, where everything was a picture of order and repose. Gently and noiselessly they glide, gilding the glossy old chairs, polished by years of care; fluttering with flickering gleam on the bookcases, by the fire, and the antique China vases on the mantel, and even coquetting with sparkles of fanciful gypsy over the face of the perpendicular, sombre old clock, which though at times apparently coaxed almost to the verge of a smile, still continued its inevitable tick, as for a century before.

On the hearth rug lay outstretched a great, lazy-looking Maltese cat, evidently enjoying the golden beam that fell upon his sober sides, and sleepily opening and shutting his great green eyes, as if lost in luxurious contemplation.

But the most characteristic figure in the whole picture was that of an aged woman, who sat quietly rocking to and fro in a great chair by the side of a large round table covered with books. There was a quiet beauty in that placid face, that silvery hair brushed neatly under the snowy border of the cap. Every line in that furrowed face told some tale of sorrow long assuaged, and passions hushed to rest, as on the calm ocean shore the golden furrowed sand shows traces of storms and fluctuations long past.

On the round, green-covered table beside her lay the quiet companion of her age, the large Bible, whose pages like the gates of the celestial city, were not shut at all by day—a few old standard books, and the pious rippling knitting, whose dreamy, irresponsible monotony is the best music of the age.

A fair, girlish form was seated by the table: the dress bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, the soft cheeks

were suffused and earnest, the long lashes and the veiled eyes were eloquent of subdued feeling, as she read aloud from a letter in her hand. It was from "our Harry," a name to both of them comprising all that was dear and valued on earth, for he was "the only son of his mother, and she a widow;" yet had he not been always an only one; flower after flower on the tree of her life had bloomed and died, and gradually, as waters cut off from many channels, the streams of love had centred deeper in this last and only one.

And, in truth, Harry Sargeant was all that a mother might desire or be proud of. Generous, high-minded, witty, and talented, and with a strong and noble physical development, he seemed born to command the love of a woman. The only trouble with him was, in common parlance, that he was too clever a fellow; he was too social, too impressible, too versatile, too attractive, and too much in demand for his own good. He always drew company about him, as honey draws flies, and was indispensable everywhere and to everybody, and it needs a steady head and firm nerves for such a one to escape ruin.

Harry's course in college, though brilliant in scholarship, had been critical and perilous. He was a decided favorite with the faculty and students; yet it required a great deal of hard winning and adroit management on the part of his instructors to bring him through without infringement of college laws and proprieties, not that he ever meant the least harm in his life, but that some extra generous impulse, some quixotic generosity, was always tumbling him, neck and heels, into somebody's scrapes, and making him part and parcel in every piece of mischief that was going on.

With all this promised, there is no need to say that Harry was a special favorite with the ladies; in truth, it was a confessed fact among his acquaintances, that, whereas dozens of creditable, respectable, well-to-do young men might besiege female hearts with every proper formality, waiting at the gates and watching at the posts of the doors in vain, yet before him all gates and passages seemed to fly open of their own accord. Nevertheless, there was in his native village one quiet maiden who held alone in her hand the key that could unlock his heart in return, and carried silently in her own the spell that could fetter that brilliant, restless spirit; and she it was, of the thoughtful brow and downcast eyes, whom we saw in our picture, bending over the letter with his mother.

That mother Harry loved to idolatry. She was to his mind an impersonation of all that was lovely in womanhood, hallowed and sainted by age, by wisdom, by sorrow, and his love for her was a beautiful union of protective tenderness, with veneration, and to his Ellen it seemed the best and most sacred evidence of the nobleness of his nature, and of the worth of the heart which he had pledged to her.

Nevertheless, there was a danger overhanging the heads of the three—a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rising in the horizon to their hopes, yet destined to burst upon them, dark and dreadful, in a future day.

In those scenes of college hilarity where Harry had been so indispensable, the bright, poetic wine cup had freely circulated, and often amid the flush of conversation, and the genial excitement

of the hour, he had drunk freer and deeper than was best.

He said, it is true, that he cared nothing for it; that it was nothing to him, that it never affected him, and all those things that young men always say when the cup of Circe is beginning its work with them. Friends were annoyed, became anxious, remonstrated; but he laughed at their fears, and insisted on knowing himself best. At last, with a sudden start and shiver of his moral nature, he was awakened to a dreadful perception of his danger, and resolved on decided and determinate resistance. During this period he came to Cincinnati to establish himself in business, and as at this time the temperance reformation was in full tide of success there, he found everything to strengthen his resolution; temperance meetings and speeches were all the mode; young men of the first standing were its patrons and supporters; wine was quite in the vocative, and seemed really in danger of being voted out of society. In such a turn of affairs, to sign a temperance pledge and keep it became an easy thing, temptation was scarce presented or felt; he was offered the glass in no social circle, met its attraction nowhere, and flattered himself that he had escaped so great a danger easily and completely.

His usual fortune of social popularity followed him, and his visiting circle became fully as large and important as a young man with anything else to do need desire. He was diligent in his application to business, began to be mentioned with approbation by the magazines as a rising young man, and had prospects daily nearing of competence and home, and all that man desires—*visa, alas!* never to be realized.

For after a while the tide that had arisen so high began imperceptibly to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on temperance had now other things to look to. Fastidious persons thought that matters had, perhaps, been carried too far, and ladies declared that it was old and threadbare, and getting to be cant and stuff; and the ever-ready wine cup was gliding back into many a circle, as if, on a second thought, the community was convinced that it was a friend unjustly belied.

There is no point in the history of reform, either in communities or individuals, so dangerous as that where danger seems entirely past. As long as a man thinks his health failing, he watches, he diets, and will undergo the most heroic self-denial; but let him once set himself down as cured, and how readily does he fall back to one soft indulgent habit after another, all tending to ruin everything that he has before done!

So in communities, let intemperance rage, and young men go to ruin by dozens, and the very evil inspires the remedy—but when the trumpet has been sounded, and the battle set in array, and the victory only said and sung in speeches, and newspaper paragraphs, and temperance odes, and professions, then comes the return wave; people cry, Enough, the community, vastly satisfied, lies down to sleep on its laurels, and then comes the hour of danger.

But let not the man who has been once swept down by the stream of intemperate excitement, almost to the verge of ruin, dream of any point of security for him. He is like one who has awakened in the rapids of Niagara, and with straining ear and wild prayers

to Heaven, forced his boat upward into smoother water, where the draught of the current seems to cease, and the banks smile, and all looks beautiful, and weary from rowing, lays by his oar to rest and dream; he knows not that under that smooth water still glides a current that, while he dreams, is imperceptibly but surely hurrying him back whence there is no return.

Harry was just in this perilous point; he viewed danger as long past, his self-confidence was fully restored, and in his security he began to neglect those lighter outworks of caution which he must still guard who does not mean, at last, to surrender the citadel.

"Now, girls and boys," said Mrs. G. to her sons and daughters, who were sitting round a centre-table covered with notes of invitation, and all the preliminary *et cetera* of a party, "what shall we have on Friday night?—tea, coffee, lemonade, wine?—of course not."

"And why not wine, mamma?" said the young ladies; "the people are beginning to have it; they had wine at Mrs. A.'s and Mrs. B.'s."

"Well, your papa thinks it won't do—the boys are members of the temperance society—and I don't think, girls, it will do myself."

There are many good sort of people, by the by, who always view moral questions in this moral style of phraseology—not what is right, but what will "do."

The girls made an appropriate reply to this view of the subject, by showing that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. had done the thing, and nobody seemed to make any talk.

The boys, who thus far in the conversation had been thoughtfully tapping their boots with their canes, now interposed, and said that they would rather not have wine if it wouldn't look shabby.

"But it will look shabby," said Miss Fanny. "Lemons, you know, are scarcely to be got for any price, and as for lemonade made of syrup, it's positively vulgar and detestable; it tastes just like cream of tartar and spirits of turpentine."

"For my part," said Emma, "I never did see the harm of wine, even when people were making the most fuss about it; to be sure rum and brandy and all that are bad, but wine—"

"And so convenient to get," said Fanny, "and no decent young man ever gets drunk at parties, so it can't do any harm; besides, one must have something, and, as I said, it will look shabby not to have it."

Now, there is no imputation that young men are so much afraid of, especially from the lips of ladies, as that of shabbiness; and as it happened in this case as most others that the young ladies were the most efficient talkers, the question was finally carried on their side.

Mrs. G. was a mild and motherly woman, just the one fitted to inspire young men with confidence and that home feeling which all men desire to find somewhere. Her house was a free and easy ground, social for most of the young people of her acquaintance, and Harry was a favourite and domesticated visitor.

During the height of the temperance reform, fathers and brothers had given it their open and decided support, and Mrs. G.—always easily enlisted for any good movement—sympathized warmly,

in their endeavours. The great fault was that too often incident to the gentleness of woman—a want of self-reliant principle. Her virtues were too much the result of mere sympathy, too little of her own conviction. Hence, when those she loved grew cold toward a good cause, they found no sustaining power in her, and those who were relying on her judgment and opinions insensibly controlled them. Notwithstanding, she was a woman that always acquired a great influence over young men, and Harry had loved and revered her with something of the same sentiment that he cherished toward his own mother.

It was the most brilliant party of the season. Everything was got up in faultless taste, and Mrs. G. was in the very spirit of it. The girls were looking beautiful; the rooms were splendid; there was enough and not too much of light and warmth, and all were doing their best to please and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact outdid himself. Wit and mind were the spirit of the hour.

"Just taste this Tokay," said one of the sisters to him; "it has just been sent us from Europe, and is said to be a genuine article."

"You know I'm not in that line," said Harry, laughing and colouring.

"Why not?" said another young lady, taking a glass.

"O, the temperance pledge, you know! I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle; it will never do for me."

"Pshaw! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, 'something musty,'" said a gay girl.

"Well, but you said you had a headache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny.

"I'll leave it to mamma;" and she turned to Mrs. G., who stood gayly entertaining a group of young people.

"Nothing more likely," replied she, gayly; "I think, Harry, you have looked pale lately; a glass of wine might do you good."

Had Mrs. G. known all of Harry's past history and temptations, and had she not been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand than to have thrown this observation into the scales; but she did, and they turned the balance for him.

"You shall be my doctor," he said, as, laughing and colouring, he drank the glass—and where was the harm! One glass of wine kills nobody, and yet if a man falls, and knows that in that glass he sacrifices principle and conscience, every drop may be poison to the soul and body.

Harry felt at that very time that a great internal barrier had given way; nor was that glass the only one that evening; another, and another, and another followed; his spirits rose with the wild and feverish gaiety incident to his excitable temperament, and what had been begun in the society of ladies was completed late at night in the gentlemen's saloon.

Nobody ever knew, or thought, or recognized, that one party had forever undone this young man; and yet so it was. From that night his struggle of moral resistance was fatally impaired; not that he yielded as once and without desperate efforts, each step, but

gradually each struggle grew weaker, each reform shorter, each resolution more inefficient; yet at the close of the evening all those friends, mother, brother, and sister, flattered themselves that everything had gone on so well that the next week Mrs. H. thought that it would do to give wine at the party because Mrs. G. had done it last week, and no harm had come of it.

In about a year after, the G.'s began to notice and lament the habits of their young friend, and all unconsciously to wonder how such a fine young man should be so led astray.

Harry was of a decided and desperate nature; his affections and his moral sense waged a fierce war with the terrible tyrant—the madness that had possessed him; and when at last all hope had died out, he determined to avoid the anguish and shame of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death. Then came to the trembling, heart-stricken mother and beloved one a wild, incoherent letter of farewell, and he disappeared from among the living.

In the same quiet parlor, where the sunshine still streams through flickering leaves, it now rested on the polished sides and glittering plate of a coffin; there at last lay the weary at rest, the soft, shining gray hair was still gleaming as before, but deeper furrows on the wan cheek, and a weary, heavy languor over the pale, peaceful face, told that those gray hairs had been brought down in sorrow to the grave. Sadder still was the story on the cloudless cheek and lips of the young creature bending in quiet despair over her. Poor Ellen! her life's thread, woven with these two beloved ones, was broken.

And may all this happen?—nay, does it not happen?—just such things happen to young men among us every day. And do they not lead in a thousand ways to sorrows just like these? And is there not a responsibility on all who ought to be the guardians of the safety and purity of the other sex, to avoid setting before them the temptation to which so often and so fatally manhood has yielded? What is a paltry consideration of fashion, compared to the safety of sons, brothers, and husbands? The greatest fault of womanhood is slavery to custom; and yet who but woman makes custom? Are not all the usages and fashions of polite society more her work than that of man? And let every mother and sister think of the mothers and sisters of those who come within the range of their influence; and say to themselves, when in thoughtlessness they discuss questions affecting their interests, "Behold thy brother!"—"Behold thy son!"

THE HOPELESS PRISONER.

A MAN employed in a Spanish bank once stole the key to the "strong-room," and visited it at night intending to carry off a large sum of money. But while intent on his booty he forgot the great door, which swung together by its own weight. There was a spring lock to the door, which fastened him in beyond all chance of escape. It could be opened on the outside only. And now the poor prisoner could only sit down in his despair and wait and listen for help to come. When would the strong-room be visited? It might be days before any one came. Meanwhile he should die of thirst and hunger. The hours sped on, and the gloom grew deeper. A raging thirst consumed him.

He would have given all the gold about him for one draught of water. What would the riches of the world be, compared with his freedom? How anxiously he listened for some sound without! But those deep walls shut out alike all sound from without or within. It was of no avail he beat the massive door and cried and shrieked for help. As well might those deep buried in the sea call upon those above to rescue them. How vaguely he sought in his despair for some weak point through which he might, through superhuman effort, dig out a passage-way to the outer world! So near to him it seemed, and yet so far away! Days rolled along, and all search for the missing man proved fruitless, until one day, when the "strong-room" was opened, there lay his lifeless form!

O, what a warning to all evil-doers! Sooner or later they will reap the fruits of their doings. Evil habits of dissipation are building the walls of many a strong prison-house that will shut up its victim just as hopelessly as the walls of this bank-vault did the sober.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE TURNPIKE-BOY AND THE BANKER.

A WEALTHY citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold. He could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw those he had always imagined his dearest friends assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door was opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who coolly drew up a chair and said, "You will pardon me for asking a strange question; but I like to come to the point."

"Well, sir?" interrupted the other.

"I have heard there is a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your query. If you have any money in the bank you had better at once draw it out."

"Far from it. I have nothing in your hands."

"Then, may I ask you, what is your business?"

"I wish to know if a small sum will aid you."

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if so, I'd gladly make a deposit."

The money-dealer started.

"Do you recollect twenty years ago, when you roided in E—?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily. My father kept the gate. One Christmas morning he was sick, and I attended the counter. On that day you passed through. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"I am, perhaps, prolix. Listen, however, and I shall soon have done."

The banker, feeling interested, assented.

"Well, sir, I threw open the gate and wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad, and the same to you. Here is a trifle to make it so,' you said, and threw me a seven-shilling piece. I long treasured it, and as I grew up I added to it, until I was able to rent a toll-gate. You soon after left that part of the country. Yearly, however, I have been gaining. So this morning, hearing there was a run

on your bank, I collected all my capital, and here it is. And he handed a bundle of notes to the banker. "In a few days I will call again." He immediately walked out of the room.

The banker opened the roll. It contained £30,000. The motive was so noble that he sobbed he could not help it.

The firm is still one of the first in the city.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

HERE'S something I'd have you remember, boys, to help in the battle of life. 'Twill give you strength in the time of need, And help in the hour of strife. Whenever there's something that should be done, Don't be faint-hearted and say, 'What use to try?' Remember, then, That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win, But though at first you fail, Then try again, and the earnest heart Is sure at last to prevail. Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb, You can win the heights, I say, If you man up your mind to reach the top, For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those Who never could bear defeat; Their failures only made them strong For the work they had to meet. The will to do and the will to dare Is what we want to-day, What has been done can be done again, For the will finds out the way. —*Harper's Young People.*

OCEAN ICEBERGS.

DURING a recent passage of the steamer *Helvetia* from Antwerp to New York, the wind blowing a nice breeze from the westward, a sudden change in the temperature was noticed. An hour before the weather was quite sultry, awnings being spread fore and aft; but at about three o'clock in the afternoon, although the sun was shining brilliantly, a cold blast from the north west set in. The rapidity of the change from a sweltering summer day to an Arctic frost naturally caused considerable amazement, especially among the greener members of the crew. The more experienced knew what was coming, and when the cry was heard of "icebergs on the starboard bow!" followed immediately by the notification that others were visible on the port side, the mystery was explained. Then, right in the track of vessels, were seen monstrous mountains of ice, some of them pure white, others crossed in many directions by broad stripes of blue. Some of them were two hundred feet high and one thousand feet long. There were at least thirty of them, extending for many miles. The sea broke against them, forcing torrents of spray up the steep acclivities of their sides. The rays of the sun had melted the upper parts of many of them into the most fanciful shapes; and imaginary likenesses of crags, cliffs, and castles could be traced in these parts more exposed to the lines of the heat. Streams of water in picturesque cascades were flowing down into the sea, and the huge majestic masses seemed to be moving slowly to the south-east. The *Helvetia* passed near enough to several of them to distinguish plainly the noise of the waves as they broke against the rugged sides of the bergs. As night closed in, and the moon arose, the sight was indeed beautiful.

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sore,
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

—Bryant.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1888.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.

"Come, eat of my bread."—Prov. 9 5.

DID you ever see a starving person? How pale and pinched and eager such a one looks! How the hollow eyes rolls around as in search of something. How the wasted hand reaches out to grasp the offered food!

We are starving in our spirits if we are not taking the food that Jesus offers. Perhaps we do not know it. The food that the world offers may seem very good to us, and we may think we can live upon it always. But we cannot. We shall starve and die if we do not have the heavenly food. Children need this food as much as grown people. If we eat it we shall live; if we pass it by and think we can get along very well without it, we shall die! Which shall it be?

Jesus says, "Come eat of my bread." He wants us to have the right kind of food, and so he not only makes it ready, but he invites us to come and eat. You remember the Bible story of the great king who made a feast, and then had to invite and urge and fairly compel the people to come and enjoy it! How strange and sad that is! Dear little friend, do not you be

one of that hard-hearted, ungrateful company. Jesus, the "Bread of Life," alone can satisfy you. He says, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6. 35. Will you come to him and eat—that is, believe his words and obey them? Or, will you stay away from him and go through life hungry and starving?

Jesus does not tell us to come and taste of the heavenly food, but he wants us to eat it. Our bodies are not kept alive by tasting food, nor even by eating it once in a great while. We have to eat it again and again, if we want to live. And so our spirits are kept alive only by taking the bread of life all the time.

We do not tire of the food that sustains our bodies, and God has made our spirit food so good that we long for it more, the more we eat it. Let us make this our prayer, "Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more!"

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

THE annals of precocity present no more remarkable instance than the brief career of Christian Heinecker, born at Lubeck, 1721. At the age of ten months he could speak and repeat every word that was said to him; when twelve months old he knew by heart the principal events narrated in the Pentateuch; in his second year he learned the greater part of the history of the Bible, both of the Old and New Testaments; in his third year he could reply to most questions on universal history and geography; in the same year he learned to speak Latin and French; in his fourth year he employed himself in the study of religion and the history of the Church, and he was able not only to repeat what he read, but also to express his own judgment. The King of Denmark wishing to see this wonderful child, he was taken to Copenhagen, there examined before the Court, and proclaimed to be a wonder. On his return home he learned to write, but, his constitution being weak he shortly after fell ill, and died on the 27th of June, 1825, without showing any uneasiness at the approach of death. This account is confirmed by many respectable authorities. Martini published a dissertation at Lubeck, in which he attempted to account for the circumstances of the child's early development of intellect.

MY SAVIOUR.

THE sun's rays stole through the windows of the school-house, gently lighting on many a fair face. It was Sunday, and the children were listening again to the old story of the Saviour's love. With tears in eye and voice, a lady was picturing something of what our dear Lord suffered and bore for us.

The lesson had been brought to a close, school was dismissed, teacher and taught passed forth into the scented June air, when the lady caught sighs of one little loiterer, all alone and silently weeping.

"Jessie, what is the matter," she asked.

"Oh, ma'am, I never felt before what my Saviour went through for me! Oh, what can I do for him?"

There was a moment's silence. The lady knew the wayward heart to which she spoke.

"Jessie, darling," she said, you can

try to be the very best girl in all the class and school, for his sake."

That week the lady was called for some months to a distant country. On her return she was speaking with the school-mistress, when the latter, knowing nothing of that Sunday afternoon's talk with the child, said suddenly, "I can't think what has come over Jessie Brown. She used to be so troublesome; now she is the best child in the whole school."

Little reader, this is true. Resting on and trusting in Jesus' love, did, indeed, work this great change in Jessie's life. Has it done the same in yours? Have you ever said, like her, "What can I do for my Saviour who did so much for me?" Ah! perhaps not; perhaps the reason is you do not yet know or love him, though he loves you and is calling you to himself. Will you obey his call? "Hear, and your soul shall live."

THE MARKED TEXT.

"ISABEL, this is the key of your mother's wardrobe," said a father to his motherless daughter and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and, at your leisure, look over your sainted mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

With these words the father, a great scholar and "bookworm," left the room.

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother's possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was in heaven, and, as she looked on the long-unused things, she yearned to have that fair mother by her side, for she was often lonely and cheerless.

Suddenly Isabel came on a well-worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once about the middle, the place being marked by a bunch of dry and colourless flowers. She saw at once that it was a small Bible, and that it opened at a place where was a verse strongly marked in red ink. That verse was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted;" and by the side was written, "My little motherless Isabel."

"It is almost like my mother speaking to me from the dead," Isabel said, solemnly; "she must have known I should find this some day;" and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

The young mother had known that sometime her daughter would probably find those words, watered by her dying prayers. And richly God answered those prayers; for that well-worn Bible soon became her child's greatest treasure, from it she learnt the plan of salvation, and from it she drew heavenly comfort and joy that lighted up and brightened her solitary life. So true is it that "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. xl. 8.)



CHURNING.

CHURNING.

WE have heard this remark from people who wished to express their dislike of some duty required of them: "I would rather churn before breakfast." Only those who have tried it know what a task that is. And young people who have gone through this ordeal by candle-light with sleepy heads and sharp appetites know best of all how disagreeable it is. But what it would be with such a churn as that woman in the picture is using we can faintly imagine. "Churn?" some of you are ready to exclaim, "why I don't see any churn!" Well really, some explanation seems to be necessary. Instead of vessels like those with which we are familiar, these strange folks use a goat-skin, or leather "bottle," as it is called in Scripture. When the cream is poured in, the skin is hung up and vigorously shaken from side to side until the butter comes. If, as some wise men insist, slow churning—occupying from forty to sixty minutes—makes the best butter, a goat-skin churn with a lazy boy for a dasher would beat all the patent machines in the market. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate demand for butter produced in this way, so our young friends in the country may rest easy. If this sketch shall lead any to consider the great advantages of living in a gospel land its purpose will be accomplished. A residence of a few months in those countries where Christianity is not known would be an effectual remedy for those who are disposed to complain of the obligations which Christianity imposes. There is a blessing connected with everything Jesus requires of us. Obedience will save us from a multitude of unknown evils.

WHAT MAKES THE DRUNKARD?

WHAT is it that makes the drunkard? Would you think that the vile sot who goes reeling about the streets was once a bright, happy boy like yourself? Ah! yes; but he thought there would be no harm in drinking a glass of wine or brandy; and soon he came to love it more than he loved God, and strong drink became his idol, and it is fast destroying him.—Rev. J. A. Collier.



JOHNNIE'S PUNISHMENT.

DYING.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

THE summer is dying slowly,
The falling leaves
Come whirling down, withered and brown;
The yellow sheaves
Of the harvest are gathered in,
And reaped and bare
The orchard stands, whose buds and fruit
Gleamed bright and fair.

A young life is dying slowly,
And day by day
The hope that sweet hope still clings to,
Are giving way;
There's a shadow upon the hearth,
A whispered breath,
That the Great Destroyer must enter,
The angel Death.

Oh! the summer again will waken,
Though buried deep,
And the buds and blossoms re-open
Their eyes from sleep;
But the dreams of a young glad heart
Have passed for aye,
For that winter sleep has no spring,
That night no day.

In another world—oh, not this—
So pure, so bright,
Where never the sun nor stars have need
To give their light,
She wakes in a glorious spring
Of youth and love,
No fading summers can enter there;
Not here—above!

JOHNNIE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY FAITH WAYKE.

"SHE'S not my father or mother!
I don't have to obey her," said Johnnie
Hayes one day in a surly tone, as he
refused to remain after school in pun-
ishment for raising a titter among the
scholars by pinning a handkerchief to
the coat of one of the boys. But he
went home feeling very uncomfortable.
He was afraid his father and mother
would hear of his bad behaviour; and
then, too, he was mortified because the
scholars heard Miss Parvin reprove
him and request him to keep his seat
at the close of school, at which he had
openly rebelled.

He decided as he tossed restlessly
on his pillow that night that his teacher
had served him very badly, and that
he would "fix her for it." And sad
to relate, the beautiful morning found
him in possession of the same ugly
spirit.

He went to the school
house early the next day,
and with a revengeful smile
he drew upon the black-
board a very homely pic-
ture of his teacher, with
a rod in her hand and
spectacles on her nose.

"Who's that, Johnnie?"
said one of his schoolmates,
entering as he finished it.

"Why, it's Miss Parvin;
I want her to see how
ugly she is," he replied with
a frown.

"She don't look like
that," the boy said.

"She will, though, if she
keeps on scolding a fellow
whenever he has a little
fun."

"I wouldn't do that, if
I were you. It'll hurt her
feelings."

"Feelings! humph!
Teachers have no feelings,"
Johnnie replied with a con-
temptuous curl of his lip.

When Miss Parvin en-
tered the school-room her
eyes fell at once upon the
picture on the blackboard,

but she made no remark. It remained
there all day, for she watched that
no one should wipe it off. She knew
very well whose work it was, for
Johnnie was her most rebellious pupil;
and then, too, his guilt was written
on his downcast face.

When school was over, she called
the boy to her.

"I want you to tell me why you did
this, Johnnie," she said, laying her
hand upon his thick dark curls, and
pointing to the blackboard, while a
few scholars tiptoed back and listened
curiously. But the boy hung his head
in sullen silence.

"I know you did it, because I have
not another scholar who would be so
disrespectful."

Johnnie blushed. It was not pleas-
ant to hear himself so badly spoken of.
At home he was called a good boy.
He was very fond of his parents, and
obedient to them. But he is one who
thinks teacher is entitled to no rights
as regards the correction of the chil-
dren under her care. Indeed, he looks
upon her as a sort of necessary evil,
born into the world purposely to give
little folks hard lessons which she might
have the pleasure of keeping them in
at recess or after school, and to make
herself disagreeable generally.

"I don't know why you won't love
me, Johnnie," Miss Parvin added by
and by, as she sat down, with a heavy
sigh.

The boy looked up in astonishment;
the idea of loving a teacher had never
entered his mind.

"It is not an easy lot to be a teacher;
I am very weary at night and want to
be released from the care when school
hours are over quite as badly as you
wish to run off to your play. So you
see it is no pleasure to have to keep
you in. But, Johnnie, as wearisome
as my life is, I thank God every night
that I have this way of keeping a dear
little brother from starvation, for we
have no parents."

"I didn't know you had a brother,"
Johnnie exclaimed, in his surprise for-
getting his anger.

"Yes, he is a cripple and never
leaves the house unless I get home in
time to wheel him out in his chair,

and when I have to stay here late,
poor Will's misses his airing."

Johnnie's face softened, and he said
with a puzzled expression in his big
black eyes:

"I should think you'd want to go
so badly that you'd never keep anybody
in after school then."

"I must do my duty to you, for
your parents have placed you under my
care."

"But I am sure my father and
mother would excuse you if you didn't
keep me in any more. It would be
awful mean in any body to think you
ought to stay and make that little
fellow miss his ride!" said Johnnie
earnestly, forgetting that he had been
in fault, so touched was his heart with
the story of the poor child pining for
the sunlight and fresh air.

Miss Parvin smiled and hissed
Johnnie's upturned face, and then
quite accidentally his glance fell upon
the picture on the blackboard, and with
a deep blush he sprang toward it and
with a quick flourish of his hand it
disappeared.

"Forgive me, Miss Parvin, it was
wicked to do that. But I'll never
keep your brother from his airing
again." And Johnnie kept his word.

THE SICK LAMB.

LITTLE Christian had a lamb,—his
very own plaything; a frisky, pretty
thing it was, and as fond of fun as
Chris. himself. But one day it fell
down the steps at the back of the
house, and lay bleating on the ground,
in pain, until Chris. and its mother
came to its help. The poor little lamb
had broken one of its legs, and could
not stand. Christian cried to see his
pet in pain, and tended the wounded
limb day and night with loving care.
But the old sheep wanted to be nurse
also; when Chris. would put his lamb
to bed, old Anna—as they named the
sheep—would bring in her mouth little
bundles of sweet, fresh grass, and
would often come in with a monthful
of water which she would pour over
the broken leg as Chris. had done.
Some of you may think sheep very
foolish creatures, but this may show
you that, when timidity is laid aside,
they are as sagacious as many other
animals.

In the end the lamb died, and was
buried; and now comes the sad part of
old Anna's love. She betook herself
to the grave of her dead lamb, and
never left it,—neither eating or drink-
ing—and on the morning of the third
day was found there by Christian—
dead! Was not this a proof of deep
love in a poor, dumb creature? You
who have fond mothers who have
hung with sorrow over your beds of
sickness,—you will understand some-
thing of this love. Boys and girls,
how truly and tenderly should you
love your mothers!

And there is One who gave His life
for you,—who so loved you that He
chose rather to die a shameful death
than that you should bear the just
punishment of your sins at the hand
of God. How you must love Him for
this! How do you love Him, or do
you love Him at all!

ENDAVOUR to be what you would
appear to be.

He who lives to no purpose lives to
a bad purpose.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.*

In the month of June 1888 Her
Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria cat-
tered upon the fiftieth year of her
reign. Early in the morning of June
20th, 1837, the Primate and Lord
Camberlain waited on the Princess at
Kensington Palace to tell her that she,
a girl of 18, had succeeded to the most
important position in the world. She
received the news calmly, but with
tears, and at once asked the Arch-
bishop to pray with her for wisdom to
"judge so great a people." Forty nine
years have passed since then, forty
nine of the most celebrated years in
English history—years of progress in
knowledge, in civilization, in nation
order and safety. Now our Queen
rules over the largest empire the
world has ever known, an empire of
9,126,999 square miles on which the
sun never sets. Her subjects number
305,337,394, being a quarter of man-
kind, and no sovereign was ever more
widely loved and honoured. Long
may she continue to reign!

The volume mentioned below gives a
very interesting account of the noble
and beautiful life of our good and noble
Queen. We wish that every Canadian
family could foster its patriotism by
the study of this beautiful book. We
heartily endorse the following com-
mendation of it by the Rev. C. H.
Spurgeon:

"A reasonable volume prepared for
the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee.
With all her sorrows, we question if
ever a Queen had a happier fifty years,
and we also question whether any
other monarch has so many prayers
offered for the long continuance of her
reign. We can scarcely have a better
occupant of the throne, and we may
have far worse, or none, which would
probably be worst of all. The principal
incidents in the royal life are pleasingly
set forth, and worthily illustrated.
The binding is striking, and we
prophecy a long run for Mr. Ball's
book."

RECKLESS PRESUMPTION.

A NOBLE ship was bearing into port.
It was the evening hour, and too late
to enter without a pilot. There were
two passages into the harbor; one a
dangerous, narrow channel, the other a
wide and safer one. The captain de-
termined to pilot himself by the nar-
row passage. A storm was coming
up; and the passengers, with fear and
consternation, begged him to take the
wider channel. He laughed at their
cowardice, and swore he would do as
he pleased. As the night advanced,
the gale increased. Soon arose a cry,
"Breakers ahead, breakers ahead!"
The captain flew to the wheel, sails
were struck, the wind had the mastery.
The captain found a will that could
defy his own. The vessel made a fear-
ful plunge, struck the forehead deep
into the sand, to be shattered by the
wild waves' pleasure. Few survived
the terrors of that fearful night, but
among the dead thrown up by the
rising tide was the body of the wilful
and presumptuous captain.

* A Jubilee Volume. Queen Victoria's
Scenes and Incidents of Her Life and Reign.
With Ninety-Four Illustrations. By T.
FRANKRICK BALL. Crown 8vo. 244 Pages.
Cloth Edn., P. e \$1.00. Toronto, S. R.
Briggs, Willard Tract Depository.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Lines on the death of Miss A. M. Albany,
who was drowned August 10th, 1866*

BY CELIA LOVELL, GRASSBORO.

All sun-diamonds and golden, the placid
waters were at rest,
The sunbeams stopped to kiss the flowers, in
gala colours dressed;
The light canoe just touched the wave,
As it swiftly sped along,
While the ears, shining bright in the sun's
red light,
Kept time to the bird's sweet song.

Methinks that day an angel band came, with
their snow-white wings
Away from the joyous realm of night where
the glad song ever rings,
But we could not see their dimm'd eyes
Not yet for me was lifted,
And we saw not the light of their white
wings bright,
As a soul to eternity drifted.

We heard not the rustling of their wings as
they passed us in their flight,
But the wild wave, moaning rept to the
shore, the flowers were not so bright;
We heard not the song that rang through the
air,
Like the warbling songsters at even,
We only knew that a soul, brave and true,
Had entered the portals of heaven.

Drifted away on the ocean of time, to the
land where the angels dwell,
Where glad songs ever ring and float through
the air, its glories no tongue can tell;
Drifted away on the ocean of time
To join in the glad jubilee,
Where maidens' voices are golden, the tale
sweet and olden,
Is told through eternity.

The one for whom we mourn to-day is
happier far above,
Where glad sweet songs of Eden ring, and
all is peace and love;
Yet it seemed so hard when they bore him
away,
To rest in his narrow bed,
It was hard to part, the tears still start,
When we think our friend is dead.

And yet not dead but sleeping, yea, resting
neath the sod,
His ransomed spirit wafted up to the home-
land of our God;
Call it not death when angels come
To attend the soul's transition,
And with robes of white on wings of light
Soar away to the land Elysian.

His life was so full of sunshine, it seemed
when he went away,
The sun shone dim on the flowers around,
The songster ceased its lay;
But the balmy summer breeze,
As they softly hovered near,
Told of a land and a bright golden strand
Where is one we hold so dear.

He lit up our home while he stayed with us
here, with gleams of his sunshiny life,
And now he is gone our eyes fill with tears,
our hearts with emotion are rife;
But we know he is watching and waiting
for us,
Just beyond the dark water's foam,
One more link in the chain is added again
That binds to our heavenly home.

We sometimes think 'tis far away, this home-
land of the blest,
Where tears ne'er come to dim the eyes, the
weary are at rest;
We often call you starry sky
Bright heaven's golden floor,
And think far above is the land of love,
Where sorrow shall come no more.

But when the fleet-winged march of time has
swiftly borne us on,
The sands in life's hour-glass nearly gone,
for us has set life's sun;
Perchance with clearer enlightened sight,
We'll see encamped around,
A guardian band, at our right hand,
Our loved ones among the throng.

Sometimes at eve when the noisy world be-
comes so peaceful, still,
Their voices seem to come to us like a
distant murmuring rill,
Till we almost think we see the wave
That parts us from that shore,
And the land of gold, with its joys untold,
Where we'll meet to part no more.

When our voyage is o'er, and our life-boat has
reached you silvery tide of renown,
We'll bring as bright gems the souls we have
helped to place in God's bright golden
crown;
And crossing the side, see our loved ones
again,
United once more at life's even,
And as heart beats to heart, meet never to
part,
A family unbroken in heaven.

A BIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY JOSIE KREN.

WE presume our readers are all
striving to acquire knowledge of one
kind or another, but are you packing
it away in memory's store-house in
such a form as to turn it to good ac-
count at a moment's need? Many a
plodding student goes from one thing
to another, mathematics, astronomy,
philosophy, etc., etc., and yet in every-
day life makes little or no application
of the theories he has learned, while
others, with far less apparent wisdom,
will, by keeping their eyes and ears
open, show ready wit upon any emer-
gency.

To illustrate this we will show you
how one man's simple wit helped a
celebrated artist out of a great diffi-
culty. In the Plaza, before St. Peter's,
at Rome, stands what is said to be the
most beautiful obelisk in the world.
It was brought from the Circus of
Nero, where it had lain buried for
many ages. It was one entire piece of
Egyptian marble, seventy-two feet high,
twelve feet at the base, and eight feet
square at the top. It is computed to
weigh above four hundred and seventy
tons, and is supposed to be three thou-
sand years old.

Much engineering skill was required
to remove and erect this work of art;
and the celebrated architect, Domenico
Fontana, was selected and engaged by
Pope Sextus to carry out the operation.
A pedestal thirty feet high was built
for its reception, and the obelisk
brought to its base. Many were the
ingenious contrivances prepared for
raising it to its last resting-place, all
of which excited the greatest interest
among the people.

At length every thing was in readi-
ness, and a day appointed for the great
event. A multitude assembled to wit-
ness the ceremony; and the Pope,
afraid that the clamour of the people
might distract the attention of the
architect, issued an edict containing
regulations to be kept, and imposing
the severest penalties on any one who
should, during the lifting of the gigan-
tic stone, utter a single word. Amid
suppressed excitement of feelings and
breathless silence the splendid monu-
ment was gradually raised to within a
few inches of the top of the pedestal,
when its upward motion ceased. It
hung suspended and could not be
moved further; the tackle was too
slack, and there seemed to be no
other way than to undo the great work
already accomplished. The annoyed
architect, in this perplexity, hardly
knew how to act, while the silent peo-
ple were anxiously watching every
motion of his features to discover how
the problem was to be solved.

In the crowd was an old British
sailor. He saw the difficulty and how
to overcome it, and with stentorian
lungs he shouted, "Wet the ropes!"
The vigilant police, according to the
Pope's order, pounced upon the culprit
and lodged him in prison. The archi-
tect caught the magic words, he put

the proposition in force, and the cheers
of the people proclaimed the success of
the great undertaking.

The next day the British criminal
was solemnly arraigned before his holi-
ness. His crime was undeniably
proved, and the Pope in solemn lan-
guage pronounced his sentence to be—
a penance annually during his life-time.

Here you see a little practical know-
ledge, possessed by one in that vast
crowd, did the needed work as nothing
else could have done it at that moment.
Well might the Pope reward, instead
of punish, the intelligent sailor.

It is often times little facts stored up
through study or observation that do
the most good in the world. There-
fore remember small things as well as
great; as one says, "For nothing that
is useful is too insignificant for man to
know, and there is no knowledge that
has not its use."

Of that higher and holier wisdom of
which practical use must be made in
every-day life you all know the im-
portance. Remember therefore the
words of Solomon: "Wisdom is the
principal thing; therefore get wisdom;
and with all thy getting get under-
standing."

SAY "NO."

A boy's success in this world, and
his salvation in the world to come,
depend largely on his power to say
"no." Man fell because he could not
say "no" when temptation assailed
him, and men are falling every day for
the same reason. The men who have
conquered the adversary and triumphed
in the midst of temptation are the
men who have power to say "No,"
and to stick to it when they have said
it. Moses, refusing to be called the
son of Pharaoh's daughter; Joseph,
spurning the temptations which assailed
him; Daniel, who could not drink the
wine of Babylon, though it came from
the royal table; these are the men
who have proved more than conquerors,
and whose names are held in everlast-
ing remembrance. Learn to say "No,"
at the proper time, and let your no be
like that of the woman whose boy,
when advised to tease his mother to
consent to something which she had
refused, said:

"When my mother says no there is
no yes in it."

Many a person says no, but there is,
after all, a yes inside of the no. Let
your yes be yes and your nay nay.

SABBATH KEEPING.

SOUTHEY, in his life of Wesley, tells
us that John Nelson, a Methodist
preacher, being once desired by his
master's foreman to work on the
Lord's day, on the ground that the
King's business required dispatch, and
that it was common to work on the
Sabbath for his Majesty when any-
thing was wanted in particular haste,
at once boldly declared that he would
not work on the Sabbath for any man
in the kingdom, except to quench fire,
or something that required immediate
help. "Religion," said the foreman,
"has made you a rebel against the
King." "No, sir," he replied, "it has
made me a better subject than ever I
was. The greatest enemies the King
has are Sabbath-breakers, swearers,
and drunkards; for these bring down
God's judgments upon the King and
country." He was told he should lose
his employment if he would not obey

his orders. His answer was, "he
would rather want bread than willfully
offend God." The foreman swore he
would be as mad as Whitefield if he
went on. "What hast thou done,"
said he, "that thou shouldst make so
much ado about salvation? I always
took thee to be an honest man as I
have in the work, and would have
trusted thee with \$500." "So you
might," answered Nelson, "and not
have lost a penny by me." "I have
a worse opinion of thee now," said the
foreman. "Master," rejoined he, "I
have the odds of you, for I have a
worse opinion of myself than you
can have." The issue however, was
that the work was not pursued on the
Sabbath, and Nelson rose in the good
opinion of his employer for having
shown a most consistent sense of his
duty as a Christian.

IS THE MATTER SETTLED.

"Is the matter settled between you
and God," I solemnly asked of a young
friend in a Sunday-school.

"O, yes, sir!" was her calm reply.
"How did you get it settled?"
"Oh, the Lord Jesus Christ settled
it for me!"

"And when did he do that for you?"
I inquired.

"When he died on the cross for my
sin."

"How long is it since you know this
blessed and consoling fact?"

The answer was readily given,
"About twelve months ago."

Anxious, however, to ascertain the
grounds of this confidence, I asked,
"How did you know that the work
which Christ accomplished on the cross
for sinners was done for you?"

She at once replied, "I read in the
Bible that Jesus died for sinners, and
that he was freely offered for such.
Through grace I was enabled to receive
Jesus as mine, and casting myself on
on him, found salvation."

And now, dear reader, have you read
in the Bible, and do you believe what
you have read? It is written, "Christ
Jesus came into the world to save sin-
ners." (1. Tim. 1: 15.) Does this
bring comfort to your soul? Do you
believe this "faithful saying?" Have
you come to Jesus?—*Young Reaper.*

LOOK OUT!

THE river is so still, smooth, glassy,
that it seems frozen, but it is rough
enough a little way ahead where the
water goes over the dam in a turmoil,
where the heavy logs are rushed along
like ships. And, halloo! there are Tom
Young and Will Frye, off in that
clumsy, lazily drifting boat! Do they
notice that the sleepy stream is not
asleep after all? that it is headed for
the dam, and it will whirl that boat
with a crash on the rocks below as
easily as a tornado would sweep a leaf
away. Look out, boys! And Tom,
Will, what about that other current
you are trusting yourselves to, that
bear-sipping habit? "A smooth stream
and no danger," you cry; but the whole
thing is wrong. The current is head-
ing for the falls, and over will you go
in a pitiful wreck. Turn about! drop
the beer-mug! head the boat the other
way!

A WIRE four hundred feet long can
be made from one grain of silver.
Such a wire is finer than human hair.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is given;
Give! as the fresh air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, ceaselessly, give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing.
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing,
Give as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver,
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring!
What if no blossom looks upward adoring!
Look to the life that was lavished for thee.

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Though from its pulses a faint misereere
Beats to thy soul the sad passage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
In the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed carcases,
Ere and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the waves that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if it rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fair at the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover,
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Late, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST PROOF-PAGE OF THE BIBLE.

THIS has been a much-debated question, as the honor is claimed by both Holland and Germany. Be it as it may, there is a pretty well authenticated story told by an old Dutch writer, who was at one time president of Haarlem College, which is related by Donald G. Mitchell in this manner: In the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used after dinner to walk in the famous wood which was just without the city walls. One day while walking there he found a very smooth bit of beech-bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly that after his return home he stamped them upon paper and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink he made black stamps upon paper, and by dint of much thinking and much working he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing. But before he succeeded in doing this well he found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take in his employ several apprentices. He did his

work very secretly, and enjoyed upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them after a time ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks and entire pages of some book which he was about ready to print.

The old Dutch writer says, furthermore, that he had a teacher in his young days who had known an old servant of Lawrence Coster's; and he said this servant would burst into tears whenever he spoke of the way in which his master had been robbed, and so lost the credit of his discovery. The Dutch credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust or John Gutenberg. But the Germans say there is no proof of this.

In 1439 Gutenberg was occupied with some way of making books—or manuscripts—cheaper than they had ever been made before; but getting on poorly at Strasburg he went to Mayence, and formed a partnership with a rich silversmith named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him. Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Peter Schoffer, a scribe, or designer, worked for him, by drawing lines around the pages, making ornamental initial letters, and filling up the gaps in the printing. He was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg closely, and talked over what he saw and what he thought with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and acting on his hints Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types into a mold. This promised so well that he determined to get rid of Gutenberg and to carry on the business with Schoffer, to whom he gave his only daughter for a wife. He then called on Gutenberg for his loan, which he could not pay; so he had to give up to Faust all his tools, presses, and unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two-thirds completed. This Faust and Schoffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library, at Paris, one copy at the Royal Library, at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that. It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great folio volumes, of about six hundred pages each. You very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it; for it is in Latin; and in black Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye. If you owned a copy you could sell it for money enough to buy yourself a little library of about two thousand volumes. This was certainly the first Bible printed from movable types.—C. E. S.

THE "JESUS BATH HOUSE."

MATSU URA, who was a member of the A. B. O. Mission Church at Kobe, went to Fukui, Japan, to inherit a public bath. On taking possession of this piece of property, which was left by a relative, he immediately hung up a sign such as had never before been seen in Fukui. "No business done here on Sunday." This sign excited wide inquiry, which was always met

with pleasant replies, giving full reasons, and asking the inquirers to come on Sundays and learn more about the "Jesus way."

The witty people began to crack jokes about this "Jesus Bath House." They said, "This used to be a place for washing people's bodies; but now they have added a new department, and wash people's souls too." In all this city of 40,000 inhabitants there is no place better known and none more talked of than this bath house. The praiseworthy point is this, that his customers are steadily dropping off, and he is carrying on the house at a loss; "but," says Matsu Ura, "so long as the people are learning of this way, that is not worth mending."

When Mr. De Forest from Osaka was visiting Fukui, he says: "We preached five successive nights at the bath house: the bathers were stopped after six o'clock p.m.; the wide space wiped up and matted, and by eight the audience was ready. The numbers increased from fifty to about two hundred and fifty inside, and how many outside I could not judge. They listened with the greatest attention, received gladly all the tracts we offered, and bought all the Scriptures we had. I was agreeably surprised to see what a progressive valley this is; the most prominent buildings for twenty miles are great school-houses. If the Gospel becomes as dear to the people as education is, it will become a 'region of light.'"

COURAGE OF THE BOYS IN ARMENIA.

NOT very far from the supposed site of the old Garden of Eden is the village of Hoghe in Armenia. Some of the boys who attended the mission school there became Christians, and being anxious for the conversion of others, they organized what they called a "Home Missionary Society." All who were members went from house to house to read the Bible to the people, and tell them of the way of Salvation.

Nor were they satisfied to stop here. Two of their number, boys fourteen years old, said, "Why should we labour in our own village merely? Why not go on a foreign mission?"

This they decided to do. Taking their Testaments, the two boys started one Sabbath morning for the village of Ghoorbet Mezereh, about two miles distant, to preach to the Armenians.

On entering the village they met a company of Turks, who decided to try the courage of these Protestants, and said to them:

"Well, boys, what is Jesus?"

"He is a prophet of God," they replied. But when these young missionaries were on their way home they were both troubled because they felt they had denied the Saviour. So, kneeling down, they asked the Lord Jesus for courage to confess him, and then went back to do so. On re-entering the village they found the Turks still assembled, and they asked:

"Boys, why have you come back?"

"We have come back," they replied, "to confess our Saviour. We told you he is a prophet of God. He is so, and more; he is the Son of God, and the only Saviour of men."

The followers of the false prophet respected their courage and were not displeased; and the boys returned home with light hearts.

"FOURTEEN CHAWS A DAY."

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in North Carolina shows how tobacco-money was made to help on Sunday-schools. He writes:

After organizing a Sunday-school in an old log barn—the best we could do—I made an address to the crowd inside and outside, urging them to begin right away and build a house for the Sunday-school meetings.

"How much will you give, my friend?" said I to a man sitting just in front of me, chewing his quid quite vigorously. "Will you give as much in one year as it takes to pay for the tobacco you chew in that time?"

Letting the quid fall through a crack in the rough floor, the man rose up, looked rather puzzled, and said, "This is a new idea to me, sir. Well, let me see. Yes, sir. Starting for breakfast it takes nigh onto fourteen chaws a day—right big ones, too. Now, as you're talkin' sorter business-like, you can make the calculation, an' I'll pay it, sure, so I will, sir."

"I'll go five dollars' worth," said one.

"Me too," said another tobacco-worm.

And then rose up an elderly female. Reaching over, she gently pulled my sleeve and said, "My ole man got killed in the war; but he used to say it tuk twenty-five dollars to keep us two supplied in bacca one year. I'll give half that much, sir."

In this way over one hundred dollars were pledged for a new house.

Another widow, who also confessed to the use of the "weed," seeming determined that others should not go ahead of her "quid pro quo," capped the climax by giving an acre of land for locating the house on the summit of a woody hill overlooking a steamboat landing, which is said to be twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea. A lovely spot, indeed!—*Truth in Life.*

WHICH LADDER?

THERE is a ladder-waggon going by. It carries long ladders and short ladders, red ladders and white ladders, heavy and light, broad and narrow, plain and fancy. If you could have your choice, and take a ladder that would help you climb ten feet to a gravel bank, or a hundred feet to a gold mine, which would you select? That is not a question difficult to answer.

There are many young people leaving school, and they are picking their ladders for life's hard climb. How high do you mean to go, Will, Mar, I? Do you mean to land in the gravel bank or the gold mine?

There is one ladder with which you can reach a grand altitude. Look at the labels on some of its rounds: This is Industry; the second, Temperance; the third, Honesty; the fourth, Purity; the fifth, Study; the sixth, Prayer. It is a plain ladder. There is nothing fanciful about it, a feature that takes with some young people. It is built for an every-day steady, grand service. It will carry you to golden heights. Come, boys and girls, pick out this ladder and—climb.

LORD, he loveth thee the less that loveth anything with thee which he loveth not for thee.

THE SPARROW'S SONG.

HERE are two of us sold for a farthing, So cheaply men hold us to buy; But when one of us fainteth or falleth, Our Father who is in the heavens Remembers to hear if we cry.

There are two of us sold for a farthing, So cheaply men hold us to buy, We know nothing of seed time and harvest, But our Father sends food from his heavens, And seldom of hunger we die.

There are two of us sold for a farthing, So cheaply men hold us to buy; But our wings soar as high as the eagle's, And our Father delights in his heavens To see us take joy in the sky.

There are two of us sold for a farthing, So cheaply men hold us to buy; But we build us sweet nests in the spring-time, And are glad as the gladdest in heaven In teaching our young how to fly.

Oh if we who are worth but a farthing, In markets where men sell and buy, Thus receive from the Father in heaven Constant joy and support and protection, Will he pass his own children by!

HOW IT HAPPENED.

WILL BADGER never knew the taste of liquor until he was well-nigh grown. One evening, in company with some young fellows of his acquaintance, he was induced to go into a billiard saloon, "just to have a quiet game, you know."

If he had said "No!" when invited, and had gone directly home, it would have been better for him. But unfortunately he did not say "No!" but yielded to the importunities of his friends. After playing a few games some one proposed "drinks for the party." To this Will objected, saying he never drank. But they laughed at him, and asked him if he hadn't enough strength of mind to keep himself sober! Rather than be considered weak and cowardly, he drank, thereby showing that he was really both weak and cowardly. One glass made way for another, until, late at night, he staggered home drunk, a sad sight for his widowed mother and sister.

What a shame! A little courage and pluck would have saved him.

A BOY'S LOGIC

A LITTLE boy in Leicester was induced to sign the Band of Hope pledge. His father was a collector, and one day a publican called upon him for the purpose of paying his taxes. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was a teetotaler.

"What!" said the publican with a sneer. "A mere boy like that a teetotaler!"

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "I am one."

And you mean to say that you have signed the pledge?"

"Yes, sir, I have; and mean to keep it, too."

"Nonsense!" said the publican. "The idea! Why, you are too young to sign the pledge."

The little fellow came up to him, took hold of him quietly by the arm, and repeated his words: "You say, sir, I am too young to be a teetotaler!"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, now, sir, please listen," said he. "I will ask you a question; you are a publican, are you not, and sell beer?"

"Yes, I am a publican, and sell beer."

"Well, then, suppose I came to your house for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?"

"O, no," said the Bonifacio; "that is quite a different thing."

"Very well, then," said the noble little fellow, with a look of triumph in his face; "if I am not too young to drink the beer, I am not too young to give up the beer."

The publican was defeated; he didn't want to argue with that boy again.

THE RIGHTFUL OWNER.

A MAN in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep and had witnesses to prove their claims, so it was not easy for the judge to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the customs of the shepherds and the habits of sheep, the judge ordered the animal to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, not knowing "the voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man in the adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of a "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away toward him at once. This "chuck" was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep, and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

AN ANECDOTE OF EDWARD VI.

At the coronation of Edward VI, when the three swords for the three kingdoms were brought to be borne before him, the king observed that one was yet wanting, and he called for the Bible.

"That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A.D. 68.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 21.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

1 John 1. 5-10. & 2. 1-6. Commit to mem. vs. 1. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. 1 John 1. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Light and Darkness, v. 5-6. 2. Sin and Forgiveness, 1. v. 7-10; 2. v. 1, 2. 3. Love and Obedience, v. 3-6.

TIME.—Thirty-eight years after last events. PLACE.—Ephesus. John's home in his later life. The city made memorable by Paul and the great revival under his preaching. One of the most magnificent cities of Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—Fellowship—Close and

intimate companionship, as when friends become so confiding that they think and talk with each other as one. Walk in the darkness—Not nature's darkness caused by a clouded sun, or by sunset. But the condition of a soul which is surrounded by sins and shut out from God's light. An advocate—An advocate was a lawyer or orator who presented and pleaded another's case before the courts of the empire. Jesus was such a pleader at the court of heaven. Propitiation—A means of making one who is offended to be appeased or reconciled, or propitious to the one who has done the offence.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

- 1. Christ as our light! 2. Christ as our deliverance! 3. Christ as our example!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is John's message concerning God? "That God is light." 2. What does God command us to do? To walk in the light. 3. What is the promise of the GOLDEN TEXT? "If we," etc. 4. Who is our advocate with the Father? Jesus Christ the righteous. 5. How may we be sure that we know Christ? By keeping his commandments.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The universality of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

59. Man was made to know, love, and serve God: have all men done so? No; for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God. (Romans iii. 23.)

60. Did our first parents continue in the state in which God created them? No; they fell from that state into sin.

A.D. 96-98.] LESSON IX [Nov. 28.

JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST.

Rev. 1. 4-18. Commit to mem. vs 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore. Rev. 1. 18

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Salutation, v. 4-8. 2. The Vision, v. 9-18.

TIME.—During John's banishment to Patmos in the reign of the Emperor Domitian.

PLACE.—The Isle of Patmos.

EXPLANATIONS.—The seven Spirits—The word seven occurs very many times in Scripture with this figurative sense. Seven days were a complete week. This expression probably denotes the completeness of power of the Holy Ghost. Witness—One who stands the test. Jesus was a faithful witness in that he had stood the test of the cross. Testimony of Jesus—Faithful witness-bearing to the life, death, resurrection, and Messiahship of Jesus. The Lord's day—The first day of the week on which Jesus rose from the dead. Seven golden candlesticks—A gold candlestick with seven branches. The emblem of the old dispensation.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

- 1. Our salvation through Jesus Christ! 2. Our exaltation through Jesus Christ! 3. God's watchful care over his Church!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was the apostle John sent as prisoner in old age? To the island of Patmos. 2. What did God give to John there? A vision of things to come. 3. Whom did he see in the vision? The glorified Saviour. 4. What did the Saviour say to him in the GOLDEN TEXT? "I am," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The glorious Trinity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

61. What is sin? Sin is disobedience to the law of God in will or deed. The mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be.—Romans viii. 7. All unrighteousness is sin.—1 John v. 17.

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