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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1882.

No 1.

THE IRON WAY.



THAT is, literally, what the French call it—*chemin de fer*. And a wonderful way it is. It is, I think, the greatest

his breakfast comfortably in Montreal. England is the place, however, where the railway service is the best in the world—the roads the most solid, the trains most frequent, the speed the greatest. The Queen often travels at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The picture shows an English train. The

go like the wind, and are punctual to the minute.

From an interesting article in the last *Contemporary Review* we glean the following striking facts respecting this wonderful system. The different companies have, in London, in all nearly 500 stations, exclusive of goods,

day; or, an average of sixty-one an hour for eighteen hours a day. The *Railway News* estimates that in busy times of the day there are probably two movements of trains every minute. The passenger trains within the metropolis run a distance of 35,000 miles every week-day, or, 11,000,000 miles in the year. The capital invested is more than £50,000,000.

The traffic of one of these companies awakens wonder. Look at the London and North-Western Company, with its 1,736 miles of continuous railway—(10,000 miles in all)—along which flows the trade of several of the chief towns and cities of the Empire, carrying 50,000,000 passengers a year, or a million a week, equal in a month to the population of London, conveying 24,000,000 tons of goods and minerals, which would fill a train 10,000 miles long; with 2,300 locomotives, 2,500 carriages, and over 50,000 other vehicles, that run a distance of 35,000,000 miles a year, equal to 1,458 times round the world, to say nothing of a magnificent fleet of steamships, and estimate, if it were possible, what all this means in the traffic of that one line of railway. Such an institution, with its policies, its negotiations, its responsibilities, its revenues, its 40,000 servants, and its influence, is more like

invention of the century. On this broad continent of ours, where distances are so great, we would get along very poorly indeed without it. It used to be said, that the United States and Canada were giants without bones. Well, the railroads have given them bones. The Grand Trunk and the Pacific Railway will be the great backbone of Canada, and the other roads the long, strong arms reaching out in every direction and carrying the grain of the country to the sea.

I remember well the beginning of the first railway in Ontario, the Northern. The first sod was turned by Lady Elgin, just opposite the Parliament Buildings on Front street, Toronto. The first conductor is still a comparatively young man; and yet Canada has now, I think, more miles of railway for her population, as well as more shipping, than any other country.

It used to be a dreadful journey to Montreal by stage in winter. It took nearly a week; often more than a week. A man prepared for it as if going to the North Pole. I know a friend who got a great fur bag made to put both his feet in to keep them warm on the long and tedious journey. And now, one can take his supper in Toronto, go to bed on the sleeping-car, and take

locomotive has no "cow-catcher"—there are no cows on the track to catch. It has no cab—a great comfort on a stormy day, I wonder they don't use it. The cars are shorter than ours, each divided into three compartments, like three stage coaches placed end to end. One enters at the side and is locked in. I don't like it as well as ours, but they

coal, and cattle depots. It is estimated that the number of passengers using these stations is 750,000 a day, the Metropolitan alone averaging 180,000 every week-day. With regard to the number of trains, several stations have 500 each, Liverpool Street has nearly 700 a day, Moorgate Street over 800 a day, and Victoria more than 1,100 a

kingdom than a Company. Or, take the Midland, which has "gradually spread its 1,365 miles of railway north and south, and east and west, through half the country of England, till they stretch from the Wash to the Humber, the Wash to the English Channel to the Solway Frith," that has a property that has cost £60-



THE IRON WAY.

000,000; that receives a revenue of nearly £7,000,000 a year; that carries 28,000,000 of passengers, and more than 22,000,000 tons of goods; and the engines of which run a distance equal to four and a half times round the world every day; and imagine how stupendous a revolution in the amount of locomotion has been accomplished in the districts through which that one line runs. Instead of the 80,000 persons who, thirty years ago, travelled by coach, 1,500,000 passengers are now carried every day by railway in a fraction of the time, and at a fraction of the cost previously required.

Some nervous people think it very dangerous to travel by rail. It is much less so than to travel by stage coach. Dr. Smiles says that the average traveller is much more likely to be struck by lightning or to be hanged for murder, than to be killed by railway accident; that is, more persons meet death in those ways than by the rail. Without our railways, our great prairies in the North-West would be almost valueless, whereas now they are destined to be the granary, the store-house—one may almost say, the pantry of the crowded populations of the old world.

"MASTER, SAY ON"

MASTER, speak Thy servant heareth
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee,
What hast Thou to say to me?

Master, speak in love and power,
Crown the mercies of the day,
In this quiet evening hour
Of the moonrise o'er the bay,
With the music of Thy voice;
Speak and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilling echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed,
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the "faithful saying,"
Trusting what Thy Gospel saith,
On Thy written promise staving
All my hope in life and death;—
Yet I ask for something more
From Thy love's exhaustless store.

Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak! I kneel before Thee,
Listening, longing, waiting still,
Oh, how long shall I implore Thee
This petition to fulfil!
Hast Thou not one word for me?
Must my prayer unanswered be?

Master, speak! though least and lowest
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for oh! Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart;
Knowest all its truest need,
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak! and make me ready
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow ever and
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, oh, speak to me.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

INCIDENTS IN THE GIRL-LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY REV. HENRY BLEBY.



SOON after early dawn—about five o'clock on the morning of June 20, '37, two gentlemen presented themselves at the gate leading to Kensington Palace, situated at the west end of London, and then the residence of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria. They exhibited marks of hasty travel, and knocked and rang loudly before they succeeded in arousing the slumbering porter and bringing him to the spot. For some time after passing the gate the gentlemen were detained in the court yard; and they were persons little accustomed to be kept waiting, for they were amongst the highest in the realm, one of them being Dr Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other the Marquis of Corynham, the Lord Chamberlain of the royal palace of Windsor. From the court yard they were at length introduced into one of the lower rooms and there left to themselves, for as yet no one appeared to be stirring about the palace, and they seemed to be forgotten by the party who had brought them there. Impatiently they rang the bell in the room, and when at length an attendant appeared they desired that the Princess Victoria might be informed that they requested an audience with her Royal Highness on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing of the bell to inquire into the cause of it, the Princess' own attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was "in such a sweet sleep," that she could not venture to disturb her. Dropping further reticence, they said: "We are come on business of state to the Queen; and even her sleep must give way to that." It did; and in a few minutes a young lady came into the room in a loose white wrapper and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, her hair falling about her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, and pale, but perfectly collected and dignified. To her they imparted the intelligence that they had come from the bedside of the deceased King William, who had departed this life at Windsor at a little after two o'clock that morning, and that she, the Princess Victoria, was now the sovereign of Britain's wide realm; and the object of their early disturbance of her slumbers was to greet her and render her their homage as England's Queen.

Victoria thus succeeded to the throne of the United Kingdom, at the death of William the Fourth on June 20, 1837, being then about eighteen years of age. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George the Third.

The Princess Victoria never knew much of a loving father's care, as the Duke was removed by death only six days before his aged father's decease in 1820, and when his own little daughter was not more than a year and a half old.

The young princess was thus early thrown upon her widowed mother's

care, who proved to be eminently qualified for the task with which she became providentially charged. At the time of her father's death Victoria was not the immediate heir to the crown. There were at least two lives between the reigning sovereign and the young daughter of the Duke of Kent. It was doubtless owing largely to these uncertainties which surrounded the case that the young child, Victoria, was so much left to the guardianship of her own mother. Other arrangements would probably have been adopted that might have been less advantageous to the child's highest welfare, had her prospects of succeeding to the throne been less distant and dubious than they actually were. If she had been taken out of the hands of her own judicious and God-fearing mother and placed to a large extent under the care of matrons belonging to the nobility, as was the case with George the Fourth's only daughter, the results, as to the formation of the Princess' character and principles, might have been very different from what happily they have been. She was well brought up by her widowed mother; both as regards her intellect and her character, her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematic. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as if she had been born to be poor; and she was carefully moulded under her excellent mother's hand for intelligence and goodness.

The Duchess of Kent lived in retirement after the death of her husband, devoting herself with all a mother's ardent love to the task of cherishing and fitting her child for the lofty destiny that awaited her; though as yet she could form no conception of the splendid career which was before the little sprightly lady, for whose sake she was content to forego all the attractions of society and all the pleasures and fascinations of the fashionable world, of which she might have been such a distinguished ornament, if she had chosen to mingle in its brilliant scenes. The Duchess, with her daughter, and a suitable retinue, sufficient for all the purposes of one who was living in such privacy, occupied the old palace of Kensington, pleasantly situated on the northern side of the Thames, at such a distance from the great metropolis as to render communication with it a very easy matter whenever it was desired.

The young Princess had been brought up in such strict seclusion by her mother that at the time of her accession to the throne even the statesmen and officials in closest communication with court circles were in absolute ignorance concerning her or what she promised to be. That the Duchess of Kent acted with wise discretion in thus keeping her daughter so closely guarded may be inferred from the statement of a modern writer, who says: "There was enough in the courts of the two sovereigns who went before Queen Victoria to justify any strictness of seclusion which the Duchess might desire for her daughter."

It is a well understood fact that what is commonly called Methodism has been extensively spread, and that influences have been awakened and set in motion, subtle and penetrating, through the agency of the Wesleys and their coadjutors and successors, the effects of which cannot be calculated or traced. The results of those influences upon various religious bodies have been vast and are still being developed in

many ways. Upon communities and families they have told very largely, silently working changes that will only be understood when they are revealed in the light of eternity. One instance may serve as an illustration. The little book known as "The Dairyman's Daughter," written by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, has carried the light and power of God's saving truth into the homes and hearts of vast multitudes in different parts of the world who never dreamed that in the sweetly touching facts embodied in that simple narrative of Christian experience, they were only reading the history of an humble Methodist servant girl, whose heart the Lord had opened as He did the heart of Lydia, by bringing the lowly girl, apparently in the most accidental manner, in contact with certain influences that were operating through the agency of Methodism. "The Life and Death of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter," says the Rev. Abel Stevens, D.D., "has been loved and wept over by millions in the palaces of the wealthy, the cottages and hovels of the poor, the log-cabins of emigrants in the frontier wildernesses of America and Australia, and the homes of converted heathens throughout most of the missionary world. Her life, obscure in itself, has become historical in its results; thousands have owed their salvation to its record; tens of thousands have received comfort and help from it in their hours of extremity. It has been translated into at least thirty languages; and her grave attracts to her native island—the Isle of Wight—more pilgrims than go to see its unrivalled scenery, or to gaze upon the residence of the Queen of her country which adorns its beautiful coast."

The silent influence of Methodism, unsuspected and undesigned, found its way into the household of which Victoria's widowed mother was the head, and doubtless contributed, under the direction of a wise and gracious Providence, in moulding the character—especially the religious character—of England's future Queen. For a royal establishment the household of the Duchess was small, suitable to the circumstances of a widowed lady with only one young child and who wished to live in as close retirement as her relations to the State and to the nation, and the training and education of the child-princess permitted. Victoria was an interesting child, quick in receiving instruction and gay and lively, abounding in animal spirits, as healthful and sprightly natures are very apt to be, whether boys or girls in the nursery or frisky colts and lambs in the field. At the proper age her education was commenced and conducted with all the means and appliances that wealth and exalted station could command. As a matter of course her religious training, whatever it was, was carried on in strict connection with the usages of the State Church, the Episcopal Church of England, which was not then split up and divided as it now is into such a multiplicity and diversity of sects and factions.

To be continued.

A SHOEMAKER was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," said Crispin, "put on the boots and the objection will soon wear away."

A REVISED NATIONAL ANTHEM.

[An American clergyman, Rev. S. S. Cullon, D.D., of Albany, has, in view of the friendly relations existing between England and the United States, written the following version upon God Save the Queen.]

ONE hundred years are fled ;
Victors and vanquished dead,
They sleep serene ;
Kin, once asunder rent,
Lift now our banners blent—
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

One heritage of blood,
Speech, liberty, and God—
With conscience clean—
Rule of the world is meant !
Lift then our banners blent—
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

When wounded lay its chief,
And prostrate in its grief
This land was seen—
What love on lightning sent !
Lift then our banners blent ;
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

Now bind the severed chain,
Let love forever reign,
These lands between.
Each with its fame content,
Lift high our banners blent !
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

GARFIELD'S CONVERSION.



An intelligent friend told us the other day that a lady, who had been a schoolmate of the late President Garfield, in his boyhood, gave him this incident as coming under her own knowledge. While

playing in or beside a stream, on which was a mill moved by the water power, James was drawn into the flume and dashed upon the wheel. There seemed to be no possibility of his escape. Even in the mad rush of waters and the suffocation and darkness of the moment he had a consciousness of his inevitable fate. But Providence had something better for the boy. The rolling wheel caught him and threw him out in the river below. He gained the shore, and, dripping with water, hurried to his home. He called his mother as he opened the door. Hearing no response, he hastened to his chamber, and opened it, saw her at prayer. Kneeling by her side in his water-soaked garments, he asked her to pray for him. He told her how near he had come to the loss of his life, how he felt in the dreadful moment of doubt, and how much he desired to be a good boy. They prayed together, mother and son, and that was the early commencement of a religious life on the part of one who now, to the gifts of intellect, of liberal learning, and the experience of a statesman, adds the crowning grace of sincere piety.

TOMMY'S CLUB.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"
"Send it to the editor, of course."
"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"
"Cause he says if anybody will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper."
"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"
"Well, I don't know, unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people."

A GLORIOUS HYMN.

On the 14th of September President Garfield was permitted to sit by the window while Mrs. Garfield was in the adjoining room. Love, hope, and gratitude filled her heart, and she sang the beautiful hymn commencing

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah !
As the soft and plaintive notes floated into the sick chamber, the President turned his eyes up to Dr. Bliss and asked :

"Is that Creto?"
"Yes," replied the Doctor, "it is Mrs. Garfield."

"Quick, open the door a little," anxiously responded the sick man.

Dr. Bliss opened the door, and after listening a few moments Mr. Garfield exclaimed, as the large tears coursed down his sunken cheeks :

"Glorious! Bliss, isn't it?"

GEN. GARFIELD AT QUEBEC.

BY W. C. HOWELLS, TORONTO.



CALL to mind an evening in the summer of 1877, when Gen. Garfield was my guest at Quebec. We had strolled to the ramparts and taken seats among the guns overlooking the St. Charles river, to watch the incoming tide,

as the sun was setting over the peaks of Lorette, with the Laurentian Mountains stretching away to St. Anne's and Cape Tourment. The half dozen of us, including one New York and one Cincinnati lady, the latter something of an artist, chatted of the scene. There were before us the lapping waves of the river as it spread over the beach into a lake, the dull murmur of Montmorenci Falls, the clouds quietly spreading along the mountain side, reflecting the glow of the sun; and every noise of the dull old city echoed back from the hills to the walls of the Hotel Dieu, under which we sat. The long twilight passed very rapidly into night, as the General led the talk in his charming way. One of the ladies quoted Tennyson's Echo Song, and the General repeated it with effect. Then said he, "how many lose that last stanza, by omitting to emphasize the word *our*," and recited it again :

"The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory :
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes ; dying,
dying, dying.

"O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes ; dying,
dying, dying.

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river ;
Our echoes roll, from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

"But," he continued, "*The Eaglet* is Tennyson's grand picture"—and he gave it livingly.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands ;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he stands."

But before we could criticize this, the old convent bell tolled the hour for latest tapers. I was glad, for it left the Eagle fixed on the rock for me to remember.

BE SURE.

NAST summer a gentleman lost his new overcoat. He was irritated by the occurrence. He suspected who took it. His suspicions deepened to a certainty in view of certain circumstances, and he laid a trap to catch one of his neighbours. A new coat was ordered, and after it was brought home he discovered his stolen garment precisely where he had left it.

The story is still fresh in many minds of the Boston man who, returning home rather late at night while it was showering, felt for his watch to see the time, but it was gone. It flashed over him in an instant that only three minutes before a man had passed him who rubbed against him. It was but the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella, he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed over by the terrified traveller, and the good citizen went home in a very complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbing of a man, only a few streets away, of a valuable gold watch and chain. It was a neat daring affair, the robber lifting an enormous club and threatening all sorts of things. "That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that place, and ran after the villain and recovered it." "Are you sure, dear?" asked his wife. "You left your watch at home yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed the robbery?" So it turned out. People are constantly getting into difficulties in consequence of inexactness, want of care, a habit of making sure. This case teaches a moral so obviously important that it need not be enlarged upon.

THE PATHOS OF HUMOUR.

NO real humourist jokes always. Mr. Burdette says, in one of his recent letters: "While I lecturing at Washington I saw a lady with an intelligent, pretty face and bright, eloquent eyes that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished a few years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence; and now all the music and all the speech that could come into her life came through the tender devotion of her husband. As I talked I watched him telling off the lecture on his nimble fingers, while his eager eyes glanced into her sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning sky of their lives; but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to the husband, I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds, and tinting even their affections with a tender radiance. This discipline of attending upon the suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as a woman's. Who does not agree with Mr. Burdette?"

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling ;
'Or saw the train go forth ;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gny Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

And the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dress,
In the great minister's transept
Where lights like glories fall.
And the organ rings and the sweet choir
sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword.
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like the tossing
plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loves so well.

RICHARD BAXTER said a good thing when he said of some one who lived in his day, that they had "a wheel-barrow religion." They "went when they were shoved." It would be hard to find a better name for the religion of many who live now.

TRUST IN GOD.

YEARS cannot make their strength decay,
Who lean upon the Lord,
Nor age fling shadows o'er the way
That's lighted by His word;
Their path doth bright and brighter shine,
Till perfect in the skies;
And life's soft eve no decline,
For heavenward still they rise.

When Winter's might hath rent the oak,
Or summer blights its shoot,
The strength of God can heal the stroke,
And sprout its deathless root;
And souls that have the fountain quaffed
Of Christ's world-healing side,
Arise immortal from the draught,
And live through Him that died.

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Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

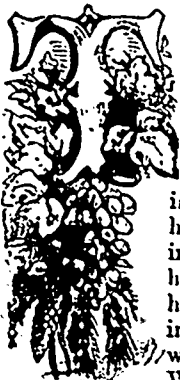
Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1881.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.



HIS is the New Year, and I think it ought to suggest to us all the thought of new things.

First, and most important, is a new heart. God tells us in His Word that these hearts of ours are evil hearts. When we look into them honestly, we see that God's Word tells only the truth. We think a great many evil thoughts, we yield to a great many evil motives. And worst of all, we are not naturally willing to take God's way of pardon—the way of trust in Jesus Christ. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart," we are very unwilling to do it.

So we need a new heart. We can have it by believing in Jesus. "A new heart will I give you," says God, "and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh." If we ask our Heavenly Father for this heart of flesh he will give it to us. If we are still under the sway of the old, evil heart, is it not time now, with the beginning of the New Year, to turn to God, and ask him for a new heart? I am sure it is.

Then we need to begin a new life. If we have already sought and found the new heart, then we have been living new life. But what I mean is that we ought to try, with God's help,

to make our life this year better than ever before. We ought to try to have more love to our Father in heaven, and more to all men. We ought to try to make our life more nearly like the example our Saviour set us. It ought to be a more prayerful life, and one that feeds more than ever upon the blessed Bible. If we have, by God's help, been living aright, in the year past, we can now take a new start at least, to go on more swiftly and strongly in the right way. If we have not been living aright, then certainly we need to get out of the old path, and into the new one of love to God and obedience to his commands.

Can we not also make this year one of new service? It ought to be our aim always, to be useful. If we have been doing something in the past, yet may we not do more in the time to come? You should not think, children, that because you are young there is nothing that you can do. You cannot do as much, certainly, as men and women. God does not expect so much from you. But there is no child but can do something. Now, shall not this year show that you are anxious to do new service for God? Is there not some new work of usefulness you can take up, at home, in the school, among your playmates, in helping those who are poor? I am very sure there is, if you will only look for it.

May we each start in the new year, with a new heart, in a new life, and on new service. Then it will indeed be for us a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

TURNING THE LEAF.

The beginning of the year is a time for making up accounts in business and laying new plans for the future. It should be to all of us a time for forming good resolutions and of "turning over a new leaf." God gives us another opportunity to start afresh in the good way, and if we have made mistakes in the past to try to do better in the future. There is scarcely any one so careless as not to feel the solemnising influence of the hour, when God turns, as it were, the great glass of time and measures out another year to man. Let us learn to redeem the time, to guard well the moments, for this year may be our last. We can only begin it wisely by giving God our hearts and seeking His guidance every day and every hour. As he turns for us another page of the book of life—a page pure and spotless as the snowy robe the earth doth wear—let us seek by His help to keep it pure and white. Let it not be marred and stained by sins of ours; but let our lives hereafter be pure and holy, so that at the last we may come to His eternal joy.

We beg to acknowledge on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, the receipt of one dollar from an anonymous contributor. The letter is signed "Yours in Christ Jesus our blessed Saviour, a poor sinner, who needs to love Jesus more and serve Him better. Ask Him for me that I may." We believe that such gifts are twice blessed, — blessing him that gives as well as those who receive. No one on earth may ever know from whom this dollar comes, but the blessed Saviour who says: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did unto me," will own and honour the gift and bless the giver. We have also received

in addition to the amount just acknowledged, \$1 00 from the Rev. Geo. Mc Ritchie, Perth, and \$2 00 from John Skinner, Esq., Hamilton. Also \$1, from Mrs. Green, Paisley. We have sent this, with a quantity of nice picture papers, to the Hospital, as a Christmas box from the kind donors.

—o—

We give in this number a pathetic story of his missionary life by the Rev. E. R. Young. It will, we are sure, touch every heart. Mr. Young, as he finds opportunity, will write other sketches, which our readers will be glad to see.



CINGHALESE BARBER.

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

BY THE REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

THE angel of time has a slight sublime,
And never, never rests;
But onward flies while the daylight dies,
Or morn gleams on mountain crests.

While the tempest wails, while the calm prevails,
While the wild waves roar or sleep,
When the eagle tires amid sun-born fires,
Still his chainless pinions sweep.

Springs wake their flowers 'mid the leaf-
robed bowers,
And summers their roses bring;
Autumns wane away, and through winter's
away
Still he hastes with a tireless wing.

The fires that burn in the mountain's urn,
Where the red volcano sleeps,
Uplaze at last when an age has past,
While the fiery ocean sweeps.

Seas change and sink; 'from' the bectling
brink
Shoots downward the rough crag, rent;
Stars blaze and fade, whose course is laid
In the boundless firmament.

Still the angel of time, with a flight sub-
lime,
On a fetterless pinion flies;
While hope beams fair, or the night of
despair
On the spirit's pathway lies;

While the nations rise in their grand em-
prise,
Or sink in their depths of woe;
While the bondman's prayers climb hope's
golden stairs,
While the beacons of freedom glow;

While the angel of death reaps his grain
at a breath,
Of mortals swift passing away;
While the bright eyes close, and the fond
smile glows,
Still onward he holds his way.

Yes, on, still on, when the day has gone,
While night robes the mountain crests,
The angel of time has a flight sublime,
And never, never resta.

CINGHALESE BARBER.



HIS extraordinary looking scene may be witnessed almost any day in Ceylon. The better class of the Orientals are very scrupulous

about personal cleanliness, and practice frequent washings and shavings. The barbers use no chairs, but the *shavee* stands and submits to have his nose pulled and his features manipulated by the *shaver*. You would think, to look at the head of the right hand figure with the hair comb and chignon, that it belonged to a woman, and the style of dress would heighten the illusion. But it is the custom of the country for men to dress in this manner; and when they are beardless, a very effeminate look it gives them. We shall see in our next number that it was in Ceylon that the earliest triumphs of Methodist missions in the East were won.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY.

MANY of our young readers will have an opportunity this winter to hear the Rev. Thomas Crosby, who for twelve years or more has laboured among the Indians on the Pacific Coast. We urge them strongly by no means to omit hearing him. His story of mission-life in those far-off lands is one of thrilling interest, moving now to laughter, now to tears, and kindling a missionary enthusiasm in the hearts of those who hear him. We know, in the whole range of missionary annals, nothing more marvellous than the way in which these far-off missions have been begun and for a time carried on—often by Indians themselves, without any aid from white people. Mr. Crosby and his devoted wife, fulfil the ideal of Christian missionaries—full of zeal and enthusiasm for their heroic work, and full of faith in God for its accomplishment.

THE BLIND WEAVER.

WEAVER sat at his loom,
A blind old man was he ;
And he saw not one of the shuttle's threads,
Which he wrought so cunningly,
But his fingers touched each line,
As the pattern before him grew ;
And the sunset gleam of a smile divine,
Its light o'er his features threw :
As plying his work to a slight refrain,
He sang it o'er and o'er again ;
Light and Darkness and Shade,
Shade and Darkness and Light ;
We never can tell how the pattern's
made,
Till the fabric is turned in our sight !

And slowly the fabric grew,
As his shuttle from side to side,
With a cunning twist of the wrist he threw,
And its lines were multiplied.
But still the surface was rough,
And the pattern you could not trace ;
For the threads seemed blindly broken off,
And showed neither beauty nor grace ;
But he plied his work to the slight re-
frain,
And crooned it o'er and o'er again ;
Light and Darkness and Shade,
Shade and Darkness and Light ;
We never can tell how the pattern's
made,
Till the fabric is turned in our sight !

And thus at the loom of life,
Like that blind old weaver, we
Are working the threads of our own designs
To a pattern we do not see ;
And still with a patient love,
That is wiser far than we know,
There is One that looks from His throne
above,
And directs the shuttle's throw ;
And spite of our broken threads,
He is working His great design,
And the pattern that seemed unmeaning
here,
With a heavenly grace shall shine !
So we'll ply our work to the old refrain.
And sing it o'er and o'er again ;
Light and Darkness and Shade,
Shade and Darkness and Light,
Shall have done their work when the
pattern's made,
And the fabric is held up to sight !

WHAT THE MINISTERS SAY
ABOUT OUR S. S. PAPERS.

In addition to the flattering testi-
monials previously given we append
the following.—

The Rev. Dr. STEWART, Sackville,
N.B., writes :—

"I rejoice that our Church is well supplied
with such periodicals. They are excellent in
letter-press and illustrations, remarkably
cheap, and well adapted, under the Divine
blessing, to promote true piety and sound
patriotism. Their cheapness should ensure
their introduction to all the Sunday-Schools
in the Methodist Church of Canada."

The Rev. Dr. HUNTER, Toronto,
writes :—

"PLEASANT HOURS, the SUNBEAM, and the
BANNER, ought to be in all our Sunday-
Schools. They are full of sound doctrine, and
pure literature. No Methodist school can
afford to do without them."

The Rev. T. W. JEFFREY, Cobourg,
writes :—

Our own Church Sabbath-School here (com-
posing as cultured and intelligent a class of
teachers as can be found in any school in the
Dominion), take the BANNER, BEREAN LEAF,
and S. S. QUARTERLY, and after comparing
the most popular S. S. papers now published,
unanimously agreed to circulate our own
SUNBEAM and PLEASANT HOURS, as incom-
parably the best.

"Let me add my personal opinion of the
BANNER:—It contains the pith of all that is
worthy of research, in all other kindred publi-
cations of its size and price."

TO ALL THE READERS OF
PLEASANT HOURS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, —

I wish I could get you all collected
around me, to tell you about the little
patients in the Hospital for Sick Chil-
dren here in Toronto ; but as that can-
not be done, I want every one of you
to consider this letter addressed es-
pecially to you, as though it came
through the Post Office with your own
name on the envelope.

Imagine that you are taking a walk
with me and that we stop at this plain-
looking house, we might have passed it
by, but for the large sign, "Hospital
for Sick Children." When we enter
we know at once we are not in an
ordinary house. Let us first go up-
stairs to the nursery, which I love best
to visit. This you see is a large square
room, high and airy ; all around the
sides are ranged little cots with white
counterpanes ; on the walls hang bright
pretty pictures, and in the little and
big easy chairs standing about are tiny
children not able to walk ; here is a
doll's house, there whole families of
dolls. Don't you think it looks cheer-
ful and home-like ?

That door opens on a wide verandah
where on summer days the little girls
play, and some, too sick to sit up have
their cots wheeled out into the fresh
air. Let us go round to some of the
cribs and see who are lying there ; per-
haps you will make some little friends
among them as I have done.

The corner used to be Eliza's place.
She lay there more than fourteen
months with a terrible disease in her
hip. She is about five year's old, and
has such a sweet face, that has grown
much brighter lately since she has been
promoted to a pair of crutches, and
hops about as lively as possible.

The first time I visited this nursery,
I was greatly struck by a very sweet
child, "Little Mary ;" but you will
not see her there to-day. She lay in
the opposite corner to Eliza, and was
about the same age, but looked much
more worn and pale. She had one of
the sweetest and most patient little
faces I ever saw ; her voice was so
gentle, her hands so white and thin ;
you all would have felt sorry to have
seen her, dear children, as I did. She
told me that about a year and a half
before, a playmate had pushed her
down on the street and hurt her knee
so badly that she has lain in bed suffer-
ing terrible pain ever since. But there
was no complaint, only answers to my
questions ; then she repeated so sweetly
a hymn about Jesus the kind Shepherd
"seeking to save" His little lambs.
The next time I went to the hospital,
I found her cot empty, and asking one
of the other children about her, she
told me that about a week before, one
evening she had said her prayers and
a hymn, and had heard one of the
other little ones say hers beside her crib,
then had gone quietly to sleep. An
hour after "nurse" found her very ill,
and in spite of all that could be done,
she died in a few hours. The kind
Shepherd had looked pityingly on His
suffering lamb, and taking her in His
bosom had carried her safely to His fold
above, where she can never suffer more.

We must speak to two other little
girls about nine years old, who are
such great friends. One, Minnie, has
no power to walk, but sits in a large
rocking-chair. The other, Emily, hops
about on crutches like a friendly little
sparrow, watching over the others and
waiting on them.



THOMAS COKE.

There is another ward with older
girls ; but we will not have time to
stop there to-day, the boys will be
wondering if it is a "Girls' Hospital."

We will go down stairs again ; in the
first ward we count seven cots, in the
second five, all with boys in them. It
would take too long to talk to them all
now. There is big Tom, and little
Tom, big Willie, wee Willie, and King
Willie, Joe, George, Albert, and many
more. To-day we will only stop and
kiss "wee" Willie, only four years old,
who has lain there for four long months ;
his dear little head strapped in a steel
cage and fastened to the head of his
bed so that he cannot move.

You will be wondering how you can
help these children who seem so well
cared for and happy, and best of all are
taught about the kind Saviour. You
live so far away some of you, you can-
not take the place of those kind nurses,
or go to amuse the little folk when
they grow tired of their toys and pic-
ture books ; no, but I will tell you
what you can do. Four little neigh-
bours in the United States did for the
St. Luke's Hospital, in New York,
what I want you to do for the Toronto
Children's Hospital. I want you to
take a cot for your own and call it
"The Canadian Children's Cot ;" save
your pennies, earn more by little ser-
vices at home, send this no matter
how small, to the Editor of PLEASANT
Hours, telling him what it is for ; he
has kindly promised to take care of it
until there is enough to endow your
cot ; it will never be empty, and
from time to time I will write to you
telling you about your little child, each
one of you may call it your own, and
feel you are doing it for Jesus' sake.

It will not take such a very large sum,
only a little over \$100. As you send it
the Editor will acknowledge it in the
next issue of his paper. You will thus
know it has reached him, and also see
what other little children are sending
from other places.

Yours, B. S.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. H.

DR. COKE, THE FATHER OF
METHODIST MISSIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.



ESTLING in the soft valley
of the Usk, surrounded by
the towering mountains of
Wales, lies the old town of
Brecon, the site of an an-
cient Dominican priory,
whose ivy-mantled walls
form one of the most pic-
turesque ruins in Britain. In the oak-
roofed, time-stained town hall, at the
middle of the last century, might have
been seen, arrayed in the robes of
office, a worthy alderman. This was
the chief magistrate of Brecon and the
father of Thomas Coke. The future
apostle of Methodism, unlike many of
its early ministers, was the heir of a
large fortune. He was born three
years before the middle of the century,
1747, and spent his early years amid
the romantic surroundings of "Usk
and Camelot," the scene of the exploits
of King Arthur and the Knights of
the Round Table. In his sixteenth
year he was registered as student at
Jesus College, Oxford, one of the most
famous of the many colleges of that
great seat of learning.

AT COLLEGE.

The handsome young student was
not proof against the seductions of
Oxford society. He unhappily fell
into evil habits, and even became in-
fected with the infidel principles which
were then too common at the Univer-
sity. But a divine restraint and guid-
ance prevented him from making ship-
wreck of his faith and confirmed him
in the truths of Christianity, although
as yet, he knew not their saving power.
He completed his college course with
success, and shortly after his coming
ago was elected mayor of his native

town. But, yearning to live a life of active service to God, he entered the humble rank of a village curate. Yet his heart was ill at ease, for he felt that the Saviour whom he was called to preach was to himself unknown. His church became crowded, and to accommodate the increased congregation, he erected a gallery at his own expense. During this time he made the acquaintance of Thomas Maxfield, Wesley's first lay preacher, and by him was led to more spiritual views of religion. He met one day a humble Methodist farm-labourer, who, unlettered in the learning of schools, was wise in the knowledge of God. From this rustic teacher the Oxford scholar gained a clearer acquaintance with the way of salvation by faith than from the learned divines and bishops of the first university of Europe.

HIS PREACHING.

The zeal of the young curate soon began to exceed the bounds of clerical decorum, as regarded in the Church established by law. He preached with increasing fervour, and without the "regulation manuscript." He held special religious services out of church hours, and on week-evenings, in remote parts of his parish. He introduced the singing of the soul-stirring hymns of Watts and Wesley. He was no longer the easy-going card-playing parson, but a "dangorous fanatic," righteous over-much, and, in fact, infected with the pestilent heresy of Methodism, whose doctrines of free grace he proclaimed from the parish pulpit. The over-earnest curate was soon dismissed by his rector, admonished for his "irregularities" by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and soon expelled from his Church. To receive himself, the hated name of a Methodist was particularly distasteful. He had just obtained his highest degree—that of Doctor of Civil Law. Preference was proffered him by a nobleman of powerful influence. But the authority of conscience was supreme, and he faltered not for a moment in his loyalty to the convictions of his soul. Neither worldly hopes nor ignoble fears could make him swerve from what he deemed the path of duty.

An interview with John Wesley convinced Dr. Coke that for scholarship and saintliness the despised Methodists possessed the very pattern of clergymen. Mr. Wesley thus records his impressions of the Doctor of Law:—"I have had much conversation with him, and a union then began which, I trust, shall never end."

HIS PERSECUTIONS.

The zealous curate soon experienced the brunt of persecution. The sentence of his expulsion from the parish church was announced at the close of the morning service in the presence of the congregation; and, as he passed out of the door the bells rang out a sort of rogue's march—by way of a parting salute to the expelled pastor. Cider barrels were broached, and a general rejoicing took place. To a man of his keen sensitiveness the indignity must have been keenly felt.

But the expelled pastor could not be restrained from proclaiming the message of salvation. The next Sunday he preached in the street near the church, immediately after the morning service, and announced that he would preach again the following Sunday. He was warned that it would be at the peril of

his life if he did. "Sundry hampers of stones were brought to the spot, like a park of artillery drawn up on a field marked out for battle." But the Doctor, with that heroic courage which characterized him to the end of his life, was not to be daunted by an exhibition of brute force. He was sustained also by the presence of friends, who stood by him in this hour of peril. Among these were a Miss Edmunds and her brother whose hearts had been touched by the preaching of the persecuted pastor. The brave girl stood on one side of him and the brother on the other. Their bold daring cowed the intended mob, who shrank from their assault and possible murder; and, like Paul before Felix, the feeble unarmed man spoke words of power which made his persecutors tremble.

Notwithstanding this rude treatment Dr. Coke not for a moment hesitated in his purpose. He resolved to cast in his lot with the despised and persecuted Methodists and to espouse the toils and hardships of the life of an itinerant preacher. He was soon preaching in the Old Foundry, London, and to immense multitudes of eager listeners in the public squares. God was opening for him a wider career than addressing a few rustics in an obscure hamlet. He was to become a mighty missionary whose influence was to be felt on earth's remotest shores to the end of time.

Wesley was now in his eighty-first year, and the care of all the churches and his vast correspondence was a burden which he gladly shared with this son in the Gospel, now in the vigour of his thirtieth year. He used to say that Dr. Coke was his right hand. The zealous preaching of the young evangelist often provoked the attacks of mobs. As he stood in a public square, he was assailed with sticks and stones, and his gown torn to shreds. The vicar of the parish, who headed the riot, thought of a more ingenious expedient. "Bring out the fire-engine," he shouted; and the preacher and congregation were soon dispersed by a few volleys of "liquid artillery." It was noticed as a remarkable fact, that within a fortnight that very engine proved powerless to suppress a fire which destroyed a great part of the village.

In the course of his journeys, Dr. Coke revisited his former friends, from which he had been so heartlessly expelled. But the simple rustics found that they had lost their best friend, and welcomed him back with joy. The bells that rang him out chimed merrily at his return. He preached to two thousand people, who flocked to hear him from all the neighbouring villages, and wept over them, as the Saviour wept over Jerusalem. From that day the despised Methodists had a foothold in the parish, and soon after the Doctor had the pleasure of building a Methodist chapel where he had been cast out of the Established Church.

HIS JOURNEYINGS.

Dr. Coke was soon to enter upon what might be called his foreign missionary work. On the second day of September, 1784, John Wesley, feeling himself called of God thereto, solemnly set apart Dr. Thomas Coke, to be Superintendent of the Methodist Societies in that country. In three weeks Coke, with two companions, were on their way to America. The voyage

was stormy and tedious, but he redeemed the time by study. He laboured zealously for the conversion of the sailors, on shipboard, and believed that God had given him at least one soul as his reward.

He began ranging through the continent from Massachusetts to Georgia, a true bishop of souls, feeding the flock scattered through the wilderness. He was often exposed to the perils of fording swollen rivers, or crossing rugged mountains. Some of his escapes from danger were very narrow. He met with opposition in the western wilds as well as in an English parish, and records being excluded from an old church to which, nevertheless, cattle and hogs had free access. He bore his testimony boldly against the sin of slavery, and provoked thereby much persecution. One lady offered a mob fifty pounds if they would give the Doctor a hundred lashes. In company with Asbury he visited General Washington at Mount Vernon, to seek his influence in favour of the negroes. But, their Master's business requiring haste, they could not accept an invitation to lodge under the President's roof.

The importance of foreign missions was not then felt in the Churches of Christendom. When Carey, at a meeting of ministers, urged the duty of giving the Gospel to the heathen, the President exclaimed, "sit down, young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it without your aid or mine." But already Coke was meditating the vast missionary enterprises which are the glory of Methodism. The first field for the extension of the Gospel, however, that seemed indicated by Providence was Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Canada. Thither in 1768, Dr. Coke and three fellow-preachers were sent by the English Conference. The voyage lasted thirteen weeks and was almost one continued tempest. The sails were rent, the timbers strained, and, half a wreck, the vessel sprung a leak, and falling on her beam-ends, threatened instant death to all on board. The superstitious captain, attributed his disasters to the presence of the black-coats, and exclaimed, "There is a Jonah on board, a Jonah on board." Rushing to Dr. Coke's cabin, he threw into the sea his books and papers, and seizing the little Doctor, threatened to throw him after them if he were caught praying again. The passengers were put on short rations, and worst of all, the Doctor thought, the supply of candles gave out, so that his hours of study were curtailed. He solaced himself till he lost his books, with reading French, Virgil, and "every day a canto of the English Virgil, Spencer." "With such company," he continues, "I could live comfortably in a tub."

IN THE WEST INDIES.

The project of reaching Halifax had to be abandoned, and running before the storm, they reached, on Christmas Day, the port of Antigua, in the West Indies. It was indeed a happy day for the poor blacks of those islands, for it brought them a glad message of redemption—of peace on earth and good-will to men. As Dr. Coke walked up the street of the town, he met a ship-carpenter and local preacher, John Baxter by name, who had under his care a Methodist Society of near two thousand souls, all blacks but ten. How came this native Church in this

far-off tropic isle? Twenty-eight years before, an Antigua planter, Nathaniel Gilbert, heard John Wesley preach in England. The good seed took root in his heart and he brought the precious germs to his island home, where they became the source of West India Methodism. On the death of Gilbert, a pious shipwright took charge of the native Church, which eight years later was found so flourishing.

Dr. Coke ranged from island to island, sowing the seed of the Kingdom in the good and honest ground of those faithful African hearts. On every side the evidence of the quickening power of the leaven of Methodism conveyed by strange means to those scattered islands—by converted soldiers and sailors, by pious freed negroes, and at St. Eustatius by a fugitive slave whose ministry was a marvel of spiritual success. Under the preaching of this black apostle, many of his hearers fell down like dead men to the earth, and multitudes were converted from their idol worship to an intelligent piety. The Dutch officials of the island, however, scourged and imprisoned Black Harry, and passed an edict inflicting thirty-nine lashes on any negro found praying. With a fidelity worthy of the martyr ages, these sable confessors continued steadfast amid these cruel persecutions. Dr. Coke subsequently interceded at the Court of Holland for the religious liberty of the blacks, but, for the time, in vain. Yet he lived to see St. Eustatius a flourishing Wesleyan Mission, and, ten years after, met Harry Black a freed and happy man.

Again and again the zealous evangelist revisited those sunny islands, which seem to have possessed a strange fascination to his mind. And well they might, for no where has the success of missionary effort been more glorious. At Barbadoes, an Irish soldier recognized one of the missionaries as an old pastor, and in a transport of delight threw his arms about his neck. At Jamaica, Dr. Coke received some insults from a number of drunken "gentlemen," but persisted in his labour of preaching the Gospel. Persecution here, as elsewhere, fostered the growth of the Church. The chapel was attacked by a mob, the Bible was hanged to a gibbet, and the Methodists were hooted at by the nickname of "Hallelujahs" in the street. In Bermuda, John Stephenson, for preaching the Gospel to the negroes, was imprisoned six months and fined fifty pounds.

Amid privations, pestilence, shipwrecks, and sometimes bitter persecution, the missionaries toiled on till a free Christian civilization took the place of slavery, superstition, cruelty, and barbarism. Among the devoted labourers in these interesting fields have been our own Dr. Wood, Dr. Douglas, Mr. Cheeseborough, and others well known in Canada. As a result of the work thus unobtrusively begun, Methodism now numbers in those islands twenty-seven missionaries and nearly twenty thousand members.

(To be Continued.)

FIVE THOUSAND two hundred and twenty Sunday-school conventions and institutes and assemblies were held in America during the past year—an average of about 100 a week, or fourteen each day.

A NEW YEAR WISH.

NOT that the sky
May be always blue ;
Life may be better
Than that to you.
It may give you a chance
To prove your strength,
For some hard trials
May be joy at length.
Only, dear child, be faithful and true,
And the sky of your heart will always be blue.

Not to have fortune
Smile each day ;
There's another, and safer,
And better way.
To work ever upward
Into the light,
With patience and courage,
Sunny and bright.

This is my wish, dear,—may it be given,—
To keep you on earth, and to fit you for
heaven.

—Margaret Sydney.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. EGERTON BYERSON YOUNG.

HERE is the old man, whose head was like the snow-drift?" I asked of a band of Indians, whom I had returned to visit after a six months' absence.

To my question there was no response, but every head was bowed as in grief and sorrow.

Again I asked,—“Tell me what have you done with the old man with the snow-white hair?”

Then there was a little whispering among them, and one of them speaking out softly, said in Cree “*Non pimmatesit*,” the English of which is, “He is not among the living.”

The poor pagans never like to say “dead,” so when speaking about those who have passed away, they use the expression, “not among the living.”

When they told me that the old Indian was dead, my heart was filled with sorrow, and my next question was; “Tell me how he died?”

But before I give you their answer, I had better go back and tell you something of this aged man, whom I have thus abruptly introduced you to.

His home was at the mouth of a river on the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg. He was one of a band who had met us as we passed up Lake Winnipeg, on our way to Norway House, and had so urgently pleaded for a Missionary to be sent to their people.

After I got settled at Norway House, I used to visit as many of the different bands of Indians as I could. Travelling is very difficult in that dreary land, and many indeed are the hardships endured in performing the long and toilsome journeys incident to Missionary life in these regions. I had to travel in summer in a birch-bark canoe, and in winter with my dog-trains. As my circuit was hundreds of miles long I could only get to all my appointments about twice a year.

When I returned from Norway House to visit this band who had so earnestly asked for a Missionary, no one received me more gladly than a fine-looking old white-haired man. He seemed to drink in every word I said, and was very anxious to learn all he could about the true plan of salvation.

Not satisfied with listening to the prayers, when we had public service, he used to come and kneel down beside me when I was at private prayer, and then he would say; “Pray out loud, and pray in Indian that I may hear what you say.”

I used to spend a few days among them teaching and preaching, as best I could, and then I would return to my fur-off home. It was during one of my winter trips, with my faithful dogs, that the question at the beginning of this article was asked.

On my arrival, the poor Indians, as usual had crowded around to welcome me, but among them I saw not my white-headed old friend. It was about him I questioned them, and so now after these explanations we are ready for their answer to the second question I put to them which was: Tell me how he died?

At first there was a great deal of reluctance to fully answer the question, but when they saw I was so anxious to know all that had occurred, one young man got up, and thus described all to me.

He said, “Missionary, you had not been long gone before the old man got very sick, and after some weeks he seemed to know that he was going to leave us. So he called us all around him and said, ‘How I wish the Missionary would come to talk to me, and comfort me, but he is far away and my memory is so bad, I have forgotten all he used to say to me. Tell him his coming was like the sunlight on the waters, but it was so seldom that all in my mind has got so dark, and my memory is so bad that I have forgotten the good things he used to tell us about the Great Spirit and his Son, and what we ought to do. Oh, that he were here to help me. But he is far away, so get me my old drum and medicine bag and let me die as did my fathers. But you young people with good memories, who can remember all the Missionary says to you, listen to his words, and worship the Great Spirit and his Son, as he tells you and do not do as I am doing!’ Then, said the young man, ‘we got him the old drum, which had been long silent, and when his medicine bag had been hung up before him, he drummed until he died. As he drummed he fell, and as he fell he died.’”

But his last words were to the young people, with good memories to be sure and listen to the Missionary, and to give up their old Indian paganism.

My heart was deeply affected and I felt strongly moved when they told me these and other things about the old Indian's death. After a little pause, I said, “Where have you buried him?” They showed me the place, and there I went out and wept as I thought of his precious immortal soul passing away into eternity, exhorting his people to become Christians, while he himself was performing some of the foolish and unmeaning rites of paganism, not because he had much faith in them, but because there was no Missionary or pious friend to stand beside him and tell him of Jesus and His wondrous love.

I knelt down there in the snow, on his grave, and earnestly prayed that the time would soon come when not only all the poor Indians of the great North-West, but also all the unnumbered millions of earth's inhabitants, who are going down from the darkness

of paganism and superstition to the darkness of the grave, might soon have the faithful missionaries to whisper in their ears the story of the Cross, and to point them to the world's Redeemer.

For this let us all continue to work and to pray. The world's best days are yet to come, and highly honoured are we in being permitted to labour in a cause so glorious, and at a time when success is so wonderfully crowning the efforts of God's people.

As you have ability work, give, pray, that the time may soon come when—

One song employs all nations, and all cry
“Worthy the Lamb! for he was slain for us.”

The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains, catch the flying joy,

Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannas round.

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING ?

WILL the New Year bring greetings
Blithesome and gay?
Long-looked-for meetings,
Joy's sunny day?
Father, we know not;
Coming joys show not;
Hear our entreatings—
Show Thou the Way!

Will the New Year bring weeping
Sorrow's increase?
Will the New Year bring sleeping—
Quiet release?
Father, most tender,
We can surrender
All to Thy keeping—
Grant us Thy peace!

CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE

For January, 1882.

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PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS TO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.

I. Saint—Nick or Nich—O! Lass, St. Nicholas.

II. Face, Aid, Robe, Eyes, Wall, Ewe, Lies, Lags, Owls, Lump, Dare, East, Road, Inna, Edge, Note, Doll
FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND.

III.

C Y N I C
H I E R A R C H
R O T A
I N V E N T O R
S E A L
T R O M B O N E
M A V I S
A W A R D
S I N A I
C E P H A L I C
A U K
R I D D L E
O D E O N
L I T M U S

CHRISTMAS CAROL
CHARLES DICKENS.

IV. “A tight merry Christmas,
With no cause for a tear,
A heart ever thankful,
And happy New Year.”

V. NATIONALITY
D E T R I M E N T A L
U N W E A R I E D L Y
H O L Y T H I S P L E
S Y M M E T R I C A L
S U B S T A N T I A L
S L A V E T R A D E R
B A B Y R O U S S A R
D O W N S T R O D D E N
T E R R E S T R I A L
N E G L I G E N T L Y

VI CHARADE.—New Year's Calls.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.—CHARADE.

When across the arch of heaven,
In splendour God sets his bow;
Mingling with its colours seven,
My first is seen to show.

On the quiet Sabbath day,
My next is sounding far and near;
Calling the people from toil away,
God's precious word to hear.

My whole a pretty flower you've seen,
While strolling along your garden
walk;

Midst plant and shrub, and evergreen,
With modest blossoms and tender
stalk.

II.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 46 letters.

My 3, 16, 1, 2, 12, is a heathen god
My 6, 24, 9, 14, 27, 32, 21, was an
apostle.

My 15, 16, 40, 19, 39, is to be satisfied.

My 12, 38, 30, 35, 24, 17, was a leper.
My 16, 14, 27, 4, 5, 15, a king of
whom David was afraid.

My 5, 15, 11, 40, 27, 28, 23, 3, is a
guide.

My 45, 38, 23, 40, 41, 25, 33, 22, 10,
is one who works in timber.

My 7, 24, 35, is an esculent root.

My 21, 20, 18, 44, 17, is an ancient
name for a day in the week.

My 34, 36, 29, 12 is a song of praise.

My 13, 42, 4, 11, 43, means sorrow.

My 8, 31, 4, 23, 46, is a border.

My 16, 44, 37, is moisture.

My whole is a verse in the Old Testa-
ment.

III.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. A period of time. 3. A large lake.
2. A French verb. 4. Part of a vessel.

A WRECK.

DIRTY and wrinkled and old,
No one so tenderly cherish,
Out in the darkness and cold,
Left all uncared-for to perish.

Once in the quiet of home,
Guarded by hearts good and tender,
Now in the wide world alone,
Never a soul to befriend her.

Once a fair innocent child,
Spotless and pure as the morning;
Now marred by sin and defiled,
Abandoned to mock and scorning.

Once by a father's love blessed—
Long since from this life departed;
Once by a mother caressed—
A mother who died broken-hearted.

Mad with the demon of drink,
Hastening downward to ruin;
Revelers gay, do you think
You the same path are pursuing?

See! 'mid your boisterous crowd
Wine-glasses sparkle and glitter
Gay is the revelry loud—
But the end is unspeakably bitter

When sin's glitter beguile,
Turn from the paths of temptation;
Flee from the danger, my child,
Turn to the way of salvation.

Haste to the Good Shepherd's arms;
Flee lest the tempter ensnare thee;
Sheltered from danger and harms,
He on his bosom shall bear thee.

—Jessie E. Jordan.

MACAULAY.—Those who know Macaulay by his writings only would not think of him as "a children's man." And yet he was essentially so. A child any time could entice him from his manuscript, and get him to show the pictures, or go and feed the cows. It is said that for hours at a time he would live in a newspaper den personating a bear; or, transformed into an elephant, would go about on all fours, carrying as many children as could stick upon his back. Often, too, he would wander about the streets of London with some youthful companions, visiting museums and art galleries, ready to answer the many questions with which they plied him, and always sorry when the half holiday was over. For his little friends he wrote many nursery rhymes, and printed them in large capitals himself, so that they might be able to read them, and in many other ways showed his devotion to them. In the heart of every good man there is a place for the children. Perhaps the continued freshness and vigour of Macaulay's writings is accounted for by his constant intercourse with those in the morning of life.

"REMEMBER though box in the plural makes boxes, The plural of ox should be oxen, not ozes. And remember though fleece in the plural is fleeces. That the plural of goose isn't geeses nor geeses. And remember though house in the plural is houses, That plural of mouse should be mice, not mouses. Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice. But the plural of house should be houses, not hices. And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet. But the plural of root should be roots, and not reef.

A WARNING.

A MAN once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer, to have it dyed black. He was so pleased with the result that, after a time, he went back to him with a piece of black cloth, and asked to have it dyed white. But the dyer answered: "A piece of cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but it cannot be made white again."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK.

A. D. 27.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 22.
POWER TO FORGIVE.

Mark 2. 1-17. Commit to memory vers 5-12

GOLDEN TEXT.

I, even I, am he that bloteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Isa. 43, 25.

OUTLINE.

1. An Act of Faith, v. 1-4.
2. An Act of Mercy, v. 5-9.
3. An Act of Power, v. 10-12.
4. An Act of Grace, v. 13-17.

TIME.—A. D. 27, while Jesus was still on his first circuit of Galilee, and immediately following the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Capernaum, in Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 9. 2-13; Luke 5. 17-32.

EXPLANATIONS.—Noised—Became known. Sick of the Palsy—The disease known as paralysis. For the press—The crowd. Uncovered the roof—In the East the houses are generally one story high, and covered with a light roof, easily taken off. Their Faith—Their belief that he could cure the sick man, as shown by their actions. Thy sins be forgiven thee—The words were spoken as much for those who were sitting by as for the man himself. Scribes—Men who wrote and taught the law as contained in the Old Testament. Reasoning—Considering about Jesus, whether he were the Christ. Blasphemies—Words which would bring God into contempt, or which show a contempt for God. Whether is it easier—That is, only one who would have power to forgive sins would have power to heal the sick; so one act would be as easy as the other. The Son of man—A name which Christ used meaning himself. Took up the bed—A roll of matting or a light mattress. The sea-side—On the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Receipt of Custom—A counter or table for receiving money. Follow me—A call to become one of his disciples. At meat—At supper. Publicans—Tax-gatherers. A class of people who were hated because they often wronged the people by taking more money than was right. Sinners—This word (ver. 15) means those who did not try to keep the Jewish laws and customs. The righteous—That is, "those who think themselves righteous." Sinners—In verse 17 it means those who feel that they are sinners.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That Christ Rewards Faith?
2. That Christ Forgives sin?
3. That Christ Expects Obedience.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was brought to Christ in Capernaum? One sick with the palsy. 2. How did they bring him? By opening the roof. 3. What did Christ say to him? "Thy sins be forgiven thee." 4. What followed his forgiveness? He was made well. 5. Whom did Jesus call to be one of his disciples? Levi, or Matthew, a publican. 6. Whom did Jesus say he came to save? Not the righteous, but sinners.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The forgiveness of sins.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

17. Give another great instance of Abraham's obedience?

Another great instance of Abraham's obedience was, that he was ready to offer up his beloved son Isaac at the command of God.

18. Was Isaac a good man? Isaac was a good man: he feared the God of his father Abraham; and he went out to pray and meditate in the fields.

A. D. 27.] LESSON V. [Jan. 29.
THE PHARISEES ANSWERED.

Mark 2. 18-23; 3. 1-5. Commit to memory v. 3. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Exod. 20. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The True Fast, v. 18-22.
2. The True Sabbath, v. 23-28, 1-5.

TIME.—A. D. 27, about a month after the events of the last lesson. Dr. Strong regards verses 18-22 as belonging to an event six months afterward, but most writers place

them in connection with the call of Matthew.

PLACE.—On the way to Galilee, (2. 18-28.) In Capernaum, (3. 1-5.)

CONNECTING LINKS.—Christ's second pass-over, and the miracle at Bethesda. John 5. 1-47.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—With verses 18-22, Matt. 9. 14-17; Luke 5. 33-39. With verses 23-28, Matt. 12. 1-8; Luke 6. 1-5. With verses 1-5, Matt. 12. 9-14; Luke 6. 6-11.

EXPLANATIONS.—Disciples of John—The followers of John the Baptist, who was at that time in prison. Pharisees—See Descriptive Index. To fast—To go without certain kinds of food, and sometimes without any food for a day, as a religious service and in token of sorrow. The children of the bride-chamber—That is, the friends and companions of the one who has just been married, who would, therefore, be in joy and feasting. They cannot fast—Christ meant that while he was with his followers they were too joyful to fast. Taken away—By his death on the cross, and during his absence in body from the Church. Then shall they fast—Christ's people should fast when they are in sorrow for his absence. New cloth. . . . old garment—Christ meant that the Gospel which he preached could not be placed with the old Jewish laws, but that there must be a new dispensation and a new Church. New wine. . . . old bottles—In the East bottles are made of skins of animals, sewed together. New ones would stretch with the new wine, but old ones would burst. So the new truth which Christ preached needed a new Church. Corn fields—Corn in the East generally means wheat. Pluck the ears—This they were allowed to do by Jewish law. Deut. 23. 25. the complaint of the Pharisees was that they did on the Sabbath. What David did—As related in 1 Sam. 21. 1-6. Shewbread—The loaves on the table in the holy place, which he took because it was necessary. Made for man—That is, made not to burden men, but to be a help to them. Lord. . . . of the Sabbath—Christ, as God, had authority to make laws concerning the Sabbath. Synagogue—See Descriptive Index. Accuse him—Of breaking the Sabbath. To do evil. . . . to kill—As they were planning to do to him if they had the power. While he was using the Sabbath to do good, they were doing evil. Anger—Not an evil passion, but a just wrath at wrong-doing.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show us—

1. The joy of those who are with Christ?
2. The new nature of those who are in Christ?
3. The Sabbath as kept by Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When did Jesus say that his disciples would fast? When he should be taken from them. 2. What did he say that his Gospel and the old law were like? Like new cloth in an old garment. 3. What did he speak concerning the Sabbath? The Sabbath was made for man. 4. What did he claim to be? Lord of the Sabbath. 5. What did he show to be right on the Sabbath? Doing good.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The true principle of the Sabbath.

GOING HOME.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

THEY are going—only going,
Jesus called them long ago!
All the wintry time they're passing,
Softly as the falling snow;
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky.
They are carried out to slumber
Softly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going,
When the summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast.
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serene clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadows dim
To the brightness of His presence
Who has called them unto Him

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