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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

No. 44.

THE VICTIMS OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

The Jeannette—a name that will never be forgotten while history records the deeds of brave men—sailed from San Francisco on July 8th, 1879, with a crew of thirty-three men, all told. About the end of September the party had really entered upon the dangers and difficulties of arctic exploration. They were in the midst of great fields of ice, which drifted with the varying winds and currents, so that, although the ship was itself inactive, it was carried over great distances.

In January, however, the ship sprang a leak, and all hands were kept busy at the pumps to keep the water down, and for eighteen months the pumps never ceased working. At last however, the fight could be kept up no longer. On June 13th, the Jeannette sank, and the crew were left encamped upon the ice, and no other hope of return than that which their three boats afforded.

Thus left almost destitute, Commander DeLong had no other course open to him than to retreat.

They were in the midst of a sea, indeed, but it was a sea of solid ice, and for weeks the boats did not touch water, except for a short forage here and there, where a break in the ice left a narrow slip of open sea. The boats were placed upon rudely-built sleds and for fifty-three weary days the resolute men dragged them over the ice.

Some days they would make a mile, on others scarcely more than half that distance. Great hillocks of ice were to be surmounted and cracks to be crossed, nearly every one of these being so wide that the sleds had to be let down into them and then hauled up on the other side.

Nor were these the only hardships the retreating band had to encounter. The cold was intense, as may be imagined. Short rations and their fearful labour had reduced the strength of the men, so that one-quarter of the whole party had to be carried helpless on sleds, while almost all were suffering either from frost-bite or from the effects of the ice upon their eyes.

At last the retreating company reached comparatively open water. The boats were launched, and the party set sail for what they hoped would be a milder climate and a more hospitable shore.

Now, however, the perils by which they had been beset were increased. The cold was still as great as that which they had previously encountered, and it made itself more intensely felt now that the men were confined within the limits of small boats, and deprived of the active exercises which alone had kept the warmth in their bodies. The food supply was running so short that but scanty fare could be allowed, and the danger of drowning was added to that of perishing by cold and hunger.

For a few days all went fairly well, but during a gale that arose in the night, the boats became separated, and in the morning the company on board the whale-boat scanned the dreary waters in vain for the sails of the boats manned by the crews of Commander DeLong and Lieutenant Chipp. Engineer Melville's boat touched land on the delta of the Lena—a river which, flowing northward through Siberia, discharges itself into the arctic seas. Here the boat's crew met with hospitable treatment by the natives of those bleak and barren shores, and were all saved.

Not so, however, the occupants of the two cutters. Lieutenant Chipp's boat has not since been heard of. It was a smaller boat than either of the others; and though commanded by a young officer who enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence and love of his men, it is not probable that he was able to bring his crew to a place of safety, even though he succeeded in making the land.

The sad story of the fate of DeLong and his companions was told several months later, by two seamen, named Noros and Ninderman, both of whom had served on board the St. Mary's school-ship.

On September 13th, Captain DeLong's boat, although its mast had been carried away, got within two miles of the Siberian coast, when it struck ground, and the captain ordered the men to get into the water, so as to lighten the load, and tow the boat ashore. Only half of

saw again until, nearly six months later, Mr. Melville found their dead bodies.

"The Captain," says Noros, "read divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us; and Collins, as if knowing that their doom was sealed, said simply, 'Noros, when you get to New York remember me.' They seemed to have lost hope, but, as we left, they gave us three cheers. That was the last we saw of them."

Wholly without food—for the supply they had saved from the boat was ex-

hausted, and the fresh meat which had been procured was soon consumed—the two brave seamen pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches; and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found some mouldy fish, which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven starving comrades behind.

At length the governor of the province, who lived at a town called Bulun, arrived—but he did not understand their sign language, and so he sent no aid. He cared for the two seamen, however, and sent them to Bulun, and there it was that they fell in with Engineer Melville, whose boat's crew were by this time in safety. Melville at once started out in search of the ill-fated crew, and the re-

sult of his search was told briefly in a despatch, dated March 24th, and received in New York on May 6th: "I have found DeLong and his party—all dead."

Thus ends the first chapter of this melancholy story of arctic peril. The last chapter may never be told, and the fate of Lieutenant Chipp and his crew never revealed.

A STAMPEDE.

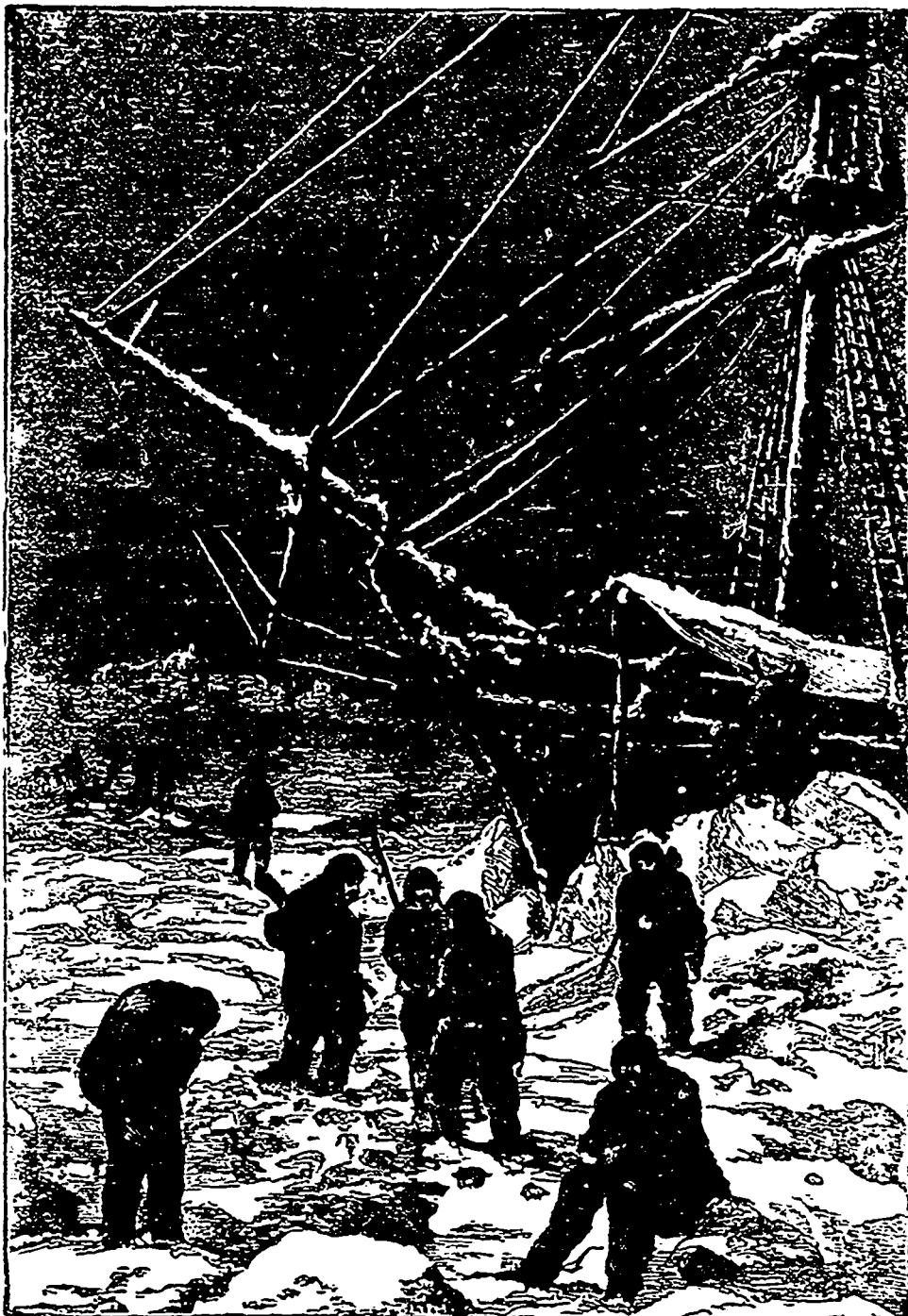
Do you know what a stampede is? Out on the Western plains, where there are great droves of cattle, the cattlemen watch constantly lest the cattle should be frightened, for if they are frightened they begin to run and plunge and jump, and cannot be controlled, that is what a stampede is.

Out in the great prairies, where these cattle range and feed, there are few fences, miles and miles of the prairie land is unfenced. The cattle travel slowly, the cowboys watch them so that they may not scatter and stray away. When night comes, the cattle rest. The cowboys, as the twilight deepens, and the stars come one by one into the sky, ride their horses outside the drove and begin to sing. The cattle stop to listen, first one, then a group, then another group, and at last all the drove stand still. Then the cowboys drop their voices a little, riding more slowly round the drove. Now a steer drops on to the soft turf to sleep, then another, then another. The voices became softer and softer, and at last all the drove are lying down ready for sleep. This is a critical moment. If you have watched your mamma rocking the baby to sleep, you have seen how careful she is that no sound should be made to rouse the baby. She knows that if she is roused it will be much harder to get her asleep again. So the cowboys know that if an unusual sound were made now it would be hours before the cattle could be stilled again. They ride slowly and very carefully, and they sing low, sweet songs, like lullabies, and the great herd are at last asleep. All night the cowboys ride and sing softly.

A stampede on the plains means that some of the cattle will be killed, and that when they are controlled it will be days before they are really quiet again.

The other day there was a horse sale in New York, and somebody touched a horse with a whip and frightened him. He was tied in a string with several other horses, and his plunging and jumping frightened a string of other horses and there was danger for a while.

Animals, most of them, have nerves and can be frightened, and that is why we should treat them carefully.



CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

the distance, however, had been traversed when it was found to be impossible to bring the boat nearer, and so they collected the food, arms, ammunition, and papers, and waded ashore.

Having rested for two days, the party started southward, each man carrying heavy burdens, though all but the most important articles had been abandoned. In the first ten days' march, the travellers made no more than twenty miles, so difficult was the country; but during those days they enjoyed the luxury of a meal of deer's flesh, which, but for the crippled condition of several of the men, would have put new life into the party.

Then Captain DeLong determined to send Ninderman and Noros ahead, for they were in better condition than any others of the party; and when they left on their perilous mission they bade a sad farewell to a gallant, yet almost helpless band of men, whom no one ever

haunted, and the fresh meat which had been procured was soon consumed—the two brave seamen pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches; and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found some mouldy fish, which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven starving comrades behind.

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PRIMITIVE METHODS IN WESTMINSTER COLLEGE HALL.

Not far from the Jerusalem Chamber is the College Hall. This lofty room, of noble proportions, was the refectory of the abbot's house, and now is used as a dining-room for the boys at Westminster School. This is a famous old school, supported by the funds of the Abbey, and directed by the officers connected with that institution. The massive tables which are ranged about the room, and from which the boys still eat, are made of heavy chestnut planks taken out of the Spanish Armada, and two of them still show deep dents made in them by English cannon-balls. It was only under the management of Dean Buckland, who died as lately as 1856, that a stove was put into this hall to heat it. Up to that time the primitive method which had been in vogue for centuries was adhered to, and the smoke from a huge open brazier, which stood in the centre of the room, curled up among the rafters and found its way, if it could, out through an opening in the roof.

The Naughty Little Girl.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PIERCE.

She is homely, she is tricky,
 Anu, I'm greatly grieved to tell,
 Her hands are always sticky
 With a chocolate caramel
 Her dolly's battered features
 Speak of many a frantic hurl,
 She's the terror of her teachers—
 That naughty little girl.

She can whoop like a Comanche,
 You can hear her round the square;
 Further, like an Indian she
 Often creeps and pulls my hair;
 And she steals into my study,
 And she turns my books a-whirl;
 And her boots are always muddy—
 That naughty little girl.

She dotes upon bananas,
 And she smears them on my knees;
 She peppers my Havanas,
 And delights to hear me sneeze;
 Yet—why, I can't discover—
 Spite of every tangled curl,
 She a darling, and I love her—
 That naughty little girl!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

"SADDLE, SLED AND SNOWSHOE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN"—TALES OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT BESET THE N.W. PIONEER.

"Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe, Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties," is a book of which John McDougall is the author, and William Briggs, Toronto, the publisher. It may be said at once that it is a most fascinating book. There is ever an additional fascination about a story in which the men and scenes are old friends. We have grown familiar with them and taken a deeper interest in their deeds in the construction of a story than if we never met or read of them before. It goes without saying that few boys have read "Forest, Lake, and Prairie," who will not welcome the continuation of the adventures of the author in "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe." The latter takes up the story where it was left on the last page of the former, and the first few pages contain a graphic account of a journey from Fort Edmonton with the dog teams.

"Eight trains of the picturesque dog teams, their sleds loaded with passengers, driven and guided by the runners, set out from the fort on the second day of January.

"There being no snow, we had to follow the windings of the river. It was late in the day when we got away, but both men and dogs were fresh, so we made good time and camped for the night some twenty-five miles from the fort. Climbing the first bank, we pulled into a clump of spruce, and soon the waning light of day gave place to the bright glare of our large camp fire. Frozen ground and a few spruce boughs were beneath us, and the twinkling stars overhead."

The evening by the fire, with the stories and pemmican and tea for supper, is pleasantly described. For the night: "The great fire burns down, the stars glitter through the crisp, frosty air, the aurora dances over our heads and flashes in brilliant colours about our

camp, the trees and the ice crack with the intense cold, but we sleep on until between 1 and 2, when we are again astir. Our huge fire once more flings its glare away out through the surrounding trees and into the cold night. A hot cup of tea, a small chunk of pemmican, a short prayer, and, hitching up our dogs, tying up our sled loads and wrapping up our passengers, we are away once more on the ice of this great inland river. The yelp of a dog as the sharp whip touches him is answered from either forest-clad bank by numbers of coyotes and wolves, but, regardless of these, 'Marse' is the word, and on we run, making fast time."

What healthy boy would not enjoy this, and feel a glow of pride in the fast time made, when the result was "120 miles in less than two days"?

Later on, eager to get the letters from home, which he had passed inexorably closed from his eager anxiety to possess them by the official seal of her Majesty's mail, he takes his first trip alone across the prairie with his faithful dogs, and we are introduced to Draffan, the leader of the team, "a fine, big black fellow, whose sleek coat had given him his name, 'sine cloth,' and the three others, 'noble fellows,' that made up the team which did their hundred miles in one day on that important journey.

The book is full of adventures, of travel, of all sorts of interesting experiences with both white men and red men, in the saddle, on the great river, both in the flood-time of spring and when ice-bound in winter, of adventures with his dogs, when he controlled them, and again when they in turn controlled their master's movements. Stories of the Indian chiefs, the grandly courageous old Maslikepetoon, and the author's friend, Kakake, council meetings, Indian rites and ceremonies, and the exciting buffalo hunts—all find a place in the every-day life of the pioneering in that great northern land. The book is more than a story of adventure to delight the boy readers of to-day. It is a faithful picture of a past, never to return, a valuable record of days that are historic now, the testimony of an eye-witness, the report of one who shared in scenes never to be repeated, because the settlement of the country, the civilization of the Indian, and the exterminating of the buffalo, has changed the whole condition and framework of the life upon the great inland river, and a new order of things has taken their place.

"Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe" is very well illustrated, the drawings are good and the scenes represented those which will attract most interest and appeal to the boy who loves stories of travel and adventure and rouse a desire to possess the book.—Globe.

A MONKEY BRIDGE.

There is a funny story in one of C. H. Holder's books on natural history, in which he describes a living bridge across one of the little streams which empty into the river Amazon. He had fallen asleep in his chair on the vessel's deck, but was awakened by a violent blow on his face. Looking up, he saw, in the dim light of early morn, what appeared like a gigantic rope suspended from the trees and moving away into the gloom. He continues:

"As morning was approaching I could soon observe their every motion. Their plan was to have three or four of the strongest and stoutest monkeys at the end, just as you have these firm granite pillars here. These fellows grasped the branches of the palm with feet, tails, and hands, then two others grasped them in the same way, and lowered themselves down, receiving in a similar manner several more, and they in turn others, until finally a rope or swinging column of monkeys hung from the branch.

"Others now attached themselves here and there, until they were perhaps three or even four feet deep, and the column thirty feet long. It then hung against the trunk of the tree, but as it became complete, the last monkey, that was held by the others and had his arms free, began to push against the tree, and so moved the living rope a little. Another push was followed by others, until the column began to swing with a long sweep, and it was during one of these movements that I had been struck.

"But the monkeys apparently knew what they were doing, and seemed to rely entirely on the end one who did all the pushing; and every time they gained a little, the pendulum swinging farther and farther over the water, until finally it went so near a branch on the other side that the leader grasped it, and the bridge was completed.

"That this was eminently satisfactory was evident from the chattering that came all along the line; but there was no undue haste, and as soon as the end

monkey had obtained a good hold, two others from the other side crossed very quickly, and then placed themselves by him to help secure the hold.

"Then the word was evidently given that the bridge was open, for over rushed a chattering, screaming troop—some on all fours, others standing upright, waving their tails, while the mothers carried the little ones—all in a hurry now to get over and relieve the bridge.

"A very ancient-looking monkey was the last to cross, and he picked his way over in such a deliberate manner that I laughed aloud, whereupon ensued a curious scene. The old fellow nearly lost his balance, for the monkeys at the end released their hold, and the entire bridge swung over. The moment it cleared the water, each monkey seemed to release his grasp, dropping here and there, and scampering off among the tree-tops, with loud chatterings and cries of rage and fear. What they would have done if I had alarmed them before, I hardly know, but some probably would have gone overboard."

A NEW BOY AT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Every one knows the absurd character—to Occidentals—of Chinese formal conversation, but every fresh account of a first interview with a Chinaman with whom etiquette must be observed is a new entertainment. A gentleman who was for a long time at the head of a school in China, which was patronized by Chinese, has contributed to an exchange an account of the usual interview which took place between him and the father of a boy brought to the school.

The Chinese gentleman is escorted to the reception-room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks:

"What is your honourable name?"
 "My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a water-pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher:

"What is your honourable name?"
 "My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honourable kingdom?"
 "The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America."

This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means, "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent thirty years."
 "Is the honourable and great man of the household living?" He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."
 "How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."
 Then the Chinaman comes to business. "Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave.

"I have tormented you exceedingly to-day," he says.

"Oh, no, I have dishonoured you!"
 As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

BE YE ALSO READY.

A few months ago, at the request of an aged man, I went to see a little girl who lay at the point of death. Though her suffering was very great, she was perfectly happy, and delighted to look forward to the time when the Lord Jesus would call her to himself.

"Yes, mother," she would say, "I shall soon go to Jesus; but you and father must come too; you have only to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you will meet me in heaven."

Shortly before her death, the little one raised her hand, and counting her thin fingers, said, "One, two, three, four, five—in about five minutes I think I shall be with Jesus."

She lay quite still for a few minutes, and then joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, mother, Jesus has opened the gates of heaven for me, and his angels are beckoning me to come!" And thus, without a sign of fear, the little child entered the presence of the Saviour she loved so well.

Reader, how would it be with you if you had only five minutes to live? Should you, like this little girl, long to be with Jesus, or would you say, "I am not ready to die!" Do not, I beseech you, put off your soul's salvation any longer, but come to the Saviour just as you are, knowing he is waiting to receive you. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3, 16.

A REAL SAVIOUR.

Is Christ a reality to you? Do you look on him as a personal Friend? or is he only one known by report—a stranger so far as you are concerned? Let me tell you an anecdote which will illustrate what I mean. By the bedside of a dying girl in one of our London hospitals sat a gentleman who had come to speak to her of Jesus. After a few moments' conversation, he soon discovered that she had known him longer than he had himself; and instead of helping the sufferer, she taught him lessons never to be forgotten throughout the remainder of his life.

Scarcely knowing what to say, he asked: "Do you not feel very lonely in this ward all by yourself?"

"Oh, no," the girl replied. "It is sweet to have him all by one's self; he's so real to me!" Then came the question: "Isn't he to you?"

"I cannot say he is," answered her visitor; "for I know him not as you do. He is my Saviour, but we are only on 'visiting terms,' and you and he seem to be on 'speaking terms' all the day long."

Just so, many of God's people are half afraid of their Father in heaven, and fail to have that freedom of love in his presence which he longs for. There are degrees of intimacy between the Christian and Christ. Some have gained wondrous glimpses into the depths of his heart, and after a life-long intercourse with Jesus, have learned to know and love his will.

A Life of Liberty.

BY ANNA L. WARRING.

Briers beset my every path,
 Which call for patient care;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 An earnest need for prayer;
 But a lowly heart that leans on thee
 Is happy everywhere.

In service which thy love appoints
 There are no bonds for me;
 My secret heart is taught "the truth"
 That makes thy children "free";
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 8, 1896.

Watchfulness.—Romans 14, 12.
 "Arm me with jealous care."—Hymn 130, verse 3, Epworth League Hymnal.

The Apostle Paul insists upon diligence in the work of personal salvation, from the fact that the season of life will soon be gone, and that therefore we should be up and doing, not like a person who is asleep, but rather like one who is wide-awake, because it is only such a one that can work and toil. Time is passing away, the sands in the glass of time will soon be run out, hence all kinds of wickedness, here called "works of darkness," should be put away.

Hymn 130, verses 3 and 4.

Commit these verses to memory. They are appropriate to the lesson. The author of the hymn, Rev. Charles Wesley, prays for divine care. "Arm me with jealous care." Unless we are constantly on the watch-tower, we will be almost sure to be taken captive by the enemy of souls. The fourth verse is of the same import, "Help me to watch and pray, and on thyself rely!"

We are apt to rely upon ourselves, or upon the arm of some friend, and whenever we do so we lose strength, and bring ourselves into condemnation. We should "cast all our care upon God." He careth for us. Parents are not more careful about their little ones than our heavenly Father is concerning his children.

ENCOURAGING EXAMPLES.

The Bible abounds with the names of those who have put their trust in him, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth. Think of Joseph, Obadiah, Josiah, Daniel, Timothy, and many others, who lived by faith, and in every season of temptation and trial received the aid which was so requisite. Our heavenly Father is the same as he ever was. "He is the Jehovah, and he changeth not."

Come to Jesus.

BY MATTIE J. MILLER.

Are you "weary and heavy laden"—
With the cares of life oppress?
Come to Jesus—hear his promise:
"And I will give you rest."
Are you sick, and poor, forsaken
By those you thought your friend?
Come to him whose tender mercy
Will sustain you to the end.

Are you sorely tried, and tempted?
So our Saviour, too, was tried;
Come to him, for grace sufficient
For your needs he will provide.
Are you wearied of the pleasure,
Which the world alone can give?
Give your heart to him, believing
Jesus died that you might live.

Are you heaping up earth's treasures,
With no treasure laid in heaven?
Turn to Jesus, humbly pleading,
And your sins shall be forgiven.
Are you giving to the needy?
Are you lending to the Lord?
He will pay you double measure—
A crown of glory for reward.

Has your way grown dark and dreary,
Down the road where sorrows meet?
Ask of Jesus, he will brighten
Up the pathway for your feet.
Are you "weary with well-doing?"
His gentle words—have you forgot?
"Be not weary; in due season
You shall reap if you faint not."

Are you training up your children
In the way that they should go?
Bring them early to the fountains
Where the streams of mercy flow;
Have them learn the first commandment,
Impress the promise therein given;
Oh, parents, ask for God's assistance
To train your children up for heaven.

Do you fear to walk alone the "valley
Of the shadow"—we call "death?"
Lean on Jesus; he will lead you
Where there is no pain nor death.
Are you weeping for your loved ones
Who the sleep of death have slept?
We are told our loving "Jesus
At the grave of Lazarus wept."

Are you blind, or lame, or stricken
With the age of three-score years?
Lean on Christ, he'll guide your footsteps
Up beyond this vale of tears.
Christian pilgrim, are you weary
Waiting for your promised rest?
Trust your Saviour, still believing
God does all things for the best.

Have you helped to send the Gospel
To those distant heathen lands?
Send, and tell them of a Saviour,
Thus obey his own commands.
Come to Jesus, all ye people,
Sound his name from pole to pole!
Until earth's remotest nation
Shall be gathered to his fold.

All who seek shall find a Saviour,
His loving words have told us so;
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
Yet I will make them white as snow."
Come, secure your souls' salvation,
Christ, your Saviour, bids you "come,"
Shout his praises, hallelujah!
Glory be to God,—I've come!

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip" of the shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars. The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say. No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular, even about his dress. Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Hallo, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply. "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"O, you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it. I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"O, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "You are too particular."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is particular."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton again took part in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good in such places, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself," and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral to it. You are more frequently observed and heard and overheard than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth.—Golden Days.

THE TRADES OF ANIMALS.

Bees are geometers. Their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. So, also, is the ant-lion. His funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skillful artist of our species with the aid of the best instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician, so, also, is the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other

nautical evolutions. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists; they raise mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

Wasps make paper. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird, Ploceus texor, is a weaver; he weaves a web to make his nest. The primia is a tailor; he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants have regular day labourers. The monkey is a rope dancer.

MIKE.

Away in old Ireland, where great cliffs rise high and straight out of the sea, lived my good friend Mike.

Many a time I met Mike while wandering about on those cliffs, or rowing, when the water was calm enough, down under the grim and awful ledges. He always had a bright smile and a wave of his hand, whether he was hoeing in his poor tired-out potato field, or gathering dillisk, a kind of sea-weed, which formed a good part of the food upon which he and his bed-ridden old mother kept life in their bodies. Yet in all the time that I knew him, and knew that he was my friend, I never knew more of him than that in this poor way he paid the rent of their miserable one-room hut and cared for that poor old mother.

We never exchanged a word, for Mike was deaf and dumb, but you would have known to look at him, without hearing a word about the mother, that Mike was a true lad and an open-hearted friend to every one.

A time came when the potato crop failed and the pig died. Mike sold the chickens, which were all that was left, to pay the rent, and they lived on dillisk alone. I did not know anything about it at the time. I only knew that there was always the same smiling greeting from my mute friend.

The next year the failure of the crop was even worse than before, and Mike had nothing left to sell, and could not live on less than the sea-weed which he gathered himself, and water from the spring.

The poor old mother grew weaker and weaker, and when the time came when the rent was due, and there was nothing to pay it with, the woman had hardly life enough left to realize it all.

The agent made Mike understand that he must either pay or be evicted, but Mike only opened his empty hands and shook his head; then he sat down by his mother's cot and gently smoothed her gray hair, refused to try to understand anything more from the agent.

The owner of the property all along the cliffs wanted possession of the hut, as he proposed making changes there and erecting a summer house for himself on the spot. So he was all the more pleased with an opportunity to evict the tenant who could not pay rent. He came himself with the agent and the officers, the day of the eviction, and brought his little girl.

Most of the neighbours were as badly off as Mike, and the poor old mother was carried upon a table for more than a mile to the nearest hut that could possibly give her shelter.

Mike carried one end of the table—he would have carried it all if he could—and they said that great tears rolled down his cheeks all the way. Then he came back and went out to the very brink of the cliff behind the hut and sat down there all alone. He could not have heard if any one had come to him with words of sympathy. He could not hear the waves beating on the sand below, coming nearer and nearer to the cliff. He could not hear shrill shrieks which rose from a little sheltered cove just down below him, which was always the last point to be covered by the incoming tide, but in his Sunday clothes he sat with his head between his knees, his red, wet eyes looking sadly enough out over the ocean.

Suddenly a boat came around the point, struggling in the waves, and Mike saw the landlord standing in the prow, making frantic gestures. Instantly his eyes ran down the cliff, for he knew that just below him was the cove where one who did not know of it might be caught by the tide, and that to be caught there with such a sea coming in would be certain death. To his horror then he saw the landlord's little daughter with the

waves already reaching her. In an instant his eyes measured the distance to the boat. It could not possibly reach the cove in time, even if it were able to reach there at all without being dashed in pieces against the rocks. Already the boatmen were holding back. They did not mean to venture there. It would have been folly.

Mike started to his feet. Did he remember that it was the landlord who, an hour before, evicted his dying mother; that it was the little daughter he had brought to watch the eviction, and see where he was to build a beautiful house for her? I do not know, but I do know that Mike, poor, dumb Mike, had a real, true heart that was ready with joy or help or sympathy for those who needed it. I do know that in an instant Mike was over the brink of that sheer cliff; and that catching, clinging, clutching on the ragged edges of the rocks, he went down, down, down, till at last he could not reach another rough place, nor did he dare wait an instant to look for one, but throwing his body as far out from the ledge as possible, he let himself fall the last thirty feet. Those in the boat saw it all, and then the waves covered him from their sight for a moment. Then next they saw him again leaping into the waves with the little girl upon his back. They pulled toward him with might and main as he swam to the boat, and soon the landlord's daughter was lifted out of the water saved.

And Mike? I believe that they tried to save him—human beings could not well have helped it after his heroic act—but he had been injured by his fall. He died before they reached the shore. Poor fellow, it was almost providential, almost fortunate, after all, for his old mother died only a few minutes after he had left her, and I am sure that his heart would have broken had he returned to find her gone. It was better for him, I think, that he gave his life in one grand act of kindness to those who had injured him.—Sabbath-school Visitor.

IMPLICIT OBEEDIENCE TO CHRIST.

A young lady rose in a meeting some months since, and in a low, clear voice, betraying profound feeling, said:

"I have taken for my New Year text these words of Scripture, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' I have taken this, not only to apply to testifying in a place like this, as opportunity offers, but also to the performance of little home and household duties every day—a task not always so easy in these days of attractive Christian activities in the outside world. To this text I have added this, 'Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power.' Obeying in his strength the first, and trusting implicitly the second, I enter with a glad heart the unknown path of the New Year."

Happy heart! to have found in early life the way of rest and strength and usefulness.

WHERE CORK COMES FROM.

Since you asked about cork I have been looking up the subject, and have found some very interesting facts. That travelled bird of yours who said it came from a kind of oak tree was right; it is an evergreen oak that botanists call Quercus suber. The tree is only about thirty feet high, and is principally cultivated in Spain, although it grows in other parts of Southern Europe, and also in Africa. When it is fifteen years old the first stripping of bark is made; only the outer layer is taken, the workers being very careful to leave the inner bark uninjured. This first layer is rough and woody, of no use save in tanning, but ten years later another has been formed of finer quality, and the quality continues to improve after each stripping.

The bark is taken in midsummer; two cuts are made around the trunk—one near the ground, the other just under the branches; then, after making three or four long slits down the tree, the layer of cork is loosened by a wedge-shaped instrument and taken off in strips. These are scraped and cleaned on the outside, and then heated and pressed flat.

Until quite recently great difficulty was found in cutting out the corks, as most of the work was done by hand, and the knives were so quickly dulled; but now a machine is in use which saves a great deal of that trouble.

If any of your congregation will look at the rough bark of some of our native oaks, and try to cut in through the tough outer layer of corky wood, sometimes nearly two inches thick, it will be easy enough for them to understand how another tree of the same genus can produce the thickest coating—the cork of commerce.—St. Nicholas.

Obedient.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten;
So they spun their lace webs
In their sly little den.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BURIAL.

Imagine you are living at Thebes about the year 1300 before Christ. While walking through the streets of the city you meet a company of women wailing at the top of their voices and making a great show of grief. They are the relatives of some one who has just died.

Later, the body of the dead person is given in charge of the embalmers. If the dead man was a person of rank or wealth, his embalming will be a very expensive affair, costing as much as twelve hundred dollars.

The embalmer kept the body seventy days, during which time the family mourned denying themselves all luxuries and amusements and performing certain religious ceremonies.

The body having been duly treated with drugs and spices, was carefully wrapped in linen from head to foot. Some of the linen strips measured a thousand yards in length. The body was then enclosed in a wooden case, such as the illustration shows. The face of the

case is intended to represent the face of the deceased. The winged sun represents the protecting deity, Nepte. Below this are the figures of other gods, then hieroglyphic writings, telling of the rank and virtues of the dead.

When the embalmers had completed their work and returned the body to the family, a costly coffin or sarcophagus was made, with what expense they wished, and then, seventy days after the death, the funeral ceremonies took place.

Human beings were not the only creatures embalmed by the Egyptians. Their favourite animals were often thus treated after death, though, of course, a more simple method was used. The Egyptians were especially fond of cats and dogs, giving cats, however, the preference in their affections.

If a cat was attacked with sickness in those days, medicine was forced into its mouth, and it was watched and tended with great solicitude. If, in spite of all they could do, the cat refused to live, great was the mourning, and every inmate of the house was obliged to shave his eyebrows.

Egyptian boys never stoned a dog or cat in those days, never tied kettles to a dog's tail, nor put paper shoes on kitty's feet. They would have been subjected to terrible treatment if they had abused these sacred animals, and a person who chanced to kill one was put to death.

"STONE OF SCONE."

THE ENTERPRISING SCHOOLBOY WHO SLEPT IN THE CORONATION CHAIR.

It is a long walk from the dining-room of the Westminster school to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen, just back of the altar in the Abbey, but there is an interesting connection between the two. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy, oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone," and was made by the order of Edward I., in 1297, and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned.

A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to examine it as closely as I was fortunate enough to do, they would find cut boldly into the solid oak seat, in such sprawling letters as the school-boy's knife makes upon his desk, "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan.

4th, 1801." P. Abbott, it seems, was a Westminster school boy, and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the Abbey all night, alone.

In order to win his wager, he hid in some corner of the old building until the doors were locked for the night, and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that when morning came, the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it, he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carving on the coronation chair the sentence which, even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade, and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life, or was dissipated in mere bravado.—St. Nicholas.

CHRIST ALIVE.

BY W. WYK SMITH.

The first Sunday I ever spent in England was at Walthamstow, a few miles north of London. The good minister in whose house I was to pass the Sabbath was called out of the room on the Saturday evening, to see some one, and left me to amuse myself with books and magazines for half an hour. When he returned he excused himself for leaving me so long, saying I would forgive him when he told me all about it. It seemed a gentleman in the neighbourhood had been in Italy a few years before, and brought back with him an Italian body-servant. This man had duties to attend to on Sunday mornings, but was always present at public worship in the afternoons. "You will have him in your congregation to-morrow afternoon," said my friend, for I was to take his place in the afternoon, while he should go out to preach under one of the few trees now remaining in Epping Forest, to the throngs of Sabbath-keepers who came down from London.

The Italian had been thoughtful, and had finally begun to indulge a hope in Christ Jesus. He had come to the minister on that Saturday night, and in his broken English told him his tale. "In my country," said he, "in my Italy, the priests always show us Jesus dying; Jesus on the cross; Jesus in the grave. You show me Jesus alive; Jesus love me; Jesus think of me; Jesus in heaven. And I love Jesus, and I thought I would come and tell you I love that Jesus who is alive."

It is even so. While our sins are atoned for by his sufferings and death, let us remember that Christ's death is always connected with his resurrection; the pledge of our rising from the grave; the evidence of the Father's acceptance of his substitution. He lives that he may love us, and we need, as the Italian did, a living Christ, to love us and think of us and reign over us.

NO COMFORTS FOR SCHOOLBOYS LONG AGO.

BY AGNES REPLIER.

Only sixty years have passed since the boys of Eton ventured to beg that pipes might be laid in some of the school buildings so that they need not fetch water from the pumps in the freezing winter weather, and the petition was promptly rejected, with the scornful comment that "they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next!" At Winchester, another big English school, all the lads had to wash in an open yard called "Moab," where half-a-dozen tubs were ranged around the wall, and it was the duty of one of the juniors to go from tub to tub on frosty mornings, and thaw the ice. Comfort was deemed a bad thing for boys, lest they should grow up dainty and unmanly. "Cold?" said Dr. Keate, a famous head-master of Eton, to a poor little bit of humanity whom he met shaking and shivering in the hall. "Don't talk to me of being cold! You must learn to bear it, sir! You are not at a girl's school!"—St. Nicholas.

THE THINGS THAT MAR.

"Oftentimes it is the little faults," says Dr. J. R. Miller, "little carelessnesses in conduct, little blemishes in character, the 'no harms' that make even fairly good people almost useless so far as their influence goes. There was a great light-house out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light on the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by, because the light had been obscured by the insects. Here is the lesson: The lamp may be burning brightly in your soul or in mine, but little faults—pride, ugly temper, selfishness, half-heartedness, bad habits of tongue, carelessness about paying debts or keeping promises, a hundred other things—may so cloud our lives as to obscure the image of God in our souls. Perhaps already some soul has been lost because your lamp does not shine out with clear light. We counsel you, young people, to be good, beautiful in character, faithful in all duties, careful not, in the smallest way, to dim the lustre of God's grace within."

Facts, taken all by themselves, are often open to a ludicrous interpretation



THE ANGLER.

THE ANGLER.

This extraordinary-looking fish makes his living by lying at the bottom of the water and angling for his prey. He has something that looks very like an artificial bait dangling just above his mouth, and when some curious but unwary creature proceeds to investigate what it is, he very suddenly finds out, but not quite to his satisfaction. Thus Satan angles for souls with tempting baits of pleasurable sin; but the sinful indulgence brings with it a terrible retribution.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 8.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

1 Kings 8, 54-63. Memory verses, 62, 63.

(Read 1 Kings 8, 1-66.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.—Hab. 2, 20.

Time.—Autumn of B.C. 1004.

Place.—Mount Moriah, in Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 8, 54-63).

Tuesday.—Read how they brought the ark (2 Chron. 5, 1-10). Answer the Questions.

Wednesday.—Read about God keeping his promise (2 Chron. 6, 1-11). Learn the Golden Text, Time, and Place.

Thursday.—Read the Prayer of Dedication (2 Chron. 6, 12-21). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Friday.—Read what we should do in

trouble (2 Chron. 6, 22-31). Learn the Memory Verses.

Saturday.—Read the plea of a penitent (2 Chron. 6, 32-42). Prepare to tell the Story of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read how the glory of the Lord came (2 Chron. 7, 1-11).

QUESTIONS.

I. Thanksgiving, verses 54-56.

54. When were the dedication services held? Where did Solomon stand and kneel? 56. For what did he thank God? Why was peace necessary then? Had God kept his promises?

II. Prayer, verses 57-61.

57. How did God prove that he was with the Jewish fathers? 58. What did Solomon prefer above temporal blessings? How has God marked out the way for us? 59. Which of Solomon's petitions resembles part of the Lord's Prayer? 60. How did Solomon's hope for Gentiles differ from common Jewish belief? 61. In what did he fail himself? Is zeal always lasting?

III. Sacrifice, verses 62, 63.

62. What did this assembly represent? How can so many be easily provided for? What happened to the first sacrifice offered in the temple? 63. What was the peace offering? Why was this dedication service held?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

When we have a promise of God to rest on, there is no risk in going forward. The most trivial events are under divine control. Unless our hearts are right restraints will not keep us. We are not to be good by fits and starts. It is well to take short views and live a moment at a time. God deserves the best we can offer. Christians should manifest their sociability and joy.

Be Careful What You Sow, Boys.

BY C. C. CASE.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys;
The dew will fall, the rain will splash,
The clouds grow dark, the sunshine flash,
And he who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
The weed you plant will grow, boys;
The scattered seed from thoughtless hand
Must gathered be by God's command;
And he who sows wild oats to-day,
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed, boys!
And not the briars and weeds, boys.
The harvest time its joys shall bring,
And when we reap our hearts shall sing;
For he who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

The Epworth League

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1896-97.

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