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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

[No. 24.]

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

A STREET IN TUNIS.

AND an inviting looking street, too, in which to walk, isn't it?

You know the city of Tunis is surrounded by a double wall five miles in circuit and defended by a strong castle, which accounts for the archway and masonry you see in the picture.

But I forgot to tell you where Tunis is, though I imagine that all the readers of this paper have studied geography, and perhaps some of you have even been to this old city; still, in case some one should get hold of this paper, and I hope they may, who knows nothing of Tunis, I will state that it is the capital city of a country of the same name in the north of Africa. It is built near the site of ancient Carthage, that Phœnician city founded nearly nine hundred years before Christ. Tunis is a very old city itself, and contains about 120,000 inhabitants. It has many manufactures, of which woollen cloths and caps, embroidery, leather and the essences of Jasmine, musk and rose, are the principal ones. Hides, cattle, caps, wool, oil, soap, grain, wax, sponges, ivory and gold-dust are also exported.

You will find by reading history that Tunis has been the scene of much bloodshed. It has been conquered and re-conquered. It was captured by Charles the V. in 1535; and you remember that Louis the IX. of France invaded it and died there. Study up its history. It will interest you.

HOW CLOTHES-PINS ARE MADE.

CLOTHES-PINS now come principally from Maine, where the requisite lumber is abundant. A Bangor paper describes the way they are made in one of the large factories, at Vanceboro in that State.

The wood used is mainly white birch and beech. The logs are cut and hauled to the shores of the lake or the streams emptying into it, whence they are floated down to the mill. As fast as required they are hauled into the mill by a windlass and chain worked by steam power, and sawed into lengths of 16 or 22 inches—the former to be made into pins and the latter into boards for the boxes required in packing. The 16-inch lengths are next

sawn into boards of the requisite thickness by a shingle machine, then into strips of the proper size by a gang of twelve circular saws, and finally into 5-inch lengths by a gang of three saws.

The logs have now been cut up into blocks about five inches long and three-fourths of an inch square. Falling, as they leave the saws, on an

subjected to a high temperature generated by steam-pipes, until thoroughly seasoned. There are several of these bins, the largest of which has a capacity of one hundred boxes, or 72,000 pins, and the smaller ones fifty boxes.

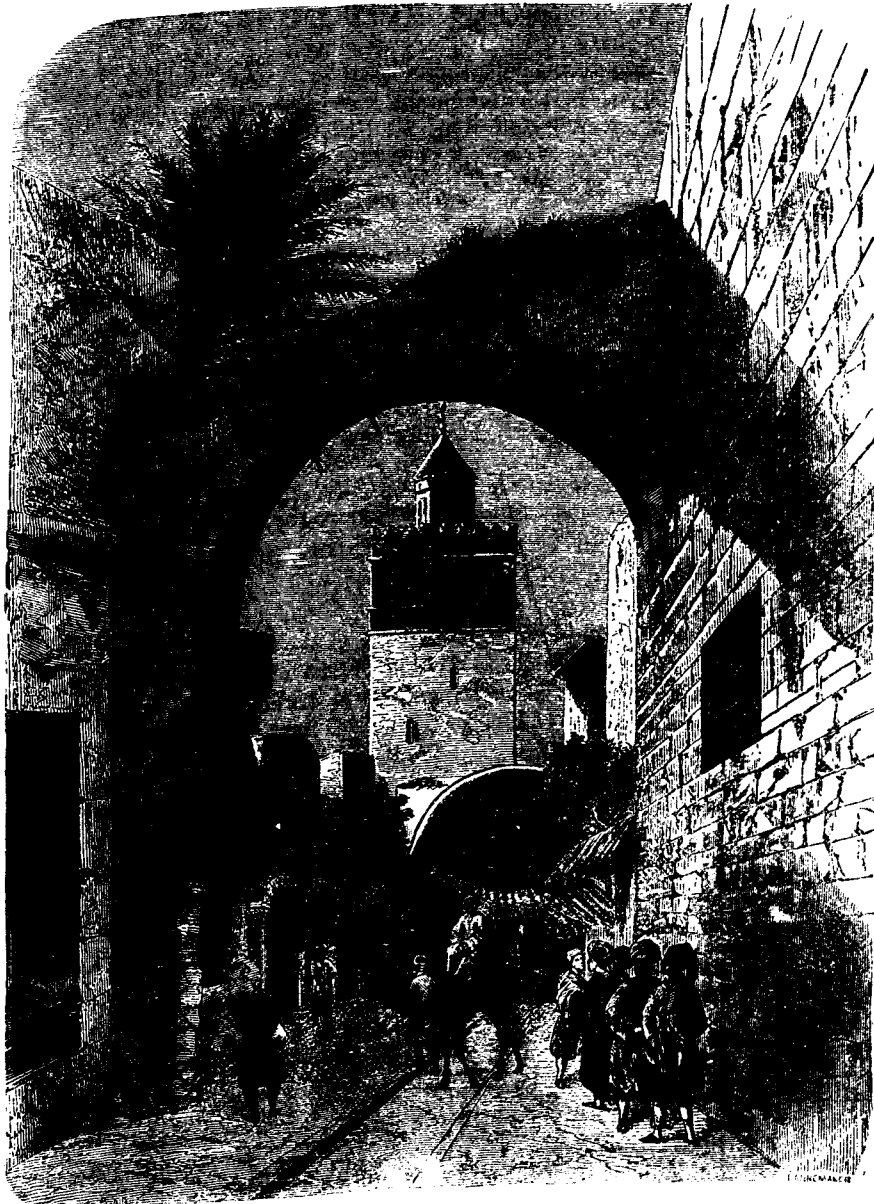
The pins are now ready for polishing and packing. The polishing is accomplished by means of

perforated cylinders or drums, each capable of holding forty bushels, in which the pins are placed and kept revolving until they become as smooth as if polished by hand with the finest sand-paper. A few minutes before this process is completed, a small amount of tallow is thrown in the drums with the pins, after which a few more revolutions give them a beautiful glossy appearance. These polishing drums are suspended directly over the packing counter on the first floor of the mill, and being thus immediately beneath the ceiling of the floor above, are readily filled through scuttles from the drying bins on the second floor, and as easily emptied on the counter below, where the pins are sorted into first and second grades, and packed in boxes of five gross each. The sorting and packing are done by girls. Two hundred and fifty boxes are packed in a day.

The markets for clothes-pins are not confined to any special locality, but are found nearly all over the world. Ten thousand boxes have been shipped to Melbourne, Australia, within four months. Ten firms in London carry a stock of ten thousand boxes each, and two firms in Boston carry a like amount.

In nothing is the wisdom of the founder of Methodism more apparent than in his provision for the training of the youth committed to his care. To his preach-

ers he said: "Take pains with the children, and in visiting from house to house, else you will see little fruit of your labour." The ruler of Egypt who forbade a teacher to read the Koran to adults little understood that, in restricting the instruction to children, he was adding to the teacher's power. On the adults he might make little impression; or if some salutary impressions were made, they might be easily removed; but on the youth his instructions would be like engraving on brass or iron.



A STREET IN TUNIS, NORTH AFRICA.

elevator belt, they are carried into an upper story, and returning to the first floor are deposited in troughs whence they are fed to the turning lathes, of which there are several—each being capable of turning eighty pins a minute. They are then passed to the slotting machines in which a peculiar arrangement of knives inserted in a circular saw gives the slot the proper flange, after which they are automatically carried by elevator-belts to the drying bins on the second floor, where they are

"Only Me!"

... to the sea,

... the air

... people that

... Father

... I have

... I have

... I have

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... the world, he said, I could not...

... I answered, "I will bring you...

... I have brought you...

... I have brought you...

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... I have brought you...

... I have brought you...

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... die but for you, instead of you, I...

... I had been dead and died on...

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GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

... PHIL JACKSON dashed into his mother's kitchen...

... "What do you think is the latest news?" he asked...

... "Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson...

... "I saw it with my eyes!" said Phil...

... "S. it is, I do declare!" replied his mother...

... "For there isn't a harder worked woman...

... "I'm dazed all willing enough..."

... "We've got to do something, that's a fact..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

... "I'll be back in an hour or so later..."

A Spell of Madness.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red in the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Aye, but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy light will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst,
And by its mirth within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed;
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lips,
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

HOME READING, AND CHRISTIAN WORK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—JOHN WESLEY.

THE growing intelligence, and religious and social needs of the young people of our Sunday-schools and congregations, have created the necessity for a vigorous organization for the promotion of their spiritual life and intellectual culture. For this purpose the Epworth League has been formed. Its design is to give guidance and help to the reading of our young people—especially in the study of the Bible, and in the principles and institutions of Methodism; to encourage them to take part in devotional meetings, and to engage in Christian work suitable to their age, and such as shall engage their sympathies and initiate their young hearts in the joy of doing good.

Social enjoyment is not forgotten; and the departments of Temperance and Missions receive much attention.

Under the authority of the General Conference, influential committees have been for some time engaged in adapting to the need of our Church and

country an organization, the details of which will be more fully announced hereafter.

It is a comprehensive organization, which may embrace in some of its departments any or all of the Young People's Societies now existing in our Church, and combine them in a higher unity and harmony. It is so flexible as to be adapted to almost any conditions, and so comprehensive as to embrace the Methodism of the whole Dominion.

We bespeak for it the hearty co-operation of all the ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and

Christian parents of our Church; and, above all, of the young people of our Sunday-schools and congregations.

The purpose of the society is to band our young people together in a league for mutual help and improvement, to build up a noble Christian character, to benefit and bless heart and mind and soul. No time should be lost in organizing local branches of the League before the winter comes on.

Send to the undersigned Secretary for pamphlets giving full information as to methods of operation, suggested course of reading, etc., which will be mailed free.

By order of the General Conference Committee,
W. H. WITHROW, Secretary.

On behalf of the following Committee, appointed by the General Conference:—

Rev. John Potts, D.D., Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Rev. B. L. Austin, B.D., Rev. Alexander Burns, D.D., LL.D., L. C. Peake, Esq., R. Brown, Esq., J. B. Boustead, Esq.; and Rev. A. M. Phillips, M.A., Rev. Prof. Shaw, LL.D., Rev. S. Card, Rev. Dr. Burwash, S.T.D., and Geo. Bishop, Esq., Advisory Members.

And on behalf of the General Conference Sunday-school Board,

W. H. WITHROW, Secretary.

"OUR OWN COUNTRY."

To place before the minds of Canadians a graphic picture of the great heritage which belongs to them, to give a just conception of the resources, and strengthen belief in the future greatness of their country, is a patriotic aim sure of a wide and hearty response.

We have too little of the literature which reminds us of our birthright as Canadians, nor do we know the size and grandeur of the task which that birthright imposes. The continuity of our short national life with the historic memories of England, will never be broken; but these glorious memories ought not to foster a condition of the public mind which tends to weaken self-reliance, and the vigorous striving for a national career.

In other words, a love for the motherland is quite consistent with a still greater love for Canada, and we need a better setting-forth of the facts which confirm a belief and hope in the future greatness of our country.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow, in "Our Own Country," has certainly given a valuable contribution to our patriotic literature. He has given us a luminous



ALTAR OF INCENSE.

statement of facts which cannot fail to foster a just national pride. The foreign opinion of Canada's position and resources, has been for a long time vitiated by dense ignorance of our rich heritage and its future possibilities.

The populations of Europe have looked upon the United States as the natural home of those who desired to escape from the burdens of continental government, and have been ignorant of the fact that a country just as large and free occupies the northern half of the continent. Canada has had just as much to offer to the European emigrant, but she has not taken sufficient advantage of her own power and importance in this respect. Comparatively little effort has hitherto been made to let Europeans know who and what we are, and the result has been an unjust belittlement in the estimation of those who ought to know and are anxious to know.

We venture to say, that the circulation of Dr. Withrow's book abroad would greatly aid in bringing about a better understanding and appreciation of Canada. Though foreign interest is now more awakened than it has been, yet there is much room for a wider diffusion of knowledge in regard to our young and vigorous Canadian nationality.

Dr. Withrow's book gives this knowledge in a manner which attracts and instructs. He begins with a general description of the extent and resources of the Dominion, and then devotes his attention to the several Provinces, pointing out their products, describing their chief cities and towns, and bringing out in bold relief the stirring scenes and memories which mark our history.

Dr. Withrow has travelled the length and breadth of the Dominion, and most of his descriptions are from personal observation. We think his account of the Niagara frontier, and particularly of the old town of Niagara and the historic ground along the river bank as far as Queenston, cannot fail to delight those who read it. It would be difficult, however, to specify points of interest in a volume where there are so many.

The illustrations are numerous and beautiful. There is not an interesting part of the whole country which has not been pictorially illustrated as well as described. Manitoba and the North-West have received a large share of attention.

On the whole, we can commend Dr. Withrow's book as in every way worthy of a wide acceptance by the Canadian public.—*Guardian*.

SPEAK not well of yourself nor ill of others.



ARK OF THE COVENANT.

ARK OF THE COVENANT AND TABLE OF SHEWBREAD.

THE service of the tabernacle and temple of the Jews was an elaborate setting-forth by sign and symbol of the more glorious and spiritual service of the New Covenant. The priest with his incense and his robes and his ephod was the symbol of the great High Priest who by the sacrifice of himself—at once both priest and victim—was to put away forever sacrifice for sins. On this and the previous page are shown the ark and altar and table of shewbread described at length in the 25th chapter of Exodus, to which we refer our readers for a full explanation of their structure and purpose.

PSALMS IN HISTORY.

THE Huguenots, before the battle of Coutras, knelt and chanted the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; because his mercy endureth for ever."

Seeing their attitude of supplication, some courtiers cried: "Behold! the cowards are already begging mercy!"

"No," answered an old officer, who knew their way, "you may expect a stern fight from the men who sing psalms and pray."

The anecdote illustrates the part the Psalms have played in history, especially in the throes that accompanied the Reformation. The forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength," is the basis of the battle-hymn of that great revolution, Luther's "A strong tower is our God." The sixty-eighth, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered," was known among the Huguenots as the "Song of Battles." Savonarola chanted it as he marched to the most precious pyre ever lighted in Florence.

After the victory of Dunbar, Cromwell and his army sung the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people."

No man knows what a great part the Psalms have played in the lives of men. These poems, which reflect every praiseworthy emotion, have associated themselves, like the rain and the sunlight, with all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. The penitential groanings of the sixth

Psalm, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger," have been sobbed out by Catherine de Medici, John Calvin, and Mrs. Carlyle. It might be properly called the "Universal Psalm of the Penitent."

When the eloquent, erratic Edward Irving was dying, he gathered up his strength and chanted, in Hebrew, the twenty-third Psalm, the shepherd's song. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," whispered Scotland's greatest metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton, and then breathed out his spirit.

The parting word of Luther, of Knox, of John Huss, of Jerome of Prague, and of countless martyrs and saints, was the fifth verse of the thirty-first Psalm: "Into thine hand I commit my spirit."

The northernmost grave on the face of the earth is near Cape Beechy, on the brow of a hill covered with snow. In it is buried the body of a member of the Nares expedition. A large stone covers the dead, and on a copper tablet at the head is engraved a part of the seventh verse of the fifty-first Psalm: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Never was "A Prayer of Moses, the Man of God," the ninetieth Psalm, read amidst more solemn circumstances than on the occasion of the burial of one of the victims of the accident upon the Matterhorn in 1865. Three English gentlemen and their Swiss guide lost their lives. The almost formless bodies of three of them were found on the glacier below the mountain, and on one—that of the Rev. Charles Hudson—was found his prayer-book. Taking it reverently in his hands, a clergyman, present with the searching party, read from it the ninetieth Psalm. The mourners stood around the grave in the centre of a snow-field, never before trodden by man. Above was the frowning mountain and the cloudless sky. Bronzed-faced guides and sorrowful friends leaned on their alpenstocks, while the minister read the prayer-book version of the Psalm: "Lord, thou has been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men."—*Companion.*

The Leaves of the Trees.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

THE pretty leaves are all gone from the trees,
Will they ever come again?
Yea, child, they will come with the spring's soft breeze,
All fresh and beautiful then.

Where did they go, the leaves from the trees?
And how will they grow again?
The old ones died, and to take their place
The new will come bright and green.

And why did they die, the leaves of the trees?
And how can the new ones grow?
Ah! little child, your questioning cease,
Why and how we cannot know.

There is One who makes all the leaves of the trees,
And counts them every one;
The hidden growth of each one he sees,
And when its work is done.

The God above, so good, so great,
In wisdom, has made them all:
He knows when the buds for the spring to create,
He knows when to let them fall.

And he who notes each tiny leaf,
Thinks also of you and me;
He watches our life, be it ever so brief,
Though humble and troubled it be.

Then love him, and grow as the leaves of the trees,
In sunlight and dew and rain;
You know not how, but the way he sees,
And you will not live in vain.

Our Own Country: Canada, Scenic and Descriptive.

A large octavo volume of 608 pages and over 350 engravings. By W. H. WITHROW, D. D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.00.

It would not become the writer to further characterize this book. He merely quotes the publisher's announcement: "This is not a history of Canada, but a copiously illustrated account of the scenic attractions, natural resources, and chief industries of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and the Islands in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, Labrador, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and an excursion into Alaska. It describes every city, and almost every town in the Dominion. It gives a full account, with many illustrations, of the fishery industry, the lumbering industry, the agricultural industry, the oil-producing industry, the mining industry, the fur-trading and trapping industry. It brings vividly before the mind the vast extent and almost limitless resources of the country. It is the most copiously and handsomely illustrated volume of the size ever produced in Canada. This volume embodies the results of the author's travels and observations for many years from Cape Breton, N.S., to Vancouver Island. He has also been assisted by experts in several departments. The book abounds in thrilling incidents of pioneer's and hunter's life, old legends and traditions, illustrations of Indian life, camping, snow-shoeing, canoeing, stories of moose and cariboo hunting, noted shipwrecks on the Gulf coast, gold mining in Cariboo, illustrations of Chinese life on the Pacific coast, life and adventure at the Hudson Bay Company's posts, explorations in Alaska and amid the sublime scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks and Coast Range. All the above subjects are fully illustrated with handsome engravings. The cities of Halifax, St. John's, Nfld.; St. John, N.B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Victoria, and many smaller cities and places of picturesque interest, are carefully illustrated."

A MAN must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

Go Ye Into All the World.

Thus Messiah's mandate ran :

Lo ! the harvest whitening stands ;
Love to God and love to man
Call for action at our hands.

Faith and love your hearts should fill ;
And your meek petition be,
In submission to his will,
" Here am I, Lord, send thou me."

Gird the armour and go forth ;
To your work success be given ;
Wide the field,—as wide as earth ;
The harvest, souls ! the garner, heaven !

Where there burns a heathen pyre,
Where men bow to wood and stone,
There,—your lips baptized with fire,—
Cry, the Lord is God alone !

India yet shall own his sway ;
China songs of triumph raise ;
Africa shall find her way
To his courts, for prayer and praise.

Madagascar's leafy isle,
Ruled by him who lives to reign,
Shall grow fruitful 'neath his smile,
And her King's approval gain.

Egypt, too, shall hear his voice,—
For the fount of life still flows ;
And the desert will rejoice,
And shall blossom as the rose.

For faith soon will see the time
When love's banner, wide unfurled,
Floats o'er every land and clime,
Signal of a ransomed world.

THE LIVERPOOL MATCH-SELLER.

A TRUE STORY.

A TIRED, wan little match-seller was sauntering about the St. George's stage of the Liverpool docks one raw, cold November day. Poor little man ! he was but ten years old, motherless, homeless and shoeless. "Father were drowned when I were such a little 'un," he said.

When the boy had answered the questions I put, he looked up wistfully with his dark, bright eyes.

"Won't ye buy some matches, Miss ? I have only sold three boxes to-day, and I is mighty hungry. Two boxes a penny."

I offered to buy the lot, and when our bargain was complete and the matches paid for, I gave him all back again. At first he did not understand ; large tears filled his eyes as, reluctantly, he tendered the money back, saying : "I didn't know yer were funning."

It was delightful to see the lad's joyful expression when I told him I did not want the money. I asked him "why he stayed on the cold stage ; surely the streets were warmer."

"Yes, Miss ; but gents often wants a box while they are a waitin' for the steamers, and sometimes they gives me a penny jest for one box."

My steamer was just going, so hurriedly thrusting a small paper of buns into his hand, I rushed on to the boat, telling the boy I would see him again.

What was my distress on reaching home to find I had lost a small package containing a gold brooch. All at once I remembered that to save multiplicity of parcels I had, when I finished my shopping in Liverpool, put one parcel inside another, and, in mistake, must have put the brooch in the confectioner's parcel. On telling my friends at home of my adventures, my brother laughed, and said : "I expect that young scamp with 'the beautiful eyes' was one of a gang of young thieves. You will never see either your brooch or the young scamp again, unless you see the under side of his heels as

he is scampering round some corner or other out of your sight."

Next morning a happy thought came, viz., to go over to Liverpool about the same time as the day before, and see if I could hear anything of the little match-seller.

I did go, and just as we neared the landing-stage I saw what was an increasingly gathering knot of people round a policeman. On landing, I was hurriedly passing the crowd, for such it was rapidly growing into, when I heard a shout, and saw my little friend of yesterday in the clutch of a policeman. The little lad's look was one of pleased recognition and entreaty. The brooch I had lost was in one hand of the policeman, while with the other he tightly grasped the boy's shoulder, meanwhile telling some interested listeners "how the young scamp was a-sitting away in a corner eating buns, when he heard him say to himself : 'That were a good thing, that were,' as he took a small box out of his pocket in which was this here brooch. I had heard him tell another little chap early this morning that he 'meant to stay on the landing all day, as he wanted to see some lady.' I'd always thought him a quiet enough little lad, but——"

"Stop !" said I, "he is no thief."

"No, lady, that I arn't," said the boy as well as he could ; for what with fright and cold, he was shivering from head to foot. "I was a-waitin' here to give you that thing ; I knowed it wern't for me. It was in a box along with the buns you giv me, and I were jest looking to see if I had it safe, when him"—and here he gave himself a wrench to try to free himself from the vice-like clutch of the policeman—"got me." I explained all ; the policeman at first looked vexed, but his face broke out into a sunny smile.

"I must say, laddie, I hadn't a thought you were a bad wee chap ; for you know, Miss," turning to me, "I ken most o' the lads here, and he had never done naething—as I knowed of. When I saw the laddie wi' the brooch and the money I could nae fathom it ;" and the tall, strong, sinewy Scotchman continued : "I have let this wean lie in yonder corner o' nights"—pointing to a partially covered and enclosed shed—"and it's not mony as I'd do that to. The laddie should hae tell'd me hoo he got the brooch ; at first I thought he had picked it up, may be ; but when he tried to get away I were sure he had just stolen it the day."

The crowd had in the meantime dispersed, and I was left alone with the lad and the policeman.

Poor laddie ! I wanted to reward him, but how ? In all that great city of Liverpool—remember, it was nine years ago—I knew of no place where I could get the boy a home. "Jim," I said, "would you like to have a home to go to at nights ?"

"Like as I had afore mother died, Miss ? Yes ; but tain't o' no use. I did go to mother's attic for a month after she died ; then the missus she turned me out cos I could not pay up reglar."

"Had your mother nothing ? No bed, or chairs, or anything ?"

"Yes ; she had two chairs and a bed and some bits of things, but the missus said she must have them all to pay for the buryin'."

"And you have nothing, my poor boy ?"

"Yes, I have—my mother's book ; only I had no place to put it, but an old woman as comed to see mother when she were ill, she has it, whiles I can have it."

I took the boy with me to a coffee-stall, and while he was enjoying his "warm cup," I wondered what to do.

It was such a cold afternoon, not a dry, brisk cold, but a raw, clinging, damp feeling seemed all round. How could I leave the boy to brave it ?

His clothes were very poor and ragged, and a slight hacking cough that he every now and again gave, was a warning not to leave him exposed to another night's chill. Just at that juncture I saw the policeman again, and told him the difficulty.

"Well, I ken a puir woman who wad care fine for the lad, only she's a clean boddy, and I'm thinking she'll not like—" here he stopped. "Well," said I, "that is soon settled. Are you off duty ?"—"Yes."

"Well, then, you can take the boy to have a bath, and I will pay for him ; and while you are doing that, I will drive to my father's office and meet you again in an hour." He agreed, and soon I was telling my father of all. He entered heartily into my interests, but in this more than usual. He was a strict, stern man, with a high sense of duty ; and the honesty of the boy pleased him. "You go home with your brother," said father ; "I will see the boy and the policeman ; leave all with me." I pleaded to stay, but was not allowed ; so home I went with my brother.

In about two hours father returned. He told me that he had seen the boy, and his old lodgings ; found his statements correct. He had got a cheap, warm suit of clothes at a ready-made store ; had left the boy in the policeman's care, and had found out that the lad was no other than the son of an old servant of ours of whom we had quite lost sight.

"Now, Ada, what of all that for your father ?" he asked. "I confess it was not my intention to have ferreted out quite so much, but I was so struck by the boy's truthful face, and also by his likeness to some one—whom, I could not imagine until I saw the book of which the boy told you, and therein I saw the name of Ellen Smith in your mother's writing, and a foot-note, also in your mother's writing : 'In remembrance of dear little Lucy,—your sister Lucy, who died after a long illness, in which Ellen was her devoted nurse.'"

Strange as this coincidence may seem, it is yet perfectly true. I remember how at the time my father and brother exclaimed : "Truth is stranger than fiction !"

My mother had made many enquiries about her old servant, but could not learn any tidings of her. Ellen had married a wild, handsome young man who drove a bus. At first she was very happy ; but before many years had gone her husband's drinking habits had lost him his situation. The little home was broken up. Ellen ceased to write ; and until my father came across little Jim's one piece of personal property, we had known nothing of her movements.

In a few weeks it was settled that Jim should come and live with our gardener ; that he should go to school in the morning, and in the afternoon help about the house and grounds. On Sundays, Jim came to me for Bible-reading. About the third Sunday, as I was going to read to him (for he was not able to do more than spell out simple words of one syllable), I said : "Now, Jim, what shall I read to you ?"

"O, Miss Ada," he replied, "there do be a tale about a poor boy who got to be a king, and another of a boy who were born in a stall, and then got to grow up and be a very good man who could do lots of stunning things, better than the man who conjures, for this man had one day only seven loaves and two fishes and he made 'em go round to feed five thousand. I guess they was not as 'clammed' as I used to be ; but it does beat me how he did it ; and after he'd done all that, and been kind to lots of folk—doctored 'em and all—he was killed, hung, I s'pose,—and then (mother tell'd me) he seemed dead, so he was buried in a cove ; but he could not have been real dead, for he come to."

again. Mother tell'd me there was a lot more about him in that book. I'd like you to tell me it, please, Miss."

Jim's face wore a most earnest, interested expression as he spoke; and it was very hard to make him really understand a correct account of our blessed Saviour's life and death; but by degrees he came to learn the truth of the Saviour's works; and although he liked all Bible stories, his favourites were those of David and of Jesus.

One day, when telling Jim of Joseph's coat of many colours, he laughed, and said he wondered Joseph's brothers minded not having a coat with a lot of patches in it: he knew he was "fine and glad to have one all of a piece."

Time passed on until Jim was twelve years old. He could now read, spell, write, and work sums very well. Then a Canadian friend of ours, who had been over to Liverpool, took Jim back with him, and Jim began to learn farming in earnest. He is now, though only nineteen, in possession of about twelve pounds, besides twenty acres of land, which he has begun to cultivate, and bids fair to get on. As soon as he is able to, he is going to send out for another poor lad whom my father took in hand when Jim left. My home is now in Canada, and Jim is one of the hands on my husband's estate, though I believe it will not be long before he leaves us to work for himself entirely.

Often when I look at him and see what a good, conscientious young man he has become, and how much good his example does, I think of the afternoon when I first saw him in Liverpool. It certainly was hard work for the boy to settle down to regular habits just at first; but the half school and half work suited him well, and the out-door life out here in Ontario has given vigour, and, in fact, made a man of him. Jim is a strong advocate of the Band of Hope. He is a sincere Christian; and when we think of what he might have become had he not been rescued from his life of trial, we feel thankful and take courage. Already he has taught several boys to read, and his Sunday-afternoon class is a very popular one. Jim not only teaches them reading and Scripture history, but for half-an-hour has a writing-class for four poor lads who come some miles every Sunday. These lads are older than Jim, but had never learnt anything but how to till the land; and I do not think many men would have the patience to continue "urging on" as Jim has.

If only each reader of this paper would try to rescue and help some poor girl or boy from a street life, this account will not have been written in vain. A kind word, a look of sympathy, are sometimes the only helps needed; and surely all can give such.

M. E. A.

HOW MONGOLIANS PRAY.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR, an English missionary who has laboured much in Mongolia, gives the following account of how the people pray:

"Almost nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers.

"They Don't Know the Meaning of their Prayers.—One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in—namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends, not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this belief, the

Mongols rattle away at their prayers, hoping thereby to make merit which will, among other things, cancel their sins.

"*The Hand Praying Wheel.*—But mouth repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters, a praying wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers; the wheel is turned round, and by this simple act, all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated.

"*The Family Praying Wheel.*—In some tents there is a stand on which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank; the inmates take their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it; and the grandchildren keep a sharp look-out, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertence, a wrongly timed pull sends the cylinder turning backward, and, according to the Mongol idea, makes sin in place of merit.

"*The Roasting-jack Praying Wheel.*—In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire, and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting-jack!

"*The Water Praying Wheel.*—In Western Mongolia, a wheel containing prayers is put up in a little stream, and the water made to turn it, and the person desiring to pray can look at it as it prays for him.

"*The Clock-work Praying Wheel.*—Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and re-arranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning he simply took the key, wound up the clock-work, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

"*The Praying Flag.*—He that is too poor to buy a hand-wheel gets a prayer flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton printed over with Thibetan characters—fastens it to a pole and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated.

"The whole thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. The deluded worshippers really believe that this charm-repeating and wheel-turning and flag-fluttering makes merit which cancels sin."

CHRIST CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

A MISSIONARY just arrived in India could not speak to the people, for he had not learned their language. "What am I to do?" he sadly thought. "It will take me months to learn Hindi; and, meanwhile, the poor people are living and dying in heathen darkness."

Then God put a beautiful plan into his head. "I cannot speak to the natives," he said to himself, "but I can write."

So he got down his Bible, and carefully copied out a number of texts, such as "God is love," "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," etc., each on a separate bit of paper, and then went out into the high road, and gave one to each person he met. And he went on giving away the wonderful words of life, though he saw no result.

At last, one day, when he was in a different town, a Hindu came to him to ask him to come and see a dying man, in a village some way off. The missionary went at once, and found the man very ill, but when he saw the missionary a look of joy came over his face. "Tell me more words of

Jesus," he exclaimed, "for I am going to be with him in heaven; and I want to know more about him first."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the missionary, in surprise.

"Yes," said the dying man. "Thank God, I am not afraid to die, for 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

"What missionary taught you this?" asked his visitor.

"No missionary ever taught me," was the reply; "I never saw a missionary till I saw you just now."

"How, then, did you learn our faith?" asked the missionary.

"I learned it thus," answered the dying Christian: "There was an English missionary in a place a long way off; and he used every day to write verses from the Bible, and give them to the passers-by. Some of the people of our village used to pass the missionary's house, and from time to time got these texts—a different one each time—and gave them to me, because I had learned to read, and most of our people could not do so." Here the poor man drew from under his pillow a number of worn and faded pieces of paper with texts written on them. "I read them again and again," he said, "and saw how much better Christ's religion is than ours, and at last I became a Christian."

This was one result of that missionary's work. Do you think after that he ever felt he had laboured in vain?—*Sunrise for India.*

Where Shall I Build?

(Matt. vii. 24-27; 1 Cor. iii. 10-12.)

THE Master has given me wood and stone,
And I am trying, as best I may,
To build me a home that shall be my own,
Where I may dwell forever and aye.
He has given me iron to make it strong,
And tools to work with, a chest well filled.
I hope to begin the work ere long,
But I wonder on what shall I build?

He has given me gold and silver too;
Not much, but enough if I use it aright
To adorn my home when the work is through,
And make the rooms look warm and bright.
Besides there's a jewel or two in my store,
A precious pearl that I call my own;
I shall put that in and perhaps some more,
But, tell me, what shall I build upon?

I have a frame-work that will do
If I build on the sand lying smooth and flat;
But if on the rock it must all be new,
For I made it before I thought of that.
If I build on the rock I shall need some help,
For it's steep and uneven and far away,
But if on the sand my foundation is laid,
The work will grow rapidly day by day.

But the rain may beat on the house on the sands,
And flood may come and sweep it away,
While a house on the rock forever stands,
Even though wind and flood hold sway.
And if my house falls, my treasures are gone,
My gold and silver, my jewels, my all—
Gone past recovery, forever gone—
No, I dare not risk so dreadful a fall.

I must build on the rock, that is, Christ the Lord,
He will help if the task be too great.
I must build on his promise, trust in his word,
Ere the storm comes, and it is too late.

USE now all the grace you have—this is certainly right; but also now expect all the grace you want. This is the secret of heart religion: at the present moment to work and to believe.

THE religious observance of the Sabbath is the best preservative of virtue and religion, and the neglect and profanation of it is the greatest inlet to vice and wickedness.

"Pegging Away."

Oh! well I remember the clustering faces
That in wonderment peered through the
shoemaker's door,
When, to sound of his whistle and tap of
his hammer,
He often regaled us with bits of his lore.
As often he'd say, with a nod that was
knowing,
And a smile that was bright as the sweet
summer day,
"I tell you what, lads, there's nothing
worth having,
But what you must get it by pegging
away."
"You may run the swift race, and be
counted the victor,
And yet you but get there a step at a
time;
And up the steep ladder where Fame keeps
her laurels,
If you want to get one, you must certainly
climb.
The world, it is only a broad piece of leather;
We must shape it ourselves to our last as
we may;
And we only can do it, my lads, as I tell
you,
By pressing, and molding, and pegging
away."
Oh, the years have been long, and the shoe-
maker's vanished
Adown the dark road to the mortal's last
home;
But often I think of the wisdom hid under
His whimsical jest and his fatherly tone.
And often I've proved the truth of his say-
ing,
As misfortune and I together still stray,
That all the best gifts the world has to offer,
It only gives those who keep "pegging
away."

LESSON NOTES.
FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1004] LESSON IX. [Dec. 1
THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.
1 Kings 8. 54-63. Memory verses, 62, 63.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

OUTLINE.

1. Thanksgiving, v. 54-56.
2. Prayer, v. 57-61.
3. Sacrifice, v. 62, 63.

TIME.—1004 B.C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*All this prayer*—This is
the prayer recorded in vers. 23-53 of this
chapter. Vers. 55-61 seem to be a benedic-
tion upon the people at the close of the
prayer. *The king . . . offered sacrifice*—
This was the regular burnt-offering with its
accompaniments. It was consumed by fire
from heaven. 2 Chron. 7. 1. *A sacrifice of
peace offerings*—These afforded the people
opportunity for festive enjoyment. The
vast number of animals strikes us with
wonder: but classical records furnish paral-
lels on a great scale, though not equal to
this.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The duty of giving thanks to God?
2. The duty of praying to God?
3. The duty of making our offerings to
God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For whom was the benediction in our
lesson pronounced? "For the congrega-
tion of Israel." 2. What was its prayer?
"That God should abide with them." 3.
Why did the king make this prayer?
"That the earth might know God." 4.
What was the service in which king and
people were engaged? "The dedication of
the temple." 5. When the prayer of dedi-
cation was done, what happened? "The
glory of God filled the house." 6. How
does our Golden Text commemorate this
fact? "The Lord is in his holy," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Consecration.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

55. Did God create you?
Yes; he made me, both body and soul.
Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is
he that hath made us.—Psalm 100. 3.
Job 10. 11; Numbers 16. 22; Hebrews
12. 9.

B.C. 992] LESSON X. [Dec. 8

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

1 Kings 10. 1-13. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She came from the uttermost parts of the
earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and
behold, a greater than Solomon is here.
Matt. 12. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. The Queen, v. 1-5.
2. Her Wonder, v. 6-9.
3. Her Gifts, v. 10-13.

TIME.—992 B. C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Concerning the name of
the Lord*—Doubtless this means the report
of the extraordinary things God had done
for him had gone abroad. *Hard questions*—
Enigmas or riddles, which were a delight to
the Oriental mind. They were accustomed
to test wisdom by one's ability to answer.
A very great train—Or, as we should now
say, "a caravan." *Gold, precious stones*—
These constituted the native product of that
country. *His ascent by which he went up*—
Solomon's palace was below the platform of
the temple, and he constructed a subterranean
passage 250 feet long and 42 feet wide
to join them. *No more spirit in her*—Per-
haps, her own feeling of pride and wisdom
was all gone. One commentator says "*she
fainted away*." *One hundred and twenty
talents of gold*—A very large sum of money,
not absolutely reckonable, but said by
scholars to be more than three millions of
our money. *Atmog trees*—Wood of some
aromatic tree, highly prized; some say
sandal wood, and others, fragrant fir.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That God keeps his promises?
2. That prosperity is God's gift?
3. That God honors those who honor him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From whence did Jesus say the Queen of
Sheba came? "From the uttermost parts of
the earth." 2. For what did she come? "To
test Solomon's wisdom." 3. What was her
own testimony of him and his kingdom?
"The half has not been told." 4. How
does Jesus say she will appear in the judg-
ment? "In condemnation of her generation."
5. What will be the basis of that condem-
nation? "She came from the uttermost,"
etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Accountability.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

56. Does God care for you?
I know that he cares for me, and watches
over me always by his providence.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life; and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord for ever.—Psalm
23. 6.

The Methodist Magazine
FOR 1890.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Among the illustrated articles will be a
series on the "CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY
ABROAD," giving an account of the things
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sea of over 10,000 miles. Among the topics
treated will be, "The City and Lake of
Geneva"; "Constance, and Martyr Memories
of Jerome and Huss"; "The Rigi and the
Lake of the Four Forest Cantons"; "The St.
Gotthard Pass"; "From the Adriatic to the
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Innsbruck to Constance"; "In the Black
Forest"; "In Rhine Land"; "Heidelberg
and Frankfort," etc.

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highest style of art. It describes, in a very
graphic manner, life and adventure in India
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saw with grace and vividness, and the
numerous engravings enable the reader to
accompany the tourist through the strange
scenes of these strange lands of the Orient.

The Rev. George J. Bond's "VAGABOND
VIGNETTES" of travel in Bible Lands will
be continued. They will give graphic illus-
trations of the Jordan Valley, Cana, Shechem,
Nazareth, Samaria, Nain, Tabor, Tiberias,
the Sea of Galilee, the Lebanon Range,
Damascus, Petra, the Sinaitic Peninsula,
etc., etc. These series of articles will be of
special value to every Minister, Sunday-
school Teacher, and Bible Student.

Among the other illustrated articles will
be, "Napoleon at St. Helena;" "California
and Alaska," by Hugh Johnston, D.D.;
"Norway and its People," by Prof. Cole-
man, Ph. D.; "Choice Bits of Thuringia,"
by E. C. Walton; "Round About England,"
second series, etc., etc.

SERIAL STORIES.

The first of these is "Kathleen Clare,"
an Irish story, of blended humour and
pathos. The other is a story of Yorkshire
Methodism, by that popular writer, Mrs.
Amelia E. Barr, entitled, "Master of his
Fate."

"CHARACTER SKETCHES."

A conspicuous feature of the year will be
series of short stories and character sketches
associated with social reform, as "East End
Stories," by a Riverside Visitor; "Leave
from my Log, Episodes in Christian
Work;" "Jack," a temperance story, by
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Short Stories, by
A. E. Barr, Jackson Wray, Mark Guy
Pearse, Rose Terry Cooke, and others:
"Nor'ard of the Dogger;" "Sam Hobart;"
"Fred Douglass and the Underground Rail-
way;" "A Captain of Industry—Thomas
Brassey," by Professor Goldwin Smith, etc.

Among the other articles and biographical
sketches will be, "The Martyr of the
Desert,"—Life of Professor Palmer; "Mary
Moffatt, a Model Missionary's Wife;" "A
Forgotten Queen," by M. A. Daniels; "A
Nova Scotia Missionary among the Canni-
bals;" "Billy Bray;" "The Glorious Re-
turn of the Waldenses;" "The First
Methodist Society;" "Tennyson and his
Poetry," by Prof. C. H. Little; "The Geo-
graphical Advantages of Great Britain;"
"The Nun of Juarre;" "A Royal Log;"
"An Afternoon Ramble with Dr. Nelles;"
"The Indian in Canada."

SOCIAL PROGRESS.

Among numerous papers on this subject
will be the following: "The Woman's
Christian Union and its Work;" "Woman's
Missionary Societies;" "Modern Deacon-
esses;" "The Sisters of the People," an
account of the new Methodist Sisterhood in
London, by "One of Them"; "The West
London Mission," illustrated; "Woman's
Work for Women in Pagan Lands," by
Joseph Cook; "Miss Frances Willard,"
with portrait; "Applied Christianity," by
Washington Gladden, D.D.; "Octavia Hill
and her Work," by Helen Campbell;
"Prison Reform," by Dr. M. Lavell and the
Hon. Z. R. Brockaway; "Mission Work
among Degraded Populations," by Hon.
Senator Macdonald; "Methodist Missions
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