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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

No. 4.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

GOD wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
GOD WANTS THE BOYS.

Gods wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

—Sunday-School Times.

JAPANESE TEMPLE.

THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN, for five years missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, in Japan, thus describes some of the Temples which he visited:

About half-way down the slope lie the temple and grounds of Chionin, founded in the twelfth century by the Jodo sect of Buddhists. It is an imposing structure, standing in the centre of a large square. Long avenues lead up to the main building from three gates—one on the southern and two on the western borders of the square—and along these are built the houses of the priests, each cultivating his own little garden in front of his dwelling. In the rear of the great temple are suites of splendid rooms, built for the accommodation of the priests and people of rank who come from a distance to worship at this far-famed shrine. The guide who conducted me through the spacious apartments and wide corridors, called my attention to the massive planks of highly-polished timber with which the porches and halls were floored. Underneath some of these, springs were placed, which caused them to yield to the tread, and by some sort of singular device tinkling musical sounds were emitted as the planks rose from the pressure of the foot. This is a conceit which I have not noticed in any other building in Japan. Sometimes worshippers, especially those of the labouring class, who have but little time, do not enter the temple, but stand before it, bow the head, and repeat the prayer formulas, as represented in the engraving. On special days of worship, however, this is not considered proper, and

all enter and prostrate themselves before the idola.

Hard by in a corner of the enclosure hangs the great bell of Chionin, which is fourteen feet in height, nine feet in diameter, and the metal is nine inches thick. The campanile is a heavy wooden structure, so low that I could touch the bell with my umbrella. Like all Japanese temple bells, it has no iron clapper, but is struck on the outside by

figures—around each of these is grouped a company of smaller idola, also gilt, the whole collection being supposed to number 33,333. The largest idol is a sitting statue of Kuanon, which measures eight feet from the knees to the head. The other idola are arranged in tiers on each side of this larger one, and represent gods and goddesses, each with its own particular legend, the whole wrought into a complete narra-

pieces, and must be seen to be appreciated. Taking the temples and their surroundings together, they are worthy of being classed with the chief objects of interest in this ancient capital, if not in the whole of Japan.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

(Society of Sunday-School Reading Union.)

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

GEORGE, the sixth son of Thomas and Elizabeth Whitefield, was born on the 27th December, 1714, and it was in the "Old Bell Inn," which is still standing, that George Whitefield drew his first breath. After his father's death, which happened when George was about two years of age, the business of the inn was continued by his mother, and it was here that his early days were spent.

In speaking of this era of his young life he says, with characteristic simplicity, "I began to assist my mother in various ways, till at length I put on my blue apron and washed mops, cleaned rooms, and, in a word, became a professed and common drafter for near a year and a half."

How strange that he who rose to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame, that he who astonished the world with his great oratorical powers, should have been in early life employed in waiting on customers in a bar-room!

"His descent augured no brilliant future; but if Virgil was the son of a potter, Demosthenes of a smith, Columbus of a cloth weaver, Ben Jonson of a bricklayer, Burns of a poor peasant, and Luther of a miner, it is not incredible that this preacher should have sprung from an inn-keeper."

Beneath the blue apron of the tavern-boy drawing ale for the guests, lay a troubled conscience, and with the strange proclivity that often in boyhood hints at peculiar fitness for some great calling, young Whitefield would imitate clergymen, read prayers, and, as he grew older, compose sermons. Deeper went the sounding-line into his evil heart, higher rose his breathings after a purer life; and often late into the night, when the inn at Gloucester was dark and still, the candle yet burned at the window where sat the tavern-keeper's boy reading the Bible, that blessed book whose truths he was afterward to wield so effectually as a weapon of divine power.

WHITEFIELD AND HIS MOTHER.

Whitefield's mother early told him that she expected more from him than



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

a heavy beam of wood, swung against it like a battering ram. This bell is famed above all others for its pure liquid tones, which, on a calm day, may be heard all over the city, and many miles beyond.

The San-ju-san-gen-do—thirty-three fold temple—built in honour of the thousand-handed Kuanon—goddess of mercy, contains one thousand gilt idola, each in the form of a full grown human

figure, abounding in touching incident, and all to the glory of the goddess of mercy.

These temples are built of the finest timber, and the most skilful workmen were employed in their construction. The shrines and pillars are covered with heavy gilding, seemingly regardless of cost, and have the appearance of massive gold. The carvings and paintings on the walls and ceilings are master-

from the other children. He says, "I tried to make good my mother's expectations, and to follow the example of Him who was born in a manger belonging to an inn."

She encouraged him in his education. She prepared the way for his collegiate course. She inquired, "Will you go to Oxford, George?" He replied, "With all my heart."

She made sacrifices for him, but was amply compensated for all in living to see him universally esteemed and honored far beyond her highest hopes. In the midst of his popularity, when his name was crowned with a garland of imperishable verdure, and crowds were thronging to hear him, he did not forget his aged and worthy mother.

A woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had ordered for her. A week's delay was thus occasioned. The moment he discovered this he wrote, "I should never forgive myself were I, by negligence or any wrong conduct, to give you a moment's needless pain. Alas, how little I have done for you! Christ's care for his mother excites me to wish I could do anything for you. I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God, that I have a house for my honored mother to come to! You are heartily welcome to any thing my house affords as long as you please. If need were, indeed, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself than that you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O, may I sit with you in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

THE DREAM.

When George Whitefield was a school-boy sixteen years of age, he dreamed that he was to see God on Mount Sinai. This made a deep impression upon his mind. He related it to a lady of his acquaintance, who interpreted it thus: "George, this is a call from God." In this light he viewed it, for he says, "I grew more serious after the dream," and in this instance, as is frequently the case, a dream had great influence in shaping the future destiny of the dreamer.

About this time, one night, he, while going on an errand for his mother, had a very strong impression made upon him that he should soon preach the Gospel. When he returned home he innocently informed his mother how singularly his mind had been thus wrought upon, and in connection with it, related his dream. But she had no more confidence in his dream than Jacob had in Joseph's, and no more confidence in his impression than she had in his dream. She gave him a look of reproof, and said to him with a tone of authority, "What does the boy mean? Prudence, hold thy tongue." He afterward said that he was "like Joseph, who had more honesty than policy, or he would never have related his dream."

A NEW LIFE.

During the absence of the Wesleys in America, George Whitefield was the presiding spirit of the "Holy Club" at Oxford. He preceded the Wesleys in obtaining the peace of mind and "assurance of faith" which they had sought together before parting. He says of his conversion, "With what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of glory, was my soul filled,

when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith, broke in upon my desolate soul! Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and as it were overflowed the banks; go where I would I could not avoid the singing of psalms almost aloud; afterward, they became more settled, and, blessed be God, saving a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since."

At his ordination he consecrated himself to an apostolic life.

"I can call upon heaven and earth to witness," he says, writing of it, "that when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his almighty hands." His remaining life was an exemplification of these vows. He had a soul of fire, and henceforth it glowed brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.

It would be impossible to define the eloquence of Whitefield. It was the utterance of the whole man—heart, head, and person. It was more: it was the utterance of a living, exultant piety. An incident shows in what a spirit he lived and labored.

One night it lightened exceedingly: he had been expounding to many people, and some being afraid to go home he thought it his duty to accompany them and improve the occasion to stir them up for the coming of the Son of man.

He preached to them on the highway, while the thunders broke above his head, and the lightning sped along his path. On his return to the parsonage, while the neighbours were rising from their beds, and terrified to see the lightning run upon the ground, he and a poor but pious countryman continued in the field praying, and longing for the time when Christ shall be revealed from heaven in a flame of fire!

"O that my soul," he wrote, "may be in a like flame when He shall actually come to call me!" How could such a man be other than eloquent?—*History of Methodism.*

WHITEFIELD AND THE CHILDREN.

One of Mr. Whitefield's most effective sermons, which was preached in Boston, was occasioned by the remark of a dying boy, who had heard him the day before. The boy had been taken sick immediately after the sermon, and had said, "I want to go to Mr. Whitefield's God," and then expired. This produced a profound impression upon Whitefield, and touched the secret place of his thunder and his tears. He says, "It encouraged me to speak to little ones: but O how were the old people affected when I said, 'Little children, if your parents will not come to Christ, do you come and go to heaven without them!'"

Whitefield was often persecuted, and it is said that children used frequently to sit round him on the pulpit to hand him the notes which were sent up by inquirers of the way of salvation. The poor children were exposed to all the missiles with which he was assailed; but however much they were terrified or hurt, they never shrank, "but on the contrary," says Whitefield, "every time I was struck, they turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me."—*From "The Prince of Pulpit Orators."*

WHITEFIELD AND THE DRUMMER.

In preaching, Whitefield was subject to frequent interruptions, but was always ready, by some witty remark or some striking thought, to silence disturbers.

His life abounds with such striking incidents. The following anecdote is related on the authority of Dr. Franklin. It occurred in or near Philadelphia.

Whitefield was preaching in an open field to an immense multitude in his usual eloquent manner, when a drummer who was present was determined to interrupt the preacher, and he beat his drum in a violent manner in order to drown his voice. Whitefield elevated his voice very high, but the drummer made more noise than he did. The annoyance was terrible, and likely to destroy the effect of the sermon, when Whitefield concluded to put an end to it, and, addressing the drummer, said,

"Friend, you and I serve the two greatest Masters existing, but in different callings. You beat up for volunteers for King George, I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other. The world is wide enough for both, and we may get recruits in abundance."

This ingenious appeal, showing how well he understood human nature, had the desired effect. The drum ceased its sound, and the drummer was so well pleased with Whitefield's address to him that he went away in the best of humour, and left the field-preacher alone in his glory.

THE DEATH OF WHITEFIELD.

Whitefield died while on a visit to America, after a flaming ministry of thirty-four years. His love and zeal never died out. He was an orator, an enthusiast, a Christian man whose soul was all aglow with love to God and man. Dr. Stevens, in the History of Methodism, tells this story of his last night on earth, which shows us the spirit of the man. "While at supper the pavement in front of the house, and even its hall, were crowded with people, impatient to hear a few words from his eloquent lips; but he was exhausted, and, rising from the table, said to one of the clergymen who were with him, 'Brother, you must speak to these dear people: I cannot say a word.'"

Taking a candle he hastened toward his bedroom, but before reaching it he was arrested by the suggestion of his own generous heart that he ought not thus to desert the anxious crowd, hungering for the bread of life from his hands. He paused on the stairs to address them. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. It would seem that some pensive misgiving, some vague presentiment, touched his soul with the saddening apprehension that the moments were too precious to be lost in rest; he lingered on the stairway, while the crowd gazed up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice—never, perhaps, surpassed in its music and pathos—flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket! The next morning he was not, for God had taken him!

—Little Robbie went to a show for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail!"

THE LAZY ANT.

BY C. E. H.

A brown ant it is said,
Took it into its head
That he wanted an easier life;
So he vowed that all work
Henceforth he would shirk,
To the grief of his poor little wife.

His "sisters and consirs,
And ants" by the dozens,
Remonstrated with him, until
In a wild fit of spite
He left them outright,
And clambered up out of the hill.

And day after day
He did no thing but play!
And when he grew tired, he would climb
And rock. Lazy fellow,
In a dandelion yellow,
And thus passed the bright summer time.

He found plenty to eat—
Dainty crumbs, seeds, and meat,
And never a thought did he give,
Nor a fig did he care,
How, by and by, he should fare,
Where, or how, in the cold winter live.

His brothers and sisters:
Worked their small feet to blisters,
Their bodies to mere skin and bone;
Many a crumb and dead fly
For the bleak by-and-by
Had they stored ere the summer was gone.

But when autumn winds blew,
Starved and chilled through and through,
C pitiously then did he cry!
But they said, "Lazy ant!
You must certainly can't
Have a bit of our winter's supply."

Then they closed up their door
Till the winter was over
And left him still pleading, outside;
So this poor little miser
Grew colder and thinner,
Each day, till he shriveled and died.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO CURE EXAGGERATION.

SOME habits are so unconsciously practiced that a movement to mend them is the only way to detect them. The beam in one's own eye is less than the mote in another person's eye.

A family, while at the breakfast table one morning, pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequences."

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it: "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to her compact, said, "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly with, "O I don't think I was so cold after all!"

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our careless statements demanded under this new law.

LITTLE FOOTPRINTS.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON

It was a sultry August day,
There was no wind to stir the corn;
The mowers had not forked the hay;
In long, brown scorch'd swathes it lay;
The heat was deadly since the morn,
And yet, at noon, I could not stay;

For I must measure many a mile
Along a shadeless, dusty road
My feet were blistered all the while,
My head ach'd so I could not smile
As on my burning way I strode,
And nothing could my pain beguile.

I almost curs'd the brassy sky,
I almost curs'd the parched field,
When in the road I saw aigh
A sign that steers in a man's heart to try,
To burst the fount of tears long sealed;
And I grew gentle; this was why:

The tracks of two bare little feet
Ran just alongside of my own,
And I forgot the savage heat,
The cruel sun that on me beat—
These were too small to go alone,
And yet, the message was so sweet!

For if upon a weary way
So brave by such small feet could I go,
How could I have the heart to stay,
And loitering, almost answer 'Nay!'—
How could I dare to murmur so
Upon that sultry August day?

ABOUT OYSTERS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

MASTER Charlie Brown stood beside the window watching a man opening oysters at the rear of his wagon, as it stood beside the sidewalk.

The man was clad in a warm blouse, and occasionally stamped with his feet, to keep them warm; for he was standing in the slush, and there was a sharp wind blowing.

Mr. Brown, Charlie's father, was reading beside the open grate. The room looked very comfortable and cheerful, with its rich carpet, bright wall paper, handsome paintings, and cosy furniture.

"Papa," Charlie suddenly asked, "where do oysters come from?"

Mr. Brown closed his book, and glanced toward his son. He understood the importance of fostering inquiries, and of satisfying them, if within his power.

"Principally from Virginia and the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay," he replied. "The oyster beds of Virginia cover 640,000 acres; 2,000 boats and 5,000 men are employed, averaging 500 bushels to a man during the season. Canning oysters is quite an industry at Norfolk, last year's operations amounting to about 200,000 cans."

Charlie took a seat near his father, quite sure that he was to be entertained. "But why does not the supply run out?" he asked, showing that he had a tolerably fair comprehension of the magnitude of the figures named.

"A very natural question that," rejoined his father. "The powers of multiplication which oysters possess are so wonderful that the banks or beds which they form occupy portions of the sea, extending for miles, in shallow parts. In some places particularly along the alluvial shores of Georgia, walls of living oysters literally counteract the otherwise resistless force of the tide."

Charlie's face widened with interest. "Living oysters!" he replied. "Papa, oysters are not alive?" "Oh, yes," and his father smiled. "They are 'animals.' A baby oyster

is not bigger than the head of a pin at the end of two weeks; at the end of three months it is about the size of a split pea; in a year it will become as large as a half penny, at the end of four years it is fit for market."

Charlie stated, a little dazed. "Do they eat?" he slowly asked.

"How else could they live or thrive?" interrogated Mr. Brown. "They open their shells to subsist on food, but can easily distinguish an enemy, whereupon they immediately close their shells."

A musing look crept on Mr. Brown's face. Then he resumed:

"I once read about a mouse that thrust its nose between the shell of an oyster, attracted by the prospect of a good meal. The oyster at once closed its shell, and did not open it until the mouse was dead."

"And you believe that story?" asked Charlie, an incredulous look on his face.

"Most assuredly. I have had them fasten themselves upon my finger. The sea-crab is more cunning than the mouse. He thrusts a stone between the shells with his claw. The shells are thereby kept open, and he devours the occupant at leisure."

Charlie laughed heartily. "How much can be learned by observation!" he said.

"Very much. Nearly all of our knowledge is derived from observation and experience."

"And experiments," added Charlie. "Which are generally suggested by the other two."

"How ugly an oyster is!" commented Charlie.

"There are some oysters, the shells of which are very handsome," remarked his father. "The Coxscomb oyster is almost triangular, and has strong folds on the border of the shell which fit into each other. It is very rare, and is found only in the East Indies. Neptune's Box is one of the most handsome. It is cinnamon-colored, dotted with white and blue, and with ribs which radiate toward the margin like the sticks of a fan. It propels itself with much ease in the water, and is found in the West Indies. The Pecten Sicoba, or St. James' Cap, resembles Neptune's Box somewhat, but is larger. In the early times, it was worn as an ornament by pilgrims to the shrine of St. James di Compostella, whence its name."

"Where is the pearl oyster found?" asked Charlie, with increasing interest.

"In the Persian Gulf, in the seas surrounding Ceylon and Japan, and on the coast of Morocco. The yearly revenue of the Pearl fisheries of Ceylon is \$100,000."

"How does the pearl get into the oyster?"

It is supposed to be formed by a grain of sand, which having accidentally found an entrance into the shell, has become changed into a pearl by the same operation of the secreted fluid which acts upon the shell, rendering it nacreous and beautiful. This opinion seems to be sustained by the fact that pearls are not found in every oyster. In twenty oysters brought up from the depths of the sea by the diver, very often not a single pearl is obtained; on other occasions twenty pearls may be found in a single oyster."

Charlie stared at the carpet, still anxious to push his inquiries.

"Has the oyster been an article of food for many years?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. In old times the Roman

epicureans imported their oysters from the British coast; but the British epicures of the present day are looking to us for their favorite delicacy. We regard a green-colored oyster with suspicion, while in Paris it will sell for three as much as a white one. They have 'greening ponds' there, in which oysters are made to assume a green color. I have seen oysters grow upon trees."

That statement seemed so marvellous to Master Charlie that he sat bolt upright.

"Oh, papa!" he exclaimed, in a decided tone of unbelief, "you are joking fun at me."

"No, my son," and Mr. Brown could not restrain a smile.

"Where, papa?"

"In the mangrove woods of Cuba. The mangrove is one of the very few trees that thrive in salt water. I have seen miles of trees, the lower stems and branches of which were literally covered with oysters."

"Were they good to eat?"

"Certainly. You simply place the branches over the fire, and when the oysters open, you have only to pick them from the shell with a fork or pointed stick."

"How do the oysters get there?" asked Charlie.

"These peculiar shell-fish are indigenous in the lagoons and the swamps of the coast, and as far as the tide will rise or the spray fly, they will cling to the lower parts of the mangrove, sometimes four or five deep."

"Like barnacles to the bottom of a ship," suggested Charlie.

"And barnacles are oysters," added his father.

That was too much for Charlie. Such a comical look came to his face that his father laughed.

"The ship-worm, or *teredo navalis*, is a genus of deep-sea mollusks. It is classified by Martin, like the oyster, among the mollusca, and he says that they are eatable. It has no proper shell, but it lines its excavation with calcareous matter as hard as a shell. The Acorn Shell (the popular name for the *Balanus*), is the barnacle proper, perhaps. Its shell is composed of many pieces, and thus, capable of enlarging to the wants of the animal enclosed. They affix themselves to marine bodies, and their peduncles are sometimes a foot long. Their growth is exceedingly rapid. A ship going out with a perfectly clean bottom will often return, after a short voyage, covered with them."

Mr. Brown resumed his book, and Charlie understood that the conversation was at an end.

KO-SAN-LONE, a converted Chinese, when in America on a visit, was deeply impressed with the little difference he saw between the style of living of many professing Christians and the people of the world. Adverting to the matter on one occasion, he said, making at the same time a large sweep with his arm, "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, they come clear out."

—A nephew of Mr. Baggs, in explaining the mysteries of a tea-kettle, describes the benefits of the application of steam to useful purposes. "For all of which," remarked Mr. Baggs, "we have principally to thank what was his name?" "Wait was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy.

LED BY THE SAME HAND.

DIVINE mercy follows human souls and shapes their history. Sometimes it seems as if it separated friends who are no benefit to each other, for their own good, to bring them together again purified.

A soldier in the Confederate army, J. H. Reed, by name, was taken prisoner in 1862, and lodged in the barracks on Johnson's Island. As he was of a social nature, he was soon on intimate terms with the other prisoners, but there was one among them for whom he conceived a particular liking. The two became fast friends.

Their identity of political sentiments, and the similarity of their tastes, habits, and views of life, made them congenial companions. When the order for their release finally came, though freedom was welcome indeed, they were sorry to separate.

After celebrating their liberty as soldiers too often do, they went their different ways. The world was wide. They lost sight of each other. Though friends still in heart and memory, they were enemies to themselves. But divine love had not lost sight of them.

For ten years Reed neither saw his old prison companion, nor heard from him. By the end of that time his appetite for strong drink had obtained such control over him that he was sent to the Washington Home for Inebriates in Chicago.

One of the first persons he met there was his old friend of Johnson's Island. Both men were under treatment for *delirium tremens*. They had survived to renew under pitiful circumstances their intimacy again. Again they separated, to pass years without mutual note or sign.

Neither of them kept his promise of reformation, for neither had pledged himself by a higher strength than his own.

Reed pursued a downward course, till one day in Chicago, happening in at one of Mr. Moody's meetings, he heard the message of Christ, and was led to live Him in whose love alone he could find help and resolution to overcome his insatiable appetite.

He then obtained employment as a travelling salesman. Called occasionally, by his business, to Boston, he always sought the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city, and attended their meetings.

At one of these meetings he saw a familiar face, and at the close greeted with joy his old friend.

"Are you a Christian?" was the first question.

"Yes; a Christian six months old."

"And I, two years ago, accepted Christ as my Master," and the two men embraced each other. Mr. Reed told to the surprised bystanders the story of himself and his friend—now book-keeper in a St. Louis wholesale house.

"When we first saw each other," said he, "we were in prison together; then, after ten years apart, we were in *delirium tremens* together; and after nine years' separation again, now we are bound together by a new tie, that I trust no temptations of earth can sunder, and that will find its blessed fruition where temptation and sin shall have passed away forever."

MY SERVICE.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

I CANNOT do great things for him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O, Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to thee,
And always, every day,
There are some loving little words
Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for thee
I may do every where.

And so I ask thee give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee
And ever do thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

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We hope that our young friends all over the land are following the Required Reading with great delight. You cannot tell and nobody can tell you what it will be worth all your life long to have formed a habit of reading while young. But the value of this habit will depend almost entirely upon what kind of reading you allow yourself. The S. S. R. U. course gives you good, safe, and interesting reading. Two more volumes of the Lyceum Library, Youths' Series, is now ready. See advertisement in last column.—Ed.

"CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS IN THE LORD, FOR THIS IS RIGHT."

A GREAT English poet has said, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" And in Holy Scripture special blessings are promised to those that honour their father and mother—length of days and happiness; and special curses are denounced against those who disobey and dishonour them. Never was there a time in the history of the world when parents took such pains, incurred such cost, and practised such self-denial for the benefit of their children, as at the present day. The great school system of our country, from the primary schools to the universities, with their army of teachers, their splendid buildings and heavy school taxes, are proof of this. The great Sunday-school interest, with its conventions, literature, and appliances, are another proof of our statement.

But the great reason why children should obey and love their parents is, that it is right. The debt of love they owe they never can repay. The unwearying watching from infancy to youth; the days of toil and nights of care, in sickness and in health; the wealth of affection lavished upon children, demand their filial love in return.

Yet boys and girls are often forgetful of these claims. They are often thoughtless, and sometimes selfish, and prefer their own way to their parents' counsel. Try for a moment, dear boys and girls, to realize the debt you owe, the grief you cause when disobedient, the joy you give when you obey; and we are sure you will guard against waywardness, fretfulness, disobedience, and ingratitude. No love, save that of your Heavenly Father, will ever be like that of your earthly parents. Remember, therefore, the command given by God, amid the thunderings of Sinai, "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

THE JUVENILE SIDE OF CHAUTAUQUA.

BY REV. DR. J. H. VINCENT.

II.



FROM the peal of the "Chautauqua bells" at six o'clock in the morning, until they ring out their sweet "good-night" at half-past ten, Chautauqua children and Chautauqua old people may enjoy restful recreation and inspiring instruction.

I have not yet told my young readers the best features of Chautauqua. In St. Paul's Grove, on the hill, is the "Hall of Philosophy," a building with great snow-white columns, reminding one of the marble Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens. This "Hall in the Grove" is the centre of the great "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," embracing thousands of members—students, full-grown men and women, who never see Chautauqua itself, but who, having joined the Circle, regard the "Hall of Philosophy" as a shrine toward which their thoughts turn longingly every day. The Circle numbers more than twenty thousand members, in all parts of the world, representing all the churches and nearly all the nationalities. It provides a four years' course of reading; annual



P. H. 30/8 CONSTANTINOPLE BUTCHER.

reports; memoranda (something like "examination papers" in your day school); cards of membership; "memorial days" to be observed; mottoes to be remembered; and a variety of ingenious and pleasant devices for making grown-up people "young" and sending them to school again. Some of the members are over seventy five years old; many over fifty, and very few under twenty. During the annual meetings at Chautauqua in August, hundreds of the C. L. S. C. members meet in the "Hall of Philosophy" for "Round Table" conferences, discussions, outline lessons, songs, and lectures. On one night they gather about a huge camp-fire for speeches, songs, and a good time.

The question has for several years been asked, Why should not the Chautauqua young folks, and the young folks elsewhere and everywhere, have a "Circle," or "Reading Union," organized for their benefit, with Chautauqua as a centre? Already there is a "Chautauqua Chapter" of the "Look Up Legion." For several years there has been a "Chautauqua Children's Class" for Bible study, with its annual competitive examinations, certificates, badges, and prizes. Why may we not form a Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union for children, and young people who though no longer children are not quite old or advanced enough to join the C. L. S. C.?

The C. Y. F. R. U.—why not? Would not the C. L. S. C. rejoice to recognize and help the C. Y. F. R. U.?

GET IN SOMEWHERE.

A LADY who prided herself on being something of a sceptic was one day met in a very unexpected way by her little grandson. "Grandma," said he, "do you belong to the Presbyterian Church?" "No," said grandma. "To the Baptists?" said the child. "No," she answered again. The little fellow was thoughtful a moment, and then said, "Well, grandma, don't you think it is about time you were getting in somewhere?" The question was practical and wise.

The way of the transgressor is hard.

CONSTANTINOPLE BUTCHER.

THE above picture shows the queer way in which the butchers of Constantinople carry on their business. Many of the streets are so narrow that there is no room for carts; so most of the traffic is by means of donkeys. You see this fellow takes his whole establishment with him. His shop and stock-in-trade are borne by his donkey, and he carries his scales in his hands and shouts his wares as he goes along. No picture of street life in Constantinople would be complete without one or more of its hungry curs. So here we have some of them prowling round in hope of getting some scraps of meat, and another is sleeping in the shade oblivious of even this boon.

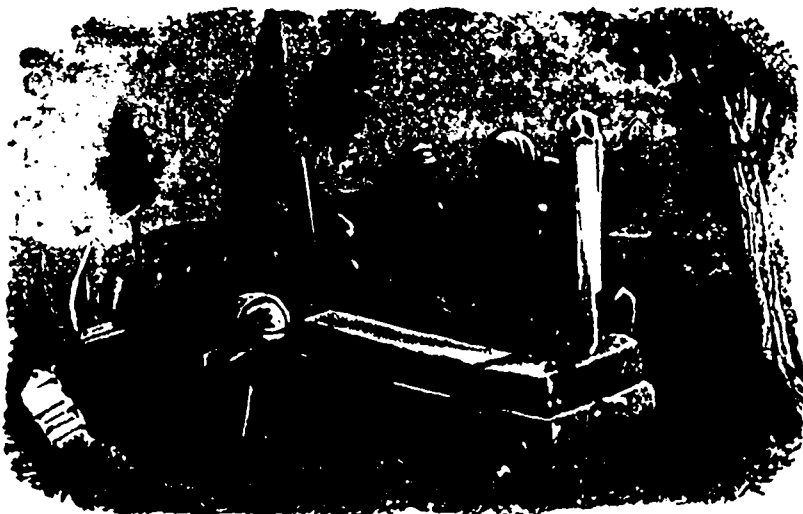
NEVER MIND WHAT "THEY" SAY.

DON'T worry nor fret
About what people think,
Of your ways or your means—
Of your food or your drink.
If you know you are doing
Your best every day,
With right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say.

Lay out in the morning
Your plans for each hour.
And never forget
That old time is a power.
This also remember
'Mong truths old and new—
The world is too busy
To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes
That make up the hours,
And pluck in your pilgrimage
Honor's bright flowers.
Should grumblers assure you
Your course will not pay,
With conscience at rest,
Never mind what "they" say.

Then let us, forgetting
The insensate throng,
That jostles us daily
While marching along,
Press onward and upward,
And make no delay—
And though people talk,
Never mind what "they" say.



MOURNING IN THE EAST.

MOURNING.

HERE we have a scene in a Turkish burial-ground. To all appearances, a body has recently been deposited in one of the graves, around which the friends of the deceased have come to weep and mourn. As you behold

their expressions of grief, your sympathy is aroused, for it would seem that such agonizing expressions must be caused by the deepest sorrow. But in this we may be mistaken; for we learn that it is the custom in that country for the women of a bereaved house to visit the grave every morning for many weeks after the funeral, and weep over it, whether their sorrow be real or not; and that, when they are not disposed to go themselves, they hire professional mourning women to go and weep for them. Thus showing that it is not always genuine sorrow that causes them to weep, but that often it is for fear they will not be respected by their friends unless they keep up the appearance of great sorrow.

Although the custom of hiring mourners may seem strange, yet it is very ancient. Jeremiah says: "Call for the mourning women, that they may come, . . . and take up a wailing for us;" showing that they were common in his day. Such mourners were often hired to attend the funeral to assist the relatives of the deceased in expressing their sorrow, and by their doleful tones and wailing to extort grief from those present.

Even the children in the streets through which the procession passed, often suspended their sports, and joined with equal sincerity in their lamentations. Hence our Saviour's illustration: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

A recent writer, speaking of these mourning women, said: "It is not necessary that they should know the family at all; money is all that is needed to start their tears, and tune their voices to the most doleful lamentations."

Another common way in which the ancients expressed their grief was by rending their clothes. "In performing this ceremony," says a Jewish writer, they take a knife, and holding the blade downward, give the upper garment a cut in the right side, and then

rend it a hand's breadth." For a father or mother the rent is made on the left side, and in all the garments.

It was also customary in Scripture times to put earth upon the head as a sign of sorrow. The Benjamite who brought Eli the news of the death of his sons, came with "earth upon his head." When the Israelites were defeated at Ai, Joshua and the elders "put dust upon their heads." And when Job's three friends mourned with him, they "sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven."

In the British Museum there is a tombstone on which is a representation of a funeral procession, the mourners in which show their grief by throwing dust upon their heads. The Egyptians had an ancient tradition that their god Noum taught their fathers that they were but clay or dust. And the practice of putting dust on their heads is supposed to be symbolical of their origin from dust, and to show their humility in view of that fact.

Many other signs of sorrow were employed by the ancients—such as fasting, shaving the head, plucking the hair, putting on sackcloth, smiting the breast, and cutting and lacerating the flesh, the latter being still practised by the Arabs, Persians, and Abyssinians, also by the New Zealanders.

So it is; in all countries and in all ages, people have been called to mourn. It matters not how this is done, whether the grief is borne in silence and seclusion, or with loud acclamations and in public places; the loved ones are gone from us to return no more till the resurrection morn.

Dear readers, none of us know how soon we may be called to mourn for dear friends, or they to mourn for us. We are in the land of the dying. Change is written upon everything. Even the budding trees and the springing grass remind us of the time when they must wither and die as did those of the previous year. To day only, is ours. Who of us will so improve it that we may be among the redeemed of the Lord, when they shall come unto Zion with songs and everlasting joy, and when sorrow and mourning shall flee away.—*The Youth's Instructor.*

KIND WORDS.

KIND words and kind deeds are more precious than diamonds; yet diamonds are more costly than all the precious stones, and deck the crowns of kings and queens. Diamonds only please the eye; but kind words and acts charm the hearts of those who utter them, and of those also who hear and see them.

RICHARD BAXTER BEFORE LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE JEFFREYS.

AT one stage the Lord Chief-Justice exclaimed: "This is an old rogue who hath poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrines. He encouraged all the women and maids to bring their bodkins and thimbles to carry on war against the King of ever-blessed memory. An old schismatical knave! A hypocritical villain!" By-and-by he called Mr. Baxter "an old blockhead, an unthankful villain, a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog." "Hang him!" he said, "this fellow hath cast more reproaches on the constitution and discipline of our Church than will be wiped off for a hundred years. But I'll handle him for it; for he deserves to be whipped through the city." Shortly afterwards, when Baxter began to say a few words on his own behalf, Jeffreys stopped him, crying out: "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court! Richard, thou art an old fellow and an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say, treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy." It is needless to say, in such a court as this, Baxter was at once found guilty. He was fined five hundred marks, which it was known he could not pay; condemned to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound over to good behaviour for seven years. And the issue of the matter was that the author of "The Saints Rest," a poor, old, diseased, childless widower, lay for two years in Southwark jail.

And yet, of this same man—wonderful in his endowments and labours—the *Sunday Morning* justly says:—

"The secret of this power is the intense earnestness of the man. He poured his very soul into his books. They seem written with his heart's blood. He walked continually on the verge of the spirit world. The shadows of death fell ever broad and black across his path. All his acts were projected against the background of eternity. The awful presence of the King of Terrors stood ever with lifted spear before him. Chronic and painful disease grappled over at the springs of life. A premature old age—*premature senectus*, as he himself called it—accompanied him through life from his very youth. 'As wave follows wave in the tempestuous sea,' he writes, 'so one pain of danger follows another in this sinful, miserable flesh; I die daily and yet remain alive.' His spirit gleamed more brightly for the extreme fragility of the earthen vessel in which it was enshrined, like a lamp shining through an alabaster vase. He walked a stranger on earth, as a citizen of heaven. The evanescent shows and semblances of time were as nothing. The fadeless verities of eternity were all in all. Like a dying man dis severed from the ephemeral interests of life, he wrote and spoke as from the borders of the grave. Every day must be redeemed as though it were the last, 'I live only for work,' he says."

A clergyman, meeting an inebriated neighbour, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded, "So am I, parson!"

SPARROWS

BY MRS. H. D. T. WHITNEY

LITTLE birds sit on the telegraph wires, And chatter, and flutter, and fold their wings.

Maybe they think that for them and their siree,
Stretched always on purpose, those wonderful strings,
And perhaps the thought that the world in spiree,
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender haws,
And the news of the world runs under their feet;
How value rises and now declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolishly sweet.

Little things lig it on the lines of our lives—
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day,
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say,
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers of men
Only sparrow-at that light on God's telegraph strings—
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay; he planned for the birds with the larger things.

HOW LITTLE GRACIE CLOSED A SALOON.

GRACIE was a very little girl, only six years old, but beautiful and loving. She was a modest, thoughtful child, and when her father, who loved her very much, wanted her to come into his saloon, that he might introduce her to the men lounging there, and hear them praise her beauty, she would say, "No, papa, no, no; make the naughty men go away, then I'll come in."

There was a children's temperance society in town, in charge of the Women's Temperance Union, and little Gracie, and her brother still younger, were invited to attend. The father gladly consented, for he liked much to see Gracie dressed up, and have people notice her.

Everything was new and strange to Gracie. She had never seen any one pray before; and when the leader talked about the great God, and asked them all to bow their heads while he prayed, Gracie bowed, awed into the most solemn reverence.

After the meeting she asked the teacher what it meant, and if she would teach her and her little brother how to pray. The teacher took the little hands in her own, and told the two little children about Jesus, and how he loved little children and wanted them to be good, and would help them if they asked him.

Months passed; Gracie had learned to pray, and often talked to her father about the Christ-child, and wanted him to pray; but he only laughed, and called her his little saint.

One day Gracie was taken very ill; the doctor was sent for, and when he saw her, he said she was very sick.

"Will I die, doctor?"
"I hope not."
"You needn't be afraid to tell me, 'cause I'm ready; I asked Jesus to take me if he wanted me."
The father, who stood at the foot of the bed, sobbed out, "Oh, Gracie!

you don't want to leave your papa, do you?"

"Yes, I do, if Jesus wants me to come, 'cause he has the best right to me."

The customers came and went, but the saloon-keeper heeded them not; for his dear Gracie was on her little bed, panting her life away. What cared he for money now the light of his life was going out? One day, on his coming up out of his saloon, Gracie opened her eyes, and turning upon him an imploring look, said: "Oh, papa! is the saloon open? and are the men there drinking?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do close it, papa. I know I would feel better if you will."

"I'll do it, darling—anything to make you feel better." The saloon-keeper's heart was almost breaking. The bar-keeper was ordered to clear the saloon and close the doors.

"Darling, the saloon is closed," he said, bending over her a few minutes later.

"Thank you, papa. It makes me happy and better, already;" and a glad smile came into her suffering face. Every few hours Gracie would ask, "Is the saloon closed now?"

"Yes, darling."

"Are the shutters up?"

"Yes, dear, they are up."

The leader of the children's temperance meeting had been sent for at Gracie's request, and had been with her almost constantly from the first, and now sat clutching the hands that were growing so cold in death.

"Oh, papa, I wish you'd never open the saloon again. Mamma, can't you get papa to promise me never to open the saloon again?"

"Oh, George, do promise your dying child," sobbed the mother, who had never favoured her husband's business.

The strong man shook like a reed. He could not speak for a moment; then, coming and bending over her, he said in a strange husky voice:

"My darling Gracie, papa will never open the saloon again."

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad. I'll tell Jesus when I get to heaven, that you have closed the saloon. And now, you must be good, and he'll let you come to that beautiful place, too; and mamma and Alice can come."

There was a glad smile on the dying child's face, that soon faded out into lines of pain; but all at once, just at the last, her face brightened up with a strange, unearthly brightness, and she cried out joyfully:

"Oh, mamma, look, look! the room is full of angels. Papa, don't you see them? They are all about you!"

There was a hush in the room, for the gates of heaven were thrown open to let the pure bright spirit pass through. Only the body of little Gracie was left—the real Gracie had gone to live with Jesus and the angels.

The father never opened the saloon. The bar-room shutters have never been taken down. The saloon-keeper has not only signed the pledge, but has become a Christian, and expects to follow his Gracie to heaven after awhile. In the name of God advancing,

Sow thy seed at morning light;
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labour on with all thy might.
Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
Sow thou must before thou reapst,
Rest at last is labour's prize.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

ONE night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More sin is committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay-coloured transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils, and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper, and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character, and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make the records of the nights for one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would not return home at night, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed on the last day.—Selected.

INFLUENCE OF A SMALL GIFT.

NO broad-minded man there is nothing small. He knows a word of common comfort may cheer the outcast, and that the Master has associated a reward with giving a cup of water. A lady, while travelling in Japan, heard an excellent ethical discourse on the importance of doing little acts of kindness. It was preached by a Buddhist priest, and his text, taken from the Chinese classics, was:

"That which is good, be it but small, fail not to do.

Perhaps we may illustrate the Buddhist text by an unpublished incident in the life of Henry Ward Beecher.

Some twenty-seven years ago, Mr. Beecher, as he was walking through the streets of Brooklyn, met a little bootblack. "Shine yer boots, sir!" shouted the boy to the great preacher.

"Well, you may, my son," he answered, putting one boot on the shoe-

box, and beginning a conversation as the boy polished. After a talk in that cheery style, so characteristic of the man, he took out a pocket-Testament, and writing on the flyleaf his name, gave it to the boy.

The preacher passed on, and the incident passed out of his mind. But words and gift remained with the boy, and opened possibilities before unknown. He determined to make a man of himself. His first step was to apprentice himself to a machinist.

Having learned the trade, he took Horace Greeley's advice and went West. Settling at Bloomington, Ill., he accumulated a competency and acquired the respect of his neighbours and fellow-workmen.

A few months since, being attacked by a fatal illness, his thoughts went back to the days when, a poor little bootblack, he cried, "Shine yer boots, sir?" The stimulating words, and the gift of the great-hearted preacher were uppermost in his mind. Calling for that Testament, he opened it at the flyleaf, read Mr. Beecher's name, and then clasped the book to his heart.

When so weak that he could but whisper, "book!" he would ask again and again for it. He died with that "book" on his heart.

It was a little thing for the great, busy preacher, to speak those kind words and give that small book. But they turned the bootblack into a first-class mechanic, and for seven-and-twenty years they were a joy and an exhilaration to him.

HEROIC.

IN the report for 1879-80, of that noblest branch of Government work, the Life-Saving Service, we find the details of many tales of heroism and self-sacrifice, but none more pathetic than that of the crew of Capt. Kiah, at Point aux Barques.

In a stormy September night, the steamer *Bertschey* was wrecked on a reef in Lake Huron, having on board a crew of fifty souls.

Capt. Kiah's station was seven miles distant. The life-boat and appliances were dragged with difficulty through the heavy sand, and when the men came opposite to the wreck, it had sunk deeply in the water. The crew were lashed to the bulwarks, heavy seas rolling over them every moment.

The life-saving crew put out into the terrific breakers, the crowd on shore prophesying that they would never reach the wreck alive. Again and again they sank out of sight into the trough of the sea, followed by despairing cries from the shore and the drowning victims, but each time they rose struggling towards the ship.

"They looked," said a spectator, "like giants, not like men." They reached the vessel and brought off eleven women and a child, in safety, returned again three times, and in an hour, had rescued every soul on board.

Seven months later, a scow from Port Huron struck on the same reef, and Capt. Kiah's crew again manned their boat and set out to the rescue.

"No boat," says the captain of the wreck, "could live out in such a surf." The life-boat was overturned twice, but the crew each time righted her, got in, and still obstinately made for the sinking vessel. The third time they were overturned, but exhausted and almost frozen, they could not right the boat, but clung to its keel.

"I told them," says Capt. Kiah, "to

think of their wives and children, and for their sakes to hold on. They tried to do it, but they were overheated with rowing, and the icy waters struck a chill to their hearts.

"One after another dropped off into the sea and were lost." Capt. Kiah himself was washed ashore, and was found standing stiff and rigid, his face black and the froth running from his mouth.

He was crazed with horror, and did not speak for hours, except to mutter, "They're all gone! Poor boys! poor boys!"

The last point in this tragedy is the fact that the superintendent who wrote the account for the report, himself perished a few months since while helping to rescue a drowning crew.

We keep the memories green of our soldiers who died with their faces to the foe. Why should we not also remember these, who died to save life, not to destroy it?

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. CHARADE.—Par-a-dise (dice).

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.—Ps. ii. 11.

III. WORD SQUARE—

S T E P

T I D E

E D E N

P E N D

IV. DECAPITATIONS.—1. Swan, wan. 2. Weasel, ea-el. 3. Fox, ox. 4. Swine, wine. 5. Goats, oats. 6. Lice, ice.

NEW PUZZLES.

BLANKS.

(To be filled with words transposed)

- I. I love to — the broad fields —.
2. The boy went about a — to get some —.
3. He wanted to sell a —, —. I didn't wish to buy.
4. The — can hear; — you thankful for it?
5. The — boy is always giving the cat a —.
6. Put the — on — of the stove.
7. An old lady would rather have her — than to —.
8. Sam, go out in the —, and turn that — around.

II. RIDDLE.

Before nothing titty place,
Then add one-half of t n ;
With just one-sixth of eighty—
You have the conqueror of men.

III. ENIGMA.

Composed of eighteen letters.
My 12, 1, 5, 13, are the wicked.
My 2, 11, 7, those may do who strive.
My 8, 16, 15, is a bird not famed for melody.
My 10, 3, 12, 13, should dwell in all hearts.
My 6, 4, 7, is not pleasant to receive.
My 9, 14, 11, 10, is an appendage.
My 2, 17, 18, we should seek to find right.
My whole is a familiar quotation.

IV. HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. See what a large can a rye-drinker sips from.
2. Mary, call Rob in from the barn.
3. and 4. When will you go, O Seer, to Rome?
5. This want is growing upon him.
6. A thorn in the cat's paw Rema found.
7. Sing, "O, Rio, Leah! I love but thee."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters lit- if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful faces are those that show,
Like crystal pines where hearth-fires glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudences girls.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—Oo, beautiful sleep!
—Ellen P. Allerton, in "Household."

THE LITTLE DRUNKARD ASLEEP
IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A CHRISTIAN lady had collected
a lot of wild street boys into
a class, and was trying to
teach them, when, one day, she noticed
that one of them had fallen asleep and
began to snore.

"He's drunk!" said his ragged com-
panions, laughing. Of course there
was no use in trying to do anything
with him then, but three days after-
wards she saw and questioned him.

"Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact,"
said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I
didn't mean to let you see me, 'cause I
kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it."
"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say
so. You could help it."

"No; yer tee I've got so used to it
I can't stop."

"Oh, I am very sorry! What was
it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learnt it when I runned errands
for Mike Dooley, down in Willard
street. He keeps a liquor store, and
he gin me the rum and sugar in the
bottom of the tumblers for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to
have you die a drunkard. I can't bear
to think of it. Won't you try to give
up drinking, if I tell you how you
can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't
believe I could, I've got so used to't, you
see. If I go without it I feel so gone
here," (putting his hand on his stom-
ach).

There were tears in the gentle
teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up and
saw them, and was touched. He be-
gan to consider.

"I—I dunno, but I'd try if I
thought 't would make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny, do you
give me your hand on it, and say you'll
stop drinking, honest and true?"

There was a pretty long pause then.
Johnny was making a mighty effort.

"Yes'm," he said, and he drew a long
breath, "I'll promise never to drink
no more liquor—for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake,
Johnny."

"Could he make me keep my
promise? You ask him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning,
the question was so unexpected, the

kind teacher, nevertheless, knelt im-
mediately; Johnny knelt too, and when
she had prayed, he said he guessed he
would "ask Him himself."

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please
help a little fellar as wants ter be good,
and don't never let me drink rum any
more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he
meant it. All his conduct since has
proved how truly in earnest the poor
little street boy was when he asked the
Lord to help him keep a promise made
to his teacher, cause he kind o' loved
her." He is living in a good situation
in the country, and bids fair to grow
up a conscientious, upright man.—
Rescue.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHEY.

MOTHER, wouldn't you like
to see a mouse's nest in a big
loaf of bread?" said Charley,
laying down the magazine he had been
reading with great interest.

"Not if it was my loaf," said
mother, smiling.

"I think I would be willing to go
without bread one dinner-time to see
such a curiosity. A lady put a big
loaf on her shelf, and the next day she
took it down and found a hole in it;
she cut the loaf in two, and there in
the centre was a mouse and nine little
babies of hers. She had torn up some
copy-book leaves to make her bed, and
dug out her home all in thirty-six
hours' time."

"She was an industrious little
mother, and what good calculation she
had. All her children would have to do,
when they got their teeth, was to go to
work and eat their house."

Charley laughed at the funny crea-
ture, but felt a little sorry to think she
was most likely handed over to the cat.

"But then think, dear, if she brought
up her children to follow in her ways,
and they were all as smart as she, they
could not keep bread in the house.
Father found a similar nest once in a
turnip he pulled in his field. A mouse
had hollowed out the inside and filled
it with lima beans from a stalk that
was standing near by. I suppose it
was a field mouse, accustomed to feed
on such things as he could get in the
garden, and not so dainty as his town-
mouse cousins."

"I knew a mouse do more mischief
than that," said Fanny, looking up
from her needle work. "My room-
mate, at the boarding-school had a
lovely new hat with a long white
feather, and when she went to take it
out one Sunday morning, behold, a
mouse had made a nest in it, cutting
up the feather and nibbling the trim-
ming some, but not the hat. Ella was
vexed enough: but she took out the
nest, took off the feather, and wound a
pretty veil around the hat and went to
church. The next day she trimmed it
over, and bought a trap to catch the
mouse. She did get that, or some other
one, and a great many of its rela-
tions."

"I can beat that story," said Albert.
"A mouse once went into a milliner's
shop in Cleveland and set up for him-
self in a pile of greenbacks. He nibbled
and tore his bedding in shreds; and
when they found him he was dead in
the midst of his hoard. The arsenic
in the green ink was too much for
him."

It was a pleasant way they had at
Charley's home of talking over what

they read, and much interesting infor-
mation was often gained by it. Charley
almost believed that his mother knew
everything; for no subject came up
about which she could not tell him
something.—*Methodist.*



WHAT A MOTHER DID.

SOME one who had noticed
the influence of wives in
promoting the good or evil
fortunes of their husbands,
said, "A man must ask
his wife's leave to be rich."
Wedoubt not that a similar
observation of the influence
of mothers upon their sons would justify
the remark, "A man must ask his mo-
ther's leave to be great."

Years ago a family of four, a father,
a mother, and two sons dwelt in a
small house, situated in the roughest
locality of the rocky town of Ashford,
Conn. The family was very poor. A
few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep
and one cow supported them. The sheep
clothed them, and the cow gave milk
and did the work of a horse in plough-
ing and harrowing. Corn bread, milk
and bean porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill-
health, the burden of supporting the
family rested on the mother. She did
her work in the house, and helped the
boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in
the dead of winter, one of her boys
required a new suit of clothes. There
was neither money nor wool on hand.
The mother sheared the half-grown
fleece from the sheep, and in one week
the suit was on the boy. The shorn
sheep was protected from the cold by
a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the
"meeting-house." Yet every Sunday
the mother and her two sons walked
to church. One of these sons became
the pastor of the church in Franklin,
Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-
one years. Two generations went from
that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister,
and then one of the most successful of
college presidents. Hundreds of young
men were moulded by him.

The heroic Christian woman's name
was Deborah Nott. She was the mother
of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., and of
Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President
of Union College.

"Honour and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all true honour lies."
But then, a man who has and accepts
his mother's aid is more likely to act
well his part than one who has it not,
or having, refuses to accept it.—*Youth's
Companion.*

PEOPLE who do not believe in prayer
lose a wonderful rest and refuge. When
time and space, the wants, the bitter-
ness, or the duties of life, separate us
from those we love so far that our help
is useless to them, our voices silent,
our eyes blind; when we know that
suffering, illness, danger, death, may
lie in wait for them every hour, and no
strength or longings of ours can avail
to help them, where do they fly, what
hope or comfort do they have, who can-
not give their beloved into the safe-
keeping of an omnipotent God—who
cannot pour out their tortured and
anxious hearts to him who heareth and
answereth prayer?—*Hope Ledyard.*

The path of the just is as the shining
light, that shineth more and more unto
the perfect day.

THE LADDER TOO SHORT.

DR Taylor, of New York, tells
the following story. Years ago,
the Sailors' Home in Liverpool
was discovered to be on fire. All the
inmates had retired to rest, when the
terrible alarm was sounded. In a
moment the building was enveloped in
flames, and past all possibility of being
saved. Ninety-seven of the inmates had
been rescued, and it was supposed all
were safe. Suddenly, a piercing shriek
was heard high over all the noise of the
multitude, and yonder, on one of the
upper ledges of the building, five men
were seen calling for help. A long
ladder was found. It was too short
by twenty feet. "Stand back!" cried a
resolute voice, and a man with another
ladder on his shoulder ascended the
first ladder and commenced to fasten
the two together. The two were still
too short. There was no time to lose;
so taking the ladder up, he raised it
until it rested upon his shoulders, and
there, at the height of well-nigh fifty
feet from the ground, standing on one
ladder and adding his own length to
the other, which he carried, he cried,
"Come down over me;" and, one by
one, they came down over him, until
all were saved.

The solution of the home missionary
problem, the solution of the race ques-
tion for our Republic, the great future
of the American people by the Atlantic
sea-board, on the prairies, between the
mountains, by Puget Sound, even to
the remotest extremity of Alaska, de-
pend upon how many of the ministers
and laymen of the American churches
are willing to add their own length to
the ladder, and take up that voice that
throbs with the tenderness of Christ,
"Come down over me."—*Rev. A. H.
Bradford, at Chicago.*

DON'T SMOKE.

WHAT not? From the fact that at
Yale College an investigation
has just been made into the
influence of tobacco on the scholarship
and standing of the students who use
it. The results are as follows: Each
class is graded into divisions according
to scholarship, the best scholars being
in the first grade, and so on down to
the fourth, where they are, in the slang
of the campus, "not too good" scholars,
but "just good enough" to keep hang-
ing by the eyelids. In the junior class
it was found that only ten out of forty
in the first division were addicted to
smoking; eighteen out of thirty-seven
in the second; twenty out of twenty-
seven in the third; and twenty-two out
of twenty-six in the fourth. The pro-
portion of smokers, it will be observed,
increases in regular ratio with the fall-
ing off in scholarship. These figures
are exceedingly suggestive; but no one
who has paid attention to the scientific
evidence of recent years, which estab-
lishes the deleterious influence of the
weed, will be surprised at it. Of course
we shall hear the usual twaddle about
the Germans, the finest scholars and
the greatest smokers in the world, just
as we have heard the strengthening
properties of beer demonstrated by the
incessant use of it by the same people;
but careful observation and scientific
study of the question have proved that
the German people are great not because
of but in spite of their tobacco and beer,
and that immeasurable progress awaits
them and every other nation which can
be persuaded to give up these vices.—
American Journal of Education.

THE SWEET OLD STORY

Tell me about the Master!
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day has behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light.
Light with a radiant glow
That lingers about the west;
But my heart is weary, weary,
And longs like a child's for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of his anguish,
Dropped down on Judaea's sod,
For to me life's twenty milestones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country behind me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs that he freely forgave!
Of his love and tender compassion;
Of his love that was mighty to save,
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient, and strong, and calm.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON I [Oct. 2.

FREE GIVING; or, THE CHEERFUL GIVERS.

Erod. 35:25-35 Commit to memory v. 25-29.

25. And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen.

26. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair.

27. And the rulers brought onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate;

28. And spice, and oil for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense.

29. The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring, for all manner of work which the Lord had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses.

30. And Moses said unto the children of Israel, See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah:

31. And he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship;

32. And to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass.

33. And in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work.

34. And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he, and Aholiab the son of Ahisamsch, of the tribe of Dan.

35. Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:7.

OUTLINE.

1. Gifts of Service, v. 25, 26
2. Gifts of Substance, v. 27-29.
3. Gifts of Skill, v. 30-35.

TIME.—B.C. 1491.

PLACE.—The plain before Mount Sinai.

CONNECTING LINES.—1. Moses in the mount a second time. Exod. 34. 2. The people summoned to contribute to the building of the tabernacle. Exod. 35:1-20.

EXPLANATIONS.—Wise hearted—Possessed of skill. Spin with their hands—Spinning and weaving were then done by hand, with very simple tools. Brought—For the building of the tabernacle. Blue—The meaning is, either blue thread for weaving, or blue cloth woven, for the curtains of the tabernacle.

Onyx—A very valuable gem, of different colours. Stones to be set—Twelve different stones, each inscribed with the name of a tribe, were fixed in the high-priest's breastplate. Ephod—The robe worn by the priest. Spice—For the making of incense. Light—Of the golden candlestick. Willing—Showing interest in the work. Spirit of God—The gift of skill in art was from God. Curious works—Works of beauty for the tabernacle. Teach—Not only to work, but to teach others to work.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. Gifts of Service, v. 25, 26.

For what did the people of Israel give?

Who gave their service?

What was their work?

For what was their work used?

What work can we do for the cause of God?

What example of gifts of service is named in Acts 9:36?

Who is our great example in giving to others?

2 Cor. 8:9

What is our best offering to Christ? 2 Cor. 8:5.

2. Gifts of Substance, v. 27-29.

What is meant by "substance"? [Avs. Possessions, property.]

What gifts of substance were brought by the rulers?

For what were their gifts used?

Who besides the rulers brought gifts?

What spirit was shown in their offerings?

What spirit is acceptable to God? GOLDEN TEXT.

What gift of money was especially praised by Christ? Mark 12:42-44.

How does God regard our gifts? 2 Cor. 8:12

What did Christ say about giving? Acts 20:35.

What are some of the objects toward which all people should give?

3. Gifts of Skill, v. 30-35.

What two persons are here named as possessing skill?

In what did Bezaleel possess skill? v. 32, 33.

In what was Aholiab skilful? v. 35.

From whom did their skill come?

To what work did God call them?

How should people use the talents that God gives them?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. An example of working for God?

2. An example of giving to God?

3. An evidence that all gifts are from God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what were the Israelites called upon to contribute? To the building of the tabernacle.

2. What did the people give? Their means and their work.

3. In what spirit did they give? They gave willingly and abundantly.

4. How did God regard their giving? With favor.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The acceptable offering.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON II. [Oct. 9.

THE TABERNACLE; or, THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

Erod. 40:1-16. Commit to memory v. 9-11.

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

2. On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.

3. And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the veil.

4. And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it; and thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof.

5. And thou shalt set the altar of gold for the incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the hanging of the door to the tabernacle.

6. And thou shalt set the altar of the burnt-offering before the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.

7. And thou shalt set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and shalt put water therein.

8. And thou shalt set up the court round about, and hang up the hanging at the court gate.

9. And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof: and it shall be holy.

10. And thou shalt anoint the altar of the burnt-offering, and all his vessels, and sanctify the altar: and it shall be an altar most holy.

11. And thou shalt anoint the laver and his foot, and sanctify it.

12. And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and wash them with water.

13. And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him; that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.

14. And thou shalt bring his sons, and clothe them with coats:

15. And thou shalt anoint them, as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister to me in the priest's office: for their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.

16. Thus did Moses: according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. Exod. 40:34.

OUTLINE.

1. An Anointed Place, 1-11.

2. An Anointed Priesthood, 12-16.

TIME.—B.C. 1491.

PLACE.—The plain before Mount Sinai. All the lessons from II to VIII belong to the same time and place.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The construction of the tabernacle and its furniture. Exod. 36:39.

EXPLANATIONS.—The tabernacle—A tent for the worship of God, which stood in the middle of the camp of Israel. It was about forty-five feet long and fifteen feet high and wide, divided into two parts, the outer called the *holy place*, and the inner the *holy of holies*. In the *holy place*, on the right, stood the *table of show-bread*, on which were twelve cakes of unleavened bread; on the left the *golden candlestick* with its seven lamps; in the further end, close by the veil, the *golden altar of incense*. Into this room the priests went every day to trim the lamps and to offer incense; but into the inner room the high-priest alone could enter, and he on but one day in the year—the day of atonement. This room contained only the chest or box called the *ark of the covenant*, about four feet long, two and a quarter feet wide, and two and a quarter feet deep, made of wood, covered within and without with plates of gold. In this box were kept the two stone tables of the ten commandments. Its lid was known as the *mercy-seat*, and upon it stood two figures called cherubim, over which was the *glory of God*, called the *Shekinah*. Around the tabernacle was an open place called the *court*, one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-five feet wide, which was surrounded by a curtain hung on posts about ten feet high. In this court stood the *altar of burnt offerings*, made of wood, covered within and without by plates of brass or copper, and on which sacrifices were offered twice each day; also the *brass laver*, at which the priests washed themselves and the sacrifices. None but the Levites could enter the court, and none but Aaron and his sons could enter the tabernacle itself.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

[Read carefully the foregoing Explanations for answers to these questions.]

1. An Anointed Place, v. 1-11.

What place is here meant?

What was the form of the tabernacle?

What was its purpose?

Why was it a tent rather than a house?

[Ans. Because it was to be moved throughout the wilderness.]

Into how many rooms was it divided?

What were their names?

What three things stood in the *holy place*?What stood in the *holy of holies*?

What was contained in the ark of the covenant?

What stood over it?

How often was the *holy of holies* entered?

What was outside the tabernacle?

What stood within this court?

What was commanded to Moses in v. 9?

What was the purpose of this anointing?

Where is now God's temple? 1 Cor. 3:16.

How then should we live? 1 Cor. 3:17.

2. An Anointed Priesthood, v. 12-16.

Who were chosen as the priests of God?

What was Moses commanded to do to them?

What is said in 2 Cor. 6:11?

What were placed upon Aaron?

What was then done to him?

For what purpose was he anointed?

What was done to his sons?

What were Aaron's descendants to be? v. 16.

What is said of all Christians in 1 Pet. 2:9?

Who is our high-priest? Heb. 3:1.

What is his character and our privilege? Heb. 4:15, 16.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where may we learn from this lesson—

1. That God's worship requires care?

2. That God's worship requires purity?

3. That God's worship requires consecration?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the tabernacle? A tent for the worship of God. 2. What was the outer of its two rooms called? The *holy place*. 3. What three things stood in the *holy place*? The table, the candlestick, and the incense-altar. 4. What was the inner-room called? The *holy of holies*. 5. What did it contain? The ark of the covenant. 6. What was outside of the tabernacle? The court. 7. What stood in the court? The great altar and the laver. 8. Who is now the high-priest of the Christian Church? Jesus, the Son of God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The priesthood of Christ.

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