

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
											<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# BEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1885

No. 2.

## INSIDE THE GATE.

**I** SAT inside the gate,  
No more a wandering child;  
No more the loathsome weight  
Of sin my heart defiled;  
Sweet peace was in my soul,  
Love in the place of hate;  
And yet I tremble oft,  
Praying inside the gate.

"Saviour!" I loudly cried,  
"Give others rest from sin."  
"Go, then," His voice replied,  
"Bring them the gate within;  
Show them the narrow way,  
Lead them the cross beside;  
I'll meet them at the gate,  
It shall be opened wide."

"I go, my Lord," I said,  
"I would not idly rest,  
But would perform the work  
For Thy own glory best.  
Help me that work to do  
Before it is too late,  
Help me some soul to bring  
To thee inside the gate."

And now inside the gate  
I kneel in joyful prayer,  
For Jesus helped me lead  
Another pilgrim there;  
Together now we call  
To all oppressed with sin,  
"Come, knock at mercy's gate,  
Jesus will let you in."  
—Sunday-school Times.

## INNOCENCE.

**W**HAT is more beautiful than the pure, trustful look of a little child? How frank, how earnest, how utterly innocent is the look of the child in the picture. Who could deceive, who could betray the confidence of such a child! 'Tis a beautiful fancy that of Wordsworth:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting:  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar,  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home.

What a duty, what a privilege, to train the little feet for heaven, to lead them early to the fount of cleansing, to keep the child's soul undefiled! Teachers, parents seek grace and wisdom from on high that hereafter you may stand before the great white throne and say, "Lo, here are we and the children whom thou hast given us!"

A man may mistake the love of virtue for the practice of it.

## GOD'S JEWELS.

**W**HILE in London, I stayed with a brother who was a diamond setter. One day he took me into his workshop, where he showed me a little box which contained a number of diamonds, and he asked me how much I thought

They point the finger of scorn at us, and call us fools and fanatics. But, thank high heaven, though they may point the finger of scorn at us, the Almighty says we are of much value, for we are his jewels.

I next began to ask my diamond friend about these jewels, where they were found, and how polished. He

are saved from the horrible pit, and cleansed from the miry clay of sensuality. God puts down his great scraper, pulls us out of the dirt, and takes us to his cleansing fountain.

Then, there is another thing that is to be done to the gems; they need polishing. I dare say most of you know more about this and other things than I do; but I know that my Saviour is the great Jeweller who has polished me, and he can polish thee. The Lord help you to think about it.

The natives are very quick at finding these gems, even when travelling. What you would think to be only a little rough stone, and would kick it before you as of no value, a native would pick up and put it in his bag. Its worth could not be seen from the outside. So it is with many a sinner. The poor old drunkard is all encrusted over with the dirt of his slavish habit and the stony shell of his sensuality. Most people think him a worthless, lost soul. But let the great Artist come and take him in hand, and he will make a new man of him, till he becomes a gem for the everlasting diadem. Blessed be God, there is help for all, even the poor besotted drunkard need not despair.

But there is a great deal of profession in religion as well as in daily life, and there are counterfeit jewels that look very much like the real article, at least to those who don't know the difference. Some jewels are of almost priceless value, and their counterfeits are but bits of glass. The Lord teach you, dear reader, to cry to him, "Search me and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see what evil way there is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—R. Weaver.

—:—



INNOCENCE.

they were worth. So, I began to calculate, and made a rough guess, beginning low enough. But he said, "Man, I would not take fifteen times that sum for this little box of gems." That was all I knew of the value of those little jewels. So there are people who undervalue the jewels of heaven, and make light of God's gems.

told me they were found in rivers and mines, amongst mud and stones; that the negroes and Indians went into the rivers with rakes, with which they raked up the soil, and then washed away the dirt, picking out the little gems, and separating them from all dirt and dross. So it is with the origin and reclamation of sinners, who

FIFTY years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. After being sold and resold, now for sugar and again for rum, he was finally carried away in a slave ship. A British cruiser captured the slaver. The boy is now Bishop Crowther, England's black bishop of Africa.

## THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

YOU may think him a dunce,  
But he begged that for once  
He might sit up all night, or as long as he  
pleased;  
The nurse was in tears,  
With her murmured "My dears!"  
But only the louder and faster he teased.

Overhearing the din,  
His father came in:  
"Wish to sit up all night, John?" he  
thought illy cried;  
"You shall have your request  
Till you've learned we know best.  
Nurse can go. I will stay at this naughty  
boy's side."

When two hours had passed,  
John grew sleepy at last  
And so tired that he feared he would fall  
from his chair;  
But, attempting to go,  
Heard his father's stern "No!"  
Keep your seat at the table. Your place,  
sir, is there."

Oh how slow ticks the clock,  
With its dickory dock  
(For his father insists he shall keep wide  
awake).  
Till quite humbly he said:  
"May I please go to bed?"  
I've found you were right, and I made a  
mistake."

His father said yes:  
And now you can guess  
If ever that boy did the same thing again.  
No sermon could preach,  
No punishment teach,  
A lesson more clearly than he learned it  
then.

Now, boys, when you're told,  
That it's bed time, don't scold,  
And say that you feel just like keeping  
awake;  
Sitting up all the night  
Isn't such a delight.  
Just try it for once, and you'll own your  
mistake.

—Sophie E. Easman.

## THE BROKEN SAW.

A BOY went to live with a man  
who was accounted a hard  
master. He never kept his  
boys; they ran away, or gave  
notice they meant to quit; so he was  
half his time without, or in search of  
a boy. The work was not very hard  
—opening and sweeping out the shop,  
chopping wood, going errands, and  
helping round. At last Sam Fisher  
went to live with him. "Sam's a  
good boy," said his mother. "I should  
like to see a boy now-a-days that had  
a spark of goodness in him," growled  
the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a  
man who has no confidence in you;  
because do your best, you are likely to  
have little credit for it. However  
Sam thought he would try; the wages  
were good, and his mother wanted him  
to go. Sam had been there but three  
days before, in sawing a cross-grained  
stick of wood, he broke the saw. He  
was a little frightened. He knew he  
was careful, and he knew he was a  
pretty good sawyer too for a boy of  
his age; nevertheless the saw broke  
in his hands.

"And Mr. Brown will thrash you  
for it," said another boy who was in  
the wood-house with him. "Why, of  
course I didn't mean to, and accidents  
will happen to the best of folks," said  
Sam, looking with a very sorry air on  
the broken saw. "Mr. Brown never  
makes allowances," said the other boy;  
"I never saw any thing like him.  
That Bill might have stayed, only he  
jumped in a hen's nest and broke her  
eggs. He daren't tell of it, but Mr.  
Brown kept suspecting, and suspecting,

and suspecting, and laid every thing  
out of the way to Bill, whether Bill  
was to blame or no, till Bill couldn't  
stand it and wouldn't." "Did he tell  
Mr. Brown about the eggs?" asked  
Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was  
'fraid to, Mr. Brown's got such a  
temper." "I think he'd better own  
square up," said Sam. "I reckon  
you'll find it better to preach than to  
practise," said the boy; "I'd run  
away before I'd tell him;" and he  
soon turned on his heel and left poor  
Sam alone with the broken saw.

It was after supper, and he was not  
likely to see Mr. Brown that night.  
The shop was shut, and his master had  
gone to some town meeting. The next  
morning he would get up early, go into  
the wood-house, and see what was done,  
for Sam would never hide the saw.

The poor boy did not feel very com-  
fortable or happy. He shut up the  
wood house, walked out in the garden,  
and then went up to his little chamber  
under the eaves. He wished he could  
tell Mrs. Brown; but she wasn't  
sociable, and he had rather not. "O,  
Heavenly Father," said Sam, falling  
on his knees, "help me to do the thing  
that is right." Sam had always said  
his prayers, but he had not put his  
whole heart into his prayer as he did  
that night; that night he prayed.

I do not know what time it was,  
but when Mr. Brown came into the  
house the boy heard him. He got up,  
crept down stairs, and met Mr. Brown  
in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I  
broke your saw, and I thought I'd  
come and tell you 'fore you saw it in  
the morning." "What did you get  
up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Brown;  
"I should think morning would be  
time enough to tell me of your care-  
lessness." "Because," said Sam, "I  
was afraid if I put it off I might be  
tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I  
broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Brown looked at the boy from  
head to foot, then stretching out his  
hand, "There, Sam," he said heartily,  
"give me your hand. Shake hands.  
I'll trust you, Sam. That's right;  
that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never  
fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it  
shows the mettle's in you. Go to  
bed."

Mr. Brown was fairly won. Never  
were better friends after that than  
Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has  
not been done Mr. Brown. If the  
boys had treated him honestly and  
"above-board" he would have been a  
good man to live with. It was their  
conduct which soured and made him  
suspicious. I do not know how that  
is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds  
in Mr. Brown a kind master and a  
faithful friend.—Selected.

## PUSH.

WE often see the little word  
"Push" on the swing-door  
of some establishment, and  
it suggests the thought that all through  
life we need to keep that stirring  
motion urging us on. Nothing is done  
without "push" now-a-days. No man  
in any capacity will do much if he has  
it not. We are not speaking of im-  
pertinence and ignorant ambition, but  
of an earnest sprightliness of character  
which makes every act an interest and  
the stepping-stone to something better.  
And not in commerce only, but in our  
Church-life we need the impulsive  
principle.

## PUFFING BILLY.

ONE bright day in June, 1781,  
a group of miners, who had  
just finished their work, were  
standing around Wylam Pit,  
near Newcastle, England.

Word has passed from one to an-  
other that a baby boy had been born  
in old Bob's cabin. Old Bob, the  
engine man at the pit, had a houseful  
of children already, but he and his  
wife had plenty of love for the new-  
comer, whom they called Geordie.

Wee Geordie Stephenson was not  
born with a silver spoon in his mouth.  
His father's house was a rough hut,  
with unplastered walls and floor of  
clay.

Geordie began to work when he was  
less than seven years old, at twopence  
per day. A lady paid him this sum  
for looking after her cows. When a  
little older he was taken on at the  
colliery as a "pitcher," receiving six-  
pence a day, and at fourteen he became  
his father's assistant at a shilling a  
day. A year or two later he was  
given the charge of an engine of his  
own. It became his pet and never  
had better care.

At eighteen years of age George  
Stephenson could not read. He was  
wide awake and had a great longing  
for knowledge, but did not understand  
the alphabet. This could not be borne.

He went to a night school and paid  
threepence a week to be taught spell-  
ing, reading and writing, and soon a  
Scotch minister who knew him under-  
took to teach him figures. He worked  
very hard and made great progress.

In his leisure hours, when he was  
not busy with his engine or studying,  
he made and mended shoes. Bit by  
bit he saved a little money and by-  
and-bye was able to marry.

I suppose you are wondering what  
all this has to do with Puffing Billy.  
Have patience; I am coming to that  
part of my story.

Though James Watt had invented  
the working steam-engine it was  
George Stephenson who first laid rails,  
found out what the locomotive could  
do when attached to cars and sent the  
iron horse spinning along the line.  
His first locomotive was called Puffing  
Billy.

If you were to peep into some of  
the public journals of the England of  
1825 you would laugh at the fright  
the people felt at this monster, which  
fed on coals and water and flew over  
the road at the rate of eighteen miles  
an hour. Some thought it was like  
witchcraft. Others gravely said that  
one might as well be shot off by a  
rocket at once as put themselves at  
the mercy of such a machine as this.

George Stephenson kept quietly on,  
plodding at everything he attempted,  
until he had found out his secrets.  
Whatever he did he did with all his  
might. When men opposed him he  
did not lose his temper but only said:  
"Wait awhile and you will see."

"Suppose, Mr. Stephenson," said a  
grumbling somebody, thinking he was  
advancing a terrible objection to the  
new iron horse—"suppose a cow  
should happen to be on your line?"

"Well," replied Stephenson, very  
coolly, "it would be a bad job for the  
cow."

So it is all through life, boys. When  
a brave, wise man has a new and  
brilliant thought it will never be put  
a stop to by any "cow."—Harper's  
Young People.

## A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY IN BRIEF.

FIRST saw him in a social party;  
he took but one glass of wine,  
and that at the urgent sollicita-  
tions of a young lady to whom  
he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed  
he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy  
a slight desire. He mocked at the  
thought of danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening  
in the street unable to walk home.  
I assisted him thither and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a  
low groggery; a confused stare was  
on his countenance, and words of  
blasphemy were on his tongue, and  
shame was gone.

I saw him once more; he was cold  
and motionless, and he was carried by  
his friends to his last resting place.  
In the small procession that followed,  
every head was cast down. His  
father's gray hairs were going to the  
grave in sorrow, his mother wept that  
she had given birth to such a child.

I returned home musing on his  
future state. I opened the Bible and  
read, "Be not deceived, drunkards  
shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This is a sad story. Alas! that it  
should be true. When a boy, our  
friend was as happy as any of us.  
More than once, when students to-  
gether, did he sneer at my teetotalism;  
when I urged him to sign the pledge,  
he laughed at me, and scoffed at the  
bare suggestion of danger.

Poor Fred! his father had the glass  
on the table, and there the appetite  
was formed. Young men, beware of  
the first glass. Fathers, banish the  
glass from your tables, if you would  
not bury your sons drunkards.—  
Golden Censer.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord  
Jesus Christ, he can't lead a  
prayer-meeting, or be a church  
officer, or a preacher, but he  
can be a godly boy, in a boy's way  
and in a boy's place. He ought not  
to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy.  
He need not cease to be a boy because  
he is a Christian. He ought to run,  
jump, play, climb, and yell like a real  
boy. But in it all he ought to show  
the spirit of Christ. He ought to be  
free from vulgarity and profanity.  
He ought to eschew tobacco in every  
form, and have a horror of intoxicating  
drinks. He ought to be peaceable,  
gentle, merciful, generous. He ought  
to take the part of small boys against  
large boys. He ought to discourage  
fighting. He ought to refuse to be a  
party to mischief, to persecution, to  
deceit. And above all things, he  
ought now and then to show his  
colours. He need not always be in-  
terrupting a game to say that he is a  
Christian; but he ought not to be  
ashamed to say that he refuses to do  
something because it is wrong and  
wicked, or because he fears God or is  
a Christian. He ought to take no  
part in the ridicule of sacred things,  
but meet the ridicule of others with a  
bold statement that for the things of  
God he feels the deepest reverence.

A CHURCH bell at Saratoga recently  
rang 104 times—one stroke for each  
year of its existence. This is the only  
instance on record where the age of a  
Saratoga bells has been tolled.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at night  
Wi' muckle faucht anil diu;  
O, try an' sleep ye waukrife rogues,  
Your father's coomin' in.  
They never heed a word I speak;  
I try to gie a froom,  
But aye I hap them up an' cry,  
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly head—  
Ho aye sleeps next the wa—  
Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece"  
The rascal starts them a'.  
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drink,  
They stop awee the sou'n;  
They draw the blankets up an' cry,  
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab  
Cries out fra' neath the claes,  
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at auce,  
He's kittlin wi' his taes."  
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,  
He'd bother half the toon;  
But aye I hap them up an' cry,  
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,  
An' as he steeks the door  
They turn their faces to the wa',  
While Tam pretends to snore.  
"Ha' a' the weans been gude?" he asks,  
As he pits off his shoon;  
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,  
And lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursel's,  
We look at our wee lambs;  
Tam has his arm roun' wee Rab's neck,  
An' Rab his arm roun' Tam's.  
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,  
An' as I straik each croon  
I whisper, till my heart fills up,  
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night  
Wi' mirch that's dear to me;  
But sune the big warl's cark an' caro  
Will quaten doon their glee.  
Yet come what will to ilka ane,  
May He who sits aboon  
Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld,  
"O, bairnies cuddle doon."

—Alex. Anderson.

NOT ABOVE WORK.

NEVER be ashamed of your business," is a wholesome proverb. If one has an honest business, he need not feel ashamed of it. Some young persons act as if they thought many kinds of honest toil menial and degrading. But they are wrong.

"Man hath his daily work of body and mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity."

When the service is for the good of man or the glory of God, and is performed in the right spirit, it must ever be ennobling. It is the work we do in an unwilling, slavish spirit that degrades us. Toil is manly, even if it be that of a boot-black. "If I were a boot-black," said a noble Christian man, "I would strive to be the best boot-black in the world." The lad who determines to do his best everywhere, in every place, however lowly, where honest work is needed, will soonest rise to honour.

"If little labour, little are our gains;  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

Not long since a young man was asked to carry a small package of writing paper to his sick relative, but he turned up his nose with the answer, "No, you don't, now; send it by an expressman."

One evening, near the hour for closing a store in Philadelphia, a bundle of prints was ordered in haste by a house not more than a block distant. The carts and porters had gone. The merchant requested one of his young men to deliver the bundle, but as he did so he perceived a look of

disgust in the clerk's face, and without saying another word he turned to his desk, put on his hat, picked up the bundle, and walked off to deliver it himself, leaving his proud clerk dumb with mortification as well as with fear of losing a good position.

There are some city-bred boys who act as if they were "above carrying a market-basket home." Even when mother is bearing a heavy load for their sakes, they think it "degrading" to be seen doing such service. They soon get too big to wait on themselves. They grow up to be of less use in the world than butterflies. The following story of one of the greatest men of America is worth impressing upon each generation of youth:

Chief Justice Marshall was a great and good man. Good men are not proud men, for pride is an indication of a little mind. Chief Justice Marshall was not too proud to wait upon himself. He was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases.

Often might he be seen returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other in the most homely fashion.

On one of these occasions a fashionable young man was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his game. Judge Marshall stepped up, gently rebuked him, and asked him where he lived.

When he heard the reply he said, "That is my way, and I will take your game home for you."

When they came to the house, the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Judge. "You are welcome; it was all in the way, and it was no trouble to me."

"Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my game for me?" asked the young man of a bystander.

"Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my game?"

"He did it," said the bystander,

"I suppose, by way of teaching you not to be above attending to your own business!"

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

BY T. H. EVANS.

IF I caught a boy of mine smoking I'd thrash him," said a sturdy mechanic once in our hearing; and he puffed the smoke from his mouth with all the virtuous indignation imaginable. "Why would you thrash him?" we inquired, following the question by relating the street incident of a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth pointing out to his son a group of boys whom he saw smoking, remarking that it was very wrong for lads like these to smoke. To which the little fellow innocently replied, "If it's wrong for boys to smoke, isn't it worse for a man, father?" Of course it is. If, with our judgment and superior knowledge, we do not know better, what can we expect from the inexperience of mere lads? They commence the habit in thoughtless imitation of those who are older than themselves, and who ought, therefore, to be much wiser; but length of years is not always a sure indication of wisdom. Even as the future possibilities of a

great tree lie mysteriously folded up within the narrow confines of a tiny seed, so, in like manner, all great truths lie in a small compass. The whole question of how to deliver our country from this great curse has a nut-shell for its hiding place. Train up the young in the path of total abstinence, and for their sake, if not for our own, let us walk the same pleasant road ourselves. Then will these pest-houses that disgrace our public streets die out, and become things of the past.

REPUTATION.

ABOUT the worst thing a boy can have is a bad reputation. He can't shake it off. His old hat he can pull off, and slap it down on the floor. He can take off his ragged old coat and hang it on a peg. But a ragged, dilapidated reputation he can't get rid of. It will stick to him wherever he goes. If he were to skin himself, it would still be there—and more than this, everybody will see it. Better, boys, have the chicken pox, measles, whooping cough, mumps; yea, better have the smallpox, bad as it is, than be made ugly and hideous by a bad reputation. And yet every boy—yes, and every girl, too—is making a reputation all the time. It never stops, but goes on when we are awake and when we are asleep, night and day—Sundays, too.

There are a great many kinds of reputation. One boy is known for his truthfulness, another for his lying; one for swearing and foul words, another for the care he shows in speaking; one is honest, straightforward, another tricky and deceitful; one is neat, another slovenly; one is economical and saving another is a spendthrift; one is respectful and kind to his parents, brothers, and sisters, and to all others, while another is cross, surly, and disobedient; one is studious, always improving his mind and manners, another is idle, irregular, and always going from bad to worse. Indeed, we might go on enumerating good and bad things which make up the reputation of every boy and girl, but this is not necessary. We have already made a good-sized looking-glass, and we wish all our readers to come and look into it, and there see themselves just as others see them. Don't be afraid or ashamed to come. You may, indeed, see something that will scare you nearly out of your wits, but never mind. It will do you ever so much good to take a good look at yourselves.

A BABY IN JAIL.

IT was a queer little tot of a girl who put in an appearance at a Philadelphia police-station, and, looking from one officer to another, said, "Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officer stared at the little midget, so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station house, and wondered what she meant. They had arrested a tangled-haired woman who had fought like a fury and stormed them in three languages, but they did not dream that this little innocent thing was her child. But she was, and the mother heard her voice and called for her.

So they swung open the door of the corridor and let the baby in. She trotted up to the cell door, and looking in, said, "Why, mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back, ashamed. The child dropped upon her knees upon the stone floor, and clinging to the cold bars began to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

There was a strange moisture about the strong policeman's eyes as they led the little thing away. When the case came into court, the Judge whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother should.

It was the drink that made the mischief, and drink is always making mischief. It begins with a little for medicine, and it ends with wretchedness, madness, misery, and death. Many a fair, bright young girl has tasted of this poisoned cup, and has never stopped until she reached the depths of sorrow and despair.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Massachusetts Good Templar.*

SELF SACRIFICE.

THE tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgworth, England, was left open; and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount up into the upper part, and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling; while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help; for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the little lad.

"I think I could, returned the older."

"Then good bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow loosing his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Some tales of heroism excite one to pour forth one's admiration, one's approbation in many words; but this one strikes us dumb, this little fellow unwittingly had followed so closely in the steps of his most loved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord, spoken while the disciple whom he loved was leaning on his breast: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Surely this little boy, in this one brief, awful act of self-sacrifice, had found his way to keep his Lord's commandment.



## ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

**M**OLY ST. MARTIN, once at Amiens' gate,  
Passing that way where went both low and great,  
Saw there ashiver with the winter and cold  
A poor, half-naked wretch. Silver or gold  
The saint had none; his kindly beaming eyes,  
Mild as the light of stars between the skies,  
Filled with the rising pity in his breast,  
Where dwelt all charities which make men blest,  
At sight of one, a soul so desolate,  
Houseless and friendless by the city's gate;  
And, taking from his back the coat he wore,  
Laid two parts the garment then he tore,  
And, with a blessing which all lips may say,  
Gave to him there one half and went his way.

Next night, upon some deed of mercy bent,  
By that same gate the good St. Martin went,  
And saw within its shadow standing there  
A man of thoughtful men and presence fair.  
Around him shone a mildly radiant light—  
None like it had ever blessed his sight—  
And in its sheen the city's frowning gate  
Seemed heaven's own portal where good angels wait,  
And to the saint's meek eyes, with wonder wide,  
The palms of Paradise uprose each side;  
And lo! the man was Christ. Speechless,  
amazed,  
Spell-bound with wonderment, St. Martin gazed,  
And saw the ragged garment he had given  
Worn on the shoulders of the Lord from heaven!

## OUR PERIODICALS.

FOR YEAR—POSTAGE PAID.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 00
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	9 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Heavenly Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.	0 00
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, \$40. a dozen, \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 23
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 23
Seaman Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Seaman—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 11
25 copies and upwards	0 12

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto

**C. W. Coates,** 81 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
**S. F. Huettli,** Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax N. S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1885.

## GRANTS TO POOR SCHOOLS

**T**HE following letter—one out of many such—shows what good work the Sunday-School Aid and Extension Fund is doing.—Ed. "You did us great service here this year by making us a grant of papers, etc. We had about fifty conversions in the school. The school more than doubled during the year. Now as the people are poor, you will confer a great boon if you can continue the same number of papers, etc., next year. Please consider our case and help us."

Cassell's Family Magazine is a well printed and well illustrated monthly of 64 pages 8vo, brimful of interesting reading matter, for the low price of 15 cents a month, or \$1.50 a year.

## THE BOY PREACHER.

JUBILEE OF THE CONVERSION OF 1,000 PERSONS AT THE ELM STREET CHURCH.

**T**HERE were special services at the Elm Street Methodist Church, Dec. 22nd, when Rev. Thos. Harrison, "the Boy Preacher," celebrated his jubilee over the conversion of one thousand persons during his ten weeks' stay in Toronto. The floor of the church was crowded to the doors, every available seat being utilized. At eight o'clock Mr. Harrison, accompanied by the pastor of the church, Rev. W. H. Laird, took his place on the platform. The first hymn was, "It is good for us, Lord, to be here," which was sung by the congregation. The revivalist led each verse, as he walked up and down the platform. Mr. Harrison is a man of a very nervous temperament. He is always moving, whether it be during prayer or singing. As the last verse of the hymn was reached, Mr. Harrison, after placing the hymn-book under his arm, clapped his hands and shouted, "Everybody sing." This call was responded to by an outburst of song in which the whole congregation joined. Rev. W. H. Laird was then asked to lead in prayer, which he did, thanking the Almighty for the good work which had been accomplished during the past few weeks. The congregation then sang, "Bringing in the sheaves," when the Boy Preacher followed in prayer. He said he would not ask those present to sing a depressing hymn on such an occasion. Each hymn would be joyous one. Rev. Mr. Laird then made an appeal to the congregation for donations in support of the revival. During the past ten weeks, he said, the collection had amounted to about eleven hundred dollars. Double that amount was required to defray the expenses. A number of gentlemen were sent through the audience to collect the donations, which amounted to quite a sum. The Boy Preacher delivered a short exhortation in which he gave the young converts some instruction, when a hymn was sung and the jubilee closed with the benediction. An unfortunate woman, apparently of unsound mind, created quite a sensation in the church during the progress of the service. Rev. Mr. Harrison was delivering his exhortation when the woman began to call out "Amen," and utter other ejaculations in quick succession. The Boy Preacher noticed the actions of the unfortunate woman and gave out a hymn, during the singing of which the woman was quieted and the service proceeded.

The Boy Preacher held his farewell service at Elm Street Methodist Church on the evening of Dec. 23rd. There was a large gathering. In his parting address Rev. Mr. Harrison referred with some sadness to his approaching departure, and expressed himself as well pleased with the results of his work here. When the service was over many pressed forward to bid the preacher farewell.

RECEIVED with thanks packages of Sunday-school books for poor schools from J. S. Coleman, Acton, and other kind donors.

We will be glad to receive communications on Sunday-school work or other matters of Sunday-school interest.



A METHODIST ELEPHANT.

## A METHODIST ELEPHANT.

**D**R. MANSELL tells of a rich East Indian, who came to camp-meeting last year with his elephant, and as he was a Methodist, of course, his elephant was a Methodist elephant. The preachers and the children took rides upon it, and felt much pleased to have it at the camp-meeting. Its master also owned several villages, but his possessions did not keep him from seeking the true riches, as was the case with the young man who came to the Saviour. Although a nominal Christian, he did not enjoy the peace which comes from a knowledge of pardoned sin, as he stood up before the great multitude, and asked them to pray for him. In a short time he received the assurance that he was accepted as a child of God, and that gave him a happiness which all his riches had failed to do. In a few months he died a martyr's death, and Hamanan went to heaven from a land of heathenism. Will we be less wise than this Hindoo? Will we let our little wealth and cares keep our hearts from being chiefly interested in our soul's salvation?—S. S. Visitor.

## METROPOLITAN CHURCH—NEW LECTURE-ROOM.

**T**HE newly-built lecture-room of the Metropolitan Church was opened Dec. 21st by a platform meeting. The members of the Sunday-school were present in large numbers, and there were also present many adults, members and friends of the Church. Addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered by Rev. Hugh Johnston, Messrs. George Bishop, of Montreal; James Paterson, the former Superintendent of the School; and Edward Gurney. The lecture-room will be a valuable addition to the means of carrying out the work of the church. The auditorium is capable of seating 800 people. It is carpeted throughout, and all the appointments and decorations are in keeping with

the nature and size of the room. Seven class rooms open from the main auditorium. There is also a large and well-built gallery, and on the upper floor two handsome and well-furnished parlours. The kitchen, rooms for heating apparatus, etc., are well arranged and appointed. In fact the whole place is probably the most perfectly contrived of its kind in Canada, and is eminently fitted for the work of the Sabbath-school, class meetings, lectures, and the many other branches of Church activity outside of the meetings in the sanctuary themselves.

## HUMANIZE THE BOYS.

**A** LITTLE set of dishes is a necessity for the children; it is a sort of humanizer for boys, as well as girls. Don't laugh at your boy for liking to play with them; there is nothing about the hearty, happy play which will make the boy an unmanly man. It is often and wisely advocated that the girl shall be allowed more of the boy's freedom from restraint, that she shall have an active interest in the outdoor sports and games of her brother, or of other girls' brothers if she has none of her own; and while this is as it should be, let us advocate also giving the boy a share in the gentler pastimes of the girls. It often appears that if sons were encouraged to take the same interest in the home that daughters are, the best results would follow. If the boys were taught to contribute something to its decoration and adornment, in the same way that girls are, the sweet ties that bind them to their homes would be strengthened. Children are a great care. The woman who has children, and yet who hopes and expects to lead the same kind of life that one may who is childless, will find to her lasting sorrow some time that she has left undone many things which she ought to have done. If mothers could look upon their duties with what I will call a professional interest, what an advance there would be in all that comes under the head of home education!



HOW ENGRAVING IS DONE.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

**H**AVE you ever seen a wood-engraver at work? No? Well, then, you probably have at some time taken a ring, or a watch, or a dime for a bangle, to an engraver, to have your name or initials cut upon it. And if you have stood and watched the work done, you have noticed that the engraver used a magnifying glass, a pad made of leather (and filled with sand), and perhaps a half dozen small steel tools with queer little wooden or cork handles. And when he put the monogram upon the ring or bangle which you handed him, he went to work in this way: He first raised the magnifying glass to his eye, and, by a curious trick "screwing up" the muscles round about it, held it in place there; then he took the thing to be engraved in his left hand, laid it on the pad (called a sand-bag), and, with one of the queer little tools in his right hand, cut the letters into the metal.

Now the engraver who makes a steel plate for printing works in the same manner,—in fact, your name upon the bangle would print were you to take some very thick printing ink, rub it well into the engraved lines (carefully wiping off the surrounding parts with the ball of the hand, however, so as to leave the ink in the lines only, and the rest of the surface clean), lay a piece of paper on it, and take an impression by rubbing, or with your amateur printing press.

Of course, you know that such pictures as you see in books have to be engraved upon some surface from which an impression can be taken before they can be printed in the book or the magazine. And you probably know that the two principal kinds of engravings are steel-engravings and wood-engravings.

These two kinds of engravings, however, are produced by directly opposite methods. In one, the lines that are to ink the paper are cut into the surface of the plate, so that they will hold the ink like grooves, and the rest of the surface will be perfectly smooth and clean. (This is the process followed in steel-engraving.) In the other mode, which is followed in wood-engraving, the lines that are to ink the paper are left standing, while the parts between are cut away from the surface of the block, so that if an ink roller should be passed over an engraving of this kind it would leave all the lines tipped with a coating of ink, while the grooves and spaces between the lines would have no ink; or if

they had, would not touch the paper, as they are really little hollows between the lines. This process corresponds, in printing, with printing from type, the lines of the engraving corresponding to the surface of the types (which takes the ink), and the hollowed-out lines, or the grooves between the lines, corresponding to the spaces between the types.

As the lines in a good wood-engraving have to be very thin, you will see at once how necessary it is for the wood itself to be of a firm and strong fibre, that will not break, or split, or "crumble" easily. And, indeed, the wood used for engraving is one of the hardest known. It is box-wood, and is obtained almost exclusively from Turkey and Asia Minor. The grain of box-wood is exceedingly close and smooth, and engravers' "blocks" consist of slices each about an inch thick and usually from two to four inches square, cut across the grain of the tree. The box-tree does not grow to any considerable size, and when a large block is desired it has to be made by screwing and glueing a number of small blocks together very tightly and securely.

You will understand from the account of the manner in which wood-engravings are made that the wood-engraver has to make two lines with his graver to form one which will print. Of course, considering the hardness of the wood and the delicacy required for the lines, this is very slow and tedious work. You may easily form some idea of how tedious it is by placing a penny over any portion of an engraved picture,—making a light mark around the penny with a black lead-pencil, and then by the aid of a magnifying glass counting the lines within the circle. You will see that your penny has covered more than one hundred lines; and then you must remember that at every place where the shading in the drawing which the engraver is engraving grows lighter or darker he has to change the width of the line; for just in proportion to the thickness of the black line left between the two white ones will be the "tint" or "colour" of the corresponding portion of the printed picture. These changes are called by engravers "stops." And where there are many of these, one square inch of engraving is a fair day's work.

I have spoken of a drawing, for the engraver always has a drawing to work from. Sometimes it is made upon the wood-block, but it is more frequently made by the artist much larger than the block on which it is to be engraved, and a reduced copy of it produced upon the block by photography. By this plan, the artist can work much more freely, and the engraver is enabled to have the large drawing in front of him, besides the reduced copy of the same which he is cutting into lines upon the block.

You see, the engraver is a copyist. He copies the artist's drawing, and the printing press duplicates his copy thousands of times, so that you and I may see the drawing too. And being a copyist, his ambition is to make his copy exactly represent the thing which

he is copying. And to this end, he often, even after he has been given a beautiful drawing of some object, seeks for the real object, and places it before him for study and comparison while at work.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

**W**HEN Osborne house was ready to go into, the queen and her family had a house-warming. It was a gay and merry and happy time. There is a beautiful hymn of Martin Luther's which the Germans often sing at house-warming; and Prince Albert being a German, and keeping a tender liking for the pleasant home customs, repeated it at his house-warming. Here it is:

"God bless our going out, nor less  
Our coming in, and make them sure;  
God bless our daily bread, and bless  
Whate'er we do—whate'er endure;  
In death unto his peace awake us,  
And heirs of his salvation make us."

Well, the little princes and princesses had very good times at Osborne. On their mother's birthday they had a fine present. You never could guess what it was, so I must tell you. It was a lovely Swiss cottage, a grown-up cottage—not a play cottage—with grounds all about it. And these grounds were given to them, too. Here each one had a garden, where they raised vegetables and flowers. They had hothouses and forcing-frames, so that they could have flowers and vegetables as early as other gardeners. Each had a set of garden tools, marked with his or her name, from Victoria to Beatrice.

Did they work in these gardens? Yes, every day. The two eldest boys built a fort. It was small, but it was perfect in every part, just like a real fort. They even made the bricks! Every Saturday night they carried in their bills for work, and their father paid them. In the pretty Swiss cottage was a kitchen, where the princesses cooked and made pickles and jellies. There was a pantry and dairy and closets with everything as complete as possible. Should you not like to have seen them at work in their big aprons, floured up to their elbows? I suppose they had heavy bread and streaky cake and half-cooked things, just as we all do at first. But they are very good housekeepers now, and they learned a good deal of their housekeeping, no doubt, in the little Swiss cottage at Osborne. Of course they made collections of things, just like all boys and girls. They had a museum of natural history with stuffed birds and bits of rocks and specimens of flowers. They had a big telescope, too, for star-gazing. It was a happy, happy time.—*Litti Men and Women.*

FROM all quarters come congratulations on the *Methodist Magazine* for January 1885. It is the handsomest ever issued in Canada. Send 20 cents for a copy, and you will be sure to want it for the rest of the year. Now is the time to subscribe. The article by Mr. Gladstone on Christianity and the pictures of the great English statesman at home are alone worth the price of the *Magazine*. Besides these there are also exquisite engravings from the Marquis of Lorne's "Canadian Pictures," "The Ice Palace at Montreal," etc. The serial stories will be of very great interest.

THE SONG OF THE WORKERS.

**S**ING the song of the workers, the men of the brawny arm,  
Who gave us our daily bread, and keep us from hunger's harm,  
Who labour afar in the forest, who leaven the fields with toil,  
Who take no beads of the sunshine, and mind not sweat or toil.

I sing the song of the workers, who harvest the golden grain,  
And bind it, and thresh it, and sift it, nor care for the sting and stain;  
Who load it in creaking waggons, and stoutly their oxen drive,  
And bid them good-bye as they go, like the bees flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who struggle and strain,  
Who give us their muscle and nerve, as they guard the loaded train;  
Who give us their sinew and brain, as they watch the prisoned steam,  
And run the risk of their lives, as they pass the perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who labour and strive,  
Who handle for us the honey that comes to the human hive;  
The patient and tireless workers, with muscles as tough as steel,  
Who carry the heaviest burdens, and lift, and trundle, and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demanding for every one  
His just and rightful due for all the work he has done;  
For all the work of the workers, no matter whom or where,  
To each from the grand result his honest, proportionate share.

—Edward Willett.

DO NOT BE AFRAID TO PRAY.

**W**HEN Sir James Anderson first went to sea he joined a ship where the men in the fore-castle respected the boy on his knees, and did not molest him, among their number being one who took special interest in the boy as a countryman, and rejoiced in the name of "Scotch Bob." All went well until they reached Calcutta, and another sailor shipped for the voyage home, whose name was "English Bob," to distinguish him from the other. Young Anderson knelt down as usual to pray at night, when all of a sudden a boot was thrown at him, then another, by "English Bob," who took offence at what he called "canting humbug." "Scotch Bob," hearing the noise, came to the rescue of his compatriot, and there was a fight, the Scotchman getting the best of it. Next night young Anderson was afraid to kneel down as usual, and turned into bed prayerless. Presently out he was pulled and planted on the deck, by his former defender, "Scotch Bob," who shook him and said, "You little rascal, do you think I am going to fight for you and see you act thus? If you are not afraid of your Master's anger, Ill make you afraid of mine, so come out and say your prayers!"

A SUPERINTENDENT in Nova Scotia, in ordering for 1885, writes: I find the papers a great help to me in Sunday-school work. We keep our school open all the year, and find it more interesting in winter than in summer. I should have attended to this matter earlier, but I have been away from home a good deal this fall, and have just got settled down.

HUMANITY is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

## WOULD NOT SAY HIS PRAYERS.

"MAMMA can go down stairs;  
I shall not say my prayers,  
For I've nothing to be thankful for!" my  
wilful Robert cried.

"There's all the other boys  
With multitudes of toys,  
And books, and dogs and ponies; but we're  
poor, and I'm denied."

"Ask Papa!" And I sought him;  
With eager steps I brought him  
(Myself so shocked and wondering I scarce  
knew what to do);  
But still the boy kept saying  
"Papa, I'm through with praying;  
For God gives nothing worth our thanks to  
me, nor yet to you."

His father heard with sorrow;  
But simply said: "To-morrow  
You'll find His choicest blessings unto both,  
our lives are known.  
God guard you while you're sleeping;  
I leave you in his keeping."  
Then down the stairs we softly went and left  
our boy alone.

But in the early morning,  
His father, without warning,  
Placed bandages across his lips, his ears, and  
hazel eyes;  
Deaf, dumb, and blind together,  
My boy would soon learn whether  
God had given him any blessings that e'en  
the poor would prize.

Long ere the morning ended  
His grateful thanks ascended  
For the blessed gifts of sight and speech,  
ascended to that One  
Who gives unstinted measure  
Of light and sound. With pleasure  
He meekly said his little prayer that night  
at set of sun.

—Sophie Eastman.

## MR. MOODY IN TORONTO.

## GOING FROM HOME.

THE first time I ever left home to stay, said Mr. Moody, I was about ten. My brother was in the town thirteen miles away from our home "doing chores for his board." He got me a place and I had to go. It seemed thirteen thousand miles to the town. We went together, and I cried very hard, for I was homesick. People think that that isn't much. But it seems to me homesickness is an awful sickness. When we got into the town and were going down the street my brother suddenly said, "Dwight, there's the man that gives every new boy in town a cent." I dried my tears. A child's sorrows are heavy, but they don't last long. The man came up and if he'd passed me I believe it would have broke my heart. The old man stopped and said to my brother, "This is a new boy, isn't it?" I suppose my brother was afraid I'd lose the cent, so he said, "Yes, sir, just come this morning." The old man put his hand on my head and gave me a bran new cent. Then he talked to me for just a few minutes, telling me to remember that I had a Father in heaven. I don't know what became of the cent, but I can feel the hand of that old saint on my head now. Another thing to arouse sympathy is to think what moved the heart of the Son of God. I will give you

## ANOTHER LESSON

that I saw taught in Chicago. It was about sixteen years ago. We used to attend a good many funerals; we had 1,500 children in the Sunday-school, and in the hot months of July and August a good many poor children died—those poor people, you know, can't get into the country with their children to escape the heat. And so

there were three or four funerals a day; and I got so that I could see the mother take her last look at the little coffin without being moved. I could go through it professionally without my heart being touched. One day I heard that one of my Sabbath-school scholars had been drowned, and the mother was anxious to see me. I went to the house; the little child had just been brought home, and lay there with the water dripping from her dress. In a corner of the room was the father—drunk, and unconscious of what had taken place. The mother told me all her sorrows. How the father drank, and she had to wash and take care of five children; how the oldest girl, Madeline, had gone to the river to get flood-wood and seeing a large stick tried to reach it, and fell in and was drowned; and she had no money to buy her a shroud or a coffin. I took the name down in my book, and asked what day she wanted the funeral, and told her I would see about getting a lot to bury the child in. Then I left the house, and my little girl whom I had taken with me said, "Papa, suppose that you and I were very poor, and should have no money, and I should go down to the river to get flood-wood, and try to reach a big stick and fall in and be drowned, would you feel bad?" I pressed her to me and said, "Why, my little daughter, it would break my heart." Then, with the tears trickling down her face, she said, "Did you feel sorry for that mother?" That cut deeper still. I could not answer. I was speechless. I went home and got into my room, and the words seemed to ring in my ears, "Did you feel bad for that mother?" I felt so bad that I went back to the house and read the fourteenth chapter of John to the mother, and tried to comfort her. The next day the father was still drunk. I had got so much in sympathy that I got into a carriage and drove to the cemetery. When the funeral was over, the mother said, "I have lived among strangers because I have not always been able to pay rent without going out to work, and I have always felt it a little hard. But it is so much harder to bury my little Madeline among strangers." I had had her buried in the Potter's Field. I resolved that this should be done no more; and the next Sabbath I began a subscription among the Sunday-school children to buy a plot of land to bury the poor children in. My friends, if you want to get sympathy, just put yourself in the place of the sufferer.

## DR. DUFF.

When I was in Europe in 1867, said Mr. Moody, a friend of mine said to me, "Go to Edinburgh and attend the General Assembly, and you will get fired up—it will pay you. Dr. Duff may speak." Well, I went to Edinburgh and stayed there a week waiting to hear Dr. Duff speak. Then I went to get the speech he delivered a year before and I found that he had spoken for an hour and a half for India, and then fainted away. They carried him into the vestry and when he began to come to he said—"Where am I? O, I remember now, I was speaking for India. Take me back and let me finish my speech." They said it would perhaps end his life. He said—"I will die if I don't." The Assembly was going to break up that night, and he must have

## ONE MORE PLEA FOR INDIA.

So this infirm minister, worn out with his toils in India, was brought back, leaning upon friends who supported him on the right and on the left. They led him back to the desk, and there, with trembling form, he closed his speech. "Friends," he said, "is it true that Scotland has no more sons to give to India? Fathers and mothers say there are diseases in India, and they don't want their sons to go. When Queen Victoria wants sons, there is a great rush to get commissions. They will let their sons go for the Queen, but not for the Lord Jesus. I have spent 25 years in India—I am an old man—my constitution is broken down, my health shattered. But if it is true that Scotland has no more sons for India; if you will announce it to-night—I will be off to-night—I will go and show the Indians that there is one old Scotchman ready to die for them." My friends that is what I call enthusiasm. That's what you want—men who are willing to die if need be. There is a story that in the ninth century a young General came up with an army of five hundred men to attack thirty thousand. When the King, who commanded the thirty thousand, heard about this he sent a message to the General, saying, "If you will surrender I will treat you kindly; I will spare all your men." The man with the five hundred soldiers heard the messenger through, then called one of his private soldiers, and said, "Drive that knife into your heart." The soldier did so, and fell dead. He called another and said, "Leap into that chasm," and it was done. Then turning to the messenger he said, "Tell your King I have got five hundred men like that. Tell your king we die but never surrender. Tell him I will have him chained with my dogs." In forty-eight hours that message struck terror to the King's heart. His army fled like chaff before the wind. They could not stand before that man. He was taken, and in forty-eight hours he was chained with the dogs. That's the kind of enthusiasm we want, willing to die if need be.

## MR. MOODY ON ST. PAUL.

I never read about Paul that I didn't feel ashamed of myself. Why, his little finger was worth more than most of us. Talk about what we endure! We ought to go and hide our heads. Go and stand beside Paul after he had been beaten four times by the Jews. We don't realize what that means. They would bind the wrists together and strip the back bare and beat it with a sharp piece of steel that cut clear to the bone. Men often died under it. Stand there beside Paul when he had been scourged four times and was going to suffer it again. Suppose you asked him "Paul, what are you going to do about it." What would be his answer? "Do—why I'd just press towards the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "Well, hadn't you better go down into Arabia until this excitement dies out; and then in a few years when the Jews have forgotten all about you, come back; and be a little more modern." Don't preach so much about Jesus Christ, about his being resurrected, and sitting on the throne; the Jews don't like to hear that! What would Paul have said to that? "I press toward the mark for the high

calling of God in Christ Jesus." Don't think a few stripes are going to hurt me. It was not hard for him. He just gloried in it; he was suffering for Christ's sake. You can see him rejoicing even in his calamity. If a man were to be lashed once in these days they would make a martyr of him; his life would be published all over the country. But Paul speaks of his floggings as a very light affliction. We just happen to find it mentioned in one of the epistles. Take your stand beside him again when the people have stoned him, and his body is all black and blue, what does he say? "I press toward the mark of the high calling." Love was deep in his heart. Many waters could not quench it. Alexander made the world tremble with his armies, but this poor tent-maker made the world tremble without armies. The mighty power of God was upon him. They took him out of Rome two miles, tradition says, and beheaded him. They pitied him as he walked out there because they thought he was on his way to death. He didn't fear. He knew he was on his way to coronation. He had love for the Master.

## MR. MOODY ON THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

I think we ought to take the story of the Good Samaritan and read it once a month, and then remember the last part of it—Go thou and do likewise. Look at it. The poor fellow had fallen among thieves. They had stripped him and left him wounded. The first man that came that way was a man who held his head high. He was a priest. He'd got his work done at Jerusalem, and was going down perhaps to

## DEDICATE A SYNAGOGUE.

He heard the man's groans and looked at him and saw he was a brother Jew. But perhaps he said—"He isn't in my parish. I can't help him. If he was in my parish I'd help him pretty quick. Anyhow, he's too far from Jerusalem; I can't help him." And as he went along he probably thought, "Poor fellow! I pity him." Yes, but he didn't pity him enough to lift his little finger to help him.

The Levite was the next one that passed. He heard the cry of the sufferer, and probably thought, "Why, I know that face. I saw him in the temple last Sabbath. I know his wife. They live in one of the back streets in Jerusalem. They have two little boys. Why, I know the whole family. But what business had he come here? If he'd stayed at home he wouldn't have fallen among thieves." Just as men say to day, "Why do young men come from their homes in the country to the city when there's no work for them? Why do they leave the Old Country and come here? Why don't they stay at home?"

Then the Levite might think again, "I'll report him to the police." Then his mind might have taken another turn, "I'll get a bill passed through the Sanhedrim to provide means to do away with these thieves. I'll see if I can't get up a society to take care of such people, and if I can I'll give five dollars towards it, and so put a plaster on my conscience." He probably thought of pretty near everything but helping the poor fellow.

Then came the Samaritan. Now if there was a man a Jew hated it was a Samaritan. He would not let the Samaritan eat at his table, and he



wouldn't sit at the Samaritan's table. He wouldn't allow the Samaritan to drink at his well. He wouldn't trade with him, wouldn't buy from him or sell to him. A Jew has a pretty poor opinion of a man when he won't sell him anything when he thinks he can make anything out of him. He wouldn't even allow that the Samaritan had a soul. He was the only man who couldn't become a proselyte to the Jewish faith. That was the man that came along.

HE HEARD THAT CRY.

He saw the man was not a brother Samaritan, but that he was a brother Jew. Jesus in this parable was telling the Jew who their neighbours were. They never forgot that. The idea of a Samaritan being their neighbour, but this poor Jew found out the Samaritan was the only neighbour he had. The Samaritan didn't sit on his beast and say, "Come here and I'll help you." You have to go to the people. You have to go to the poor attic, to the cellar. Lay your life right along close to theirs. Elisha sent his staff and his servants to bring the dead lad to life. But you will find you can't raise people with a ten-foot pole. Elisha couldn't raise that boy until he went himself.

The Samaritan got down from his beast and came to the man. He poured oil into his wounds. Oil's a good thing to carry with you. A good many people carry vinegar, and they use it on all occasions. They scold you and lecture you every time they get a chance. He goes to a drunkard and scolds him. That ain't what the man wants. No one condemns him half as much as he condemns himself. He wants sympathy—he wants oil poured into his wounds, not vinegar.

A good many men want something else besides torments. If he is sick get him a doctor. Suppose it costs you a little something, pay it. Spend a little money on a man if you want to reach him. Get your shoulder under the burden and help him to bear it. You will soon win him. After the Samaritan had poured in oil, and probably torn off the sleeve of his garment to bind up the wounds, he put the man on his own beast and took him away. You couldn't make that Jew believe after that but that the Samaritan was his friend. He was converted. He believed in the Samaritan. But even when he had bound up the man's wounds and taken him away he hadn't done enough for him. He took him to an inn. There are a good many people that ain't willing to help a man unless they know what inn he is to be taken to. Suppose while the Samaritan was trying to hoist the man up somebody else passed and the Samaritan said, "Come and give me a hand to get this man to an inn." "What inn are you going to take him to?"

TO THE METHODIST INN.

"Well, I won't help you." Perhaps to the Baptist inn, "Well, I won't help you." Will it help my little party or sect? Will he join us? Let us rise above these miserable sectarian walls. Get men out of the ditch. Make haste these men are perishing. I thank God these walls are crumbling. This Convention has been a good sign. Twenty years ago you couldn't have had a Convention like this. Each would have come on this platform and would have announced "I come here, but I want it understood that I am a

Baptist, but I condescend to meet this Methodist," and they would be so condescending they would kill the whole thing. The Samaritan takes the man to an inn and stayed the night with him. He probably had business in the city, but he stayed with him. That was the time he needed somebody to watch over him. How often have you seen a man reeling along the streets drunk, perhaps for the first time? If you had gone and spoken to him you might have saved him. But it's so easy to hand him over to the policeman. But get your arm in his. Care for him. That's more Christ-like. May God write the Samaritan's memorable action on our hearts, and may we go and do likewise. You may say, "I can't make myself sympathize with a man. What am I to do?" I'll tell you a good way. Put yourself in the man's place. You see a man reeling through the streets. He has had temptation from his childhood up. Perhaps if you had been placed under the same temptations you would have been worse than he.

THE SHINING LIGHT.

THE night was dark, and as the wind whistled through the trees it all seemed dreary to Ludwig, a wood-chopper's boy, for, not being able to find his path, because even the stars were all hidden behind the heavy clouds—he was lost. How desolate he felt; he could only grope his way, now getting his feet entangled in the underbrush, now stumbling over a hidden stone, tired and hungry and sad. No wonder he was sad when he remembered how his mother was impatiently waiting for his return, and no wonder that he was hungry when he thought of the good bread and cream-cheese that were to have made his supper.

I wonder what you would have done out in that black forest, all alone. Perhaps you know that his mother had taught him to carry all of his cares and troubles to God. He had not forgotten that, and, kneeling down upon the dried leaves, he told God all about it—how he had become lost, and how tired and hungry he was. Besides, he acknowledged his helplessness to get out of this great trouble, and asked his Heavenly Father to lead him home.

He arose from his knees, greatly comforted, for he knew that he was safe. God loves to help us when we throw ourselves upon his mercy, and trust ourselves to him; that is what the Bible means when it teaches us to "ask in faith, believing."

Ludwig not only asked God, but he believed that help would come. When he stood up to look about him, the trees were just as high, the night as dark, and the winds as rough, but he turned to look first one way, then another, expecting relief. You will not doubt that his heart throbbed with joy when at last he saw the twinkle of a light, a light shining out into the darkness. He knew what it was; it meant for him rest, love, and home. Keeping his eye fixed upon the light, he soon got back again to the path from which he had strayed, and ere long he stood before the candle which his anxious mother had placed in the window to guide him to safety.

Do you carry your troubles to God, and do you ask his help believing that

he can and will grant it? Above all, do you let your light, the light of your example, shine out in the midst of the sin and darkness of the world, that a lost brother or friend may be guided by it in his wanderings, and brought at last safe to the heavenly home?—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

THE farmer's wife sits beside her loom, In the fading eventide; The shadows deepen around the room, But her heart is aglow with pride, For her husband to-day has taken the prize From the lord of the manor's hands, For the tenant whose land the fairest lies, And whose home the brightest stands.

And she knows that the farmer's toil alone Could never the prize have won, Though the seed was sown, and the crops were grown, Had she had not her own share done. The little ones all are sleeping now, And never a care has she, As she watches her husband's tranquil brow, With the smile he loves to see.

The tireless hands are at rest at last, The loom for a time is still, As her mind reverts to a stormy past, That was calmed by a firm, staunch will— Her husband's will, and her love sublime, His dauntless heart and her own, Have enabled them many a hill to climb, That neither had scaled alone.

And he knows it well, for he says at length "Ah! Mary, the cares of life Are easily borne if we have the strength That comes from a faithful wife." And she blushes and smiles, as in days gone by, And she gives him the hand he won When she was a simple maiden shy, And he was a peasant's son.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

BOYS often think that to be a hero they must be like Alexander the Great, and conquer the world, or like Washington who fought the battles of his country. Every boy who stands at his post of duty in trial or danger is a hero. Here is one: Deep down in a mine in Wardley Colliery, Newcastle, England, there is a brave boy, who deserves to be called a hero. In a situation of sudden peril he used precautions which prevented a dreadful explosion, simply by behaving with courage and presence of mind.

He noticed that his lamp flared up, a sure sign of the presence of dangerous gas. Had he hastily rushed away, his light might have burst through the wire gauze which surrounds a miner's lamp, and setting fire to the gas, caused a heart-rending accident. The lad did nothing so silly. When questioned by the superintendent as to how he had found out that there was gas in the neighbourhood where he was at work, he replied, "Because my lamp flared."

"And what did you then do?" asked the gentleman.

"I took out my picker and pulled down the wick, but the lamp still flared."

"Well, my boy, how did you manage then?"

"Why, I put the lamp inside my jacket, and covered it up tight, and the lamp went out."

Of course the lamp would not burn without air. To think of the right thing to do, and then promptly do it, boys—that is what makes the difference between a common man and a hero. This little fellow, whose name is not mentioned—Mick, or Ted, or

Jack—has in him the making of a grand man, cool, resolute, and clever. Fortunately there was an overseer near him, who, when he heard from the lad about his lamp, went bravely through the gas, in total darkness, and set open a door, the closing of which had forced the gas into the mainways of the mine. All honour to them both!—*Harper's Young People.*

BE HONEST, BOYS.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

SET down and think about it, boys. Do you really want to be honest men? Men who can be trusted anywhere? And with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now. Never allow yourselves take or retain a single penny that is not rightfully your own. Take nothing without permission, or without giving something in return. Pick no berries that are not on your own side of the fence. Go into no orchards where you do not belong. Plunder no melon patches, nor gardens, nor cheat your little playmates in any trade.

God loves honest boys, and he loves honest men. He says that the man, or boy, who "is faithful in a little will also be faithful in much," and we know that none but the faithful ones will find a place in the kingdom. You stifle the voice of conscience when you allow yourselves to take what does not belong to you. You sear, or burn it as with a hot iron, so that it cannot feel; and if you keep on doing wrong, keep on being dishonest, you will, after awhile, not care at all and will become, it may be, robbers and murderers, and lose all the bright things God has promised to the good. Be honest, boys!

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.

THE superintendent of a street railway leading out of New York into the country tells how a father and mother erected a memorial to their dead boy.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand, and after some hesitation, said: "I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive, my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found she would put it away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.—*Kx.*

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your *ma* did!" was the prompt reply.



## EARLY AND LATE.

WHEN Tom was a boy it was often said  
That he never wanted to go to bed ;  
And he really appeared to take delight  
in running about the streets at night.  
Ah, much too long would have been the day,  
And weary enough he'd have been of play,  
If this very wide awake little chap  
Had not extended his morning nap.

He'd sit up with the owls, and with eyes as  
bright  
As theirs, oh, ever so late at night,  
But no one had a chance to remark  
That Thomas ever rose with the lark.  
"Early to bed and early to rise  
Will make a man healthy wealthy and wise"  
Was an old fashioned notion, Thomas said,  
And well enough for a sleepy head.

But as Tom grew older he left the owls,  
And imitated domestic fowls  
By going to bed, oh, not as he used,  
But as soon as the chickens began to roost.  
And he had not patience, I've heard them say,  
With those who wanted to sleep all day ;  
For he was aroused and out of doors  
In the early morning doing his chores.

And that is the way we turn about  
From youth to age, there isn't a doubt ;  
And the very things that we once despised  
Become the things that are highly prized.  
And if when you're young you take delight  
In being up with the owls all night,  
When you are old you'll think it absurd  
To copy the ways of so dull a bird.  
—Josephine Pollard.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 58.] LESSON V. [Feb. 1.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 15-26. Commit to memory vs. 17-19.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And when they heard it, they glorified the Lord. Acts 21. 20.

## OUTLINE.

1. The End of the Journey, v. 15-17.
2. The Report to the Elders, v. 18, 19.
3. The Offering in the Temple, v. 20-26.

TIME.—The spring of A.D. 58, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—Our carriages—The things that were carried ; baggage or luggage. With us—The original seven from Europe, (20. 4.) Luke and brethren from Caesarea. Mason—A Christian from of old, probably one of the earliest disciples. To Jerusalem—The termination of Paul's third missionary journey. Saluted—With the kiss of peace exchanged in those days between Christians. Zealous—Greek, zealots, Jews who strove to turn Christianity into a sect of Judaism. Four men... have a vow—Nazarites (see Num. 6. 1-21.) To disarm the hostility of the Jews Paul was requested to accompany these men to the temple, and so recognize the validity of the Mosaic commandment. Beat charges—The offerings at the temple were expensive, and Paul was to defray them, probably, out of the fund he had collected for the poor in Jerusalem. Shave—Shear or cut the hair.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. Joy over the spread of the Gospel ?
2. The danger of receiving false reports ?
3. The duty of yielding to others in minor matters ?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How were Paul and his companions received at Jerusalem ? The brethren received them gladly. 2. What did the brethren do when Paul told of the result of his ministry among the Gentiles ? "They glorified the Lord." 3. With what was Paul charged by Jews zealous of the law ? With teaching Jews to forsake Jewish customs. 4. What did the brethren advise Paul to do ? To purify himself according to the law. 5. What did Paul do ? He purified himself.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The law and the Gospel.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

147. Is the Person of the Divine Spirit often mentioned in Scripture ?

Yes, from the beginning of the Bible to the end, but especially in the New Testament. 148. How is He generally spoken of ? Sometimes as a personal Agent, and sometimes as an influence or gift coming down from God. Acts ii. 4. [John xvi. 7, 13, Acts xiii. 4, xiv. 6, I Corinthians xii. 3-11, Galatians iii. 2, Hebrews ii. 4.]

A.D. 58.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 8.

PAUL ASSAILED.

Acts 21. 27-40. Commit to memory vs. 30-33.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. Acts 21. 13.

## OUTLINE.

1. An Uproar, v. 27-31.
2. An Arrest, v. 32-36.
3. An Appeal, v. 37-40.

TIME.—A.D. 58, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—The Temple in Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—Seven days—Probably the time required for the presentation of offerings. Men of Israel—A popular patriotic war cry. Of Asia Jews from Ephesus and other cities. Teacher—all—they charged Paul with treason against Moses because he insisted upon the superiority of Jesus. Polluted... holy place—Gentiles were not allowed to pass from the "Court of the Gentiles" through the *cheta* (the "middle-wall" of partition) into the sacred enclosure, as their presence there was considered a defilement. Doors were shut—The folds of the "Beautiful Gate" opening from the Women's Court to the Court of the Gentiles. To kill him—Seeking a place where bloodshed was permissible. Castle—The military barracks of the fortress Antonia. Borne of the soldiers—Carried by them to rescue him from the populace. Speak Greek—Paul addressed the *agoran* in Greek, which surprised the latter, as he supposed him to be an Egyptian. That Egyptian—A false prophet who, in the time of Nero, wished to destroy the Roman government, and, having been defeated at the Mount of Olives, had taken to flight. On the stairs—In the north-west corner of the Court of the Gentiles and leading up to the gallery and thence to the castle.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we see—

1. The blind zeal of bigoted men ?
2. The easy mistake of hasty judgment ?
3. God's preserving care over his servants ?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the Jews which were of Asia do when they saw Paul in the temple ? They laid hands on him. 2. What else did these Jews do ? Called on the people for help. 3. What did the people intend doing with Paul when they drew him out of the temple ? "They went about to kill him." 4. Who rescued Paul from the people ? The chief captain. 5. What did Paul ask of the chief captain ? "Suffer me to speak unto the people."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's overruling providence.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

149. How is the Holy Spirit an Agent ? In the works of creation and providence, but more particularly in the work of salvation. 150. Where do the Scriptures speak of the Holy Spirit in creation and providence ? Genesis i. 2. Psalm cvi. 30. Job xxxii. 4.

LITTLE Susie coming home from her first attendance at Church, was met with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie ; how did that happen ?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.—Addison.

## THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE  
FOR 1885.XXIst and XXIInd Volumes ; 1,152 Pages,  
with over 200 Fine Engravings.\$2.00 - Year ; \$1.00 for Six Months. The  
Magazine and Guardian, or  
Westeyan \$3.50.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.G., . . . . EDITOR.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

## OUR ILLUSTRATED SERIAL

WILL BE

"The Cruise of H.M.S. 'Challenger ;'

Voyages over many Seas. Scenes in many  
Lands."

This cruise, the most important that ever sailed from any country, covered a period of three years and a half, and a distance of 69,000 miles.

In the January number will appear Part I. of above, together with "CANADIAN PICTURES," by the Marquis of LORNE.

## MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME,

with four fine engravings of Hawarden Castle and its surroundings. "THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL," with numerous engravings of the Palace, Snowshoeing, Tobogganing, etc. "THE MIRACLE AT NAIN," by the late Dr. PUNSHON, beautifully illustrated.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Among these will be the following :

- "HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE."
- "WANDERINGS IN SPAIN."
- "SAUNTEMENTS IN ENGLAND."
- "SCENES IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND."
- "ON THE RHINE."
- "ALPINE PICTURES."
- "VENICE FROM A GONDOLA."
- "WALKS ABOUT ROME."
- "WALKS ABOUT LONDON."
- "IN CLASSIC LANDS."
- "MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS."
- "STUDIES IN THE SOUTH."
- "THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS."
- "JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE."
- "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE BRITISH POETS" (Several Papers).
- "MEMORIALS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE."
- "STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY."
- (With Portraits and other Illustrations.)
- "A MISSIONARY BISHOP," etc.

Several other Illustrations will all be handsomely, and some of them very copiously, illustrated.

Several other Illustrated Articles will also appear.

## OTHER ARTICLES.

Among these will be:—"OUTPOST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND." A series of narrative sketches by the Rev. George Bond. "CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM." A series of studies of Wesley's Hymns, by the Rev. S. P. Dunn, of Annapolis, N. S. "CHRISTIANITY" and "SCRIPTURE." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. "WHAT TO READ." By the Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass. "HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM." By Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum. Also a paper on "WORRY." By Dr. Clark.

"IN A LEPROS HOSPITAL." By Dr. J. E. Graham.

"AMONG THE ROCKIES." By Prof. Coleman, Ph.D.

"ON MUSIC." By F. H. Torrington, Esq.

"ST. ANSELM." By Rev. Prof. Badgley.

"MEMORIALS OF REV. DR. RICHEY." By the Rev. Dr. Lathern.

"REV. DR. DALLINGER'S FAMOUS LECTURE," etc., etc.

Principal Nelles will contribute a Paper on

"PREACHING ;" and the Rev. Dr. Sexton, the distinguished Scientist, one on "SCIENCE AND RELIGION."

The graphic "SKETCHES OF MISSION WORK AMONG THE LOWLY," by Helen Campbell and by the Riverside Visitor, have been very popular. Similar sketches will from time to time appear.

A corps of over forty other leading ministers and laymen will contribute to the Magazine.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1885.  
"BITS FROM BLINKBONNY,"

BY JOHN STRATHESK.

Is the most attractive ever offered.

It gives a vivid picture of life in a Scottish village and sketches of Scottish character, with a rare blending of humor and pathos. The book is handsomely printed, bound and illustrated. It will provoke both smiles and tears. The regular selling price is \$1.50. It will be sent post free, as a premium to each subscriber of the *Methodist Magazine* old or new, for the merely nominal sum of 40 cents, which is less than the cost price.

## OUR SERIAL STORY.

Arrangements for this are not quite complete. It will probably be a stirring tale of the early times in New England, when an English Colony, entitled "WITCHCRAFT DAYS," describing the strange and thrilling events connected with the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts Colony.

Such a varied and comprehensive announcement has never before been made in Canada.

Some schools take from two to ten copies. Send for special rates to schools to Rev. William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

## TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

## List No. 5.

George Harrington. By David Macrae. Paper, 35cts.

The Coventrys. By Stuart Miller. Paper, 35cts.

Rachel Noble's Experience. By Bruce Edwards. Paper, 35cts.

By the Trent. By Mrs. E. S. Oldham. Paper, 35cts.

Alcohol: Its Place and Power. By James Miller, F.R.S.E. Paper, 35cts.

Mother's Old Slippers; or, The Broken Jug. By Harriette A. Noel Thatcher. Cloth, 17cts.

Mother's Place. By Mina E. Goulding. Cloth, 17cts.

Their Father's Sin. By Laura L. Pratt. Cloth, 17cts.

Danesbury House. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

West Thorpe. By Alice O'Hanlon. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Drift: A Story of Waifs and Strays. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

The Two Students. A Glasgow Tale of Early Temperance Times. By Rev. William Reid, D.D. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Temperance Physiology. By Rev. John Guthrie, D.D. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Thorne Lodge; or, The Wheel of Life. By the Author of The Losing Game. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Autobiography of George Easton, Agent of the Scottish Temperance League; with an introduction. By Rev. William Reid. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Troubled Waters. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Paper, 35cts. Cloth, 70cts.

Dunvarlich; or, Round About the Bush. By David Macrae. Paper, 35cts.

Little Tom. By Mrs. J. B. Hill. Paper, 5cts.

Bob; some chapters of his early life. By Rev. Alexander Macleod, D.D. Paper, 5cts.

Betty's Bright Idea. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Paper, 5cts.

Granny's New Doll. By the Rev. J. Haslocn Potter, M.A. Paper, 5cts.

The Last of the Drawboys. By Rev. Alex. Wallace, D.D. Paper, 5cts.

The Story of the Links. By M. A. Paull. Paper, 5cts.

Alick's Christmas Box. A story for children. By Mrs. Fowler. Paper, 5cts.

Send for our List of Temperance Tracts and Pamphlets.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 &amp; 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

O. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,

Montreal, Que.

Halifax, N.S.