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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

No. 3.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou—
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster—We are fools and slight;
We mock thee whom we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.*

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred upon Alfred Tennyson, the most eminent of living English poets, the hereditary title of baron, and a seat in the House of Lords. But while this is nominally a distinction given by the Queen, it doubtless was really suggested by Prime Minister Gladstone.

The great statesman and the great poet are familiar friends. A few weeks ago they took a sea trip together to the Hebrides and to Denmark. Mr. Gladstone deems it fitting that this man of genius, who has so long delighted the readers of two continents, should receive a signal mark of honour at the hands of the Sovereign.

Tennyson was born in 1810, so that he is now seventy-three years old. It is a pity we cannot put back the hands on the clock of time so as to make him young again. But never mind; his works are young and always will be. He comes from Somersby, in Lincolnshire, his father was the clergyman there. You do not know Lincolnshire, probably; if you did, you would all the better understand

many of the poems of Tennyson. He speaks of the "long grey wolds" of his native county; he means flat plains of grass, divided by dykes, with here and there a row of tall, slender poplar trees, their leaves twinkling in the evening light; or a solitary willow, its boughs bent down and swaying hither and thither by the moaning wind. Read "Mariana, in the Moated Grange," if you want to know what the scenery of Lincolnshire is like. To one who has lived in the county,

But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

Exactly so. It is the dreary, melancholy, yet soft and meditative scenery of the east of England put into a picture of perfect words.

As Tennyson grew up in such circumstances, the foundations of his poetic fancy were laid, and there is a little touch of the influence of Lincolnshire in a great deal of his writing.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

strong dash of poetical genius, also. For more than fifty years he has devoted himself exclusively to his gentle art. As long ago as 1830, when he was twenty years of age, he published his first modest volume of poems. Twenty years after, his poem, "In Memoriam," written in memory of his dead friend Arthur Hallam, and by many of his admirers thought to be his masterpiece, was given to the public; and in 1855 appeared "Maud," and later the "Idyls of the King," which must certainly be ranked among his finest works. His poetical productions, one and all, are marked by the exceeding care and finish which should be bestowed upon true works of the literary art.

The following is the "Bugle Song," from the poem of "The Princess." As we read it we can almost see the trembling light and hear the notes of the bugle horns:—

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

Oh hark! Oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going,
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing;
Blow,—let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, and field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever!
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And, answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!

"In Memoriam" touches all the great questions of duty and destiny. There are men now living upon whose thought it has exerted an influence more powerful than any other book, excepting only the Bible. The "Idyls of the King" also contain the fruit of long and large-minded meditation on the destiny and work of man, set to a music as perfect as the thoughts are rare. In all English literature there is no other figure like that of King Arthur, so brave and true, so greatly simple, so dignified as well as tender in its wrongs and bitter grief.

For thirty-three years Tennyson has enjoyed the distinction of being the poet-laureate of England, succeeding William Wordsworth in that ornamental office; and during that period no poet has arisen to contest his position as the foremost of British bards.

Tennyson, the author of so many strong, sweet, and beautiful verses, is indeed an interesting figure in his new character as a peer of the realm. He

aye, and grown to like it, too, the description is like a photographic portrait:—

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway
All silver-green, with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding grey.

And ever when the moon was low
And the shrill winds wore up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the ghostly shadow sway.

At a proper age he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he became a pupil of Dr. Whewell, a very able man, who knew everything that is to be known. It was at Cambridge, also, that he became very intimate with Arthur Hallam, for whom his affection was deep and intense, and whose early death called forth the poem, "In Memoriam," the most profound and spiritually helpful even of Tennyson's affluent writings. Tennyson had ten or eleven brothers and sisters—one, an elder brother, with a

* The accompanying portrait and part of this article are taken from the January number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

is aristocratic and exclusive in his tastes, and therefore doubtless feels gratified to be numbered among "noble lords." His descendants will succeed him as peers, and thus the titular reward of his poetic labours will serve in coming generations to ever remind the English people of the first poet of the Victorian era.

But in the legislative duties of the House of Lords we can scarcely expect Baron Tennyson to take active part. He has long lived a retired life, mingling little in society, and rarely appearing in the streets of London. He is not likely to emerge from his seclusion now, in his old age, to mingle in the strifes of politics or public life.

The evening of his days is halloed with honours, ease, and fame. A peer of England, poet-laureate, liberally pensioned, his name familiar far and wide, with a host of talented and devoted friends, the poet may well be said to be blessed in his old age.

There is no literature better worth study than good poetry; and there is no poetry of our day superior, if there is any equal, to that of Tennyson. It is not the poetry of impure desire, of self-indulgence, of sickly gas-light affectation, tricked out in far-fetched conceits, and expressed in language of self-conscious obscurity; it is the poetry of faith in the good and true, of hope in the coming time, and of love for universal man. No man or woman, especially those who are young, can commune with this pure and elevated mind without being won to something of its own rare quality. He teaches us to pass beyond the boundaries of our narrow selfhood, and to think in the light of universal truths and inspiring ideals. He is

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love"

His pages glow with an earnest moral aspiration, and I feel confident that when the literary history of our times shall be written, and the good influences of our age enumerated, there will be no glory brighter than that which will gather around the name of this subtle thinker and perfect poetic artist.

PERFECTLY LOVELY.

BEVEN worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it is this universally used and senseless phrase! It is applied to anything and everything. It seems to stand instead of ideas, of sentiment, of appreciation, and of common sense.

Go into the rooms of the young ladies in our colleges for women, where you expect something better, and where something better should be heard. But listen! The first words that salute you are, "You are 'perfectly lovely' to come;" and, "Isn't the day just lovely?" and, "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely?'" With these young women, everything that isn't perfectly "horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite.

AFTER the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou floated in conquering battle or flapt to the breeze, battle cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high.
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff of the halcyon, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.

'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post.'
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.
'Every man die at his post! and there hail'd on our houses and halls

Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoop'd to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell

Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell.

Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,

Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;

Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:

'Children and wives—if the tiger leap into the fold unawares—

Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout,

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!

All on a sudden the garrison uttered a jubilant shout.

Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,

Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children e me out,

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusiliers,

Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!

Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!
—is it you? is it you?

Save'd by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!

'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eight, seven!

And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

KALEIDOSCOPES.

PROBABLY most of the children have looked through one of these beautiful instruments, and enjoyed seeing the bits of bright glass at the end of the tube shift about in a variety of forms. They have usually been sold as toys, but now architects and carpet-designers are beginning to buy them to get designs for their work. But the greatest use made of them is by the men who manufacture round, stained glass windows. The kaleidoscope furnishes more beautiful patterns than the men can arrange themselves.

A QUEER VALENTINE.

BY SOPHIA SWEET.



NOBODY in the world was less likely to receive a valentine than Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan. It was no wonder she laughed when 'Nezer asked her if she expected one.

'Nezer was sitting at what Ben Mudgett called the "leeward side" of Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, eating a turnover and drinking a cup of hot coffee.

A thrifty, hard-working woman was Mrs. O'Flanigan, with a trading bump equal to any Yankee; but for all that she tolerated some unprofitable customers. "It it wasn't for the soft-heartedness in her, she'd be rowlin in gold be this time," her neighbours said.

'Nezer was one of the unprofitable customers. He was thin and hungry-looking, and Mrs. O'Flanigan had invited him to breakfast at her stand whenever he was in town.

In the autumn he came into the city from Scrambleton about once a week with Ben Mudgett. Ben worked on a large farm, and brought waggon loads of vegetables, butter, poultry, and eggs to market. 'Nezer was an orphan from the poor-house. He had been "bound out" to the Widow Scrimplings, who didn't live on a farm, but who raised poultry and sent it, with a few eggs, to market.

She tried to raise the poultry on the same principles by which she was raising 'Nezer—very short commons and very hard work; but the chickens and geese and turkeys were all so lean and tough that 'Nezer could not get for them but about half what Ben got for his nice, plump ones. And the Widow Scrimplings thought 'Nezer was to blame. In fact, she thought 'Nezer was to blame for almost everything.

It was very cold weather now, and he had been obliged to set off at 4 o'clock in the morning without any breakfast; but there were snug warm places in Ben's big waggon in which to stow one's-self away, and Ben could spin yarns that would make you forget all about being cold, or hungry, or sleepy. Ben always had his breakfast before he started, and didn't know that 'Nezer didn't have his. He would have been sure to have brought a lunch with him if he had; but 'Nezer was not the kind of boy to complain. So it happened that 'Nezer, being very faint with hunger, had cast wistful glances at Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, and that worthy woman, after trying in vain to harden her heart according to the advice of her friends and neighbours, raised her fat and somewhat grimy forefinger, and slyly beckoned to him. And every time he came to town after that 'Nezer found awaiting him a snug seat behind the stand, a doughnut or a turnover, and a cup of hot coffee.

Mrs. O'Flanigan and 'Nezer had become great friends. He was always trying to devise a plan for making some return for her kindness, but beyond doing an errand for her occasionally there seemed to be no way. Now he had been looking admiringly at the valentines in the shop-windows, and he wanted to send her one. He had fifteen cents, which a man had given him for holding his horse, and he

meditated the bold plan of buying a valentine for Mrs. O'Flanigan with it, instead of giving it to the Widow Scrimplings. But when he delicately sounded Mrs. O'Flanigan on the subject of valentines, she laughed to scorn the idea of her receiving one.

"Sure, it's the purty young girls that has valentines, an' not the loikes av me, ye gossoon!" said she. "An' is it Micky O'Rourke, the peanut man around the corner—and a chatin' ould rashkil he is, bad 'cess till him!—is it him that yo think would be afther sendin' me a valentine? Or is it me first cousin, Barty Macfarland, the ould widdy man that comes ivory wake uskin' the loan av a quarther? It's foolicht enough they are, but not that foolicht to be sendin' bit pictures til the loikes av me! If it was a foine, fat young goose for me dinner-pot, now, or a good shawl wid rid stripes until it, thim would be valentines that ud suit me, jist!"

'Nezer heaved a deep sigh. That kind of a valentine was altogether beyond his reach.

If she only would have liked one of those which could be bought for fifteen cents! There was one that had a red and gold heart upon it, two doves, and two clasped hands, and some verses beginning,

Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;
You are my darling dear!

'Nezer thought it was beautiful, and he could not see why it was not very appropriate, indeed, for Mrs. O'Flanigan. But it was evident that it would not suit her taste at all. He must try to think of something else. "You'd order have the very nicest valentine in the world!" he said, gazing at her affectionately, with his mouth full of mince turnover.

"Listen til the blarneyin' tongue av him! Be aff wid ye, now, ye rashkil, and pit thim in your pocket agin ye be hongry go'n' home!"

And Mrs. O'Flanigan thrust two doughnuts into his pocket, and sent him off with a playful push.

'Nezer was silent and sad all the way home. It was queer, but the fact was that he was sad for the first half of the way because he couldn't think of anything to send Mrs. O'Flanigan for a valentine, and he was sad the last half because he had thought of something.

It was what she said about a "foine fat goose for her dinner-pot" that made him think of it.

There are very few people so poor that they haven't some one possession that is very precious to them. 'Nezer, though he was bound out to the Widow Scrimplings, had one, and it was a goose! Not a fine, fat goose, but a lean, old, lame goose; but still, for a dinner-pot, better than no goose at all, and for a valentine—well, 'Nezer had a vague idea that if he should send the most precious thing he had, that would be just what a valentine ought to be. But he had another feeling that complicated matters, and made him unhappy. He was so fond of Peg-leg, he could not bear the thought of her being put in a dinner-pot.

In appearance she was a most unprepossessing goose. She was not only very lame, but her neck and head were almost bare of feathers, and she had but one good eye. But without these misfortunes she would never have been 'Nezer's goose. At a tender age

she had fallen into the clutches of a dog, and been so badly treated that the Widow Scrimplings gave her up as dead, and ordered 'Nezer to give her to the cat. But 'Nezer discovered that the breath of life was still in her, and by careful nursing he had brought her up to comparatively vigorous goosehood. He had built a little house for her on Ben's farm, and took care to keep her there.

I am sorry to say she had never seemed to return 'Nezer's affection. She was a cross goose. She ran her long neck out and hissed fiercely at everybody; and she hissed only a little less fiercely at 'Nezer than at others.

But when St. Valentine's day came, and no stroke of good fortune had come to 'Nezer to enable him to buy "a shawl wid rid stripes," which was the only other valentine that Mrs. O'Flanigan regarded as desirable, 'Nezer came to the conclusion that Peg-leg must be sacrificed; so he boxed her up and sent her by express to Mrs. O'Flanigan; the expressman, who was a friend of Ben's, charging but half price.

In the box with Peg leg 'Nezer put a card, upon which he had written the verse:

Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;
You are my darling dear!

He was afraid she might not understand that Peg leg was a valentine if there were no verse.

On the outside of the box he wrote: "Take care; it bites."

That made it seem very unlike a valentine, but it was absolutely necessary for Mrs. O'Flanigan's protection, for Peg-leg's disposition would not be improved by six hours' confinement in a box.

It was a little past noon on the 14th of February when the expressman sat down before Mrs. O'Flanigan's astonished eyes the box with its warning sign, "Take care; it bites."

"Take care! Dade, then, and I will. What murthin rashkil is after sindin' me a craythur that bites?" And Mrs. O'Flanigan stood at a respectful distance, and gazed with fascinated curiosity at the box.

"Sure, it might be a crocydile, or a schnake wid rattles til him, ef it don't be anny thing worse!"

Just at that moment a loud and angry squawk came from the box.

A look of relief, and gradually a broad grin, overspread the face of Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Ayther that do be the vice av a goose, or its dramin' I am intoirely!" she exclaimed. And in a twinkling she pulled off a portion of the top of the box. Peg-leg's long neck was thrust out with a frightful hissing and snapping.

"Och, the oogly crathur, wid but a handful av feathers til her! Sure, it's not a right goose she is at all, at all."

Mrs. O'Flanigan was about to seize her and wring her neck, when she caught sight of the card. She took it up and looked at it, upside down, and all around.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan's education had been neglected. She could not read writing, and the card threw no light upon the goose. She beckoned from the crowd a small boy, who was one of her regular customers, and requested him to tell her what was written on the card.

As he read the word "valentine," and the tender lines that followed,

light burst upon Mrs. O'Flanigan's mind. "It's that b'y, 'Nezer! An' sure it's a kind hair the has, though—the saints be good til me!—it's the quarest valentine iver I seen! And now, whatever will I do wid it at all, at all, for he towld me how fond he was av it, an' the hairt av him wud be broke intoirely if I 'll it! An' me not havin' the laste accomy-dashins for a goose!"

A man with a good-natured face, looking like a sailor, stood near and listened to Mrs. O'Flanigan's lamentation. "If you want to get rid of it, I'll take care of it for you," said he. "I have just bought me a little place, five miles from the city, and I am going to keep poultry."

"Sure, it's an angel ye are to min-tion it, but it's a b'y that thinks the wuruld av it is afther sindin' it til me, an' I'm not loikin' to part wid it, though sure I'm not seein' how I can kape it, be the same token!"

"Where is the boy?" asked the sailor.

"Sure, it's away off to Scrambleton he lives, wid a lone widdy, that stingy that she picks the bones av him. A sight to bring tears to your eyes, he is, wid the hatchet face av him, and his legs doon beyant his trousis loike two sticks, jist!"

"Scrambleton?" said the man. "I used to have a sister who lived in Scrambleton. You don't happen to know this boy's name, do you?"

"I don't, sir. It's 'Nezer he says they calls him, but sure that's no name for a Christian!"

"Ebenzer, perhaps," said the man. "That's my name. Perhaps I'll go out to Scrambleton. And I'll go to see this boy, and tell him what's become of his goose—that is, if you let me take it."

"Seein' it's only kapin' it ye'll be, in a friendly way, perhaps I'd better lave it go," said Mrs. O'Flanigan. "For it's kilt wid it I'll be if I kapes it, sure. But if ye see 'Nezer ye'll be afther tellin' him that I thinks the wuruld av me valentine, but be rayson ov havin' no accomy-dashins I'm afther lindin' it for a bit, its dispersition not bein' that raysonable it wud be contined in a box."

The man nailed the cover of the box once more over Peg-leg and her hissing, and carried her off. Mrs. O'Flanigan heaved a sigh of relief as she saw her valentine disappearing in the distance.

But as the days went by, and no tidings came of either man or goose, Mrs. O'Flanigan began to feel a pang at the sight of a hungry-looking boy, fearing he might prove to be 'Nezer, and dreading to tell 'Nezer what become of the goose.

But when, about two weeks after St. Valentine's day, 'Nezer did appear, she had to take two or three good long looks at him before she recognized him; for his legs were no longer "down beyant his trousis." He had on a brand-new suit from top to toe, and his cheeks were almost fat. He held his head up, and his eyes were bright, and he did not look like the same boy. And the man who had carried off the goose was with him.

"He is my nephew, my only sister's son," said the man to Mrs. O'Flanigan. "And if I hadn't stopped to see the goose, and you hadn't told me his name was 'Nezer, and he lived in Scrambleton, I should, perhaps, never have found him, for I thought he was dead.

And I've got him away from the Widow Scrimplings, and as I have a snug bit of property, and nobody but him belonging to me, we're pretty comfortable together. And I'm hoping to make some return to you for your kindness to my nephew," said 'Nezer's uncle. And 'Nezer could with great difficulty refrain from telling her of the plans they had formed for supplying her next summer with the finest fruits from their garden.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan protested that the "bit and the sup" she had given him would make her "niver a bit the poorer;" and he was "that dacent and perlite" that it more than paid her, to say nothing of the "foine valentine" he had sent her.

"Peg-leg has lots more feathers growing out on her," said 'Nezer, proudly. "It's a foine fowl she do be, anyhow!" said Mrs. O'Flanigan, politely. "And I think her temper is improving," said 'Nezer's uncle.

"She have but the laste bit in life av a timper," said Mrs. O'Flanigan; "and sure what would anny av us be widout it?" By which you will see that Mrs. O'Flanigan understood fashionable manners, if she was only an apple-woman.—*St. Nicholas.*

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—

Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:

And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind.
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly 'The lad will need little more of your care.'

'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own.'

But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?'
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say

'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'
Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by,
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie!

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?'

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here 's the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;

Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;

Here was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Here was the greatfullest heart I have found in a child of her years—

Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cow-slip out of the field;

Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's wing;

And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crossed on her breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,

Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little dear;

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vex'd!

Emmie had head'd hum. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,

'He says I shall never live thro' it, O Anne, what shall I do?'

Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,

I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,

It's all in the picture there: "Little children should come to me."

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please

Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then if I call to the Lord,

How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!'

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:

'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—

The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.

That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tossed about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,

And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again—

Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;

Say that His day is done? Ah why should we care what they say?

The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away;

TENNYSON AND THE VIOLETS.

THE late James T. Fields, author and lecturer, used to relate the following incident which happened in one of his visits at the home of the poet Tennyson. They were wandering on the moors about midnight, with no moon to light them, when suddenly the poet dropped on his knees, with his face to the ground.

"What is it?" said Mr. Fields, alarmed lest a sudden faintness or sickness had come on.

"Violets!" growled Tennyson.

"Violets, man. Down on your knees and take a good snuff; you'll sleep all the better for it."

Mr. Fields dropped on his knees, not to snuff the violets, but to have a good laugh at the oddity of the poet's action and words. But Tennyson was eager to make the most of the violets, which his keen scent detected as quickly by night as his vision by day.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

HOME they brought her warrior dead
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe,
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face—both from the face,
Yet she neither moved or wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest and hot tears
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1884.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WE are glad to be able to lay before our young readers such a handsome special Tennyson number of PLEASANT HOURS as is this. So full an account of the great poet and his works has never before been presented to the youth of Canada. And he is worthy for whom this is done—the sweetest singer of his time, and one of the noblest, purest and most Christian poets who ever used the English tongue. The coronet of a lord can add no lustre to his brow. The poet is nobler than the peer. His stirring patriotic poems thrill the heart like the peal of a clarion, and love for England and for England's Queen throbs in every line. But still more is he endeared to our hearts by his deep and tender human sympathies, as shown in the pathetic poems of the May Queen, Enoch Arden, In Memoriam, The Grandmother, and The Children's Hospital. We hope our young friends will get a Tennyson of their own as soon as they can, and give his works their earnest study.

His poems complete can be had at our Book Rooms from \$1.25 up to \$13.

WE have pleasure in giving in another column a sketch, by Mrs. Harvie, a good friend to the Children's Hospital, of Christmas at that home of the sick and suffering. We will be glad if the readers of PLEASANT HOURS in their happy homes will remember this beautiful charity.

LIFE OF ULRIC ZWINGLI.—Translated from the German of Rev. Jean Grob. This volume presents the life of the Reformer of Switzerland, "The Mountain Boy of Wildhaus," as he has been called, in a highly interesting manner. The 400th anniversary of his birth calls for a memorial of his sincere character and his manly career. In a graphic and at times dramatic manner, the author sketched the record of the man, the statesman, and the reformer, from his humble birth to the sad ending of his life. He has also incidentally furnished an insight into the history, government, and characteristics of the people for whom Zwingli lived and died. Published in Funk and Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dey St., New York) Standard Library, No. 105. Price 25 cents. Wm. Briggs, Agent for Canada.

AN esteemed correspondent in Nova Scotia writes thus of the monthly Magazine of the Methodist Church in Canada: "Allow me to congratulate you on the appearance of the January number of Magazine. The articles taken singly are good, but I have been specially delighted with the effect of the number as a whole. The Methodist world of literature has nothing equal to the Magazine, taking illustrations and all into consideration. Was delighted to hear from the Southern Bishop." Still better things are yet to come. Now is the time to subscribe.

A BROTHER writes from the Province of Quebec: "We are very thankful for the papers donated to our school here. I commenced one year ago with about thirty in the school, and now we have eighty-six, and still they come; but all are poor. Help if you can." This is the sort of work the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund is doing.

The Story of Young Margaret. By LENA GILBERT FELLOWS. Pp. 324. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25. The motto of this book gives the key-note of its teaching.

"Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower of Faith.

It is a record of the sustaining power and ennobling influence of the religion of Jesus amid trials and difficulties. It is a tale of dauntless courage and unswerving fidelity amid oppositions which try the mettle of the soul. Young girls, especially, in this age of self-indulgence may learn lessons of moral strength and daring.

The Gold of Chickaree. By SUSAN and ANNA WARNER. Pp. 42C. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Under this curious title the sisters Warner present one of their most successful stories, "bright and warm with the blessedness of true love and true religion." It is seldom that a literary partnership is so well-sustained as that of these accomplished sisters. The readers of that charming story, "Wych Hazel," will be glad to follow in this still further the fortunes of the gentle heroine of that tale. It is an admirable study of the development of character, which is always a higher kind of art than that which depends for its interest merely on the development of plot and incident.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A short time before Longfellow died, the children of Cambridge presented him with an arm-chair made from the chestnut tree of the poem. It bore an appropriate inscription, and the poet wrote a beautiful poem in reply.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door:
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

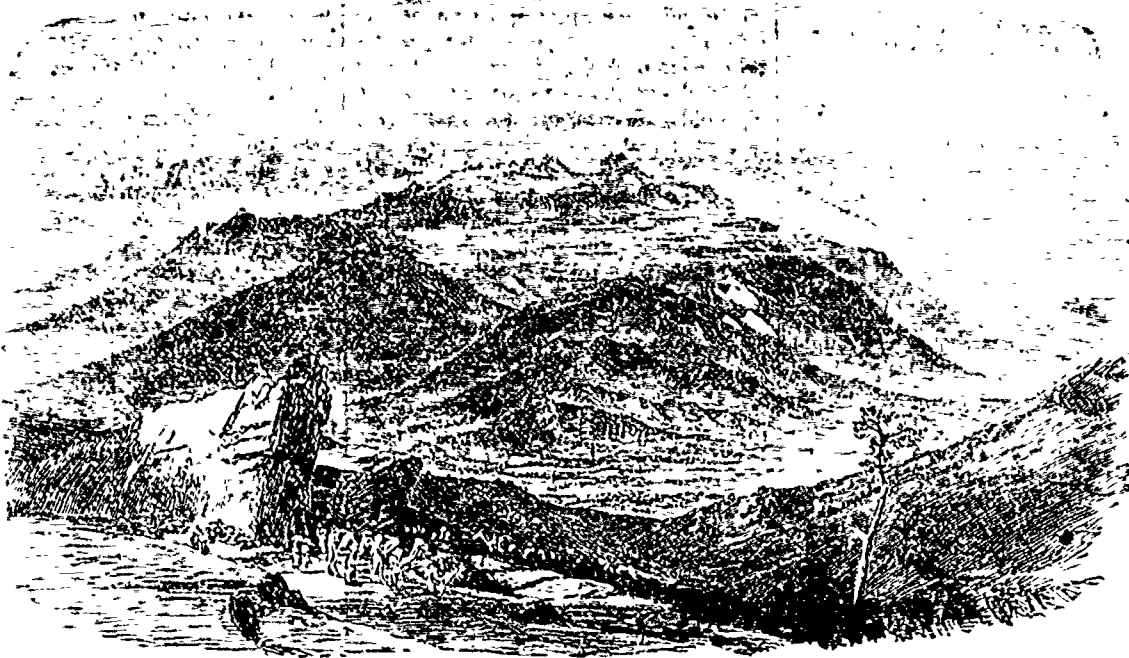
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

At a happy home the other evening,
where the family was gathered around the tea-table entertaining unexpected guests, the fond mother said to her youngest darling, "Weedie darling, be careful; you musn't spill the berries on the table-cloth." "Tain't a table-cloth," responded darling; "it's a sheet!"

MR. TENNYSON AT HOME.

ALDORTH was built some dozen years ago, when Mrs. Tennyson had been ordered change. The new house, where for many years past the family has spent its summers, stands on the summit of a high lonely hill in Surrey, and yet it is not quite out of reach of London life. It is a white stone house, with many broad windows facing a great view and a long terrace, with a low parapet of stone, where ivies and roses are trained. Sometimes at Aldorth, when the summer days are at their brightest, and high Blackdown top has been well warmed and sunned, I have seen a little procession coming along the terrace walk, and proceeding by its green boundary into a garden, where the sun shines its hottest upon a sheltered lawn, and where standard rose-trees burn their flames. Mr. Tennyson in his broad hat goes first, dragging the garden chair in which Mrs. Tennyson lies; perhaps one son is pushing from behind, while another follows with rugs and cushions for the rest of the party. If the little grandsons and their young mother are there the family group is complete. No impression of the life at Aldworth and Farringford would be complete if, beside the parents, the sons were not seen, adding each in his own measure to the united household. Hallam, the eldest son, has been for years past the adviser, the friend, and companion of his father and mother at home; and Lionel, the younger, although living away in London in his own home, all the same holds fast to the family tradition of parents and children closely united through the chances and changes of life, and trusting and supporting one another. Mr. Tennyson works alone in the early hours of the morning, and comes down long after his own frugal meal is over to find his guests assembling round the social breakfast table. He generally goes out for a walk before luncheon, with a son and a friend, perhaps, and followed by a couple of dogs. All Londoners know the look of the stalwart figure and the fine face and broad-brimmed felt hat as he advances.

A LITTLE girl, hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half-mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half dead.



LEBANON.

LEBANON.

LEBANON, white, a long chain of mountains on the north of Palestine, so named from the whitish limestone of which they are composed, and in part perhaps from their snowy whiteness in winter. It consists of two main ridges running north-east and south-west, nearly parallel with each other and with the coast of the Mediterranean. The western ridge was called Libanus by the Greeks, and the eastern Anti-Libanus. Between them lies a long valley called Cole-Syria, that is, Hollow Syria and the "Valley of Lebanon," Josh. 11. 17. It opens towards the north, but is exceedingly narrow towards the south, where the river Litany, anciently Orontes, issues from the valley and flows west to the sea, north of Tyre. The western ridge is generally higher than the eastern, and several of its peaks are thought to be 10,000 feet high. One summit, however, in the eastern range, namely, Mount Hermon, now called Jebel-sh-Sheikh, is higher still, and rises nearly into the region of perpetual ice. An Arab poet says of the highest peak of Lebanon, "The Sannin bears winter on his head, spring upon his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet."

The Hebrew writers often allude to this sublime mountain range, Isa. 10: 34; 85: 2 rising like a vast barrier on their north, Isa. 37: 24. They speak of its sea of foliage agitated by the gales, Psa. 72: 16; of its noble cedars and other trees, Isa. 60: 13; Jer. 22: 23; of its innumerable herds, the whole of which, however, could not atone for one sin, Isa. 40: 16; of its snow-clad streams, Jer. 18: 14, and its balsamic perfume, Hos. 14: 5. Moses longed to enter the Holy Land, that he might "see that goodly mountain and Lebanon."

At present, Lebanon is inhabited by a hardy and turbulent race of mountaineers. Its vast wilderness and mountains form almost a world by itself. Its western slopes particularly, rising by a succession of terraces from the plain of the coast, are covered with vines, olives, mulberries, and figs; and occupied, as well as the valleys among the mountains, by numberless villages. Anti-Lebanon is less popu-

lous and cultivated. The chief inhabitants of Lebanon are Druses and Maronites; the former Mohammedan mystics, and the latter bigoted Romanists. Among them are interspersed many Greeks and Armenians.

THE TORONTO RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

ONE of the sad features about this dreadful tragedy was the fact that two boys of 14, two of 15, and one of 17 were among the killed, another died at the hospital. His death is thus described: In ward number one at eleven o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the day following the accident, lay Patrick Caveney, seemingly enjoying a sweet sleep. He was terribly scalded, and bandages permitted only a small portion of his face to be seen. On a couch beside him lay his mother resting, but not sleeping, watching tenderly over her son. She had been there since early morning, and stated her intention to remain there till the following day. During the day from time to time, the mother told a reporter, her boy would wake and ask: "Are you there, mother? Don't leave me." The poor boy was unable to open his eyes, and it was unknown whether or not his sight was gone, though the doctors gave no hope that it was preserved. Caveney's mother said she was a widow, and had been so for nine years. She came to Toronto in June last with her son Patrick, then aged sixteen, one older son, and three younger children. The oldest son has been out of employment for some months, and Patrick was almost the sole support of the family. It was the knowledge of this that made him say when he awoke on one occasion, "Oh, mother, mother! if I die there will be no one to help you." The poor mother was almost broken-hearted, but still she bore up bravely. The soundness of the sleep in which he was wrapped at eleven o'clock raised her hopes and caused her to believe in the recovery of her son. Alas! a few minutes later he awoke. He whispered "mother," and his anxious mother bent tenderly over him. He could not see her; his poor eyes were blinded, but he knew that

she was by him and he was happy. "I am dying, mother," he said; "good-bye." The mother called the nurse; she came, but could do nothing. The power against her was mightier than hers, and with a few murmured words the dying boy passed into eternity. The broken-hearted mother wept bitterly.

A RED STAIN IN THE SNOW.

The following touching poem was written on the dreadful railway accident near Toronto, on January 2nd.

IN the whirl and rush of the snow,
In the morning, chilly and grim,
Some men in the cars felt the cheerful glow
Of the dearest comfort a man can know,
That somebody's thinking of him.

And others, glad in their fresh young life,
Sturdy of muscle and limb,
Eager to enter the world's great strife,
Unblessed by a babe or the love of a wife,
Found never a morning dim.

Yet ah, that valley of fire and snow!
The white banks lit by the red!
The mute meek faces that looked up:
The mangled men, with their cries of woe,
And the frozen banks for a bed.

Bright hearths at morning grew black at night,
And hopeful hearts sank low,
And out of the doors there is naught in sight
But the dark, implacable, far-paced night,
And the whirl of the steady snow.

Ah! Christ, the Christ of working men,
Bend down Thy piteous brow!
Mary's and Martha's Saviour when
Thou gavest them consolation—then,
Be with our women now.

The following letter explains itself: "At the annual meeting for 1882 of the officers and teachers of the Sabbath-school in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada at Aurora, it was decided to give the scholars' collections to the "Crosby Girls' Home." The amount necessary (\$50) for the education of one girl was not realized. The officers therefore made up the amount. This year the scholars' collections amounted to more than \$50. It was decided to give the balance, \$5.75, to Mr. Crosby's Mission Boat.—W. G. Graham, Secretary-Treasurer." This amount we have received and forwarded through Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Treasurer to Mr. Crosby. Will not other schools follow this example.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM IN AMERICA.

THE Methodist "Societies" were organized in 1739, hence the Centenary of 1839 was the celebration of the one hundredth year of Methodism as a revival movement.

In 1766 the first Methodist preachers, Embrey and Strawbridge, began to preach the Gospel in America, in 1866 our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church celebrated the Centenary of Methodist preaching in America.

In 1784 Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury were recognized as Superintendents or Bishops, and the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized at Baltimore. In 1884, then, we propose to celebrate the Centenary of Organic Methodism in America. It will be the one hundredth year of the *Church-life* of Methodism in America. In 1784 Methodism, when organized, numbered only 15,100 souls, ministers and laymen. In 1884, it has nearly 4,000,000 in the United States and Canada. "What hath God wrought?"

The following spirited hymn commemorates this event:—

CENTENARY HYMN.
1784-1884.

ONE hundred years have gone, and more,
Since Wesley and his noble band
Beheld with joy from England's shore,
Their work to reach Columbia's strand.
Tell the grand Centennial story!
Let the joyful people sing!
Give to Jesus all the glory—
Hallelujah to our King!

One hundred years ago—Behold!
Where Webband Embury preached before—
Where Whitefield toiled—God gave a fold
For Wesley's sheep—in Baltimore!
Tell the grand Centennial story!

The flock so small was scarcely known,
The faithful shepherds were few score;
To-day their thousands may be shown—
Their sheep increased to millions more!
Tell the grand Centennial story!

God kept His Church, and raised up men,
With Coke and Asbury to command;
Who went forth strong and zealous then,
To sow the Gospel through the land.
Tell the grand Centennial story!

The doctrine was of God's "free grace,"
To Jew and Gentile, bond and free.
God's love for all, to know, embrace—
Salvation like the boundless sea.
Tell the grand Centennial story!

By Wesley's plan they taught, and wrought,
"True holiness to spread abroad;"
And by their founders' creed they sought
To build the kingdom of the Lord.
Tell the grand Centennial story!

And their "succession" still is found,
Of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost;
Like Paul to seek the farthest ground,
And plant the Church where needed most.
Tell the grand Centennial story!

Their work still grows beneath the sun,
In Southern lands, and East, and West;
And foreign shores and isles are won,
And pagan countries now are blest.
Tell the grand Centennial story!

One hundred years have rung their chimes—
Their system proves its source Divine;
And changes hearts, and homes, and climes,
And makes the world with beauty shine.
Tell the grand Centennial story!

Let prayers arise—let offerings pour!
Let praises pierce the bending skies!
And ask for grace, yet more and more—
More liberal things for God devise!
Tell the grand Centennial story!
Let the joyful people sing!
Give to Jesus all the glory—
Hallelujah to our King!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar
Let the sound of those he wrought for
And the feet of those he fought for,
Laid round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their enemies and men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength,
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore,
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er,
The great World-victor's victor will be seen
no more.

All is over and done—
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son,
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould,
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds—
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear had heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-temper'd frame,
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs
and tears:

The black earth yawns the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

A WEE boy beset his mother to talk to him, and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked. "Don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

"INSULTS," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

VIC'S VALENTINE.

"I gave, I gave My life for thee:
What hast thou done for Me?"



LITTLE Vic sang the sweet words over and over in a clear, loud treble as she sat on the hearthstone stretching out her feet toward the warm blaze. But she sang them without any thought of their meaning, for all her mind was intent upon a most delightful occupation. Vic was making a valentine, and all around her, on the floor, were scattered the treasures she had long been hoarding for this very purpose: some scraps of gilt paper and bits of ribbon, motto-papers and coloured letters, and, most beautiful of all, some scrap-book pictures, which had cost the only five cents she owned in the world. Already she had made a splendid beginning: the brightest butterfly in the very centre of the sheet of paper, and on each side a green beetle bug; and now Vic, with her head very much on one side, was weighing the comparative charms of a most brilliant bunch of flowers and a very red parrot. And still, as she turned over her little stock and vigorously pasted and dabbed, her clear, childish voice sang over and over:—

"I gave, I gave My life for thee:
What hast thou done for Me?"

"Do stop your noise, child, and clear up all that litter! I am tired enough with toting this great basket all the way up town and back, and you'll just have to stop fooling and get tea."

Vic jumped up to her feet. She had been so occupied in her work she had not noticed how dark the room had grown; had not even heard when Aunt Edie came in with her big basket till she sank down heavily upon the chair by the fire. She began hurriedly to gather her scraps together, while Aunt Edie went on more gently:—

"Seems as if that basket of clothes grew heavier and heavier every time I do 'em up; and to-night I had to fetch home some corn-meal. You might have had tea all ready, Vic. But there! I suppose I can't expect to have things done for me."

And Aunt Edie slowly took up her heavy basket and carried it away to the pantry, while Vic began vigorously her preparations for tea.

With much noise and rattle and clatter she dragged the old wooden table from the corner toward the fireplace, and banged down upon it the heavy plates and cups and big steel knives. For although Vic could stop what Aunt Edie called "fooling," it was not in her to stop making a noise. But making tea was not so novel and exciting a work as making valentines, and now Vic began to think.

"Did Aunt Edie really think things were never done for her? Did she, Vic, really never help her? She meant to. Good old Aunt Edie, who had taken her home, a poor, hapless baby, when her mother had died in the Colored Hospital, and had clothed her, and fed her—yes, and loved her—ever since! 'What hast thou done for me?' Well, little enough!" thought Vic. "I declare, I ought to have had

tea ready!" and bang went the kettle on to the stove, spilling over a part of its contents upon the hot iron, where it hissed and sputtered angrily. "And she took all that new flannel to line my old waterproof, to make me warmer; and I do believe she never got any more for her skirt! There! how this old knife does drop!—and that is the very reason why she has been so cold and stiff this winter." And a big tear rolled down Vic's face, and splashed right down upon the loaf of bread she was cutting.

"What's that you're making, honey?" said Aunt Edie, a little later, when, warmed and rosted, she sat down by the fire with her knitting.

"A valentine," said Vic shortly. "Who for?"

Vic did not answer. There was no real reason why Aunt Edie might not know that it was for Ida Jackson, her dearest friend, but you know there is no fun in a valentine unless there is a great deal of mystery.

"Well," pursued Aunt Edie, "young ones must have their fun, is 'pose. Dear knows they'll have trouble enough by and by. You don't care much about valentines when you have to work hard just to keep warm, and no one to do a thing for you but your own two hands!"

What made Aunt Edie talk so much to-night about "doing?" It recalled to Vic the words which had been in her mind all day, and as she settled down to her pasting and gilding, she began once more to sing to herself:—

"I gave, I gave My life for thee."

Aunt Edie watched and listened in silence awhile, and then said softly:—

"We don't do much for Him, that's a fact, and I reckon He means to keep on taking care of us. Sometimes I hope He'll remember that I've tried to take care of you, child, and maybe He'll be as well pleased with that."

Long after Aunt Edie had gone to sleep that night, little Vic lay awake trying to think of something she could do for the kind old woman who had done so much for her. If only she could get the flannel and send it to her for a valentine, how perfectly beautiful that would be! But she could think of no way of earning it; and at last fell asleep and dreamed she had cut all the lining out of her cloak, and found there was not nearly enough.

Bright ideas are apt to come with the morning, and it certainly was a very bright idea that prompted Vic to stop at the store on her way to school the next day, and ask Mr. Kane just how much flannel it would take for a skirt and how much it would cost.

"About three yards, I guess, and it is 40 cents a yard, so it would be just \$1.20," said Mr. Kane glibly.

The little girl's lip quivered. She could never earn so much. Mr. Kane saw her trouble.

"Did you want it for yourself?"

"No, sir; for Aunt Edie. She used hers for me, and she has not got any; and I did want to buy it myself, but I can't get so much money."

"Well," said Mr. Kane slowly, "I'll tell you what we can do, if you've a mind. I want all these beans picked over and sorted, and if you'll come here and do the job I'll give you the flannel."

Vic thanked him eagerly and promised to do her best. Fortunately for her, Aunt Edie had a long job of

house-cleaning that week, and came home too late to notice Vic's long absences. And day after day, after several hours and during the short intermission, Vic sat in the close, dark room behind the store, toiling faithfully over her task. Very monotonous it grew and tiresome, and the restless, noisy child, compelled to sit so quietly at an unaccustomed work, was often sorely tempted to give it all up. Still she persevered. And now, in this quiet, for the first time in all her little life Vic began to realize how much had been done for her. Not by Aunt Edie only. There was Miss Annie, her Sunday-school teacher, who had never failed to greet her with loving welcome week after week, who never forgot to notice whether her shoes and hat were comfortable, and had so many times given her new ones, and once such a lovely brown dress. Vic remembered many a kindness from school teachers and scholars. Best of all, she began now to think lovingly and gratefully of the dear Lord who had given His life for her and shielded her life from care and harm. "Dear me!" thought little Vic. "What can I do for Him? I do hope he'll be pleased if I begin by doing something for Aunt Edie."

At last the work was done to Mr. Kane's satisfaction, and he put into the child's hands a big paper package with "Aunt Edie" in big printing letters outside. Vic danced and capered down the street, and placed the precious bundle in the very centre of the table. Then she made the tea; and if the cups and saucers were not all broken to atoms in her wild haste, it was only because those long-suffering articles were all of the very toughest material.

All was ready long before the usual "Well, child!" announced Aunt Edie's return.

Vic could wait no longer.

"Oh, Aunt Edie! Here's a valentine for you. Do open it, quick! See, it says, 'For Aunt Edie!'"

"For me!" said Aunt Edie doubtfully.

"Oh, do open it!" pleaded Vic. But Aunt Edie spelled slowly out the printed letters, and turned the bundle over and over, and pinched it, and wondered who sent it. But at last the knot was untied and the folds of bright red flannel were displayed. And Vic forgot that it was a valentine, and ought to be mysterious, and exclaimed:—

"I did it, Aunt Edie. It's from me. I earned it all myself, because you've always done so much for me, and I wanted to do something for you. Isn't it pretty? Don't you like it?"

"You blessed child!" exclaimed Aunt Edie; and Vic felt more than satisfied.—*Christian Union.*

At a dinner party the little son of the host and hostess was allowed to come down to dessert. Having had what his mother considered a sufficiency of fruit, he was told he must not have any more, when, to the surprise of every one of the guests, he exclaimed, "If you don't give me some more, I'll tell!" A fresh supply was at once given him, and as soon as it was finished he repeated his threat; whereupon he was suddenly and swiftly removed from the room, but he had just time to convulse the company by exclaiming, "My new trousers are made out of ma's old bedroom curtains!"

THE SEA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the steady ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

CHRISTMAS AT THE HOSPITAL
FOR SICK CHILDREN,
TORONTO.

BY L. J. H.

CH RISTMAS and Santa Claus are inseparably connected in the minds of most children, whether sick or well. It is almost needless to say that the thirty-two patients at the Hospital for Sick Children were no exception to the general rule. For weeks,

kind friends had been preparing pleasant surprises for the children, and though the Christmas tree still held suspended from its evergreen branches its precious fruitage until the Thursday following, Christmas-day itself was one of unmitigated pleasure and satisfaction. As soon as it was light in the wards, when the bright eyes of convalescents and the heavy, languid ones of ailing ones were unclosed, they rested upon a mysterious parcel lying upon the pillow of each little cot, which, when opened, was found to contain a pretty Christmas card, a small stocking of "goodies," and a real Christmas letter, the gift of the ladies of the Flower Mission. Parents and relatives were allowed the pleasure of giving in charge to the Matron their gifts, who placed them under the pillows of the loved ones when asleep, and for those who were friendless loving hands had prepared special gifts, so that no little heart would be disappointed on the birthday of Jesus our Saviour.

One band of Sabbath-school children in M—, another in O—, and many children in the city and from a distance, had sent toys and books from their own treasured stores, and these materially helped the Committee in arranging a gift for each one.

The Christmas dinner was an event. It was contributed, prepared and served by Miss B— and a few of her young lady friends. For three successive years has Miss B— visited the Hospital on Christmas morning, for the purpose of preparing and giving to the children a Christmas dinner. The well boys and girls, who read PLEASANT HOURS, will be glad to know that many of the patients were able to sit down at the tables spread in the wards, and but few were sufficiently ill to be denied the pleasure of partaking, at least sparingly, of the good cheer so kindly provided for them.

The afternoon was enlivened with games and sports, intermingled with many earnest little talks about the Babe born so many hundred years ago, who came to save us from sin, and who, when He grow to be a man, loved children, saying to them so tenderly, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But, though Christmas had been so

pleasant, much anxiety was expressed for the quick arrival of Thursday. There were many nods and whisperings in quiet corners, and all hearts were full of anticipations concerning the mysterious tree and its strange fruit. At last the long-expected Thursday afternoon came, and all the preparations were complete. A little daughter of Mr. H— personated the fairy sprite, whose pleasing duty it was to dispense the gifts, and as with fleet step (greatly accelerated by a pair of silver wings which sprung from her shoulders) she passed from bed to bed, untying with nimble fingers very suggestive-looking parcels, and was greeted with little shrieks of surprise and delight, the onlooker of mature years was reminded of days long since gone by. The Hospital Christmas tree was a wonderful one. Old St. Nicholas (in the person of Miss M—, the ever-kind friend of the children) had evidently been in a generous frame of mind when he drew rein at the Hospital door—perhaps he thought that he must in some way compensate these sufferers for days and nights of sleeplessness and pain, or perhaps the graceful fairy with silver wings, who distributed the gifts, possessed the power of transforming with her wondrous wand evergreen twigs into books, dolls, horses, balls, etc. At any rate, it seemed as though the tree would never be stripped of its delightful fruit, and each child received not one but many presents.

Generous children will gladly hear that several of these sick ones have already given to poor brothers and sisters at home, who through poverty or the vice of parents were without a Christmas gift, one or more from their full store.

The writer passed through the wards about an hour after the tree had been dismantled, and the tour was at once amusing and saddening. One convalescent boy was spinning three tops, all going at once, for three bed-ridden chaps, while a little girl of weak intellect was hugging tightly in her arms, and cooing softly to it, a big, blue-eyed dolly. Young B—, a stirring lad, had dexterously taken apart his jumping-jack that he might "find the jump," and in an adjoining bed another lad was preparing to follow his example and dissect his kaleidoscope, in order to "see what made the see." As we looked in at the door of the small girls' ward, we were surprised to find all dear little Maggie's presents untouched on the table, and the child lying quietly with her face to the wall; stooping over her with questioning look, the dark eyes were upturned for an instant, and to our mute appeal the quiet, patient answer came, "Only an azzor abscess." As we turned to go out, we met the good Matron, Miss F—, with a huge basket on her arm, gathering up the bags of candy, which were to be placed in the care of the nurses and dispensed daily, with a view to the physical state of each patient.

Little Janey, about whom you have heard, is still living, but gradually grows weaker and weaker; she is at home now with her parents. Archie, whom you also know, is well and hearty now. Sometimes death comes to the Hospital. A few weeks ago little Ettie was taken, but she was quite ready and willing to go, and we know that she is keeping a long, long, happy Christmas in the heavenly land, and that she will ever be with Jesus.

But we must not forget to mention

the gift which a sweet young girl in Nova Scotia sent to the Hospital before she died. She had read in PLEASANT HOURS about the Hospital for Sick Children, and the Crosby Home for Girls in the North-West, and, when dying, desired her mother to give all her little fortune—the sum of one hundred dollars—to these two institutions, fifty dollars to each. The ladies who have charge of the Hospital have decided to take some poor, neglected, sick child, and care for it with this precious gift, as this amount will keep a cot in the Hospital for at least six months.

And now we must close this little history, wishing all our readers a bright new year, and hoping that they may always have hearts full of tenderness and sympathy for those who are sick and afflicted. "I was sick, and ye visited me."

A poor little newboy, while attempting to jump from a city car the other afternoon, fell beneath the car and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent to bring her to him. When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," whispered he with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers, and the money is in my pocket." With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.—*American Paper.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 52.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JAILER.

Acts 16. 25-40. Commit to memory vs. 29-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. Acts 16. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. Songs in the Night, v. 25-28.
2. The Joy of Salvation, v. 29-34.
3. Out of Prison, v. 35-40.

TIME.—A. D. 52, directly following the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Philippi in Macedonia.
EXPLANATIONS.—*At midnight*—While in prison and in the stocks, after being scourged. *Prayed*—Even in prison they were near God. *Sung praises*—Happy in their troubles because their Saviour was with them. *Earthquake*—This was God's answer to their prayers. *Bands were loosed*—By the chains being made loose from the wall. *Would have killed himself*—His own life being made the penalty if his prisoners escaped. *All there*—The prisoners were too frightened to escape. *Do to be saved*—Perhaps he had already heard Paul preach, and now saw his own danger. *Believe*—Trust for salvation. *Saved* from sin, its guilt and penalty. *Thy house*—Saved himself, he would show his family the way of salvation. *Baptized*—As a sign of his faith in Christ. *Set meat*—Any kind of food is meant. *Serjeants*—The under-officers. *Being Romans*—Paul and Silas were Roman citizens, and it was a crime to imprison or beat them without trial. *Fetch us out*—Bring us out honourably. *Departed*—Since they could do no more work in that city.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught that God gives—

1. Comfort in communion with him?
2. Safety in peril?
3. Salvation through faith in his name?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What happened while Paul and Silas were singing in the prison? There was a great earthquake. 2. What was the effect? All the doors were opened. 3. What did the

keeper of the prison ask Paul? "What must I do to be saved?" 4. What did Paul reply? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." 5. What did the magistrates do at day-break? They released them.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS.—Salvation by faith.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

11. How does our Lord teach us His religion?
By His word and by His Spirit.
12. What is His word?
The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which are the sacred books of the Christian Faith.
13. How does the Old Testament teach Christianity?
The Scriptures of the Old Testament were written by many holy men, who prophesied that the Christ was coming, and foretold also what He would suffer and do and teach. 1 Peter i. 10, 11.

A. D. 52.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 24.

THESSALONIANS AND BEREANS.

Acts 17. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. Acts 17. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Devout Believers, v. 1-4.
2. The Envious Unbelievers, v. 5-9.
3. The Noble Bereans, v. 10-14.

TIME.—A. D. 52, immediately following the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Thessalonica and Berea, both in Macedonia.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Synagogue*—A place where Jews met to worship. *Went in*—To the meeting on the Sabbath. *Scriptures*—The Old Testament from which Paul proved the truth of the Gospel. *Opening*—Showing from the Scriptures. *Alleging*—Declaring. *Consorted*—Because friends and companions. *Devout Greeks*—Gentiles who worshiped God. *Chief women*—Women of noble rank. *Level fellows*—Idle and worthless people. *Assaulted*—Made an attack with a mob. *House of Jason*—Where Paul was entertained. *Turned the world*—By the excitement of their preaching. But the fault was in the world, not in the Gospel. *Another king*—Our duties to Christ are never opposed to our duties to the State. *Taken security*—A pledge that they would not cause trouble or disturbance. *More noble*—Of a better spirit, more willing to learn the truth. *The word*—The truth as preached by Paul. *Whether these things were so*—They believed what they found taught in the Scriptures. *Honourable women*—Women of noble rank. *To go as it were*—This should read "as far as." *Abode there still*—To care for the Church.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find in this lesson—

1. An example of the fruits of envy?
2. A model Bible student?
3. An example of brotherly love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Paul declare to the Thessalonians? That Jesus was the Christ. 2. E. v many of the Greeks believed? A great multitude. 3. How did the Jews who believed not receive this preaching? "They set the city in an uproar." 4. How did those at Berea receive the word? "With all readiness of mind." 5. What did they do? "Searched the Scriptures daily."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

14. What has our Lord said about the books of the Old Testament?
He calls them the Scriptures, says that they testify of Himself, and that they will not pass away. Luke xxiv. 44, 45. John x. 35. John v. 39. Matthew v. 17, 18.
15. Is this the reason why we believe the Old Testament?
There are many other reasons, but this is the chief reason. Our Lord honoured the Old Testament, and we must honour it, and receive it as the word of God.
16. How does the New Testament teach His religion?
It contains the history of His life and death, the record of His teaching while He was among men, and the doctrine which He taught the Apostles by His Spirit after He ascended into heaven.

TOO LATE!

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

"And I was foolish"

ARRANGED BY GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but
 2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; O let us in, that
 3. Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet? O let us in, that

we can en-ter still; Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late! But
 we may find the light; O let us in, O let us in, That
 we may kiss His feet! O let us in, O let us in, That

CHORUS.

we can en-ter still, But we can en-ter still.
 we may find the light, That we may find the light. Too late! too late! Ye
 we may kiss His feet, That we may kiss His feet.

p
 can not en-ter now! Too late! too late! Ye can not en-ter now!

THE NEW SPELLING.

THIS is the way the *Orillia Packet* proposes to reform the spelling: "The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* is wun ov the best yet isid. It haz kopiush ilustrated artikelz: Roial Patuzez ov England, Winter Helth Rezorts in the South, and the kloz ov Stanley's Dark Kontinent—and other artikelz ov spezial interest. The anounsment for 1884 iz the best yet med, inkluding ilustrated artikelz on Winter Sinz in Manitoba; Piktur-rask Kanad; the Oil Welz ov Canada; Woks about London; Englesh Kathi-dralz; Sil Hunting in Newfoundland; Hants ov Luther; A Kanadian in Norway; Holi Russia; Sinz in India, Africa, Japan, Italy, etc., and 12 prijes on Ledi Brassery's Voiej Around the Wuld. Among the kontributorz ar:

—The Reit Rev. Dr. Fuller, Bishop ov Niagara, Bishop McTyerie, Bishop Carman, Prezident Nelles, Prinsipal Grant, Juj Jones, Juj Dean, Prof. Foster, M P., the Editoriz ov the *Toronto Globe* and *Montreal Gazette*, and uthertz ov the formost reitertz ov the kuntri; also artikelz bei Gladstone, Froude, Freeman, Schaff, Dawson, and uthert formost reitertz in the wuld." We don't know that this is much easier than the old-fashioned way.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

IN his recent speech at Toronto, Lord Lansdowne, the new Governor-General said: "Canadian loyalty is proverbial, not only here but on the other side of the Atlan-

tic; and I may say, without indiscretion, that no one is better aware of its intensity than the Queen herself. The foundations upon which that loyalty is based are not far to seek. Whether we have regard to the prosperity of the Empire during her long reign, to the strictness with which she has observed the limits of constitutional government, to the blamelessness and simplicity of her private life, to the closeness of her sympathy with all classes of her subjects, the Queen of the British Empire has won for herself a hold upon the affection and respect of her people stronger and deeper than any living Sovereign."

The Lesson Notes, which usually appear on this page, will be found on page 23.

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