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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1881.

No. 2.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
 Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of old;
 Not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which they beheld
 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above;
 Not less in the bright flowerets under us,
 Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Written all over this great world of ours;
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with child like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

—LONGFELLOW.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

(Sunday-School Reading Union.)

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS.

THE MOTHER OF METHODISM.

SUSANNA WESLEY, the mother of John Wesley, was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, of London.

A remarkable anecdote is related by Dr. Calamy in reference to the birth of this child. "How many children has Dr. Annesley?" said a friend to Dr. Thomas Manton, who had just consecrated another to the Lord in the ordinance of baptism.

"I believe it is two dozen or a quarter of a hundred," was the ready reply.

John Dunton, the eccentric bookseller of London, who married one of them, says: "The reckoning children by dozens is a singular circumstance, an honor to which few persons ever arrive." What a family group was that in which Susanna Wesley spent her earliest years, the youngest of a quarter of a hundred children belonging to one home and one father! Two only of Mrs. Annesley's children were sons, so far as knowledge is preserved to us of her offspring. Of the daughters the names of five only are preserved. These are said to have excelled in the graces and accomplishments which a finished education could bestow.

Of Susanna it is on record that she was acquainted with Greek and Latin, and had a respectable knowledge of the French language.

Religion seems to have been a principle, not a mere form, with Mrs. Wesley, from very early life. She herself records that she was "early

represented as a very handsome-looking woman, but one who well knew both said, "Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she is far from being as beautiful as Mrs. Wesley." Dr. Clarke says that she was both graceful and beautiful. Whatever there might be of personal attraction, there existed in her mind

duties." Such was the lady who became the mother of the Epworth Wesleys.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 —Memorials of the Wesley Family.

MRS. WESLEY AS A TEACHER.

It was about the year 1689 that Susanna Annesley became the wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, when she was in the nineteenth or twentieth year of her age. As their circumstances were narrow and confined, the education of their children fell especially upon Mrs. Wesley, who seems to have possessed every qualification requisite for either a public or private teacher. Her manner was peculiar to herself, and deserves a distinct mention. She has detailed it in a letter to her son John, whose speaking of the children, she says

"None of them were taught to read until five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this. The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two to five, which were our school hours.

"One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull, but the reason why I thought so was, because the rest learned them so readily, and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the tenth of February, the next day he began to learn, and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off hand without any hesitation, and so on to the second, etc., but he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter following that year, and at Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well, for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson he knew whenever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learned very soon to read an English author well.



FLOWERS.—See Poem.

Wm. B. B.

initiated and instructed in the first principles of the Christian religion," and had before her a "good example in parents, and in several of the family;" and whilst yet young in years, encouraged by the examples she daily saw, she consecrated herself to the Lord.

Her elder sister, Judith, who was painted by Sir Peter Lely, is by him

and heart virtues and adornments of far higher value than any merely external graces. Take for example a rule which she lays down in a letter to one of her sons: "When I was young and too much addicted to childish diversion, I resolved never to spend more time in any matter of mere recreation in one day than I spent in private religious

"The same method was observed by them all. As soon as they knew the letters they were first put to spell, and read one line, and then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school time with out any intermission, and before we left school each child read what he had learned that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learned that day."

Such was Mrs Wesley's method of teaching her children to read, and she was equally assiduous in teaching them their duty to God and to their parents. She had nineteen children, most of whom lived to be educated; and ten came to man and woman's estate. All these were educated by herself.

Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their earliest age their duty to their parents. They were early brought by rational means under a mild yoke; they were polite to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in everything they were to have, and in everything they were to perform.

They were taught also to ask a blessing upon their food, to behave quietly at family prayers, and to reverence the Sabbath.

They were never permitted to contend with each other; whatever differences arose, the parents were the umpires, and their decision was never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings among them and no unbrotherly or vindictive passions; and they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln.—*The Wesley Family.*

THE GOOD MOTHER.

Mr. Wesley had not much time to spare from his literary pursuits to devote to elementary studies: but one day he sat and patiently counted that Mrs. Wesley had repeated the same thing to one of the children no less than twenty times. "I wonder at your patience," said the father to the mother. "You have told that child twenty times that same thing." The reply of the mother was as wise as her patience was great: "Had I satisfied myself by mentioning the matter only nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor. You see it was the twentieth time that crowned the whole."

Mrs. Wesley knew that for the truths of the Gospel to find a lodgment in the heart they must be personally and directly applied and enforced. For this purpose she arranged a special private conference with each child once in every week. Her own account of this plan is thus expressed:

"I take such a portion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emilia and Sukey together on Sunday."

These conversations disclosed to the mother the real thoughts and feelings of her children respecting personal religion. Was not this the germ of the Methodist class-meeting?

In 1710 Mrs. Wesley adopted another plan, with the view of giving a more thoroughly religious tone to the instruction imparted during the day. The eldest child took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, until they passed, two and two,

into private rooms, where they read a chapter in the New Testament, and the Psalms for the evening of the day.

In the morning they were directed to read a chapter in the Old Testament, and the Psalms for that portion of the day. They then went to their private prayers before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

"RELEASED."

Fifteen years before Mrs. Wesley's death she wrote thus to her son John.

"You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. Besides I ought surely to go to rest before you. It is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me."

When she came to her last hours, she made this request:

"Children, as soon as I am released, sing a song of praise to God!"

Released! is the simple but grand idea of Mrs. Wesley's mind just before the clay tenement is vacated. *Released!* the bondage of the soul ended, and freed to wing its way to the presence of God in heaven! As soon as it is released sing praise to God! See how a Christian can die!

The character and memory of this good mother are precious to thousands all the world over. Dr. Adam Clarke, in summing up the incidents of her life, says:

"I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of others; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such an one Solomon has described at the end of his Proverbs; and, adapting his words, I can say, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but SUSANNA WESLEY has excelled them all.'—*Memorials of the Wesley Family.*

HEROIC.

THE seal of the American Baptist Missionary Union is an ox standing before an altar and nigh to a plough, with the motto, "Ready for either." The emblem symbolizes the heroic life that is willing to work, or to sacrifice itself for the good of others. That which surrounds the soldier's life with a halo is the fact that he is ready to die for his country. Men may not imitate, but they instinctively admire, the sacrificial spirit.

Not many days since, the citizens of Raleigh built a monument to commemorate the heroism of two young men, who died that another might live. While they and a young lady were sailing on a pond near that city, the boat capsized. Both the young men, being expert swimmers, laid hold of the lady and swam with her towards the shore.

From some unexplained cause their strength failed them and they cried for help. Their cries were heard, and a boat put off to their aid. Sinking themselves, they still supported the young woman above the water until she was rescued; and then, exhausted, they sank and were drowned. The cool courage which, in the face of death, concentrated all its energies into one final act, makes the heroic deed as singular as it is beautiful.

TRUE STORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

XXVIII.

[This is the last of Uncle John's stories which he intends to give in the PLEASANT HOURS, for the present. But he wishes to say to those who have expressed a desire to have them in a convenient and permanent form, that he has prepared several others, which will precede, intervene, and follow on these, in an amended shape, in a way to make something like a connected narrative, to be called "MY BOY LIFE," soon to be issued in book form, which he hopes the publisher will have ready by the holidays.—Ed.]

THE CRISIS I HAVE ALWAYS CALLED CONVERSION; AND WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW IT TOOK PLACE.

I FORMED the purpose to seek and serve God in the month of May, 1824; went to class-meeting a fortnight or so after; and about four weeks after that attended a Love-feast, and was received on trial for membership in the Church. I found a happy difference between a religious and an irreligious life. My meditation of God was sweet; and sweet were the "drawings from above." Sometimes I thought I had a true Christian experience, and even professed it; at least others might have understood me so. But then I had feelings and thoughts of a different kind. I felt at times a great sense of darkness and depression, and I could scarcely tell why. I had heard that death was pleasant to the thought of a Christian; but "through fear of death, I was still subject to bondage." I said, "If it be so with me, indeed, why am I thus?" I read several extraordinary experiences, in which the subjects spoke of seeing heaven open, and Christ upon the cross. That I had not seen, and concluded I was not converted. I foolishly sought for evidences or grounds of hope in my own inward experiences, and found none. Next I began to look out of myself, but not, as I should have done—to Christ by the eye of faith—but with the eye of the body, for signs and wonders, and portents in the sky, and resolved to accept of nothing short of that, that I might have a thrilling experience to relate. To gain it, I wept, and groaned, and fasted, till my countenance became haggard, and my eyes were swollen up in my head, so much so that those around me noticed it. I became disappointed, dissatisfied, and even vexed and grieved with God, because He did not hear my cries. I was inclined to lay the blame on Him.

I used to remain to the Sunday noon class, as well as go to the one on Tuesday nights. It had a very inefficient leader (James Hunter, no great credit to the cause), and was, therefore, usually met by the preacher who had occupied the pulpit immediately before. On one of these occasions, when the Rev. John Ryerson was both preacher and leader, I complained—with a burdened heart, and with floods of briny tears that "I had 'asked,' and had not 'received,' I had 'sought,' and 'HAD NOT 'FOUND,'" as if charging God with promise-breaking. The leader reminded me of Saul of Tarsus, who was three days in distress of soul, and thus tried to comfort me; yet little comfort did I accept. I thought if I could but get far enough away from the haunts of men, where I could use my voice in supplication to

its utmost extent, it might ease my agony of soul. After dinner, if indeed I took any, I passed up Yonge street and somewhere about where Elm street is now I turned westward into the woods, and getting into a thicket behind a tree, I fell on my knees and began to pray, and cry, yea scream while the tears streamed down my cheeks till my throat ached with pain, but no comfort came. While I was thus employed, a familiar voice accosted me; it was that of my childhood friend, Edward Glennon, accompanied by a number of lads and young men. They had been seeking amusement abroad during the Sabbath hours, and hearing my cries they had come towards the place. Edward said, "John, what are you doing there?" "Ned, I am doing what you ought to be doing—asking God to have mercy on my soul." "Well," said he, "you need not pray so loud." Rising from my knees, I said, "I will go where I can pray as loud as I like," and rushed still farther into the thicket. But I returned to the chapel at night as sad as I left in the morning. I heard that Neddy said, "John Carroll had been a good fellow," he was "sorry he had turned hypocrite."

But gradually I became more calm, and wisely determined not to prescribe a way to God; and looked for comfort in the ordinary means. Sometimes I thought I found the promises sweet, but still it was a question, have I received the pardon which I know Christ purchased by His blood? Often and often did I repeat the verse which says:

"'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or not?
Am I His, or am I not?"

The day of deliverance, however, was near. The month of August had come, and with it the Conference. Our circuit preachers, Revs. John Ryerson and Wm. Slater, were away. A supply was provided for the York pulpit for that day from a neighbouring circuit—the "New Settlements," embracing nine or ten townships to the north-west of the town—it proved a junior, who had been travelling the previous year under the direction of the presiding elder. I had gone as usual to the chapel timely, before the hour of preaching, and after kneeling had seated myself on one of the short seats to the right of the pulpit, where the male members generally sat, facing the sisters on the other side, and was occupied, as was my wont, in reading my Testament, or hymn-book, when a stranger in the garb of a preacher (with dark frock coat of some thin coarse material, and a broad-leaved hat in his hand,) passed before me, groping his way up the pulpit stairs. He was medium-sized, rather coarse-featured, with coarse brown hair, freckled both on face and hands, with a meekly stooping carriage. He knelt a while in silent prayer, and then rose and commenced the service. His manner was solemn and subdued, but he read well, and his voice was strong, clear, and flexible, and very pleasant to hear. By the way he held the book to his face, it was evident he was very short-sighted; and his accent was slightly Irish. His prayer lifted us heavenward at once, and the poor, seeking boy among the rest. His text, Gal. iii 13, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," was fundamental, and graciously timely for me. I thought it was the ablest sermon I had ever heard. Or rather, I thought not then

GHOST STORIES.

of the sermon as a performance, but of its theme, or subject. I forgot my sorrows and perplexities. Indeed, I thought not of any kind of introspection—I was looking outward and upward; and, without knowing it, "looking unto Jesus." I was, unconsciously, believing upon Him with my heart unto righteousness; and thinking that if I had a thousand souls, I could cast them all upon Him. I had an encouraging story to tell in class; and went home and to Sunday-school, oh! so very happy.

That evening the stranger preached again, with equal sweetness and power. His morning sermon was on the work done for us; in the evening it was the work to be wrought in us, from the words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

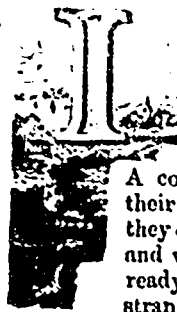
—Matt. xviii. 3. His description of a convert so exactly tallied with what I felt, that I said to myself, "Sure enough I am converted!" In the morning I received the witness of God's spirit; after the evening sermon, I had the witness of my own spirit. How truly did I now go on my way-rejoicing.

I afterwards heard that it was the Rev. Rowley Heyland who had been thus made the instrument of leading me to Christ. He was ever afterwards my favorite preacher, of all those in the Connexion. I loved the very ground upon which he walked. And had Rowley Heyland been as studious as he might have been; more attentive to his person and the minor proprieties; and if he had never become committed to the management of property acquired by marriage, he would have had few equals and no superiors. As it was, all his life, and it was a long one, he preached, from time to time, with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. It was characterized, over and anon, by what the old preachers used to call "shocks of power."

A few weeks after my conversion, through the effect of a sermon by Father Youmans, I received a farther blessing—a persuasion that God had cleansed my inmost heart. What I experienced in those days prepared me to receive the testimony of Scripture relative to God's speaking to holy men of old. With Paul, I truly felt that God had "revealed his Son in me." I assuredly "tasted the good word of God," and "felt the powers of the world to come." When I arose in the morning, it seemed as if all creation was praising the Fountain of Beneficence; and when I laid my head on my pillow at night, it would have delighted me if I had possessed the assurance that I should never open my eyes on this material creation more. Surely it is proof of the supernatural and the divine that an uncouth, unlettered boy, was so illuminated and so blessed!

"Should all the arts that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart!"

SELF-RESPECT.—One of the greatest virtues boys and girls can have is self-respect. This is the feeling that lifts them above resenting petty affronts, that keeps them proudly aloof from low company, and that preserves them from dealing in flattery and toadyism. It is not very common among the young, for it is partly the result of experience and reflection; but wherever it is found it is a sign of solidity of character and an omen of success in life.



LKNOW that some young people are fond of ghost stories, and sometimes are dreadfully frightened as they hear them.

A cold chill runs through their veins, and perhaps they dream of them at night, and wake up with a start, ready to fancy all sorts of strange things. Well, I, too, like sometimes to hear or read a ghost story, but I always like to hear the explanation of it; for I believe that in every case an explanation might be given, if it could only be found out. I have been induced to think of this especially lately by the following circumstances.

I have come, with my wife and young family, to reside in a very old-fashioned house. It is situated in the country, and surrounded by fields, gardens, and trees. It is the very sort of place that might easily be imagined to be haunted.

One night, soon after we had got comfortably settled into it, I was awakened by a mysterious creaking sound, as if some door in our room was being slowly opened; and yet it hardly seemed quite like the noise of one of the bedroom doors. My wife awoke at the same moment, and we both asked: "What is it? We searched for matches, but they were not in their accustomed place, and it was some time before they could be found; but then in a moment the mystery was explained. It was the cat, who had secreted herself in a wardrobe, and had pushed the doors open to let herself out! We soon turned her out of the room, and went to sleep again; but, as it seemed to us, almost immediately afterward we were awakened by another mysterious sound—a deliberate rapping somewhere downstairs—we could not tell exactly where—not like the rapping of a knocker on a door, but a hollow, muffled, curious kind of sound. It went on—rap, rap, rap. What could it be? We could not imagine. I got up and looked about the house, and called the dog from the kitchen, but could see nothing. The sound ceased as I got up, and we were glad to find that it was not renewed, and soon we went to sleep again.

Next day we thought and spoke of the mysterious sound, but no explanation of it could be given, until at night just as I was looking round the house, and seeing that all was safely bolted and locked, I passed by the hat-stand in the hall, and suddenly remembered that some time ago, in our former house, our dog used to pull down the cloaks hanging upon the stand, in the middle of the night, to make himself an extra bed, and that in doing so he had made a rapping sound which several times had awakened us, and was something like the sound which we had heard the night before; but then he had been repeatedly punished for the trick, and had entirely given it up; was it possible that he had recommenced it in this our present house? I took hold of the hat-stand and pulled it to and fro. Yes, with a hard pull it hit back against the wall, and made a rapping sound. It was the dog, then; but to make assurance doubly sure I placed a stick well balanced upon the top of the stand, which would fall with a loud noise if the stand were shaken,

and then retired to rest. Sure enough, in the middle of the night, a loud noise resounding through the hall proclaimed the fact that the cunning animal had been at his old tricks again, and it was he who was to blame for the mysterious ghost-like sounds.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." How sweet is this promise! Things appear so different to us at night to what they do by day.

Sounds which would be almost inaudible by day are distinctly heard at night, and things are mysterious and alarming at night which are not at all mysterious or alarming by day. I have read of a young officer, who bravely fought and risked his life at Waterloo, that he was not nearly so much alarmed with the sights and sounds of that tremendous battle as he was a few nights afterward by a strange noise in his bed-chamber, in an old French farm-house. Something came creeping along the room, and up to the side of his bed. His hair stood on end with fright, and he grasped his sword, and struck with it violently right and left, but soon he was calmed by hearing a poor pussy's "mew!" It was a kitten, who had found her way into the warrior's room and had given him this terrible fright.

Yes, the strong sometimes become weak, and the courageous timid; but, if we fear God, we have really no reason to fear anything else, for in darkness or in light, in danger or in safety, in life or in death, He will be ever near to protect and preserve us.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

"FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old. She had black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and a slight, neat form. A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," said the teacher, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O, teacher, I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come unto him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

A CHRISTIAN MISTRESS.

THAT professed Christian whose servant is not better off because the master or mistress is a disciple, has much to learn from the Master's example.

In a Christian family of our acquaintance, a servant came to the door of the lady one afternoon and said, "What is there for me to do now?" "Go up stairs and rest," answered the lady. The girl looked hurt and went away. Months afterwards she said, when she came to know the lady better, "I thought you were displeased with me on that day. Nobody ever told me to rest before, in all the years I have been in service." The servant-girl had caught a glimpse of true Christian thoughtfulness.—*Congregationalist.*

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

BY MISS LOUISE T. BROWN.

DEAR Father, let me be
From sin's dominion free,
For Jesus' sake,
Washed in the crimson tide,
That flows from his dear side,
Let me in him abide,
For Jesus' sake.

In dark temptation's hour,
Uphold me by thy power,
For Jesus' sake,
And let my weakness be
Made strong, O Lord, in thee,
Till every tempter flee,
For Jesus' sake.

Through all life's stormy ways,
Help me thy name to praise,
For Jesus' sake;
And hide me in the Rock
From every tempest's shock,
With all thy sheltered flock,
For Jesus' sake.

Each day and hour I live
Thy Holy Spirit give,
For Jesus' sake;
So all my soul shall be
Made holy unto thee,
That I thy face may see,
For Jesus' sake.

And when I feel Death's grasp,
My rod and staff I'll clasp,
For Jesus' sake;
And enter into rest
Leaning upon his breast,
Saved, saved, among the blest,
For Jesus' sake.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD.

As pure gold is so very soft—too soft, indeed, for any practical purpose—it is alloyed with copper or silver, the first alloy producing a reddish colour, second a pale yellow gold. Our gold coin, like that of France, Belgium, and Holland, contains one-tenth of copper and silver—mostly copper. For jewelry, the alloy differs with the quality, and is estimated by what are called carats. A carat is the twenty-fourth part of any given quantity. Thus, when gold is called twenty four carats, it means that it is all gold, when twenty carats, that of every twenty four parts twenty parts are gold. Eighteen carats is the most common alloy used by jewelers, and keeps as well as pure gold. Twelve carats is only half gold, and is a low alloy, which is apt to tarnish more easily and lose its lustre, requiring more frequent cleaning.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

"THE Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written now-a-days that are moral enough in their teaching, and which don't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, don't use a crooked ruler."

THE SUN.

THE sun that shines so bright above
May teach you God's eternal love.
Soon as the clouds of night are flown,
Like a great king he mounts his throne;

On all things pours his cheering ray,
And turns the darkness into day;
And still his glorious beams we trace,
Though clouds may hide his brilliant face.

So God's eternal love descends,
Wide as the circling world extends;
And, though his anger may prevail,
His love still shines behind the veil.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1881.

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The regular rates will also be reduced at the end of the year.

The Rev. A. WHITESIDE, of Prince Albert, writes as follows:—

PRINCE ALBERT, N.W.T.,

July 9, 1881.

My Dear Sir:—The enclosed is a copy of a letter addressed by an aged father to his children, a short time before his death. The last part is, I think, extremely good; so much so, that it struck me that if published in your excellent "PLEASANT HOURS," it would surely interest the children of our Sabbath schools.

This dear veteran was for thirty years a worthy local preacher of our Church, and I am sure will be remembered by the old residents of the Belleville District.

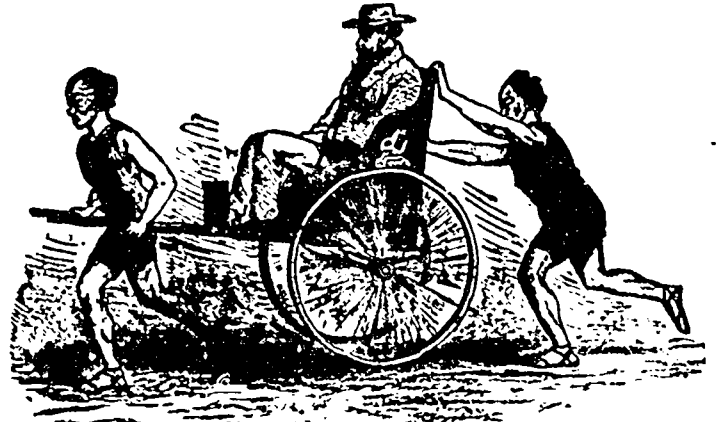
The following is the letter:

A BRITISH VETERAN'S STORY.

Dear Children—As it is some time since I had the pleasure of either seeing any of you, or hearing from you, I write these few lines hoping they may find you in the enjoyment of good health, and the peace of God, which is better than gold or silver, which perisheth.

I find the hand of time is pressing me down. The effect of some wounds and bruises is felt, as also the number of my years, respecting which I may not be correct. The first thing I remember was being in battle, in the year 1798; say the Battle of the Nile, on the first of August of that year; from which time to the year 1817 I was in the British Navy. Here I give a few of the incidents I have passed through—at least, the most important ones.

When I was young, Great Britain had to fight almost all the principalities and powers of the world. It might be justly said, fighting was almost an everyday amusement. The next important sea fight was the Battle of Trafalgar, when the British fleet, on the 21st October, 1805, under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson, fought, conquered, took, and destroyed the combined fleets of France and Spain. Although fighting was something of almost an everyday occurrence, I pass over the many times, both on land and sea, that British valor was tested. I will only advert to a few of the most important, one of which took place in the year 1812, while blockading the harbour of L'Orient, in France, where there were quite a number of French ships of war. Two of their frigates, of 38 guns each, and a sloop of war carrying 18 cannon, returning from a cruise, attempted to escape into the harbour. I was then on board of His Majesty George III.'s ship "Northumberland," of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Hatham. Watching the harbour, the wind blowing into it, we cut between the above frigates and the anchorage. We fought them and several batteries and cannon on the shore; drove them aground; set fire to them, which reached their magazine, and blew ships and men into the air in fragments. In our ship I was one of the many wounded, having dislocated my right shoulder. Our ship was very much injured, so it was needful to give her a general repair. Our ship's company was divided; one-half was put on board the "Lacedemonian," and the half I was in was put on board of the "Madagascar." Each of these ships were what in the navy they call frigates, of 38 cannon each. In our new ship we were sometimes on the coast of France, at other times on the coast of Spain, fighting against the great General Bonaparte; but, fortunately, he was made prisoner, and on the 28th of April, 1814, he was sent to the Island of Elba, where he did not long remain. He returned to France, fought the Battle of Waterloo, again taken prisoner, and sent on board of my old ship "Northumberland" to the Island of St. Helena, October 13, 1815. In the meantime, our ship, the "Madagascar," Captain Doyle, was ordered to the American contest, in order to restore peace. Our usual good luck was, fighting daily. On the 24th of April, 1814, we took and burnt the city of Washington. A few days after we had a brush at the city of Baltimore, where we lost our brave General. A musket ball marked its place in my forehead, which mark remains to this day. Our next attack was on New Orleans, the 8th of January, 1815, where the American war ends. After some time some of our ships returned to England. Our ship visited the Azores, Bermuda, and other islands. In June we arrived in England. Our ship's company were paid off. I shipped



A JAPANESE JINRIKI-RIKA. (See next Page.)

in the merchant service. In a short time I purchased a merchant vessel, and took command of her, in which I was not as fortunate as I expected, for about two years after my vessel was wrecked, by which I lost almost all my former savings. I continued a seafaring life until the year 1823, when, from the pressure of misfortune, I took a desire of seeking a living on the land. To give an outline of my chequered life, and the various straits I have passed through, would fill much paper. I only give this small sketch for the information of such as wish for it; suffice it to say, I have been in every situation from a boy in the navy, as midshipman, to that of captain and owner of a ship in the mercantile service. I have, while in the British Navy, been in over three hundred fights and battles in different sections of the globe; have been many times severely wounded, yet God, in love and mercy, spared my life; and after many victories for the glory and honor of Great Britain, He now gives me a victory over sin, by the blood and merits of the Lamb of God, that bought me with His own blood. May each of you enjoy this victory, having His Spirit bearing witness with your spirits that you are born of God. Amen!

Your father,

WILLIAM BOYLAN.

Few books of biography are more likely to prove profitable and entertaining to girls than *Wise Words and Loving Deeds*, by E. Conder Gray. It contains eleven brief biographies, each lucidly condensed from voluminous memoirs, of which the salient features have been carefully selected. Nearly all the characters under review are familiar as types of what is universally recognized as the highest style of womanhood, and each in her own place lived to do good and make the world better and happier. One of the best influences of a work like this is to be found in the taste it will help to form in its readers for really excellent biography, than which no department of literature more amply repays cultivation. The girl who shall read in these pages of Baroness Bunsen, for instance, will desire to obtain the admirable "Life and Letters" of which this brief memoir is an abridgment, and will seek them in the nearest library; they in turn will lead her to that golden book, "Augustus Haro's Memoirs of a Quiet Life." It is to be regretted that the illustrations mar instead of adorning what would otherwise be a very attractive volume. (12mo, pp. 415. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.)

A WAIF.

BE not swift to take offence:
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense:
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing thy cheery song,
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind:
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve,
'Tis the noble who forgive,
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word:
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dew-drops on the way,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay!
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

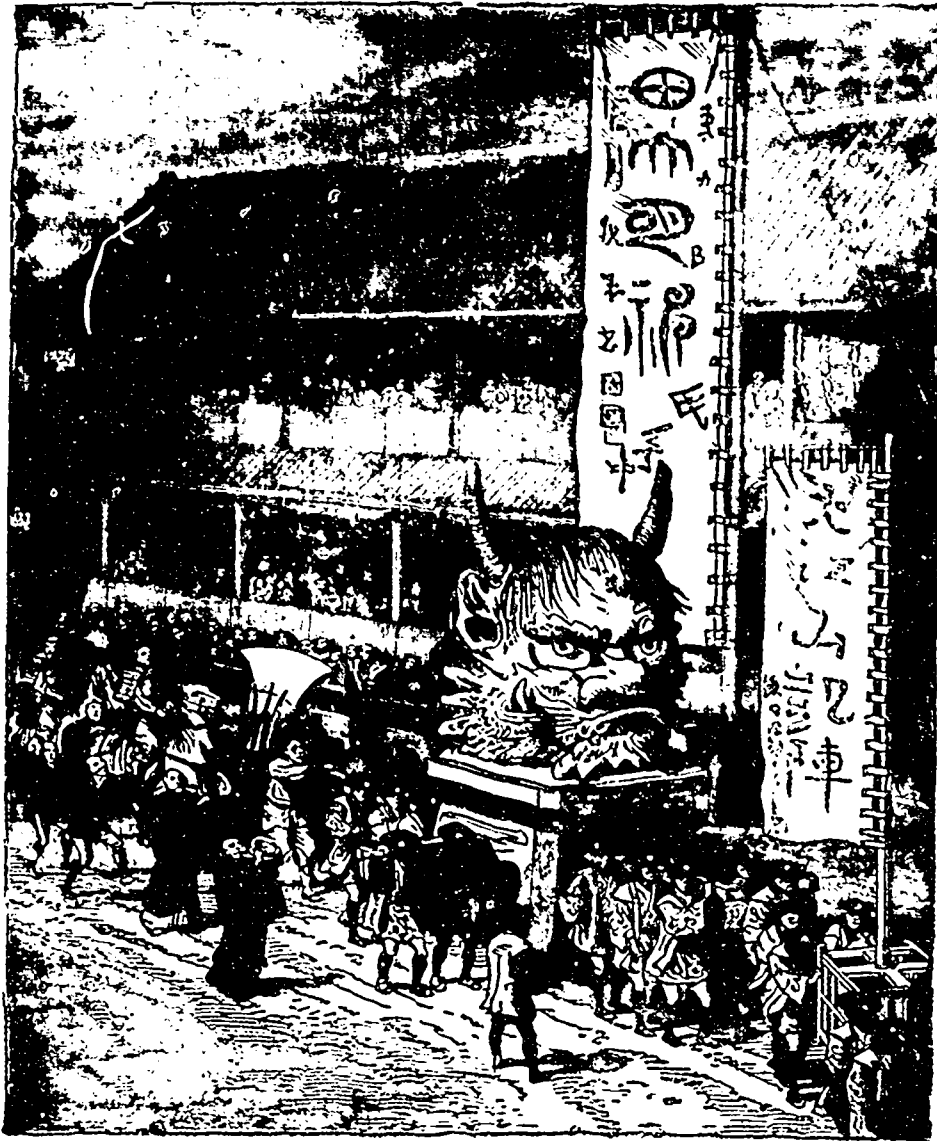
If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
O be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
Let it pass!
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing this cheery song,
Let it pass!
Let it pass!"

ACQUAINTED WITH THE BIBLE.

SOME people who profess to be religious are lamentably ignorant of the Bible. I have read somewhere of a man, a member of a fashionable church, who called at a music-store and inquired for the notes to the Song of Solomon. "Our pastor," he added, "referred to it in his sermon last Sunday as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

The high compliment paid by Paul to Timothy, "From thy youth thou hast known the Holy Scriptures," could hardly be applied to this man or his wife.



PROCESSION OF SAINT MIODJIN, AT TOKIO, JAPAN.

SAINT MIODJIN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

The Annual Festival in honour of Saint Miodjin, the patron saint of Tokio, the capital city of Japan, is celebrated on the 15th day of the 3rd month. This saint was an ancient hero named *Heishinno Masanado*, and was deified as *Kanda Miodjin*. The temple erected to his worship stands on a hill near the old Confucian College, in the centre of the city, and is visited by pilgrims and travellers from various parts of the Empire.

A leading feature of this festival is the procession, shown in our picture. Many distinguished persons were once in the habit of being present, as well as thousands of citizens and country folk. The great stands and area of the Temple grounds are crowded with spectators, all in the gayest of holiday attire—bright scarfs and coloured ornaments flashing in the sun. Young and old of all ranks and classes mingle together, every countenance lighted up with the simple joy of wonderful good nature. The utmost courtesy and order prevails all day long throughout the crowd. The bobbing heads of little children, with bright eyes and merry prattle, carried on the backs of parents and nurses, adds much to the interest of the scene. The elder children have free course through the multitude, charmed with the sights that in wondrous variety, weird, grotesque, and comical, abound on every side. The Japanese take the greatest delight in ministering to the pleasure of their children. The music of flutes, guitars,

and singing girls, mingled with the roll of drums, together with the posturing of dancers; the antics of acting monkeys, acrobats, and story tellers, give life and movement to the scene, while candy stalls and toy shops, apparently without end, are objects of ceaseless attraction to both young and old.

But we must not forget the procession. One part of it, not shown in the picture, is the car of Saint Miodjin—a clumsy, ponderous vehicle, drawn by hundreds of the faithful, who have harnessed themselves to it by means of ropes, and with groans and noises the most hideous are bawling their very best. Just behind, as seen in the picture, is a large banner laced to a pole fastened to a frame, and carried by devotees. This banner consists of a web of white cotton cloth several yards long, covered with sacred legends written in Chinese characters. A similar banner, only much larger, is seen a little to the left, fastened to a permanent mast in front of the great stand. Just behind, borne on a platform, is a hideous colossal head of the demon over whom the saint triumphed in his conflict with the evil powers. The people gaze with horror on the gigantic horns and fierce countenance of this monster, and point out to one another its bloody eyes, its scarlet skin, and horrible jaws. To increase the effect of this spectacle, the priests of the temple strike their gongs, blow their trumpets, and make a terrible noise. A little further back some are carrying an enormous axe, edge upwards, with which the victorious Miodjin cut off the monster's head.

had there been any. Some dozen years ago an Englishman in Japan fastened an arm-chair on a pair of wheels, and employed a coolie to draw him about. The Japanese caught the idea at once, and constructed carts with two wheels, like the one here represented, calling them jinrikishas. Those carriages are now found in all the principal cities of Japan, and furnish a very ready and comfortable mode of travelling.

WHEN, WHERE AND HOW,

DEAR Lord! in some dim future year,
In some dim future month and day,
Abides the hour, the solemn hour,
When thou shall call my soul away.
That year, that month, that day of days,
Come soon—come late—I know not when,
O Thou, who rulest all my ways!
Master of Life whom Death obeys,
Be with me then, be with me then!

Somewhere upon this globe of ours
Is hid the spot where I must die,
Where 'mid the snows or 'mid the flowers
My shrouded form shall coffin'd lie;
If North or South—If East or West—
At home—abroad—I know not where,
O tender Father, Lord of grace!
Whose presence fills the realm of space,
Be with me there, be with me there!
By fire—by flood—by famine sore—
By sudden stroke—by slow decay—
When Death's dark angel opens my door,
How shall it call my soul away?
God only knows, He bids the bow,
And He alone can fix the dart;
Yet care I not when, where, or how
The end may come, dear Lord! if Thou
Wilt then but shield me in Thy heart!

A man never realizes, remarks a commercial traveller, how plentiful mustard is, and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tackles a railway refreshment-room sandwich.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

SOME years ago Miss Hillyard, the governess in the royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies, said, "Your royal highness is not minding your business. Will you be pleased to look at your book and learn your lesson!"

His royal highness replied that he would not.

"Then," said the governess, "I shall put you in the corner."

His royal highness again replied that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into any corner; for he was the Prince of Wales. And as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass.

Surprised at this bold act of defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said, "Sir, you must learn your lesson; and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner."

However, threats were of no avail. The defiance was repeated, and that, too, in the same determined manner as before—his royal highness breaking another pane of glass. Miss Hillyard, seeing her authority thus set at naught, rang the bell, and requested that His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, might be sent for. Shortly the prince arrived, and having learned the reason why his presence was required, he addressed the Prince of Wales, and, pointing to a foot-stool or ottoman, said, "You will sit there, sir!"

His royal highness then went to his own room, and returning with a Bible in his hand, he said to the little prince, "Now, I want you to listen to what Paul says about the people who are under tutors and governors;" and having read the passage to him, he added, "It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly you may some day be a great man—you may be king in the room of your mother, but now you are only a little boy. Though you are prince of Wales, you are only a child under tutors and governors who must be obeyed, and must have those under them do as they bid. Moreover," he continued, "I must tell you what Solomon says," and his royal highness read to the prince the declaration that he who loveth his son chastiseth him betimes; and then, in order to show his child its meaning, he chastised him and put him in a corner, saying, "Now, sir, you will stand there until you have learned your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out; and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed."

HAVE A PURPOSE.

A WRITER in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* says that when he was a student in Edinburgh, Carlyle once asked him what he was studying for. He replied that he had not quite made up his mind. The old Scotch philosopher's glance was stern as he replied, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I KNOW a little saying
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
Tis this: O blue and black eyes,
And gray, so deep and bright,
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stay;
Some one is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave, and true;
And watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

O bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high!
You do whatever thing you do,
Beneath some seeing eye:
O bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright.
No child upon this round, round
Is ever out of sight. [earth,

A SKETCH ON WHEELS.

BY MARY LOUISE BRECHER.



YOU wonder how it happened, eh? Never seemed a bit strange to me. You recollect 'bout my bad luck down in the Row, don't you? Had a little business scheme away off in California at the same time.

And Mary, she's one of them likely women, she says: "John, you go right along. Do what you can and I'll take care of the boys" (two little chaps they was.) Well—I thought about it, and while I was a thinkin' the little woman bustled around and got me off afore I could hardly make up my mind to leave her and the little fellows for such a long tramp. Staid a year, sir; and made some money, that's the best of it.

As I started to tell, I was a comin' home. Planned to get home Christmas eve. 'Twas that day. Never shall forgit it, sir. Train went so terrible slow. I begun to look 'bout in the car for something to take up my mind. I had been calculatin' the interest on that mining stock until I knew it by heart. And I was gettin' oneasy, so I looked 'round in the car. First thing I noticed was a couple o' little gals. Sat jest 'bout where you do, and somehow I kept a lookin' 'till I was 'shamed to stare so. Then I picked up my newspaper and sort o' looked over that at 'em. Don't know what there was 'bout 'em either, only I couldn't help it. Smallest was sech a little chit. Not much more'n a baby, and the other one wan't much bigger. But if she didn't act like a woman, then I'll lose my guess. Couldn't make out for the life o' me how old she was. But 'twas fun to watch her, though, taking care of the little thing. She'd wrap her up over an' over agin and git her a drink and hold her when she was tired. Bye-and-bye the littlest one was cold, and so what did that little woman do but peel off her own shawl and wrap it 'round the baby. She ha

the same way of patten' it and smoothin' it that Mary always had. I sort o' eyed the shawls and made up my mind they wan't new, neither was the rest of the clothes they had on. The smallest one hadn't more'n gone off for a doze 'fore the engine give one of them sharp whistles. My! Wasn't she scart? Thinks I to myself: Little mother you've got your hands full. What did she do? Why, jest hugged her up tight an' quieted her in a jiff, tellin' her, "Susie wouldn't let anything hurt her."

I found out so much. Her name was Susie. There was a man sittin' in t'other half of the seat. When I see him I begin to plan it all out. Says I to myself, he's the father. He belongs to them. Maybe they've been off on a visit an' the father is takin' them home to spend Christmas. You see, I'd kind o' got it into my head that everybody was goin' home to spend Christmas. But thinks I to myself, he needn't look so cross 'bout it. How his face was scrowed into wrinkles. Looked like the little end of a pickle. And he never paid no more attention to them children than as if—they wan't there.

Then I fell to watchin' the mother agin' and I got stirred up, I tell you. You see, the littlest one had gone fast asleep in her arms an' she was beginnin' to get sleepy herself. Those eyelids acted as if they had weights on 'em. Once'n in a while they would git the start of her and her head 'ud give a quick little bob, but quicker'n a wink she'd be sittin' straight up lookin' jest as a brave soldier on guard.

And there the father set looking as ugly as ever. Says I, almost out loud, "Are you made of cast-iron, or are you a brute?" I really begun to wonder if he wasn't some sort of a machine, when he got up and shuffled off into the smokin' car. Just the chance I wanted, you see. I took possession, and bein' sort o' rough, I scart all the sleep out of her eyes, I reckon.

"Little gal, I've come over to git acquainted," says I. "That's your sister, and your father is takin' you home to spend Christmas, I suppose."

"O no, sir. He's Uncle Joseph." Her voice trembled a little, but I noticed she didn't hold on to her sister quite so hard as she did afore I spoke. Thinks I, what a dunce not to have knowed that he wasn't a father.

"And he's takin' you home?" She sort o' hesitated; "No, sir, I guess—yes, sir, to the Home."

"The Home?" says I. Then I thought, "O the Orphans' Home!"

"Yes, sir." "Do you want to go?"

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Smith says it ain't a bad place."

But I saw her lookin' mighty anxious in spite of its not bein' a bad place. "And who's Mrs. Smith?"

"She live! 'cross the way, and gave Kitty cookies, and let us play with Tabby. I don't know what Kitty 'll do without seein' Tabby."

This last was ended up with a little sigh and an anxious look at Kitty. While they was eating some knick-knacks I bought, I was guessin' at the whole story. That old fellow was sendin' them off, and no mistake. Wanted to get rid o' them, likely. Finally, I asked her whether she'd been livin' with her mother or Uncle Joseph. The poor little creature choked right up, but she didn't cry. Not a bit of it. Too plucky for that.

"Uncle Joseph," she said. "Mother's been dead a long time. Kitty couldn't member, but I guess its 'most a year."

"And since then you've lived at Uncle Joseph's? You hate to leave Uncle Joseph's, don't you?" This was a poser. She had a hard time findin' an answer.

"I don't know, sir." She acted so shy after this that I thought I'd give her a breathin' spell. So I coaxed the baby to come an' sit on my lap, and that-won her over, jest the way it does all mothers.

Says I: "I've got two little fellows, but I ain't seen 'em in a long time. I brought 'em a whole box full o' play-things. Wouldn't you like to go home with me an' help 'em have a good time?"

How Susie's eyes sparkled! But she shied the mother right out. Says she, a turnin' to the little one: "Kitty would like to go with the kind gentleman, wouldn't she?"

For answer, Kitty nestled up close, and I tell you it somehow made me feel kind o' tender. Hadn't had any little folks for 'most a year, you see. And her sayin' "kind," too. You know how 'tis. There ain't any bles-sered thing outside heaven than gittin' the faith o' little folks, I reckon. Fact is, we's jest fairly gittin' acquainted when Uncle Joseph come in. I hustled back to my seat. Felt as if the plague was comin'. What a terrible thinkin' I kept up after I settled down in the car seat. Says I to myself: "John, what is your duty?" Don't be rash. What would Mary think o' such a Christmas present? You ain't got any little gals, an' you've got enough to take care o' some with. And then, supposin' you and Mary had been took away from your boys when you was poor, what would you've wanted folks to do by them?"

Didn't take me long to answer that. I looked at it on all sides, and was so stirred up, I got right up an' began to talk business with Uncle Joseph, on the spur o' the minute. Wasn't he a tough one, though? Wanted me to pay him; but I soon fixed him, and made him sign my paper. Don't know how I did it. But when the whole thing was done, I jest picked up them little ones an' took possession of 'em. Didn't they get taken care of the rest of the journey, though?

I confess I worried a little 'bout Mary. She's the best woman in the world, but what she'd say to havin' an orphan asylum turned in on her, I didn't know. We got there at last. It was the joyfulest comin' home I ever had. Mary an' the boys were there. The boys grown a mite bigger, to be sure, but with their mother's eyes shinin' under their foreheads, so there was no mistakin' 'em. I trotted out my little waifs, and told her and the boys that there was some little gals I had picked up and brought home for a Christmas present. She jest took 'em right into her motherly heart, but I could see she didn't understand 'twas for life. Of course Mary and I had a good deal to talk 'bout while the chidron was gittin' acquainted; so much that I didn't tell her my whole plan 'bout them children. We had talked a long time, in fact the little folks was in bed when I rather hinted it to her.

"Why, John!" said she, jest as she used to when I was headlong 'bout business.

Says I: "Mary, I couldn't help it. "But," says she, "It's so sudden. You don't know anything 'bout the family. There may be bad blood, John."

Says I: "Mary, I'll tell you the whole story, and you decide whether we'll turn them little gals away."

Well, I told her, an' if she didn't git to cryin' outright, then 'twas somethin' that looked mighty like tears. Says she: "John, we'll try." An' sir, we've been tryin' it ever since.

Sorry, did you ask? Never, sir.

PUZZLEDOM.

NEWTONVILLE, July 26, 1881.

Dear Sir:—I send you the enclosed Puzzle, for insertion in "PLEASANT HOURS." It was placed in a church in Wales, over the commandments, an' it was there nearly one hundred years before the meaning was found out.

Yours respectfully,

H. J. SAUNDERS.

PUZZLE.

P. R. S. V. R. Y. P. R. F. O. T. M. N.
V. R. K. P. T. H. S. P. R. O. P. T. S. T. N.
Answer in next Number.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. BOUQUET.—1, Indian Turnip. 2, Rosemary. 3, Nightshade. 4, Thyme. 5, Horse-chestnut. 6, Hollyhock. 7, Sunflower. 8, Golden rod.
II. CHARADE.—Time-keeper. Phonetic Syllable—River.
III. REVERSALS.—1, Eon, not. 2, Tun, nut. 3, Dog, god. 4, Rap, par. 5, Dam, mad.

NEW PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 27, 5, 24, 14, is a Scriptural name.
My 18, 6, 25, 17, 14, 2, 12, 28, is an instrument of music.
My 23, 27, 4, 11, was a part of the temple.
My 22, 8, 21, 7, 27, 3, 1, is a precious stone.
My 9, 27, 16, 19, 20, is a part of creation.
My 12, 24, 26, 8, 10, 28, was a town in Palestine.
My 15, 24, 23, 22, is a number.
My whole is a part of a prayer.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose the expression of a wish, and form a prohibition.
2. Transpose a vehicle, and form an enclosure.
3. Transpose an animal, and form a deed.
4. Transpose a lake in New York, and find to continue.
5. Transpose a man's name, and form a pack of goods.
6. Transpose a mechanical power, and form a carouse.
7. Transpose to observe, and form a sound.
8. Transpose a musical term, and form drunkards.
9. Transpose a part of a plant, and form an insect.
10. Transpose a person engaged in commerce, and form delay.

A little fellow while turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of the shell. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked, "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

THE Gospel train is coming,
I hear it just at hand!
I hear its echoes waking,
And sounding through the land!
It's coming 'round the mountain,
By the rivers and the lakes,
The SAVIOUR is on board it!
Controlling steam and brakes.

It's nearing now the station,
Say! shall it come in vain?
O come, secure your ticket,
In time to take the train.
The fare is low and ALL may go,
The rich and poor are there;
No second-class aboard the train!
No difference in the fare!

The train is at the platform now,
'Twill soon pass up the line!
O now you have a chance to go,
But the train must make her time.
No red flag!—not another train
To follow on the line!
O signer, you're forever LOST,
If once you're left behind!

This train has ne'er run off the track!
Has passed through every land!
Millions redeemed from sin on board!
O come and join the band.
A FREE PASS Jesus offers
Through to the heavenly shore!
Now all aboard!—NOW ALL ABOARD!
There's room for millions more.

A THOUSAND EYES.

IN a recent lecture Mr. John B. Gough said that though he had been speaking before large audiences for so many years, he never arose to speak, and felt conscious that a thousand eyes were turned upon him, without experiencing a feeling of shrinking and apprehension. Have you ever thought that a thousand eyes, several times over, are constantly turned upon you, and that every act of yours that goes to make up your character and life is seen and read by all these eyes? Though you may be unconscious of it, such is the fact. The owners of many of these eyes are friendly to you; they sympathize with you, rejoice with you in your successes, and are grieved with you at your failures. The owners of many others of these eyes are entirely indifferent to you until you make a mistake or commit a wrong. Then they are ready to pronounce sharp judgment against you. The owners of others are unfriendly to you, and are rather pleased when you fall into sin or disgrace; and some even are ready to lead you out of the right and into the wrong. But be assured of one thing—that among all these eyes your acts are scanned and your life is known; even your secret sins, which you think privacy and darkness can hide, are shown quite as well as you know them yourself. Added to all these there is one more Eye. It is greater, more far-reaching, and more penetrating than all others put together. This Eye looks down into your secret heart, and discerns every feeling and thought before you can frame them into words or acts. Before this Eye our whole being is but transparent glass; and no darkness of night, or of mountain cavern, or of ocean depth can hide us or our faintest thoughts from His penetrating gaze. Before the thousand eyes looking out from every point of the compass, and discovering all our steps, and before the one Eye gazing upon us out of the depths of the all-surrounding universe, we should walk with the utmost carefreeness, striving to preserve heart and mind and thought in purity. "The eye in heart shall see God."

—Which is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic? The summer.

AN HONEST LITTLE BEGGAR.

IN one of the most beautiful market places in Brunswick, Germany, is a fine residence, very curiously ornamented. On the most conspicuous corner, facing the market-place, is a life-sized statue of a ragged beggar-boy, placed just above the first-story window. The holes in the knees and elbows are so perfectly cut in the stone, that you would almost think you were looking at Carolo himself. Over each window of the first and second stories, a beggar's hat is carved in the stone, instead of the ornaments usually placed there.

The gentleman who built the house did this because he wished never to forget that he had been a poor boy, and to remind all who saw it that "Honesty is the best policy."

A great many years before, a German count, living in the same town, took a journey into Italy. One day, while driving through the streets of Rome, he found himself pursued by a crowd of half-famished children begging for money. He took no notice of them, and by degrees they all went away but one, little Carolo, who, perhaps more hungry than the rest, persevered, until the count, to get rid of his cries, threw out a handful of small coins into the boy's ragged hat. The boy, turning away satisfied, sat down in the shade to rest and count his money.

As he took the coins one by one out of his cap, to his surprise he found a large and valuable gold piece among them. The Italian children are too often thieves as well as beggars, but Carolo was not. His mother had taught him to be honest; so his first thought was to find the gentleman again, and return the gold piece. All day long he ran through the streets, and at last, toward night, he found again the gay carriage of the count standing before a shop, and he soon told the nobleman of his mistake.

The gentleman was so pleased with the honesty of the child that he obtained the mother's consent, and took him with him to Germany. There he educated him, adopted him as his own son, and finally left him all his large fortune.

Carolo has been dead many years, but the old house still remains, keeping ever fresh the story of his early need, and the pure teaching of his humble mother; proving, too, the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

OUR WONDERFUL HOUSE.

OUR WONDERFUL house have I,
That God has made for me,
With windows to see the sky,
And keepers strong and free.

The door has a tuneful harp—
A mill to grind my bread—
And there is a golden bowl,
A beautiful golden thread.

A fountain is in the house;
A pitcher lies at hand;
And strong men God has given
To bear me o'er the land.

The keepers must work for God;
The harp must sing his praise;
The windows look to heaven;
The strong men walk His ways.

And when this house shall fall,
As death at last shall come,
The good have a better house
Above in Jesus' name.

THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.

A YOUNG man was once rowing me across the Merrimac River in a boat. Some boatmen going down the river with lumber had drawn up their boat and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

"There!" he exclaimed, "these boatmen have left their boat right in my way!"

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"On purpose to plague me," said he, "but I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as ugly as they can."

"But, my lad," said I, "you should not plague them because they plague you. Because they are ugly to you is no reason why you should be so to them. Besides, how do you know they did it to vex and trouble you?"

"But they had no business to leave it there—it is against the rules," said he.

"True," I replied; and you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?"

"They will not comply if I do," said the angry boy; "and they will do so again."

"Well, try for once," said I. "Just run your boat a little above or a little below theirs, and see if they will not favor you when they see you give way to accommodate them."

The boy complied; and when the men in the boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars to run his boat ashore above them, they took hold and helped him, and wheeled their boat around, giving him all the chance he wished. Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had he cut the rope at that time and place, and let the boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many would have been drawn into it. But the boy, who considered himself the injured party, prevented it all by a kind and pleasant submission to the injury.

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

"WHAT AM I?" I am one of God's creatures, endowed with superior faculties to those possessed by the fishes in the sea, the beasts on the earth, and the birds in the air; those faculties are given me for the glory of God and the good of my fellow-creatures. I have a body which in a little time will moulder in the dust from whence it sprung, and I have a soul which will live for ever in happiness or misery.

"WHERE AM I?" In a world wherein there is much sin and sorrow, in which God has placed me for a short time. This world is passing away; my days are short, I must soon die.

"WHITHER AM I GOING?" I am going to happiness or to misery, to heaven or to hell. If I am one treading the way of evil, and scorning that sacrifice for sin which God hath provided in his Son Jesus Christ, I shall perish. If I am taught of God to seek for pardon and grace; if I have the gift of faith to cling to the cross of the Redeemer, and depend for salvation on the Saviour of sinners, I shall live forever. If I am living in sin, I am going to hell! If I live on Christ, I am going to heaven! That is whither I am going."

A POEM FROM BIBLE TEXTS.

The following poem, formed from different Bible texts, is worth preserving:—

Cling to the Mighty One,	Pa. lxxxix : 19.
Cling in thy grief.	Heb. xii : 11
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. xii : 11
He gives relief,	Pa. cxvi : 6
Cling to the Gracious One,	Pa. cxvi : 3.
Cling in thy pain;	Pa. iv : 4
Cling to the Faithful One,	1. Thess. v : 25
He will sustain.	Pa. iv : 24.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii : 25
Cling to thy woe;	Pa. lxxxvi : 7
Cling to the Living One,	1. John iv : 16
Through all b low;	Rom. vii : 38, 39
Cling to the Pardoning One	John xiv : 47
He speaketh peace;	John xiv : 23
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv : 25.
Anguish shall cease.	Pa. cxvii : 47.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1. John ii : 27
Cling to his side;	John xv : 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi : 9.
In Him abide;	John xv : 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii : 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii : 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Pa. xvii : 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Pa. xvi : 11.

A HOMELY WOMAN'S CHARM.

GIRLS who think that it is necessary to be beautiful in order to be attractive, should get bravely over that notion. A young lady's plainness—which, by the way, saves her from a great many annoyances and dangers—need detract nothing from her loveliness if only her disposition is amiable, her mind cultured, and her heart kind and pure.

The story is told of a famous lady who once reigned in Paris society, that she was so homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one to ever fall in love with you."

From this time, Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, to the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render service.

This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes a valuable lesson.—*National Farmer*.

HISTORY OF A BEAN.

THE history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at South-bridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield as counted "was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produced 1,515 beans, and each produced 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,390 army rations, equal to eighteen and five-eighths bushels. This would be the product for the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same we have a product of 5,268,058, 800,625 beans, equal to 1,371,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,753,958 soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamship "Great Eastern" ninety-two full freights."

—"I fear you don't quite apprehend me," as the jail-bird said to his baffled pursuers.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

MARY LOWE BRIGGS

WE should fill all the hours with the sweetest things, If we had but a day. We should drink alone at the purest springs In our upward way. We should love with a life-time's love in an hour, If our hours were few! We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power To be and to do.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON X. [Sept. 4.] THE COMMANDMENTS; OR, LOVE TOWARD MAN.

Exod. 20. 12-21. Commit to memory v. 12-17.

- 12 Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. 13. Thou shalt not kill. 14. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 15. Thou shalt not steal. 16. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. 17. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. 18. And all the people saw the thunders, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking, and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. 19. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. 20. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not. 21. And the people stood afar off: and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets. Matt. 22. 39, 40.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Law of God, v. 12-17. 2. The Presence of God, v. 18-21.

TIME, PLACE, &c.—See Lesson IX.

EXPLANATION.—Honor—Give respect and obedience. Thy days may be long—The promise of this commandment. Eph. 6. 2. Shalt not kill—"Shalt do no murder." All anger or hatred which may lead to murder is also forbidden. Adultery—Impurity in thought, word, or deed. Not steal—Either by robbing or cheating another. False witness—Saying that which is false: Lying or falsehood is forbidden. Not covet—Desire to have that which belongs to another. They removed—From terror and awe. Speak thou—They felt the need of a mediator, one to stand between them and God. Fear not—The fear of terror is here meant. His fear—The fear of reverence, respect for God and his law.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

- 1. The Law of God, v. 12-17. What is the fifth commandment? How should parents be honored? What is said in Col 3. 20? What is this commandment called in Eph. 6. 2? What is its promise? What is the sixth commandment? What does it forbid? What leads to murder? 1 John 3. 15. What is the seventh commandment? What is said in 1 Cor. 6. 19? What is the eighth commandment? Does this forbid cheating others? What is the ninth commandment? What is forbidden in this commandment? Col. 3. 9.

What is the tenth commandment? What is it to covet? What is Christ's warning against covetousness? What is the sum of these commandments? GOLDEN TEXT. 2. The Presence of God, v. 18-21. How did God show his presence in the mount? How did the people feel? What did the people ask Moses to do? Who stands between us and God? 1 Tim. 2. 5. What did Moses say to the people? To what should the fear of God lead men? What did Moses do? Why did he draw near? Deut. 5. 5. To what mount may we come? Heb 12. 18, 22.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this Lesson are we taught— 1. To honor our parents? 2. To tell the truth? 3. To fear the Lord?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does the fifth commandment require?—Honor to parents. 2. What is the sixth commandment?—"Thou shalt not kill." 3. What is the seventh commandment?—"Thou shalt not commit adultery." 4. What is the eighth commandment?—"Thou shalt not steal." 5. What does the ninth commandment forbid?—Falsehood. 6. What does the tenth commandment forbid?—Coveting what belongs to others.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Righteousness towards men.

B.O. 1491.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 11.] IDOLATRY PUNISHED; OR, FALSE WORSHIP CONDEMNED.

Exod. 32. 26-35. Commit to memory v. 29, 30.

26. Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. 27. And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. 28. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses, and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. 29. For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother, that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day. 30. And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord: peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin. 31. And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, O, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold! 32. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. 33. And the Lord said unto Moses, Who saever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. 34. Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee: nevertheless in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them. 35. And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf which Aaron made.

GOLDEN TEXT. Little children, keep yourselves from idols. 1 John 5. 21.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Punishment, v. 26-29. 2. The Prayer, v. 30-35.

TIME.—B.C. 1491, forty days after the giving of the law.

PLACE.—The plain before Mount Sinai.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The acceptance of the law by the people. Exod. 24. 1-8. 2. Moses in the mount. Exod. 24. 9-18. 3. The worship of the golden calf. Exod. 32. 1-6. 4. The anger of Moses. Exod. 32. 7-25.

EXPLANATIONS.—In the gate—At the entrance of the encampment. On the Lord's side—Willing to follow God and not idols. Sons of Levi gathered—Perhaps led by the fact of their relationship to Moses. His sword by his side—The sword was kept in a sheath, which hung upon a belt, and was not worn except when needed for use. Slay every man his brother—Rather, every man slay his brother, etc. The meaning is not

that they were to slay every body, nor to seek out their own relatives for slaughter, but to kill all who were leaders in the crime of idolatry, however closely related to themselves. Three thousand—Who were the leaders in the idol-worship. Consecrate—Literally, "fill your hand," that is, "Let your offering to God be the death of his enemies." This was necessary, since the hopes of the world's salvation rested upon keeping Israel pure from idolatry. A blessing—God gave to the tribe of Levi the honor of being his priests. Go up unto the Lord—To Mount Sinai. Atonement—A reconciliation, making peace between the people and God. Blot me—God had said (v. 10.) that he would destroy Israel, and (v. 10.) that he would destroy Israel, and make of Moses a great people, but Moses does not wish to have God's favor unless his people may be spared. Thy book—The names of those accepted before God. Unto the place—Canaan, the promised land. Mine Angel—The divine Being, whose presence was shown in the pillar of cloud. When I visit—That is, God would punish them. Plagued the people—Probably with disease, and the death of many people. They made—They caused Aaron to make it for them.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

- 1. The Punishment, v. 26-29. For what great sin were the people punished? v. 8. How long was this after God had given them his law? Where was Moses when this sin was committed? Exod. 24. 18; 32. 15. What did Moses do when he saw the people's sin? Exod. 32. 19, 20. What did Moses say to the people in v. 26? Who answered his call? Why did this tribe come to Moses? What did he command them to do? Did this mean a slaughter of everybody? [See Explanations.] How many people were slain? Was this right? How was this a "consecration" to the Lord? What was promised to them? What is Christ's requirement in Matt. 10. 37? 2. The Prayer, v. 30-35. Who prayed for the people? What did he make for their sin? Who is our atonement? Rom. 5. 11. Why would Moses' prayers avail rather than others? Jas. 5. 16. How did Moses show earnestness in his prayer? Deut. 9. 18. What did he ask of God for the people? How did he show his love for the people? v. 32. What had God offered to do for Moses? v. 10. What book is here meant? What is said of this book in Rev. 3. 5? What warning against sin did God give in v. 33? Who did God say would lead the people? In what form did this angel appear? Exod. 14. 19. What result of sin came upon the people? How did the Lord plague the people? [See Explanations.] Why is it said that they made the calf? chap. 32. 1. How did they illustrate Jer. 2. 19? What is the warning of the GOLDEN TEXT?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show— 1. The duty of decision! 2. The power of prayer? 3. The results of sin?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long was Moses in the mount with God?—Forty days. 2. Into what crime were the people led during his absence from them?—Into the worship of an idol. 3. What did Moses say when he saw their crime?—"Who is on the Lord's side?" 4. Who offered themselves?—The tribe of Levi. 5. What was his command to the Levites?—To slay the idolaters. 6. What did Moses then do?—He pleaded with God for their forgiveness. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Answer to prayer.

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