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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

No. 19.

## SCENES IN EGYPT.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, B.D.

[As the eyes of all the world are fixed upon the land of Egypt where the soldiers of Queen Victoria are performing such brave exploits we have pleasure in presenting an account of a recent visit to that country by the accomplished pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, to whom our acknowledgments are due for permission to make the following extracts from his admirable volume of travel "Toward the Sunrise."—Ed.]

**E**ARLY on the morning of Friday, February 25th, 1881, all was astir on board the good ship *Saturno*. We are looking out for land. There, in the distance, is a long low stretch of coast. It is Egypt—proud and ancient Egypt, with its hoary arts and early civilization. Egypt, the oldest land on earth—mother of civilization—that taught Greece letters, and trained Moses in earthly lore. Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, of the Ptolemies; the land in which Abraham sojourned and into which Joseph was sold, the land that gave shelter to the infant Saviour when Joseph arose and took the Young Child and his mother and went down into Egypt. Egypt! there it lies, silent in the morning sunshine, wrapping itself in the memories of three thousand years.

The domes and minarets of Alexandria glitter in the sunlight. We enter the famous old harbor and pass the lighthouse where once stood the colossal Pharos, said to have been four hundred feet high, catch a view of that venerable column, Pompey's Pillar, next, the marble Palace of the Khedive, and now, within a magnificent breakwater, our ship comes to anchor. At once we are surrounded by little boats filled with dark-skinned, curiously robed, gesticulating, shouting Arabs. Boats enough to carry the passengers of a *Great Eastern*. We get into one of them, are rowed to shore, and are soon dashing through the streets and bazaars of Alexandria.

On landing in Egypt, the first thing demanded is your "passport," and the next thing "backsheesh." Having

safely got through the hands of the officials, you next have to run the gauntlet of the donkeys. All the donkeys of Egypt—of all colours, white, black, mouse—have come down to meet you, and all the donkey-boys are there to drive them,—shouting, gesticulating, laughing, capering, urging their beasts upon you, if you will not get upon them.

We drove first to the hotel, and then secured a guide and carriage for the day. First, to the bazaars—what views of street life! What a strange commingling of Eastern and Western manners and habits! What a babel of tongues! What a blaze of cos-

the Arabian tales of enchantment. The interior of the palace is in execrable taste—Egyptian, Mohammedan, European treasures and adornments, all arrayed in costly but "Frenchy" display; floors of ebony, divans of silk and knit tapestry, and massive chandeliers, a pair of which alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. The late Khedive had a mania for building palaces, and leaving them unfinished.

The Khedive's Palace stands on a peninsula, what was formerly the Island of Pharos. The modern city does not occupy the site of the ancient city of the Ptolemies. Pliny tells us that the famous city had a "circum-

poverty-stricken Arab village of a few hundreds. But when Mahomed Ali rose to power, and became ruler of Egypt, he turned his attention to the restoration of Alexandria. With keen insight, he saw the importance of the ancient mart, and determined that it should fulfil its destinies, not only as the emporium for the rapidly developing trade of Egypt, but become again the magnificent gateway to the East. Up rose a stately city, which now numbers a population of nearly a quarter of a million, and with its canal and railway improvements it is the centre of communication between Europe and India. The Frank quarter

of the town, with its streets and squares, shops and hotels, offices and banks, has all the appearance of a European city. And you might fancy yourself to be in the heart of Paris or London, were it not for the motley sights and sounds around you; the donkey-stations, with their pushing, jostling donkey boys and animals, the strings of ungainly camels stalking solemnly and noiselessly along, with all sorts of bulky and enormous burdens on their backs, surmounted by the driver; vehicles with one or more footmen, with girded loins and swinging staff, who run ahead and cry aloud for room, and clear the way most unceremoniously, while here and there are devout Mussulmans, prostrate on their prayer-rugs, and going through their



STREET SCENE IN ALEXANDRIA.

tumes! What a blending of all colors and nationalities! English, French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians, Chinese, Coolies, Hindoos, Bedouins, black Nubians, high-capped Copts, swarthy Egyptians, veiled women with laughing eyes peering out upon you, and cross-legged Turks smoking their narghilies. The scene is most animated, there is a constant uproar and continual passing of camels, donkeys, and carriages through the surging, heaving, jostling crowd.

Next, to the Palace of the Khedive. It is built of white marble, and the beautiful columns at the entrance were stolen from the Mosque of the Thousand and One Columns, and remind us

of the magnificence of fifteen miles." How all this magnificence has vanished! Once, the confluence of eastern and western civilization, the emporium of the commerce of Europe, Asia, and Africa, the only warehouse for receiving the treasures of India, Ethiopia, and Arabia, and for transmitting them to other places, considered by the Romans themselves as inferior only to their own matchless capital, its glory departed with the downfall of the Byzantine Empire, and its commerce was annihilated by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

Under the Turks it sank into utter insignificance, and at the beginning of the present century, it was a small

devotions. The Egyptian and Arab sections of the city are dirty and dingy enough, the people live in silt and extreme wretchedness. Mrs. Partington speaks of her "oil factories" breathing the "execrations" of coal smoke, that are so dilatory to health; but what would the old lady say if her "oil-factories" had to take up the aroma of an Egyptian street? Ugh! The odor from bone-factories is the fragrance of roses in comparison. The narrow lanes of streets twist and turn like cow-paths, and the houses are low, wretched hovels, pestiferous dens, in which the father, the mother, and the children are huddled pell-mell, with dogs, cows, goats, and other animals.

The children are ragged, squalid, rickety, and bleary-eyed, the women look cowed and dejected, and their long, soiled, and tattered garments scarcely conceal their emaciated forms, while the men are miserable, shabby-looking wretches, undermined by want and blighted by serfdom. In the more respectable native quarters, the houses generally overhang the street in the upper story, and out of the latticed windows peer the eyes of the women of the household—the wives of the often "much-married" husband. Dust is everywhere and burning sun, and the eyes suffer much from the glare of the light. Ophthalmia is dreadfully prevalent.

I did Alexandria pretty thoroughly, but the most interesting scene in the city I witnessed, while sitting in the evening in front of a cafe in the Great Square, the Place Mehemet Ali. This is the head-quarters of European life. The scene is most novel and entertaining. The street is brilliant with gas; and to watch the curious crowd of all nations,—the dusky natives around you sipping their coffee, playing their games of draughts or smoking and story-telling; the vendors of wares of all sorts, shouting their goods; horses and carriages, with dashing French and Italian belles; donkeys, camels, oriental women veiled up to the eyes, and men in every dress. In every land the most interesting thing you see is man himself. How curiously these Egyptians dress! The women, with their wide trousers and long chooftan with hanging sleeves, and laced from the girdle to the bosom, with a loose shawl round the waist, a head veil of muslin, and a black face-veil reaching often from the eyes to the feet. The men, with wide trousers but tightly-fitting from the knee down, red shoes on their feet, a light, gaily-embroidered jacket, a striped sash round the waist, a small red-tasseled cap, and twisted round it the much-revered turban, carrying under their arms or munching along the way, a flat loaf of poor, black, sour, coarse, barley bread, their principal food, aside from eggs, dates, grasses, and beans.

### "MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

**A** MAN who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house."

Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. Hence I call it my smoke-house."

Now, boys we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to spend in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a paper twenty-five cents and watch it burn? Is it any more sensible to take for your quarter a roll of old, dry, brown leave light it, and see it smoke? —*Exchange.*

### DIET AND DEVOTION.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.



THE Bible often reminds us that there is something better than medicine to prevent and cure sickness.

The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, said on his death-bed, when distinguished men were regretting his departure: "My friends, I leave behind me three greater physicians than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered: "Water, Exercise, and Diet."

Another has said that the three best doctors are Doctor Diet, Dr. Quiet, Dr. Merryman. Longfellow said in one of his brief epigrams:

"Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,  
Slain the door on the doctor's nose."

Be sure, then, first of all, that you have the regular care of Dr. Diet; the Bible counts him so important even to religious people, that it makes 800 references to eating.

An old man, nearly one hundred years old, once said: "If you want to grow old slowly, eat slowly."

"A doctor is one whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

"Feed me till I want no more," may be allowable in a song about spiritual food, though of doubtful import even then; but surely it is not good physiology. Rather should we "always leave the table with an appetite that we may never sit down without one."

There can be no doubt that Englishmen and Americans eat more meat than is wholesome for their moral nature. Nations which eat meat every day, and many of these people several times a day, are far more intemperate than others. Beef-tea is now found to be a stimulant for the sick, and is sometimes used in the place of wine. So, excessive meat eating over-develops the passions, and leads often to wine or worse.

Dr. Oswald, in a recent series of articles on diet in the *Popular Science Monthly*, attributes the vices of boys in part, to this over-supply of animal food. He says tersely: "Hot-headed boys, especially can be more effectually cured with cow's milk, than a cow's hide." If that is so, we shall believe the little girl who said in a composition, "A cow is the most useful thing in the world, except religion."

As to alcoholic drinks, the cold business statistics of the life insurance companies show that they punch out the years of our lives as a conductor does a mileage ticket. Strange that so many who would not commit suicide suddenly will do it slowly in this way! When Tom Sayers, the famous pugilist, was asked if he did not use plenty of ale and porter while in training for his prize-fights, he replied, "I'm no teetotaler, but, when I have business on hand, there is nothing like cold water and the dumb bells."

That reminds us of Dr. Exercise. We should be better Christians, more joyful and vigorous, if we were obedient to his prescriptions. Dyspepsia is a poor pedestrian; walk rapidly for an hour a day and you will soon leave him behind and with the dyspepsia such a spiritual despondency and

Dr. Repose is also an important physician in this exciting age. It is said that every fit of anger cuts off a year of life. Perhaps it does not always cut off as much as that, but tapping a nerve is well nigh as exhausting to the vital forces as tapping a vein. On the other hand Dr. Repose offers us "length of days" John Wesley on his 86th birthday, "his eye not dim nor his natural force abated," wrote in his diary that the three chief causes of his unusually prolonged vigour were: First, his lifelong habit of early-rising, second, his habit of being much in the open air; third, his Christian repose of mind. "I dare no more to fret," he said, "than to curse and swear."

Dr. Pure Air is no less important than those I have mentioned. Mr. Beecher says that the school children of Brooklyn get only twenty-five feet of air when they ought to have two thousand. It is doubtless as bad in many of our cities. Dr. Pure Air also teaches us to breathe through the nose, and thus filter the air of its impurities before it reaches the lungs.

Dr. Merryman is not to be forgotten in our health consultation. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." One who lived nearly a century gave this advice to those who would have a long life: "Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere."

When one kills himself with food, or wine, or vice, or neglect, it is said that his time has come, and he was taken away by a mysterious Providence. Nonsense! He died by suicide before his time through a mysterious stupidity, or a deliberate disregard of the laws of health; or, perhaps, he was murdered by a plumber, or contractor, who to save a few dollars made a death-trap instead of a health-trap in the cellar. There are Herods who slaughter the innocent not by swords, but by imperfect sewers.

In order that we may serve God better and longer than we shall otherwise, we need to keep in mind that God's laws for the body are as binding upon us as those of the soul, and that deliberate disobedience to God's physiological command is as wicked as breaking the ten commandments.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1).—*Christian at Work.*

### THE CAMEL.

**T**HE expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since travelling began in the deserts. The camel appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse; that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears, and inflated nostrils; that readiness to dash along a race course, follow the hounds across the country, or charge the enemy; none of that decision of will and self-conscious pride which demand as a right, to be stroked, patted, pampered, by lords and ladies.

The poor camel bends his neck, and with a balter round his long nose, and several hundred-weight on his back,

paces patiently along from the Nile to the Euphrates. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the camel thirsty—he has recourse to his gutta percha cistern which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry—give him a few handfuls of dried beans; it is enough; chopped straw a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump. If the land-storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long defleshed legs will stride after his swan-like neck through suffocating dust; and having done his duty he will mumble his guttural, and leave perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste for the guidance of future travellers.—*Harper's Young People.*

### ONE TIRED MOTHER TO ANOTHER.

**A** LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee;  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear,  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly,  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight,  
You do not prize this blessing over-much,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine as it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,  
The restless, curly head from off your breast,  
The lisping tongue that chattered constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,  
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the foot-prints when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to mark them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear it patter in my house once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from his nest has flown,  
My little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—*Domestic Journal.*

THE END OF THE WAY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years:—

**M**Y life is a wearisome journey,  
I'm sick of the dust and the heat,  
The rays of the sun beat upon me,  
The briars are wounding my feet;  
But the city to which I am journeying,  
Will more than my trials repay,  
All the toils of the road will be nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,  
I often am longing for rest,  
But He who appoints me my pathway,  
Knows what is needful and best;  
I know in His word He has promised,  
That my strength shall be as my day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,  
Or give me one trial too much;  
All his people have been dearly purchased,  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By-and-by I shall see Him and praise Him,  
In the city of unending day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble steps have been taken,  
And the gates of the city appear,  
And the beautiful songs of the angels,  
Float out on my listening ear;  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
Will be plain and clear as the day;  
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,  
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,  
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Saviour Himself has said, Come.  
So when I am weary in body,  
And sinking in spirit I say,  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,  
There are cordials for those who are faint,  
There are robes that are whiter and purer,  
Than any that fancy can paint;  
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day,  
The toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

CHAUTAUQUA.

BY LEWIS C. PEAKE.



**W**HERE? How? What? What of it? I propose to follow, with a little change, the plan propounded by Dr. Wilkinson in the last number of the *Banner* for studying a given subject, and—

1. *Where?* This, to many, must seem a very foolish question. Of course, everybody knows where Chautauqua is. Nevertheless, I have met with some, even in this age of geographical study and travel, who had no idea where it was, except that it was over in the States somewhere, a long way off. Well, then, take up your map, and look for the western corner of New York State, and there, 65 miles west of Buffalo, almost adjoining Pennsylvania, and a very short distance from the Ohio state line, lies a beautiful sheet of water about 16 miles in length, with a width varying from 100 yards to 3 miles, and with an elevation above lake Erie (only 9 miles distant) of 730 feet. This is Chautauqua Lake, and on a point on the southern shore, near the western extremity is located the wonderful place which now claims our attention, Chautauqua.

2. *How?* Having found the place, how shall we reach it? We will suppose our party to be gathered together from many places, (as was our case on the morning of August 8th, 1882) on the wharf at the foot of Yonge Street in Toronto. Embarking upon the magnificent steamer "Chicora" at 7 a.m., a delightful sail of nearly 3 hours rendered additionally pleasant by the courteous treatment received from the officers, brings us to the wharf at Niagara, the ancient capital of the province. Here we take the cars of the Canada Southern Railway, which, if it does not rain, will bring us to Buffalo at a few minutes after noon. On the way we pause a few minutes at the platform above Niagara Falls, and get one of the best views of the great cataract which is to be had from any point. Arriving in Buffalo the first thought is, of course, dinner; this disposed of, we seat ourselves in the coaches of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, and at 1 o'clock are off again. Passing through Dunkirk we arrive at Brockton, where we change to the cars of Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Western Railway, by which we are conveyed up the steep ascent already alluded to, until we reach Mayville at the west end of the lake. This point should be reached about 3.30 p.m., but as the rain prevented our making proper connection at Buffalo, we find ourselves several hours later. Here we separate. Some of our party conclude to spend the night at Mayville, while the larger portion go through to Chautauqua; some by the Branch Railway to the depot within the grounds; most of us by one of the many steamers which ply up and down the lake. And now I think we are compensated for our few hours delay, for as we approach the landing-place the scene is indescribably weird and beautiful. What, with the brilliancy of the electric light, the beauty of the Chinese lanterns hanging in every direction, and the musical laughter of the occupants of the small boats as they row around, one can easily imagine it to be Fairyland. But, we are not yet in Paradise, the gate-keeper is in the way; there are various ways of satisfying him, and yet only one way—a ticket; this may be purchased for a day, a week, two weeks, or the season, according as our stay may be. But, once within the gates, we are at liberty to attend as many lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc., as we can crowd in, without any fee whatever. Thanks to arrangements previously made our party is soon settled in comfortable quarters, either in some of the many cottages, or in the magnificent Hotel Athenæum. Perhaps a memorandum of necessary expenses of a week's trip from Toronto might not be amiss here: 1. Special excursion ticket \$4; 2. Gate fee, one week \$2; 3. Board \$7 (or more); Total necessary expenses for one week \$13.

We are now ready to consider our next question.

3. *What?* And here, if we are novices, our bewilderment commences. After a good night's rest we are awakened at 6 a.m. by the sound of the "bells, bells, bells," and immediately a familiar sound is heard; do we hear aright? are we in the woods or in town? "Chautauqua Assembly Herald," "morning paper," "all about Dr. Buckley's great lecture," etc., the newsboy in every direction selling

the paper printed upon the grounds and containing wonderfully full reports of yesterday's proceedings. Now as it would be manifestly impossible in this article to give even an intelligible synopsis of the bill of fare provided for the season, I will give an outline of a single day, and this, is a fair specimen of the whole, excepting that some days a concert or elocutionary entertainment takes the place of a lecture:—

- 8.00 a.m. Early lecture, Prof. B. P. Bowne. C. L. S. C., class in Geology. Lecture on the Tabernacle. Children's class.
- 8.30. Class in Harmony, Prof. C. C. Case.
- 9.00. Devotional hour. Intermediate Normal class. Class in voice culture. Normal class, Bible section.
- 9.30. Children's class in clay modeling.
- 9.40. Choir rehearsal, Prot. Sherwin.
- 10.00. Women's devotional meeting.
- 11.00. Lecture, Bishop H. W. Warren. Children's Kindergarten.
- 2.00 p.m. Lecture, John B. Gough.
- 4.00. Primary class, Teachers' conference. Choir rehearsal. Normal class, Bible section. Lecture to children, Bible manners and customs, A. O. Van Lennep. Lectures on Palestine, Jerusalem, the Pyramids.
- 5.00. C. L. S. C., Round table.
- 7.00. Conference; Training at home.
- 8.00. Lecture, A. D. Vail, D.D.
- 9.00. C. L. S. C., class vigil, class of 1883.

Many items of a special character, such as classes in Greek, Latin, German, French, Anglo Saxon, Hebrew, Phonography, Elocution, Clay modeling, Art, etc., etc., I do not include, thinking that for the average individual the list is long enough. I fancy I hear some one asking—How can I take in all this? Just as you take in all that is on the bill of fare of a first-class hotel. Choose what is most congenial or needful to you, and leave the rest for those whose tastes and requirements differ from your own.

A careful perusal of the above day's programme will readily furnish an answer to this third question. Not a single item in the list that does not deal with those questions which are of vital importance to the Sunday-school teacher, while at the same time they are so arranged and presented as to attract and interest not only the teachers but all thinking people.

The Sunday-school is the centre around which Chautauqua revolves, and toward which everything connected with it converges. The Alumni of the Normal department now number upwards of one thousand, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle numbers twenty seven thousand members, of whom two thousand have given evidence of having completed the four years' course of study, and are enrolled as members of "Society of the Hall in the Grove." Where is there another place upon this planet, where for three weeks together, audiences of from three to six thousand can be brought out three times a day to listen to lectures of the very highest order? and how is it that it can be seen here? It must be that the thousands who throng the avenues of this city in the woods are drawn here by something stronger than the desire for rest or amusement. One common bond unites them, they are mostly Christians and Sunday-school teachers; one common

motive animates them, a desire to do more and better work for the Master; they realize that to be a successful Sunday-school teacher it is not necessary to be ignorant or unlearned; they believe that a little knowledge of history, science, and art, with a great deal of Bible knowledge, does not lessen their zeal for souls, but on the contrary, gives them an immense advantage in their personal hand to hand contact with the members of their classes. The development of this spirit is the "What" of Chautauqua.

4. *What of it?* When Lewis Miller and Dr. Vincent laid the foundation of the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly in 1874, they built better than they knew. But with such a wise counsellor and generous patron as the former, and such a consummate architect and builder as the latter, both thoroughly consecrated to God in heart, head, and pocket, nothing is too wonderful to expect in the future. Take the outlook, for example, from the present standpoint:—

What of the thousand Alumni of the Normal department? Does it not mean that one thousand teachers have been sent to their classes better qualified than before for their work? Nor is this all. Think of the vast army of teachers who have been benefited through the same course of instruction at home, by those who were thus sent back as missionaries; and this process is going on, and will repeat itself *ad infinitum*.

Then take the C. L. S. C. phase of the prospect, twenty seven thousand persons reading in carefully prepared lines, on subjects which cannot fail to develop their better faculties. What does it mean for the future? I cannot tell! it is beyond my comprehension. I look upon the C. L. S. C. as one of the most far-reaching, in its possibilities, of any instrumentality which has yet been devised for the intellectual elevation of our race. That, the interest in the course is not a transient one is evident from the fact that nearly, if not quite, all of the graduates of the present year have expressed their intention to continue the work in the special courses provided. This is a result which Dr. Vincent has confidently expected from the outset; it is a life-long course of study.

And so I say, Chautauqua for ever! and may God bless and preserve Dr. J. H. Vincent, the beloved king of Chautauqua.

THE PROPOSED SHORT VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

**T**HE scheme for constructing a railway across Newfoundland as a link in a system of swift transportation between New York and Europe has been indorsed by the Assembly of that Province. By making the ocean voyage as short as possible, selecting points on the east coast of Newfoundland and the west of Ireland, and thus reducing the voyage to 1,700 miles—and establishing connection with fast express trains on both sides of the Atlantic—it is proposed to effect a saving of time between London and New York amounting to forty-eight hours. The Syndicate intend to do things on a large scale, employing ten steam-ships for the ocean traffic, and anticipate a monopoly of mail carrying, and conveying 300,000 passengers annually.

## PRECIOUS OINTMENT.

BY MRS. LOU A. MORRIS.

Do not keep your box of ointment,  
Break it out your friends to day,  
Do not keep it in the darkness,  
Half forgotten, laid away.  
Little deeds of love and kindness,  
Don't forget to give them now;  
Don't forget to smooth the pillow—  
Don't forget to bathe the brow.

Send your flowers to the living,  
Do not keep them for the grave—  
They may comfort some poor mourner,  
They may strengthen, help, and save.  
Send them in their fragrant beauty—  
Show your friendship true and warm;  
What would care a rosewood casket;  
What would care a lifeless form?

Hearts that are with burdens laden,  
Bearing bravely toil and care;  
Ready to receive your kindness,  
Should you leave your ointment there.  
Don't forget the kindly counsel—  
Don't forget the loving tone;  
They will make the cross the lighter  
To some sorrow-laden one.

All along life's rugged pathway,  
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,  
Bringing all your love and kindness,  
Making every heart rejoice.  
Keep your ointment ever ready—  
Use it freely—there is room,  
It will bring you richest blessings,  
Smooth your passage to the tomb.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 14, 1889.

## READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

**A**N intelligent teacher from the State of Ohio, who lives in a neighbourhood where the old plan of "boarding round" is still in vogue, says in a private letter: "I have had an insight into the home life of my pupils. Out of forty families in half a dozen districts with which I have been intimately acquainted, not one has any provision for furnishing their children with suitable reading matter. With scarcely any exception parents desire an education for their children, but seem to think that everything devolves upon the school. Even in cases where the older members of the family were intelligent, and moderately well-read, the children were left to do as best they could for themselves. Sometimes they had access to the Sunday-school library, but in the majority of cases they had nothing but what they could 'pick up.' I have seen bright boys and girls, just entering their teens, devouring trashy papers for lack of anything better, until I almost dislike

to hear parents say of their children, 'They are fond of reading,' because I know too well what that reading is, in almost all cases. People who would furnish money and attend half a dozen fairs and circuses, etc., think they cannot spend half as much for books."

This dependence upon the public school and the Sunday-school for the general education of their children deserves the attention of thoughtful people, especially of ministers, who through the pulpit have such a fine opportunity for reaching the people. Every family should take a weekly religious paper, a weekly secular paper, and a good juvenile paper. The true education of the children demands it. Pro-occupation is the only safeguard against the cheap, corrupting literature which now floods the country. Words of warning from the pulpit; words of admonition and counsel and direction in pastoral visitation; co-operation with the children in appealing to their parents for reading matter; earnest exhortations in the Sunday school—these are some of the ways by which our ministers may do something to stir up parents to an appreciation of their duty concerning the reading of their children.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The After-School Series. Preparatory Greek Course in English.* By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. Cr. 8vo. pp. 294. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.25.

This book is the first of another educational series which owes its existence to the fertile brain of Dr. John H. Vincent, and bears on its cover the familiar picture of the "Hall in the Grove" at Chautauqua. It is designed to give the English reader some such knowledge of classic literature as the college graduate obtains through the original text. We venture to say that in many cases it will be a superior knowledge. In a few well-written chapters, assisted by maps and cuts, the land of classic story, its people, and their writings are described, and then selections from such Greek authors as Æsop and Lucian, Xenophon's Memorabilia, and a more detailed account of his Anabasis and of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, with copious extracts are given. While, of course, as a mental drill it cannot compare with the study of the Greek text, it will to many give more information than even such a study.

*The Canadian Musical Fountain and Revival Singer.* Oblong, pp. 191. C. W. COATES & BROTHERS, Compilers. Montreal: Robert Miller & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This book is a valuable addition to the literature of sacred song. The lengthened experience and cultured musical taste of its compilers have enabled them thoroughly to sift the ample material at their disposal, rejecting the weak, the trivial, the incongruous, and retaining the pure, harmonious, and correct. The work is admirably adapted for use in Temperance meetings, Camp meetings, Revival services, social gatherings, the home circle, etc. Some of the pieces have been newly harmonized and we judge greatly improved. The book, while intended chiefly as a useful one

for the average community, will be found, we think, to meet the tastes of people of musical culture, and even classical purists will doubtless find in it something to admire.

*What our Girls Ought to Know.* By MARY J. STUDLEY, M.D. Pp. 261. New York: Frank & Wagnals. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.00.

The author of this book, an accomplished Christian lady was a practicing physician and subsequently a teacher in the State Normal School of Massachusetts. These chapters are talks with the girls of her class on how to preserve health, one of the most important lessons any girl can learn. The advice on the subject of food, dress, exercise; on the heart, the lungs, the brain; on nerves, and nervousness, and other topics is eminently judicious. If girls will read and follow this advice they will be healthier, happier, and more useful in the world.

## DYING WORDS OF AN INDIAN SUPERINTENDENT.

**T**HE Rev. Thos. Culbert, missionary to the Indians at Saugeen, writes:—The Sunday-school here is doing well. The superintendent, an Indian, died in the spring, in the peace and hope of the Gospel. While able he was faithful in attending the school and means of grace. In the earlier part of his illness he had a strong desire to live longer, that he might have further opportunity of doing good to the young people in whom he felt a deep interest.

I enclose his dying counsel to the children of the Sabbath-school. It was handed to me by his father to read to them on the morning of the funeral; they were seated by themselves in the church.

Parting words of the late Zachariah George, uttered before departing this life as follows:—Children,—Love one another, and obey your parents; love the Sunday-school, attend to the means of grace by going to church regularly. Pray do not play on the Lord's day. This is the last advice I am giving you.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA MISSIONS.

**T**HE British Columbia aborigines, says an American paper, have been largely converted to God within a few years, mostly by the agency of two men, Thomas Crosby, of the Canadian Methodist Episcopal Church, since 1874, and William Duncan, of the London Church Missionary Society, since 1857. From Fort Simpson, B. C., Mr. Crosby's station on the edge of Alaska, nine of his Christian Indians went in 1876 to cut wood for our military post at Fort Wrangell, Alaska. They brought with them the Sabbath, the Gospel, and the worship of God in Indian tongues, among the savage forests and their more savage inheritors. The natives heard them, gathered around them at their simple worship and were converted. They became forty worshippers, then a hundred; a school was opened, one of them, Olap by name, was constrained to preach and teach, and, in time, after long and urgent appeals for help, Dr. Jackson was enabled to make his way thither with one missionary widow woman, Mrs. MacFarland, whom he

left there to become both pastor and law-giver to the tribe. Other missionaries and teachers have since followed, and the work grows apace. From hundreds and thousands of miles the chiefs come entreating for teachers and the Great Spirit's Book, but go away disappointed.

## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"**L**ITTLE by little," the tempter said,  
As a dark and cunning snare he spread.

For the young, unwary feet;  
"Little by little and day by day,  
I will tempt the careless soul astray,  
Into the broad and flowery way,  
Until the ruin be complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,  
We fashion our future of bliss and woe,  
As the present passes away.  
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,  
Up to the regions of endless light,  
Or gliding downward into the night,  
Little by little, and day by day.

## ROBERT MOFFAT'S MOTHER.

**R**OBERT Moffat, the aged missionary to Africa, speaking of his conversion and the devotion of his life to mission work, said:

"I will tell you how it was: When I was leaving home for Warrington, where I was going to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise, but she would not tell me, and still urged that I should promise. I was quite loth to give my word to do a thing which I did not know about, but I loved and trusted my mother, and so at length gave the promise she wished.

"Well," she said, "I want you to read a portion of the New Testament and pray for a blessing on it every day, and wherever you may be."

"I kept my promise to my mother, and it was some time after that, that I was brought to the knowledge of Christ."

"And did you then devote yourself to the missionary work?" some of us asked.

"No," he replied; "that was later; I had gone in from the place where I was working to the town of Warrington on a Saturday night to buy a book, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard, and the meeting was past, but it fixed my thoughts on the subject; and so I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked at his door I would gladly have run away, but it was too late. So I saw him and talked with him, and afterward he introduced me to the London Missionary Society, by which, two years later, in 1822, I was sent out to Africa."

Eighteen hundred and twenty-two, and eighteen hundred and eighty-two! What wonderful changes between the two dates? Who will rejoice most over the harvests gathered from the deserts of Africa—Moffat, who still lives, or his great son-in-law, Livingstone, or that godly mother who trained up her boy in the fear of God and made him promise to read the New Testament and pray over it every day?—*Forward.*

WIT stands in the same relation to common sense that paint does to wood. It gives it a finish and preserves it.



A JAPANESE BED.

We present herewith an illustration of one of the queer customs of the Japanese. The Japanese bed is simply a thin mattress spread upon the floor, which, during the day, is rolled up and put away. The covering is a sort of bag in which the natives wrap themselves up. But the most curious thing of all is the pillow. It is simply a block of wood, on the upper side of which is a small cushion covered with several thicknesses of soft thin paper. As one of these gets soiled it can be torn off and a clean one be exposed beneath. It is the most uncomfortable looking pillow we ever saw. One would think the sleeper would dislocate his neck. The object in the foreground is a lamp. The light is protected from the wind by thin oiled paper which lets almost all the light through. To the right is shown the paper screen which forms the wall of most Japanese houses. During the day these slide to one side and the whole house is exposed to the passers by. We have sent a large number of Japanese pictures to the Rev. C. S. Eby, our missionary in the kingdom of the Rising Sun, as they call it, and our readers may expect shortly descriptions of them from his pen.

A TRIP TO ISLAND LAKE.

BY THE REV. E. LANGFORD,

Missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada at Oxford House.

[We have pleasure in presenting the following article written in response to our request by a faithful missionary of our church in the Great North Land.—Ed.]

PERHAPS, in the first place, many readers will ask, Where is Island Lake? Take a look at the map and find Lake Winnipeg, at the outlet of which you will see Norway House; then go on towards the Hudson Bay, and on a branch of the Hays River you will find Oxford House; south east of this, about 200 miles, lies Island Lake. It is literally full of islands. In Dr. Bell's (governmental) report of his geological survey for 1879, he writes:

"This lake is very properly named, being literally filled with islands in every part. The aggregate area of these islands is apparently as great as that of the water surface. The num-

ber probably amounts to several thousands, and they present a great variety in size and form, the largest being several miles in length. Mr. Cochran (who explored the lake) counted upwards of one thousand adjacent to the mainland all around. . . The whole of the interior of the lake is studded with an equal profusion."

Some of these islands rise abruptly with low scrubby trees on the surface, while the majority bear thrifty forests, mostly evergreen; nor have they, like many other parts of the country, been destroyed by fire.

But, you want to know how we get there; well, that is what I propose writing about.

We travel in birch bark canoes. I visit Island Lake annually in the latter part of June. The preparation, the mode of travelling, the scenery, etc., vary but little, so that an account of one trip will suffice for all; and every summer about the 24th of June you may imagine me passing through the same route, scenery, and experience, as I am about to describe.

From the time we leave Oxford Lake till we reach Island Lake, we don't see an inhabited house or wigwam, hence it is necessary to provide food for the whole journey. Twelve days' provisions, for the missionary and two men, are necessary for the round trip. The Hudson Bay Company's officer kindly supplies us with food while we remain at Island Lake. This supply of food, with our bedding, etc., make quite a load for one canoe. There are a great many things I should like to take, so as to make our camping comfortable, but experience has taught me to travel as the Indians do if I want to be "free and easy." Such things as tent, tent poles, camp chair, mattress, robes, etc., become very cumbersome; in fact, are very inconvenient, if not impossible, to have in a canoe. A single quilt or blanket is quite sufficient for a bed. A change of raiment is necessary, should you wish to sleep in dry clothes at night; I shall state why presently. For cooking we require only a small camp kettle for tea, and another for boiling meat in, while we use a frying-pan for baking our cakes—"hard tack."

Leaving Oxford Lake we ascend Rat River, in which there are a few rapids, not large enough, however, to compel us to portage, and hardly enough water to keep our canoe from being broken on the sharp rocks. Afte-

a few hours paddling we reach Rat Lake, on one of the islands of which we camp the first night. We have here a variety of sleeping accommodation, viz., bare rocks, mossy rocks, or hard clay, with balsam boughs; on any of which we sleep soundly, if the mosquitoes are not too troublesome. Should the nights be warm we are sure to suffer from these little singers. The air is always clear and bracing, and from a night's rest we rise refreshed and are on our journey by four, or five o'clock in the morning.

We usually spend the forenoon of the second day crossing three long portages, and two small lakes, or ponds. These portages are 3,759 yards; 873 yards; and 1,538 yards long, respectively. Before entering the creek leading to the Portage we take breakfast, for the guide tells us there is no convenient places for preparing a meal on the portages. I thought portaging here could not be much unlike what I had seen in Ontario, viz., climbing and descending rocks for a few rods, and then above or below the falls we get into our canoe and off we go; but such was not my experience on this occasion. After breakfast I heard the guide saying, "the portage is wet," and I saw both men preparing, if not to swim at least, to wade. Having two strong men on this trip, and not being expected to carry heavy loads I thought I could pass over "dry shod." We were soon entering a small creek or marsh, and the canoe was pressed through the grass and rushes till it would go no further, and the guide said, "eh, oosam pak-wow," (too shoal). "What now?" I said. "We will get out and draw the canoe closer to the shore, and you may stay where you are." Plump! plump! they go, knee deep into water and mud. "Surely," I thought, "I am not going to be conveyed across the portage in this way." Oh, no! I was soon informed that the canoe was too heavy. "Well, then, I must get out;" out I go splash into the water. I didn't say anything, but I thought, "Well, if this is the beginning, what will the end be?" However, we were soon on good firm footing, and everything was taken out of the canoe while one man carried it on his shoulders, and the other carried all he could of the provisions. Anxious to get through and return, as soon as possible, I proposed to do my share of portaging, as well as paddling. Fatiguing and disagreeable as this work is, I

prefer it to waiting (while the men are returning for a second load) and being bitten by flies and mosquitoes. After plunging through considerable water, crawling over logs, and creeping under brush, we came to a swamp, here, everything but the passengers were again placed in the canoe, there being a kind of mud channel through which it could be drawn. The men took hold of the canoe and started ahead. "Take care of yourself and we will manage the canoe," was the order. For awhile, I confess, I was interested in the welfare of the men, for I saw they went deep into the mud, but having hold of the canoe they came out all right. I started cautiously but could not keep from sinking occasionally. My legs are pretty long but I could not touch bottom. In fact I thought the shorter a man's legs were the better, for then he would not sink so deep nor would he have so much trouble getting out.

Crossing the small lakes, and the next portage, we come to High Hill Portage, the first half of which, however, is pretty low. When I first ascended the "High Hill" I laid down my bundles, and mounting a large stone on the highest point I had a grand view of the surrounding country; and while looking over the lakes, and forests, the deep gulches, and high ridges of trees for far in the distance, I thought of Moses, of the pilgrimage of life, of the "heavenly Canaan, and I sang in a high key,

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore."

Descending this hill we enter Clear Water Lake, and by this time begin to feel hungry, and reaching a small island, on part of which is a large flat rock, we prepared dinner and exchanged our wet and muddy clothes for a dry suit. After this we enjoy a pleasant time "paddling our own canoe;" but a heavy shower of rain overtaking us in the lake compelled us, early in the evening, to seek shelter for the night, and dry our bedding, provisions, etc. We had for supper wild duck and gull's eggs, which are quite a treat and change from the usual supply, viz., pork, pemican, and "hard tack." Thankful to our heavenly Father for all his mercies we gather around our camp-fire, sing our evening hymn, and commit ourselves, and "loved ones at home," into the hands of "Him who careth for us," then seek "Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each  
shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained  
and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.  
From "Thanatopsis," by W. Cullen Bryant.

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "O, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

## MR. GLADSTONE.

**T**HE greatest English statesman of the time is by descent a Scotchman, his father having removed from Scotland to Liverpool, in England, where he became a wealthy merchant, and where in 1809 his second son, William, was born.

At his first school the young Gladstones (as the name then was) was considered very stupid at arithmetic; but he must soon have overcome this failing, for at the University of Oxford he took the highest honours in mathematics as well as in classical studies, and as a statesman he has handled the enormous revenues of the British Empire with wonderful skill.

At twenty-three years of age Mr. Gladstone became a member of Parliament, and during the half century that has elapsed since that time he has only been without a seat in the House of Commons for a few months. At thirty-four he became a member of the cabinet, and in every succeeding cabinet, when the Liberal party has been in power, he has had a seat.

He has twice been prime minister—an office which can be held only so long as the minister is supported by a majority of the members of the House. This office he still holds; and though he is said to be anxious to retire from public life, he is so far superior to any other statesman in the Liberal party that he must remain at its head as long as health and strength will permit.

Although he is now seventy-two years of age, Mr. Gladstone is still a young man so far as work is concerned. It is said that he does the work of two men, and as if to prove the fact, he holds two offices in the government of which he is the head.

He is a powerful speaker, and has frequently spoken in Parliament, and once in the open air, four hours without a break. The fact that he held the attention of his listeners for so long a time, is the highest tribute to his powers as an orator.

When Mr. Gladstone wants rest, he reads Homer in the original Greek or writes a book, and for recreation he cuts down trees in his beautiful park at Hawarden, in Wales. Abraham Lincoln, in his youth, was a rail-splitter; Mr. Gladstone, in the fullness of his years, is an expert lumberer.

## DEATH OF SOCRATES.

**T**HE last day of his life was employed in a much higher discussion—in a discourse with his faithful disciples on the immortality of the soul. This was the subject that had always deeply interested Socrates, and, during the hours which immediately preceded his decease, he followed through all its intricate windings that sublime argument on which he based the hopes of a hereafter. There are few nobler or more touching pictures of a grand human spirit preserving its self-possession, its calmness, its dignity, and its cheerfulness, in the face of approaching doom, than that which is contained in the dialogue of "Phædo," wherein Plato, though not from personal knowledge, preserves the last teaching of Socrates. Towards evening he went to bath; after which he sat down, and spoke but little. The chief ex-

ecutioner on entering, said he was well convinced that Socrates, unlike many others, would not curse him when he required that he should drink the poison. He then bade him farewell, and besought him that he would bear as easily as might be, what was inevitable. He had greater need himself, however of such kindly exhortations, for, having spoken, he broke into tears, and withdrew. The man who was to administer the poison presently came in with the hemlock in a cup, and told Socrates that when he had swallowed the draught he was to walk about until he felt a heaviness in his legs; he was then to lie down and the drug would do its work. Socrates took the fatal infusion with the same composure that he had manifested throughout; but his friends were overcome with emotion, and broke into passionate weeping. The dying sage gently reproved his disciples, and lying down on his back, awaited the end. It came gradually, and in the form of a creeping numbness ascending from the lower to the higher parts, "Consider whether you have anything else to say," whispered Crito, when the gathering cold had nearly reached the heart. "To this question," writes Plato, "he made no reply, but shortly after gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes." Thus passed away, at the age of seventy, the noblest product of ancient wisdom—a light in the midst of much surrounding darkness, and a splendid example for the encouragement of men.—*Cassell's Illustrated Universal History.*

## THE LABOUR OF AUTHORSHIP.

**D**AVID Livingstone said, "Those who I have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors and authoresses a thousand-fold. . . . I think I would rather cross the African Continent again than undertake to write another book."

"For the statistics of the negro population of South America alone," says Robert Dale Owen, "I examined more than a hundred and fifty volumes." Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as forty and fifty times.

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down.

Bulwer declared that he had re-written some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication. One of Tennyson's pieces was re-written fifty times.

John Owen was twenty years on his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;" Gibson, on his "Decline and Fall," twenty years; Adam Clarke, on his "Commentary," twenty-six years.

Carlyle spent fifteen years on "Frederick the Great."

A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read one thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda." Allison read two thousand books before he completed his history.

It is said of another that he read twenty thousand books, and wrote two books.

Some write out of a full soul, and it seems to be only a small effort for them to produce a great deal. This was true of Emerson and Harriet Martineau. They both wrote with wonderful facility. These "moved on winged utterances; they throw the whole force of their being into their creations."

Others wait for moods, and then accomplish much. Lowell said:

"Now, I've a notion, if a poet  
Beat up for themes, his voice will show it;  
I wait for subjects that hunt me,  
By day by night won't let me be,  
And hang about me like a curse,  
Till they have made me into verse."

## INTERNATIONAL SYMPATHY.

**T**HE following friendly words of the fraternal delegate from the M. E. Church of the United States, to the General Conference of the M. E. Church of Canada, will touch a responsive chord in Canadian hearts. He said: "Across the line there was a sincere affection, and there never was a time when the feelings in the United States were warmer toward England and all pertaining to her than at the present. There had been times when some in the United States wanted to love Canada a little more than she cared for and manifest that love by absorbing her, but now the States loved Canada too well to wish for any change. The prayers of thousands of American hearts were now daily going up for England and that mighty old man who held the helm of the British ship of State, that he might be enabled to guide her through the storms and turmoil in which she now was. He was now steadying the staunch old ship in storms perhaps greater than any through which she had passed. There were a great many things binding the two countries together, but none had made a stronger bond or drawn their hearts so closely together as one little telegram that had come across the Atlantic from a woman in England. The words were almost too sacred in their tenderness for public repetition, and yet he wanted them to know how they thrilled his heart in common with the great heart of America. 'I cannot express my deep sympathy with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you.' These were the words, tender and solemn as they came from the heart of the Queen, and surely never telegram so thrilled the hearts of fifty millions of people since the world began. It was written in words of fire in the bosoms of the American people, and though they had not the honour of being subjects of Queen Victoria, they were her ardent lovers, and if the two peoples had not drifted apart in the reign of George the Third it would not have been possible to have done so under Victoria."

PEOPLE are never satisfied with things as they are. Give them one, and they ask for two; give them two, and they wonder why you didn't give them three. They are like the boy who thought he could improve the Lord's Prayer by making it read: "Give us this day our daily bread—and butter, with a little cake, and some apples for desert."

## ARTIE'S "AMEN."

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

**T**HEY were Methodists twain, of the ancient school,  
Who always followed the wholesome rule  
That whenever the preacher in meeting  
said

Aught that was good for the heart or  
head,  
His hearers should pour their feelings out  
In a loud "Amen" or a godly shout.

Three children had they, all honest boys,  
Whose youthful sorrows and youthful joys  
They shared, as your loving parents will,  
While tending them ever through good  
and ill.

One day—'twas a bleak, cold Sabbath  
morn,  
When the sky was dark and the earth for-  
lorn—

These boys, with a caution not to roam,  
Were left by the elder folk at home.

But scarce had they gone when the wooded  
frame  
Was seen by the tall stove-pipe aflame,  
And out of their reach, high, high, and  
higher  
Rose the red coils of the serpent fire.

With startled sight for a while they gazed,  
As the pipe grew hot and the wood-work  
blazed;

Then up, though his heart beat wild with  
dread,  
The eldest climbed to a shelf o'erhead,  
And soon with a sputter and hiss of steam,  
The flame died out like an angry dream.

When the father and mother came back  
that day—

They had gone to a neighbouring church  
to pray—  
Each looked with a half-averted eye,  
On the sudden doom which had just  
passed by.

And then the father began to praise  
His boys with a tender and sweet amaze.  
"Why how did you manage, Tom, to  
climb

And quench the threatening flames in  
time

To save your brothers, and save yourself?"  
"Well, father, I mounted the strong oak  
shelf

By help of the table standing nigh."  
"And what," quoth the father, suddenly,  
Turning to Jemmy the next in age,  
"Did you to quiet the fiery rage?"  
"I brought the pail and the dipper too,  
And so it was that the water flew  
All over the flames and quenched them  
quite."

A mist came over the father's sight,  
A mist of pride and of righteous joy,  
As he turned at last to his youngest boy—  
A gleeful urchin scarce three years old,  
With his dimpling cheeks and his hair of  
gold.

"Come Artie, I'm sure you were'n't afraid,  
Now tell me in what way you tried to  
aid

This fight with the fire." "To small am  
I."

Artie replied, with a half-drawn sigh,  
"To fetch like Jemmy, and work like  
Tom;

So I stood just here for a minute dumb,  
Because, papa, I was frightened some;  
But I prayed, 'Our Father'; and then—  
and then

I shouted as loud as I could, 'Amen'  
—*Harper's Young People.*

The full term of three years had  
nearly expired, and they were discuss-  
ing at the breakfast-table the certainty  
that they must move, and the un-  
certainty as to where, when the young  
miss of the parsonage drew a heavy  
sigh. "Oh, I was thinking what a  
mistake mother and I made when we  
married a Methodist minister."

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.\*

A RAVAGED FRONTIER.

**I**N the evening of that eventful day, again a family gathering took place at The Holms—for so closely had trial, adventure, and suffering for a common cause knit together the guests and inmates, that they seemed like a family group. The sword of the grandfather, above the mantel, was now crossed by the cavalry sabre of Zenas, and the old Brown Bess was flanked by the dragoon's carbine. Good cheer in abundance spread the board, for the broad acres of the farm and the kindly ministries of nature had not stinted their yield on account of the red battle-year. But an air of pensiveness, almost of dejection, broken by sharp outbursts of indignation marked the social converse. Many incidents of privation and suffering, in consequence of the burning of the town, were told. Indeed the resources of the household had been taxed to the utmost to relieve the pressing distress, and every room and guest-chamber was filled with homeless refugees from the inclemency of the weather.

"There will be a grim revenge for this, before long," said Captain Villiers, who had embraced the earliest opportunity to renew his homage at a shrine that had almost unconsciously become very dear.

"In which I hope to take part," interjected Zenas, with a fierce gesture.

"We must carry war into Africa," continued the Captain. "Hitherto, for the most part we have acted on the defensive. The time has come when we must repay invasion by invasion, and outrage by retaliation." So does the cruel war-spirit grow by that on which it feeds.

"That 'ere fort with its big guns a-grinnin' an' growlin' like mastiffs in their kennels, has bullied us long enough," said Tom Loker, who availed himself of the democratic simplicity of the times to express his opinion.

"It wadna be sae muckle a job to tak it, I'm thinkin'," said Sandy McKay, looking up from his musket that he was oiling and cleaning; "it's no sae strang as it luika. I ken its ravelins and demilunes unco weel, bein' sax weeks a prisoner wi' in thae walls. Gin your ance ower thae brig and inside the outworks, it wad be easy enoogh tae win an' haud the fort."

"That's the rub," said the squire, "to gain a footing and win the outworks. If they keep a vigilant watch it would be a difficult task. The only way would be to surprise the garrison. A few stout-hearted men, well supported, might overpower the guard. That's the way Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga, in the old war."

"Father," said Zenas, with enthusiasm, "It can be done, and must be done, and I must help do it. I claim a place in the forlorn hope. I'd like to be the first man in."

The old man winced a little at the awful contingency of death and danger for his soldier boy, so close at hand;

and Kato gazed at him, with tears of sympathy filling her eyes and the blood mantling her cheek.

"As God wills, my son," answered the sire. "I said the time might come when you should bear the battle's brunt. If your heart calls you I will not say nay. I give you to your country, and dare not hold you back."

"Young maister," said McKay, with Scottish fidelity, "whaur ye gae, I'll gae. I'm an auld mon, noo, an' how better could I gi' ma life, gin sae it's written, than for my King? Forbye I keen weel the place, an' sae God wills, I can guide ye intil it by nicht as weel as ithers could by day."

"I'm not the man to shirk the call to arms when the bugle sounds," remarked Tom Loker, "but I must say I've no stomach for this going before I'm sent. It's a sheer temptin' o' Providence, seems to me."

"Hoot, mon," said Sandy, "what is to be, is to be. Gin ye're to fa', ye'll fa' at the rear o' thae column as sune as at the heid o' it, an' I'm gey sure the first is the mair honourable place."

The night of the eighteenth of December was moonless and dark. A column of five hundred men and fifty militia, filed out of the portals of Fort George, bearing scaling ladders and other implements of assault, as silent as ghosts. At the head march the forlorn hope of twenty men, among whom were Captain Villiers, Zenas, and McKay. But each man, though he bore his life in his hand, walked proudly erect, as if with the assurance of victory, or of a reward more glorious than even victory. They marched several miles up the river to a spot where a crossing could safely be effected without discovery or interruption.

Now began the stealthy march on the devoted fort. Like an avenging Nemesis, shod with silence, the column approached the unconscious garrison of the American fort. Every order was conveyed in a whisper. No clink of sabre, nor clatter of muskets was heard. The snow, which had begun to fall, muffled the tread and deadened each sound. The column wound on in the hush of midnight over the wintry waste, stealing like a tiger on its prey. The piquets, lulled into security by the storm, were avoided by a *detour*. Now amid the blackness of the night, the deeper blackness of the fort loomed up. McKay and Zenas moved to the front beside Captain Villiers who whispered his commands. McKay silently led the way to the sally-port. A huge grenadier grasped the sentry by the throat to prevent his giving the alarm. The forlorn hope went through the small opening of the sally-port, and, well instructed beforehand, rushed to the main gateway, overpowered the guard, and flung open the huge iron-studded gates. The British column now poured in, and before drum had rolled or bugle rung had reached the central quadrangle. The garrison awoke from slumber only to a futile struggle with an exasperated foe, and after a short resistance were compelled to surrender. In this assault the loss of the victors was only six men—a circumstance almost unparalleled in military annals—that of the vanquished unhappily was considerably greater. Three hundred prisoners, three thousand stand of arms, and an immense quantity of stores were captured—the latter a great boon to the well-nigh famished

people of the devastated town of Niagara.\*

We would fain here close this record of retaliation. Enough had been done for British honour and for the punishment of the enemy. But when dread Bellona cries "Havoc," and slips the leashes of the hellish dogs of war, the instincts of humanity seem lost, and baptized men seem in danger of reverting to unredeemed savagery. Trueman expostulated, and pleaded, and prayed for a mitigation of the penalty inflicted on the vanquished, but in vain. In ruthless retaliation for the burning of Niagara, the British ravaged the American frontier, and gave to the flames the thriving towns of Lewiston, Manchester, Black Rock, and Buffalo. At the latter place, an American force, two thousand strong, made a stout resistance, but was defeated, with the loss of four hundred men, by the British, with only one-third the number of troops, December 30.

Thus the holy Christmas-tide, God's pledge of peace and good-will toward men, rose upon a fair and fertile frontier scathed and blackened by wasting and rapine, and the year went out in "tears and misery, in hatred and flames and blood."

The marks of recent conflict were everywhere visible, and—saddest evidence of all—was the multitude of soldiers' graves whose silent sleepers no morning drum-beat should arouse forever. The peaceful parish church of Niagara had been turned into a hospital, where, instead of praise and prayer, were heard the groans of wounded and dying men. Everything in fact gave indications of military occupation and the prevalence of the awful reign of war.

Seldom has the frightful destructiveness of war been more strikingly illustrated. The commerce of the United States was completely crippled by the blockade of her ports. Admiral Cockburn, of the British Navy, swept the Atlantic coast with his fleet, destroying arsenals and naval stores wherever his gun-boats could penetrate. Great Britain also recovered her old prestige in more than one stubborn sea-fight with a not unworthy foe. On a lovely morning in June, the United States' frigate "Chesapeake," of forty-nine guns, stood out of Boston harbour amid the holiday cheers of a sympathizing multitude, to answer the challenge to a naval duel of H. M. S. "Shannon," of fifty-two guns. They were soon locked muzzle to muzzle in deadly embrace, belching shot and grape through each other's sides, while the streaming gore incarnadined the waves. The British boarders swarmed on the "Chesapeake's" deck, and soon, with nearly half her crew killed or wounded, she struck her colours to the red cross flag. In five days the shattered and blood-stained vessels crept together into Halifax harbour, the American captain, the gallant Lawrence, lying in his cabin cold in death; the British commander, the chivalric Broke, raving in the delirium of a desperate wound. The slain captain was borne to his grave amid the highest honours paid

\* The writer was intimately acquainted with an old resident on the Niagara river, who in his youth had been a prisoner in the American fort, and formed part of the forlorn hope which aided in his capture. From him many interesting incidents of the war were learned.

to his valour by a generous foe. Amid the roar of Broadway's living tide, beneath the shadow of old Trinity Church, a costly monument commemorates his heroic and untimely death. A few days later, the British brig "Boxer," of fourteen guns, surrendered to the U. S. brig "Enterprise," of sixteen guns. In one quiet grave, overlooking Casco Bay, beside which the writer, one sunny summer day, meditated on the vanity of earthly strife, their rival captains lie buried side by side. Some kindly hand had decked their graves with tiny flags, which in sun and shower had become dimmed and faded; and planted fair and innocent flowers which breathed their beauty and fragrance amid the shadows of death. So fade and pass away the false and transient glory of arms. So bloom and flourish in immortal beauty the supernal loveliness of virtue and piety.

BEGINNING RIGHT.

**M**ANY people start in life with the idea that when they get rich they will give lots of money to missions and other good objects; but by the time they get rich they forget all about their good intentions, and give little or nothing. The best way is to begin right, as the boys referred to in this letter are doing. Who'll be the next boy to follow their example?—

Listowel, May 29, 1882.

Dear Bro.—Enclosed please find \$3.68 for the "Crosby Girls' Home." I have a couple of boys who are beginning to earn a little money in the summer vacation by working for the farmers, and wish to give a tenth of their earnings to some department of the Lord's work. They have \$2.68 out of their last summer's earnings to give, and have decided to give it to Bro. Crosby's Girls' Home, to which their mother adds one dollar. It is only a small sum, but it is a beginning. You will likely hear from them again.

Yours truly,

—The Outlook. R. J. HUSBAND.

THE WHEEL OF WILLEGIS.\*

(From the German of August Kopisch.

"Willegis, Willegis,  
Recole unde veneris!"

It grieved the lords of Mainz full sore,  
That Willegis the mitre wore.

He was a waggoner's son;

And so, for fun,

The nobles scribbled o'er and o'er,  
Rude cartwheels on the bishop's door,  
But when he saw it, Willegis  
Was not at all displeas'd at this;  
He called an artist, near at hand,  
And quickly gave him this command:

"On every door you see,

I pray you, paint for me  
A wheel of silver in a field  
Of crimson—this shall be my shield;  
And let the proud escutcheon bear  
This motto, writ in letters fair.

"Willegis, Willegis,

Bethink thee whence thy coming is!"

'Tis said that on that very day

The nobles wiped their scrawls away;  
They learned a lesson then,  
To honour honest men,  
And later bishops bear  
In their escutcheon there,  
From that day unto this,  
The wheel of Willegis.

\* The first bishop of Mainz was the son of an English wheelwright. Eleven hundred years ago he went as a missionary to the Saxon tribes on the Rhine, and to this day the arms of the city of Mainz and of its diocese is the waggoner's wheel spoken of in the poem. It is carved on the city gates, and shines on the minister's staff, and is stamped on all official documents.—ED. PLEASANT HOURS.

\* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled, "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.



HER ONLY ONE.

"GOD alone, how many children have you?"  
Then, with a loving and troubled face,  
Sadly she looked at an empty place.

"Friend, I have two."  
"Nay, mother," the father gravely said,  
"We have only one, and so long ago  
He left his home, I am sure we know  
He must be dead."

"Yes, I have two; one, a little child,  
Comes to me often at evening light;  
His pure, sweet face and garments white,  
All undefiled.

With clear, bright eyes and soft, fair hair,  
He climbs up on his mother's knee,  
Folds baby hands and whispers to me  
His evening prayer.

"The other he took a wilful way,  
Went far out West, and they link his name  
With deeds of cruelty and shame.

I can but pray,  
And a mother's prayers are never cold,  
So, in my heart the innocent child,  
And the reckless man, by sin defiled,  
The same I hold.

"But yet I keep them ever apart;  
For I will not stain the memory  
Of the boy who once prayed at my knee,  
Close to my heart.

The man he grew to will come again;  
No matter how far away he roam,  
Father and mother will bring him home—  
Prayers are not in vain."

The stranger stood in the broader light,  
"Oh, mother! oh, father!" he weeping  
said,

"I have come back to your side, to tread  
The path that's right."

And so the answer to prayer was won;  
And the father wept glad tears of joy,  
And the mother kissed and blessed her boy,  
Her only one  
—Mary B. Burnett, in *Independent*.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

1. The tongue.

2.—  
The tear down childhood's cheek that  
flows,  
Is like the dew-drop on the rose.

4.—  
E I M S  
M O R E  
B O U T  
O B I T  
D A R E  
Y E A R

NEW PUZZLES.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. She has worn that suit of buff a long time.
2. Mention to Mr. J——, a guardian has been appointed.
3. I thought the poor animal would pant her life away.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.  
My 17, 14, 18, 11, 27, 45, 37, 6,  
26, 31, 44, 47, are words of comfort  
from Christ.

My 8, 44, 47, 46, 43, 2, 4, 25, is  
what John heard repeated thrice.

My 47, 8, 13, 1, John saw on  
Mount Zion.

My 6, 39, 4, 9, 43, 40, 13, 18, 44,  
47, 28, 16, 4, 11, 14, shows us God's  
silent way.

My 12, 36, 32, 48, 17, 16, 24, 37,  
30, 15, applies to God's unlimited  
power.

My 1, 9, 14, 20, 19, 13, 27, 29, 28,  
37, 32, 36, 46, 8, 43, 40, 12, is what  
Esau pleads.

My 23, 30, 33, 27, 9, 6, ministered  
to Christ after His temptation.

My 12, 36, 32, 38, 11, 31, 37, 32,

31, describes God's knowledge of things.

My 18, 13, 27, 30 is a word often repeated in the Bible.

My 4, 8, 13, 3, 7, 18, 51, 31, 42, 36, is one of God's sayings to Moses.

My 25, 1, 16, 28, 37, is where we are told to set our affections.

My 41, 2, 20, 50, 23, 48, was a friend of David.

My 19, 8, 10, 28, 25, 5, 4, 16, 30, is what God says belongs to Him.

My 6, 22, 35, 30, 4, 32, 49, 9, 31, 49, 7, 21, describes the path of the just.

My 6, 4, 30, 49, the Psalmist says we should do unto God.

My whole may be found among the prophecies.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Elsewhere.
2. Name of an Indian tribe.
3. Position.
4. Destruction.
5. Within.
6. To roll.
7. Listened to.
8. To enrich.
9. The first.
10. A fish.
11. To disturb.
12. A city where Samson once visited.

Initials, an ancient place of combat.  
Finals, a refreshing drink in summer.

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary, under the escort of a superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered. "What vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is my sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

GRATITUDE is a means of grace. Many a mortal would be consoled in his mere annoyances could he get a glimpse of the real trouble from which God saves him. Others, in comparatively light affliction, would cease murmuring could they realize the heart-break that abides with some one else. There is always firm ground for thanksgiving to God for deliverance from that always possible greater trouble.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 29]  
THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

Mark 14. 33-42. Commit to memory v. 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. Isa. 53. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sorrowing Saviour, v. 32-36.
2. The Sleeping Disciples, 37-42.

TIME.—A. D. 29, about midnight before the crucifixion.  
PLACE.—The Garden of Gethsemane.  
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 26. 36-46; Luke 22. 40-46; John 18. 1.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sit ye here*—This was said to eight of the disciples. *I shall pray*—Christ felt the need of communion with the Father, though he was perfect. *Take ye with him*—The three leading spirits among the disciples, and those who had witnessed his transfiguration. *Sore amazed*—In an agony of spirit, caused by the shrinking of his human soul from the sufferings of body and mind, and the wrongs he was to endure; and, in some mysterious way, the weight of the world's sin pressing upon him. *Watch*—Watch against surprise from enemies, and

give sympathy in his sorrow. *Abba*—A Syrian word of endearment. *This cup*—The cross with all the wrongs connected with it. *What thou wilt*—This prayer was in complete submission to God. *Sleeping*—They had been with him all day, and it was now after midnight. *Simon*—He spoke especially to Peter, because Peter had been the most forward in promising faithfulness. *Spirit . . . willing*—He gives this as some excuse for his sleeping disciples. *Sleep on now*—Meaning, "You may as well sleep, since it is too late for you to help me by watching."

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- How are we here taught—
1. To pray in trouble?
  2. To pray persistently?
  3. To pray submissively!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what place did Jesus go with his disciples? To the Garden of Gethsemane.  
2. What there came upon Christ? An agony of sorrow.  
3. Whom did he command to watch with him? Peter, James, and John.  
4. What was his prayer to the Father? "Let this cup pass from me."  
5. What words showed his submission? "Not what I will, but what thou wilt."  
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The human nature of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

59 What did Solomon do for God and for the people?  
Solomon built a very splendid temple for the worship of God at Jerusalem.

A. D. 29.] LESSON V. [Oct. 29].  
JESUS BETRAYED AND TAKEN.  
Mark 14. 43-54. Commit to memory v. 43-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Mark 14. 41.

OUTLINE.

1. Betrayed, v. 43-45.
2. Defended, v. 46-49.
3. Forsaken, v. 50-54.

TIME.—A. D. 29, before daylight on the morning of the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The Garden of Gethsemane.  
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 26. 47-58; Luke 22. 47-54; John 18. 2-15.

EXPLANATIONS.—*One of the twelve*—This is mentioned to show his wickedness the more fully. *A great multitude*—Priests, scribes, soldiers, and a crowd of followers made up the multitude. *Token*—So that they might know Jesus in the dim light of the moon. *Took him*—John 21. 1-11 relates some events not here given. *One of them*—This was Peter. *Servant of the high-priest*—His name was Malchus. *As against a thief*—Treating an innocent man like a criminal. *Staves—Clubs. In the temple*—They had not dared to seize him there on account of the people, many of whom were his friends. *Scriptures*—Which had predicted the sufferings and death of Jesus. *A certain young man*—Supposed by many to have been Mark himself, the writer of this gospel. *Naked*—This may mean, without outer garments. *Chief priests, etc.*—These together formed the great council called the Sanhedrin. *Afar off*—Anxious to see what would become of Jesus, whom he loved deeply. *At the fire*—Fires in a room were generally made in a brazier, or standing on feet, not in a fire-place or stove.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where are we here shown—
1. The wickedness of Christ's enemies?
  2. The weakness of Christ's friends?
  3. The meekness of Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did Judas betray Christ? To a band of enemies. 2. What did Judas do when he came to Jesus? He kissed him. 3. What did the disciples do? They forsook him, and fled. 4. Where did the enemies take Jesus? To the high-priest. 5. What did Peter do? He followed afar off.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment of Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

60. What became of the people of Israel in the following ages?  
In the following ages after David and Solomon the people of Israel were divided into two kingdoms, which were called the kingdom of Judah, and the kingdom of Israel.

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