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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1881.

No. 1.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.C.  
(Sunday-School Reading Union.)

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS

## JOHN WESLEY

JOHN WESLEY, the Founder of Methodism, was born June 17, 1703, at Epworth, a small town in Lincolnshire, England, of which his father, Samuel Wesley, was rector. We will now give some incidents in his life, which we hope all our young readers will carefully ponder.

### NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

On the ninth of February, 1709, Hetty Wesley, one of John's sisters, was awakened in the night by pieces of burning wood falling in her bedroom. Before she had roused her father, the fire had been seen from the street, and the usual crowd and uproar ensued. As soon as Mr. Wesley had opened his bedroom door, he found the whole house in a blaze. Bidding his wife and two daughters to hasten down stairs, he rushed up to the nursery where the five little ones were sleeping. The nurse snatched up the baby and called the others to follow her. Three of them did so, but John slept soundly, and was not missed in the confusion until the others had all reached a place of safety. This was not an easy thing to do, for the doorway was in flames, and a strong north-east wind blew them inward fiercely. The children got out of the windows, but Mrs. Wesley, fearing to clamber out, made a desperate effort, "and waded through the fire."

As soon as John was missed, the rector ran back into the house, but found, to his dismay, that the stairs would not bear his weight; so, there being no fire escapes in those days, he gave his boy up for lost, and, kneeling down, commended his soul to God. The rest we will tell in John's own words:

"I remember all the circumstances as well as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest which stood near a window. One in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man and set him upon my shoulders!' They did so and took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in, but it

fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbors, let us kneel down! Let us give thanks to God, he has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough!'"

The frightened, half-clad women and children were taken in by different neighbors, who took care of them till

His mother felt a strong conviction that his life had been so wonderfully spared for some good purpose, and spoke even more earnestly and faithfully than before at their private Thursday-evening talks. And the Lord, who saw fit to prepare him early for his high and holy calling, graciously blessed these instructions, so that his father thought him fit to receive the Lord's Supper when only eight years old.



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

their house was fit to live in again. In a few months the family had once more settled down into that quiet order which had been so sadly interrupted.

Although John was only six years and a half old, his danger and deliverance made a deep impression on his mind. He often referred to it, and once had a seal engraved bearing the representation of a burning house, and the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

### JOHN WESLEY AT SCHOOL.

John was sent to the Charter-house while quite young, for his education, and while there suffered much under the tyranny which the elder boys were permitted to exercise. This evil at one time existed very generally in English schools, through the culpable negligence of the masters; and perhaps may still continue to exist.

The boys of the higher forms of the Charter-house were then in the practice

of taking their portion of meat from the younger ones, by the law of the strongest; and during a great part of the time that Wesley remained there, a small daily portion of bread was his only food. Those theoretical physicians who recommended spare diet for the human animal, might appeal with triumph to the length of days which he attained, and the elastic constitution which he enjoyed. He himself imputed this blessing in a great measure to the strict obedience with which he performed an injunction of his father's, that he should run around the Charter-house garden three times every morning. Here, for his quietness, regularity, and application, he became a favorite with the master, Dr. Walker, and through life he retained so great a predilection for the place that on his annual visit to London he made it a custom to walk through the scene of his boyhood. To most men every year would render a pilgrimage of this kind more painful than the last; but Wesley seems never to have looked back with melancholy upon the days that were gone; earthly regrets of this kind could find no room in one who was continually pressing onward to the goal. At the age of seventeen he was removed from the Charter-house to Christ Church, Oxford.

At college he continued his studies with all diligence, and was noted there for his attainments and especially for his skill in logic, by which he frequently put to silence those who contended with him in after life. No man, indeed, was ever more dexterous in the art of reasoning. A charge was once brought against him that he delighted to perplex his opponents by his expertness in sophistry; he repelled it with indignation:

"It has been my first care," said he, "to see that my cause was good, and never, either in jest or earnest, to defend the wrong side of a question; and shame on me if I cannot defend the right after so much practice, and after having been so early accustomed to separate truth from falsehood, how artfully soever they are twisted together."

### JOHN WESLEY'S COMPANIONS.

"When it pleased God," says Mr. Wesley, "to give me a settled resolution to be, not a nominal, but a real Christian, (being then about twenty-two years of age,) my acquaintances were as ignorant of God as myself. But there was this difference: I knew my own ignorance; they did not know theirs. I faintly endeavored to help them, but in vain. Meantime, I found by sad experience, that even their harmless conversation, so called, damped all my good resolutions. But how to get

rid of them was the question which I revolved in my mind again and again. I saw no possible way, unless it should please God to remove me to another college. He did so in a manner utterly contrary to all human probability. I was elected fellow of a college where I knew not one person. I foresaw that abundance of people would come to see me, either out of friendship, civility, or curiosity, and that I should have offers of acquaintance now and old; but I had now fixed my plan.

Entering now, as it were, into a new world, I resolved to have no acquaintance by chance, but by choice, and to choose such only as I had reason to believe would help me on my way to heaven. In consequence of this, I narrowly observed the temper and behaviour of all that visited me. I saw no reason to think that the greater part of these truly loved or feared God. Such acquaintance, therefore, I did not choose: I could not expect they could do me any good. Therefore, when any of these came, I behaved as courteously as I could; but to the question, "When will you come to see me?" I returned no answer. When they had come a few times and found I still declined returning the visit, I saw them no more. "And I bless God," he adds, "this has been my invariable rule for about threescore years. I knew many reflections would follow; but that did not move me, as I know full well it was my calling to go through evil report and good report."

#### JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

WESLEY became, like his father, a clergyman of the Church of England; and one very touching story is told of him, which is illustrated in the engraving on the page. Returning on a visit to his native place, after his father's death, he was very desirous to preach to his old neighbours. But the man who had succeeded his father was one of a very different character; he was a miserable man of dissolute habits, who bitterly assailed Mr. Wesley, and refused to let him preach in the parish church. Wesley resolved, therefore, to preach in the church-yard, and, taking his stand on the broad, low slab which covered his father's grave, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him. A deep religious interest was awakened, and for a week from this strange pulpit he preached every day. His voice at times was drowned by the cries of the penitents, and the quiet old churchyard became the scene where many sinners found peace with God.

We shall have further stories to tell of this remarkable man, who was the author, under God, of one of the greatest religious movements the world has ever seen.

#### WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their

choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands; and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.



#### THE BELL-RINGER.

WHEN I preached from Sunday to Sunday in a little school-house in Rhode Island, little Mary was one of my most encouraging hearers. Her mother was a Christian, but her father—though often expressing the hope that he might become a Christian some day—never to my knowledge settled this most important of all matters. The village in which this family lived was small, and had no church. The use of the school-house had been granted to a young man who conducted Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. At his request I taught a class in the afternoon, preaching in the evening, for several months together. Mary's father was the voluntary sexton—lighted our lamps, and rung the bell. He was usually prompt in the fulfilment of his self-imposed duties; but one Sunday he was absent. He had made no provision for ringing the bell; and unless it was rung the people would suppose there was to be no church service. My friend and I, however, started for the school-house at the usual time, and while on our way were not a little amused to hear the bell ringing in a very irregular manner. On reaching the school-house we discovered little Mary, then only eight years old, ringing with all her might. She could not bear the thought that there should be no service, and in her father's absence was doing this service for him. The singular ringing of the bell excited considerable curiosity throughout the village; and some people unaccustomed to attend came out that night to ascertain the cause.

The preacher made the most of this little incident at the service. He confessed that his preaching was like little Mary's bell-ringing—very imperfect; but he hoped it might prove equally effectual in calling the people to Christ. The few faint-hearted Christians in the place were reminded, too, that although not skilled in Christian work, nor educated for it, they could effect something for Christ. Nor was the lesson lost. Mary's mother and others were often led, when discouraged by the weakness of their efforts, to remember how effective the little girl's service had proved, and to hope that God would own their humble labor for the glory of his name. And he did.

Many a little girl by some simple service like this has been made an instrument of great good to others, when she thought of only doing her duty. God often blesses the feeblest efforts of the weakest to the bringing about of great results.—*N. Y. Observer.*

#### THOUGHTFUL JOE.

A WOMAN is busy washing her door-step. She makes it very clean, and then carefully scours and scrubs it with white sand. There is not much wind to dry it again; but the woman goes on, hoping that it will

look clean and white, and that nobody will make it dirty before it is dry.

Two little boys come along the street. They are going to school. One is rosy and strong, but the other is thin and pale. The last is thoughtful Joe; and the two pass the clean door-step. The rosy boy does not walk quietly along the road, but jumps from side to side, and is going to take a leap into the very middle of the wet step which the woman had been cleaning, when Joe pulls him back and says, pleadingly, "Please, Jack, don't jump there." "Why not?" says Jack. "I want to see if I can just reach the middle of that step at one jump from this stone." "But don't you see the step is clean? The woman has washed it nicely, and it would be such a pity to make it dirty again before it is dry; for then she would have to clean it twice instead of once."

"Who cares for that?" says Jack, making ready for a spring.

"Do wait a minute, Jack. Think, now, if your mother had made her step nice and clean, and I came and spoiled it on purpose, should not you feel very cross with me?" asked Joe. "Well, yes, I just should," said Jack.

"Then, if you jump on this clean step it will not be doing as you would be done by," answers thoughtful Joe.

"I won't do it," says Jack; and he links his arm in Joe's, and they go quietly to school.

As they come back at dinner time and see the step clean, white, and dry, Joe asks, "Are you glad you did not spoil the poor woman's work?"

Jack does not speak; but he laughs and nods, and claps his hand on Joe's shoulder, as if he would say, "He is right for trying to save other people trouble." And when they pass another clean step, Joe sees that Jack goes a little on one side sooner than tread upon it; and he is very glad his little word of advice has not been in vain. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—*Child's Companion.*

#### A SONG OF SUMMER.

THE brightness and the glory  
Of the happy summer time,  
Snatches of the light and beauty  
Of a better, holier clime;  
Clime of everlasting beauty,  
Aye ineffably sublime!

O the sweetness of the summer,  
With the scent of new-mown hay,  
And the honeyed breath of flowers  
Scattered along our life's pathway;  
Flowers which tell in words unspoken,  
"Sip life's sweetness while you may."

O the grandeur of the summer,  
Bright with many a fairy scene,  
Fairy dell, and fairy bower,  
Trees and fields of living green:  
Blessed rays of golden sunlight  
Wreath around the season's queen.

O the music of the summer,  
Borne upon the balmy air,  
Busy hum of insects mingling  
With the birds' songs ev'rywhere;  
And the breezes, joining, whisper,  
"Earth is beautiful—earth is fair!"

O the lesson of the summer,  
That our God would have us know,  
Of a land where dawns no autumn,  
Never falls the winter's snow;  
But where all is endless summer,  
And where flowers eternal grow!

C. P. MITCHELL.

#### DO IT NOW.

BY PHOENIX CAREY.

IF you're told to do a thing,  
And mean to do it really,  
Never let it be by halves;  
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be  
The play you are pursuing,  
Do not say "I'll come when I  
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,  
And you should now begin it,  
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,  
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time; the present is  
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,  
And stop to plan and measure;  
'Tis working with the heart and soul  
That makes our duty pleasure.

#### PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. NUMERICAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1.—Axle, ale. 2. Clove, cov. 3. Linden, linen. 4. Five, fie. 5. Plait, plat. 6. Living, ling.

II. HALF SQUARE.

PLAIN  
LAST  
ASK  
IT  
N

III. ENIGMA.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

IV. CHARADE—Sin.

#### NEW PUZZLES.

A NOUQUET.

1. A savage yet noble race, and an esculent root.

2. A favorite flower, and the Christian name of one of the most beautiful but unfortunate queens.

3. The opposite of day, and a pleasant retreat from the heat of the sun.

4. An invaluable earthly possession, which when once lost can never be regained. (Phonetic.)

5. A noble animal, and a nut which ripens in these latitudes.

6. An evergreen, and a favorite wine in Germany.

7. The most glorious of the heavenly orbs, and a beautiful production of the garden.

8. An adjective exciting the most pleasurable sensations in the breast of a miser, and an instrument the terror of all children.

II. CHARADE.

My first is with us day by day,  
Though ever going fast,  
When once it leaves us, then be sure  
It is forever past.

My second patiently and well,  
Guards with a careful eye  
Those who are left within his care,  
Lest from him they should fly.

My whole is highly prized by all;  
Its value is untold,  
Yet 'tis so cheap that to the poor,  
As well as rich, 'tis sold.

III. REVERSALS.

1. Reverse a weight and have a negative.

2. Reverse a measure and have a vegetable product.

3. Reverse an animal and have an idol.

4. Reverse a knock and have equal.

5. Reverse an obstruction and have insane.

TRUE STORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

XXVII.

HOW I CAME TO GO AMONG THE METHODISTS.

HE first person to whom I unfeignedly led my purpose to serve God was my poor mother; and I did so at the first opportunity. I have said it was on a Sunday night I formed the deliberate purpose to lead a new life. The next day I was sent by my employer with the horse (faithful "Old Mink,") and cart to do some errands through the town, such as I had to attend to nearly every day—namely, to call at the market, and several slaughter-houses, particularly that of Mr. Thomas Bright, at the corner of Ontario and Duke streets, for whom Mr. Ketchum had a great regard, for what were called the "green" hides, in contradistinction to "dry" ones. But on my way to those places I must needs call at my mother's, who had then a temporary abode on the south-east corner of King and Sherbourne streets, and avow my newly-formed purpose to my best earthly friend. She came out to the gate to meet me, and before we parted I said, "Mother, I am determined to set out and serve God and try to save my soul." It was like life from the dead to her poor withered heart. After referring to the cheering fact that Nathaniel, the next older than I, had taken to pray at his bedside each night and morning, she said, Well, John, your father is not a man to look after you; go and join the Methodists, you will find friends among them." I promised, and drove off with a resolute heart.

How I managed to get through that week among the wild men and boys in our large establishment, I can hardly tell; but I kept myself as much as I could apart from the rest, read my Bible, and such grave sort of books as fell within my reach. I almost always had a book of some kind on my person, and read it at every leisure moment. There was one lad—not of our establishment, but often there—between whom and myself there was a great attachment, whom, because of that familiarity I feared to meet, not feeling pluck enough to avow my purpose to my old companions, and I made several dodges to avoid meeting him; but a few days after it was unavoidable. I was walking by the side of the horse I was driving, whose heavy load prevented me driving rapidly away, when I saw my erstwhile friend bearing down upon me with eager pleasure in his countenance at the prospect of meeting me after our longer than usual separation, rushing towards me with, "Well, John, how are you?" In answer, I said abruptly, "Well, Jem, I'm determined to reform my life, and try to save my soul." It seemed to afford him great pleasure, and he chimed in at once, "And so will I, John, try to be religious, too." Poor fellow! there was now a new tie between us, a tie which has never been severed.

But to return to the place where I lived. My serious reading was taken notice of, and some of the boys said, "John is becoming very religious." One of the hired girls, Margaret Magar, an obliging creature, for whom I had always a kindly feeling, one day when I was assisting her in doing something which she could not very well do alone, said, in a way to elicit my confidence,

"John, have you any notion that you are going to die soon." "Why no, what makes you ask me that?" "Why, the boys think you must have some idea that you are going to die, or you would not be so serious, and be reading the Bible so much." I disclaimed any premonition of death, but said that I was resolved to try and be ready for death when it did come, as all are exposed to death. Not many months after, that young woman came and joined the society class to which I belonged; and when I travelled my first circuit, her house was one of our stopping-places in our monthly rounds. She still survives, a venerable and much respected widow, at the head of an affluent household, all of whom are members and supporters of our church in the rising town of Alliston, now rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Fletcher.

During that first week I was surprised into the last profane word I ever allowed myself to utter, the result of an evil habit. I was riding Old Mink to pasture, barebacked, with nothing to hold or guide him but a halter, when, suddenly turning a corner, he was set upon and frightened by a dog, which angered me so, that I bestowed at least one word of abuse upon him which I instantly felt defiled my mouth, and repented of; and, through the grace of God, never allowed myself to use again. Thus did I bid farewell to foul language forever.

The next Sunday I met brother Nathaniel at our mother's, and with many tears stated my purpose to him, which he was prepared to approve, for he had started one or two weeks before me. He told me had been at class-meeting, and asked me to accompany him the next Tuesday evening. We tried to improve that Sabbath in attending at the meeting-house on King street. The circuit preachers were absent at the second of the two famous camp meetings held in the township of Ancaster, and we listened to exhorters, who declined entering the pulpit. The one for the morning was John Huston (from the country), afterwards a travelling preacher; and the one for the afternoon, "Willie Clarke," a gifted young Irishman, who, however, did not wear his piety very threadbare, but many years after gave a son to the travelling ministry, a very devoted man, who died early.

To fulfil my engagement about going to class on Tuesday evening, and yet not be observed by my fellow-boarders, I slipped out supperless when they went into tea, turned up Newgate street (now Adelaide), to Bay street, till I saw my brother coming over the commons. We met, and walked together to the class-leader's (Mr. Patrick's) door. The class that evening was very small—nearly all the more lively and prominent members (and there were only about thirty in all) were still absent at the camp meeting—perhaps eight or nine at the most. Mr. Doel "met" the class, and I was impressed and thrilled by everything I saw and heard. The manner in which they received my impassioned declaration of purpose—the testimonies of all—the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs by which they "taught and admonished" each other—were all touching and exciting to me. But I was most of all impressed by the way poor John Richards, himself a poor Ready-to-halt, seized my hand after we had got out into the road, and exhorted me with tears never to imitate

his early backsliding from his first love among the Baptists, when a boy in England. Though a man of a sorrowful spirit, he was most blameless in life and conversation.

During the conversation which took place between John Richards and my brother (who were of the same trade, and well acquainted,) that evening in the road, I heard them speak in glowing terms of admiration of the deep piety and intense devotion of a young man, now absent with others at the camp-meeting, who had been a member of the church about three months. When the opportunity offered I naturally claved to such a one, and met with the utmost condescension from him, though fully ten years older than myself. We lived hard by each other, and used, on the evenings when there were no meetings, and often after the society meetings were over, to go out of the town, either up Yonge or Dundas street, and thence into the woods, sometimes in winter as well as summer, and for hours to pour out our souls to God in prayer, and to each other in Christian communion. Great was the benefit I received from that heavenly-minded young man. That was John Russel, whom I portrayed as an "Early Classmate," in the pages of my first work, PAST AND PRESENT.

For four weeks I met in class with dear William Patrick, without being formally received on trial (as the usage then was), or my name being inscribed upon the class-book. The quarterly love-feast was approaching, and the actual members received their tickets, without which they would not be permitted to enter. The love-feast, as was most common then, was to be before the eleven o'clock service on Sunday morning; the doors to be opened at half-past eight, and closed at nine. The leader said to me, "John, you have no ticket of admission; but I will keep the door, and if you are there by the time I unlock it, I will let you in." I was there a full hour before the time, sitting upon a log not far off, employing the interval in reading my New Testament, and hymn-book, with which I had provided myself, and always carried on my person. (The hymn-book I read consecutively through, as much by course as the Bible.) At length the leader approached down the road; I rose to my feet and went to meet him; he opened the door and let me in. When the speaking began I declared my purposes. At the close, the church door was opened by the "preacher in charge," Rev. John Ryerson, giving an offer to any who "wished to join on trial," "to stand up." Nathaniel and I arose, the only ones who did, and our names were taken down, after an appeal had been made to the members, and we were accepted by show of hands, a usage which should never have been dropped. At the close of the love-feast, the Lord's Supper was administered, and we joined in the holy communion for the first time. That ever memorable and pregnant event occurred June, 1824, fifty-seven years ago, when I lacked about two months of fifteen. A tie was then created, which, thank God, has never yet been severed, and I trust it never shall.

We had no presiding elder, as was usually the case, that day, but dear old Father Youmans acted as elder, it being what was then called "only a temporary quarterly."

THE BLIND WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat at his loom,  
A blind old man was he;  
And he saw not one of the shuttle's threads,

Which he wrought so cunningly,  
But his fingers touched each line,  
As the pattern before him grew;  
And the sunset gleam of a smile divine,  
Its light o'er his features threw;  
As plying his work to a slight refrain,  
He sang it over and over again—  
*Light and Darkness and Shade,  
Shade and Darkness and Light;*  
We never can tell how the pattern's made,  
Till the fabric is turned in our sight!

And slowly the fabric grow,  
As his shuttle, from side to side  
With a cunning twist of his wrist he throw,  
And its lines were multiplied.  
But still the surface was rough,  
And the pattern you could not trace;  
For the threads seemed blindly broken off,  
And showed neither beauty nor grace;  
But he plied his work to the slight refrain  
And crooned it o'er and o'er again—  
*Light and Darkness and Shade,  
Shade and Darkness and Light;*  
We never can tell how the pattern's made,  
Till the fabric is turned in our sight!

And thus at the Loom of Life,  
Like that blind old weaver, we  
Are working the threads of our own designs  
To a Pattern we do not see;  
And still, with a patient love,  
That is wiser far than we know,  
There is One that looks from His throne above,  
And directs the shuttle's throw.  
And spite of our broken threads,  
He is working His Great Design;  
And the Pattern that seemed unmeaning here,  
With a heavenly grace shall shine!  
So we'll ply our work to the old refrain,  
And sing it o'er and o'er again—  
*Light and Darkness and Shade,  
Shade and Darkness and Light,*  
Shall have done their work when the Pattern's made,  
And the Fabric is held up to sight!

EARNEST JOE.

LISTEN, boys, and I will tell  
What I learned when young as you.  
Would I other boys excel,  
This advice I must pursue:  
Always try to do your best,  
Whether in your work or play,  
Earnest be, and never rest  
Till you win the well-fought day.

Lazy Ned, that has no care  
Whether he succeeds or no,  
Never can expect to share  
Honors gained by Earnest Joe.  
Listless Tom, who puts no heart  
Into sports upon the field,  
Only knows the joys in part  
Which the games to others yield.

Is a thing worth doing, boys?  
Do your best and do it well;  
He who all his powers employs,  
Persevering, must excel.  
Listless Tom will never succeed,  
Lazy Ned will never rise,  
Earnest Joe will keep the lead,  
He's the boy to take the prize.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1881.

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NOTE.—We hope our young friends will read carefully the series of articles begun on our first page. They will be of great interest and permanent value. PLEASANT HOURS will be continued the size of this number, and still further improvements will be introduced. Specimens free, on application.

MOTHER WANTS HER BOY.

THERE'S a homestead waiting for you, my boy,  
In a quaint old fashioned town,  
The gray moss clings to the garden wall,  
And the dwelling is low and brown,  
But a vacant chair by the fireside stands,  
And never a grace is said;  
But a mother prays that her absent son  
Soon may be homeward led,  
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vines and tends the flowers,  
For she says, "my boy will come;  
And I want the quiet humble place  
To be just the dear old home  
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,  
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,  
And gather of roses and lilies tall,  
Far more than his hands could hold,  
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place,  
When you played at bat and ball;  
And the violet cap you wore to school,  
Still hangs on its hook in the hall,  
And when the twilight hours draw near  
She steals adown the lane  
To cosset the lambs you used to pet,  
And dream you were home again,  
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and the eyes are dim  
With watching day by day,  
For the children nurtured at her breast  
Have slipped from her arms away;  
Alone and lonely, she names the hours  
As the dear ones come and go;  
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers!"  
Their going, "The hours of show!"  
And ever she wants her boy.

Walk on, toil on; give strength and mind  
To the task in your chosen place;  
But never forget the dear old home,  
And the mother's loving face!  
You may count your blessings score on score,  
You may heap your golden grain,  
But remember when her grave is made,  
Your coming will be in vain,  
And now she wants her boy.

EASTERN STREETS.

THE streets of eastern cities often are not more than two or three feet wide. They are so narrow that in many places persons cannot safely pass a loaded camel. Many of them are very winding and circuitous. One in Damascus, an exception to the general rule, was distinguished by the name Straight; and there is still a street so named in that city, about half a mile in length.

In ancient times the streets of Jerusalem had names. Among those mentioned in the Scriptures are "Baker Street," from which Zedekiah ordered Jeremiah's food to be sent to him; "East Street," into which Hezekiah gathered the priests and Levites when exhorting them to cleanse the house of God and to carry forth the filthiness that had been allowed to lie there in heaps in the days of Abaz; "Temple Street," or the "Street of the House of God," into which the men of Judah and Benjamin came together in the days of Ezra; and "Watergate Street," where the people met in the days of Nehemiah. Nor were the streets of the city few; for Jeremiah, when warning Israel against the increase of her false gods, says, "According to the number of the streets of Jerusalem have ye set up altars to that shameful thing."



MODERN BETHLEHEMITES.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, where Rachel died and was buried—whence Elimelech and Naomi fled to escape the famine, and which afterward, through the noble-mindedness of Boaz, became indeed Bethlehem, or the House of Bread, to Naomi and Ruth—Bethlehem, the town of Jesse and the birth-place of David—Bethlehem, where the infant Saviour saw the light—in whose fields the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and instructed by the angel, hastened to worship Him as He was laid in the manger—how many interesting recollections are connected with this now obscure town of Palestine!

And what is it now in our day? A place where, in ignorance of the great truths which Jesus taught and sealed by his blood, the inhabitants are under the yoke of a corrupted Christianity and the religion of the "false Prophet."

But the English Church Missionary Society has established mission-stations in Palestine, and the true light is again shining in that land. Bishop Gobat, the head of the mission, states that one hundred heads of families in Bethlehem have recently joined the mission church. Northern Syria is occupied by missionaries of the American Board, who have there several flourishing stations.

The picture shows the garb of the modern shepherds of Bethlehem, which has not changed since the time when David was a shepherd boy.

Treasures of wickedness profit nothing.

A BOY'S LOGIC.

A LITTLE boy in Leicester induced to sign the Ban Hope pledge. His father was a lecturer; and one day a publican came upon him for the purpose of paying taxes. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was teetotaler.

"What?" said the publican, with sneer, "a mere boy like that a teetotaler?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I am a teetotaler."  
"And you mean to say you have not signed the pledge?"

"Yes, sir, I have; and I mean to keep it too."

"Nonsense!" said the publican. "What idea! Why, you are too young to sign the pledge."

The little fellow came up to him and took hold of him quietly by the ear and repeated his words, "You say, I am too young to be a teetotaler?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, now, sir, please listen," said he. "I will ask you a question: I am a publican, are you not, and do you drink beer?"

"Yes, I am a publican, and sell beer."  
"Well, then, suppose I came to you for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?"

"Oh, no," said the boniface; "that is quite a different thing."

"Very well, then," said the little fellow, with triumph in his face, "if I am not too young to drink beer, I am not too young to give the beer."

The publican was defeated. He did not want to argue with that boy again.



CANADIAN BEAVERS.

CANADIAN BEAVERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

**V**ERY Canadian boy and girl should know all about the beaver, the emblem of their country—and a very good emblem it is; and a very good motto is

"Busy as Beavers" for all Canadians, old or young. Certainly the beaver is a very industrious fellow, and we need not be ashamed of him upon our country's crest. For so small an animal he accomplishes very remarkable works.

The average beaver is about two feet or three inches long, and its tail is about a foot longer. It will weigh from thirty to sixty pounds. Its fore legs are small, but the hind legs are large and strong, and its feet are webbed to the very claws. It is an awkward animal on land, but just let it dive into the water, and it is as active, as graceful, and as much at home as a bird in the air or a fish in the sea.

The most remarkable part of the beaver is its broad, flat, scale-covered tail. It is used as a paddle in swimming, as a trowel and hammer for building, as a support when its owner sits up, and it can strike such a violent blow as to be heard half a mile off. In this way the old sentinel beaver, who is on guard, gives warning of the approach of an enemy, when splash! every tail disappears, and solitude reigns again. The tail is a great favourite with Indians and hunters, and, when it can be obtained, occupies an important place in their feasts.

The most remarkable constructions of the beaver are the dams and lodges which they build. They are made in order to secure a sufficient depth of water to be secure against freezing in winter. Having selected a spot for their village, or cluster of houses, they proceed to cut down the trees with which to build their dam. They always cut down those up the stream, so that they may float down with the current. They have no cutting instruments but their broad, flat, sharp teeth; but with these they will bite off great chips, and in a very short time cut down a tree, eight or even ten inches through. They select trees that lean over the water, and having felled them, they trim off the branches, and cut them into lengths eight or ten feet long. These are floated to the site of the proposed dam, where they are built into their place with mud and stones, till a broad and solid wall is made. Where the current is gentle, the dam is carried straight across; where it is swift, the dam is built with an angle or convex curve up the stream. The little architects exhibit as much science in their construction as could the most skilful civil engineer.

The beavers' houses are built of the same material, a chamber being left in the middle, the only entrance to which is by an opening under the water. The roof is made very thick to resist the attacks of the wolverine, or glutton, next to man the most deadly enemy of the beaver. The food of these hard-working mechanics consists of the bark of the aspen, willow, birch, poplar, and alder, of which it lays up in the summer a stack near its lodges.

The beaver once swarmed all over Canada and the northern United States, and the traces of the beaver dams and beaver meadows may still, in many places, be seen. But the implacable war of the trapper and fur trader has banished him to the remote regions of the north and north-west. For over 300 years this warfare has been waged, and the trade in beaver skins was one of the great inducements to the exploration of this continent. Tadousac, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Frontenac, Fort Rouille (Toronto), and Detroit were the great fur-trading posts, of which Albany and New York were for many years the jealous rivals. Beaver skins were used instead of money—one skin being an equivalent for a two dollar bill—rather an inconvenient sort of currency to carry in one's purse. The pelts, as they were called—hence the word peltries,—were used for making beaver hats—those fuzzy looking things worn by Uncle Sam in the comic pictures—which used to be the favourite head-gear of the dandies of Paris and London. With the substitution of silk for the shiny black hats now worn, the beaver's occupation was gone, and he was allowed, for a time, to live a quiet life. Their fur has, of late, been in demand in Europe for trimming dresses, coats, and gloves, and forthwith a war is renewed in the fur wilds of Canada against the poor beaver. So is the world bound together by the ties of commerce.

The beavers are caught by steel spring traps, like huge rat traps, chained to a marked tree. An Indian or white trapper will visit fifty or sixty traps in a circuit of thirty or forty miles, and will catch one hundred or one hundred and fifty beavers in a season. In 1854-1856, the Hudson Bay Company sold in London 627,655 beaver skins. No wonder the beaver is getting scarce. Skins have varied from \$1 to \$8 apiece. At one time in the last century they were such a drug in the market that an immense stock was burned at Montreal to make the rest worth exportation. The beaver once flourished in Europe, but is now extinct.

IN A CAPTIVE BALLOON.

**A**N English officer of engineers having made an ascension in a captive balloon, that is, one tied to the earth by a long rope, describes his sensations as follows:

The great balloon above tugs and struggles, as if perfectly conscious of a humiliating state of captivity, and longing to be free. This is especially the case whenever a gust of wind puts a considerable extra strain on the guy-rope.

The latter, as I have said, is fastened to the hoop above one's head. But it rides against the light wicker-work of the car, which creaks and groans in response in a doleful and somewhat distressing manner.

Were it not for a powerful spring of India rubber, which checks the oscillations of the guy-rope, and tends to steady the balloon, the effect on one's nerves might be much worse than it is.

But, fortunately, there is not too much time for noticing these matters, for there is a constant necessity for letting go ballast, to meet the continually increasing weight of suspended guy-rope below, or the balloon would soon cease to rise.

At last the ballast is all expended, and the guy-rope is paid out no further. The wind has caused the balloon to drift off to a considerable distance horizontally from the point of departure below, and she now settles into a condition of approximate equilibrium.

The height above the ground is shown by the barometer to be about one thousand feet. The long guy rope hangs in a graceful curve below.

The portion next the ball-on, for hundreds of feet, is nearly vertical, and that near the ground almost horizontal, but of that I see little.

One or two timid glances are quite sufficient, for one's head, naturally a very indifferent one where it is a question of looking down from dizzy heights, is not acclimatized to the situation by practice in ballooning.

So I cannot look at the ground under, or nearly under, the balloon without a shudder and a decidedly creepy sensation.

Above all, one must avoid looking down the guy rope, for this, extending far below, reach after reach, and ending almost in a vanishing point, gives a measure to the eye of the giddy height.

And to look along it makes one's brain reel—far worse, as I afterwards find, than looking down from thrice the height in a free trip where there is no guy rope.

RED-RIDING HOOD.

**O**N the wide lawn the snow lay deep,  
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;  
The wind, that through the pine-trees sang,  
The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung,  
While through the window, frosty-starred,  
Against the sunset purple barred,  
We saw the sombre crow flap by,  
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,  
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,  
The squirrel poised on the drift,  
Erect, alert, his thick, gray tail,  
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass our little lass,  
With flattened face against the glass,  
And eyes in which the tender dew  
Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
The narrow space her rosy lips  
Had melted from the frost's eclipse.  
"Oh, see!" she cried, "the poor blue-jays!  
What is it that the black crow says?  
The squirrel lifts his little legs,  
Because he has no hands, and begs;  
He's asking for my nuts, I know,  
May I not feed them on the snow!"

Half lost within her boots, her head  
Warm sheltered in her hood of red,  
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,  
She sloudered down the wintry lawn;  
Now struggling through the misty veil  
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;  
Now sinking in a drift so low  
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
Its dash of colour on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn  
Her little store of nuts and corn,  
And thus her timid guests bespoke:  
"Come, squirrel, from yon hollow oak—  
Come, black, old crow—come, poor, blue—  
Before your supper's blown away! [Jay,  
Don't be afraid; we all are good;  
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,  
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,  
Keep in the little maiden's breast  
The pity which is now thy guest!  
Let not her cultured years make less  
The childhood charm of tenderness,  
But let her feel as well as know,  
Nor harder with her polish grow!  
Unmoved by sentimental grief  
That wails along some printed leaf,  
But prompt with kindly word and deed  
To own the claims of all who need,  
Let the grown woman's self make good  
The promise of Red Riding-hood!

—J. G. Whittier.

A BOY HERO.



CARL Springel is the name of a boy who is held in remembrance over half of Germany, for a deed of self-sacrificing heroism which is unparalleled in the legends of Greece and Rome, or the annals of modern chivalry. It is not so very hard for the soldier to face bullets and cannon balls upon the battle field, for he knows that while there are many chances of death there is still some chance of life. Carl Springel, a poor lame German boy, to save many human beings from an awful death, walked straight into the face of certain death itself, and met it like a hero. On the 19th of November, 1867, a terrible rain-storm swept over Southern Germany. For twenty hours the rain poured down in such torrents as had never been known in that region, and it seemed as if the day was to be the beginning of a second deluge. Rivers overflowed their banks, and petty streams were swollen into rivers.

At nine o'clock at night the storm raged on in unabated violence, when Carl Springel set out on his crutches, to carry an evening repast to his parent, who was on watch duty at the bridge over the "Devil's Gulch," a fanciful name given to an immense cleft in the rock, two hundred feet wide, and a hundred and fifty feet deep, which had been spanned by a strong bridge of wood and iron, believed by the engineers who constructed it to be capable of withstanding all possible assaults of wind and water. It was the duty of William Springel—Carl's father—to keep guard at this bridge on stormy nights and warn the oncoming trains of any lurking danger which might exist. Beneath the bridge a mountain stream boiled and bubbled in ordinary times; on that night the heavy rains had swollen it to a furious torrent. Carl Springel hobbled very slowly along upon his crutches through the almost Egyptian darkness of the night, half blinded by the rain, but buoyed up by the thought that he was bringing cheer and comfort to his beloved father.

When within a hundred yards of the bridge an awful crash sounded out upon the night air, loud and above the din of the storm, and a shudder of horror ran through his brave young soul. It was the bridge—the bridge which had been deemed impregnable. The bridge had succumbed to the fury of the water which rushed down its foundations in irresistible torrents from the mountain side. Hurrying on as fast as he could, Carl reached the railroad track, and his worst fears were realized. Upon the track, some ten feet away, where the entrance of the bridge had been, was his father's hand-car with its red lantern burning dimly in it, and by the lantern's light Carl could see the full extent of the disaster. Every section, every timber of the bridge had been swept away, and the yawning gulf and the roaring flood were all that were left. "Father! father!" cried Carl in his loudest tones. "Father! father!" he called again, "where are you?"

But no answering voice responded, and there rushed across his brain the terrible certainty that his father had gone down with the bridge. For a moment his breast was filled with unutterable anguish. But it was only

for a moment. Quick as thought it flashed upon his mind that it was almost time for the last train from the great city above to come rushing along with its living freight.

No danger signal gleamed from the watch-tower upon the bridge, and on they would come, unsuspecting of their peril until it would be too late, and they would be dashed in a moment into the seething flood, more than a hundred feet below.

What was to be done? Forgetting for the instant the great woe that had befallen him, Carl decided at once that it was his duty to supply his father's place, and warn the train of its peril in time to save it if possible. But what could he do? The tempest increased in its fury and the rain poured down as though it would never stop. Hark! the train is coming! Already he hears it rumbling on toward destruction, and it must be near or he could not hear it above the storm. He cannot run with his poor crippled legs, so he throws himself upon the hand-car, and nerves himself for a mighty effort. As though his own life were at stake, he begins to turn. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, he drives the car in the direction of the approaching train. On, on, dashes the mighty horse; nearer and nearer it comes. Oh, if he can get far enough off to save the train from rushing headlong into that horrible grave. Around the mountain side, on the curving track, the train speeds along. The gleam of its lights is now shed upon the valley, and the boy knows the supreme moment is at hand. On thunders the engine, and the track trembles beneath the heavy burden. Suddenly, around a sharp bend a hundred feet away, full on his sight bursts the blazing headlight of the engine.

Ceasing from his labor, Carl Springel braced himself with one hand, and grasping the red lantern in the other, swings it above his head. "The bridge is down! The bridge is down!" he cries with all his power. The bridge is down! The bridge is down—"The engineer has seen him, but cannot save him. With a dull thud the engine clears the obstruction from the track and dashes along, but slower and slower now. The hand-car and the boy are hurled fifty feet through the air, and when the boy is found his body is crushed, mangled, and lifeless. But the train is saved. Trembling, gasping, staggering, the engine halts—halts not a dozen yards from the mouth of the yawning chasm—and all on board are saved by the unparalleled heroism of this crippled boy, who had given up his life that they might live.

Two years ago, in a quiet village cemetery in the south of Germany, I saw the grave in which he sleeps. Upon a modest tombstone at his head, erected by the gratitude of those whose lives he had preserved, was this inscription:

CARL SPRINGEL,

AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and martyr; and saved two hundred lives."

A hero and martyr he was, indeed. Some time yet, bards and poets will sing the story of this brave young peasant boy of Germany.

"I say," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I have got an idea in my head." "Well," replied the other, "if you don't cherish it with great care it will die for want of companions."

WHY SHE NEVER DRANK WINE.



Of course we must have wine. Just think how perfectly shabby it would look!

The remark was made by a beautiful girl as she danced out of the conservatory with a spray of pink blossoms in her hand.

"It is my first party, and I want everything splendid. And, Auntie," turning to a sweet-faced woman, with large, love-gleaming eyes, and an almost alabaster purity of complexion, "you must wear that rose-colored brocade. It is just the rage now, and your hair will trim beautifully. I am so glad we are to have plenty of flowers."

Helen Brayton was just from school, where she had been since she was ten years old. Of course she knew little of life; but her father was a wealthy man, and her dream of "everything splendid," was about to be realized. Aunt Agatha was her mother's sister, a scholarly woman of whom she knew little, save that she was a trifle eccentric, giving away nearly all of her income and never so much as touching wine.

Mrs. Brayton leaned back in her luxurious chair, and rested her eyes with a mother's delight on Helen's face.

"If we have wine, Aunt Agatha cannot come," was said slowly.

"Cannot! Why so?" with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "She will not be obliged to taste it."

Mrs. Brayton beat her satin-slipped foot against the Persian carpet. It was a question she could not decide. Mr. Brayton had given her *carte blanche*. He had not time to attend to it, he said. In calling in Agatha she had not thought of wine. With exquisite taste and wonderful tact in arrangement, her services would be invaluable. All the morning she had been trying to persuade the really elegant woman to consider this an exceptional case. Not that she cared for it; neither did Mr. Brayton. But what would people say? Mrs. Brayton was not one with moral courage to oppose Madame Grundy. She could not endure to be called shabby, especially when the money in hand would enable her to be profuse.

All the while Helen stood at the back of Aunt Agatha's chair talking of the pink and silver brocade. "Nobody will know it was ever worn. I am sure it would never show a seam."

A servant entered bearing a silver waiter, and on it a small card. Helen colored, and Mrs. Brayton excused herself and went down to the parlor.

"Do say you will not mind this time, Auntie?" pleaded Helen.

"And thus break my promise?"

"Did you promise, Auntie, never so much as to drink a drop?"

"I promised never so much as to drink a drop; neither would I stand by and see another drink."

"That is going a little too far, I think, auntie. If another drinks it will not hurt us."

"I am not so sure," returned Aunt Agatha. "Whose card was that Dick brought in?"

"Henry Fargo's," answered Helen, with a vivid blush.

"If Henry Fargo should drink wine to excess, would it not hurt you?"

"O, auntie! he never could," with a face from which all color had fled.

"If I have been rightly informed, one of his brothers died a drunkard," persisted Agatha Fleming.

"That was Will. He was always a little wild. Went to San Francisco, spent a good deal, and drank to his trouble," was Helen's answer.

The Fargos lived in the same square. In the vacations Helen had seen a deal of Henry, and learned through the deal of Will's wanderings. But she did not connect it with wine; the latter was more accident. He drank to his trouble.

The expression of Agatha Fleming's face grew tender; tears filled her eyes. It was a favorable moment to say Helen all there was in her heart.

"You have heard your mother of Herbert Wyeburn?" turning her gaze full upon the young girl.

"Your old friend, or flame, I do not know which?" returned Helen, all her usual vivacity. "Yes."

"My friend, as Henry Fargo is yet to be known, we lived in the same square, and loved each other with a love that grew stronger as we grew older. Henry went to college. He was grandly gifted. But he learned to take wine; it made him brilliant. The head of his class he was likewise the master of oratory. But he could not speak without a glass; then it required more—two, three at a time. His manner was no longer the same—at one time wild and capricious, at another gloomy and morose. I expostulated. He was angry, and upbraided me. The next hour he was ready to beg pardon, and I forgave him. Of course he would never again give way. He went on until he was ready to establish himself in business, and was looking forward to becoming a happy bride. One night there was a quarrel, in which Herbert struck his brother lawyer, and himself received a fatal stab in return. They had been drinking to excess, but when I reached Herbert he was rational. Never shall I forget his face as he said, 'The doctor says I must die. If I had never taken wine, Agatha, this would not have been.'

"They had not told me that the wound was fatal. I buried my face in the pillow, and sobbed outright. At that moment I would gladly have given my own life could I by that means have saved Herbert. My agony made me worse. They took me from him, and only permitted me to return when he promised to command myself. When I entered the room Herbert was lying with his eyes shut. As I approached I saw that his lips moved. Was he praying? I tried to think so, for he had been brought up to think it was a dreadful thing to die without an interest in Christ. As I knelt by his bedside he put out his hand.

"I have asked God to make it easy for you, Agatha. You warned me against drink; but I did not see the danger. Now I must die. But you will think of me sometimes, and, thinking of me, you will not fail to warn others against wine."

"I had promised to be calm, and to be calm I tried to point him to Christ. I cannot tell just how it was, but death there was a smile on his face, though at the last he caught the gleam of celestial wings. The thief on the cross received assurance—'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' I trust it was so with Herbert."

Silence brooded over the room. Helen did not lift her head. Agatha was the first to speak.

"Now you know the reason why

not drink wine, the reason why I do not go where wine is made a gratification to some poor soul who has the strength to resist it. You will now expect me to go to your room. How the brown head was lifted, through tears Helen answered: "I shall not have wine at my party, Agatha. It is too dreadful; I do not think of it. Will Fargo drink, and drank to excess. Henry is a social glass. No," with more emphasis, "I shall not have it. It will never be said that I helped to make a young man a drunkard." When Mrs. Brayton returned, Helen tried to explain. "We will not have wine, mother. I do never hold up my head again if I know that one person was led to excess through my offering of a social glass." "What I have to say will be unnecessary in this case," smiled Mrs. Byron. "I have just seen Henry Hergo. He hopes we will not have a party. Since Will perished miserably it is as well, he cannot go where wine is freely. As this is the first party of the season, he trusts we will set the example that many, very many, will follow." "I could never have done it but for me, Agatha," Helen answered, with her old bright look. "Henry Fargo will never have it to say that I expected him with wine."—*Central Magazine*.

TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE.

To every man and nation comes the moment to decide, for the good or evil side. One who has read biography with carefulness has failed to see certain little things, especially in the lives of great men, which turned them away from ignorance or error to a life distinguished by its intelligence and earnestness. Sometimes the turning-point is early in life. It is said of Voltaire that at the age of five years he committed to memory an infidel poem, and was never able to free himself from its pernicious influence. William Wilberforce when a child was placed under the training of a pious aunt; and although much was done in his early manhood to erase the impressions received from his aunt, his life was moulded and colored by her training. There was quite a young man when he took the wrong side in a debate, and thereafter lived and defended through life the position taken at that time. Scott, the commentator, in a despairing mood read a hymn of Dr. Watts on the all-seeing God, and was the means of turning him from sin and idleness to a life of usefulness. The rebuke of the teacher and the grief of a schoolmate aroused Clarke, a distinguished divine, who up to that time was very slow in attaining knowledge. The turning-point in Doddridge's life was when Clarke took him under his wing. The first year he made great progress in study, and soon developed into a man of learning and influence. Aaron Burr sought spiritual advice at a revival at college, but his counsellor told him that the work was not genuine. His anxieties were dissipated, and from that time his downward career. Robert Moffat, the distinguished

missionary, read a placard announcing a missionary meeting, and was led to devote his life to the benefit of the heathen. Thus it is that character and years of usefulness often depend on one little event or circumstance.

COMBATS OF THE OCEAN.

AMONG the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the sword-fish and the whale are described as heroic in grandeur. The sword-fish go in schools, like whales, and the attacks are regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the sword-fish betrays their presence, by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The sword-fish always endeavours to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the carcass,—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal,—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blow. The sword-fish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of his adversary the whale is lost; for it receives the blow of the enemy and dies instantly. But if the whale perceives the sword-fish at the moment of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for its defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and when successful finishes it at a single blow. But if the active sword-fish avoids the fatal tail the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in its turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts not to pierce but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The sword-fish harrasses it, strikes it on every side, kills it, and flies to other victories. Often the sword-fish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and content itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It then dies like Maccus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

**COST OF BRINGING UP A BOY.**  
A CLERGYMAN who has been discoursing about boys has devoted considerable attention to the cost of these somewhat necessary individuals; and he estimates the expense of bringing a good boy—with all the advantages of city life—to the age of fifteen, at about \$5,000. These figures are about doubled by the time the boy is of age, if he goes through college. A bad boy, arrived at the age mentioned, costs fully as much, even if he has not been to college, and the computation, as the reverend gentleman suggests, does not include the value of the mother's tears and the father's gray hairs. Most men who have brought up boys will agree that the estimate is not too high.

ABOUT QUICKSILVER.

ONE of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or of forming amalgams, with other metals. A sheet of gold foil dropped into quicksilver disappears almost as quickly as a snow-flake when it drops into water. It has the power of separating or of readily dissolving these refractory metals which are not acted upon by our most powerful acids. The gold and silver miners pour it into their machines holding the powdered gold-bearing quartz, and although no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substance, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt them out and incorporate them into its mass. By subsequent distillation it yields the precious metal into the hands of the miners in a state of virgin purity. Several years ago, while lecturing on chemistry before a class of ladies, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois-leather. The leather remained on the table after the lecture; and an old lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in, according appropriated it to this purpose. The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappeared, and that nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure enough, the quicksilver remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgamated with the gold and entirely destroyed the spectacle frames. It was a mystery which we never could explain to the old lady's satisfaction.—*Fireside Science*.

THE DRUNKARD.

HAVE you seen the drunkard reeling along the street with a slouchy look and rumred eyes? He has spent all his wages for that which is destroying his body, and which will at last damn his soul. He is going home to make his wretched family still more wretched. He is the servant of a hard master; and his wages are rags, ruin, and remorse. His reward for good service in the ranks of King Alcohol are bruises and a broken head. Yes, no doubt you have seen him. Every boy has seen the drunkard stagger past; for nearly every town and village in the land has its drunkards. All of these drunkards that you have and all that you have not seen were once, like yourself, boys with never a thought in their pure souls of growing up into the most debasing of all God's creatures, drunkards. There was a time in the life of each when he took the first dram; and this was the very time when he crossed the danger-line and went over into the enemy's country. How much better would it have been if they each had seen the danger right then and there, and beat a hasty retreat over into the ranks of the cold-water army, where they would have been safe. There is no safety for a boy who does not wait us to become a swaggering sot but in the total-abstinence plan. This is the Bible plan: "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." The spending of five cents per day for tobacco would amount in twenty-five years to \$1,001.25. In fifty years it would be \$5,298.50, with lawful interest.

MY NEEDS.

MY Saviour dear, In mercy hear!  
I need thy light; For here 'tis night.  
I need thy thought With mercy fraught.  
I need thy blood— A cleansing flood.  
I need thy voice To help my choice.  
I need thy power In each dark hour.  
I need thine arm To shield from harm.  
I need thy care To foil each snare.  
I need thy love On earth, above!  
I need thy joy— My tongue's employ.  
I need thy hand To make me stand.  
For these my needs My faith e'er pleads!  
Thy light impart To cheer my heart.  
Thy pardon give, And bid me live!  
This love from thee Gives life to me!  
For thou in love Can'st from above.  
Thou died'st for me On Calvary's tree.  
Since thou did'st bleed, From sin I'm freed.  
Accept my praise Throughout my days!

A SON'S PRIDE.

THOMAS CARLYLE had a very humble origin. His father was a stone mason and worked as a day-laborer. But he was honest and upright and impressed his sturdy character upon his children. Though he had not had the advantages of an education, he decided that Thomas should attend school. So he sent him away to study, against the advice of his neighbors, who prophesied that when he became learned he would despise and forget his humble parents. These sinister predictions were far from being realized. How abundantly the son honored his father! He writes, "Ought I not to rejoice that God has given me such a father? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world, if God so will, to rejoin him at last." Of his mother too, a plain, quiet Scotch woman, he invariably speaks with the tenderest love. Calls her "his incomparable mother," and no words seem too emphatic to express his devotion. Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be poverty which was never indigence in any form, and which has made all that ten-fold more dear and sacred to me! Such sentiments of affection are more powerful than his intellectual attainments to "keep the memory green" of the "Sage of Chelsea." Weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and a bar for thy mouth.



## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 21.

THE MANNA; OR, BREAD FROM HEAVEN

Exod. 16. 1-8. Commit to memory verses 4, 5.

1. And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt.

2. And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness.

3. And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God that we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

4. Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law or no.

5. And it shall come to pass, that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily.

6. And Moses and Aaron said unto the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt.

7. And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord; for that he heareth your murmurings against the Lord: and what are we, that ye murmur against us?

8. And Moses said, This shall be, when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for that the Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him, and what are we? your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Moses gave you not that bread from heaven, but my father giveth you the true bread from heaven. John 6. 32.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Bread of Egypt, v. 1-3.
2. The Bread from Heaven, v. 4-8.

TIME.—B. C. 1491.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Sin, between Elim and Sinai.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The song of Moses, Exod. 15. 1-21. 2. The bitter waters of Marah. Exod. 15. 22-26. 3. The encampment at Elim. Exod. 15. 27.

EXPLANATIONS.—Wilderness of Sin—Near the Red Sea, half way to Mount Sinai, a desert and dry region. Murmured—They showed a spirit of distrust toward God, who had kept them, and might be expected still to keep them. Would to God—A wicked wish that they could have died in the plagues of Egypt. Flesh-pots—The large vessels in which food was cooked. Bread—Here meaning all kinds of food. Ye have brought—They blamed Moses and Aaron, forgetting that they were led by the pillar of cloud. I will rain bread—A promise showing at once God's mercy, God's power, and God's long-suffering. A certain rate every day—Enough each day for the day's needs. Prove them—Testing their faith by their daily dependence upon God. The sixth day—The day before the Sabbath. Prepare—On other days they prepared only enough for one day, on this day, enough for two. Ye shall know that the Lord—By the food sent by him. See the glory of the Lord—This may mean some special glory in the cloudy column, or it may refer to the manna which he promised. Murmurings against the Lord—In murmuring against Moses, they were murmuring against him who directed Moses. Flesh to eat—In a multitude of quails that covered the camp, v. 13. Bread to the full—In the manna. The manna represent Christ: 1. It was needed. 2. It came from God. 3. It was a free gift. Each family must obtain it for themselves. 4. It must be gathered in time. 5. There was enough for all.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. The Bread of Egypt, v. 1-3. From what place did the Israelites journey? What had they found at Elim. Exod. 15. 27. Into what wilderness did they enter?

Where was this wilderness? How long had they been away from Egypt? What spirit did they show? Against whom did they really murmur? v. 8.

What did they wish had taken place? Why was this a wicked wish? How did it show want of faith in God? What reason did they have for trusting God's care?

Why did God let them suffer at this time? Deut. 8. 3.

2. The Bread from Heaven, v. 4-8. How did God show his mercy to the people? What did he promise to them? What was this bread from heaven? v. 14. What did they call it? v. 15. How did they prepare it? Num. 11. 8. Did they ever grow tired of it? Num. 11. 6. Who was represented by the manna? [Golden Text.]

How did the manna represent Christ? John 6. 51.

What were the people commanded to do on the sixth day?

What was the purpose of this? v. 29. What is the command concerning the Sabbath? Exod. 20. 8-10.

What did Moses and Aaron say should take place?

How were they to know that the Lord had led them?

What was the "flesh" given them to eat? v. 13.

What is said in Isa. 78, 27, 28. From whom do we receive our daily food? Matt. 6. 25, 26.

How should we seek it? Matt. 6. 11.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. How easily past mercies are forgotten?
2. How kindly God deals with his people?
3. How abundantly God supplies our needs?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did the Israelites journey after crossing the Red Sea? In the Wilderness of Sin. 2. What trouble there came upon them? A want of food. 3. How did they show their lack of faith? By murmuring at Moses. 4. What did God promise them? Bread from heaven. 5. What was the name of the food which God gave them? The manna. 6. Whom did it represent? Christ, the bread of life.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The bread of life.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 28. THE COMMANDMENTS; OR, LOVE TOWARD GOD.

Exod. 20. 1-11. Commit to memory verses 3-11.

1. And God spake all these words, saying, 2. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6. And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work:

10. But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. Matt. 22. 37, 38.

## OUTLINE.

1. The One God, v. 1-3.
2. The Worship of God, v. 4-6.
3. The Name of God, v. 7.
4. The Day of God, v. 8-11.

TIME.—B. C. 1491.

PLACE.—Mount Sinai, in the Wilderness.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. Water from the rock at Rephidim. Exod. 17. 1-7. 2. Battle with the Amalekites. Exod. 17. 8-16. 3. Encampment before Mount Sinai. Exod. 19. 1, 13. 4. The glory of the Lord upon the mount. Exod. 19. 16-20.

EXPLANATIONS.—God spake—With his own voice, from Mount Sinai. Thy God—The God of all men, but in a special sense the God of the Israelites, whom he had led out of bondage. No other gods—There is no other God besides the Lord, but men have always shown themselves ready to find other objects of worship. Before me—Whatever is loved or sought in preference to God is held before him. Graven image—Meaning any kind of an image for worship. The sin is not in making images, but in making them for worship. Heaven above Sun, moon, or stars. Water under the earth—Rather, "the water below the level of the earth." Jealous God—One who demands all the service of men's hearts. Visiting the iniquity—Punishing sins. Fathers upon the children—Children always suffer for the wickedness of their parents, as the children of drunkards. God intends that men shall be afraid to sin, for their children's sakes, if not for their own. Unto thousands—"To the thousandth generation," that is forever. In vain—Swearing falsely or lightly. It does not forbid oaths taken before a magistrate. God's name should ever be spoken reverently. Sabbath day—The day of rest. Not do any work—That is, none but what is necessary. Thy cattle—All beasts of burden are here meant. Thy stranger—The traveller or foreigner who may be within the gates of the city. Six days—This may mean six creative periods.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. The One God, v. 1-3. Who spoke the words of this law? Where did he utter them? Deut. 5. 22. By what name did he call himself? How did he show himself to be the God of Israel?

What is the first commandment? Is there more than one God? 1 Cor. 8. 6. What is meant by "other gods"? How may we have other gods?

2. The Worship of God, v. 4-6. What is the second commandment? What does it forbid?

What is here said about the character of God?

In what respect is God jealous? [See Explanations.]

Upon whom does God visit iniquity, and how?

Upon whom does God show mercy? Who is it that loves God? John 14. 21.

3. The Name of God, v. 7. What is the third commandment? What is it to take God's name in vain?

What warning is given with this commandment? What did Christ say in Matt. 5. 34, 37?

How should we ever speak God's name?

4. The Day of God, v. 8-11. What is the fourth commandment? What does this commandment forbid?

How should the day be kept? Isa. 58. 13. Why was this day chosen?

What day is now kept as the Christian Sabbath?

Why was it chosen? Mark 16. 9.

What work may be done upon the Sabbath? How are the first four commandments summed up in the GOLDEN TEXT.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That we should serve God only?
2. That we should speak God's name reverently?
3. That we should keep God's day holy?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where were the ten commandments given? At Mount Sinai. 2. How were they given? By the voice of God. 3. What does the first commandment forbid? Serving other gods than the Lord. What does the second commandment forbid? Making and worshipping idols. 5. What does the third commandment forbid? Profane swearing. 6. What does the fourth commandment require? The keeping of the Sabbath.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Righteous toward God.

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