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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

No. 8

HAPPY ANYWHERE.

HERE are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty

UNCLE ARCHIE'S CANE.

BY M. E. W. S.

HAT is a very singular cane of yours, Uncle Archie," said Adrian, one day, as the former sat twirling a Malacca joint between his long white hands. "The eyes of that little dog follow me around wherever I go," continued the boy, looking at the cane.

"Yes, Adrian," said Uncle Archie, looking, himself, at the little dog's head which surmounted the cane. "They are queer, aren't they? They have followed me too, yes, nearly round the world, I may say."

The eyes of the little pug twinkled strangely at this. One of them was made of a carbuncle, and the other of an agate; and the expression was almost elfin.

Uncle Archie was the idol of this family of boys, Adrian, Giles, and Jim. He had travelled far and wide. He knew everybody and everything. He was generous and sympathetic and funny; and although he was old enough to be an uncle, he was still young enough to be a boy.

Better than all, Uncle Archie had been a sailor, had been shipwrecked, and had lived to tell the story. He knew that great monster, the sea, as

Adrian drew near to his uncle and took the cane from between his long white hands. "Do tell us the story of the cane, Uncle Archie," said he.

Archie himself, so without much urging Uncle Archie whistled for the other boys, who came tumbling around him to hear the story.

"I left that cane," said Uncle Archie, meditatively, "on board a barque at Carthagena, the *Martin W. Brett*, Captain Avery, one fine morning in June, 1862, and I found it October, 1863, in the harbour of Belize, Honduras, which is the smallest place in the world, in the cabin of the *Hammond*, Captain Talbot."

"How did it get there?" asked Jem.

"That's the story. It had been to Copenhagen; had changed hands twice; had been in New York; and I was led to it by a shipwreck."

"That sounds very improbable," said Giles.

It does not sound half so improbable as it was," said Uncle Archie, rolling the cane between his hands.

"Oh! do tell us about the shipwreck, Uncle Archie!" said all three at once.

"Well," said Uncle Archie, "it is a long yarn—but here goes. You see, I had been in South America a long time, and I was tired of it, although it was picturesque and tropical, and all that sort of thing, but I wanted to come home. So Bonito and I concluded to go down to Savarilla—Savarilla, which is at the mouth of the Magdalena River—and take passage on the brig *Eclipse* for home, which we did in October, 1863. (Now keep that date in your head if you want to remember about the cane.) Bonito was a Spanish Englishman, and very much of a fop. I remember that we went into a drugstore to get some few medicines, etc., for our voyage, and he pur-

chased all sorts of perfume and hair-oils.

"You're a pretty sailor!" said I.



THEIR CHANCES WERE AS GOOD AS OURS.

well as you know the inside of your pocket. He had laid his hand upon its mane when it was angry.

Uncle Archie could never refuse Adrian anything, he was a modest, courageous boy, full of truth, like Uncle

"Oh! I am sure I shall stick to this dirty floor!" said he picking his way on the somewhat adhesive planks of the drug-store.

"I could not help laughing as I thought of the delicate Bonito's future sufferings on the brig *Eclipse*. There was also a Swede, Ringstrom, a very different sort of man, who joined us. We three young men went aboard jolly enough, although the outlook was not very cheerful.

"We found that the captain of the *Eclipse* had died of yellow fever since we took our passage, and that the mate, Nickerson, was in command. He was not a strong-looking man, nor did we feel great confidence in his knowledge of this treacherous shore.

"However, we were determined to go, and so set off. The first six hours out showed us that our captain was inefficient and sick, and Ringstrom, who was very superstitious, came up to tell me that we were thirteen in all—captain, eight sailors, three passengers, and the black cook.

"A fatal number, Mr. Campbell," said the Swede, looking at me with cold blue eyes.

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Ringstrom," said I, "but I know these waters pretty well; and if you say so, I'll have a talk with the captain."

"I found Nickerson sick, stupid, obstinate, but not unwilling to listen to my description of the reefs which we must avoid. However, that night a soft, low, sighing wind came up that foretold a storm. We went to bed with heavy hearts. The next day there was a gale, and we went on, pitching terribly. The third day about midnight, the man at the wheel gave the alarm, and I jumped from my bunk to see a long white line of breakers under our lee. They looked like sea-monsters with angry white teeth ready to devour us.

"It seemed scarcely a minute before we were grating on the rocks and our masts were falling. Our brig was going all to pieces. We faced death that day and night with awful form.

"But, the first shock over, we seemed to have been beaten up high on the reef, beyond the heaving breakers, and to have time given to us perhaps to save our lives.

"Our large boat was stove in. We had but our little boat left.

"A raft! a raft!" said the Swede; "we must make a raft." In five minutes we were all at work at a raft. The breakers waited for us as we hastily roped spars, oars, everything together; and under the pressure of a heavy sea the ship parting more and more every minute, we finally got the raft in shape, and with a vigorous plunge and pull, put the boat on the raft; for if we had launched the boat, the hungry rocks and angry waves would have gnawed her to pieces at once. We had barely time to throw on the raft a bag of biscuits, and a barrel of water, which had unfortunately to be put into an old molasses cask. This made it bad from the very first. A sailor pitched in a small anchor and a piece of sail-cloth.

"Money!" said Bonito. "Take some money, Archie."

"And here I must pause to say that from the moment we struck, the fop had become a hero. Cheerful, courageous, thoughtful, we all noticed how helpful he was. But I did not think that his present suggestion was a good one. What should we want of money? Could we eat and drink doubloons!

The shining gold pieces for which I had been working so hard seemed to mock me with their uselessness.

"We shall want them if we ever land," said the pale Swede, Ringstrom.

"I hastily tied up a few of the gold pieces in a small bag and dropped them into the pocket of my coat, leaving by far the greater number on the table.

"We must draw lots, boys for the boat," said the captain, staggering toward us as a fresh sea swept over us.

"We all tumbled over the side of the ship, on to the raft, which carried us safely over the breakers into the smooth water. Then casting lots as to which should have the raft, we slid the boat off the raft, and the captain, Bonito, Ringstrom, the black cook and four sailors and myself got into her. Our poor comrades on the raft were never heard of again: when we last saw them their chances were as good as ours—their sufferings, perhaps, were shorter.

"We started for Jamaica, rowing. Now Jamaica was, according to my calculations, forty miles distant; but we soon found that we could do nothing that way, as the currents and winds were against us. The captain had grown very ill, and lay useless in the bottom of the boat. We were wet all the time; the sun was hot by day, and the nights were cold. Our bag of sea biscuit was wet through with sea water. Our barrel of molasses water had fermented. We suffered horribly from hunger, thirst and cramps. We put up an oar and nailed it in its place as well as we could, rigged up a sort of sail from the piece of sail-cloth one of the men had thrown in. So we sailed away before the wind. Three days and nights passed. We saw nothing save a clearer sky, for the storm had lulled.

"By this time we got used to our cramped position, to dreadful food and drink, and to each other. Bonito was the life of the boat. He was cheerful, lively, helpful, uncomplaining. The Swede was calm and unmoved, and helped me to keep the log on the fly-leaf of Blunt's *Coast Pilot*. We made our reckoning by the stars and sun; and our coloured cook, whom we called the doctor, showed remarkable talent for measuring distance. He was a sort of untaught Bowditch and navigator by instinct.

"The captain was soon joined in the bottom by another sick man, who groaned and raved with incipient fever. To ease his pains I one night took off my coat, and, wrapping it around my bag, gave it to him for a pillow. Our little company had elected me captain, and I doled out the miserable water and the soaked biscuit to each man. Not a word of grumbling. Indeed, what good would that have done in our narrow quarters?

"We were now approaching Honduras, and the great reef which runs along in a parallel line sixty miles from the coast was just before us. A dark, rough night, a flying surf, and a general gloom settled upon us. We had now been out nine days. The lookout at the bow could see nothing, and asked leave to come in and huddle with the rest of us, a permission which was granted hopelessly and sadly.

"When lo! a grating noise! the breakers—we had struck! and every man, by a sudden instinct, jumped into the water and held on to the boat. She beat over the reef—a tremendous thump. One knock more and she would have gone to pieces.

"Fortunately, our one sail was nailed to the mast. Could we have pulled it down we should have been lost; but now some power carried us over into smooth water. We scrambled into the boat, which shivered with our encounter with the rock, like a live creature.

"We anchored the boat and waited until morning, baled out the water with our tin pan, and believed ourselves to bear charmed lives.

"In the morning we saw an island, apparently about six miles off. We made our way thither as well as we could, to get food and water.

"When we reached the island, we pulled our boat ashore to find her very much damaged; her bottom looked like a nutmeg-grater.

"We sent the men up into the island to make discoveries. They found nothing but wild mangoes, and a few cocoanut trees, whose fruit afforded both food and drink. There were a few shell-fish, of which we eat sparingly, being afraid of them, and we had no means of cooking them.

"We now knew that we were across the great reef which guards Honduras; and entering our boat we set sail for the main shore.

"A trade-wind from the east helped us along, and we soon saw the mountains and the rock-bound coast of Honduras. But now came the difficulty of finding a landing. We had become famished for water. We must drink or die.

"Should we go north or south?

"We determined to go south. We coasted along another weary day. Hope began to die out, when lo! from behind a little inlet came out a long dug-out canoe, with one sail, manned by two little negroes just about the size of Jem and Giles. I have seen proud navies since; I have seen splendid men of war, I have seen great steamships; but I never saw any nautical craft look so handsome as that did!"

Here Uncle Archie paused. Perhaps the recollection affected him somewhat.

"We made for the dug-out, but the little fellows were afraid of us, and tried to get away. We had come from nowhere! we were pirates! we were everything that was dreadful—to them. However, we headed them off and caught them, and after a short explanation got from them the most precious of treasures, a jug of water. Then we made manifest one of the now useful doubloons, and asked them to take us to the nearest settlement. They spoke a broken patois of English and Spanish, and said that they came from Mullin's River, eighteen hours distant, and they finally took us into their dug-out, which seemed spacious after our boat.

"I shall never see any bit of scenery look so lovely as did Mullin's River, a pretty negro village with houses on piles, built at the mouth of a fresh river which emptied into the sea.

"Cocoanuts, palms, and all sorts of flowers, greeted us, and the dearest old negro *mauma*, who cooked for us, and gave us fresh sweet hammocks to sleep in.

"Land! land! what a good thing it is. Poor wretched objects that we were, not one of us could stand erect—we could only crawl. Even the negro boys almost cried when they saw what helpless and sorrowful creatures shipwreck had made of us.

"We had travelled, we found, one

thousand miles in that small, puny open boat!

"In all our pain and suffering I had not once seen that good fellow Bonito quail. He had shown the noblest self-devotion, the truest courage. The fop was a man, and a brave one; but safety overcame him, and the moment the dug-out reached the land, he cried and laughed like a baby.

"The Swede, Ringstrom, was calm and unmoved, but his strength was gone. He crawled to the negro cabin, and silently lay down on a pallet, from which he never rose again.

"I told you sir, that thirteen was an unlucky number," said he, as the next day, he calmly died.

"As for myself," said Uncle Archie, "I couldn't walk very well, but I got a good drink of water. The old negress gave us coffee and bread and eggs, but we could not eat much. Next day, however, we felt better.

"We slept in hammocks, and remained with those good negroes for three days. By that time we could walk and eat like men.

"We got the negroes to take us to Belize in the same dug-out which had saved our lives, and there we found an American consul who treated us very kindly, and who gave us a room in his house until we should find a vessel going home.

"Finally it was reported to us that the *Charles Hammond*, Captain Talbot, was in the harbour, and I took a small boat, and rowed out to see if he would take Bonito and myself to New York. The good captain asked me to come into his cabin; and just as I was sitting down, I looked up and saw—this cane.

"Yes, these eyes were looking at me, and my malacca joint and I, after the separation of a year and a half, after having each travelled some thousands of miles, met in one of the smallest places in the world, Belize.

"That's my cane," said I.

"I guess not," said the captain. "I got that from a man in New York, who said it was loaned to him by Capt. Avery, of the *Martin W. Brett*, of Copenhagen, one evening, and he forgot to return it, so brought it to New York. He handed it to me, and said if ever I saw Avery, I might give it back, as a passenger had left it with him at Carthage."

"Well, sir," said I, taking this old malacca in my hands, and looking into the pug's eyes, "this is my cane and I will prove it to you."

"So I whipped out this old weather-beaten diary, which I have carried for thirty years, and showed him this entry:

"*Carthage, June, 1862. Left my cane on the Martin W. Brett, Captain Avery. Wonder if I shall ever see it again!*"

"The captain smiled, and took up the cane once more.

"Do you know the pug's eye seemed to wink at him!

"Wal!" said the captain, "this feller seems as though he kinder recognized you. Guess you may take him!"

"This is a true story, boys, in every particular," added Uncle Archie.—*Wife Awake.*

For the distant still thou yearnest,
And behold the good so near,
If to use the good thou learnest
Thou wilt surely find it here.

CLEMENS OF ALEXANDRIA.

CLEMENS of Alexandria, sometimes called Alexandrinus, was one of the earliest hymn-writers. He is said to have been born at Athens, but was educated at Alexandria, where he was appointed bishop of the church about the year 190. He died in the year 217. He wrote commentaries on various parts of the Scriptures, and other prose works, which were much commended by Eusebius and Jerome. The following composed by him, is supposed to be the oldest Christian hymn extant. It is freely translated by an unknown author. It has been said of this hymn that "through all the images here so quaintly interwoven, like a stained window, of which the eye loses the design in the complication of colours, we may surely trace, as in quaint old letters on a scroll winding through all the mosaic of tints, 'Christ all in all!'"

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH.

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant king,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise!

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

Thou art the great High-priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None call on thee in vain;
Help thou didst not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be thou our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song!
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing!
Let all the holy throng
Who to thy Church belong
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our king!

THE CHIP THAT COULD TALK.



THE following anecdote, related by John Williams, the martyr Missionary to the South Sea Islands, will be new to many of our young readers. He was engaged one day hewing timber for a chapel, surrounded by many wondering natives. It was when thus employed that the incident occurred of which he thus tells in "Missionary Enterprise."

As I had come to the work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief and said to him, "Friend, take this; go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and

had been a great warrior, but in one of his battles he had lost an eye. Giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said,

"Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not, take it and go immediately; I am in haste."

He took it from me, and asked, "What must I say?" I replied, "You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish." With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood, and said:

"How can this speak? has it a mouth?" I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it.

On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the end of this mysterious business, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said: "Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply; "for it told me what he wanted. And all you have to do is to return with it as soon as possible."

With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, "See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!"

On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation I could, but it was to him such a mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck and wore it for some time. For several days after we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he told them of the wonders which this chip had performed.

Raratonga is now a Christian land. It has its churches and Christian schools, and is governed wisely and well, by "Isaia," a native chief. He never forgets, in his laws and plans for the good of his people, that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

"MY LADS, BE HONEST."

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that one of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying; he had his children around his death-bed. He said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest."

Be more cheerful, do not worry;
There is time enough to do
Every day the daily duties
That your Father sendeth you.
And to find some little moments
For heart-music fresh and new.

COARSE GIRLS.

BY MRS. ROBDINS.



THEY are everywhere. They confront us in the street, at the stations. They whisper in our ears in the concert hall. They indulge freely in peanuts, and laugh loudly at their own poor jokes in the cars. Even the lecture room and the church are not wholly free from them. They stare at us in the stores and jostle us on the walks. Apparently their chief amusement consists in ridiculing the mistakes or misfortunes of others. Alas, too, for the slang, used even by well-educated girls. In listening to a company at the present day, how puzzled poor Dr. Webster would be to recognize his own English. There are girls who would reprove their brothers for profanity, but who utter expressions nearly as forcible, and suggesting the same spirit. Are not these indications of bad breeding becoming more numerous? Does not the advance of Derby hats and ulsters tend a little to render girls louder in tone and less modest in demeanor?

Lately I chanced to see a party of girls on their daily ride to a school near Boston. Apparently they belonged to families of competence. They were bright girls, but so lacking in refinement. They forced their conversation upon all the occupants of the car. One in the questionable hat and ulster, with hands in pockets, walked through the train not omitting the smoking-car, seeking "Frank." We queried whether "Frank" would appreciate so pronounced an attention. It would have been gratifying to hear some allusion to study, some discussion of facts in natural history, new theories in philology, or the thousand bits of knowledge one could not fail to acquire in any New England school; but their remarks were wholly foreign to such grand subjects. If bad manners and shocking grammar were confined to girls whose daily struggle is to obtain the necessities of life I should have more charity. There is nothing degrading in measuring off ribbons and laces in the store, in plying the needle in tailor shops or dress-making establishments. There need be no lessening of fine perceptions in the life of the factory operative. It is never honest work that degrades. Still, in the lives of such busy ones there is less time for culture, for books, for all that ought to elevate. With these tired, tried specimens of womanhood I would only have great sympathy. For their more favored sisters, who would quickly resent any insinuation as to their not being ladies, but who are not ladylike, I have censure.

There is something beautiful, fascinating, even to their own sex, in a bright but modest girl, in one who does quietly the duty nearest her, never shrinking from the inevitable, never seeking publicity. Even a bad man respects such a character, and in the presence of pure girlhood restrains his vulgarity and profanity.

It only girls could realize the secret of their power! Seldom to the platform can they look for their greatest influence, or to any public life, but always to the home, where all good manners, all kind thoughts for others, are sure to carry sunshine.

Sympathy is the key to truth; we must love in order to appreciate.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY IN VERSE.

UNDER the title "President Garfield, September 6th, 1881," the London Spectator, of September 10th, prints, as its only poetical contribution, the following lines. September 6th, it will be remembered, was the day on which President Garfield was taken from Washington to Long Branch:—

The hush of the sick room; the muffled tread;
Fond questioning eye; mute lip, and listening ear;
Where wife and children watch 'twixt hope and fear,
A father's, husband's living-dying bed—
The hush of a great Nation, when its head
Lies stricken! So along the streets he's borne
Pale, thro' rank'd crowds, this grey September morn,
'Mid straining eyes, sad brows unbonneted,
And reverent speechlessness—a "people's voice!"
Nay, but a people's silence! thro' the soul
Of the wide world its subtler echoes roll,
O brother Nation! "England, for her part,
Is with thee! God willing, she whose heart
Throbb'd with thy pain, shall with thy joy rejoice.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

THE speed of birds offers great variety. When the flight does not exceed thirty miles an hour they are considered slow flyers. The speed of the swallow is computed at ninety miles, the hawk one hundred and fifty miles, while that of the swift is said to attain the astounding velocity of one hundred and eighty miles an hour. The endurance displayed by birds upon the wing is wonderful, and many instances are recorded which almost exceed belief. In the time of Henry IV. of France, there was a falcon which became famous in Europe by flying from Fontainebleau to Malta, 1,350 miles, in twenty-four hours. But, without going so far back we may on a summer's afternoon watch a flock of swallows for an hour without detecting the slightest interval of rest. Their skimming, busy, rapid wings never seem to tire. What strength of flight too, must be required in those annual migrations which bring the winter water fowl across the North Sea to England from Scandinavia, and the summer visitors, the nightingales and swallows from Southern Europe or Africa. Long feats of flight are performed by some others, such as the frigate or man-of-war bird which is sometimes found hunting for food in the Atlantic more than a thousand miles from shore. Yet it never seems to tire or to seek rest either on the surface of the sea or in the rigging of a ship, and it is not known to visit the land except at the return of the breeding season.

JAY COOK, whose disastrous failure in 1873 caused his name to be given to the panic started in that year, has regained a footing and is in a fair way to become once more wealthy. It is gratifying to know that all his debts have been paid conscientiously, and that his financial honor is restored.

The sin you now tremble at, if left to yourself, you will commit; therefore be humble, prayerful and watchful.

LICENSED—TO DO WHAT?

LICENSED to make a strong man weak;
Licensed to lay the wise man low;
Licensed a wife's fond heart to break.
And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbour harm;
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed thy neighbour's purse to drain,
And rob him of his very last;
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crown thy work at last!

Licensed, like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
To mock his struggles 'suck him dry;
Then cast the worthless hulk away!

Licensed where peace and quietness dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe,
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below!
—New York Observer.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

A THANKSGIVING S.S. MASS MEETING,
AND SOME LESSONS WHICH IT TEACHES.

A MASS-MEETING of the children attending the various Methodist Sunday Schools of Toronto, was held in Elm Street Church on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. About a quarter past two o'clock the children, attended by their teachers, commenced to arrive, and at half-past the hour for opening the meeting, the church was filled to overflowing by the little ones. The various schools had different portions of the church awarded to them. These portions were marked out by banners bearing the names of the schools. Fully four thousand children and adults in all gathered in the church. The pastor, Rev. S. J. Hunter, presided, and among those occupying seats around the pulpit were Rev. Drs. Sutherland and Hunter, Revs. Cochran, E. A. Telfer, E. R. Young, J. B. Clarkson, T. Keogh, I. Tovell, James Gray, and W. H. Withrow, and Aldermen Boustead and Lake.

The services were opened with the hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and this was followed by the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Rev. Mr. Cochran gave an interesting account of his missionary labours in Japan. His description of the manners, customs, and traditions of the Japanese, although but briefly touched upon, amused and interested his readers to a great extent. The address was followed by the hymn, "The morning light is breaking."

Rev. E. R. Young was the next speaker, and he delivered an eloquent address on the missionary work in the North-West. He told several anecdotes of the Indians, and also of their traditions. He described the Pagan and degraded state of the natives prior to the commencement of the missionary work, and then dwelt upon the present happy condition of those who were converted. In conclusion, he entertained and amused the children by an instructive description of travelling with dog-trains in the winter time.

The fine old-time missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was sung, and the chairman introduced Rev. E. Armstrong Telfer, of London, Eng. The latter said that he was very glad to see that the children were so happy, and that they were engaged in such a good work. He had always had a very warm regard for the missionary work. They should all pray for the conversion of the poor heathen. He exhorted the children to give themselves to the Lord, and had no doubt that if all would consecrate themselves to the Lord, many very good missionaries would be some day found among them. The address was interspersed with stories of the conversion of little children and amusing anecdotes. He concluded by asking them to give liberally when the collection plates were passed around.

Mr. Moore, of Yonge Street School, gave a description of the proposed method of collecting money for the missionary fund. The plan proposed was to have collectors among the scholars, who would collect from subscribers at the rate of two cents per week. As a means of encouraging these collectors, silver badges and honour rolls were to be given. This plan has been found to work very successfully in Yonge Street School, and during the last nine months the books showed an average of \$1.60 per scholar.

Alderman Boustead said that in the Metropolitan School, of which he was superintendent, they had no outside collectors. They wished to educate their scholars to give voluntarily for the love of the cause. The system adopted was to give each class a book in which the amount collected by each scholar was entered. Any pupil could give from one cent upwards. This system was found to work admirably, for during the year \$556 had been collected. The manner of giving they advocated was on the principle of the golden text of three Sabbaths ago, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." He thought if this system were universally adopted it would tend greatly to increase the funds of the Society. In conclusion, he requested all the teachers who would be in favour of an annual gathering of the schools, say about Christmas, to stand up.

Every teacher in the church arose, and it was decided to hold an annual gathering about the time named.

THE LESSONS OF THE MEETING.

One lesson is, if you want to get up a good missionary meeting, get the children and young folk interested. This was the most enthusiastic and largest missionary meeting we ever attended. Too often of late years, the week-night missionary meetings have been very poorly attended, and scarcely any young people have been present. Now, if the Sunday School will attend in a body and take part in the singing, we are sure the parents and older people will come too. Thus, too, will the children be led to take an interest in this grandest cause on earth, which shall grow with their growth, till as men and women they take their places in the Church, and carry on God's work in the world. One of the speakers expressed a hope that some of the children might become missionaries, and told how Dr. Carey when a boy gave himself to this cause, and became a great missionary pioneer.

Another thing is the importance of good singing. It was grand to hear these 4,000 youthful voices singing "Forward, Christian soldiers!" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Besides the grand organ, there was an orchestra of two key bugles, three violins, a flute, and a bass viol; more inspiring singing we never heard.

Again, get a returned missionary or two, if possible, for your missionary meeting. Those who have been face to face with heathenism, and who have incurred peril and privation in preaching the Gospel to Pagans, can narrate thrilling incidents, which those of us who stay at home cannot. These two honoured missionaries who were at this meeting cannot be at all the meetings in the country, but they have promised to write missionary sketches for PLEASANT HOURS, and thus all our schools may have the benefit of these addresses. We can promise a rich treat during the coming year in those missionary stories, some of which will be accompanied by missionary pictures.

Lastly, we learn the grand results of regular and systematic giving. We hope that the example of the Yorkville and Metropolitan, and other schools which adopt this plan will be extensively followed. Only one cent a week from each scholar in our schools—and every one can give that, and many can give much more—would be \$65,000 a year, or nearly four times as much as is now raised. Let every superintendent, teacher, and scholar take hold with new energy in this great work, and God will abundantly bless us.

WIDE AWAKE.

On the first and fifth pages of this number of PLEASANT HOURS we give specimen engravings and articles from that charming Juvenile Magazine, *Wide Awake*, which will contain the Required Reading of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union. It is a large 80 page Magazine, splendidly illustrated. The price is \$2.50 a year, but to any one subscribing for the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* it will be sent for \$1.50 a year.

CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

In answer to several enquiries, we would say that the clubbing arrangements whereby either *Harper's* or *Scribner's Magazine* can be offered with the

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for \$3, instead of \$4, the regular price, will be continued for the coming year. The price of the METHODIST MAGAZINE is \$2 a year; MAGAZINE and GUARDIAN, \$3.50; MAGAZINE, *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, \$5; MAGAZINE and GUARDIAN, and *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, \$6 50 full price, \$8.

The New York *Independent*, a large thirty-two page weekly, will be clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE, for \$2 to ministers, instead of \$3, the regular price; at \$2 50 to others.

A MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

AT a meeting in Toronto, a short time since, the Rev. E. R. Young, who has preached the gospel nearer the North Pole than any other Methodist Minister in the world, gave a graphic description of missionary life among the Indians, and related the following anecdote:—"One night while travelling with my Indian guides I sought lodging at the wigwam of a chief. I received as much hospitality as the poor savage could afford. We huddled around the fire and went to sleep. In the night the chief's dog crawled in under the skin curtain and lay down betwixt me and his master. The animal was quite an annoyance to me, and several times I quieted him with a rap of my left hand in the ribs. The dog slipped away bye-and-bye. The chief feeling uneasy from his cramped position, turned over and struck me accidentally. Believing it to be the dog again, I dealt a blow which took the Indian in the chest. In an instant he was standing over me with his gun muzzle close to my face and his hand playing on the trigger. He felt his sense of honour outraged by my supposed ingratitude. My life was in peril; by great presence of mind I remembered a talisman always potent with the savages there. I reached for my store-bag, which lay near, and placing a plug of tobacco on his hand, I caused the musket to be dropped like magic. After a mutual explanation the chief made ample apology, and all his people fawned around me in their expressions of respect. It is a recognized fact among these simple people that whoever touches one of them with tobacco is held to be sacred from all offences. This was the greatest jeopardy I ever fell in among them, and I consider my escape providential."

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

A MISSIONARY MOTTO.

DON'T think there is nothing For children to do,
Because they can't work like a man;
The harvest is great,
And the labourers few;
Then, children, do all that you can.
You think, if great riches
You had at command,
Your zeal should no weariness know;
You'd scatter your wealth
With a liberal hand,
And succour the children of woe.
But what if you've nought
But a penny to give?
Then give it, though scanty your store,
For those who give nothing
When little they have,
When wealthy will do little more.
It was not the offering
Of pomp and of power;
It was not the golden bequest—
Ah, no! 'twas the mite
From the hand of the poor,
That Jesus applauded and blessed.



SIGNING OF THE MAGNA CHARTA.

H. P. M. 1098

REQUIRED READING, C.Y.F.R.U.

from reading

THE GREAT CHARTER. ✓

BY HARRIET D. SLIDELL
MACKENZIE.



ANY pieces of old paper are worth their weight in gold. I will tell you of one that you could not buy for even so high a price as that. It is now in the British Museum, in London. It

is old and worn. It is more than six hundred and sixty-six years old. It is not easy to realize how old that is. Kings have been born and died, nations have grown up and have wasted away, during that long time. There was no America (so far as the people who lived at that time knew) when this old paper was written upon. America was not discovered for nearly three hundred years after it. A king wrote his name on this old paper, and though he had written his name on many other pieces of paper, and they are lost, this one was very carefully kept from harm, though once it fell into the hands of a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns, and at another time it was almost destroyed by fire.

Visitors go to look at it with great interest. They find it a shrivelled piece of paper, with the king's name and the great seal of England on it; but they know that it stands for English liberty, and means that—as the poet Thomson wrote, in the song "Rule Britannia"—"Britons never shall be slaves." It is called the "Magna Charta," which means simply the "Great Paper." There have been other great papers, and other papers that have been called "charters," but this one is known the world over as the "Great Paper."

As you look back into English history you will see that all the way along our ancestors have been striving with their might to be free. They were willing to have kings, but they wished to have them reasonable and not tyrannical. They had always to be on the watch; for every once in a while a king would arise who would try to take

away some right or privilege which they had gained.

One of the modes of trial by "ordeal" was to put the prisoner into the water, and if he floated, he was considered innocent, but if he drowned, he was thought to have been guilty! Now, I am sure that if I had to be tried in that way, I should think it very hard, for it would make me out guilty the first time, and there would be no chance for another trial. I have no doubt that the "ordeal" removed many bad men from England, but I fear it took some good ones too.

King John stands out among the sovereigns of England as one of the very worst. He was a bad son, and rebelled against his father, though his favourite child. He murdered his nephew, Arthur of Brittany, striking him down with his own hands, and then pushing him headlong into the river Seine, and he was one of those who betrayed his brother Richard into a long imprisonment in Germany.

As a king he was no better. From the beginning to the end of his reign he was false and cruel, and no one, not even the highest and noblest, was safe from fines and taxes of the most tyrannical kind. Their only hope was in giving bribes to the sovereign, who, you know, should have been their protector and not their tormentor. There is no country in Europe in which the people are now treated in this way, except Russia. One man actually was forced to pay for the privilege of eating his breakfast!

The great barons of England were many of them furious because they were treated in this way by the king, and joined in making a league by which they bound themselves to force the king to give them their rights. They waited until 1214. In that year, John called upon them to follow him to France to fight against the French king. They had started, but left him at a certain point in the journey, saying that the terms of their allegiance to him did not compel them to serve him more than forty days. John thought that he would conquer the French first, and then go home and subdue the rebellious barons; but he made a wrong reckoning. He was beaten by the

barons. The barons solemnly vowed to conquer or die.

After the battle of Bouvines, John returned to England. It was towards the end of October, and about the middle of the next month Langton called the barons together again, this time at Bury St. Edmunds, and they knelt at the altar of their old Saxon saint to swear anew to force the king to deal justly with the people.

When John heard what the barons had sworn to do, he fled to London and shut himself up in a place that he thought safe. The barons had drawn up a charter, and they followed him to London to show it to him. It was the sixth of January, and he thought it would be safe to say that he would grant the charter at Easter, for he felt sure that he could raise an army in the meanwhile large enough to beat Langton and all the barons.

When Easter arrived, the barons met at Stamford. There were two thousand knights, followed by their esquires. I should like to have seen them as they rode about, their armour glistening in the spring sun, their banners flying, and their chargers neighing as they snuffed the air, which must have seemed to be filled with the stimulus of freedom! They had the charter with them, and John, who was at Oxford, sent to see what it was like. When he found out its terms, he was wild with fury, and sent word that he would never sign a paper that would make him a slave. He thought that the king should be able to do what he pleased, and that the people had no rights that he was bound to respect.

John's answer roused the whole country, and the wretched king found himself powerless before the anger of the nation that he had wronged. He was powerless, however, and he said once more that he would sign the hated paper, though he did not speak of it in this way. He said instead, that he was ready and willing to grant the demands of his "loving subjects" whenever they should appoint the time and place. They appointed the fifteenth of June as the time, and the Meadow of Council, or Runnymede, as the place.

To this meadow, consecrated to freedom by ancient associations, which lies

French king, Philip II., at the battle of Bouvines, in 1214, and he was glad to escape with his life. It was one of the greatest battles of the time.

Archbishop Langton had already taken up the part of the liberties of the people, by warning the king against his arbitrary course, but John had told him, "Mind your Church, and leave me to govern the State." This had not restrained Langton, and he had pledged his support to the old Saxon laws with certain changes that had been made by the Nor-

off the Thames below Windsor, came John with a small train of twenty-four bishops and nobles in their armour and robes. Of this small number there were but two who really wished success to the king. The others were heart and soul on the side of the barons.

The king encamped on the left bank of the river, and men from each of the contracting parties met on a little island between the hosts. It was not a time for discussion, for the only arguments that would avail on either side were power and force, and the king had already given way to them. The king almost immediately took his pen and wrote his name on the charter, and said, that he did it on account of his pious regard for God, and his desire to benefit his people, though we know that he did not entertain any very pious motives at the time.

The Magna Charta was, as some one said, the great public act of the nation after it had realized that it was a nation,—the completion of a work for which they had been labouring for a hundred years. It has been the foundation of English liberty ever since.

It begins by saying that the king grants these rights to his subjects "for the health of his soul," which means, to save himself from losing his kingdom. The charter then proclaims the liberty of the church and the liberty of the people.

"No freeman," it says, "shall be seized, or imprisoned, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin; we will not go against any man, nor send against him, except by legal judgment of his peers.

"To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay right or justice.

"No scutage or aid—taxes—shall be imposed in our realm save by the Common Council."

But the best thing in the Magna Charta was that it protected the poor. It was declared that no man whose goods were forfeited should lose his means of making a living. The freeman was to keep his "contontment," or tools, the merchant his merchandise, and the villain, or serf, his "wainage"—his oxen, plough and waggon. Foreign merchants might travel in England, and sell and buy as they pleased; and the towns were to have and use "all their liberties and free customs."

So a council of twenty-four nobles was then chosen to watch this king whom no man could trust, and to make war upon him if he broke his compact.

After the charter was signed and sealed, it was published throughout England, and sworn to at every town. The barons rejoiced, and Robert Fitzwalter wrote letters calling upon the knights of England to come with arms and horses to a great tournament, at which the prize was to be a large she-bear.

During the rest of his life, only little more than a year, he tried in vain, by the help of the Pope's curse and by foreign soldiers' swords, to escape from these "over-kings," who would not suffer him to go back to his old habits of forcing money from Jews by pulling their teeth, carrying off and poisoning young girls, starving women and children, and crushing old priests under copes of lead. It was in a last attempt against his people's freedom that he saw his baggage, with the royal treasure, his crown, and the provision for his army, all swept away by a sudden rising of the tide. A few days later

he died in Newark, saying, "I commit my body to St. Wulstan and my soul to God,"—the God whose laws he had rebelled against for so many years.

His son, Henry III., was crowned soon afterwards, and immediately made to swear to maintain Magna Charta, which was from that time the foundation of English law. Thus was accomplished the great work of the English barons of the twelfth century. They had asked for nothing more than justice, and they were to be contented with nothing less.—*Wide Awake*.

MY REFUGE.

LET me fly to Jesus' arms!
Let me find a refuge there,
When the foe my soul alarms,
And would tempt me to despair;
I will trust the changeless love
That hath pledged itself to save;
Jesus! help me from above,
While life's beating storm I brave.

To Thy cross I lift mine eyes,
There in Thy dear wounds I see—
Though my sins before me rise—
That Thy death is life to me!
On this rock my soul shall rest,
No keen dart shall reach me here,
Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Thou wilt calm each rising fear.

Jesus! near Thy wounded side
Let me walk from day to day;
Ever with my soul abide,
While I tread life's stormy way;
When the evening shadows fall,
Fading into darksome night,
O be Thou my all in all,
Thou my everlasting light.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

FATHER will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother: "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never liked the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky. Thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand, and some bread in the other.

His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street; and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with light heart pursued his way to his father, and, leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance.

In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing

towns, almost supply the place of architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all round to see that everything was right; and then, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouted as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above—

"The rope! the rope!"

The men looked round, and, coiled upon the ground, lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been passed over the top of the chimney for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough or skillfully enough to reach the top of the chimney; or, if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father! He walked round and round the little circle on the dizzy height, scanning every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth farther and farther from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if, the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes, as he could hardly get his words out,—

"Mother, mother! he canna get down!" said Tom.

"Who, lad?—thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralysed; then, pressing her hands over her face as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of horror.

"He says he'll throw himself down!" exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He's going to throw himself down!"

"Thee munna do that, lad!" cried the wife, with a clear hopeful voice: "thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me Tom?"

The man made a sign of assent,—for it seemed as if he could not speak; and taking off his stocking unraveled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other?" cried she to her husband. The little thread was waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind; but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread.

"Now pull it up slowly!" cried she to her husband; and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped; the string had reached her husband.

"Now hold the string fast, and pull it up!" cried she; and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull; for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top.

"Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed the wife.

She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling, rejoiced. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right. But would her husband be able to make use of them? Would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with; as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know, that, as he waited there, the words came over him,—

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God."

She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband; and her heart turned to God, and rested on Him as on a rock.

There was a great shout.

"He's safe, mother!" he's safe!" cried little Tom.

"Thou'st saved me, Mary!" said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seemest more sorry than glad about it."

But Mary could not speak; and, if the strong arms of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground; the sudden joy after such great fear had overcome her.

"Tom," said his father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, and we will take her home."

And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for His great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not, indeed, a thanksgiving day?—*Sunday-School Magazine*.

The child is father of the man.

"THE GIRLS DID IT."



HAT is, transformed a home from rudeness to refinement. The parents had lived during their earlier years bent upon the sole aim of making money. They ordered their premises with entire reference to that attainment. If they bought it was upon the plan of adding something to their wealth; if they sold it was with the one thought that they could have so much to invest for further productiveness. Under such a plan it was impossible for the house to have any other air than that of a place of business or work, its character as a place of culture where the mind and higher nature should have higher enjoyment and expansion being left entirely out of sight; and the man and woman and even the little children, all seemed to grow up in sympathy with the rougher aspects of life, caring nothing for that which is beautiful and improving. But "the girls" grew up toward young womanhood and found themselves longing for something better than their home afforded them. They had hearts that were craving for intelligence, feeling, and congeniality with the better life around them. They grew tired of the simple hard toil and toil of money-making. Gradually, but surely, they began their work of reformation, and by the skillful management that they knew so well how to employ, they changed the whole life of the household. Its rigors began to relax. Books, newspapers, music, and other attractions had a gradual introduction, and flowers bloomed, and spread their fragrance about the doorway. The father and mother entered into a new life that thrust itself upon them, and though never, perhaps, blaming themselves for their earlier behaviour and experience, they were glad to acknowledge themselves happy amid the pleasures that had been brought them by their children. It was a noble mission nobly fulfilled.—*United Presbyterian*.

A SERMON BY A BIRD.

IT was preached to one. He was an atheist and a prodigal, in a far-off land. He was converted and tells the story himself. His parents left him property, which he wasted among the wicked, and then emigrated from New York to South America. One Lord's day he was out gunning and sat down weary; heard the screams of a bird as a serpent climbed to the nest and was interested in seeing its mate arrive just in time to put a twig of green leaves over the nestlings. The snake glided towards them, but the instant it saw the leaves, which no snake can approach, it shrank away as if hurt and disappeared. "Who taught this to the bird? None but Almighty God," came swift as thought through his mind. He could no longer deny or defy God, but became a follower of Jesus. Rev. Theron Brown repeats the story as given from the young man's lips. Like a bird rescued from the snarer, the prodigal was saved. How matchless the grace of our ever-watchful Heavenly Father!

"MY AIN COUNTRIE."

[A friend has handed us the following lines for publication, and we are sure that their great pathos and tender beauty will commend them to every Christian heart.]

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
oftenwhiles.
For the lauged-for hame-bringing an' my
Father's welcome smiles,
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do
see
The gowden gates o' Heaveh, an' my ain
Countrie!

The earth is flecked with flowers, many
tinted, fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father
made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will be
naething to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my
ain Countrie!

I've His gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King,
To His ain royal palace His banished
hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running o'er we
shall see
The King in His beauty in our ain Coun-
trie!

My sins have been mony, an' my sorrows
ha' been sair,
But there they'll nae mair vex me, naer
be remembered mair,
His bluid has made me white, His hand
shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me back at length to
my ain Countrie!

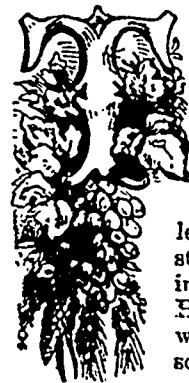
Like a batra to its mither, a wee birdie to
its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Sa-
viour's breast;
For He gathers in His bosom witless,
worthless lambs like me,
An' He carries them Himsel' to His ain
Countrie!

He is faithfu' that hath promised, He'll
surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready
aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain Coun-
trie!

So I'm watching, aye, an' singing, o' my
hame as I wait,
For the soun' o' His foot-fa' this side the
Gowden Gate.
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens
noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our
ain Countrie!

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.



HERE is no single building within the walls of Jerusalem which excites a more intense interest in the mind of the Christian traveler, as a theme for study. I was staying in Jerusalem during Holy Week, and was witness to the exciting scenes which then occur. Thousands of pilgrims came from afar, along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and interior cities, to attend on its ceremonies.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built ages ago by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It is supposed to cover the spot of our Saviour's interment, where his body was laid, and where he rose from the

dead. It is these sacred associations which impart to it such memorable interest. I was often in it, and examined its sacred spots with careful interest. A few steps within the spacious door of entrance is a long, flat, marble stone or slab, about six inches above the floor, called the Stone of Unction. On this stone, it is said, the body of our Saviour was laid, when taken down from the cross, and washed and anointed in preparation for the sepulchre. This is the first object that arrests the attention of the pilgrim, and here they prostrate themselves in succession, the old and the young, women and children, the rich man and the beggar, and all kiss the sacred stone. I saw very many bow to kiss the stone in humble reverence. The slab is of polished white marble, with a rim around it like a picture frame. All day long you see the pilgrims bow to kiss it.

This sacred place attracts annually, in Holy Week, 10,000, and sometimes 20,000 pilgrims, who come to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulchre. They go down also to bathe in the river Jordan. I witnessed the scenes of Holy Week, and the immense crowds which assembled on that occasion.

Under and around the lofty dome of the church are small chapels for the Syrians, Copts, and Maronites. But the Catholics, Armenians, and Greeks have spacious chapels, with high galleries running up to the dome. These are filled with crowds of people. I took a seat in the latter gallery, so as to see when the holy fire made its appearance, for every one lights his wax candle from the holy fire, which he believes has at that moment come down from heaven. I watched till I saw the holy fire come out from the circular window of the tomb or mausoleum, where the body of our Saviour was laid. In a few moments hundreds of wax candles were lighted, illuminating the whole space under the dome. It was the duty of the Greek Patriarch that year to receive the holy fire. I had met and talked with this man, and I wondered how he dared to offer such a pretence, and deceive the crowd of credulous pilgrims.

The rotunda of this immense church is nearly one hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by an imposing colonnade, supporting the galleries and the lofty dome. Beneath the skylight of this dome is a beautiful marble *edicula*, or little chapel, containing the alleged tomb in which the Lord of Life lay. I went into it. It is about twenty feet in length, and about ten in breadth, and twenty feet in height. All are required to take off their shoes, and go in bare-headed; it is holy ground. Near by you is shown the *Pillar of Flagellation*, to which they say Christ was bound when scourged. You are also shown the Mount of Crucifixion, on the "Rock Calvary," and near this is the Chapel of the Parting of the Garments, and the chapel where Christ was bound. They also show the stone which closed the door of the sepulchre, the stone which the angel rolled away and sat upon. These are only specimens of the sacred things and localities which are shown, to be believed or not. But within the precincts of this great church are undoubtedly spots of immeasurable interest.

The magnificent Church of the Holy Sepulchre was erected by order of Constantine, and remained about three hundred years. It was then destroyed by the Persian army, A.D. 614. It

was again destroyed by the Turks in A.D. 963; again in 1010; rebuilt in 1018. Again it was destroyed by fire in 1808, and rebuilt in 1810. In the fire of 1808 the lamps and chandeliers, with the other vessels of the church—brass, silver, and gold—were melted like wax. The molten lead from the immense dome of the church poured down in torrents, but the silk hangings and the paintings in the inner chapel escaped the fire and were preserved.

Many more things might be recounted in this sketch, but this will give you some impression of the magnificence of this famous church.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THIS is a question often asked and not always satisfactorily answered. For the ideas conveyed to different minds by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman who wears fine clothes, who does no work, who has an abundance of money and spends it freely. But in truth, though a gentleman may be rich, well-dressed, liberal, and have no need of toil, no one or all of these things give him any right to the name. But the man who is of kind and gentle demeanour to all, who is upright, candid, and truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and needs no bond to hold him faithful to his promises—this man is a gentleman, whether he be clad in broad-cloth or homespun; yes, even though he may be so poor that he has no means for prodigal giving, and is compelled by stern necessity to labor hard for daily bread. It is what he is, not what he has, that makes the true gentleman.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. BLANKS.—1. Read, reed. 2. Read, red. 3. Oar, o'er, ore. 4. Beer, bier. 5. Time, Thyme. 6. Heir, air.

II. ENIGMA.—Wine is a mocker, strong drunk is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs, xx. 1.

III. ACROSTIC.—

Babylon.
Immortality.
Barak.
Love.
Emerald.

NEW PUZZLES.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in buy, but not in sell;
My second is in sick, but not in well;
My third is in boy, but not in man;
My fourth is in could, but not in can;
My fifth is in set, but not in sit;
My whole is a book of Holy Writ.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 18 letters.
My 14, 15, 13, is a tree.
My 11, 8, 15, 4, 14, is sorrow.
My 6, 18, 1, is an abbreviation for a part of speech.
My 16, 10, 7, 2, 17, 3, is to preserve.
My 9, 5, 12, is a masculine.
My whole is a man of great fame.

WHEN you must rebuke wrong-doing, endeavour to do it with as much kindness as a due respect for virtue will justify.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARFIELD.



much interest in being taken in the life of General Garfield among your people, perhaps I may give to your readers some things not known in connection

with this great and good man. I have enjoyed his friendship the past fifteen years, and only know him to love him. He was the first Christian President that filled that chair, some of the others having been attendants upon public worship, but non-professors. In the pulpit he was as powerful as in the seat in Congress, and many are the jewels in his crown, representing those whom he has led to Christ. In all the cares of a public life he never neglected the family altar, nor church on the Sabbath. The Sabbath morning before he was shot he heard a sermon which affected him very much, and when in conversation with a friend during the afternoon he said: "What is all this world compared to the repose of the spirit in a man's body? There is where we are to look for peace that the conquest of the whole world will not give us. A man who keeps his soul free, and turns to his God in contemplation, frequently is the wise man." General Garfield, the *Spectator* remarks, was unknown here before his wound, except as a man who had risen from nothing, and who wished that public debts should be paid; but before he died it was recognised that the Union had elected a second President of the Lincoln type, a strong man with a conscience and a will; a man with a character firm and serious, though lit up by flashes of that humor, half kindly and half grim, which marks the best men of the West. Englishmen read with twitching lips how the President had asked, after one of his relapses, "How many more stations am I to stop at?"—leaving the terminus an open question—and how he had written that he must, in all acts, have first the approbation of James A. Garfield, for to eat, and drink, and sleep all through life with a man you disapproved was unendurable.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

OUR readers will gladly welcome the following lines written in a young girl's album by the lamented President when he was a young professor:

If the treasures of ocean were laid at my feet,
And its depths were all robbed of its coral and pearl,
And the diamonds were brought from the mountain's retreat,
And with them were placed all the wealth of the world—
Not silver, nor gold, nor the spoils of the sea,
Nor the garlands of fame that the world can bestow,
But a purified heart that from sin is made free,
I would journey for thee, friend, on thy journey below.

J. A. GARFIELD.

HIRAM, Jan. 8, 1857.

PRINCE BISMARCK the other day returned to a publishing house a book which had been sent to him with compliments. In a note he explained that German books printed in any other than the German form of letter will not be read by him.

A LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

BY M. H. W. TORONTO.

HI how I loathe this sad autumn weather!
Clouds that lower and winds that wail;
The rain and the leaves come down together,
And tell to each other a sorrowful tale.

The beauty of Summer, alas! has perished,
The ghosts of the flowers stand out in the rain
The fairy flowers that we fondly cherished,
But cherished, alas, in vain, in vain!

The wind it wails, it wails forever,
Like a soul in pain and in dread remorse,
Like a murderer vile, whose pain can never
Cease as he thinks of his victim's corpse.

For the Summer now on her bier is lying,
Lying silent and cold and dead!
And the sad rains weep and bewail her
Dying
Over her drear and lowly bed.

Pallid and wan she grew yet fairer
Than in richest wreaths of leafy green;
The hectic flush on her cheek was rarer
Than ever is seen in health, I ween.

Thus all things fair, as they fade, grow dearer,
Dearer and fairer till hope has fled;
We closer clasp, as the hour draws nearer,
That bears them forever away to the dead.

Through the grand old woods, a cathedral hoary,
The organ chant of the winds doth roll,
As if bearing aloft to the realms of glory
On its billows of sound her weary soul.

Through the long-drawn aisles the dirge is swelling,
Orate pro Anima—pray for her soul;
Now *Gloria in excelsis* swelling
In fountains of music its waves do roll.

The clouds like funeral curtains lower
Darkly and heavily round her grave,
And the trailing vines of the summer bower,
Like the plumes of a gloomy catafalque wave.

The fair young spruce, like a beautiful maiden
Heavily draped in weeds of woe—
A sorrowing soul—a nun, grief-laden,
Bears a dread weight at her heart, I know.

The dark-robed cypress, a gloomy friar,
Doth patter his prayers and count his beads;
The sorrowful cedar, a saintly prior,
Doth fold around him his mourning weeds.

The lofty pines toss their plumes so sadly,
And chant aloud their dirge of woe;
Now high and wild rise the notes, and madly
They wail and now are moaning low.

All nature grieves and weeps, bemoaning
The fair, for d Summer, forever fled,
And bends, in her sorrow inly groaning,
Over the bier of the early dead!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B. C. 1452.] LESSON X [Dec. 4.
BALAAM; or, THE DOUBLE-MINDED MAN.
Num. 24. 10-19 *Commit to memory vers 17-19.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. Jas. 1. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The King's Prophet, v. 10, 11.
2. The Lord's Prophecy, v. 12-19.

TIME.—B. C. 1452, a few months after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The land of Moab, east of Jordan and the Dead Sea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The conquest of

the Amorites and of Bashan. Num. 21. 11-35. 2. The encampment on the plains of Moab. Num. 22. 1-3. 3. Balak sends for Balaam. Num. 22. 2-4. 4. The curses turned into blessings. Num. 23. 1-24. 9.

EXPLANATIONS.—(On names of persons and place see Doceptive Index.) Balak's anger—He had supposed that Balaam could give blessings or curses upon whom he chose, and was angry when he found him blessing when he had sent for him to curse. Fleo thou—Go back to thy home in Mesopotamia. The Lord hath kept thee—Balak did not believe in the Lord as the God of all men, but only as the God of Israel. Spake I not—See Num. 22. 18. I cannot go—Balaam as God's prophet had no choice, but was compelled to deliver God's message. Advertise thee—Inform thee. This people—The Israelites. Thy people—The Moabites. Latter days—The prophecy not only extends to the time when Moab was conquered by David, 500 years after Balak's time, but reaches down to the time of Christ and his spiritual kingdom. Whose eyes are open—Open to knowledge of future events. In all this Balaam showed not his own desires, but the controlling power of God, who compelled him to foretell differently from what he would have chosen. I shall see him—Rather, "I see him, but not now; I behold him but not nigh;" a prediction of Christ's coming. Star out of Jacob—The star of Bethlehem, proclaiming Christ. Smo to the corners—"The two sides," is the exact translation. It implies that the one to come shall triumph over all opposition. The predictions in verses 17-19 were fulfilled partly in David's conquest of those lands, but completely in Christ's spiritual rule over all the earth.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. The King's Prophet, v. 10, 11.

What king is here named, and where did he reign? Num. 22. 4.

Who was his prophet?
In what sense was he King Balak's prophet? Num. 22. 5-7

For what purpose had he come?
Why was the king angry with him?
How did he show his anger?
What character is mentioned in the GOLDEN TEXT?

How did this character apply to Balaam?
[ANS. He wanted to serve God, yet obtain Balak's honor and money.]

What is said about him in 2 Per. 2. 15?
[Read carefully his history in Num. 22. 23, and 24, and see how "unstable" and fickle was his character.]

What was his end? Num. 31. 8.

2. The Lord's Prophecy, v. 12-19.

How did Balaam answer Balak?
When had Balaam said this before? Num. 22. 18.

Did this show that Balaam was obedient in heart to God's will?

What did it show? [See Explanations.]
What did Balaam prophesy in v. 17?

To whom did this prophecy refer?
When would the prophet see him? Rev. 1. 7.

What is said in Job 19. 23-27?
What star is here meant? (See Matt. 2. 2; Rev. 22. 16.)

What were Balaam's predictions concerning the conquests of Israel?

In whom are all those prophecies fulfilled? Dan. 7. 13, 14.

Whose kingdom is here meant? May we belong to this kingdom?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the double-minded are apt to fail?
2. That man cannot resist God's power?
3. That Christ shall conquer all his foes?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

(For the entire school.) 1. Who was Balaam? A prophet of Mesopotamia. 2. Who sent for him? Balak the king of Moab. 3. What did he wish Balaam to do? To curse Israel. 4. What did God compel Balaam to do? To bless Israel. 5. What did he foretell? The triumph of God's people.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. Prophetic inspiration.

B. C. 1451.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 11.

LAST DAYS OF MOSES; or, NUMBERED DAYS.
Deut. 32. 44-52. *Commit to memory vers. 46, 47.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Psa 90. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Last Words, v. 44-47.
2. Last Hours, v. 48-52.

TIME.—B. C. 1451.

PLACE.—The camp of Israel in the plains of Moab, opposite Jericho and Mount Nebo, near the north eastern shores of the Dead Sea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The iniquity of Israel with the Moabites. Num. 25. 2. The vengeance upon Midian. Num. 31. 3. The inheritance of the two tribes and a half. Num. 32. 4. The last words of Moses, Deut. 32. 1-43.

EXPLANATIONS.—This song—The farewell ode, contained in Deut. 33. Hoshea—Also called Joshua, Moses' successor in leading the Israelites. Set your hearts—Be fixed in purpose of obedience. Your life—Long life, both to individuals and nations, depended upon keeping the law. The land—Canaan or Palastine. Overagamat Jericho—Opposite Jericho, across Jordan. Gathered unto thy people—That is, among the dead. Treasured—In disobeying God's command to speak to the rock, instead of striking it. Sanctified me not—In not giving to God the glory of the miracle. Num. 20. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. Last Words, v. 44-47.

What song is here referred to?
When was it delivered, and to whom?
Who was with Moses in giving it?
By what other name is "Hoshea" known? Exod. 33. 11.

What did Joshua do after the death of Moses? Duet. 34. 9.

What command did Moses give to the people? In what respect is the law our life? Lev. 18. 5.

What and is here referred to?
What is the promise and the command in Duet. 5. 1?

What is the exhortation of the GOLDEN TEXT?

2. Last Hours, 48-52.

When did God speak to Moses? How old was he at this time? Duet. 34. 7.

What did God command him to do?
Where was this mountain?
By what other name was it called? Duet. 34. 1.

What did Moses see from this mountain? Duet. 34. 1-3.

For what other purpose was Moses to ascend the mountain?

What happened to him there? Duet. 34. 5.

What is the warning of Duet. 32. 29?
Why was not Moses permitted to enter the land of promise?

What was the sin of Moses? Num. 20. 8-12.

What is said of the character and greatness of Moses in Duet. 34. 10.

Whereto is our privilege greater than his? Matt. 11. 11.

Where was Moses buried? Duet. 34. 6.

When was Moses seen again on the earth? Matt. 17. 3.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That obedience to God gives long life?
2. That one sin causes the loss of great blessings?
3. That God calls his saints home to heaven?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

(For the entire school.) 1. How far did Moses lead the children of Israel? To the border of Canaan. 2. Why could he not enter the land? Because he had sinned. 3. What was he permitted to do? To look upon the promised land. 4. From what place did he look upon the land? From Mount Nebo or Pisgab. 5. What was the end of Moses? He died in the Mount. 6. What was his age? One hundred and twenty years.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—God's requirement of obedience.

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