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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6 1886.

No. 3.

## FROZEN OUT.

THESE poor little birds seem almost frozen to death, don't they? See how languidly they peep out of their half-closed eyes. The very severe winter weather is sometimes fatal to the dear little fellows. Just outside of my window a number come to pick the berries of the Virginia creeper. But when these and everything else are frozen hard, I hope my young readers will scatter some grain or bread-crumbs for these little feathered friends of ours—they will be very grateful, I assure you. Remember,

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

## WHAT ALICE DID.

A GENTLEMAN was standing one morning on the platform of a railway depot in New York, holding by the hand a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of a measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians of the city. He had committed a crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would

or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her quickly up and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he had heard them, and their echo with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed in beside him in his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentle and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from that what all had expected to see.

"It's a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she said that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and his broke my hard heart."

You see how easy a thing it is to work for Jesus. Surely any one of you may show you are "of God," in some such simple way as that in which Alice gave proof that the Master's hand had touched her heart.

## ONE BLACK DROP.

ONE black drop, only one, but what a tinge it has given that water! Spreading to every other drop in its neighborhood, it has clouded the whole mass.

That is the way with a thought that is not pure. It affects the desires, and there follows the wish to do the impure thing. It reaches the will, and there follows the deed. Then how the recollection of it clouds the hour when one prays, the hour when the Bible is read and God's house visited, the hour of solitary study, or of intercourse with friends.

Look out for this evil. How? A man says of the water obscured by the black drop, "I will expel this dark cloud." Stop. Let him go farther



FROZEN OUT.

have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them,

sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man, and said earnestly:

and God's house visited, the hour of solitary study, or of intercourse with friends. Look out for this evil. How? A man says of the water obscured by the black drop, "I will expel this dark cloud." Stop. Let him go farther

back, and not admit that drop in the first place. That impure desire, don't gratify it. That impure book, put a hundred feet between it and you as quickly as possible. Who will promise in this one thing to look not, touch not? That promise will make a memory of sunshine for you.

#### THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged in-h deep with pearl.

From sheds new roof'd with Carara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff sails were softened to swan's down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us below.

Again I look'd at the snow fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the grating patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

#### STUTTERING WILLIE.

WILLIE DAVIS came home after his first day in school, laid his books on the table, flung his hat on a peg, threw himself at his mother's feet and, big boy that he was, burst into a passion of tears. Mrs. Davis gently smoothed his hair, and let him cry until his grief had partly spent itself. Then she found out the trouble. She had not sent Willie to school as young as she would have done if he had been like other boys. He stammered in his speech. He was sensitive on that subject, and the first real trial of his life came to him that afternoon when, as school closed, he overheard one of a group of boys mimicking him, and another call him "Stuttering Willie."

This boy's mother was a true Christian woman. She not only stood in the great congregation and sang

O, what peace we often forfeit,  
O, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer,

but she did literally go with every trial and temptation to the great Burden-bearer. So, now, as she had often done before in secret, she knelt, with her selected son and commended him to the care of her Heavenly Father, and especially asked that he might be cured of his stammering.

The next morning, before breakfast, Mrs. Davis came down-stairs earlier than usual, and picked up the morning

paper. After a few moments she called, "Willie, come here," and then she read aloud:

"The worst cases of stuttering cured in ten minutes without a surgical operation. Good references given. Prof. Blank, 220 State Street."

Fortunately Willie's mother, though a widow, was in circumstances to be able easily to afford to pay the large sum needed to relieve her boy of the trouble which had threatened to blight his life. They went that very day to the famous professor.

Willie looked him the moment he saw him. He had such a cheerful way with him.

"So you have been bothered with that little difficulty," he said, taking a Bible from the table and opening it at Psa. xxxvii: "Well you will never have any more trouble after you leave me if you will do as I tell you. Read the first verse of this psalm, and mark the time as you read, just as you would do if you were singing. At every syllable, as you read, strike your finger on your knee."

William began and read, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers."

He smiled, then, at his mother, thinking how he had wept the day before at the taunts of the boys. When he had read in this way four verses, the Professor said:

"Read the fifth verse, and beat time at every word by hitting your thumb against your fore-finger."

And so Willie read: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass," and his mother wondered if he remembered how they had knelt and prayed for the very good which was now being given to him.

A little later the Professor said: "Now, read the twenty-third verse, and beat the time as you say each word by moving your big toe."

Willie laughed so he could hardly begin, but presently read: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way."

And before the ten minutes were ended he found that in beating time and talking he could speak as rapidly and fluently as any one.

This was some years ago. Willie is a young man now. He is preparing for the ministry. He preached his first sermon from the fourth verse of that thirty-seventh Psalm: "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart."

#### I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa, "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man, who is now in heaven.

Now you see what you have to give to God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands, and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself:

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and he is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to him, you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent: she did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will not allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go; and if you give him your eyes, you will never, never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at, if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw, and all she heard, to remember—"I am not my own."

#### WHAT WILL YOU ANSWER?

ALL of the boys and girls I have ever seen think a deal about how they are going to look and what they are going to do when they are grown men and women. Do you? If I could show you pictures of how you will look then, how many of you would like to see them? How many of you have seen pictures of yourselves when you were very little children? Do you think that pretty little children always grow up to be either lovely women or noble-looking men?

There are drunkards in nearly every community. Do you think they were ever some mother's darling—bright-eyed, sweet-faced, innocent? How do their eyes look now? King Solomon, in the Bible, asks, "Who hath redness of eyes?" What will you answer? Instead of being sweet-faced and innocent, what do drunkards often have upon their faces? Cuts and bruises. If they had done right would those wounds be there? King Solomon asks, "Who hath wounds without cause?" What will you answer? How many of you have ever heard the foolish talk of drunkards? Do any of you know what King Solomon called it?

He asks, "Who hath babbling?" What will you answer?

Are drunkards usually kind and gentle, or are they "full of fight?" King Solomon asks, "Who hath contentions?" What will you answer? Do you think a drunkard is happy-hearted or full of sorrow? I want to tell you a story of one drunkard's sorrow, and perhaps you will know of others that you can tell afterwards.

Once a man killed his wife. He was so drunk he did not know anything about it. The police shut him up in prison. He was so drunk he did not know anything about that either. After a while his drunken fit went off, and he looked about him, wondering where he was, the place looked so strange. He asked the jailer, "Where am I?" He answered, "In prison." "What for?" "For murder." "Does my wife know anything about it?" asked the terror-stricken man. "You have murdered her." Hearing this, the man became a maniac.

King Solomon asked, "Who hath sorrow?" What will you answer?

Can you think of anything that would be worse for the drunkard than of the things we have named? Not to get to heaven!

Listen to what the Bible says about this: "Neither thieves nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God." King Solomon asks, "Who hath woe?" What will you answer?—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

#### KING SOLOMON AND THE BLACKSMITH.

THE blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned the distinction:

The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"  
"A carpenter."  
"And who makes your tools?"  
"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said:  
"What is your trade?"  
And the reply was:  
"A mason."  
"And who makes your tools?"  
"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stone cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man whom King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, and seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the king.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"  
"Make 'em myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

BOB'S VALENTINE.

It had such fun on Valentine's Day  
With the little girls who live over  
the way!

Teddy and I, and Jed and Joe,  
Picked out the prettiest girls, you know,  
And wrote 'em things about "Violots blue,  
And sugar is sweet, and so are you."  
And only that Bobby said it was mean,  
I wanted to write, "The grass is green,  
And so are you," and send it out  
To a girl we fellows don't care about.

But Bobby he's queer, and doesn't go  
For fun like the rest of us chaps, you know.  
Why who do you think he chose to be  
His Valentinus? Now, if I'd been he,  
I'd rather have chosen—Never mind;  
I'll tell you about it, and you will find  
That if ever you want a fellow that's queer,  
You'll get him in Bobby, never you fear.

You see, we boys we had all picked out,  
As I told you, the prettiest girls about.  
But Bob he said there wasn't a girl  
As pretty as his, and there wasn't a curl  
On any girl's head that could half compare  
With his chosen Valentine's soft, fine hair,  
And he said her eyes were a whole lot bluer  
Than any skies, and double the truer,  
And that he was going to be her knight,  
And take care of her always with main and  
might.

He wouldn't tell us his Valentine's name  
Till the regular day for Valentines came,  
And mamma had hers, and vistor, you know  
(Of course from papa and sister's beau.)  
Then Bob he told us to come ahead,  
And he'd prove the truth of all he had said.  
And where do you think he took us boys?  
Hushing us up at the leastest noise,  
And making us promise not to laugh,  
Nor quiz him, nor give him any chuff?  
Why, he opened grandmamma's door. "See  
there!"  
He said.

It was grandmamma, I declare!  
Grandmamma sitting and knitting away,  
Sweet grandmamma with her hair so gray,  
Lying all soft on her forehead in curls  
Just as pretty as any girl's.  
And I never had noticed before how blue  
Were grandmamma's eyes. It was really  
true,  
As Bobby had said, that there never were  
skies  
One bit bluer than grandmamma's eyes.

So she was his Valentine, he was her knight,  
And somehow we all thought Bobby was  
right  
When he kissed her hand, and cried, in glee,  
"Dear grandma's the 'prettiest girl,' you see;  
Of course I chose her instead of mamma,  
For she, you know, belongs to papa.  
But grandpa's in heaven, and so I knew  
That grandma must be my Valentine true."  
—Mary D. Brine.

KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

LITTLE Bertie Blinn had just finished  
his dinner. He was in the cosy  
library, keeping still for a few minutes  
after eating, according to his mother's  
rule. She got it from the family  
doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie  
was sitting in his own rocking-chair,  
before the pleasant grate fire. He had  
in his hand two fine apples—a rich red  
and a green. His father sat at a win-  
dow reading a newspaper. Presently  
he heard the child say, "Thank you,  
little master." Dropping his paper,  
he said: "I thought we were alone,  
Bertie. Who was here just now?"  
"Nobody, papa, only you and I."  
"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank  
you, little master?'"  
The child did not answer at first,  
but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he  
said, "I'm afraid you will laugh at me  
if I tell you, papa."  
"Well, you have just laughed; and  
why mayn't I?"  
"But I mean you'll make fun of  
me."  
"No, I won't make fun of you; but  
perhaps I'll have fun with you. That  
will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had  
eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat  
the green one too. Just then I re-  
membered something I'd learned at  
school about eating, and I thought that  
one big apple was enough. My  
stomach will be glad if I don't give it  
the green one to grind. It seemed to  
me for a minute just as if it said to  
me, 'Thank you, little master;' but I  
know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it that Miss Mc-  
Laren has been teaching you about  
eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to  
give our stomach too much food to  
grind. If we do, she says, it will make  
bad blood, that will run up into our  
brains, and make them dull and stupid,  
so that we can't get our lessons well,  
and perhaps give us headaches too. If  
we give our stomachs just enough  
work to do, they will give us pure,  
lively blood, that will make us feel  
bright and cheerful in school. Miss  
McLaren says that sometimes, when  
she eats too much of something that  
she likes very much, it seems almost as  
if her stomach moaned and complained;  
but when she denies herself, and doesn't  
eat too much, it seems as if it was  
thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the  
minister's, Bertie. What more did  
Miss McLaren tell you about this  
matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day  
about keeping the soul on top. That  
wasn't just the word, but it's what it  
meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly  
right up before his face. When, in a  
minute, it dropped down, there wasn't  
any laugh on his face as he said:  
"Weren't these the words, 'I keep my  
body under'?"

"O yes! that was it; but it means  
just the same. If I keep my body  
under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep  
your soul on top, and you'll belong to  
the grandest style of man that walks  
on the earth."

Bertie put on his coat and cap, and  
went away to school. His father took  
up the apple he had left behind on the  
table, and put it in his pocket. On  
his way home late in the afternoon, he  
called at Miss McLaren's boarding-  
house. He gave her the apple, and  
told her all that Bertie had said.

She could not eat the apple. She  
wrapped it in rose-coloured tissue-  
paper, and laid it in the drawer where  
she kept her dainty laces and nicest  
things. She had worked hard in  
school that day, and was very tired.  
At night, when her head was resting  
on its pillow, the moon looked in  
through the window and saw tears of  
joy dropping on it from a sweet face.  
—Well Spring.

"PAYING OFF MOTHER."

"Mother," said a little black-eyed  
boy of six years, "when you get old,  
and want some one to read to you, I  
will pay you off."

Little Alexander's mother had been  
in the habit of reading to him a good  
deal, and on this Sabbath day she read  
to him a long time out of the Bible  
and a Sabbath-school book. The child  
was just able to read, himself, and the  
progress he was making doubtless sug-  
gested to him how he might at some  
future time return all his mother's  
care.

"I will pay you off, mother," said

he, looking up into her face with  
childish satisfaction, as if a new  
thought from heaven had been sent  
down to light up the little world of  
soul. His mother pressed him to her  
heart with a delight that seemed to  
say, "My son, I am more than paid  
off already."

But, children, you can never pay off  
your mother. Her thoughts of love  
and acts of affection are more in num-  
ber than the days of life. How often  
has she nourished you, dressed you,  
kissed you, rocked you on her knee  
and in the cradle, carried you in her  
tender arms, watched over you in  
sleep, guided your infant steps, cor-  
rected at times your misdemeanors,  
thought of you in absence, and guarded  
your life in the unvarying remem-  
brance of a mother's solicitude, and the  
free-will offerings of a mother's devo-  
tion! Ah, dear children, you can  
never "pay off your mothers."

Mother has taught you to read and  
pray. She has patiently sat by you  
and taught you the letters of the  
alphabet, and then she helped you to  
put them together and spell words of  
thought. She taught you to know  
God. Before you could read, she  
taught you to say, "Our Father which  
art in heaven." Mother has trained  
you with lessons and hymns and  
prayers to come to Christ. She has  
prayed for you when none but God  
knew it, and has prayed with you  
when your wandering eyes understood  
not the meaning of her grave and im-  
ploring looks. She pointed you to  
heaven, and "led the way." Dear  
children, you can never "pay off your  
mothers."—Selected.

HOW TO READ.

BY REV. JOHN ALONZO FISHER.

READ with attention. Were you  
never roused from a reverie to find that  
while your eyes had been following the  
lines of the printed page, your wits had  
been wool-gathering, and that if your  
life had depended upon it, you could  
not have told what you had been reading  
about? Such reading is worse than  
profitless; for it lessens the power of  
attention, the one power that, more  
than any other, distinguishes the suc-  
cessful from the unsuccessful student.

Take notes. This will compel atten-  
tion; for one cannot make a synopsis  
of what is but vaguely apprehended.  
The practice of taking notes develops  
the analytical powers, trains the mind to  
discriminate between the vital and the  
unessential points of an article or a  
book, fastens the new facts or thoughts  
upon the memory, facilitates review and  
makes available the results of one's  
reading. Cuttings or "scraps" of  
book paper may be bought for a song  
at any printing office and mounted up in  
paste-board tablets of convenient size.  
Such paper is used by economical  
authors in the preparation of their manu-  
scripts.

If the book that you are reading is  
your own, underline choice passages,  
add pencil notes in the margin, and  
opposite paragraphs whose statements  
you question, put impertinent interro-  
gation points. Such marks will invite  
you to a review of the book, and will  
greatly enhance its interest to others  
who may read it. To such readers, the  
glimpses into your mind afforded by  
critical pencil notes in the margin, will  
make the perusal of the book seem  
almost like reading in the compani-  
ship of a thoughtful friend. It sumo-

times happens that an author's  
statements may be corrected or made  
more intelligible. The reader should  
not hesitate to perform that friendly  
service for subsequent readers. The  
Rev. Joseph Cook marks with one,  
two and three lines in the outer margin,  
passages that he approves, and in a like  
manner he marks, on the inner margin,  
passages he disapproves. Mr. Cook  
advises readers to follow his example,  
marking the sentences marked  
with three lines in the outer margin.  
Review again and again all that you  
wish to make your own.

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

THINK it no excuse, boys,  
Merging into men,  
That you do a wrong act  
Only now and then.  
Better to be careful  
As you go along,  
If you would be manly,  
Capable and strong!

Many a wrot-hed sot, boys,  
That one daily meets,  
Drinking from the beer kegs,  
Living in the streets,  
Or at best in quarters  
Worse than any pen,  
Once was dressed in broadcloth,  
Drinking now and then.

When you have a habit  
That is wrong you know,  
Knock it off at once, lads,  
With a sudden blow.  
Think it no excuse, boys,  
Merging into men,  
That you do a wrong act  
Only now and then.  
—Youth's Temperance Banner.

WHAT A VERSE CAN DO.

A LITTLE boy came to one of our city  
missionaries, and holding out a dirty  
and well-worn bit of printed paper,  
said, "Please, sir, father sent me to  
get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the mission-  
ary unfolded it, and found it was a  
page containing that beautiful hymn,  
of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou didst not come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

The missionary looked down with  
interest into the face earnestly up-  
turned to him, and asked the little  
boy where he got it, and why he  
wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in  
sister's pocket after she died; and she  
used to sing it all the time when she  
was sick, and loved it so much that  
father wanted to get a clean one to put  
in a frame to hang it up. Won't you  
give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn  
on it, had been cast upon the air like  
a fallen leaf, by Christian hands,  
humbly hoping to do some possible  
good. In some little mission Sunday-  
school, probably this poor girl had  
thoughtlessly received it, afterward to  
find it, we hope, the gospel of her  
salvation. Could she, in any proba-  
bility, have gone down into death  
sweetly singing that hymn of peni-  
tence and faith in Jesus to her latest  
breath, without the saving knowledge  
of him, which the Holy Spirit alone  
imparts

LAST December little George saw  
a snow-storm for the first time.  
"Mamma! mamma!" he called out  
from the window, "bring a big pan!  
It's raining popcorn!"



## "HOME."

THE sweetest word on earth is "home,"  
To loving hearts most dear;  
Where'er our footsteps seek to roam,  
Home thoughts are ever near  
The memories sweet of life's spring-day  
Keep fresh and green forever,  
Like fragrant flowers they scent the way  
A-down life's winding river.

Our home may be where mountains rise  
Like dark green clouds to heaven;  
Or where the valley lily lies,  
Our humble lot be given,  
Or on an island of the sea  
Oft by the tempest tost  
No matter where our home may be,  
To each that home is blest.

The strongest love within man's breast,  
Is love of life and home;  
Like fledglings hovering round their nest,  
Our thoughts encircle home.  
Our years may reach three-score and ten  
And full of changes be,  
Yet scenes of home will haunt us then  
When life was pure and free.

Where love hath cast her golden spell,  
And kindest deeds are done,  
Where loving hearts unite to dwell,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun,  
Then cherish home with jealous care,  
And let not strife prevail,  
Thus for our "heavenly home" prepare,  
Secure within the veil.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

Is one of England's famous naval battles, Lord Nelson ran up to the masthead of his flag-ship the signal, "England expects every man to do his duty!" The message went like an electric shock through the fleet. Every officer and sailor, every gunner and powder-monkey fought as if upon him depended the fortunes of the day, and it has thrilled thousands of hearts from that day to this. Now, in like spirit, we run up to topmast the flag, asking for the missions of Canadian Methodism \$250,000 for 1886. And if each teacher and scholar work as if

he felt that upon him depended success or failure, that sum shall be reached, and a great moral victory achieved.

## A NOVEL MISSIONARY REPORT.

Sunday, October 17, was an eventful day with the Methodist church at Danbury, Conn. The pastor, the Rev. J. W. Barnhart, had appointed this day for the annual missionary collection, and had by earnest appeals prepared the people for it. Chaplain M'Case was present all day, preaching morning and evening, and at the two services, which were largely attended, \$650 was pledged amid much enthusiasm. At 12.30 the Sabbath-school met, and a novel service began. In the month of May the superintendent, J. W. Osmun, gave out to 90 of the members of the school small packages of seed corn, donated by J. H. Ives, seedsman, the seed to be planted and the product to be sold, the money to go toward helping the cause of missions. On this occasion the corn was brought in during a special service prepared for the day. As each name was called the corn was brought forward and placed within the altar rail, until over six bushels of splendid corn was piled up and two large stacks placed at either end of the platform. Some had lost their seed after planting through fowls and birds, and they brought their return in money. A spirit of enthusiasm prevailed, and at the conclusion Chaplain M'Case addressed the school, and, catching the spirit of the day claimed some of the corn to send out among the farmers in the West, and thus a larger crop be harvested for missions. It was decided to donate two bushels for this purpose, and to distribute the rest among the scholars next year to plant again and a larger crop be raised. Three hundred and fifty dollars was pledged by the school, making the total collections for the day \$1,000.

## THE YOKOHAMA HEN.

"Papa," shouted a little fellow, "that Yokohama hen is going to set again!" The boy's papa was talking to Elder Swindells, of the Philadelphia Conference, as they sat upon the piazza. The Elder inquired into the history of that hen. She had hatched already a brood of eleven chickens, which had been raised and sold, and all the money put into the missionary treasury. And as the boy came running up with the glad news that there was to be another increase, the Elder, who is trying so hard to bring his district up to the million-dollar line, could not help saying: "O for ten thousand missionary hens to help us through, and ten thousand boys like that to trumpet their worthy deeds!"

The Christmas number of the St. John's, Newfoundland, *Evening Telegram*, is a handsomely printed and well illustrated number of 28 pages, full of local sketches and Christmas stories. Among other interesting contents we notice an excellent sketch of Methodism in Newfoundland, by the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, with an engraving of the handsome George Street Methodist Church.

The Lavender Sabbath-school acknowledgment, with many thanks, the New Year's present of twelve copies of *Happy Days*, sent to it free for one year, by John Morgan, Esq., of Scarborough, Ont.—GEO. ANDERSON. Who will imitate this example!—ED.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ABOUT six hundred years ago there was a king of England—Edward I.—who subdued the people of Wales which, you know, lies just west of England. After conquering the Welsh he was anxious to get their good-will, and so, when it happened that his first baby-prince was born, in Carnarvon, in Wales, he had a bright idea. He announced that this boy was a native of Wales—one who could speak Welsh just as well as any other tongue (this was true, as the baby was but a few weeks old,) and he should therefore be the people's own prince, Edward, prince of Wales.

Twenty-three years after, this baby became king of England, and about fifty years later his grandson had assigned to him, as the third prince of Wales, the crest and motto which has been borne by all the English kings' sons who have since that day had the title. The crest is three ostrich-feathers, and the motto is the sentence "Ich dien"—"I serve." It was given to the Black Prince, a boy of great promise, who fought bravely at the battle of Crecy.

The present prince of Wales is the oldest son of Queen Victoria, and is a man whose oldest son has already become of age. This is his picture, but you must not think that he wears all these fine decorations except on special occasions. If you were to meet him, as you might if you lived in England, you would find him as simple in his dress and quiet in his manner as any other gentleman. Some people think of kings and queens and princes as wearing magnificent crowns and continually making a great display; but if you were to see the London house where the prince of Wales lives, you would be surprised at its plain appearance—on its outside at least. He has sons and daughters, who are being brought up in a very sensible and simple way. The boys are not allowed

to "put on airs" because of their high birth, and the dresses of the young girls are made in a style much more plain than are those of many silly school-girls in America.

There is a book written by Queen Victoria that would be interesting to any one who likes to know how the home-life of a royal family goes on. It shows the reader that the great ones of the earth have just as many trials and struggles and heartaches as the lowliest. It lets you see that the queen of England is a loving mother and a sincere Christian. It tells you in details of all her family, and gives interesting little stories of life in a palace.—ANNETTE J. NOBLE, in *Forward*.

## NOT ASHAMED.

JUSTICE McLEAN, of Ohio, heard a minister preach. He had been a skeptic, and this minister spoke to him in such a way as convinced him of the truth of the Christian religion. He was led to see how Christ had died for him, and was born again. He went home and said: "We are going to have family prayers; let us go into the drawing-room and pray together."

"But," said his wife, "there are four lawyers in there; they have come to attend court. Let us go into the kitchen to have prayers."

Judge McLean replied: "It's the first time I ever invited the Lord to my house, and I don't propose to invite him to the kitchen, by any means."

He went in to those lawyers and said: "My friends, I have found out that Jesus died on the cross for me. I have given myself to him, and now I propose to invite him to my house. You may do as you please; stay or go. But I am now to make my first prayer in my own house." They said they would very much like to stay, and did stay. From that day Judge McLean lived a consistent Christian life, and died a Christian death.



IN THE BLACK BELT.

THE WONDERFUL MAN.

THE loveliest man that ever lived  
Since Adam's sinful fall—  
The altogether lovely one—  
Was hated most of all.

The kindest man that ever lived,  
Whose name we love to call,  
Was least esteemed among mankind,  
And treated worst of all.

The wisest man that ever lived,  
A heavenly prophet came;  
But worldly sages cast him out,  
And banned his very name.

The richest man that ever lived,  
The Merchant Prince of heaven,  
Had not a place to lay his head;  
His all for us was given.

The greatest man that ever lived,  
The Royal Son of God,  
Earth gave a thorny crown and cross,  
And shed his precious blood.

IN THE BLACK BELT.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the South is the ubiquitous presence of "our brother in black," and a very picturesque object he is. For "loopholed-windowed raggedness" he is not surpassed by the *lazzaroni* of Naples or beggars of Rome. As he stands in statuesque attitude, motionless in the blazing sunlight, he looks like a black bronze antique. There is an expression of infinite patience, almost of sadness, in his dark and lustrous eyes which one may easily fancy is the result of ages of bondage and oppression. When he speaks to you, which outside of the cities he seldom does unless first addressed, it is in a rich, velvety voice, in an obsequious, almost servile manner, and often in a rude and almost barbarous *patois*. But to see him at his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black.

Then he is all life and energy. His gestures are emphatic, his white teeth gleam, his dark eyes flash, his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an inexhaustible flood. A very small joke causes infinite mirth, and you realize, as perhaps not before, that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that heareth it."

The condition of the negroes in the

new South is to the Northern tourist a problem of special interest. Since emancipation, it is true they are often thrifless and unprogressive; but so they were before, and their habits are a heritage from slavery days. Yet they are steadily improving. At Montgomery, Ala., a coloured man told me that his people paid taxes on \$500,000 worth of property, and that he himself paid taxes on \$20,000. Yet he had begun, he said, "without a nickel." The blacks are docile and eager to learn. Even where schools are provided throughout the "black belt," it is only at intervals between the pressing field-work of the successive crops—corn, cotton, tobacco—that the young folk can go to school—about four months in the year I was told. That they have improved so much is greatly to their credit, and is an augury of still greater improvement in the future. The Sunday-school, moreover, is supplementing the deficiencies of the day-school to a considerable extent. The printed lesson leaves are a valuable means of instruction even in the hands of inexperienced teachers. I have heard coloured children in the South respond to questions on the Bible as well as I ever heard white children.

The religious life of the blacks is a subject of deep interest. Intensely emotional, they are apt to be carried away by what is sometimes, it is to be feared, little better than nervous excitement. At Montgomery, Ala., the very heart of the "black belt," I witnessed far more noisy demonstrations than anywhere else in the South. There was on the part of the congregation a perpetual swaying of the body to and fro, accompanied by a constant chorus of ejaculations in a plaintive minor key; and all the while ran a deep undertone in a monotonous strain like the drone of a bagpipe. The preacher favoured the excitement. His voice fell into a regular chanting cadence, a mournful minor strain impossible to describe. The responsive cries became louder and louder; several persons, all women, sprang to their feet, one after another, with impassioned gestures and ejaculations. Still the preacher went on with his weird incantation, till the confusion seemed to me to have no more religious

character than the gyrations of the dancing dervishes. The more intelligent blacks disapproved of it, and said it was only the ignorant who indulged in it. There is often a rude eloquence in the sermon that to the keen susceptibilities of the negroes is very arousing. The preachers are very fond of texts from the Revelation and from the prophecies, and their literal application of allegorical language and of bold oriental imagery is very striking. The singing, too, is a very characteristic element in the worship—the strange, sweet, plaintive strains with which the "Jubilees" have made us all familiar. They are especially fond of hymns describing the deliverance of the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt as that beginning, "Go down, Moses," with its striking refrain, "Let my people go;" and hymns on the destruction of the Egyptians, as "Did not old Pharaoh get lost?" which they sing with enthusiasm. In the refrains everyone joins, often with swaying of the body and time-marking gestures. As a *finale*, they frequently all spring to their feet, and everybody shakes hands with everybody else, singing lustily all the while.

In their collections they are exceedingly liberal; few white congregations, in proportion to their means, being as much so. Having fixed upon a definite sum as necessary, they keep at it till they get it. They are fond of pitting one secret or benevolent society against another, as the "Sons of Jacob" and the "Sisters of Rachel;" and amid an accompaniment of song and exhortation, and a good deal of chaffing and wit, the sum is almost invariably reached. Though many of this long oppressed race may not be models of honesty, thrift, and morality, yet their vices are a heritage of the dark days when no man could call aught that he had his own, and when even the sanctity of his home and the purity of his family-life were not protected. Already a great improvement is manifest, and under the regenerative influences of religion and education the Negro is destined to reach a high standard of morality and intelligence.

"SLEEPING out loud" is the latest child-definition for snoring.

SUPERIOR PERIODICALS.

THE Berlin *Weekly News*, one of our best exchanges, says:  
"It is hard to realize to what a state of perfection the publications of the Methodist Book Concern, Toronto, has been raised under its present vigorous management. The amount of matter which it gives to the world is something wonderful. In addition to the large number of books that are continually sent out, the number of periodicals of various kinds far surpasses in magnitude the issues from any other Canadian publishing house. First we have the *Christian Guardian* which has no equal as a religious weekly in Canada. Next we have the *Methodist Magazine*, the only successful Magazine in Canada, and it is every year increasing in popularity, influence and circulation. Next comes the *Sunday-school Banner*, a teachers' monthly, which has no equal in this country, and very few, if any, in the States. Then come *PLEASANT HOURS* and *Home and School*, two very fine eight-page illustrated papers, which appear alternate weeks, and are specially adapted to the larger Sunday-school scholars. After this follow *Happy Days* and *Sunbeam*, also appearing alternately, for the smaller scholars. Besides all these regular periodical publications, there are *Berean Leaves*, *Quarterly and Review Services*. The Sunday-school issues alone reach over 100,000 pages every day.

MANNERS BETWEEN BOYS.

THERE is a good deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another, that is not really intended as such; but is not therefore any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of excessive, high spirits. But the very best good humor, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility. We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying: "He means well." It is well we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is really intentional, they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well; and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth. The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearing toward other boys, will be such a man toward men, and all his life will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.

"BEHAVING" IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A BRIGHT little girl, aged two years and a-half, once said, "When I get so I can behave myself, I am going to Sunday-school."

Many of the little boys and girls who are old enough to go to Sunday-school do not behave themselves very well while there. They take more pleasure in whispering to their companions and gazing about them, than in listening to what the teacher or superintendent may be saying. They forget that they are in God's house, and, while there, should behave as if they could see God looking directly at them; for his eyes see all our actions, and he knows every thought of our hearts.

THERE is nothing preferable to the remembrance of a good action, except the intention of doing a better.

## BEGIN WITH GOD.

**B**EGIN the lay with God!  
He is thy sun and day;  
He is the radiance of thy dawn,  
To him address thy lay.

Sing thy first song to God!  
Not to thy fellow-man,  
Not to the creatures of his hand,  
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!  
Arise, dull senses, and pray!  
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;  
Brush slothfulness away!

Look up beyond these looms,  
Thither thy pathway lies.  
Mount up away, and linger not,  
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!  
Do battle with each sin;  
Fight with the faithless world without,  
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God,  
He is thy heavenly food!  
Feed with him, on him; he with thee  
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!  
Let him go forth with thee;  
By stream or sea or mountain path  
Seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be  
With God himself above,  
So shall thy business prosper well,  
And all thy days be love.

—Borna

## THE TWIN CROSSING-SWEEPERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

A CROSSING-SWEEPING in the poor parts of the East End of London is not a very valuable property on week-days. Most of the people who cross the road care little how muddy it is. There are no eccentric old gentlemen in the neighbourhood who pay five shilling and even golden toll (as used, at any rate, I have heard, to be the case in the West End) when they condescend to pick their way over the crossing; no benevolent old ladies, whose combined pensions give the crossing-sweeper a very comfortable little income, no lezy, swollish servants, to hire him with coppers and cold fowl to post letters and call cabs, in order that their own brawny calves may still enjoy a spotless *otium cum dignitate*. Crossing-sweepers, locally practising their profession, are scarce in the parts I speak of on week-days. But on Sundays they make their appearance in front of the churches and the larger chapels just before and after service. The Sunday incumbents of the two crossings that led to one of my churches, were at one time a little boy and a little girl, strikingly like in features, although the boy looked very feeble, and the girl, in spite of her poor clothing and diet, seemed a merrily healthy young puss. Some of those who had coppers to spare chose the boy's crossing when they came to church, because he looked so weak; but most gave their pence and half-pence to the girl, because she smiled so brightly and brandished her broom with so much cheerful vigor. Both of the children were very well-behaved, and, poor as their dress was, they managed somehow to make it look tidy. They were not exactly "pretty children," but still their faces were very different from the jumble of flat features, lighted only by low cunning, which is the general type of countenance amongst our poor little "street Arabs." They differed from the ruck of street children strikingly in another respect. As soon as the

single bell had ceased to toll, they left their brooms in a corner of one of the porches, and stole into the church, dropping side by side into one of the obscurest free seats. Sunday after Sunday, when I passed the little crossing-sweepers on my way to church, I determined to make enquiries about them, but it so happened that for some weeks they escaped my memory as soon as Sunday had passed. One Sunday morning I missed them from their accustomed post. A bent old man, almost muffled from view in a thread-bare, greasy, many-caped drab great-coat, was plying the broom in their stead. I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the children.

"Boy's bad, an' the gal's a-nussin' of him."

"Where do they live?"

"Them an' me lodges together in a harch, an' the gal says to me, 'Fred can't g', Ginger, an' I'm agoin' to stay along with him to-day—so you take my broom, an' go down to our pitch afore the new church—it's a pity some un shouldn't git the browns.' So, I've come, but, bless ye, sir, I don't mean to keep all I gits. They shall have their whack, as they've a right. You'll please remember the sweeper, sir?"

I asked him if he would pilot me after service to the singular joint lodging of which he had spoken. "Ye're not agoin' to blow on us, sir!" he cross-questioned, glancing up sharply. "Ye see, we've got it rent free, an' though it ain't used for nothin' else, them as the place belongs to might turn us out if they knowed there was any one in it."

There is a network of railways in the East End now, but at that time the Blackwall—the trains drawn by a rope that ran over wheels—was the only East-End line. In the upper portion of one of its arches, that had been boarded up for use as a stable and hay-loft, but had not been long tenanted in that capacity, the old man and the children resided.

"I hain't been there so long as them," said the old man as we walked back together. "I'm a funder by trade, if ye can call it a trade—pick up rags, an' bones, an' metal, an' sich; an' one night I come back dead beat, for I adn't had nothin' to eat, an' adn't found nothin' to speak on neither. I sot down by that there railway harch, an' fel: as it I could blubber, hold as I be. It was a good step yet to the place where I was a-lodgin' then, an' there wasn't anythin' for me to eat when I did git back. Wen, jist then up come them two children, wi' their brooms over their shoulders. They work a City crossin' a-week days, an' only come to youn a-Sundays, 'cos it's handy like, an' the City's empty a-Sundays. 'What's the matter, old man?' says the little gal. 'I'm tired,' says I. 'Come in an' ave a rest,' says she. 'That'll be better than settin' out 'ere in the rain.' The rain was comin' down; but I was so tired, I should like to ha' gone to sleep there. So up they took me to the loft where we're all a-lodgin' now; an' when they found out I was 'ungry, they give me a-me o' their grub. 'If you've no objections, I'll turn in 'ere to-night,' says I; an' I did. Both on 'em said their prayers afore they turned in. It made me feel ashamed like—I was layin' awake watchin' on 'em. 'That's good children,' says I. 'I'd ha' done it myself, if I adn't been so tired; but now I'll say 'em in bed.' An' I did say 'em, sir, an' I've gone on sayin' 'em, an' so has the children. Presently, says

I, 'Would you mind if I was to come an' stay 'ere?' They says 'No, an' I says, 'Good-night, then,' an' they says 'Good night,' an' we've lodged together ever since. Sometimes I helps them, an' sometimes they helps me, accordin' as we've got on. Poor dears, they wouldn't be crossin' a-sweepin' if they'd their rights. Their fathor was a doctor, sir! Don't it sound strange? They don't speak agin' him more than they can 'elp; but I can make out that their fathor was a bad sort, though he were a doctor. He'd ave let 'em run wild, if it adn't 'a' been for the mother, an' she diod afore the fathor, 'an when he diod, there was nobody to take care of 'em.

"As well as I can make out, they was left alone in the house after his buryin' without anythin' to eat, an' got skeared, an' come out to see what they could do for theirselves. I s'pose it was thought as they'd friends to look after 'em by them as seed to the buryin'—I can make out there was no friends at the buryin', an' I guess the doctor chap had tired out his friends, axin' 'em for money an' sich like. I know a son o' mine tired out me, or I shouldn't ha' been where I am now, an' I don't expect that doctors an' sich is much different from sich as us when the devil gits a 'old on 'im. Any'ow them two poor children turned out in the streets—it must be pretty nigh two year ago—they've been where they are goin' on for a year and more—an' in the streets they've got their livin' ever since. The mother must ha' been a good un, whatever the fathor were. It's wonderful the little wickedness they know, but then, ye see, they keeps theirselves to theirselves—that's why they come to the harch—an' God knows I would not read 'em wrong. It seems 'ard, though, that nothin' can be done for 'em—that it do. Both on 'em can read very pretty. Whenever I see a scrap o' print I pick it up to keep 'em in practice. Their way o' talk is pretty, too. In course they've picked up some o' the words they've heard, but they don't say 'em so sarcy as the other children. I don't mind their callin' on me Ginger, though who it was fust give me that name, or what reason they 'ad, I can't make out. There ain't much o' ginger about me, as I see. But, law bless ye, sir, I don't mind it from them; an' I calls them Fred an' Em'ly, an' we gits on as if we'd knowed one another all our lives." "That's our harch, sir," the old man said presently, pointing to one that was secluded, although with houses almost touching it. There was no thoroughfare past it, and no near window looked upon it. The old man opened a door cut out in stable gates, and motioned to me to enter. In the four corners of one of the stalls lay four little heaps—of dark rags, of comparatively light rags, of bones, and of metal (the last subdivided into rusty iron and more precious metallic waifs). "I doo my sortin' down 'ere," Ginger explained, "I ought to ha' got rid o' them by rights yesterday—there ain't so much on 'em—but I was too tired to stir out when I got back, an' I never does business a-Sundays. I don't call this business"—pointing to the broom—"what I've took at the church is for the children. Manners is manners," he added apologetically, as he pushed before me, when I was about to mount the ladder that led to the loft; "but they might be skeared if they see you fust." When he had reached the top of the ladder, I heard the jingling splash of coppers. "There, I hain't done so bad," cried

Ginger; "an', what d'ye think! 'ere's your parson come to see you. Come up, sir. Mind how ye come, though. Stretch your foot over them two rungs—they're rotten."

A little mouldy hay and straw had been left in the loft by the former tenant, and two or three tattered sacks. It is no exaggeration to say that these were its chief furniture. The articles which the incoming tenants had brought in with them, or subsequently acquired, might all have been put into a not very large carpet-bag. On a hay-and-straw-and-sacking bed lay Fred, with Emily squatted on the floor beside him—arrested by my coming in the gleeful counting of the vicariously earned coppers which she had commenced. Both the children were rather shy at first, but they soon—Emily especially—got at home with me. What they told me, in reply to my questions, tallied with what I had heard from the old man. They both, however, gave old Ginger more credit than he had given to himself; and though they had plainly no awe of the old fellow, and Emily made open fun of him before me, they seemed to look upon him as a kind of protection. It was touching to see how fond the children were of each other. Emily wanted to make out that Fred did all the work, and Fred, rousing himself from his sickly languor, startled me by shouting, "That's a lie. Em's worth two of me." I had a Testament, and tested Emily's reading powers with it. "Oh, that is nice! I remember all about that," she cried, when she had finished, very creditably, the dozen verses I had pointed out. Ginger's very kind—he always brings us home something to read, when he can. There was half a *Lloyd's Newspaper* he brought home last night, and there's a pretty bit in it about a little girl and a canary and a scarlet geranium; and the canary dies, you know, and the little girl buries him under the scarlet geranium, because he liked to perch on it. Ma used to have a canary, don't you remember, Fred? I read some of that to Fred, but he thought it wasn't Sunday-reading, so I picked out this, because it sounded like a sermon; but he didn't like it, and I didn't like it. Perhaps we could have made it out better if there had been a head and tail to it." She handed me a crumpled, charred tract, which had evidently been twisted up for a pipe-light. Great was Emily's delight when I told her she might keep the Testament. "We can go over them all now, can't we, Fred?" she exultingly exclaimed. "The little children, and the good Samaritan and his donkey, and everything. We used to read them to mamma as a Sunday evening, when papa was out," she added in explanation.

Whilst we were talking, a train rumbled over head. The reverberations which it caused were new to me; I could not help giving a little start, and Emily could not help giving a little laugh. "You behave yourself, Em'ly," growled Ginger, who felt that he had somehow dropped out of the leading position due to his age. "It's a queer sound to them as ain't used to it, an' to them as is. You young uns are snorin' like anything when they goes over at nights, but sometimes I'm a-layin' awake, an' sometimes they wakes me, an' any'ow it ain't pleasant to have that rumble-tumble right over ye—as if the Last Day 'ad come, an' the skies was a-droppin'-in. If a train was to come down on ye, ye'd larf on the other side o' yer mouth, Emily."



The children, when asked whether they would not like to make their living in some other way than by crossing-sweeping—some way more congruous with the opportunities which their father seemed to have thrown away for them—were not half so anxious as Ginger was they should be, to avail themselves of the chance of "bettering themselves" which my words held out. "We don't do bad," said Emily, "when Fred's up, and he'll soon be up again, and we shouldn't like to be parted, and we're used to Ginger. He isn't such a bad old chap, though he does growl sometimes as if he'd snap your head off." "I don't want to get rid on ye," retorted Ginger, "but if ye won't give up crossin'-sweepin', when ye've got the hoffer, ye're sillier than I thought ye was, Em'ly."

There was food in the loft I saw, and money to buy more—such as it was Fred, moreover, did not seem to be what is called "dangerously ill." But those two children getting in love with the hard street life and a railway-arch shelter they shared with the old man, who was so fond of them in his grumpy way, clung to my memory long after the little door in the stable-gates had been closed behind me. It might be impossible to help the old man—however much one might wish to give him a helping hand—but surely something might be done for his young fellow-lodgers.

The next day I went to the arch with the clergyman to whom I was giving temporary partial assistance. He remembered the name of the children's father. The "doctor" I found had been one of those medical men, numerous in poor neighbourhoods, who also keep druggists' shops. My friend also remembered and respected the character of the doctor's wife, and was startled to find that her children had for months been crossing-sweepers in front of his own church. When we mounted the ladder Emily as well as Fred was in the loft. She had raced in from her City crossing to see how he was getting on, and was giving him a drink of water: looking very scared because he talked so strangely, and stared at her as if he did not know her. The violent cold which he had taken had ended in fever, and the first thing to be done was to get him into the Fever Hospital. I cannot remember now whether it was the old building or the present one in the Liverpool Road, but I do remember that Ginger used to find time once or twice a week to trudge northward and sit with his young friend. Whilst her brother was in the hospital my friend took Emily into his own house. He had children of his own, and was, therefore, naturally unwilling that she should visit Fred; but she fretted so that, fearing she would otherwise break away, my friend went with her to the hospital long before he thought it was prudent for her to visit it. No harm came of the visit, but it was not until months had passed that he ventured to tell his wife of it.

Admission to the Orphan Asylum at Clapton was eventually obtained for both the children. The night before they started for their school my friend invited Ginger to take tea with them at the parsonage. Its pill-box parlour was no gilded saloon, but Ginger looked so aghast at the idea of sitting down on a carpet and in company with two parsons and a parson's wife, that the latter object of his dread considerably proposed that he and his young

friends should have their tea alone together in her husband's uncarpeted study. The books it held were not many, but they impressed Ginger with awe. "Ah," he half sighed, "you won't want me to pick up bits o' print now, Miss Em'ly an' Master Fred." When they were bidding their old friend good-bye the children said he must often come and see them at the Asylum. "No," answered Ginger. "They wouldn't let me if I wanted, an' I shouldn't want if they would. You've got your rights, thank God, an' are a-goin' to be brought up respectable, an' I ain't a respectable sort. I shall miss ye both—we got on uncommon well when we was much of a muchness—but, law bless ye, ye'll soon be ashamed to think ye ever lived with such as me. I s'pose there ain't no lor, though, agin' my takin' your crossin' of a Sunday if I can git it, an' the gen'lemen 'ere 'ave no objections. I shall be lonesome of a Sunday now with nothin' to do, an' I can go to church all the same, an' it'll seem, some'ow, as if ye 'adn't quite gone up in a balloon like."

TEMPERANCE.

DRINKING baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. Every other institution founders in hopeless difficulties, but the public house (grogshop) holds its triumphant course. Under the accumulating influence of alcohol, the honest man turns knave, the respectable man suddenly loses principle and self-respect, the wise man is utterly foolish, the rigidly moral man takes a plunge into libertinism. Let us do something toward staying the huge mischief which, one way or another, confounds us all, and may—for we cannot be sure—crush and ruin us all.—*London Times.*

Men dread the cholera, the yellow fever, and the smallpox, and take expensive precaution against it, while the ravages of all of them in a year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than a plague, worse than fire or inundation, or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism, and a frightful waste of resources comes of it. Nothing noble is born of it.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as intemperance.—*Lord Bacon*

The consequences of the vice of intoxication are so many and so fearful that it is difficult to enumerate even the outlines of them; and to pursue them in all their melancholy details would require a volume. . . . The mere pecuniary loss to the nation may be fairly estimated at little short of fifty millions of pounds sterling per annum.—*Report of a select committee appointed by the House of Commons.*

What does drink cost the glory of England in the execration of her name over whole continents, and the ruin of her efforts among whole populations? If Mahomedans see one of their number drunk, they have been known to say, "He has left Mahomet and gone to Jesus." The Hindoos have said by the lips of their eloquent representative Keshub Chunder Sen, that all the benefits of our English rule in India have been nullified and counterbalanced by our teaching them the use of beer and brandy; that the wailing of widows rends the air of

India with curses against the British Government for having introduced this thing.—*Canon Farrar.*

HOW THE LITTLES GROW.

THE wife of a Presbyterian minister canvassed a part of the parish to obtain pledges from the people to give a specified amount for the conversion of the world. Among other places she entered a shoemaker's shop and inquired of the old man on the bench if he would be willing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly instalments for the salvation of the world.

He replied, "Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents! No, indeed! I seldom have such an amount of money. I would not promise one half so much."

"Would you be willing to give five cents a day, or thirty-five cents each Sunday, for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes; and my wife give as much more."

"I do not wish to play any tricks nor spring any trap on you. If you will multiply five cents by three hundred and sixty-five days it will make just \$18.25."

"Don't say any more to me about the \$18.25. I am good for five cents a day. Let me take your memorandum."

He pledged himself for thirty five cents a Sunday. He took the book to his wife, for she took in washing and ironing, and so had an income. She cheerfully gave her name for five cents a day. Their daughter was a seamstress; and she wrote her name for four cents a day. Weeks came and months passed, and the shoemaker said, "I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-five cents a week and not feel it. It goes like current expenses. And then it amounts to so much more than I ever gave before. It gives me a manly feeling. I feel that I am doing my duty."

THE BOY WHO GREW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought that his anger proved him to be a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher, who was passing at the time. Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbours. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you; and I think he is much the more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he's got patches on his knees," said Will. "He dresses so shabbily; and his father is the worst drunkard in town."

"Bad clothes don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher; but a bad temper does. Neither can he help the faults or sin of his father. He is to be pitied. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must be a gentle boy."

A few yards farther on, the teacher met little Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them. On asking Peter why he had not thrown stones back again, the teacher gathered that the lad was endeavoring to carry out the lessons he had learned in the Sunday-school of not returning evil for evil. Remember Peter Jones, young readers, and that it takes a gentle boy to make a gentleman. Peter grew up a true, Christian gentleman.

COWPER'S BEST HYMN.

THE FOUNTAIN is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

Ever since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor, gasping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me;

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

THE great difficulty to the mind of the Emperor Trajan was that God should be everywhere, and yet not be seen by mortal eye.

"You teach me," said the Emperor to his Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, and you boast that he lives with you and your nation. I should like to see him."

"God's presence is indeed every where," said the Rabbi, "but he can not be seen. No mortal eye can behold his glory."

Trajan remained unsatisfied.

"Well, then," said the Rabbi, "let us go and look first at one of his ambassadors."

They went out into the noonday, into the open air. The sun was blazing in its splendour. "Look up, there he is," said the Rabbi.

"I cannot see; the light dazzles me," said the Emperor.

"What! thou art unable to bear the light of one of his creatures! How, then, couldst thou look upon God himself and live! Be content and believe."  
—*The Youth's Instructor.*

"HATE EVIL."

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boys' worst enemy. He keeps a sharp lookout for the boys. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win them. And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them! Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for!" he whispers. "You might have known better!"

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can't afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys; but be sure and use the Lord's weapons!—*Sunday School Advocate.*



BRAVE YOUNG DAVID.

WHEN David kept his father's flock Around his native cot, He met a lion in his walk And slew him on the spot: God helped him in the time of need, And nerved his arm with might: Thus all from danger will be freed Who in his cause to fight!

When David saw the Holy One Insulted by a foe The stripling took a sling and stone And laid the monster low. Another monster he would fight, Intemperance's name— A foe most odious to our sight, Our country's curse and shame

What boys have done boys yet can do, And though, we're weak and small, We'll fight the deadly battle through And kill base Alcohol. Stern, brave temperance youths are we, Cowards we will not show; But our dread foe will never flee But work its overthrow.

Though foes of temperance start around Like lions from their den, We'll fight the foe on equal ground And make them temperance men. And when the victory shall be won, When temperance shall abound, From the rising to the setting sun Our hymns of praise shall sound.

ORIGIN OF HOLIDAYS FOR SCHOOL-BOYS.

THERE lived a philosopher in ancient times who laid a solid foundation for the lasting thankfulness of school-boys. He used to say that he would rather have a grain of wisdom than a cartful of gold, and who, heathen as he was, had strong perceptions of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. That man was Anaxagoras— not the princely gentleman of Argos, but the far-seeing, yet often wild and fanciful, philosopher of Clazomenae. Just before his death at Lampsacus, three years subsequent to the commencement of the great and protracted struggle of the Athenians and Lacedaemonians for predominance in Greece, 428 B.C., Anaxagoras was asked if he had any particular wish, as it should be fulfilled if he would only give it expression.

"Certainly I have," said the kind hearted old man. "I wish to be remembered with pleasant feelings by all school-boys; and I only ask that, in memory of me, they may always have a whole holiday on the anniversary of my death; and this was decreed accordingly. And this fine, unselfish old fellow was not the mere recommender, but the founder, of holidays for school-boys—which holidays, in further commemoration of his name, were long known by the name of "Anaxagoreia."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.O. 538.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan. 5. 1-12, & 25-28. Commit to mem. vs. 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Dan. 5. 27.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A King's Feast, v. 1-4.
2. A King's Fear, v. 5.
3. A Queen's Counsel, v. 10-12.
4. A Prophet's Warning, v. 25-28.

TIME.—538 B.C. In Greece, the 60th Olympiad. Year of Rome, 215.

PLACE.—Same as in Lesson V.
EXPLANATIONS.—Praised the gods of gold, etc.—There were the idol gods of the Chaldeans. Idols of his idols were counted—He

felt his knees sinking with fear. Astrologers, Chaldeans, and the soothsayers—See note on Lesson V. Third ruler in the kingdom—Belshazzar's father was first (he was away with the army,) he himself was second, so the man who read the handwriting would be third. Ment, mene, tele, upharsin— "Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided." The words are in the Hebrew language

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, do we find—
1. That detachment makes men bold in sin
2. That wicked boldness makes guilty fear
3. That defiance of God brings ruin

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Belshazzar? The last king of Babylon. 2. Who appeared while he was feasting? A hand which wrote on the wall. 3. Who alone could read the writing and its meaning? Daniel. 4. What did the writing mean as stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? Thou art, etc. 5. What took place on that night? King Belshazzar was slain. 6. By whom was his kingdom taken? By the Persians.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipresent God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God? They have, according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. [John xiv. 20, 1 John iv. 13; Gal. v. 22, 23.]

B.O. 536.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 21.

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

Exra 1. 1-4, & 3-15. Commit to mem. vs. 2 & 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. Exra 3. 11.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Charge to Cyrus, v. 1, 2.
2. A Call to Israel, v. 3, 4.
3. A Thanksgiving to God, v. 8-13.

TIME.—536 B.C. The first year of Cyrus alone. 70 years since 606. Captivity ended. 61st Olympiad. Year of Rome, 217.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, Babylon, possibly Susa.

EXPLANATIONS.—Stirred up the spirit—Inspired him with the thought. Trumpets... cymbals—Instruments of music such as were used in the service of the first temple. Ordinance of David—David had selected certain persons to have charge of the service of song; descendants of the same people were chosen for the service. Sang together by course—They, perhaps, sang responsively the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm, one part giving the recital, and the other part the phrase of response, "For his mercy endureth forever."

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, do we learn—
1. That God moves men's hearts to do his will
2. That God remembers his people in their trouble
3. That the prosperity of God's house is a joy to his people

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who permitted the Jews to return from captivity? Cyrus, the king of Persia. 2. Who led the Jews back to their own land? Zerubbabel. 3. What did they first build after their return to Jerusalem? The altar of the Lord. 4. What foundation did they lay in the second year? The second temple. 5. What is said of them in the GOLDEN TEXT? They praised, etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The call of the Gospel.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What does our Lord say of those who reject him? He declares that they ought to believe in him, and that they would believe in him if they humbly and patiently listened to his words. [John viii. 46, 47, John x. 25-27; 1 John iii. 19.]

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

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