

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1898.

[No. 32.]

My Good Angel.

Her eyes are sweet and gentle;
Hair, a golden brown;
Her cheeks are soft and tender,
As any girl's in town.

Her temper is the mildest,
Spirits, blithe and gay;
She never cares to wander
Far from my side away.

She follows close behind me,
O'er mountain, plain or bog;
She loves me fondly, truly—
"A woman?" No—my dog.
—Truth.

CAPTAIN COOK.

To the older generation of readers the story of Captain Cook is an old and familiar tale. But the old stories must be often re-told to the new generations; and the character and work of Captain Cook entitle him to perpetual honour. To him is due the discovery of many of the islands where his followers have wrought mightily for the salvation of souls.

James Cook was the son of a farm-labourer, in Marston, Yorkshire, England, and was born October 28, 1728. His father was a man of energy, and afterward became a bailiff. When James was thirteen years old, in accordance with the custom of the time, he was bound out to a haberdasher at Straiths, near Whitby. He did not long remain here; some difficulty arose betwixt him and his master, and, like so many other adventurous lads, he left, and entered himself as an apprentice on board a collier, and soon became an officer.

At the age of twenty-seven, his naval aspirations led him to join the royal navy, in the service of which he spent his life. Very soon he attracted the notice of his superiors, by his ability; and on the recommendation of the commander of his ship, Cook was appointed master of the *Grampus*, and afterwards of two other vessels.

While in command of the *Mercury*, he was sent to join the fleet in the *St. Lawrence*, and assisted in the capture of Newfoundland—the coast of which he surveyed in the following year, 1753. So well was this done, that, in 1754, he was appointed Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador. While in this service he made a

careful observation of a solar eclipse, the report of which gave him considerable fame among scientists.

It was known that there was soon to be a transit of Venus; and in view of Cook's evident skill in astronomical work, he was now chosen to conduct an expedition to the Southern Pacific, to take an observation from that point. He was therefore made a lieutenant, and proceeded to Tahiti, where a successful observation was made by the scientists of the expedition. This done, he cruised westward through the Southern Pacific to New Zealand, Australia, and Java, where he stopped for repairs, and then returned to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, having made the circuit of the globe. He arrived in England, June 11, 1771, and was at once made a captain. His stay was short, however, for public discussion had taken up the question of a southern continent, and Cook was again appointed to make a voyage of exploration in search of it, with two ships, and nearly two hun-

dred men, he left Plymouth July 13, 1772. He passed the Cape of Good Hope, and then cruised through the southern regions until midsummer of 1774, when, having made three voyages to and fro in the southern regions, he was convinced that no continent was there, and returned to England, where he was further honoured by promotion to be post captain in command of Greenwich Hospital, and was elected to membership in the Royal Society. And now a third enterprise demanded his services. Arctic discovery took the place of the southern continent, and Cook was sent with two ships to find the "north-west passage" from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He left England early in the summer of 1776; discovered some small islands in the South Pacific; and in January of 1778 he started northward, discovering the Sandwich Islands on the way. In

quakes are frequent, and sometimes very destructive. During the change of monsoons terrific hurricanes sweep along the islands, making navigation extremely hazardous. The rainy season begins in May and lasts till December, and is unhealthy for Europeans. The total area of the group is estimated at a hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and for natural wealth is unsurpassed, if it is equalled, by any similar extent of territory on the earth. Mineral deposits of great variety and plentifulness abound, the soil is wonderfully fertile, the rivers and lakes are many and teem with fish. The mountains, which often rise to seven thousand feet, are clothed with forests of the most valuable timber, and these forests are inhabited by an astonishing number and variety of birds, monkeys and reptiles. For a naturalist the Philippines are a paradise of inex-

haustible treasures. In possession of a more progressive and enterprising nation than Spain, their wealth and importance would be incalculable. The population, estimated at about eight millions, is divided into widely diversified races, all of which are more or less opposed to Spanish domination. But here, as in Cuba, the half-castes are the most disaffected. In January, 1872, an insurrection broke out, and was suppressed with savage ferocity. Again last year there was a formidable rising, which has not yet been suppressed. The Mohammedan inhabitants of the plains are an industrious, highly skilled people. The negroes, or Papuans, of the mountain regions are little known savages. Tobacco is cultivated as a Government monopoly by nearly a million impressed labourers, who are slaves in all but name. Besides these, every native in the settled districts is compelled to give forty days' labour every year on the public roads and bridges. Spanish officials sent out from Spain strive to acquire fortunes as rapidly as possible, and are quite unscrupulous in the methods they employ for that object. Hence the general disaffection and certainty of a furious uprising, as predicted, on the appearance of a fleet hostile to Spain. There are seven regiments of infantry and one of cavalry entirely composed of natives. The only Spanish troops are two brigades of artillery and a corps of engineers. The navy consists of a few old-fashioned ships and a number of frigates employed as revenue cutters to prevent smuggling. A monopolistic and prohibitory trade policy has greatly retarded the development of the islands. In fact, the commerce is said to be little better now than it was in the sixteenth century, when the trade between China and the Spanish colonies of America was the richest in the world. A bad, greedy, fiscal system, restrictions on foreign shipping, discouragement of all enterprise, not under the patronage of a notoriously corrupt, incapable Government, ecclesiastical control in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, the utter neglect of education, all combine to render these islands, prodigiously rich in all that should make a country great and prosperous, the most miserable and turbulent region on the face of the globe. In spite of all, however, English and German and American merchants have established lucrative businesses, which, under happier auspices, would become of great importance. The best thing that could happen the islands would be to fall under the power of a nation that would know how to govern them and develop their wonderful resources.—The Witness.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

On June 12, 1815, Napoleon left Paris for the seat of war. On the 15th the French army crossed the river Sambre and fell upon the enemy. Then came Waterloo.

Waterloo!—that famous battle, where Napoleon first met the unconquerable English face to face; where Wellington made his name immortal; that battle glittering in its array, brilliant in its manoeuvres, terrible in its intensity, horrible in its loss of life, that battle remarkable for little blunders that led to great results, and for magnificent attempts that amounted to nothing, that battle, so nearly a defeat for England, so nearly a victory for France, that to this day men cannot see just how it turned the other way, and historians and military writers are even yet disputing as to the responsibility and discussing the operations.

It is not for us to describe or discuss it here. Napoleon was beaten, conquered, it may be, as the English say, by Wellington, conquered, it may be, as the Germans claim, by Blücher, conquered, it may be, as declares Victor Hugo, the Frenchman, by the will of heaven.

PRAYER AND WORKS.

The story, the other day, about the pious little boy who tried to walk on the water in the bath tub, recalls another of an equally pious girl. She was eight years old and lived in the country. She had started one day rather late for school, with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door. It lacked five minutes of nine. "Oh, dear!" said the pious little girl, "it's five minutes of nine, and we'll be late to school!"

"I'm afraid we will."
"Jennie," said the pious little girl impressively, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll kneel right down here and pray that we won't be late."
"H'm!" said the other, "I guess we'd better skin right along and pray as we go."
"They" skun, and got there just in time.

If some good temperance people would work while they pray, prohibition would not be so long delayed.



CAPTAIN COOK.

March, 1778; he struck the west coast of America; and after following the coast to Behring's Straits, he was stopped by ice, and returned to winter at the Sandwich Islands. Here he lost his life on the 14th of February, 1779, being killed by the natives in consequence of a quarrel arising from their having stolen a boat from one of the vessels.

Captain Cook was a man of fine personal presence, energy, and discretion; a favourite with his subordinates, and honoured by equals and superiors. He was the first man to sail around the world; and in his various voyages he discovered many islands of importance, some of which bear his name.

THE PHILIPPINES.

There are twelve hundred islands in the Philippine group. In reality they are the summits of a group of submarine mountains, many of which are active volcanoes. As may be imagined, earth-

quakes are frequent, and sometimes very destructive. During the change of monsoons terrific hurricanes sweep along the islands, making navigation extremely hazardous. The rainy season begins in May and lasts till December, and is unhealthy for Europeans. The total area of the group is estimated at a hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and for natural wealth is unsurpassed, if it is equalled, by any similar extent of territory on the earth. Mineral deposits of great variety and plentifulness abound, the soil is wonderfully fertile, the rivers and lakes are many and teem with fish. The mountains, which often rise to seven thousand feet, are clothed with forests of the most valuable timber, and these forests are inhabited by an astonishing number and variety of birds, monkeys and reptiles. For a naturalist the Philippines are a paradise of inex-

haustible treasures. In possession of a more progressive and enterprising nation than Spain, their wealth and importance would be incalculable. The population, estimated at about eight millions, is divided into widely diversified races, all of which are more or less opposed to Spanish domination. But here, as in Cuba, the half-castes are the most disaffected. In January, 1872, an insurrection broke out, and was suppressed with savage ferocity. Again last year there was a formidable rising, which has not yet been suppressed. The Mohammedan inhabitants of the plains are an industrious, highly skilled people. The negroes, or Papuans, of the mountain regions are little known savages. Tobacco is cultivated as a Government monopoly by nearly a million impressed labourers, who are slaves in all but name. Besides these, every native in the settled districts is compelled to give forty days' labour every year on the public roads and bridges. Spanish officials sent out from Spain

Were Half the Power.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Were half the power that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on
camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of arsenals and
forts.

The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
its hand against a brother, on its fore-
head
Would bear forevermore the curse of
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and
then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ
say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes
the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
Thy holy melodies of love arise!

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 07	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and onward to-gether.....	3 25	
The Westerner, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00	
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies.....	0 60	
6 copies and over.....	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 25	
Less than 50 copies.....	0 25	
Over 50 copies.....	0 21	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly (3 cents per quarter).....	0 07	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 25	
Berean Leaf, monthly.....	0 03	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 00	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 50c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
O. W. COATES, S. P. HERRIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 14, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

(Ex. 20. 7; Matt. 5. 33-36.)

Another thing which the Ten Com-
mandments, which were given to men
amid the thunders and lightnings of
Sinai, carefully forbade, is taking God's
name in vain. "For the Lord will not
hold him guiltless that taketh his name
in vain." Profane swearing used to be
much more common than it is now. In
England it was so prevalent among all
classes that even fine ladies used to
swear. Queen Elizabeth did. The
Judge swore on the bench, the lawyer at
the bar. "The nation was clothed with
cursing as with a garment."

The teaching of God's Word has largely
banished this from respectable society.
It is now the mark of coarseness and
vulgarity. In Spain and Italy especially
profane swearing abounds. They will
swear frightfully by all the saints in the
calendar, and by every profane and
wicked oath. Yet no one believes them a
bit more for all their oaths.

I trust that none of the boys and girls
in our schools would ever think of
saying a bad word or take the name of
God in vain in this way. But this com-
mand forbids also all irreverence in
God's house, all use of frivolous and
silly words as "By George" or "By
Jove," which many boys think it very
clever to use. "Let your communica-
tion," says the Saviour, "be, yea, yea,
nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than
these cometh of evil."

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN
FRANCE.

In 1572 occurred the Massacre of St.
Bartholomew, the darkest stain on the
history of France. That tragedy made
an impression on Europe which to this
day has not ceased to be keenly felt.
Although at the time the Pope ordered
the event to be celebrated with rejoic-
ings and commemorated by art, it was
soon felt to have been a disgrace and a
disaster to the victors. Party spirit ran
high; but the Huguenots rallied, and in
1598 they were granted certain rights
and privileges in the Edict of Nantes,
issued by Henry IV. This year the
descendants of the Huguenots are cele-
brating the tercentenary of the famous
Edict. For years before the Edict and
for many years thereafter the Huguenots
were quiet enough. Their only offence
was their religion. They were the most
thrifty and intelligent portion of the
population; but they could not conform
to the religion of the majority. They
could not be induced even by the severest
pains and penalties to give up the Re-
formed faith.

Louis Fourteenth was determined to
rule in the religion as well as in the
civil sphere. He would not tolerate the
idea of the people—any section of the
people—disobeying him. Still he did
not wish to lose his wealthiest, most en-
terprising and enlightened subjects, and
escape from the country was made as
difficult for Protestants as the Govern-
ment could devise and execute. Year by
year Louis withdrew the privileges ac-
cording to the Edict of Nantes, and at
last he revoked that Edict, and made it
imperative on every Frenchman to be-
come a Roman Catholic. No Protestant
could hold a public office. He could not
send his children to school or college.
The disadvantage, "pains and penalties,"
under which they laboured were very
trying. Many preferred exile to change
of religion; and it is said that in spite
of the extreme vigilance exercised in
preventing their escape, not less than
a million Huguenots made their way to
Switzerland, Holland, Germany and
England. From England many made
their way to the New World. Where-
ever they went they prospered and
proved a blessing to themselves and their
adopted countries. France suffered
greatly by the foily of driving away so
many of her best people. In fact she
has sustained irreparable loss through
her colossal blunder, and her crime
against humanity. Many of the brave
soldiers who have fought against her
and assisted in tearing away her colonies
and her provinces were descendants of
Huguenot exiles.

Events three hundred years old can
be commemorated and discussed without
a shade of bitterness; but there are ob-
vious lessons which ought not to be
forgotten. Religious persecution is
doubly hurtful. Evils inflicted on the
innocent recoil upon the guilty. National
sins are the seed of a harvest of national
calamities.—Presbyterian Witness.

TWO CATS AND AN ALLIGATOR.

The big cat's name was Daisy, and
the little cat, her daughter, was named
Susan.

They were both of a beautiful tortois-
shell colour, with snowy breasts and
paws. The alligator was very little and
very ugly, with nothing remarkable
about him except an astonishingly loud
voice, all out of proportion to his size,
as Susan one day found out.

The two cats, though alike in colour,
were extremely unlike in disposition,
Daisy was good-natured and motherly,
while Susan was independent and in-
quisitive, with a fine temper of her own.
The alligator had a shallow pan, filled
with water, placed near the kitchen
stove, and there he would float motion-
less for hours, while Susan would sit by
the pan intently studying him, for some
time. Then a velvet paw would gently
tap him on the back, the alligator would
immediately sink to the bottom, and
Miss Susan would get her paw wet,
which she didn't like at all.

This performance was repeated over
and over again, till one day the allig-
ator, instead of dropping under the
water as usual, gave a tremendous hiss
and jumped right into Susan's face, so
startling her that she fell over into the
pan, thereby getting such a fright and
wetting that she didn't molest him again
for some time.

As the days grew warmer the alligator
would leave his pan and crawl about
over the floor, and one day he happened
to crawl under the stove, where Daisy
was stretched out enjoying a nap.

Meeting with nothing more alarming
than a gentle purr, he gradually drew
nearer and nearer, until, attracted by
Daisy's warm, soft fur, he finally
stretched himself directly across her,

and there they lay and slept together;
and often after that, when Daisy was
lying under the stove, the alligator would
come out of his pan and join her.

Between him and Susan, however,
there was always trouble. She never
lost an opportunity to slip up behind
him unseen if she could, and tap him
on the back, while he would hiss like a
small steam-engine if he saw her come
into the room.

It was very amusing for the whole
family to watch their performances, and
also a mystery how he could toll the
two cats apart at such a distance, but
he never was known to hiss at Daisy.

That was a long time ago, and pretty
Daisy is now resting under the rose-bed
in the garden, while the alligator is
stuffed and occupies a place on the
cabinet; but Susan is still alive and as
inquisitive as ever, and when lately one
of the boys brought home a large turtle
from abroad and put it in a pall of
water, Susan evidently thought that her
old enemy had come back once more.

She would sit down and watch him
awhile, and then tap him gently and
jump back, expecting the customary
hiss; but as the turtle took no notice of
her whatever, she soon lost all interest
in him.—Canadian Presbyterian.

A VALUABLE DOLL.

Marshal Castellane, who was the mili-
tary governor of Lyons forty years ago,
was a large-hearted man, and very fond
of children. One evening, as he took
his customary walk, he stopped by
chance in front of an antiquary's store,
where there were some curious old
things displayed in the window. Among
some objects of rare value was a little
ragged doll, well worn, and evidently of
the cheapest kind.

How it got there among the objects of
the antiquary was the thing that puzzled
the marshal. Just then a little girl, so
the story goes, came up in a hurry,
carrying a loaf of bread under her arm.
Shivering in the cold wind, she drew
over her thin shoulders a little faded
shawl, while her worn dress clung to her
frail limbs.

The little one opened the door, and,
without entering, said to the shopkeeper:
"Mr. Antoine, did anybody make an
offer for my doll?"

"Five cents was all that I was offered
for it," replied a hoarse voice.

"That's not enough," said the little
one. She closed the door, and, with a
sigh, continued her journey. The mar-
shal followed her, but she did not notice
him. She entered a poor, tumble-down
house, and mounted the stairs. When
she came to the garret landing the child
opened a door and disappeared. Cas-
tellane crept up and listened at the door.
"You were very long, Maria, and the
little ones are dreadfully hungry," said
the voice of a woman inside.

"The baker refused to give us any
more credit, and I had to talk to him,"
replied the little girl, "but, anyway,
here is the bread, mamma; let me cut it
for the children."

The marshal did not need to hear any
more; he understood the case thor-
oughly. In a hurry he returned to the
antiquary, and pointing to the old doll,
asked:

"How much for this doll?"
"Anything you wish, sir," said the
dealer.

"Well, let us say one hundred francs."

"You are joking, are you not?"

"Not at all; here's the money."

"Oh, my dear sir, if you only knew
the good that you are about to do."

"To whom?"

"To a little girl in the neighbourhood,
the eldest of a numerous family in
desperate straits. The father is at
present in the hospital. They are un-
fortunate people, but very honest, I can
assure you. The little girl told me to
find a purchaser for that old doll. She
fancied, poor thing, that she would get
ten cents for it. I never thought I could
sell it. You say one hundred francs?"

"I said one hundred francs. Here it
is," and the marshal placed four twenty-
five franc-pieces on the little counter of
the shop.

The joy of the doll's owner can be
imagined, when she learned that it had
sold for a price sufficient to support the
little family for weeks.

An Ontario exchange relates this
anecdote. "Many years ago," says the
Bishop of Manitoba, "I was holding a
service near an Indian village camp.
My things were scattered about in a
lodge, and when I was going out I asked
the chief if it was safe to leave them
there while I went to the village to
hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'per-
fectly safe. There is not a white man
within a hundred miles.'"

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER II.

AFLOAT.

Thomas Hardy would have assisted in
the preparations for getting under way,
but that the old man positively refused
to accept of his services.

"You're to sit right down there, an'
do jest as little Ellen tells you, for once
in your life, young man," Captain Hiram
said with his customary assumption of
sternness; "an' if you vox her in any
way there'll be no sailin' for you this
day, leastways, not on the Island Queen.
There's mighty few boys got sich a
sister as you have, Thoma' Hardy, an'
it's a pity you don't appreciate her bot-
ter."

"What do you know 'bout how I ap-
preciate her?"

"You couldn't come anywhere nigh
doin' justice to the subject, however
hard you might try; so it won't do any
harm to keep remindin' you of your
good fortune."

Then Captain Hiram set about making
his preparations for the floating of the
sloop; and Thomas Hardy remained
quietly near his sister's side, lest by
some careless word or movement he
might deprive himself of this golden
opportunity.

"The Island Queen ain't what you
might call fit for sea, by any manner of
means," Captain Hiram said, as he con-
tinued his work; "an' I allow she
wouldn't have left the harbour to-day,
nor to-morrow either, if it hadn't been
that little Ellen wanted to go. But
even though she ain't as trim as might
be wished, she'll do her duty as she
always has, which is more'n can be said
of some folks I know."

"Have we got to wait for that water
to come all the way up here?" Thomas
Hardy asked after what seemed to him
a very long time of silence.

"It's the only thing to be done, if
you want to take a spin in the sloop,
lad; an' the longer you've the better
you'll know that patien' waitin', with
a little work thrown in 'ow an' then to
kinder help Providence along, is the best
way to get what you're wantin'.

No good ever comes of tryin' to force mat-
ters. It's jest like this 'ere sloop. Set
your shoulder under her stem, an' see
how much you can make towards push-
in' her into the water; but wait a bit,
an' the tide'll come creepin' up, creepin'
up, till it raises her keel off the sand;
an' the job is done without any work,
or any frettin' either, if it so be you're
disposed to take things as you oughter.
I wonder what the folks in Oldhaven
will say when they hear that Cap'n
Hiram Stubbs took one of them 'ere
Jones babies out for a sail? Why,
they'll come to the conclusion that he's
way off hi' reckonin'. Look out for
the youngster, little Ellen, or I'll have
to go into the surf after him again. It
beats all how he's hankerin' for water
this day. It's an unnatural desire on
the part of any Jones I ever heard
about."

Captain Hiram's preparations were
made by the time the tide had crept
nearly to the sternpost of the Island
Queen; and Ellen was on the point of
moving farther inland, when the old man
suddenly lifted her as if she had been
a thistle-down, depositing her in the
cockpit of the stranded vessel.

"Don't be afraid, little one; I'm only
puttin' you out of the tide's reach,
'cause we've got quite a spell to wait
yet, an' the sloop will float about as
soon with us on board as if we hung
'round the shore. Here's the small
Jones," he added, passing Samuel Abner
up much as if the baby had been a
bundle of merchandise. "Look out for
him, an' I'll see to your brother."

"I reckon I can tend to myself,"
Master Seabury interrupted as he
eluded the old man's grasp, and began
clambering unaided up the deck. "I
wouldn't be much of a fellow if I
couldn't get aboard of a little vessel
like this."

The words had hardly been spoken be-
fore Thomas Hardy's feet slipped on
the smooth planking, and he rolled with
many a disagreeable bump completely
over the rail onto the sand, striking
with such force as called forth a little
squeak of pain.

"O' Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy
Seabury! Now you have hurt your-
s'lf."

"Of course I have," was the petulant
reply. "Don't you s'pose it would hurt
any fellow to tumble off an old vessel
like that?" and Master Seabury, rising
slowly, cast a look of reproach at the
little sloop.

"There ain't any call for you to find
fault with the Island Queen, my lad;

'cause she wasn't in no way to blame. Experience is what's needed in this world, even when it comes to gettin' aboard of a sloop as small as this one; an' when you ain't willin' to learn from them as knows more'n you do, you must expect rough handlin' now an' then. A sailorman don't flounder 'round in that fashion when the deck is on an angle, but he goes over the rail in this shape," and Captain Hiram gave an exhibition of agility as he vaulted up the steep incline.

"Are you hurt, Thomas Hardy?" Ellen cried again.

"Didn't I tell you I was?"

"What can I do for you?"

"Stay where you are and leave me alone. It seems as if you and Captain Hiram thought I couldn't do anything."

"Let him have his own way, little Ellen; an' if he gets a rough knock now an' then it won't do any harm, 'cause I allow he's one of them as will steer his own course till he's brought up with a round turn such as will make him willin' to listen to others."

Then Captain Hiram gave his entire attention to making Ellen and the Jones baby more comfortable, while Thomas Hardy was left to clamber on board in such fashion as best pleased him.

Not until after two attempts did he succeed; and then it was to seat himself in a sulky fashion as far from his companions as possible, where he assumed the position and bearing of a much-abused boy.

With a firm hold of Samuel Abner's dress, lest he should propel himself over the side, Ellen watched the incoming tide as, with many a gurgle and ripple of delight, it ran in and out among the hollows formed by the keel of the sloop, each moment growing stronger and stronger, until the yellow sands were hidden from view, and the Island Queen, yielding to the influence of her liquid cradle, swayed gently to and fro, gradually assuming an upright position.

Thomas Hardy lost his expression of ill-temper when it was possible to move about comfortably, and would have begun a thorough exploration of the sloop, much to Ellen's fear, but for Captain Hiram's emphatic command to "remain quiet an' behave himself."

"You're terribly 'traid I'll hurt your vessel," Master Seabury said pstulantly; but at the same time obeying the command lest he should be sent ashore before the voyage was begun.

"I don't allow you'd do the Island Queen much harm beyond scrapin' the paint; but them monkey-shines fret your sister, an' that's somethin' I sha'n't allow while I'm 'round. Then, agin, there's more'n even chances you'll go overboard at the rate you're cavortin' 'round; an' while I don't reckon there'd be any great danger in it, you'd get a duckin' that would oblige you to go to Maria Littlefield's for dry clothes, which would put an end to this cruise as 'ar as you're concerned. As I look at it, it's to your advantage to behave; for I give you fair warnin' that little Ellen ain't to be cheated out of her voyage, no matter what happens to you."

"Thomas doesn't mean to be rude, sir. It is only his way."

"An' I reckon we've all of us got a right to our way; but we musn't grumble when we find that that way leads us into trouble. If it so be Thomas Hardy's willin' to take the chances of goin' back to Maria Littlefield's while we cruise 'round outside, I sha'n't say anything to whatever he does, pervidin' it don't fret you, little Ellen; but when it comes to that, I put my foot right down. The Island Queen is leavin' the sand now, an' I reckon we'll set the jib to slew her nose 'round. Now then, Thomas Hardy, lay hold of this rope if you want to be useful, an' in five minutes more we'll have deep water under the keel."

Master Seabury willingly acted upon this suggestion; and a low cry of delight burst from Ellen's lips as the sloop gradually swung away from the land, rising and falling upon the gentle swell as if courtesying to her partner, the wind.

The mainsail was run up after little Ellen and the Jones baby had taken possession of the tiny cuddy which served as cabin, lest the slatting of the boom might work them some injury, and the cruise was begun.

"Now you can come out here an' sit down," the old man said when the Island Queen was headed directly away from Oldhaven, leaving a track of milky white behind her; "an' Thomas Hardy shall take a lesson in steerin', if it so pleases him."

It did so please Master Seabury; and never was a boy prouder than he, when, profitin' by Captain Hiram's brief lesson, he was able to hold the sloop steadily on her course.

There came to him a sense of triumph

at thus being able to direct her movements, and he fondly believed he was already an experienced sailor.

Samuel Abner danced and crowed in very glee as the sloop rose and fell on the waves; and little Ellen had quite as much as she could do to prevent him from going over the rail, until Captain Hiram "belayed" him to the cuddy door by a rope fastened around his waist.

"Now you can let him cavort to his heart's content, for I allow he won't break loose from his moorin's. Keep her steady as she goes, lad, an' don't let her yaw so much. There! Bring her up gently. Pushin' the tiller hard down when you want to swing her 'round a single point is a good bit like losin' your temper, you're bound to go too far in the opposite direction. A steady hand an' a gentle one is what a boat needs, an' it's the same as we all oughter have over ourselves."

"Seems to me I'm keepin' her straight enough."

"So you are, lad, if you're satisfied with a zig-zag course like that," and the old man pointed to a creamy track behind him. "But anything that's worth doin' at all is worth doin' well, an' you never ought to be satisfied till you've done the best."

"I didn't come out here to be preached at."

"Why, Thomas Hardy! How can you say such a rude thing, when Captain Hiram is doing so much to give us a good time?"

"I don't care! He talks jest as if I was a baby! He thinks you're awful

Thomas Hardy, and here you are steerin' one."

"Well, s'posen I am? Ain't I doin' it. -ht? S'posen I wasn't; how'd you know anything about it?"

"Captain Hiram says that milky track behind us ought to be straight, and I am sure it is crooked enough now."

"Well, Captain Hiram says a good many things there's no need of. It's straight enough for me. Perhaps I want it crooked."

"Don't talk like that, Thomas Hardy, when the captain has been so good as to sail his vessel out here simply for our pleasure."

"Oh, that's all in your eye, Nell. He never would have come here just for us. Most likely he wants to go to Dollar Island on some business, and makes us think he's doing it to give us a good time."

Ellen motioned toward the cabin to intimate that their host might overhear the rude remark; but Thomas Hardy was not disturbed by such a possibility.

"I'll show him before we get home how much I know about boats. He ain't the only man in this world that can do things."

Ellen remained silent, understanding that by continuing what was really becoming an argument, Captain Hiram might hear something which would displease him, and Thomas Hardy held the tiller, triumphant and bappy in his ignorance.

It was nearly half an hour before the owner of the Island Queen had the lunch arranged to his entire satisfac-



KILJAN RAISES THE SHUADIMITE'S SON.

nice; but he oughter see you sometimes!"

"I allow you're fully s much of a baby as young Jones here," Captain Hiram said with no trace of ill-humour; "an' if it so be you're willin' to act as sich, why I won't say a word agin it. He don't know any better, an' for that reason we overlook his cavortin's, an' we will yours on the same ground. Now, then, little Ellen, where is it your pleasure to go? What part of this coast do you want to see?"

"Wherever you choose, Captain Hiram. It is just as pleasant as can be anywhere."

"I allow then we'll strike a straight course for Dollar Island. That's much as we're headin', Thomas Hardy. We'll take a fair wind out an' tack back."

"Are you going to land there?" Ellen asked.

"If it so be you please, child. This cruise is for your pleasure, an' you're the skipper. I allow a bit of grub wouldn't go bad, so keep your eye on Thomas Hardy while I overhaul the stores in the cuddy."

There was a swinging-table in the tiny cabin, and Captain Hiram devoted an unusual amount of labour in arranging upon it the most tempting of his stores in honour of the one particular guest whom he wished to please; while she literally obeyed his commands, hardly raising her eyes fr in the helmsman, who, becoming impatient because of the scrutiny, said petulantly,—

"Now what's the matter with you, Nell? Anybody'd think you was a reg'lar sailor by the way you watch me. Don't you s'pose I know what oughter be done?"

"You never was in a vessel before,

and when he came on deck an exclamation of mingled surprise and annoyance burst from his lips.

"I oughter to be hauled over the coals for a fresh-water sailor! Here I am playin' the part of steward when I should have been lookin' out for my craft!"

"What's the matter, Captain Hiram?"

"I've been careless, little Ellen, an' carelessness comes mighty nigh bein' a crime sometimes."

"Why, what has happened? Hasn't Thomas Hardy steered as he ought?"

"That's it! If anything goes wrong find fault with me," Master Seabury cried impatiently. "I've kept her headed jest as Captain Hiram told me."

"So you have, lad, so you have; an' I wasn't goin' to blame anybody but myself. I saw that fog-bank when we left Oldhaven, an' oughter kept it well in mind; but somehow or other thinkin' of little Ellen an' mother put everything else out of my head. Now we're in for a smother, an' no mistake."

"What do you mean by a smother, Captain Hiram?"

"Look 'round, child, an' you'll soon find out. Can you see Oldhaven now?"

"No, sir; that gray cloud is between us and the village."

"An' the gray cloud, child, is fog—that same fog-bank we saw haagin' off the harbour when we started."

"Oh, that won't do any harm," Master Seabury replied confidently. "A vessel like this ought to cut right through any fog that ever was."

"So she can, lad; but how will you know whether you're sailin' into the harbour, or onto the rocks that stand either side?"

"All we've got to do is to go straight

back, and we'll be sure to strike it."

"If we did it would be a case of accident, not wisdom, my boy. But you can't go straight back, 'cause we've come out here with the wind, an' must make many a tack before we get into the harbour. Now, beatin' about in a fog is what a sailorman don't like."

Master Seabury did not appear to be very greatly alarmed by the prospect before them; and little Ellen, confident of Captain Hiram's ability to take them safely back, allowed the fact to give her no particular uneasiness.

The old man, understanding it was necessary they should make harbour at Dollar Island before the fog enveloped them completely, took the helm himself, much to Thomas Hardy's displeasure, and, trimming the sheets carefully that not an ounce of the wind's weight might be lost, devoted himself entirely to the management of the Island Queen.

"I've got the best the sloop affords spread on the table in the cuddy, little Ellen, an' you may as well fall to now. Take the Jones youngster with you, an' I'll look out for the ship."

Thomas Hardy did not wait for a formal invitation. He was as hungry as boys generally are at any time an hour after a meal has been eaten, and very soon was selecting for himself the most toothsome dish, without any regard as to his sister's desires.

"Put your helm hard down, Thomas Hardy. You're on the wrong tack now," Captain Hiram cried as he observed the movements of the cabin inmates; and Master Seabury looked out in surprise, not understanding the meaning of the warning.

"What's the matter now? I ain't steering."

"If you allow that you're no longer a baby, it's time you was showin' yourself a young gentleman; an' stowin' away grub like that when there's ladies at the table, ain't the proper course by a good many points, lad."

"What am I doing?" and Thomas looked thoroughly bewildered.

"It's what you ain't doin' that I findin' fault with," Captain Hiram replied. "Your sister's got some call on your attention, an' I want to see you wait on little Ellen like a boy should. There'll be plenty of time for you to eat after she's tended to."

"I guess she's big enough to look out for herself."

"See here, Thomas Hardy, what's the Jones baby doin'?"

"Eating, of course."

"An' givin' no attention to anybody else at the table, eh?"

"Of course he ain't. How can you expect a little duffer like him to do anything?"

"I can't; an' if you ain't any older nor ain't got any better sense than he has, go ahead on the course you're steerin'; but if you allow to be old enough, an' big enough, to have proper manners, why show it by seein' that your sister has the best that can be found, before you begin to stow yourself full."

"Don't, Thomas Hardy, don't!" Ellen whispered warningly as she saw that her brother was about to make an angry reply.

"Seems as if that old man was trying to pick on me all the time," Master Seabury replied sulkily, as, with a very ill grace, he passed his sister the food before continuing the meal.

"When I get back to port I'll change the name of the Island Queen to the Little Ellen, no matter what it costs for new papers," Captain Hiram said emphatically to himself, and then peered ahead anxiously to ascertain if it would be possible to reach a safe anchorage at Dollar Island before the fog closed down upon them.

(To be continued.)

HE SAW THE POINT.

A gentleman said to us, "I do not favour prohibition. It would be an injustice to the men in the business, besides it would throw thousands out of employment." We replied, "You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's view." Just before the war closed a Government contractor said in a car, "I do hope the war will not close under two years. I will lose thousands of dollars, besides many men will be turced out of employment from the Government works." A lady passenger, in words of mourning, rose to her feet and with a tearful voice said, "Sir, I have a brave boy and a husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldiers' cemetery. I have only one boy left and he is in front of the foe. O God! I wish the cruel war would close now." He saw the point. Do you? Then stop the rum traffic.—The Worker.

"Does God Live Here?"

BY EVA W. MALONE.

Friendless, at night, the street she trod,
A little maid forlorn,
Nor reckoned of her shoeless feet,
Nor of her garments torn.
But eager, searching, on she sped,
With look of deep intent—
As one with spirit, all enwrapt,
On earnest mission bent.

At last she paused, her weary face
Took on a look of light—
A stately church, with beauty rare,
Burst full upon her sight.
She heard the organ peal—the notes
Of glad, triumphant song—
Then whispered low, "Ah, this the
place!"
And joined the waiting throng.

Before the surprised priest she paused,
Nor marked his gaze austere;
But, undismayed, preferred her plea:
"Please, sir, does God live here?
They say that he is kind and good,
If children to him come;
And when I saw this lovely place,
I knew it was his home."

O men! O brothers! in our pride,
We rear the stately dome;
But let us ask, with grief of heart,
Is it, in truth, God's home?
Do Pride and Passion find no place?
Is Envy, Malice near?
Alas! with shame our heads we bow,
And cry: "Does God live here?"

A NEW BOY AT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Everyone knows the absurd character—to occidentals—of Chinese formal conversation, but every fresh account of a first interview with a Chinaman with whom etiquette must be observed is a new entertainment. A gentleman who was for a long time at the head of a school in China, which was patronized by Chinese, has contributed to an exchange an account of the usual interview which took place between him and the father of a boy brought to the school.

The Chinese gentleman is escorted to the reception-room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly.

Then the teacher asks:

"What is your honourable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a water-pipe are sent for, and the teacher says: "Please use 'em." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher:

"What is your honourable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honourable kingdom?"

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?"

This means, "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honourable and great man of the household living?"

He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave.

"I have tormented you exceedingly to-day," he says.

"Oh, no, I have dishonoured you."

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying: "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing: "Go slowly; go slowly."—Youth's Companion.

BABIES IN ALASKA.

An Alaskan baby has less chance of living to manhood and womanhood than have the babies of other countries. The Alaskans are bold, warlike, and healthy, and are great hunters, trappers, and fishers. But the ignorant mothers do not know how to take care of their little babies, and so they die by the scores from neglect and mistaken treatment.

How do they treat the babies? To begin with, they rub their little bodies with grease, pack dried grass tightly round them, and then roll them up in a skin or a blanket. In this tight bundle the baby stays, with his limbs held close to his body, unable to do anything, poor little thing, but cry from discomfort. If he cries too loud or too long, his mother puts his head under water to teach him to keep still!

Once a day the blanket is unrolled and fresh grass is packed around the little fellow. After the first year, if the child lives through it, the wrappings are taken off, and the baby is allowed to crawl about, and is fed liberally on whatever the grown-up members of the family have for dinner—seal-fat, dried meat, and dried fruit. With such bad food, and such a cold and damp climate, very many of the children die before they are five years old.

When a baby dies, its body is put into a "burial basket." This is often prettily embroidered, and dyed in bright colours; for the Alaskan mother loves her baby dearly, and makes its tiny coffin

A LAD'S COURAGE.

When John Coleridge Patteson, who became the devoted bishop, was a lad at school, he was one of the cricket eleven. At the suppers, after the matches, the boys became accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth; silly jokes were circulated, and the talk sometimes became bad.

At last, Patteson could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination: "I must leave the eleven if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in it, nothing is left me but to go." The influence of this brave stand by one of their best players caused the hurtful talk to cease.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

The following account of the call of Elisha will be of interest in connection with our lesson.

"So Elijah found Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth; and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him.

"And he left the oxen, and ran after Elijah, and said, Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee. And he said unto him, Go back again: for what have I done to thee?"

"And he returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen, and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat. Then he arse, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him."—1 Kings 19, 19-21.

The only truly rich people are those who give up all for Christ.



ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

as beautiful as she knows how. The burial basket is put into a little canoe, which the mother pushes out into the stream, and the stream bears it out to sea, where the gods are supposed to receive it. And that is the end of the poor little Alaskan baby.

METHODISM AND TEMPERANCE.

We do not believe that there has been in all history a more remarkable phenomenon than the absolute unity of opinion which exists in our church in regard to the evils of the liquor traffic. We do not know a single one of our preachers that uses intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Nor are we acquainted with a single one but believes that the traffic in the devil's fluid ought to be suppressed by law. The great body of our laymen, moreover, are in sympathy with their pastors on this subject. What is true of the Methodists is also true of the other evangelical churches in this section. They are all sound to the core.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Willingness, which is really love of God, has no colour of its own; only at every call it is ready to will whatever God wills.—Fenelon.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 14.

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.

2 Kings 4, 25-37. Memory verses, 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

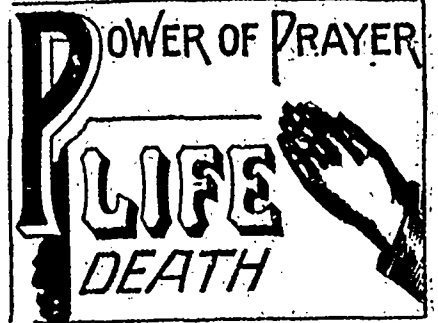
Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.—Psalm 55, 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Shunammite's Sorrow, v. 25-28.
2. Gehazi's Experiment, v. 29-31.
3. Elisha's Miracle, v. 32-37.
Time.—Between 895 and 884 B.C.
Places.—Shunem, a little town in the very heart of Israel. Mount Carmel, in the neighbourhood of the scene of Elijah's victory over Baal's prophets.

HOME READINGS.

M. Kindness rewarded.—2 Kings 4, 8-17.
Tu. Sorrow in the home.—2 Kings 4, 18-24.
W. The Shunammite's son.—2 Kings 4, 25-37.



Th. Elisha's care for the Shunammite.—2 Kings 4, 1-6.

F. The widow's son.—Luke 7, 11-17.

S. The ruler's daughter.—Luke 8, 41, 42, 49-56.

Su. Praise for deliverance.—Psalm 116, 1-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Shunammite's Sorrow, v. 25-28.
What journey did this mother make, and why?
Who saw her while yet a long way off?
What did Elisha say to his servant?
What was the mother's answer?
What did she do when she met Elisha?
What did Gehazi attempt to do?
What did Elisha say?
What question did the woman ask?
- Gehazi's Experiment, v. 29-31.
What four things was the servant told to do?
What two things was he not to do?
What did the mother say?
What did Elisha do?
When the servant laid his staff on the child's face what happened?
What report did Gehazi bear to Elisha?
- Elisha's Miracle, v. 32-37.
In what state did Elisha find the child?
What was his first act when he came to the house?
What did he then do to the child?
What was the effect on the child?
What did the prophet do?
What was the effect of his second visit to the child?
Whom did he then summon?
What did he say to the mother?
What did the mother do?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- The duty of trusting God when in trouble?
 - The duty of praying when in trouble?
 - The power of God to help us in trouble?

Shop-Walker—"She complains that you didn't show her common civility."
Shop-Girl—"I showed her everything in my department, sir."

Johnny was in the preserve closet surreptitiously helping himself. "It beats all," he said, under his breath, "how much jam a fellow can stand 'bout feelin' crowded."

Faces That Follow

By MRS. E. M. MASON.

Author of "Things I Remember," etc. With numerous illustrations by J. W. Bengough.

Cloth, \$1.00.

CONTENTS: The Parsonage—Mr. Oldtime—The Supreme Affection—A Timely Warning—The Itinerary Horse—Nicodema—Brave Benjamin—Home—Parental Matters—Impressions—Mutual Confidences—Taste—The Aristocracy—Betrayed—Mistaken—Some Precious Things—Restitution—Pledges—Fast, not Fancy.

"We were profoundly impressed with the keen insight into character, the happy descriptive touches, the earnest religious spirit of its sketches.

"A vein of genius and a fine sense of humour run through it. It contains the most tremendous indictments of some of the sins of the age we have ever read, and some of the most touching pathos.

"It is an addition of distinct value to our Canadian literature."—*Methodist Magazine*.

"Many side-lights are thrown on the life of the itinerant Methodist pastor and his wife, especially on the country circuits. One is frequently reminded of *Samantha* and *Josiah Allen*. The book is bright and sparkling; displays a good deal of literary ability, and will be found both interesting and profitable."—*Christian Guardian*.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. F. SMITH, Montreal. E. J. BROWN, Halifax.