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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

No. 22.

VENDOME COLUMN, PARIS.

The Vendome Column in Paris is an imitation of Trajan's column at Rome, 142 feet high and 13 feet in diameter. It was erected by order of Napoleon I. in 1806-10 to commemorate his victories over the Russians and Austrians in 1805. It was thrown down by the communists in 1871, but a bed of manure was prepared to receive it, so that, though broken, it was not utterly shattered. It was skillfully re-erected in 1875. It is constructed of masonry covered with plates of bronze, forming a spiral band of 300 yards, on which are represented in high relief the military career of Napoleon. The figures are about three feet high. The metal was obtained by melting down 1 200 Russian and Austrian cannon. A figure of Napoleon crowned the column. In 1879 the present writer climbed the monument to the gallery shown at the top.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

In 1665, immediately after the victory of the English over the Dutch, and before any rejoicing had begun, the capital was visited by the plague. During the winter a few cases had appeared in the suburbs, slowly increasing as the weather advanced, until, in the latter part of May, the disease broke forth from the filth and squalor of St. Giles, full upon the city and Westminster. On July 1, regulations were adopted, such as dividing the city into districts, with officers for each; and in each house where the disease was, there was marked upon the door a red cross, having over it the words: "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

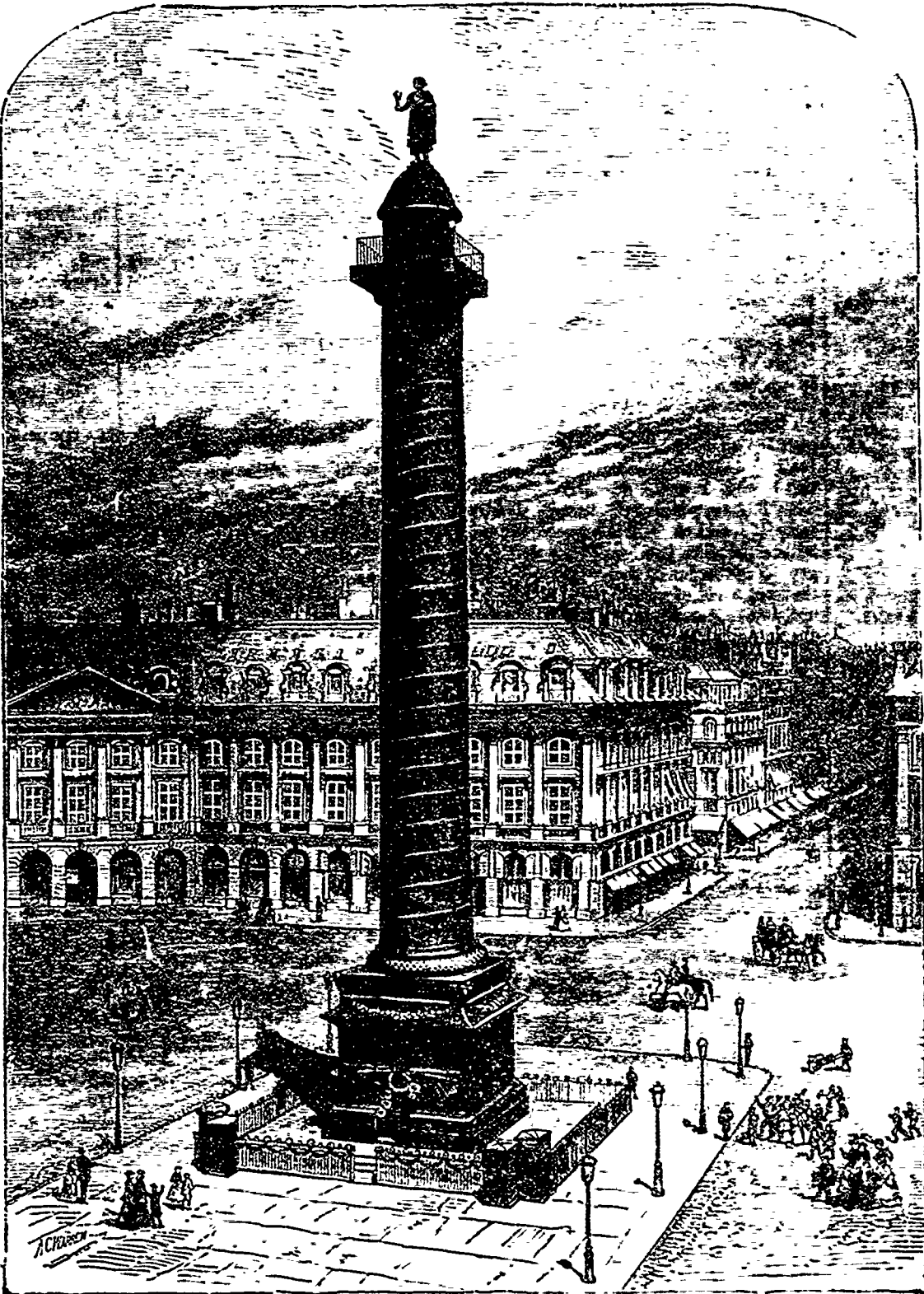
Fast carts went round in the night, the tinkling of a bell announcing their coming, and a voice crying, "Bring

out your dead!" By the light of a flaming link, or torch, the uncoffined dead were brought forth and put into the cart, and thence carried to the nearest church-yard, and thrown into

common pits. The men who buried the dead were of the lowest class, and barded in vice and brutality, and they committed deeds too horrible to tell. The nurses, also, having the

tent of the population.

The plague was brought from Holland into England, and was followed, the next year, by an awful fire, which laid waste two-thirds of the city.



VENDOME COLUMN, PARIS.

poor victims entirely at their mercy, often murdered those who might have recovered, in order to rob them.

So dreadful was the time that those who were not stricken seemed to be unhinged in mind, some of them going into the wildest riot, others giving themselves up to religious devotion.

At times, the silence which prevailed over the doomed city was broken by the unhallowed cries of revelers in brothel and tavern. Superstition sprang up, and many thought they saw a flaming sword in the sky, suspended over the city. There were assemblies in church-yards, where they imagined they beheld the ghosts of those who had been buried. Fanatics, in the characters of prophets, walked the streets, one with a pan of burning coals on his head, pronouncing woes on the city. Another proclaimed aloud, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." A third might be heard, day and night, crying in sepulchral tones, "O, the great and dreadful God!"

July and August proved very hot, and though September was less so, the deaths increased. Large fires were burned in the streets. On the third night, being September 8, a heavy rain fell and put out the fires, and the deaths then diminished, but the next week the disease was worse than ever, and many despaired. The equinoctial gales at length brought healing. By December, the deaths in London had exceeded one hundred thousand; the disease had spread over the rest of the kingdom, and its ravages in places were in proportion to the ex-

Thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches were reduced to ashes, and two hundred thousand people were compelled to take refuge in huts, or lie in the open air, in the fields. This fire served to the city, so lately diseased, as a great purifier, and no doubt saved it from a return of the plague.

AUTUMN.

THE click of the mower has ceased,
And the harvest is gathered in;
The corn from its husk is released,
And carefully stowed in its bin.

The fruit is all safe from the frost,
And packed for the winter to come;
Be careful that nothing be lost
That will add to the comfort of home.

A voice from the woodlands to-day
Says, plainly, we're all growing old,
As seasons are passing away,
Attired in their carmine and gold.

The winter will come ere we know,
The leaves and the herbage will fall,
And deep hyperborean snow
Will mantle the earth with its pall.

But spring will return with her bloom,
And summer its harvest will bring,
Though we may be laid in the tomb,
And warblers our requiem sing!

The autumn will come with his breath,
Painting leaves with his art of old—
Gray, golden, and purple, and bluish,
Mixed in with the green, drab, and gold.

How much like the seasons in life!
The bud, then the blossom, and leaf—
All nurtured in hope, love, or strife,
Then fades, like the forest, in grief!

But winter will come, when the cold
Will freeze all the blood in our veins—
When purple, or dark brown, and gold,
Will remind that little remains!

I pray, thee, my Father, to give
Thy grace, to sustain while I stay;
Thy Spirit, to guide while I live—
To point out the Truth and the Way.
—Christian Secretary.

THE SOCIETY AT SPRING-TOWN.

"FACT is, it's all folderol!" That was Uncle Meggs's comment, with a good-naturedly contemptuous laugh, as leaning back in the creaking old rocking-chair where he was enjoying his Sunday combination of reading and sleep, he took up his newspaper again.

"Does well enough for folk that got their money easy and have so much they don't know what to do with it, though I doubt if there's any good in sending it 'way off to heathen lands then. But, anyway, I don't see any sense in his coming out here to talk about it to a lot of country-folks. It's all we can do to take care of ourselves," said Aunt Polly, laying down the old hymn book over which she had been dozing for the last hour because of her fooling that "a body ought to do a little good readin' on Sunday," and placidly trying on her apron preparatory to getting supper.—"Joe, if you'll run and start the kitchen fire quick now, I'll make some cream flapjacks for supper."

Joe had divided his day between the swing in the old wood shed, looking after his squirrel-traps in the woods, and his present position of luxurious ease on the carpet. Only Genie had thought it worth while to trudge a mile through the afternoon sun to the little church at the cross-roads, where Sunday-school was held. But when a stranger told of the boys and girls in a far-away land across the sea—of their

wretched homes and miserable lives, and how the missionaries were trying to help and teach them—she forgot her long walk and everything else, and listened with earnest face and kindling eyes. She did so wish that Uncle and Aunt Meggs and Joe had been there to hear, for the stranger wanted all the people in this free, happy country to help them; he said that even the children could help. She tried to remember it all to tell those at home, and hurried away as soon as the service was over, for fear she might partly forget. But before her eager story was half told, Uncle Meggs had pronounced it "all folderol," and Aunt Polly had pushed it aside for the weightier question of flapjacks for supper.

Genie's lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears of disappointment as she went slowly up to her own little room under the sloping roof: "I was so sure they'd care; I believe they would if they'd only heard him. But I can't do anything all alone."

There was no time to think about it, however, for Aunt Polly's brisk voice called from the stairway, "Hurry up, child! Pat your hat away and come down and set the table!"

After supper, when she and Joe sat in the low doorway trying to count the stars as they came out, Genie made another attempt to awaken a little sympathy with what had so interested her, but it was useless. Joe declared that he "didn't b'lieve that little heathens felt like other folks, and so it wasn't likely they cared how they lived;" anyway, his father had said it was all nonsense, and Joe guessed his father knew. So Genie was left to plan and think alone.

"I wish I could do something; I wish I had something of my very own," she said; and she said it so many times within the next two days that Joe began to make fun of her. It was this that put a bit of mischief in his head one day. Passing homeward through the meadow, his quick eye noticed a slight commotion as of something unusual among the sheep: one had run down to the edge of the brook, and was running up and down the brook as if in distress. A moment's watching flashed the explanation upon Joe's mind—one of the lambs had fallen into the brook. Hurrying to the spot, he saw a small woolly head drop under the water, and by the time it appeared again he was ready to reach for it. Once it was just within his grasp, but the frantic struggles of the frightened little creature foiled him, and when he finally succeeded in rescuing it there was little evidence of life left.

"You're too late, Joey, my boy," said the hired man, coming up just then. "It's gone."

Joe's father said the same thing when he found him in the shadow of the trees where Genie had brought the lamb. "It's dead, or so near it that there's nothing to be done."

"Here, then, you can have it, Genie; it'll be something for your 'very own' that you have been wishing for so long," said Joe teasingly, as he met the little girl's pitying eyes. "Maybe your missionary folks that are so anxious for any little gift will take a drowned sheep."

"May I have it, Uncle Meggs for my really, truly own?" asked Genie quietly.

"Of course, child, if you want it," laughed Uncle Meggs. "You'll only have the trouble of burying it."

But Genie was already hurrying

away with it wrapped in her apron, and how she did work over it! By night it had eaten a little and was quietly sleeping in an old basket behind the kitchen stove; and, though Uncle Meggs, Aunt Polly and the hired man all said it would die, it lived and grew stronger until in a few days it was able to go back to the field. Then Genie felt herself a woman of property.

"Uncle Meggs," she asked soberly, "how much will you charge to let my sheep pasture with yours?"

"Well, eegin' its appetite ain't very strong yet, I guess I won't charge anything," answered Uncle Meggs, with a twinkle in his eye.

"It really seemed as if that lamb knew it was a missionary lamb, it did so well," Genie said afterward. It grew and flourished all through the fall and winter, and in the spring, when shearing-time came, there were two dollars for Genie—the price of the wool. There was no missionary society in the place, and so Genie's money had to be sent by itself. She wrote a simple little note with it—not apologizing for sending so small a sum, for it seemed a great deal to her—but explaining how she came by so much that was all her own. But when one day long afterward there came an unexpected letter in reply, none of the family could help feeling a little interest in the message that had travelled so far across land and sea, and even Uncle Meggs was heard to mention incidentally to a neighbour "that letter that came to our Genie from foreign parts."

Then the letter itself—a pleasant letter to a little fellow-worker, yet holding in its few pages a graphic picture of some of the work in that far-away mission-station—was interesting. If it had been merely an appeal to help, Uncle Meggs might have considered it nonsense, but this was a letter of thanks, and it is pleasant to be thanked.

"And to think of her readin' to them little heathen away off there all about Genie's nursing the lamb for 'em here at Springtown! Well, now!" said Aunt Polly. And Uncle Meggs really felt a glow of satisfaction in the thought that he had given Genie that lamb.

Nobody objected when there was more money to go, and when it was time for a possible sinner Joe began to watch the post-office as closely as Genie did. By and by there were other lambs as part of Genie's increase and revenue, and a division of her funds among different points brought other letters and still wider interests. No one could have told exactly why or when the family first began to talk of them as "our missionaries" instead of only "Genie's," or when it was that Aunt Polly began to call for the reading of these letters when a neighbour came in, "because they're so interestin'." Indeed, it is doubtful if anyone really knew what was the beginning of the missionary society at Springtown; but there is a vigorous one there now, and into these narrow lines, bounded so long by the selfish walls of their own pursuits and interests, has opened a door of communication with God's whole wide world—K. W. H.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

"IT WON'T HURT YOU IF YOU LEAVE IT ALONE"

"No, liquor won't hurt you if you let it alone," said one man with a sneer to another who was fighting hard to have it kept out of town by law. "You needn't meddle with it, if others take it, that is their look out."

"But liquor does hurt thousands who let it alone, who utterly hate it, and never set foot in a saloon."

"I should like your evidence," said the other, a little puzzled.

"Just step around the corner into Mrs. Watson's house—a pretty little house, but it will not be here much longer. The rum-seller has it in his grip; I hear she must move out this week. Watson is working on his new veranda, which is to run around three sides of the tavern to pay up another liquor bill, while his wife and children are starving. They never touch liquor but it hurts them."

"I can pick out twenty families in this place where it has done its mischief, more or less, and so it is the world over. Every man that drinks involves others with him."

"Those who let it alone have to suffer. Probably five sufferers to each drunkard would be stating it very low. Now, I mean to work hard and fight hard, if need be, for those who have no helper; and if the law can be made to help them, well and good."

Our boys are to be our future law-makers. Let them be well established in temperance principles. Let them look on a liquor license as they would on a license to commit any sort of crime. All these and far more are included in every permit to sell rum. —Youth's Temperance Banner.

AN HONEST BOOTBLACK.

ONE evening a gentleman, who gave his name as Harrison, of Freeport, Ill., was hurrying down Broadway, at about five o'clock, carrying a valise, and when on the Canal Street crossing, a large, well-filled envelope fell from his coat. A lame bootblack, named Daniel M'Carthy, better known in the neighbourhood as "Limping Dan," picked it up and running as best he could after the loser, cried: "Say, Mister!" The man glanced in the direction of the call, and seeing the boys blacking-knit, gruffly said: "I don't want a shine." The boy, however, exerted himself, and stopping in front of the man, held up the envelope, saying: "Mister, you dropped this."

Recognizing his property, a change immediately spread over his countenance as he gazed upon the shivering cripple before him and asked his name. He then took him to a clothing store near by, and paid for a coat and vest for the boy, after which he handed the grateful boy a \$20 bill, saying: "My boy, that envelope contained a large amount of money. When I come to the city again I shall be glad to see you."

To the officer he said he had sold some property on Long Island, and that the envelope contained the proceeds—\$1,600 in checks, and \$600 in bills—which he had just drawn from the bank, and in his haste to get to Jersey City, where he was to take the train, he must have placed the envelope between his inside coat and overcoat instead of in his pocket.

AUTUMNAL DREAM.

WHEN the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapour,
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut-burs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the fall,
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail.

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who is still dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill,
In the splendour of the woodlands,
In the whispers of the rills.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think, when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah, to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast
Till I blessed her till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last;
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumns of the past!

—Byrard Taylor.

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers
were playing cards one night in camp.

"What on earth is that?" suddenly
exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in
the midst of the game to listen. In a
moment the whole squad were listening
to a low, solemn voice which came from a
tent occupied by several recruits who
had arrived in camp that day.

The ringleader approached the tent
on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a-praying, as I'm a sin-
ner!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!"
shouted another man of the group as
the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks:
I'll show you how to take religion out
of him," said the first speaker, laugh-
ing.

He was a large man, the ringleader
in mischief; the recruit was a slight,
pale-faced young fellow of about eight-
teen years of age. During the next
three weeks he was the butt of the
camp; then several of the boys, con-
quered by the lad's gentle patience and
uniform kindness to his persecutors, beg-
ged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better
than the rest of us," answered the ring-
leader. "He's only making believe
pious. When we get under fire, you'll
see him run. These pious folks don't
like the smell of gunpowder. I've no
faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment broke
camp, marched toward Richmond, en-
tered the Wilderness and engaged in
that terrible battle. The company to
which the young recruit belonged had
a desperate struggle. The brigade was
driven back; and when the line was
reformed behind the breastworks they
had built in the morning, he was mis-

ing. When last seen, he was almost
surrounded by the enemies, but fight-
ing desperately. At his side stood
the brave fellow who had made the
poor lad a constant object of ridicule.
Both were given up for lost. Suddenly
the big man was seen tramping through
the underbrush, bearing the dead boy
of the recruit. Reverently he laid the
corpse down, saying, as he wiped the
blood from his own face,

"Boys, I couldn't leave him with
the enemy, he fought so. I thought he
deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men
dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid
the remains therein. Then, as one
was cutting the name and regiment
upon a board, the big man said in a
husky voice,

"I guess you'd better put the words
'Christian soldier' in somewhere. He
deserves the title, and maybe it'll console
him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among
those rough men as they stuck the
rudely-carved board at the head of the
grave and again and again looked at
the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he is a Christian
soldier if there ever was one. And,"
turning to the ringleader, "he didn't
run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man,
his voice tender with emotion. "Why,
he didn't budge an inch. But what's
that to standing our fire for weeks like
a man and never sending a word back?
He just stood by his flag and let us
pepper him, he did?"

When the regiment marched away,
the rude head-board remained to tell
what a power lies in a Christian life.—
Youth's Companion.

TAKE CARE HOW YOU GET
ANGRY.

A FIT of angry passion hurts the
body as well as the soul. Anger
affects the nerves and the beating of
the heart. How red the face grows
when a person "gets mad." Some-
times a man is red and pale, by turns,
when a passionate spell takes pos-
session of his feelings and reason.

A physician tells the following; it
shows how anger hurts the body.
After stating that anger helps to
bring on a sort of uneven beating of
the heart, called "intermittency," the
doctor says: "One striking example,
among others of this kind which I
could name, was afforded me in the
case of a member of my own profession.
This gentleman told me that an
original irritability of temper was
permitted, by want of due control, to
pass into a disposition of almost per-
sistent or chronic anger, so that every
trifle in his way was a cause of un-
warranted irritation. Sometimes his
anger was so vehement that all about
him were alarmed for him even more
than for themselves, and when the
attack was over there were hours of
sorrow and regret in private which
were as exhausting as the previous
anger. In the midst of one of these
outbreaks of short, severe madness,
he suddenly felt, to use his own ex-
pression, as if his 'heart were lost.'
He reeled under the impression, was
nauseated and faint; then, recovering,
he put his hand to his wrist and
discovered an intermittent action of
the heart as the cause of his faintness.
He never completely rallied from that
shock, and to the day of his death, ten

years later, he was never free from the
intermittency."

Let all our readers learn to rule
their spirit. Resolve to master your
temper. Never, never let it master
you. It will make you unlovely and
disagreeable if you give way to hasty
fits of anger. People will dislike to
have you around, because of your
dreadful temper. It may weaken your
body and shorten your life.

You want to be loved and trusted.
You wish to be strong and well in
body, clear and cool in mind, patient
and pleasant in spirit, do you not?
Then take care how you get angry.

If you are naturally quick-tempered
you will not be able to control the dis-
position by your own strength and
your unaided resolution. You must
ask the loving Lord Jesus to help you
rule your temper if it is too strong for
you.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

FISHING.

WHEN cousin Robert came down to
visit the cousins at Boschwood, he
gave each of the boys a fishing-line,
with sundry directions about fishing
calculated to make them very expert
in the art. How anxiously they
watched for spring weather, so they
could try their skill, and how pleased
they were when papa brought home
from the lake, one morning, a handful
of violets for little May. But not
until there had been a week of warm
sunshine to dry the earth, did mother
give them leave to play out of doors
for an afternoon.

"Now, May, you must keep little
Dash very still," said Robbie, "or he
will have to go back. Any noise
scares the fish; Robert said so."

May cuddled her darling doggie close
in her arms for half a minute. No
sport could be half enjoyed by her
without he shared it.

The boys had considerable "luck,"
as they thought, and pretty soon four
or five poor, gasping little minnows
lay struggling and suffering on the
bank, drawing the children in a circle
about them.

May's tender heart and loving eyes
were overflowing. "O Robbie, let us
pick the pretty flowers instead," she
pleaded; "it doesn't hurt them when
we break them off. How would you
like to have a cruel hook tear out your
mouth?"

"They don't mind it, May; fish
always eat so when you take them out
of the water."

"Then it is because they want to
stay in. If they did not suffer dread-
fully they would never twist and turn
in so many shapes. It is the way
they cry, I know."

I cannot say how successful May's
gentle pleading would have been, but
just then a stop came to the sport in
another way. Little Frank, in his
efforts to untangle his line, buried the
hook-point in his fat hand. Oh, it
was such a sad thing! I cannot bear
to think of it. And when papa got it
out the little party were very sober,
and sympathized with dear Frank.

"You may have my fish-line,
mother," said Robbie, "when you want
a good, stout string for anything."

"And mine, too," said Frank's;
"if that is the way it hurts the poor
fish, I don't want to try that play
again."—*The Child's World.*

Never wantonly frighten others.

THE HEART'S SONG.

IN the silent midnight watches,
Lest thy dream-door
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore
Say not 'tis thy pulse beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin.
Tis thy saviour knocks, and crieth
Hush, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless foot-step
To the nail and but:
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut!
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth,
But the door is fast!
Grieved, away the saviour goeth.
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not!

A BOY IN A MISSIONARY
COLLECTION.

A GREAT many years ago, in a little
town in Scotland, there was a mission-
ary meeting held. Some very inter-
esting ideas were exhibited, and a
description of the customs of the
heathen land from which the
missionary came, and there were a
great many strange dresses which he
tried on in turns.

There was a little boy way up in
one corner of the gallery, whose soul
was intensely working within him as
he listened to all this description of
what the heathen suffered, and what
the heathen wore and of all the oppor-
tunities which God had given to the
missionaries to turn many of them
from their dead idols to serve the
living God, and to wait for his Son
from heaven. And as he looked and
listened, his little heart beat high
within him. He said within himself,
"If I live I will be a missionary. I
will go to the heathen myself, and I
will try to do something for them to
win them to Christ."

By-and-by, when the meeting was
about to close, it was intimated that
there was to be a collection. The little
fellow felt in his pockets, but he had
not anything. He had not a single
penny. He felt very sorry, very much
ashamed of himself, and he did not
like to go down and pass the plate at
the door putting nothing in; so he
waited up in the corner of the gallery
until all the people had gone and the
two men that were standing at the
door should have had time to carry
away the full plates into the little
room behind, to count the collection;
then with stealthy step he began to
descend the stairs.

But the quick ears of one of the men
heard a step coming, and true to his
duty the man rained, and when the
little boy came he held out the plate
to him. This was something he had
not expected, and his little face flushed
all over; but with a quick thought he
said to the good man, "Hold it a
little lower, sir." The man held it a
little lower. "Lower still, sir." He
put it down lower yet. "Please lay
it on the ground, sir." The good man,
not knowing what he meant, put the
plate on the ground, and the little
fellow stepped into it, and said, "I
have no money, but I will give my-
self: in God's name I intend being a
missionary." That was the biggest
contribution had that night.—*Rev. S.
H. Patterson, M.D.*

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm—
God bless it every rood!
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood—
Can from the coarse and fertile soil
Win back a recompense for toil!

God bless each meadow, field and nook,
By-lined with fairest flowers;
And every leaf that's gently shook
By evening breeze or morning showers—
God bless them all—each's leaf's a gem
In Nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchards, that in early spring,
Blush rich in fragrant flowers,
And with each autumn surely bring
Their wealth of fruit in golden showers,
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod—
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may he bless the farmer's home,
When peace and plenty reign;
No happier spot 'neath heaven's high dome
Does this broad, bounteous earth contain,
Then where, secure from care or strife,
The farmer spends his peaceful life.

Unwearyed by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mould;
Then scatters on the golden grain,
And reaps reward a hundred fold—
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm.
—Exchange.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

"COME UNTO ME."

MANY persons think that Jesus lives a great way off in a place called heaven, and believe that if we pray to him often and labour to do good he will bestow his Holy Spirit to comfort us and to awaken in us the hope that when our earthly labours cease we may dwell with him in heaven. Most persons, even if they do not say so, certainly think so. But Jesus plainly says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." By this he means that he will give joy to our souls and peace from all our evil thoughts and desires. Then all uneasiness that troubles and all discord that disturbs comes alone through sin. Jesus will take this all away from us, and in its place give us peace and life, but only on the condition that we come unto him.

What shall keep us from going to the blessed Saviour at once after we have heard his sweet words of invita-

tion! Our unbelief is always in the way. Unbelief comes to us under many smooth-sounding names. One of them is called *ignorance*; and it says, "I do not know in what way I must come to Jesus." Another time it comes under the name of *timidity*; and it says, "I fear I shall not be accepted;" or *caution* says, "If I do come to Jesus I may in the end again fall away."

Do not through any such temptations of Satan as these be led away from the dear Saviour, who gave his life that we might be brought from death unto life.

A little blind girl was once taken to an asylum for the blind for one year. Her mother went to visit her once during the time. Without speaking a word she entered the room where the girl was, and seated herself near her. She moved gently nearer and nearer; and at length she put her hand on the girl's head. The child took hold of it and cried out, "Oh, I know you! I know you, mother!"

Thus the Saviour stands unseen near every one of you, children, and leaves the blessings of his hand rest upon every one of your heads. Take hold of it and hold it fast. You will then, with certainty, soon be enabled to say to him, "I know you."

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

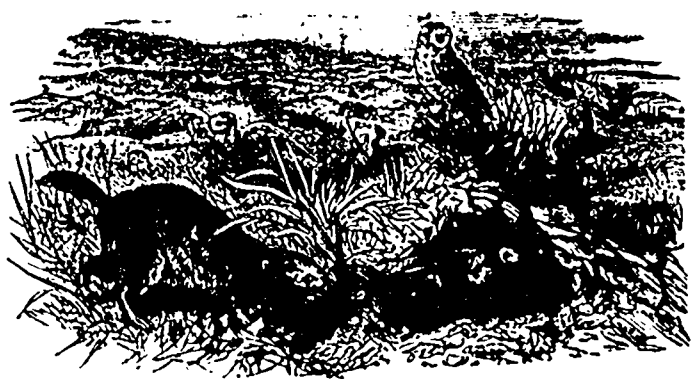
REVELATION 21: 16 reads, "And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." Twelve thousand furlongs equal 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed are 496,793,028,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the number of cubic feet in a room sixteen feet each way, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts thirty-three and a third years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000, and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

Christ said, "In my father's house there are many mansions." There is a mansion for every one who will go to Jesus and procure a title. We hope each of our many young readers will be able to read his title clear to mansions in the skies.

VALUE OF SUNLIGHT.

DR. RICHARDSON, a London physician of authority in sanitary matters, says that no house is so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt; and the mind soon learns to apologise for this condition because gloom conceals it. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house; and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in



THE AGASSIZ SOCIETY.

our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then, again, light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated.

THE AGASSIZ SOCIETY.

BY ALICE HOPEFUL.

"WILL MOORE says every boy should belong to 'The Agassiz;' but I don't think it does a boy any good, do you, Murray? I don't know why they call it 'The Agassiz.'"

"Well, Ned, that is one reason you should belong, and I think every town should have an Agassiz class. I, for one, think a great deal of that wonderful man, who did so much for science," said Murray Boyer, a bright boy about fifteen years of age.

"Was it a man they named 'The Agassiz' after?" asked Ned.

"Yes; a man who spent much time in the study of natural objects. We call all these societies after him. The object of these classes is to study and obtain knowledge about the every-day object we see around us."

"Do you really learn anything, Murray?"

"Yes, indeed! The other evening we learned something about the burrowing owl, prairie dog, and rattlesnake. Now, Ned, tell me the truth. Do you know anything about these queer specimens of animal life?"

"No, I do not. But why take these three together?"

"That is what we learned, and I will tell you what I found out that night. Though not one is related to any of the others—beast, bird, and reptile—yet all live in the same underground home, something like a woodchuck's hole. Trappers and Indians who have watched their customs say that the owls keep house for the dogs, while the rattlesnake is a sort of a gentleman boarder, occasionally making a meal of one of the children if he gets hungry before dinner is ready.

"The prairie dog, as we frequently hear it called, is not a dog, but belongs to the marmot. The marmots come under the division of animals called mammals, which is one of the four divisions of the vertebrate family. The term vertebrate is applied to all animals which have a back-bone, or a succession of small bones called vertebrae.

The marmots are found in large numbers along the Missouri River and its tributaries. They will gather together where the soil is such that they can easily burrow; for the marmot is a burrowing animal. They so tunnel the ground where they live that it

looks like a honeycomb. An odd thing about these dog towns is the streets, which the little marmot leaves by not burrowing all the ground in his little village. One dog generally acts as a leader, and when the other dogs come out he gives the signal of danger, and back go the little marmots to their homes under the ground.

"Though the burrows made by the marmots are inhabited by the burrowing owl and rattlesnake, it is not to be supposed that this queer family enjoys each other's society. Almost all students of natural history say that the marmot has no choice in the matter, and that their dominions are invaded by these strange visitors because they do not like the trouble of burrowing. The owl and the marmot could live quite harmoniously together, but neither care for Mr. Rattlesnake.

"If the burrowing owl alights in a country where the marmots have not been, he burrows with his claws and bill. Mr. Owl belongs to the bird family, which is another division of the vertebrates. The burrowing owl is not a nocturnal bird, but goes out in the bright sunshine. Its cry is a short bark, very much like the marmot's.

"In this strange family we have still another division of the vertebrates, called the reptiles. To this family belongs the poisonous rattlesnake. He belongs to the viperine snakes, which is called the *crotalidae*. The rattlesnake is native of North America, and takes its name from the peculiar way in which the tail terminates. It is furnished at the end with a number of loose joints, which rattle when the snake is annoyed or angry. It is supposed that these joints show the age of the snake."

"Well, Murray, I do think you learn something at The Agassiz, and I think I will join your society."—*S. S. Herald.*

THE EYES.

NEVER read in bed or in a reclining attitude; it provokes a tension of the optic nerve very fatiguing to the eyesight. An exchange says, "Bathe your eyes daily in salt-water—not salt enough, though, to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening; and we have known several persons who after using this simple remedy several weeks had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them—continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt-water. Never force your eyesight to read or work in insufficient or too broad light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is mortally injurious to the eyes."



THE TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED GODS.

THE FORSAKEN FARM-HOUSE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AGAINST the wooden hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden-plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac-spray once blossom-clad
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track in mould and dust of drowth
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking-eyes;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine.
—Atlantic Monthly.

THE TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED GODS.

ONE of the most ancient and famous temples of China is "The Temple of Five Hundred Gods," at Canton. It is said to have been founded by a Buddhist monk, about the year 520. It was rebuilt by the Emperor Kien-lung, in 1755. It contains five hundred images in its various apartments; and worshippers with their votive-offerings may be seen there at all hours of the day. There are several houses occupied by the numerous priests; and there are also lakes and gardens within the temple-grounds. Gold-fish and lotus-flowers are in the lakes, and curious dwarf-trees and flowering shrubs are in the gardens; and the people go the temple for pleasure and holiday enjoyment as well as for worship.

WINGS ON YOUR FEET.

THE Latins called Mercury, one of their heathen deities, wing-footed. At his ankles were little wings that carried him swiftly over land and sea. Wings for the feet, who would not have them? Love will furnish them. The wings of love are real and lasting; Mercury's were a fancy and a dream. O, tie the wings of love to your feet every morning! Foster them in prayer. Love will make you quick to obey at home, to study at school, to help your play-mates. It is love that makes one a swift messenger for Jesus.

FOUR KINDS.

It was an old saying among the Jews that "there are four characters in those who sit under the wise—a sponge, a funnel, a strainer, and a bolt-sieve—a sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bolt-sieve, which lets out the pollard and keeps back the flour."

That is an apt illustration of the different sorts of hearers and readers there are. The sponge takes in everything; the funnel takes in all, but lets it all out; the strainer lets out the good and keeps the bad; while the bolt-sieve lets out the bad and retains the good.

It may have been this old Jewish proverb which suggested to Coleridge, the celebrated English author, the remark that is credited to him concerning four kinds of readers. "The first," he says, "is like the hour-glass; and their reading being as the sand, it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second is like the sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly-bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away, and retaining only the refuse and dregs. And the fourth is like the slaves in the diamond mines,

who, casting aside all that is worthless, retain only pure gems."

It is not enough to go to school and have good teachers, not enough to read the many books that come in our way. All this will not in itself give one an education. We must learn how to make good use of what we are taught, and how to be select and careful in our reading. Two boys going to the same school and having the same books may have two vastly different lives; for the one may rightly improve his privileges while the other fails to make the best use of them.

A TASTE FOR READING.

I PITY the boy who does not love to read. I know many such, with plenty of time for reading, and with means to procure books, but with no love for it. Idleness, useless sports, games, often worse things, occupy their time and thought. The years move on rapidly, and soon they will be young men— young men with empty heads.

Be assured, my reader, that no other acquisition whatever can make up for lack of knowledge. You may inherit or acquire money; you may dress well; you may pick up some of the phrases or expressions supposed to indicate polite life; you may learn to bow and put on some of the airs of society; but be assured that neither money, nor dress, nor pet phrases, nor polite bows will make a gentleman of you. The most empty-headed can have or do all these. They are well in their place; and we do not honour a well-informed boorish man for his boorishness. But you must have something better than all these. You must lay better foundations and build of better materials than dress or money or surface-culture. You must lay your foundations deep and strong in wide and thorough knowledge. Go to college if you can, and make an earnest effort to do this. If you can take a thorough course in college, so much the better. If you cannot, you can still find time for extensive reading if you will form the habit of reading systematically and reading some every day. But you must read only the best books. The great majority of the books that will come readiest to your hand will give you but little profit.

FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

"I HAD plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took my crow-bar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or, better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer ploughing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes us seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.—Advances.

DANGEROUS MARITIME ADVENTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

IT may be interesting to recall the fact that Queen Victoria can look back upon at least one dangerous maritime adventure. Cruising off the Isle of Wight in the yacht *Emerald*, while she was yet the Princess Victoria, the breeze freshened into a gale, and before the vessel could get into Cowes roads the decks were swept fore and aft. The coming queen, however, undauntedly remained a witness of the stirring scene. Suddenly a squall took the *Emerald* aback, and crack went the topmasts: immediately above the cap. The pilot, Mr. Saunders, quick as thought, sprang to where the princess was standing, and lifted her in his arms to a more safe position farther aft; the next moment crash came the topmast down just where the queen had originally stationed herself.

But for the prompt action of Mr. Saunders the queen would probably have lost her life. Indeed, her majesty long ago acknowledged that the escape was something to be thankful for. The pilot, at her instance, was promoted to be a master, and when she became Queen of England he was early invited to Court. Moreover, at the death of Mr. Saunders, some few years after, her majesty made considerable provision for his wife and family.

A DISGUSTED SMOKER.

A REVENUE agent, late of Chicago, where millions of cigarettes are manufactured, was spoken to on the subject of cigarettes.

"I used to be a confirmed cigarette-smoker, but now you could not induce me to touch one of them," he said,

"Why, how? that?"

"Well, it's because I went into a large manufacturing place in Chicago, and what I saw there sickened me of the imitation smokers. How are they made, and of what? Of all that is vile and injurious and mean. Cigarettes picked up from the streets, barks of certain kinds, tobacco-stems and refuse, are heaped together in one filthy pile, and then saturated with opium, which gives the cigarette that soothing effect desirable to all smokers. I tell you, sir, if all cigarette-smokers could see as I have seen how one of the greatest firms in Chicago manufacture cigarettes, the trade in the same would soon fall off or cease entirely."

I HAVE learned more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before.

OCTOBER

BY ANNA M. HUBBARD.

BREEZE steals thro' the corn to-day,
And tucks out its pennants ere,
As if its fading tassels sway,
Like nodding plumes o'er Summer's bier.
And falling leaves contend and race
O'er meadows, born of Summer's grae.

The joyous Spring, whose coming stirred
The slumbering fides of song and snow,
Whose call Earth's buried children heard
And rose, in crimson, gold and blue,
Became only in the loss of gleams
Of pleasant, half-forgotten dreams.

And under Autumn's ruthless tread
The Summer's wanting splendours lie,
The crown has fallen from her head,
And hopeless and silently
She seeks the twilight of the past,
Where all her precious things are cast.

The mellow air throbs with the drone
Of insect tribes in minor keys,
And streams, by bush and branch o'ergrown,
Are murmuring and fantastical
Within the noise of time, that phrase
Good-by to vanished Summer days.

Yet beautiful is Earth, now clad
In Autumn's ever-changing guise,
A touch of brightness "makes glad"
Her broad and dusky draperies,
Like royal mantles, rich in pride
Of gleaming jewels, many-dyed.

More beautiful the valley seems,
Floored o'er with each resplendent hue,
Its plains and woods as bright as broads
Of long ago that came not true,
Than when, beneath June's purple skies,
A shimmering emerald sea it lies.

More proudly stand the bigly hills,
Whose towering crests salute the sky,
Whose return Earth's temple hills
With pomp of regal pagentry,
Like meads, to India's animated eyes,
The bright hill of life arise.

I would the vision long might stay,
This night on field and forest shed;
The calm of this October day
To which the "a's" all presence wed,
Would I might see his mystic sands
More slowly mid these glowing lands.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

REV. J. M. DOSH.

In travelling we often meet with persons of different nationalities and languages. We also meet with incidents of various character, some sorrowful, and others joyful and insurmountable. One of the latter character I witnessed recently, while travelling upon the cars. The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard, carrying a little budget under her arm. She came into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strangers to her. She appeared wary, and placing a budget or a pillow she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting tickets and fare. Observing her, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor.

"Where are you going?"
She answered: "I am going to heaven."

He asked again: "Who pays your fare?"

She then said, "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

He answered, "I think not. Why do you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she

used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad and you look so nice and kind I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that he paid the fares for everybody; and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board; but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, weeping: "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

Again she asked: "Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?"

By this time every person in the coach was upon their feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said: "God bless that little girl!" Hearing some person say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly replied: "Yes, ma used to say that I would be an angel some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him: "Do you love Jesus? I do; and if you love him he will let you ride to heaven on his railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there, and he will let you in too, and everybody that will ride on his railroad—yes, all those people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so innocently and so pathetically uttered, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were travelling on the heavenly railroad shouted aloud for joy.

She now asked the conductor, "Mister, may I lie here until we get to heaven?"

He answered: "Yes, dear, yes."

She then asked: "Will you wake me up then, so that I may see my ma, your little girl, and Jesus? for I do so much want to see them all."

The answer came in broken accents, but in words very tenderly spoken, "Yes, dear angel, yes. God bless you!" "Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him thus: "What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I say to her that I saw her papa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

This brought fresh tears from all present, and the conductor kneeled by her side, and embracing her, wept the reply he could not utter. At this juncture the brakeman called out, "H—s." The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place I thank God that I was a witness to this scene, but I was sorry that at that point I was obliged to leave the train.

We learn from this incident that out of the mouth of even babes God hath ordained strength, and that we ought to be willing to represent the cause of our blessed Jesus in a railway coach.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

WORKING BIRDS AND WORKING INSECTS.

ONE bird is a lamplighter, for on Cape Cod there are birds that at night light up their habitations. These sagacious little fellows fasten a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then go out and pick up a glow-worm and stick it on the clay to illuminate their dwellings, as if they were about to see company that evening. Sometimes these little fellows are gayer than usual, and, in that case, they get three or four of these glow-worms, or fire-flies, and light up their dwellings most cheerfully; and this curious habit is a wise provision adapted for their protection, for the blaze of light in their little cull dazzles the poor bat, whose eyes love darkness rather than light, and thus he is unable to plunder the nest and deprive the parents of their young.

The tailor bird of Hindostan gathers cotton from the shrubs and spins it into thread by means of its feet and long bill, and then using its bill as a shoemaker's awl, it sews the large leaves of an Indian tree together, so as to protect and conceal the juvenile tailors that have been recently brought into the world.

So with ants—one is a mason, another is a carpenter; one caterpillar is a stone mason, one bee is an upholsterer, another is a miner, and a third is a felt maker; one insect is a grave digger, another is a burying beetle, and buries moles, rats, birds and frogs. A celebrated naturalist put four of these undertakers under a glass cover, and supplied them with subjects on which they might exercise their trade, and in fifty days these four beetles interred twelve carcasses—four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers. They undermined the carcass, let it drop by its own weight, and then covered it up; in this manner, no doubt, millions of little birds and mice find a decent burial.—*Exchange.*

SLOW PERSONS.

"Hurry up!" cried a driver to another wagon-driver who was just ahead, and was blocking up his way. "Hurry up!" and then he added with a tone of contempt, "You would make a nice man to drive at a funeral."

It was certainly not a polite remark to make, but some people lose their patience easily and drop into rudeness. They are quick in their motions, and wonder how others can possibly be so slow. They forget that we are not all alike, and that it is a good thing for the world that we are not. Sometimes it is a great advantage to be slow. It is better to be slow and sure than to be hasty and fall into sin.

You have taken up some new and difficult study. Go forward slowly and clear up the ground with every step which you take, and thus you will really save time. Do not try to read a book before you have mastered the alphabet.

This last remark has a very wide application. The first steps in every pursuit must be taken slowly. Hence we see how the one who is often called the plodder so often comes out ahead. He masters the first principles, and loses no time in reviewing them. He trains his mind or his hand to work, and is anxious first to do his work well rather than to do it hastily. He

avoids what may be called the slipshod way of doing a thing which some others never get over. He is not one of those persons who do a piece of work no nearly right that you always wonder why it is not done exactly right.

Accuracy first and speed afterward, is a good motto in all things. Facility generally comes with constant practice. Perhaps some of us may be justly censured for being a trifle slow, and if so, we must keep good-natured and improve, but it is surely better to be right than to be quick. We can improve, for the swiftest steamship may be the slowest to get under way.

A BOY'S BATTLE.

ARTHUR'S bravest and truest heroes
Fought with an unseen foe,
And won a victory grander
Than you or I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
Fought in every human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
Upon God's honour roll.

But one of earth's little heroes
Right proud am I to know:
His name for me is mother;
My name for him is Joe.
At the thought of a ten-year-old hero,
My friends have often smiled;
But a battle-field's a battle-field
In the heart of a man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing,
I saw, but gave no sign,
For I wanted to test the mettle
In this little knight of mine.
Of course you must come and help us,
For we all depend on Joe,
The boys said; and I waited
For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment;
I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
Was told in his earnest look.
Then to his merry playmates
Outspoke my loyal knight:
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,
For I know it wouldn't be right!"

I was proud of my little hero,
And I prayed by his peaceful bed—
As I gave him his good-night kisses,
And the good-night words were said—
That, true to God and his manhood,
He might stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action
Because "it wouldn't be right."

THE KINGFISHER.

The kingfisher, or halcyon, shoots meteor-like across a brook, a bright green line alone seeming to mark its course. It has been compared to a gleam of broken rainbow, darting along near the surface of the waters; and, indeed, one is almost at a loss whether to think it a meteor or a bird; and when seen as it perches on some slender twig overhanging the water, it resembles the gray flower of a rare and curious water-plant.

This bird fishes wholly by the sight, and as his prey is small he requires to see it very clearly: hence it is only at particular spots, and in peculiar states of weather, that he can carry on his operations with success. The water must be clear and smooth, the atmosphere most transparent, and the surface of the brook glassy. These are genuine "halcyon days," in which the kingfisher is out and active; and hence the wondrous powers ascribed to this bird by the older naturalists and poets, who believed that it had a marvellous influence in quelling the storm and subduing the tempest's rage: "My halcyons smooth the waves and calm the sea."

ON THE LABRADOR COAST.

(October, 1885)

DOWN the coast of Labrador;
Rode the storm-wind conqueror:
In his train the surges roared,
From black clouds the torrents poured.
Miles on miles of frowning cliffs,
Marked with time's strange hieroglyphs,
Felt the waves their bases shock,
Heard strange cries that seemed to mock,
With their shrill, discordant glees,
Sounds of human agony,
Driving wildly with the blast,
Scores of vessels southward past;
Down upon their rain-swept decks
Leaped the surges with white necks:
Tumbled on their oaken sides
Angry force of mighty tides,
And through shrieking rigging tore
Fiercest gales that fled to shore,
On to land the vessels sped,
On to death the storm-wind led.

Miles on miles of blackened cliffs
Saw the helpless, feeble kiffs
Swung from schooners' sides, and then,
Oared by stout-armed fishermen,
Shattered, broken at their feet;
Heard mad waves the dirge repeat
Of the men who met their doom
Where the wildest surges boom,
When along stern Labrador
Rides the storm-wind conqueror!
—Oscar Fay Adams.

JOHNNY'S DIARY.

BY BESSIE P. MACLAUGHLIN.

"JOHNNY" said mamma, one spring morning, "What has become of that diary you teased so hard for at New Year's?"

Johnny, who was turning over the contents of his own special drawer in the sitting-room closet, stopped whistling "Bonnie Dundee," and looked somewhat confused. "I was in hopes that you would write in it every day," continued mamma. "Is that it?" as Johnny dragged forth a rumpled little book from under the mixture of tops, kite-tails, sail-boats, and half-whittled might-have-beens that occupied the drawer.

Yes, there it was! One would hardly know it for the book that had looked so bright beside Johnny's plate on New Year's morning. The pretty red cover was stained with ink, and sticky with molasses candy.

"Let me see it," said mamma.

Johnny handed it to her and then dived back into the closet.

Mamma looked at it in silence for a few moments. Perhaps a dozen pages had been written with tolerable neatness. Then came a skip of a few days.

"What made you stop writing here in the middle of January?" asked mamma.

"'Cause, you see I said on the first page I wasn't goin' to get mad this year, and then I had a row with Jo Harris about a jack-knife, and I didn't want to put that down to look at all the rest of the year."

Mamma continued her inspection. The entries became fewer and farther apart. Some leaves were torn out.

"How was this?" said mamma, gravely.

"Paper-wads," replied Johnny, coming out of the closet. "Threw 'em at Bert Austin's nose. It turns up, you know." This with a suppressed giggle.

A badly drawn picture of the school teacher was evidently Johnny's last effort before the diary was thrown aside.

Mamma took up her work again in silence.

"Do you care very much?" asked

Johnny, standing on one leg, and looking like a solemn kind of stork.

"I'm thinking about your other diary," she replied.

"What other one?" asked Johnny.

"The one God gave you to begin on New Year's day. A beautiful book with three hundred and sixty-five pages. Every page is a day, Johnny, and everything you think and say and do is written there. You cannot skip a single leaf, nor tear out any, nor give up making the record if you want to.

"What sort of a diary are you keeping, my boy? Do you think you will feel glad to have God see it, or will you want to hide away from him as you did from me just now?"

"O, mamma!" said Johnny, "there's old Mr. Sloane comin' up the path orful fast. Guess she wants you for somethin'."

While mamma talked with Mrs. Sloane, Johnny slipped out to the barn, but he made up with Jo Harris that very day.

A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa and puffed a cigar, back parlour though it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against foreign mission work which is unanswerable: the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year and sent to the cannibals, or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle?" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And oh! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs? Something besides foreign missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is secretary, and I'm treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd I suppose you can; but he is a graduate from a college, and a theological seminary besides. I mean to tell him that you think two millions and a half for foreign missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus sharply. After the girls ran away he added thoughtfully:

"How fast girls grow up! I thought these two were children; and here they are with the Mission Bands and their large words about 'secretaries and treasurers.'"

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "Those girls had the best of the argument, Rufus;" and then he too laughed.

THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.

ON the mantel-piece of my grandmother's best parlour, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle; and my childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery.

One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.

More than thirty years ago we tried this experiment with a cucumber. We laid a large bottle upon the ground by a hill of cucumbers, and placed a tiny cucumber in the bottle to see what would be the result. It grew till it filled the bottle, when we cut it off from the stem, and then filled the bottle with alcohol and corked it up tight. We have it now, all as fresh, with the little pricklers on it, as it was when first corked up.

So sins will grow, if allowed, in the hearts of children, and cannot be easily removed when they have their growth. —*Youth's Companion.*

THE WIDOW AND THE SOVEREIGN.

AT a missionary meeting held soon after the accession of Queen Victoria, one of the speakers related the following anecdote:

A light-house on the southern coast was kept by a godly widow, who, not knowing how otherwise to aid in missionary work, resolved that during the summer season she would place in a box the total of one day's gratuities received from visitors. Among the callers on that particular day was a lady attired as a widow, accompanied by a little girl. The two widows, drawn together as it were by common sympathy, conversed on their bereavements, tears mingling with their words. On leaving, the lady left a sovereign with her humble friend.

The widow was thrown into a state of perplexity; her own need seeming to plead on the one hand, while her pledged word to place the receipts on that day in the missionary box confronted her on the other. After thinking about the thing for some time she put half a crown into the box; but, on retiring to rest, she found conscience sufficiently lively to deprive her of sleep. To obtain relief, she now rose, took back the silver and surrendered the gold, after which rest returned to her eyelids, and in the morning she felt comforted and refreshed.

The matter occasioned no further trouble, but a few days afterward the

widow received a franked letter containing £20 from the older lady and £25 from the younger, the first turning out to have been the Duchess of Kent, and the other the Princess Victoria, who now occupies the British throne.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

THE Master is come, and he calleth for thee;
Accept of the call, and forever be free
When once he is come to the penitent heart,
He comes to abide, and shall never depart.

O sinner, come now, and no longer delay.
To Jesus, the life and the truth and the way.
His offered salvation accept and be free—
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A SCENE occurred recently in front of a "lurch-room" on Broad Street, says the *Providence Journal*, which caused tears to flow from many of the ladies who happened to be standing by. A well-dressed, genteel-appearing man and a shabby-looking girl, aged about fifteen years, came up Bennett Street; and it was noticed that the child was weeping, while the father was swearing at a furious rate. It seems that the child had taken the drunken father's pocket-book for safe keeping, as he was entering every drinking-saloon he came to. He swore at her, and said, "Mamie, give me that pocket-book."

The child replied, "But, father, what will mother do for food for breakfast? You have taken every cent from the house; and, remember, Gracie is ill—and mother could not send for the doctor, as she had no money. Oh, please, papa, come home with me! You promised Gracie when she was dying that you would not drink again."

At this point the father completely broke down, and wept like a child. He kissed his little Mamie and said, "Yes, dear, I do remember, and I will go home with you now."

He covered his face with his hands and moaned, "O Gracie, Gracie! Hark! Mamie, I can hear her sweet voice saying to me, 'Papa, dear papa, you will always love Mamie, and stop drinking.' Yes, dear, I will go home. Come!"

When the dialogue ended there was many a stout heart that could not hold back the tears, but said "amen" to that new resolve on the part of the father, and praised the courage of the child.

GREEK FISH.

FISH was a favourite diet, the tunny being probably coarser food, as the eel was one of the more costly and delicate, especially when stewed and smothered in beet-root. Many kinds of shell fish were in use, oysters being, as with the Romans, especial favourites. The cuttle-fish and the sea-urchin (*echinus*) do not seem to us tempting food; snails (eaten with bulbs), cray-fish, several kinds of crabs, prawns, mussels, and whelks are often mentioned. In truth, the anecdotes about the fish-market are endless. "It is a nice thing," says a poet of the "Middle Comedy," to see a well-stored fish shop when you have monny in your pocket—not otherwise. There was poor Corydus with just four coppers, who first looked at the crabs, eels, and tunnies, asked the price of each, and then—went off to the sprats." —*Fraser's Magazine.*

COUNTING THE PENNIES.

"H, what shall I do with my pennies?
For see, I shall have such a store!
I never have sold my basket
Of walnuts so soon before.

How often I've trudged for hours,
And taken a secret cry,
Because I was tired and hungry,
And nobody cared to buy.

I dreaded to think how mother
Would look, as I came and said
That I hadn't enough of pennies
To bring her a loaf of bread—

How Nellie, my little sister,
Would watch at the door and say,
"I've thought and thought of the apple
You promised to bring all day!"

But now I can fill my basket,
For there's never a nut behind;
One leaf—two leaves—and a dozen
Of apples—the sweetest kind—

And a pat of that yellow butter;
It's dainty and fresh, I know;
How good it will taste to mother!
And Nellie will like it so.

Five pennies—ten—fifteen—twenty—
And thirty—and thirty-five
Just to think of it;—here are fifty,
As certain as I'm alive!

It must have been God who helped me
To sell my nuts so soon,
Or else I'd been trudging, trudging,
The whole of the afternoon.

But now I would like to thank him,
So kind he has been—so true!
Let's see if I can not spare him
A few of my pennies too.

Why, surely I can, here's forty
For mother and Nelly—and then,
Dear Jesus to help thy heathen,
I give thee the other ten

—Margaret J. Preston.

NELLIE'S SORROW.

It was a pleasant home near a pretty
river that wound in and out among
the country fields like a shining silver
thread. There was peace and plenty
in the home, a kind father and mother,
and four bright, healthy children.

Nellie was the eldest. She was a
little girl who meant to do right, but
she was often thoughtless and careless.
She loved to have her own way, and
was often very unwilling to help in
the care of the younger children, when
by doing so she could have made it
much easier for her pale and often
weary mother.

But there came a day which Nellie
will never forget. The pale mother
fainted as she was about her household
tasks. There were a few hours of
awful suspense, and then Nellie's
father took her in his arms and
whispered, "My poor child, the angels
have taken your mother away."

She can never forget it, never,
never! The silent house, the lonely
rooms, the stricken father, and the
little ones who hung about her seeking
comfort.

As the day drew near a close, Nellie
escaped for a little while to her
favourite spot on the river bank.

"O if I had known!" she cried
over and over again. "How much
more I would have helped mamma!
How much more loving I would have
been toward her!"

God helped and comforted Nellie,
but the sharp pain would often come
to her heart as she thought, "O, if I
had only known!"

With your savings aid the cause of
God, and thus encourage Christian
workers.

A BIT OF TALK FOR YOUNG
FOLKS.

"GOING! GOING! GONE!"

The other day, as I was walking
through a side street in one of our
large cities, I heard these words ring-
ing out from a room so crowded with
people that I could but just see the
auctioneer's face and uplifted hammer
above the heads of the crowd.

"Going! Going! Going! Gone!"
and down came the hammer with a
sharp rap.

I do not know how or why it was,
but the words struck me with a new
force and significance. I had heard
them hundreds of times before, with
only a sense of amusement. This time
they sounded solemn.

"Going! Going! Gone!"

"That is the way it is with life," I
said to myself—"with time."

This world is a sort of auction-
room; we do not know that we are
buyers; we are, in fact, more like
beggars; we have brought no money
to exchange for precious minutes,
hours, days, or years; they are given
to us. There is no calling out of
terms, no noisy auctioneer, no ham-
mer; but, nevertheless, the time is
"Going! Going! Gone!"

The more I thought of it the more
solemn did the words sound, and the
more did they seem to me a good
motto to remind one of the value of
time.—H. H. (Helen Jackson)

HE CARETH FOR YOU

He! Who is meant by he!
God, our kind heavenly Father.
He careth for whom!

For you, little boy, little girl—you
who are reading these words.

Does he not? What does that
mean!

It means that he loves you, and
watches over you all the time. If you
are in trouble, or sick, he knows it,
feels sorry for you, and will help you.
He wants you to love and obey him,
that you may be happy, and may find
the way to his beautiful home in
heaven.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 7.

THOMAS CONVINCED.

John 20. 19-29. Commit to mem. vs 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Thomas answered and said unto him,
My Lord and my God. John 20 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus and the Ten, v. 19-23.
2. Jesus and Thomas, v. 24-29.

TIME.—A week later than last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Doors were shut*—The
disciples were not sure that they were safe, so
enraged and excited was the populace.
Showed . . . his hands and his side—The
cruel nails had left their print. The sharp
spear wound was in his side. Here was proof
that it was he indeed. *So said I you*—The
disciple was to have no easier mission than
his Lord. God had sent him to suffer and
die for his declaration of the truth. *Breathed
on them*—An outward sign of a power which
was to come. The Holy Ghost did not come
till Pentecost. But here was the promise of
it. *Whosoever sins*—The eleven apostles
were to have power to ordain the laws for all
believers, and to preach the conditions for
forgiveness, and for remaining under God's
curse.

TEACHING OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That the presence of Jesus brings peace?
2. That his presence drives away doubt?
3. That faith in Jesus brings blessing to
the believer!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did the risen Saviour appear
on the evening of the resurrection day? To
ten of the disciples. 2. What were his first
words to them? "Peace be unto you."
3. Who was absent at this appearance?
Thomas. 4. How did Thomas receive the
news of the Saviour's resurrection? He
would not believe it. 5. What did Jesus say
to Thomas at his next appearance? "Be
not faithless, but believing." 6. What did
Thomas say in the GOLDEN TEXT? "And
Thomas," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The blessedness
of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

57. What is the Providence of God? The
Providence of God is his preservation of all
creatures, his care for all their wants, and
his rule over all their actions.
And thou preservest them all.—Nehemiah
ix. 6
[Acts xvii. 28; Heb. i. 3; Psa. ciii. 10;
cxlv. 15, 16.]

A. D 80.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 14.

PETER RESTORED.

John 21. 4-19. Commit to mem. vs 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. John
21. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus by the Sea, v. 4-14.
2. Jesus and Peter, v. 15-19.

TIME.—Some days after the last lesson.

PLACE.—The Sea of Tiberias.

EXPLANATIONS.—*On the shore*—The beach
of the Sea of Galilee. *Meat*—Food of any
kind. Here it means have you caught any
fish? *Two hundred cubits*—About two
hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty
feet from shore. *Feed my lambs*—Take up
my work now in earnest and as the shepherd
cares for his flock, so now spend your life for
my Church. *Sin not for thy hands*—This
was the position of one nailed to the cross.
John lived long enough to see this prophecy
fulfilled.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we find—
1. Proofs of Christ's resurrection?
2. Proofs of his divine power?
3. Proofs of his forgiving love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus appear to his disciples
for the third time after his resurrection? At
the Sea of Galilee. 2. What question did
Jesus ask Simon Peter three times? "Lovest
thou me?" 3. What was Peter's answer?
"Thou knowest that I love thee." 4. What
did Jesus then command Peter to do? "He
saith," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love and service.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

58. Is there any special Providence over
man? Yes; our Lord said: "Behold the
birds of the heaven, that they sow not,
neither do they reap, nor gather into barns,
and your Heavenly Father feedeth them.
Are not ye of much more value than they?"
(Matt. vi. 26.) And to his disciples he said:
"The very hairs of your head are all num-
bered." (Luke xii. 7.)

THE LORD'S-SUPPER.

The Lord's supper is a remembrance
of one perfect sacrifice whereby we
were once sufficiently purged from all
sin, and are continually revived by the
same. The Lord's supper is to be dis-
tributed in the common assembly of
his people, to teach us the communion
wherby we may all be knit together
in Christ Jesus—*Couper*.

THERE is a most profound truth in
the Arab proverb, "All sunshine
makes the desert."

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