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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1886.

No. 15.

HINDU WIDOWS.

This picture shows a group of Hindu widows rescued by the British Government from the cruel rite of sutteeism, that is, from being burned to death.

One of the greatest obstacles to Indian civilization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of a people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world.

Till the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth as the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, who they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on either side. Should the hapless woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre, she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Sutteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibilities of home and family ties and support have been given her. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated; and the Zenana Mission has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race.

This picture is one of about thirty illustrating "our Indian Empire—its cities, its palaces, its people," now appearing in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for August, September, and October—the most magnificently illustrated series of articles ever published in Canada. It will be of great interest to Sunday-schools, and is full of missionary information. A fine steel portrait of the late General Superintendent of our church, the Rev. Dr. Rice, goes with the volume, July to December, price only \$1. The portrait alone sells for 50 cents. For other

attractive features see advertisement on last page.

Address Rev. Dr. Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

RESIGNATION to God's sovereign will in trying times displays wisdom and secures comfort.

the same. I noted his handsome face set with dark hair and eyes so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill, let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor and was picked up by the

soul, with a sickening thought on my mind—"What will be the end!"

I went swiftly to him, and whispered in his ear, "Boy, will you sell your soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don't you know perfectly well that he money is under your foot? Restore it, and never, never do such a thing again."

The boy turned deadly pale, stooped and picked up the money.

"Lady," he gasped, "don't tell on me, I pray—I beg—and I never will do so any more. Think of my mother!"

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterward found out who he was; and, from the fact that he stayed with his employer several years and was trusted with a high position, I think the offence was never repeated. God had used me to save him from sin.

Boys, the first theft is the longest step you take toward prison; the first glass of liquor takes you nearer a drunkard's grave than all you can swallow after; the first oath clinches often the habit of profanity; a stained soul is hard to purify. There are virtues you can lose, but once lost, they are forever gone.—*Eliza Gilbert Hurd.*

DO YOUR BEST.

The great secret of success in any enterprise lies in the thoroughness of the work performed. It matters little whether the work be of hand or brain, if it is well done it seldom fails in its object, but if it is done in a heedless, slovenly manner, only a change of circumstances can render it successful; and that success reflects less credit on the doer than on the favourable circumstances which render it passable. If man be a common labourer, he can gain such respect by doing his work well that his labour will be sought for, and himself will be honoured for his fidelity. Such men will not be long out of

employment even in hard times, while those who are known to perform their labour with the least possible trouble to themselves, or unskillfully, will always be complaining of the hard times.

If you are a maid in the kitchen, do your work so well that you will be invaluable in a household. A faithful servant is a friend, and will be consid



HINDU WIDOWS.

A CHEAP SOUL.

SOME years since I was sitting in a large dry-goods store in Chicago waiting for a friend. It was storming a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy.

Not far from me stood a cash-boy with his back against a pile of prints and his elbows carelessly resting upon

gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along the floor and fell near the cash-boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money and seemed unconscious of everything except the skylight, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money. I watched him stain his

ered by those employers who do their work well.

Whatever your station in life, aim to do your best, and you can but honour the station you occupy. Think no work degrading which is well done, and all work degrading which is half done.

BETHESDA.

BY L. A. MOULTON.

BETHESDA! "Fountain by the gate!"
In thy light I view thy parched sides,
And see thee helpless through that wait
The moving of the plumed tide,
The angel's presence in the pool,—
With his gentle hands, may make whole.

How long in weariness art thou
Thee to fettered ones have waited here,
Bound by disease's galling chain,
With a scarce a hope and many a fear
Waiting the "moving of the pool,"
That one, perhaps, may be made whole.

And as I scan the weary throng,
I see a stranger passing near,
Who stops with quiet grace to speak
A kindly word of hope and cheer
To one,—the weariest one of all,—
Waiting so long to be made whole.

I see the eager upturned eye:
I hear him say, "I have no friend
To put me in." A swift reply
Comes from the stranger, and the end
Of weary waiting by the pool—
"Go sin no more, thou art made whole."

Oh, earthly remedies for sin!
How impotent ye are to save!
Ye are as feeble life to win
As vain Bethesda's troubled wave.
Ye seem to help the sin-sick soul,
Yet none but Jesus can make whole.

None but the Christ—strong Son of God,—
Can conquer death, or pardon sin.
Oh, sound his praises all abroad!
Invite the world to enter in
And wash in Israel's fount; each soul
That washes here is cleansed and whole.

LITTLE IDA:

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS *

CHAPTER I.

AN old school-house, set in the centre of an old common, and surrounded by the still older woods. A quiet spot, far from the bustle and heat-burnings and sin of the busy world. No hotel near; no traps set by Satan to catch the unwary, to trip up the feet of the young. God above, around, everywhere.

The master was old, too, old in years and in good works. His hair and beard were white as snow; whitened by time and trouble—mostly the latter.

His good old wife was alive, but his children had gone home to heaven. One by one they had dropped off, and the old couple were left alone. The last to go was little Nettie, and sore, very sore, was the parting, but it was to be.

It was Monday morning, and as the old man gazed around the room, a look of disappointment came into his face.

Little Ida wasn't there. Little, brown-haired, dark-eyed Ida, with her rosy cheeks and saucy little nose, was not in her place.

"She scomed quite well on Friday," he said to himself, "but the fever is about. I hope she hasn't—." He didn't finish the thought. There was no need, for the wish was plain.

"Do you know if there is anything wrong with little Ida, Johnny?" he asked one of the boys anxiously.

* This little story comes to us from away off near the Rocky Mountains, nearly 200 miles north of the Canada Pacific Railway. It is founded on facts.—Ed.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, looking up at the kind old face they all liked so well, "she was took down with typhoid fever on Saturday night."

He asked no more; it was enough to know that she was ill, that the disease had attacked her also—her the little darling of his heart, who resembled his lost Nettie so much. God knows he was fond of the other scholars, but he loved her beyond all. She was like a ray of sunlight in the school, this little thirteen-year-old girl, and she filled the void in the old man's heart.

How he got through the work of the day he hardly knew, but immediately after four o'clock he locked the door and took another path to that he usually followed. It was easy to see where he was going, his face showed it as plain as day.

"It may be wrong," he said to himself, "I may carry the disease to others, but I must go and see her. Poor little girl, why wasn't she spared this?—Well, well! God's will be done."

Mrs. McLean met him at the door and grasped his outstretched hand.

"I knew you would come," she said, "but you had better not stay long. You might take it, you know."

"Oh, I care not for myself," said he quickly, "but no doubt you are right. I must think of others. How is she now?" he enquired anxiously.

"She is very low, poor girl," replied Mrs. McLean, "I'm afraid she'll have it very bad. She was wandering in her head this morning, but she's better now. She has spoken of you often; her mind is on school all the time."

"Ah, yes," said the old man, brushing away a tear, "she's so fond of her work, she does everything so well. Perhaps I expect too much of her; she may have over-exerted herself. But God knows I did it all for the best."

"Oh, that's not it at all; that has nothing to do with it," said Mrs. McLean.

"I don't know, I don't know; I really hope not. Poor little thing, I didn't mean to ask too much of her, but she took such pleasure in her work."

Thus he went on accusing and defending himself, hoping that she hadn't been pressed too hard, yet fearing that she had.

There she lay now, her cheeks as pale as the spotless pillow beneath her head. What a change two days had wrought! The old man's heart sank within him at the sight. Was this one to go, too! Not if prayer would save her.

Down on his knees by the bedside knelt the old school-master, and sent up from his heart a fervent petition for the little girl's recovery, the tears rolling down his cheeks all the while. "She is their only child," he cried; "spare her, oh, Lord, to them and to me."

She was asleep, but it was a restless feverish sleep. She moved her head about on the pillow, her little hands were never quiet, and broken murmurs came from her parted lips. When through with his prayer the old man calmly rose and kissed her cheek. Then he went away.

Every day for more than a week he came again, always bringing something for the little girl. He saw her slowly grow worse, and his heart was sad indeed; then the crisis came, and

safely passed, and his prayers were answered—she would live. If he kissed her once that day, he kissed her a dozen times, so great was his joy. The kisses were very sweet to him, but some sweet things have death in them.

CHAPTER II.

Yes, it was the old man's turn now. The little girl was sitting up before they told her. She wondered why he ceased coming, but they put her off with excuses. Better wait a day or two, they thought; she'll be stronger then.

That evening Tom Gingsell, the master's chore-boy, came with a message from Mrs. Melville. The old man was very bad, she sent word, and was continually asking for the little girl. Could she come and see him if only for a few minutes. She was weak yet and they hesitated, but no sooner did Ida know what was wanted than she declared she would go, and they hadn't the heart to refuse. So muffling her up carefully, her father took her over in the buggy, and set her on a chair by the old man's bed.

He was awake, but his eyes wandered aimlessly over the room, and he didn't know her, though she was so near.

"She would come, I know," he burst out, after asking for her again, "if you would let her. But you're all leagued against me. No," he continued, turning to Mr. McLean, whom he now recognized, "they won't even give me the things my brother sent me from Toronto."

"Heaven bless him!" exclaimed Mrs. Melville, "that's the way he goes on. He imagines that his brother John has sent him boxes on boxes of things, and he thinks we are keeping them from him. I really don't know what to do!" The old man watched her intently as she spoke, when he broke out again. "So there are," said he, raising himself on his elbow, "so there are, Mr. McLean; don't you believe a word of it, look there!" and he pointed to a corner. "See those grapes and peaches there—heaps of them!"

As he sank back he noticed little Ida for the first time, and his face lit up.

"Ah," said he, eagerly raising himself, "you'll get them for me, little Ida; I know you'll get them. See, over there by the wall. Don't say anything; just creep over and she'll not see you. Now then! now then, little Ida!"

Ida burst into tears, and the old woman wrung her hands distractedly. "What shall I do! what shall I do!" she cried. "Oh, William, you know we have none of those things or I would give them to you; I would, indeed."

"Oh, you're all against me, you're all against me!" he went on. Then he beckoned to Mr. McLean to come to him, and hoarsely whispered: "She tried to kill me last night. She'd have done it if I hadn't leaped out of bed and grappled with her. I got out pretty s'p'y, I tell you," he went on, chuckling; "they think I'm weak, but they've got to get about pretty lively to beat me."

"Well, well!" cried the old woman, bursting into tears, "just hear him; just hear him. And he hasn't been out of bed for four days. What in the world can I do!"

Once more the old man raised himself and looked longingly over at the table.

"See!" he whispered, touching the little girl on the shoulder, "see over there on the table, Ida. I'll see that they don't hurt you."

Mr. McLean gently laid him down again. "You'll believe me, Mr. Melville," said he, "won't you? There are no grapes here. If we had them we'd give you some."

A peculiar expression crept into the old man's face as he listened.

"You don't know her," said he, "you don't know her. She's as cute as a fox. They're there; I saw them, but she's hid 'em, she's put an old bag over 'em. Listen," he said, "listen. She killed a little pig I had and made soap of it. I had it in a hole behind the house. It was fat, I tell you, fat as could be; and, do you know, it had a glass eye. Queer, wasn't it? I never saw a pig before with a glass eye. But she killed it all the same, and made soap of it. That's how she uses me."

* * * * *

It was a hard struggle, indeed; harder by far than even little Ida had undergone, but the old man's constitution was strong, and he did not die. Oh, no, his mission on earth was not fulfilled yet. Before the May flowers were all gone, there was a grand reunion in the old log school-house, and the old master was there, and so was little Ida. The latter's nose was as saucy as ever, and the roses had returned to her cheeks; but though her pretty dark eyes were ever bright, there was a softer light than usual in them, as she gazed at the old man. There were no roses in his face, and his poor thin hands trembled through sheer weakness.

But he soon was well again, and many a laugh had they all as they went over the queer things he had said in his illness, though they had sounded heart-rending enough at the time.

JAMES B. STEELE.

Edmonton, Alta.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I HAD a little vessel on the coast. She had four men besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night. The seamen prevailed on him to take "one glass" to help him perform his duties; but being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves swept my little one from my arms, then, after more hours of suffering, the waves swept the little one from my wife's arms, and our two little dears were lost forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, behold, she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost—for "one glass" of rum.—Anvil.

Two little boys witnessed a balloon ascension for the first time. "O, look! look!" exclaimed the younger. "What is that?" "It's a b'loon," replied the elder. "What takes it up so fast?" "Gas." "What is gas?" "Why, gas is—is—is melted wind."

CANADA, OUR OWN FAIR LAND.*

NEATH western skies—two seas between—
A beautiful land far-reaching lies;
Whose sons are bound to Britain's Queen,
By fast-linked fetters, loving ties.
Thy Canada, our own fair land,
The home of freemen strong and brave;
Each wins his fame with mind and hand,
A lord by birthright—ne'er a slave.

With honest pride aloft we sing
Our virgin banner to the breeze;
In lands where wooing zephyrs sing
Or borne by winds of northern seas.
Nor dread we what the future brings;
A goodly heritage is ours;
In Nature's bosom hidden springs
Hold needful blessings, veiled with flowers.

Through hopeful hearts there ebbs and flows
The gift of stars beyond the sea.
Here blends the thistle with the rose,
The shamrock and the fleur-de-lis.
A loyal race, a noble Queen
Whose feet are guided from above;
Her life, in light or shadow seen,
Reveals the heart her people love.

O! Thou whose wisdom never errs,
Whose goodness sometimes seems unkind;
Forgive our thought, that ill infers,
Create in us a constant mind.
Give strength to honest hearts and true
Who strive to wisely shape our laws;
Give strength to daily toilers, too,
Whose hands help on our Country's cause.

Sustain and guard our Gracious Queen,
Bless Thou the lands o'er the sea;
Thy brooding love, thy bond between
Their hearts and ours, our hearts and Thine.
Guide him whose hand our sceptre sways,
His Consort keep, nor ill betide;
Grant them Thy grace through happy days,
To love and serve Thee side by side.

Eternal God—in faith we pray—
Breathe Thy blest spirit o'er our land,
Throughout our nation's brightening way
Let peace and love lead hand in hand.
Still may Thy fit and hearty aid
Our Country's work ever prove;
Our children will Thy name revere,
Till "rolling years shall cease to move."
W. J. TORLEY,
Ottawa, 1882.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

MR JOHN MACDONALD, the Missionary Lay Treasurer of our Church, thus describes in the *Gazette* on the opening of the Colonial Exhibition by the Queen.—Ed.

One, who, like myself, had never seen Her Majesty, could not help realizing that they were about to look upon the head of the royal house the most ancient in Europe, who rules an Empire on which the sun never sets, and whose subjects comprise members of nearly every race and every creed on the habitable globe, a prominent place on the Exhibition walls announcing the fact that the area of the British Empire is 9,126,999 square miles, and that its population is now 305,337,294 souls.

And now she comes. She is in a black silk robe, adorned with black beads, her bonnet of black being relieved by a silver grey feather. She is passing to hear the singers intone those stirring words of the poet Laureate:

"Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?"

And the close of them:

"Some be wadded, each and all;
Into one Imperial whole—
One with Britain, heart and soul—
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne.
Britain had your own,
And God guard all."

What is it which gives the Queen

that wondrous hold which she has upon the hearts and the affections of the English people? What is it which awakens in her children those strong, stirring feelings of loyalty and devotion whenever her name is mentioned, which, whatever be their differences, unites them in a common brotherhood, whether their homes be in Canada, Australia, or amid the islands of the sea? What is it which instinctively leads all her subjects to uncover and stand, and heartily join the National Anthem whenever and wherever it is sung? What is it which makes the genuine American forget for the moment that he is a Republican when the well-known anthem brings out its familiar sounds? What is it which makes this woman the one woman to-day upon whom the eyes of the world are turned, so that all peoples, whether they be Russian or Turk, Jew or Barbarian, join in the prayer, "God Save the Queen?" Is it her beauty? It cannot be; for if she ever possessed that it is gone. Is it her figure which stamps her as a queenly personage? Anyone in this, as in the other respect, who have had fancied pictures of her appearance, will be greatly disappointed. Is it in the strength and purity of her character? Is it in the true womanliness of her nature as the representative head of pure English home life? Is it in her love for all that is noble and true and pure and good, that this attachment for the Queen is cherished and manifested upon all occasions by the English people? Is it because her court is purged from the improprieties and indecencies which have disgraced even the English court of former sovereigns?—that it is, indeed, a model for every court in the world? These, doubtless, are among the reasons why the English people feel proud in acknowledging her sway. In the glad years when, as a confiding wife, she leaned upon the strong arm of her husband—among the reasons why they have sorrowed with her in the long years of her widowhood. But there are other reasons. She is the representative—the honored representative—of a land upon the shores of which the oppressed of any nation, so soon as their feet rest, are free! Of a land which leads the van in the march of civilization. Of a land of charities—charities so vast and so diversified that the poor and helpless and afflicted and oppressed find in it a home—find in it succour—find in it relief. Of a land whose homes are pure and peaceful and contented and happy. Of a land in which the British and Foreign Bible Society took its rise, and is carrying on its benign mission, circulating from this great centre of the world not less than 4,000,000 copies of the word of God annually. Of a land whose language, we believe, as well as its Bible and its Christianity, is destined to cover the earth. These are among the reasons which make the Queen of England to-day in so many respects the most remarkable woman that ever trod on earth.

Here she is, within ten feet of where we stand. Her face is broad and full in features—a regular Guelph. Her face is red, very red. In this respect her photographs convey no idea of her appearance—very short, very stout, yet carrying herself with great dignity, and every inch a queen. I felt that it was worth my passage across the Atlantic twice told, and all my expenses in London, to see the woman

now passing so near to me. As she passed by the Canadian court, cheer after cheer went up with great enthusiasm; to every one of which she turned towards the court and bowed to her Canadian subjects.

Two thoughts struck me as she passed through the Canadian court to make her way to the Albert Hall. First—Here is a woman who has been living amid the manifestations of the loyalty of her people for fifty years, and yet she is not indifferent to the expressions of loyalty of her colonial subjects, but every cheer receives befitting acknowledgment. Does this not bespeak a Queen? Second—She occupies a position the most difficult for anyone to occupy—viz., that position of distance from all others—that no one dare toll her of any weakness; that no one dare chide her for any inconsiderateness; that no one can tell her of any incompatibility of temper. In these respects is it not true that her position is a more difficult one (taking all the circumstances into consideration) than that of any mortal upon the face of the earth to-day, man or woman? For if we have no one to correct us, no one to counsel us, no one to reprove us, are we not too apt to believe that we need no correction, no counselling, no reproof? And is not this, after all, one of the great secrets of the Queen's wondrous power, that such a condition does not invest her of sympathy, for she can read from God's own Bible by the bedside of her afflicted subjects; and she can and does keep her eyes and her heart upon everything which is calculated to promote the happiness and well-being of her people?

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was on a bright sunny day that I drove from Mount Vesuvius to Pompeii. The city, it will be remembered, was buried beneath twenty feet of volcanic ashes and pumice stone just eighteen hundred years ago. About the middle of the last century it was rediscovered, and ever since its excavation has been prosecuted with varying energy. A large part has now been dis-interred, and the result is a revelation of the conditions of old Roman life such as is exhibited nowhere else. The houses, of course, are roofless, the woodwork having been ignited by the red hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents are carefully preserved. It induces a strange sensation to walk the narrow streets of this long-buried city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the rats made by the cartwheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, with the marks of horses' hoofs. On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to-day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs, and other articles. The signs of the shopkeepers can, in places, be seen, and even the stains of the wine-cups on the marble counters. A barber shop, a soap factory, a tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains worn smooth by lengthened use.

The dwelling houses have a vestibule opening on the street, sometimes with the word "Salvo," "Welcomes," or the figure of a dog in mosaic on the floor, with the words, "Cave canem,"

"Beware of the dog." Within was an open court surrounded by bedrooms, kitchen, *stercoraria* or dining-room, etc. The walls and columns are beautifully painted in bright colours, chiefly red and yellow, and adorned with elegant frescoes of scenes in the mythic history of the pagan gods and goddesses, landscapes, etc. In public places will be read election placards and wall-scribbles of idle soldiers and schoolboys. Opposite one shop is the warning, in Latin, "Ihu is no place for lounging, idler, depart." The public forum, the basilica, or court of justice, with its cells for prisoners; the temples of the gods, with their shrines and images, their altars stained with incense smoke, and the chambers of the priests, the theatres with their stage, corridors, rows of marble seats—one will hold 5,000 and another 20,000 persons; the public baths, with niches for holding the clothes and toilet articles, marble basins for hot and cold water, etc.; the street of tombs, lined with the monuments of the dead, and the ancient city walls and gates, may all be seen almost as they were when the wrath of Heaven descended on the guilty city. About two thousand persons are supposed to have perished in its ruins. In the house of Diomedes the bodies of seventeen women and children were found crowded together. At the garden gate was discovered the skeleton of the proprietor, with the key in his hand, and near him a slave with money and jewels. In the gladiators' barracks were found sixty-three skeletons, three of them in prison, with iron stocks on their feet. In the museum are preserved several casts of the ill-fated inhabitants in the attitude of flight, and in the very death struggle. Among these are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a man lying on his side, with remarkably well preserved features, and others. The very texture of the dress may be seen. The sight of this dead city, called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.

A DOG AS A POLICEMAN.

In Alleghany, N. Y., there is a policeman who owns a rare dog. The poor animal was starving when the man took pity on him, and the dog has never since been able to do enough for his friend. He follows him everywhere he goes after dark. He is a help to all the policemen, for when one of them raps for assistance the dog rushes to him at once, and barks till help comes. When the officers are obliged to chase a man, the dog marks the man, rushes after him, and catching him by the pantaloons, holds him till the officers come up. He never makes a mistake about a drunken person, but when he finds one wandering about alone, he howls till the police come. They always follow the bark of the dog, and he never cheats them.

In course of a conversation on the practice of abbreviating name, a young lady remarked: "I have been vainly trying to get my friends to call me Katharina. I have been called Kitty from a child, and it sounds so silly and significant." "Yes, that is so," said one of the group, "but somehow the name has always seemed to me just to suit you."

*Copies of these verses were sent the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, who forwarded a copy to the Queen. Her Majesty kindly sent word that she was much pleased with them.

A MITE SONG.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys, they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments
They were all I had to spare
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small,
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1886.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
For the Year 1886.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

DEAR reader, have you ever thought how much is contained in the Lord's Prayer? It is indeed beautiful and instructive; and like a diamond in a queen's crown it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look to God as our parent: "Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth: "Which art in heaven."

It tells that we must reverence our Heavenly Father: "Glorified be thy name."

It breathes in hopeful words the saints' reward: "Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit: "Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

And a cautious spirit; "Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I WONDER how many girls tell their mother everything? Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and *carte de visites* with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze on your young fresh faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter "what other girls may do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your best friend, and is ever devoted to your honour and interest. Tell her all.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

THE 24th volume of this Magazine leads off with one of the best numbers yet issued. A special feature is a life-like steel portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Rice, with touching memorial tributes to his character by the Revs. Dr. Douglas, Dr. Stuart, Dr. Harper, and the Editor. On account of the cost of this engraving, this number will not be sold separately, but only with the volume—\$1 to the end of the year. Every Methodist ought to have this fine portrait of Dr. Rice. "Through the Bosphorus," "Picturesque England and Wales," and "The Tehuantepec Ship Railway" are other copiously illustrated articles. The engravings of the latter show a large ocean steamer in transit by rail from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, contributes a striking paper on "Half-Hours in a Lunatic Asylum," giving an inside view of the queer vagaries of the insane. A graphic story of Irish Methodism, by E. Morphy, Esq., is begun. Its blended humour and pathos will be relished by others as well as by Irish readers. The Editor summarizes the information given in Leckoy's four large historical volumes on the influence of Methodism on England in the 18th century. The previous chapters of the striking story of "Jan Vedder's Wife" are summarised for the benefit of new subscribers, and another large instalment is given. Other articles make up a number of more than average interest. The present is a good time to subscribe.



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

INTERESTING SOUVENIR OF PHILIP EMBURY.

THE following was contributed by the Editor of this paper to the *New York Christian Advocate*:

Editor *Christian Advocate*: On the thirtieth of October, 1768, the old John Street Church, New York, the mother-church of Methodism in the New World, was dedicated to the worship of God. Philip Embury mounted the pulpit, which he had made with his own hands, and preached the dedication sermon. Till the arrival of Boardman and Pilmoor, the following year, he continued to minister from the sacred desk. His services were entirely gratuitous, although he received some generous donations. In 1770 he removed from New York to Salem, Washington County, where he soon after died. Before he left the city the trustees of John Street Chapel presented him, in the name of the congregation, the sum of two pounds five shillings "for the purchase of a Concordance, as a memento of his pastoral connection with them." This Concordance is now in the library of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. It is the third edition of Cruden, with portrait of the author, date 1769—a stout, leather-bound quarto, with a leather cover over the original binding. It bears the inscription, in a clear, bold hand: "Phil. Embury, April, 1770." The book was presented to the college by Mrs. J. Rhicard, a great-granddaughter of Philip Embury. A great-grandson of the same honoured man, John Torrance, Esq., is a prominent factor of Montreal Methodism, being trustee of three of its largest churches.

Another souvenir of Embury still exists, or did a few years ago, in the John Street Church—the old wooden clock which he brought from Ireland. W. H. WITHROW.

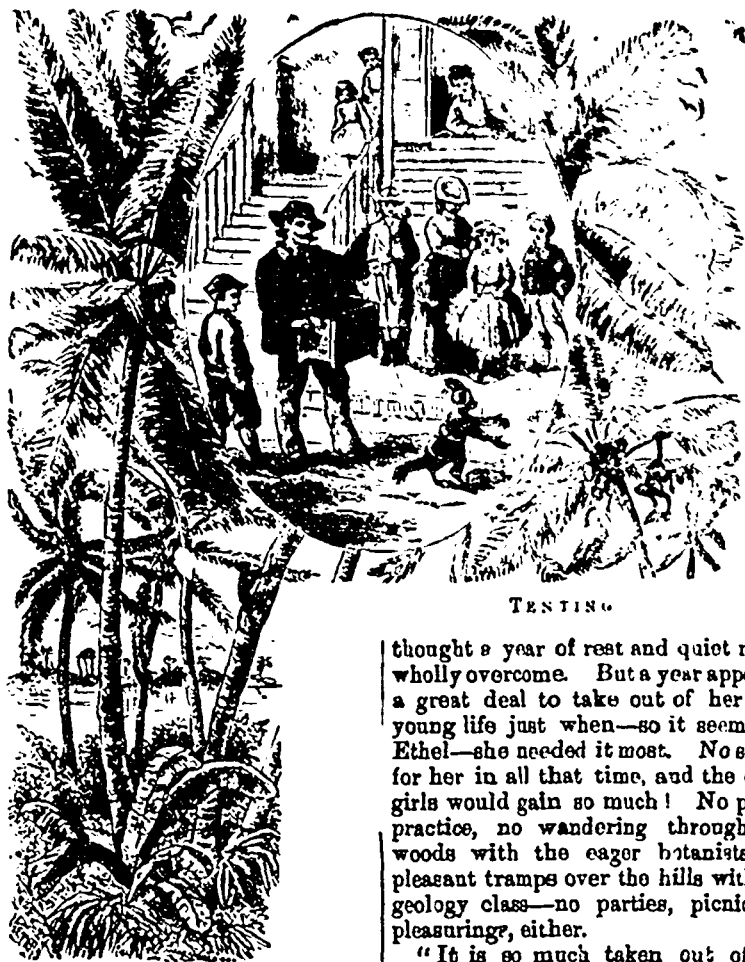
INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Do you think that the innocent babe in her sister's arms could ever become such a looking man as this is! See the old drunkard giving the baby some of the horrid stuff that makes him a sot.

An artist once looked around for the finest face he could find for a picture. He saw a little boy, so beautiful and innocent, that he thought he could not find a prettier face anywhere. He took the boy's picture and painted it. When he had finished it, he thought he would like to have a picture of the worst looking person he ever saw. It was a long time before he could find one to suit him. At last he saw a drunken man lying in a gutter. He looked so wretched, that the artist said: "That is the picture I want." He went to work, and when the picture was finished, he placed it beside that of the little boy. A gentleman, who had known the little boy and the man, one day said to the artist: "Do you know that the man in the gutter was once that little boy whose picture is so beautiful? I have known him ever since he was a child."

Now, look at the picture again, and resolve never to drink anything that can make you drunk.

In my opinion, the best physical performances can only be secured through absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule, and I find after three years' constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races, that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a very injurious effect upon the system of an athlete by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening the system.—Ed. Hanlan.



TENTING.

A MAGIC SHOW.

As forth I hid one wintry morn,
My eyes beheld a vision
More charming and more wonderful
Than fancied fields Elysian.

A woodpile, wrapped in blankets white,
Had crystal slabs for pillows,
With drapery like fleecy clouds,
And white as foaming billows.

The old pump had a nightcap on,
And ermine dressing-gown;
While his emaciated arm
Was softly wrapped in down.

A haycock was a sugar loaf;
Fir trees were pyramids;
And two discarded barrels had
Nice frosted cakes for lids.

Each tree and shrub had coral boughs
Each withered leaf a mitten,
And every post had on its top
A transitory kitten.

While all the unassuming folk
The Snowsprite's weird endeavour
Transformed into kings and queens.
Such trickery! I never!

—New York Graphic.

"TENTING."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE summer air was bright with sunshine and fragrant with blossoms, but Ethel, sitting by her open window with hands dropped listlessly in her lap, looked out wearily upon all the beauty of earth and sky. Up the street a hand-organ was grinding out "Sweet Home," and the girl's eyes filled with tears as she caught the strains. She was not longing for her home—in other circumstances she would have enjoyed this visit to a quiet old Southern town—but she was home-sick for her old strong self, for the old free, active life before she became an invalid.

Aunt Jane, Ethel's attendant and censor, was constantly reminding her that she "ought to be thankful it was not something likely to last always, after having had such a fall," instead of an injury which the physicians

thought a year of rest and quiet might wholly overcome. But a year appeared a great deal to take out of her busy young life just when—so it seemed to Ethel—she needed it most. No school for her in all that time, and the other girls would gain so much! No piano-practice, no wandering through the woods with the eager botanists, no pleasant tramps over the hills with the geology class—no parties, picnics or pleasuring, either.

"It is so much taken out of my life!" sighed Ethel.

Nearer came the organ, until it stopped before Ethel's window, and began playing "Sweet Home" once more, while its owner—whose coarse red face augured ill for the sweetness of any home with which he was connected—sent a dejected-looking monkey around to collect pennies. The little creature ran here and there among the group on the sidewalk, and up the steps; then, espying Ethel at the window, he scrambled up the railing, clung to the shutter, and in a moment dropped into her lap. So sudden was the movement, such a queer, old little face it was that looked with old grimaces into hers, that Ethel laughed, though half frightened. But when she would have pushed him aside, the monkey chattered and whined and seemed begging to stay in the comfortable quarters he had so unexpectedly found.

"Poor fellow! Has the music made you, too, home-sick for the old free days?" said Ethel. "Do you wish you were back in the groves where you could swing from the leaves of the cocoanut tree all day, if you liked, and throw cocoanuts in peace!"

The monkey whined and laid his hand on his head, as if he were trying to recollect old times; but an impatient twitch of his cord from the master outside reminded him forcibly of the present, and he departed as he had come.

The incident had aroused Ethel a little, and she leaned forward and looked from the window. The organ had changed its music to "Tenting To-Night," but the girl had heard the tune with the words of an old hymn, and these came back to her now:

"Many are the voices calling us away—
Calling to the better land.

"Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With doubts and griefs and fears,"

she hummed, softly, under her breath.

"Fears and griefs not so very unlike mine, either—some of them," she mused. "There were such long waiting-places in some of their lives also—Noah in the ark, Elijah alone on the mount, and Moses—Those forty years of keeping sheep in the desert must have seemed a dreadfully large portion out of his life, and after he had been fitting himself for such great things, too! But then God was fitting him for still greater things, and by that very means, though he could not know it then—it was not loss—it was gain. And the same was true of Noah and Elijah, and a great many others besides. When the great Captain calls a halt, it must be for some good reason. I wonder—"

The organ grinder had completed his list and moved on, but Ethel still sat busily thinking. She had been mourning over this enforced pause in her active employments as so much taken out of her life; she had never chanced to think of it as something put into her life instead—put into it by God and for a purpose. That was a different matter.

Aunt Jane, coming in a little later found Ethel gathering books and writing-materials about her and cheerily taking up what she could do.

"Well!" exclaimed that worthy lady, in astonishment. "If I had known that a monkey and an organ-grinder were all you needed to cheer you up, I'd have hired something of the sort long ago."

Ethel only laughed, but years after, in her busy useful life, she traced her most efficient preparation and drill for her work back to that long season when she was "only encamped and waiting for marching-orders."

TEMPERANCE.

I HAVE the evidence of my own personal experience, and the experience of the enormous numbers of people who pass before me every year; and I state that alcohol is not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets, the less in shape of alcohol he takes; and his excuse is, "I am sorry, but I cannot take it and do my work."—*Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the physicians to her Majesty, the Queen.*

ARTICLE 22, of the Constitution and By-laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, reads as follows: "Any member dealing in or in any way connected with the sale of intoxicating liquors shall, unless he withdraws, be expelled. Any member found guilty of drunkenness shall be suspended for the first offence. A repetition shall be punished by expulsion."

BUT they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the people have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

OH, to many of our citizens, the best day is the worst day! They get their wages on Saturday night, and then they are inveigled into these places [grog-shops] and that which ought to have gone for the livelihood of their families, goes for their own destruction.—*Rev. Dr. Talmage in 1884.*

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAMP MEETING.

EARLY on the Sunday morning of a Quarterly Meeting, on Goodwin's circuit, all the roads were crowded with people. Everybody was on horseback, and almost every horse carried "double." At half past eight o'clock the love-feast began in the large school-house. No one was admitted who did not hold a ticket, and even of those who had tickets some were turned away on account of their naughty cars, their sinful "artificials," or their wicked ear-rings. At the moment when the love-feast began the door was locked, and no tardy member gained admission. Plates, with bread cut into half-inch cubes, were passed round, and after these glasses of water, from which each sipped in turn—this meagre provision standing ideally for a feast. Then the speaking was opened by some of the older brethren, who were particularly careful as to dates, announcing, for instance, that it would be just thirty-seven years ago the twenty-first day of next November since the Lord "spoke peace" to my never-dying soul while I was kneeling at the mourner's bench in Logan's school-house, on the banks of the South Fork of the Roanoke River, in Old Virginia." This statement the brethren had heard for many years, with a proper variation in date as the time advanced, but, now, as in duty bound, they greeted it again with pious ejaculations of thanksgiving. There was a solemnity in the perorations of these little speeches. Most of the old men wound up by asking an interest in the prayers of the brethren, that their "last days might be their best days," and that their "path might grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Soon the elder sisters began to speak of their trials and victories, of their "ups and downs," their "many crooked paths," and the religion that "happily the soul." With their pathetic voices the fire spread, until the whole meeting was at a white-heat, and cries of "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" "Bless the Lord!" "Glory to God!" and so on expressed the fervour of feeling. Perhaps you, sitting out of the atmosphere of it and judging coldly, laugh at this fervour, but for my part I cannot. I know too well how deep and vital were the emotions out of which came these utterances of simple and earnest hearts. I find it hard to get over an early prejudice that piety is of more consequence than propriety.

About six weeks after the Quarterly Meeting Morton rode up to the New Canaan camp-ground on a pleasant midsummer afternoon. He found a lodging in the preacher's tent, where one bed, larger, transversely, than that of the giant Og, was provided for the collective repose of the preachers, of whom there were half-a-dozen present. It was always a solemn mystery to me, by what ingenious overlapping of sheets, blankets, and blue coverlets the sisters who made this bed gave a cross-wise continuity to the bed clothing.

It was customary for all the neighbouring preachers to leave their circuits and lend their help in a camp meeting. All detached parties were drawn in to make ready for a pitched

battle. Morton had, in his ringing voice, earnest delivery, unflinching courage, and quick wit, rare qualifications for the rude campaign, and, as the nearest preacher, he was, of course, expected to help.

The presiding elder's order to Kike to repair to Jeneaville circuit had gone after the zealous itinerant like "an arrow after a wild goose," and he had only received it in season to close his affairs on Pottawottomie Creek circuit, and reach this camp-meeting on his way to his new work. His emancipated face smote Morton's heart with terror. The old comrade thought that the death which Kike all but longed for could not be very far away. And even now the zealous and austere young man was so eager to reach his circuit of Peterborough that he would only consent to tarry long enough to preach on the first evening. His voice was weak, and his appeals were often drowned in the uproar of a mob that had come determined to make an end of the meeting.

So violent was the opposition of the rowdies that the brethren were demoralized. After the close of the service they gathered in groups debating whether or not they should give up the meeting. But two invincible men stood in the pulpit looking out over the scene. Without a thought of surrendering, Magruder and Morton Goodwin were consulting in regard to police arrangements.

"Brother Goodwin," said Magruder, "we shall have the sheriff here in the morning. I am afraid he hasn't got backbone enough to handle these fellows. Do you know him?"

"Yes; I've known him two or three years."

"Goodwin," continued Magruder, "I don't know how to spare you from preaching and exhorting, but you must take charge of the police and keep order."

"You had better not trust me," said Goodwin.

"Why?"

"If I am in command there'll be a fight. I don't believe in letting rowdies run over you. If you put me in authority, and give me the law to back me, somebody'll be hurt before morning. The rowdies hate me and I am not fond of them. I've wanted such a chance at these fellows ever since I've been on the circuit."

"I wish you would clean them out," said the sturdy old elder, the martial fire shining from under his shaggy brows.

Morton soon had the brethren organized into a police. Every man was to carry a heavy club; some were armed with pistols to be used in an emergency. Part of the force was mounted, part marched afoot.

At midnight Morton Goodwin sat in the pulpit and sent out scouts. Platforms of poles, six feet high and covered with earth, stood on each side of the stand or pulpit. On these were bright fires which throw their light over the whole space within the circle of tents. Outside the circle were a multitude of waggons covered with cotton cloth, in which slept people from a distance who had no other shelter. In this outer darkness Morton, as military dictator, had ordered other platforms to be erected, and on these fires were now kindling.

The returning scouts reported at midnight that the ruffians, seeing the

completeness of the preparations, had left the camp-ground. Goodwin was the only man who was indisposed to trust this treacherous truce. He immediately posted his mounted scouts farther away than before on every road leading to the ground, with instructions to let him know instantly, if any body of men should be seen approaching.

From Morton's previous knowledge of the people, he was convinced that in the mob were some men more than suspected of belonging to a gang of thieves. Others were allies of the gang—of that class which hesitates between a lawless disposition and a wholesome fear of the law, but whose protection and assistance is the right foot upon which every form of brigandage stands. Besides these there were the reckless young men who persecuted a camp-meeting from a love of mischief for its own sake; men who were not yet thieves, but from whose ranks the bands of thieves were recruited.

About four o'clock in the morning one of the mounted sentinels who had been posted far down the road came riding in at full speed, with intelligence that the rowdies were coming in force. Goodwin had anticipated this, and he immediately awakened his whole reserve, concentrating the scattered squads and setting them in ambush on either side of the waggon track that led to the camp-ground. With a dozen mounted men, well armed with clubs, he took his own stand at a narrow place where the foliage on either side was thickest, prepared to dispute the passage to the camp. The men in ambush had orders to fall upon the enemy's flanks as soon as the fight should begin in front. It was a simple piece of strategy learned of the Indians.

The marauders rode on two by two until the leaders, coming round a curve, caught sight of Morton and his right hand man. Then there was a surprised reining up on the one hand, and a sudden dashing charge on the other. At the first blow Goodwin felled his man, and the riderless horse ran backward through the ranks. The mob was taken by surprise, and before the ruffians could rally Morton uttered a cry to his men in the bushes, which brought an attack upon both flanks. The rowdies fought hard, but from the beginning the victory of the guard was assured by the advantage of ambush and surprise. The only question to be settled was that of capture, for Morton had ordered the arrest of every man that the guard could bring in. But so sturdy was the fight that only three were taken. One of the guard received a bad flesh wound from a pistol shot. Goodwin did not give up pursuing the retreating enemy until he saw them dash into the river opposite Jenkinsville. He then rode back, and as it was getting light threw himself upon one side of the great bunk in the preachers' tent, and slept until he was awakened by the horn blown in the pulpit for the eight o'clock preaching.

When Sheriff Burchard arrived on the ground that day he was evidently frightened at the earnestness of Morton's defence. He was one of those politicians who would have endeavoured to patch up a compromise with a typhoon. He was in a strait between his fear of the animosity of the mob and his anxiety to please the Metho-

dists. Goodwin, taking advantage of this latter feeling, got himself appointed a deputy-sheriff, and, going before a magistrate, he secured the issuing of writs for the arrest of those whom he knew to be leaders. Then he summoned his guard as a posse, and, having thus put law on his side, he announced that if the ruffians came again the guard must follow them until they were entirely subdued.

Burchard took him aside, and warned him solemnly that such extreme measures would cost his life. Some of these men belonged to Harp's gang, and he would not be safe if he made enemies of the gang. "Don't throw away your life," entreated Burchard.

"That's what life is for," said Morton. "If a man's life is too good to throw away in fighting the devil, it isn't worth having." Goodwin said this in a way that made Burchard ashamed of his own cowardice.

As there was every sign of an approaching riot during the evening service, and as no man could manage the tempest so well as brother Goodwin, he was appointed to preach. A young theologian of the present day would have drifted helplessly on the waves of such a mob. When one has a congregation that listens because it ought to listen, one can afford to be prosy; but an audience that will only listen when it is compelled to listen is the best discipline in the world for an orator. It will teach him methods of homiletic arrangement which learned writers on Sacred Rhetoric have never dreamed of.

The disorder had already begun when Morton Goodwin's tall figure appeared in the stand. Frontier men are very susceptible to physical effects, and there was a clarion-like sound in Morton's voice well calculated to impress them. Goodwin enjoyed battle; every power of his mind and body was at its best in the presence of a storm. He knew better than to take a text. He must surprise the mob into curiosity.

"There is a man standing back in the crowd there," he began, pointing his finger in a certain direction where there was much disorder, and pausing until everybody was still, "who reminds me of a funny story I once heard." At this point the turbulent sons of Belial, who loved nothing so much as a funny story, concluded to postpone their riot until they should have their laugh. Laugh they did, first at one funny story, and then at another—stories with no moral in particular, except the moral there is in a laugh. Brother Mellen, who sat behind Morton, and who had never more than half forgiven him for not coming to a bad end as the result of disturbing a meeting in his wild days, was greatly struck at Morton's levity in the pulpit, but Magruder, the presiding elder, was delighted. He laughed at each story, and laughed loud enough for Goodwin to hear and appreciate the senior's approval of his drollery. But somehow—the crowd did not know how—at some time in his discourse—the rowdies did not observe when—Morton managed to cease his drollery without detection, and to tell stories that brought tears instead of laughter. The mob was demoralized, and, by keeping their curiosity perpetually excited, Goodwin did not give them time to rally at all. Whenever an interruption was attempted, the preacher would turn the ridicule of the audience upon the inter-

locutor, and so gain the sympathy of the rough crowd who were habituated to laugh on the side of the winner in all rude tournaments of body or mind. Knowing perfectly well that he would have to fight before the night was over, Morton's mind was stimulated to its utmost. If only he could get the religious interest agog, he might save some of these men instead of punishing them. His soul yearned over the people. His oratory at last swept out triumphant over everything; there was weeping and sobbing; some fell in uttering cries of anguish; others ran away in terror. Even Burchard shivered with emotion when Morton described how, step by step, a young man was led from bad to worse, and then recited his own experience. At last there was the utmost excitement. As soon as this hurricane of feeling had reached the point of confusion, the rioters broke the spell of Morton's speech and began their disturbance. Goodwin immediately invited the penitents into the enclosed pen-like place called the altar; and the whole space was filled with kneeling mourners, whose cries and groans made the woods resound. But at the same moment the rioters increased their noisy demonstrations, and Morton, finding the sheriff inefficient to quell them, descended from the pulpit and took command of his camp-meeting police.

Perhaps the mob would not have secured headway enough to have necessitated the severest measures if it had not been for Mr. Mellen. As soon as he detected the rising storm he felt impelled to try the effect of his stentorian voice in quelling it. He did not ask the permission of the presiding elder, as he was indubitably bound to do, but as soon as there was a pause in the singing he began to exhort. His style was violently aggressive, and only served to provoke the mob. He began with the true old Homeric epithets of early Methodists, exploding them like bomb shells. "You ate hair-bung and breeze-shaken over-hill," he cried.

"You don't say!" responded one of the rioters, to the infinite amusement of the rest.

For five minutes Mellen proceeded to drop this kind of religious aqua fortis upon the turbulent crowd, which grew more and more turbulent under his inflammatory treatment. Finding himself likely to be defeated, he turned toward Goodwin and demanded that the camp-meeting police should enforce order. But Morton was contemplating a master-stroke that should annihilate the disorder in one battle, and he was not to be hurried into too precipitate an attack.

"They'll get enough of it before daylight," said Goodwin. "Do you get a club and ride by my side to-night, Brother Mellen; I am sure you are a man."

Mellen went for his horse and club, grumbling all the while at Morton's tardiness.

Goodwin had given orders that his scouts should report to him the first attempt at concentration on the part of the rowdies. He had not been deceived by their feints in different parts of the camp, but had drawn his men together. He knew that there was some directing head to the mob, and that the only effectual way to beat it was to beat it in solid form.

At last a young man came running

to where Goodwin stood, saying: "They're tearing down a tent." "The fight will be there," said Morton, mounting deliberately. "Catch all you can. Don't shoot if you can help it. Keep close together. We have got to ride all night."

He had increased his guard by mustering in every able-bodied man, except such as were needed to conduct the meetings. Most of these men were Methodists, but they were all frontiersmen who knew that peace and civilization have often to be won by conflict. By the time this guard started the camp was in extreme confusion; women were running in every direction, children were crying, and men were stoutly denouncing Goodwin for his tardiness.

Dividing his mounted guard of thirty men into two parts, he sent one-half round the outside of the camp-ground in one direction, while he rode with the other to attack the mob on the other side. The foot-police were sent through the circle to attack them in a third direction.

As Morton anticipated, his delay tended to throw the mob off their guard. They had demolished one tent, and in great exultation had begun on another; when Morton's cavalry rode in upon them on both sides, dealing heavy blows with their iron-wood and hickory clubs. Then the foot-men charged them in front, and the mob were forced to scatter and mount their horses as best they could. As Morton had captured some of them, the rest rallied on horseback and attempted a rescue. For two or three minutes the fight was a severe one. The roughs made several rushes upon Morton, and nothing but the savage blows that Mellen laid about him saved the leader from falling into their hands. At last, however, after firing several shots, and wounding one of the guard, they retreated, Goodwin vigorously persuading his men to continue the charge.

Then they fled, and this time, letting the less guilty rowdies escape, Morton pursued the well-known thieves and their allies through the country, until the hunted fellows abandoned their horses and fled to the woods on foot. For two days more Morton harried them, arresting one of them now and then until he had captured eight or ten. The orderly citizens of the county were so much heartened by this boldness and severity on Morton's part that they combined against the roughs and took the work into their own hands, driving some of the thieves away and terrifying the rest into a sullen submission. The camp-meeting went on in great triumph.

LET IT REST.

Ah! how many hearts on the brink of anxiety and disquietude, by this simple sentence, have been made calm and happy!

Some proceeding has wounded us by its want of tact; let it rest—no one will think of it again.

A harsh or unjust sentence irritates us; let it rest; whoever may have given vent to it, will be pleased to see it is forgotten.

A painful scandal is about to estrange us from an old friend; let it rest, and thus preserve our charity and peace of mind.

A suspicious look is on the point of cooling our affection; let it rest, and our look of trust will restore confidence.

"PRAISE THE LORD!"

"I will sing of thy mercy in the morning." Psal. 59. 10.

MY Father, thy praising, my spirit is praising
Thy fatherly keeping so bounteous and free,
In gladness a song of thanksgiving is raising
For pardon and mercy and favour from thee.

Through the night thou hast shielded and given sweet slumber;
Each pathway in Dreamland with angels was trod.
My soul for thy blessings and gifts beyond number
Withapture adores thee, my Father and God.

Each day that thou givest is taken of kind
Is proof of thy fatherly keeping and love;
Oh, keep me from wasting, in folly and blindness,
Thy beautiful gifts, that may crown me above.

The gladness that comes with the sunlight of morning,
That shines in the dew that be-crystals the hills,
Is seen in the flowers the meadows adorning,
Is heard in the song that the meadow-lark trills.

This gladness and sunshine and music and sweetness,
Oh grant me! let love all my being enthral!
Then thought, word and action, in blessed completeness
Shall praise the Beneficent-Giver of all.
L. A. MORRISON,
Toronto, March 6th, 1886.

CAUGHT ON THE SANDS.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON.

"COME away to the sands and watch for uncle George," said John to Edward. "He's to ride across to-day when the tide is down, and we'll get sea-weed and shells, and see the bonny jelly-fish in the pools while we're waiting."

These boys lived in Annan, and it was the sands of Solway Firth they spoke of. You know the Solway Firth is that great arm of sea which rolls up between England and Scotland until it comes near to fair Carlisle! I have seen it, on a summer's day, a broad blue mirror flashing in the sun—the sun seems to be shining always there!—and beautiful soft hills far off on either side.

Do you wonder what these boys meant when they said uncle George was to ride across that wide rolling flood. O, but they knew very well what they said! Living there in little Annan, they knew all about Solway and his ways: how he went rushing down to the open sea every day and night, to get a taste of fresh salt and Atlantic foam; and how, after that, he came racing up again so fast that if you got in his way you would be knocked over and drowned before help could reach you. So when their mother said: "If you are going to the sands, laddies, ye maun heed the tide and no' wander far," you may be sure that they promised to be careful. It was easy to be tempted a long way across the sands when the tide was "out," for it rolled so far seawards that you might think it had gone away altogether from that shore and would forget the way back; and there were many sad stories told of people who set out to cross from one shore to another and were too slow about it, or too late in starting, and so were caught by the incoming rush of water, and never seen again. "Dinna go far, laddies; and keep a look-out for the tide," said their mother.

And so they meant to do, of course. They had often been there before, for, although there were beathery hill-tops to be climbed inland by lads who could trudge a few miles, I fancy the favorite ramble was to the shore. It was so free and fresh on those wide yellow sands, and there was so much to "notice" in many pools, big and little,—clear pools filled with strange creatures that seemed alive and yet not alive, and shone, some of them, like bits of light. What could be more delightful?

So they rambled from pool to pool, looking now and then across the wet, gleaming wilderness for uncle George, but more engaged in trying which could find the biggest and "bonniest" jelly-fish or other wonder. And here and there a small object moved across the great space,—a cat and hroze, to wit, taking the daily chances of the ford.

Bright sky—bright shore—wonderful shells and fishes—two boys calling to each other as they patter over the sand or stoop over a pool.

"Hi, Johnnie, look here what I've gotten!"

"Eh, mon, see this queer beastie!" They had forgotten Solway and his swift rush up from the sea; they had forgotten their uncle.

The carts crept over to shore and safety, long threads of water began to run from pool to pool, and some banks of sand in the midst were no more to be seen. Was Solway racing back again? Then why did not the boys look about them and turn towards the shingly beach, where they would be safe!

A black speck moved along the sands at some distance; it came nearer, and if the boys had been looking they would have seen a man on horseback riding fast.

In the middle of a dispute over a jelly-fish a horse galloped up to them, and before they knew what was being done, a strong arm caught up first John and threw him across the neck of the horse, then Edward, and stuck him somehow beside the other, and so, like a giant, held them there, and galloped to the beach. Was it really a robber-giant sprung out of the sea? Before the boys could speak or look, the horse stopped, and the other hand of the rider pointed back to the place where they had been seized. It was covered already with the incoming tide!

"D'ye see that, laddies? Ye're mither wad has been weeping this night if I had na seen ye among the pools. But, my certy! is it our own laddies I've saved!"

He had not seen their faces, nor they his, when he caught them up and rode with them to shore; but it was even uncle George!

Had he been ten minutes later, the great preacher Edward Irving would never have been known in this world, for he was one of those boys whom their own uncle saved unawares upon Solway sands.

And now I am sure you are all sharp enough to find the moral of my story for yourselves. I have told it because I want you to remember Edward Irving, and when you are older to read all the story of his life as it is written by Mrs. Oliphant in a beautiful book of which I, for one, am never tired.

"AND how old are you, my little man?" "I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new."

WIFE LIZZIE.

COME, my bonnie bairn,
An' sit on mither's knee;
To fill my heart wi' pleasure,
Ye're a' the wa'nt ta' me.
Ye rin about the flair as I by the
Tak' care an' dinna' be,
There's no anither bairn am a bare,
In a' the land as I draw!

Oft as I look in yer brack' face,
My bonnie wee bit lamb,
Ye fill when I sail my heart wi' pain
Wi' joy I ne'er can explain.
As through this life we maun gang,
Wi' a' its care an' sorrow,
Aye tak' the guid o' every day,
An' hope for mair to-morrow.

Ay that's wee Lizzie's vacant chair
That stands beside the bed,
I oft-times think I see her there,
But no, alas! she's dead!
She's gone to dwell wi' angels,
In that happy land aboon;
But we'll meet again some happy day,
When life on earth is doon.

CALADONIA.

Fort Macleod.

OUR INDIAN BOYS.

As the setting sun is casting his mellow light over this beautiful valley, along the Bow River, I see a sight that cheers my heart. It is the Macdougall Orphanage, in full view from the open window, near to which I am writing. It is a large story and a-half frame building, not yet painted, having four windows on the side and two at each end. On the beautiful lawn of native prairie, between Mr. Macdougall's house and the Orphanage, the boys are playing on the left, and the girls on the right. No one would think them inmates of a public institution, since no two are dressed alike. All are neatly clad, with nothing torn and seedy, yet plain and substantial garments cover them. Far enough away not to see their colour, you would think them Canadian children out at play. They about and laugh and jump and run races and swing, just as white boys and girls do. A few minutes since, these boys were cutting wood with cross-cut saws. It was very amusing to see them, they really worked well. I took hold of one saw with a white boy—little John Macdougall, and we tried a race in cutting off a log with two of the Indian lads. It is only fair to us to say, that we had rather the larger log. But they got their log off first, and they thought it a fine thing, and laughed at us heartily. There were two that sawed together like little men, who could not be over nine years of age. They are only allowed to cut wood a little while at a time.

There, the bell has rung, and they are all in their comfortable home, where they are under the kind and thoughtful care of Mr. and Mrs. Yeomans. Now I have seen hundreds of Indian boys and girls within the last six months; but none so bright and happy and good-looking as these. One of the older boys met me at the station, three miles off, last evening, and rowed me across the rapid and swollen river, and then drove me down to the mission. Let our friends feel perfectly assured that their money is being well spent, and good results are already seen at the Orphanage at Morley. ALFRED ANDREWS

The two things that did most to make Washington what he is in history were, his thoroughness in all he did, and his trust in God.

THE "GLAD TIDINGS"

AN unknown correspondent sends \$2.00 for Mr. Crosby's mission yacht *Glad Tidings*, and accompanies the donation with the following lines:—

She's only a tiny vessel,
Only a modest yacht.
And when upon the billows
Seems nothing but a spot.

Yet the Indians by the ocean,
The tribes by the far-off sea,
Are lost in holy rapture,
When she glides unto the quay.

For she takes the Indian tidings
Of salvation full and free,
And he loves her for the message
That gives him liberty.

And when bowed in sweet devotion,
When calling on his God,
One prayer goes up for the tiny craft,
Upon the ocean broad.

"God bless thee while at anchor!
God bless thee while at sea!
God bless thee on the billows!
God bless thee at the quay!"

Among the ships of ocean,
Pouring "tribute at his feet,"
Will be the yacht *Glad Tidings*,
When her labours are complete.

God bless the sailing preachers!
God bless the gallant crew!
And may they, like their noble yacht,
Be staunch, and trim, and true.

—Outlook.

GOD SEETH.

WHEN a great Grecian artist was fashioning an image for the temple, he was diligently carving the back part of the goddess, and one said to him, "You need not finish that part of the statue, because it is to be built in the wall." He replied, "The gods can see in the wall."

He had a right idea of what is due to God. That part of my religion which no man can see should be as perfect as if it were to be observed by all. The day shall declare it. When Christ shall come, everything shall be made known, and published before the universe. Therefore, see to it that it be fit to be thus made known. We should always keep in our mind this verse, "Thou, God, seest me."—*Seb.*

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

ALMOST the only printed matter found in the Far North, when the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition were discovered in that icy region, was a leaf from Todd's *Student's Manual*, with this dialogue on it:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No."

"Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said: 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'"

The poor victim, perhaps, treasured the page, read, and reread it, and gazed on it until the minutes of death crept over him. He was not found, but the page told those who were searching how one, at least, of those brave seamen had died.

THE testimony is universal that the greatest amount of drinking takes place on Saturday night, and during the hours that the houses are allowed to be open on Sunday.—*Committee of House of Commons in 1854.*

A NOBLE part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON V. [Aug. 1.

JESUS HONOURED.

John 12. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. John 12. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Guest, v. 1-9.

2. The King, v. 10-16.

TIME.—Six days before the Passover.

PLACES.—Bethany Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The passover*—The great commemorative feast of the national escape from Egypt. *A supper*—Supposed to have been at the house of Simon the leper. *Three hundred pence*—Perhaps about forty dollars of our money. *The bag*—Meaning that Judas was the treasurer of the company. *Jesus went away*—Not removed from Jerusalem, or from the country; but went away from the teachings of the Pharisees and rulers.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That love finds no service costly!
2. That loving service is pleasing to Jesus!
3. That an evil heart always finds an evil motive in others!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go soon after the raising of Lazarus? To the land beyond Jordan. 2. When did he come again to Bethany? Six days before the passover. 3. What did they there do to honour Jesus? They made him a supper. 4. With what did Mary, the sister of Lazarus, anoint the feet of Jesus? With costly ointment. 5. Where did Jesus go on the day following? To Jerusalem. 6. With what shouts did the people come out to meet Jesus? "Hosanna," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The King of kings.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

39. How does the Scripture describe this knowledge? It teaches that God knows every thought in man's heart, every word and every action.
40. What is meant by saying that God is all-wise? That God does everything in the best and most perfect way, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

B.C. 30.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 8.

GENTILES SEEKING JESUS.

John 12. 20-36. Commit to mem. vs. 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. John 12. 32.

OUTLINE.

1. The Saviour Sought, v. 20-22.

2. The Son Glorified, v. 23-36.

TIME.—The Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Certain Greeks*—These were not Jews, but Gentiles, or foreigners who had heard of Jesus. *Corn of wheat*—A kernel of grain of any kind. *Now is my soul troubled*—The approach of certain death seems to have been one of our Lord's sore trials. His human nature shrank from it just as ours does. *Prince of this world*—Satan, or the devil, who rules in this world of sin. *Be lifted up*—By raised up from the earth upon the cross. *Out of the law*—From the Old Testament which they possessed.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The lesson of perfect sacrifice!
2. The lesson of perfect obedience!
3. The lesson of perfect submission!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what day do the events of this lesson belong? The last day of Christ's teaching. 2. What was said by some Gentiles in Jerusalem? "We would see Jesus." 3. What hour did Jesus say had come? The hour when he should be glorified. 4. How was Jesus glorified? By dying for men. 5. What did Jesus say of himself in the GOLDEN TEXT? "And I," etc. 6. What did he urge the people to do while they had the light? To believe in the light.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Following Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

41. What is meant by saying that God is holy? That his nature is perfectly good and without the possibility of evil, and that he cannot allow sin in his creatures. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity.—Habakkuk i. 13.

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