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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1882.

No. 2.

## CHILDHOOD.

"AH! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.  
For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?  
Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead."

—Louyefellow.

the second large dome from the left. The high tower, with heavy top, somewhat midway in the picture, but nearer the right, is Seraskier Tower. A little to the right of this is the entrance of the Golden Horn, not very distinctly brought to view, and on the nearer (northerly) side of this, is the suburb, Galatea, (back of which is Pera,) with the Tower of Galata at the extreme right of the picture. The buildings more in the foreground in this part of the engraving, are in the suburb, Tophane.

In the engraving on page 4, we get a

of great splendour. Ten thousand workmen had been engaged in its construction. Its adornment in gold and silver and precious stones was most extravagant. One writer estimates its cost at £13,000,000. Having removed our shoes and put on slippers, we entered, and found ourselves in a large and lofty building, in the form of a Greek cross. Above us rose the dome, to the height of 175 feet. All around, except where the altar once stood, runs a high, wide gallery. This, and other parts of the building, are supported by

selves in long rows, and prostrated themselves again and again in lowly adoration. In the meantime, the Rev. Dr. Deems of New York, and myself, walked to the end of the gallery, and while there, I heard the Doctor quietly singing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!"

I prayed that it might be a prophecy to be speedily fulfilled in the old church of Justinian.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM TOPHANE.

## VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM TOPHANE.

THE engraving presents a beautiful view of Constantinople from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. A portion of Scutari, an Asiatic suburb, is seen at the extreme left, with the Sea of Marmora beyond. The left portion of the city brought to view, lying between the Bosphorus in the foreground, and the Marmora beyond, is Seraglio Point, with a palace of the Sultan, and the Mosque of St. Sophia—

closer view of the famous Mosque of St. Sophia, which is thus described by the Rev. D. Sutherland, of the Methodist Church of Canada, who visited it not long since:

"At length we came to the Mosque of St. Sophia, or Holy Wisdom, so called after the second person of the sacred Trinity. This building is substantially the same as that built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. When Constantinople was taken by the Turks in 1453, the cathedral was converted into a mosque; but some of the mosaics still tell of the Christian faith. The building was, at its opening, one

magnificent stone pillars, for the most part borrowed from ancient temples. There are 170 columns of marble, granite and porphyry; some from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec; some from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; some from Heliopolis; others from Athens and the Cyclades. Thousands of cords are let down from the roof, supporting ostrich eggs, horse-tails, lamps of coloured glass, etc. The effect of the spacious, lofty interior, as viewed from the gallery, is very impressive. As we admired, the worshippers were gathering below; and for some time we watched them as they arranged them-

## THE SCULPTOR BOY.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He carved that dream on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone—  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we; as we stand  
With our lives uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's right hand  
Our life-dream passes o'er us.  
Let us carve then on the yielding stone  
With many a deep incision,  
Its heavenly beauties shall be our own—  
Our lives that angel vision.

## A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road; How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load! When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim, There's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I'll tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest, That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon his breast; And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love, "I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see; And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting me. He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own, And He can't forget His promise to me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime; But a little talk with Jesus will whike away the time; And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore, It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could; He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food. He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare; The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time, And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine; Then in my Father's dwelling, where "many mansions" be, I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He will talk with me.

## WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

The following startling statistics from a sermon by the Rev. J. O. Peck, J.D., were quoted by the Rev. Dr. Potts, in his Temperance Sermon on Sunday, Dec. 18, at the Metropolitan Church.

"The productive industries of the republic, on sea and land, in 1870, were \$7,009,313,989. According to David A. Wells, Commissioner of the United States Treasury in that year, the amount of money expended in 1867 for liquors was \$1,483,491,865. More than one-fifth of the annual income of the whole United States from all agriculture, all manufactures, all fisheries, all mines of gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, coal, marble, stone, and petroleum, all the earnings of all the railroads, is drunk up every year. The value of all the live stock, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs, in the American republic is \$1,525,276,457. This is just what is every year drunk up in strong drink. The total wages of the labouring classes in the Union is \$1,163,784,003, less than four-fifths of our annual liquor bill. All the food and food productions for our forty millions of people cost only \$600,365,571 per year, while the drink bill costs two and one-half times more than the food for the nation! The clothing bill of the United States, for men, women, and children, including clothes, boots and shoes, hats and bonnets, gloves and hosiery, and other articles, is only \$398,264,118, only about one-fourth of the liquor bill for the same time. If every fifth year a fire should be kindled all over the United States, on the first day of

January, and burn till the 31st day of December, consuming the product of every farm and prairie, every rice and cotton and sugar plantation, the product of every manufactory, the products of all fisheries, the products of all mines, the earnings of railroads, it would only destroy the enormous inconceivable amount drunk up every five years.

"Suppose the liquor bill for one year was devoted to purchase flour, it would buy over 200,000,000 of barrels, or five barrels to every man, woman, and child in the country. Now suppose that flour be loaded on teams of ten barrels each, it would take 20,000,000 of teams. Allow each team twenty-four feet, and it would form a procession over 90,000 miles long, extending nearly four times around the globe, or reaching more than one-third the distance from the earth to the moon!

"Or, put the matter thus: The average expense of boots and shoes, hats and hosiery, etc., to each family is \$65.71 per year, while the liquor bill is \$203.35. The cost of cotton goods of every description, per family, is \$27.79, and of woollen goods \$16.44, while the liquor bill is \$203.35. The cost of food per family is \$79.25, and the drink bill \$203.35. *There is where the money goes!*

"It would pay the national debt in one year and a half. Save that \$1,483,491,865, which is worse than thrown away, because it breeds indolence and crime, and suffering and woe, and this nation would never hear the moan of hard times from now to the millenium!

"Have the Church and ministry nothing to do with this question? Have we nothing to do against the most wide-spread, destructive antagonism Christianity has to meet in all our land? Look at the facts. God has 63,082 temples, and 83,637 ministers in the country for the salvation of men. Satan, or Bacchus, has 248,992 temples, and 505,000 priests for the destruction and damnation of men. Four grogeries to every church, and six bartenders to every minister. Then thirty times as much money is spent every year in drinking places as is given to all Church and benevolent purposes in this country. Think of this. The annual drink bill of the United States is over four times larger than the value of all the church property of all denomination. In one year the money spent for no good to the people or public would build four times as many churches of the same grade as now exist. It would plant and endow nine universities in each State and territory of the Union, on as grand a scale as the John Hopkins University. But worse still. The results of the liquor traffic on our fellow men defies measurement or description. It sends 100,000 criminals to prison annually, 200,000 more to the poorhouse, and sends 200,000 orphans into the street shelterless, shivering and hungry. It causes 300 murders, 400 suicides, and glooms the land with 500 funerals every day in the year. It sends to drunkards' graves, every year, 75,000 men and women. Seventy-five acres of drunkards' graves filled by 75,000 fellow-beings. See the horrible procession of 700,000 habitual drunkards in the land, marching in fours, one hundred and eighty-four miles long, extending from New York to Philadelphia and back again. Remember, every eight minutes, from January to December, one falls out of the ranks into a drunkard's grave! And the saloons have one ready to put in his

place, and so the dreadful procession is kept full."

Dr. Potts also quoted from the *Globe* report of Sir Leonard Tilley's late speech at Ottawa, giving the following statistics of drinking in Canada, in which he said that—

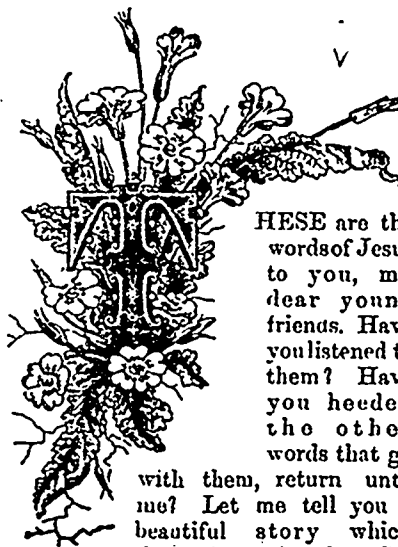
"Forty years ago the consumption of spirits in the Province was five gallons per head—now it was only 1½ gallons. The cost to consumers of liquor in Canada was \$18,000,000 annually, and for every dollar expended for religious purposes \$7 were squandered on whiskey. He agreed with Mr. Gladstone that the loss of revenue from this source was only of secondary importance. The difficulty he pointed out with regard to the temperance question was to get public opinion to carry out the law it placed on the Statute Book. He cordially endorsed the proposition for the establishment of coffee houses, and favoured placing in school books extracts showing the evil effects of intemperance."

In further illustration of the evils of drinking, Dr. Potts quoted the following from a letter by Rev. E. Stuart Best, published in the *Zion's Herald*, on the 15th instant:—

"The peasantry of Ireland may well groan under their burdens; but the burden and the curse of landlordism, compared with the burden and the curse of whiskey, is but a cushion of feathers beside a yoke of steel. The average rent of land per acre is three dollars per annum. This would make the rental of the island the round sum of \$57,576,960; while the whiskey bill of the nation amounts to \$69,115,510, the amount of rum over rent being \$11,538,550. These figures are appalling. If the Romish hierarchy and the political demagogues and agitators would now turn round, and commend to the people an honest trial of the Land Bill, and enter as vigorously into a crusade against whiskey as they have against rent, it would not be long before Ireland would be prosperous and happy, and the entire nation become busy, beautiful, and virtuous."

## I HAVE REDEEMED THEE.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.



THESE are the words of Jesus to you, my dear young friends. Have you listened to them? Have you heeded the other words that go

with them, return unto me? Let me tell you a beautiful story which shows how the dear Saviour has redeemed us "with his own precious blood." If you was to go to a little village in Norway, you would see carved in wood over the door of one of the houses there a representation of a stork. In that house lived a little boy by the name of Conrad. Every summer a stork made its nest near by. Conrad often fed it and thus it became quite tame.

When Conrad grew to be a young man he ran away to sea against his mother's wishes. The stork came back every summer to Norway, from its long journey to the south, and the mother was kind to it, because it reminded her of the innocent days of her little Conrad. Poor Conrad had a hard time upon the great ocean. He often wished he was home again, living a quiet life with his mother.

One day as he was sailing along on the Mediterranean Sea, the cruel pirates from Algeria came down upon them and captured all on board. Conrad was told he must be their slave for life unless he had some rich friends to redeem him. The poor boy had to work hard all day and sleep in a little cell at night.

One day while at his toil, he saw a stork flying above him. It reminded him of his own loved stork away in Norway. He whistled to it, and at once the stork knew the sound and flew down to him. Day after day the stork came and shared his food with him. Conrad was delighted to find it was the same stork he had petted at his northern home.

As the time drew near for the stork to migrate to his cool home beyond the sea, Conrad determined to send a message by him to his mother, that she might redeem him from slavery. He, therefore, wrote a little letter to his mother, and fastened it to the stork's leg, so that it could get off.

After a few days Conrad's mother was delighted to find her summer visitor at the door, looking for something to eat. Fastened to its leg she found the letter. What was her joy, when she saw that her long-lost boy was alive! Her friends raised the amount that Conrad said was needed to purchase his redemption. In a way that would take too long to tell you, the money was sent and he was redeemed. What was his joy of heart when he returned to his old home and found his dear mother and the faithful stork!

As I said in the beginning, Jesus' words to you are, my young friends: "Return unto me for I have redeemed thee." Is., xliv., 22. He needed no stork to tell him that you were in the slavery of sin. He knew that Satan had taken you captive, and that you could never return to your father's home, and there be happy, unless he redeemed you. He, therefore, left his beautiful home in heaven and came down to this sinful world; took upon him a body like ours, and at last gave himself up to die that dreadful death on the cross. He there paid the debt of our redemption. How much he suffered no tongue can tell. On the cross he cried: "It is finished," and he now calls to you in tenderness and love, "Return unto me for I have redeemed thee."

If Conrad's mother had worked thirty-three years to earn the money to redeem her boy, and then went all the way to Africa, and paid the money over to redeem Conrad, and found him in the dismal cell, and said, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee," do you think Conrad would have been slow to have heeded her words? No! No! He would have flown to her arms, and with tears in his eyes, thanked her again and again for redeeming him from slavery. But Jesus led a life of sorrow here on earth, and suffered the dreadful death of which I have spoken, that he might be our Redeemer. Have you thanked him for it? Do you love him for it? Will you give yourself to him now, even now, while you read these lines, saying:

"Drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe,  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do."

—Good Words.

LET us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old, and ragged, and grey,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long  
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street, with laughter and shout  
Glad in the freedom of school let out,  
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,  
Past the woman so old and grey,  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.  
At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest laddie of all the group;  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,  
He guided her trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,  
If ever so poor, and old, and grey,  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer  
she said  
Was—"God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and  
joy!"

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

BY BISHOP BOWMAN.



Y dear boys and girls: I have one or two good things to say about these little brothers and sisters of yours in Japan. They seldom quarrel and fight. They get angry with each other, and sometimes there will be a slight blow. But I have not yet seen two boys in a real fight, or even in a quarrel. They are also very polite to grown people and to each other. They always make a nice bow when spoken to, and if any one should give them anything, they will make two or three bows, while they say "Thank you," with each bow. I never stopped to speak to a little boy or girl, that I have not been received with a smile and a polite bow and a pleasant word. When they meet a foreigner, they generally say "Ohio," which means "good morning," or "How do you do?" It tickles them very much for a stranger to say "Ohio" to them. This politeness is very marked towards their parents and grand-parents. If a little boy or girl were to bring a book and ask his father or mother, or grandfather or grandmother, or even an elder brother or sister to read a little or explain some difficult thing, he or she would make a bow and say, "Thank you," as politely

as if they had been to their new teacher for the first time. It has given me great pleasure to see this universal politeness in the family, as well as among strangers.

The children are always very ready to aid their parents in any way they can. Bad parents will hire out their children, and especially the girls, for wicked purposes. But the children think it is their duty to go in order that they may help their poor parents. Of course, some of this is wrong, but it shows the devotion of the young to their parents.

It would amuse you to see the older children carrying around their little brothers and sisters. Often a little girl, not more than six years old, will carry the baby, one or two years old, on her back for hours together. A strap is passed under the baby's arms, and another around its little legs, and thus it is fastened on the back of the larger child. If it is awake it will stretch itself up and look over its sister's shoulders. If it is sleepy it will settle down and go to sleep, and often with its face up to the broiling sun. Frequently you can see hundreds of these little burden-bearers, running about as cheerful and happy as they can be.

Now I am sorry to say that with these good things, there are others that are quite bad. They are very superstitious and don't know anything of the true religion. For example they worship their dead fathers and grand-fathers. They not only take flowers to their graves, as we do, but they pray to their dead friends over their graves. If they are buried far away, they have tablets, or a kind of tombstone, put up near the house, and to these they go quite frequently, and worship the spirits of their departed ancestors. They have also small tablets in their houses and worship before them every day. The children are taught to do this as soon as they are old enough to understand what they are at. Indeed, they learn to go through the form of worship before they know what it means.

Besides all this they are taught to believe in all kinds of gods. They have a god for the rain, a god for the harvest, a god for disease, and indeed, a god for everything. Some of these are dumb, sleepy-looking fellows, and some are ugly and savage. I have one little chap about as large as the end of my thumb. There have been in Japan a good many earthquakes and some volcanoes. The children and grown people, too, think these are brought about by a big fish in the ocean, that flaps his tail and thus makes the earth shake. So they have a god to look after this fish. He is said to stand on the fish's tail and thus keep him from flapping. When an earthquake comes, they all begin to clap their hands and shout and pray to their god. They think he has dropped to sleep or has gone off somewhere, either because he is angry, or because he has become a little tired or careless, and they pray to him to get back on the fish's tail.

In one temple that I visited, I found six or eight children around the stone image of one of their gods. The oldest girl would rub her hands over the god's face and then rub them over the faces of her little companions. This was to keep off sickness or cure them if they were sick, or had any sores on their faces. I put one of my hands on the shoulder and with the other made as if

I would rub her face. At once she caught the idea, rubbed her hands over the old stone and then rubbed her own face, and with a hearty laugh ran away. They had worn off the nose and indeed the entire face of the old god, so that we could hardly see that he had even had one.

Thus you see the children of Japan have no idea of the great God that made heaven and earth, except as the missionaries teach them. I am glad to tell you that many in the Sunday Schools are learning to read their Bibles and to sing our beautiful songs, that are so full of religion. In one Sunday-School I heard the little children repeat large portions of Scripture and sing beautifully some of our hymns. I am happy to tell you also that they are learning the Methodist Catechism, and begin to know all the most important truths taught in the Bible, and which are able to make them wise unto salvation. Will you please tell this to your parents and your Sunday-School teachers, and ask them why they do not teach you the Catechism?

I must tell you one thing more. Whenever I have talked to the Sunday-Schools, and told them how much you think of them and how you give your money to send missionaries to Japan, it has made them very happy, and they have asked me to give their love to you and to thank you for your kindness. Do not forget that every penny you give will help to make some little Japanese boy or girl, or some boy or girl in some other country, happy, and will help the children to be good and to get to heaven.



BE STUDIOUS.

HITEFIELD was poor, and in "service," but he managed to get education: and both England and America have felt his power for good. William Harvey did not find out the circulation

of the human blood by a lucky accident. He was a hard student at home and abroad, and taught the doctrine to his classes for ten years before he published it to the world.

Boys ought to remember that there are still splendid services to be rendered. All the discoveries have not yet been made. The field is now the world, as it never was before. The best books can now be had as never before. Education of the highest kind is accessible as it never was before. An empire without an emperor has grown up on this continent, and much of the soil is yet without occupant and master. Other empires are opened to educated ability, and will become more so every year. There is a legitimate sphere for splendid ambition.

Let our boys forego the cost of tobacco and catch inspiration from the best books. Let them turn their backs on the tempting glass, and spend their money in stimulating the mind. Even fashion "parties" and pleasure may be put in the background, that the time and thought required for them may be given to getting that mental habit and furniture that will make its possessor a helper to his race, and a capable servant of that Creator—the "Father of Lights"—who has given us brain and heart, with capabilities, that we may be lights, benefactors, and conquerors, on fields where no life is lost, and even the vanquished are gainers.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.—Mackay.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.



SHAMED of work, boys! good, hard, honest work! Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men. Open your old Roman history now, and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when

they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field ploughing.

What about Marcus Curius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up; you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato; you have surely heard of him—how he rose to all the honours of Roman state—yet he was often seen to work in his field with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labour on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maidens.

Better even than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There! after this will you be ashamed to work.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well?"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your will to direct, and your judgement to instruct. You are master over a hard lot; and if you do not master them they will master you."

"That is true," said the young man.

"Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regulator; and where he is Master all is right."

"'One is my Master, even Christ,'" repeated the young man, slowly and seriously. "Everybody who puts himself sincerely under his leadership wins at last."

## THE BIBLE.

WITHIN this ample volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries;  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

—Walter Scott.

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear on summer eves  
The reaper's song among the sheaves;  
Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed is done.

—Whittier.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1881.

## MISSIONARY NOTES.

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, in *The Missionary Outlook*, says:

"What are the Sunday-Schools going to do this year? The system recommended by the officers of the Society two years ago is working wonders where it has been tried. Why should not this method be adopted by all our schools, especially those in towns and cities? There are not a few circuits in the Connexion where the Sunday-Schools do nothing for the Missionary cause. Why is this? Who is responsible?"

It is of the greatest importance that the youth of the Church should be brought into intelligent sympathy with the great Missionary movement of the day. To do this, two things, at least, are necessary: 1. They must be supplied with information from Mission fields, and 2. They must be encouraged to give freely of their own for the support of Mission work. Wherever a Sunday-school Missionary Society can be formed, (and it can be done wherever there is a school, no matter how small), we will be glad to send collecting books, missionary boxes, &c., free of charge.

In this connection we have pleasure in calling attention to the following note from the Mission Rooms:

"By telegram from Hon. Senator Ferrier, we learn that the Missionary collections by the Sunday-schools of Montreal for the year 1881, as reported at the New Year's gathering, amount to \$3,392, being an increase of \$197 over the previous year. When it is borne in mind that the entire membership—

scholars and teachers—in these schools is only about 2,800, with an average attendance of 1,900, the significance of the above figures will be more apparent. WELL DONE, MONTREAL!"

So great has been the demand for our enlarged *Scholars' Quarterly*, that we had to print three editions of the January No. to supply the increased demand. We can now fill all orders. Price 8 cts. a year, or 2 cts. a quarter. For four numbers, of 20 pages each, we think this very cheap. Specimens free. The *Quarterly* contains Lessons, Notes, Explanations, Lesson Hymns—everything wanted by the scholars.

WE call special attention to the suggestion of the International Lesson Committee, that an effort be made by all who are able, teachers and scholars, to commit to memory the whole Gospel according to Mark, the study of which we are to be engaged in during the whole of this year. One verse every Sunday and two every other day of the week will accomplish this, and leave the last Sunday of the year for a review. There are 678 verses in Mark, and 53 Sundays in 1882.

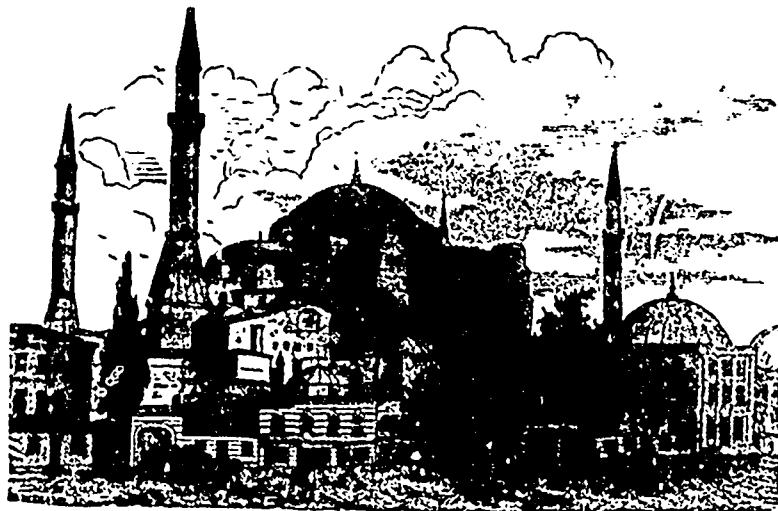
## WHAT DO THE CHILDREN READ?



THE press is flooding the land with cheap, popular literature. Much of it is intended for children and young people. Some of this is good—and some of it is bad—very bad. The juvenile periodical literature, outside of Sunday-School publications, with a few exceptions, is trashy and sensational. The books as a general rule, are no better. The librarian of the Boston public library says that "there are in the main library and its branches some fifty thousand volumes that come under the general designation of 'juveniles and fiction.'" During last year these books had been circulated four million three hundred and forty-two thousand nine hundred and ninety-three times, which was about three quarters of the entire circulation of the library. The greater part of these young readers were pupils from the public schools. Now we presume that these Boston children are no worse than the children of other cities, and that last year was not an unusually bad year for trashy novels. This report simply furnishes the statistics of an evil in Boston, which exists, more or less, as opportunity is afforded, throughout the country.

From the above facts we gather, first, that in a community supplied with books and periodicals, three-fourths of the readers are children and young people; and secondly, that the natural taste of these young people leads them to prefer trashy and sensational literature. Therefore, we know what they will read if they are left to themselves; and we also know what effect such reading will have upon their mental and moral character. False views of life, contempt for the restraints of law, and a morbid desire for sensational distinction, follow such reading, as naturally as drunkenness follows the constant use of alcoholic stimulants. Among all the paths that lead to death, perhaps there is not a shorter or more direct road to ruin than this.

"What do our children read?" is a more important query than "What do



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE—See page 1.

the children eat!" They ought to read, and a conscientious Christian parent will be as careful to provide wholesome reading for his children as he will be to provide comfortable clothing and wholesome food for them. Too many parents, however, leave their children to pick up their reading wherever they can find it. As an excuse for this neglect of duty, some affirm that there are so few good books that children can read with any pleasure or profit, and they usually close with a sling at our Sunday-School libraries. This is not true—therefore it is no excuse at all; and no intelligent man will urge it to-day, whatever truth may have justified it heretofore. Some of the best writers in our language are employed in furnishing books for young people, and our Sunday-School libraries will compare favourably with other libraries. We make this statement deliberately. It is true, notwithstanding it is fashionable to believe otherwise.\*



## GOING TO COLLEGE.

OUR congratulations to the boy who is permitted through parental foresight, wisdom, self-sacrifice, or ambition, to enter college halls, and prosecute the curriculum of studies devised and developed through the ages for purposes of intellectual discipline, the strengthening of character, and the widening of outlook on the world and life!

Our congratulations to the girl who is permitted, through a just appreciation by parents of her powers, responsibilities, and sphere in life, to prosecute in a seminary or college an equally severe, invigorating, enriching, and broadening course of study!

There are in such institutions constant incitements to diligence; wholesome rivalries that keep all the forces at their best; attrition which brighten and sharpen; inspiration from living teachers which from day to day control susceptible and developing pupils; broad outlooks on the past and present; contrasts with great men—men of genius and reputation; college friendships created by laws of personal, aesthetic, and moral selection; fellow-ship in divers experiences—humorous

\*The Required Reading of the Young Folks and Sunday-School Reading Union, supplies wholesome and instructive reading for young people.—Ed.

and serious, depressing and exciting, educational and social—and then the memories of college life and companionship which linger through all the years, like the perfume of flowers, giving peace and gladness and inspiration to their possessors.

Watching the daily processes of student life; the diligent study; the hearty enjoyment of wholesome physical exercises; the newly-formed associations with "men" of the class or of other classes; looking up in the dark night at the rows of radiant windows in the college halls, where the "men" are at work over their tasks; thinking of the great names once students in these halls, now men of power in the world, or men who, having left the world, have left behind them great reputations which make the student of to-day covet their power, and resolve to gain some measure of it; treading the halls, museums, libraries, campus, one is compelled again to breathe heartiest congratulations on the youth permitted to put into his life the charm and power of college experience!

It is difficult to overestimate the value of such opportunities on a well-balanced and sensible youth. There are fools who go to college. There are boys in college who neglect every worthy opportunity, and waste time and strength in indolence and dissipation; but fools abroad will be fools at home, and the boy who abuses college privileges would abuse every privilege secured for him in any sphere of life.

Parents who make college a reform school for insubordinate and incorrigible sons, will not be surprised if the freedom of college life which develops true manhood will make them more early and easily manifest the weakness or baseness of human nature. —S. S. Journal.

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower  
That on the wild is found,  
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,  
And trembles at the sound.  
"No God!" astonished Echo cries  
From out her cavern hoar;  
And every wandering bird that flies  
Reproves the atheist lore.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

In one of the letters of Sir Charles Lyell, recently published, is a striking picture of Queen Victoria's young children, working with spade and hoe and being rigidly paid by their father with day-labourer's wages, that they might get an insight into the condition of the working-class.



DANCING DERVISHES.

"A CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ON Calais sands the breakers roar  
In fierce and foaming track;  
The screaming seagulls dip and soar,  
While seen against the black;  
And shuddering wind and furling sail  
Are making ready for the gale.

Ho, keeper of the Calais Light!  
See that your lamps burn free;  
For, if they should go out to-night,  
There will be wrecks at sea.  
Fill them and trim them with due care,  
For there is tempest in the air.

"Go out! My lamps go out, you say?  
What words are on your lips?  
There, in the offing, far away,  
Are sailing countless ships,  
Beyond my ken, beyond my sight.  
But all are watching Calais Light.

"If but a single lamp should fail,  
A single flame burn dim,  
How could I ride the gathering gale,  
Or justly steer and trim?  
To right, to left, would equal be,  
There are no road-marks on the sea.

"I should not hear their drowning cry,  
Or see the ship go down,  
And weeks and months might pass us by,  
Ere came to Calais town  
The word—"A ship was lost one night,  
And all for want of Calais Light."

"Here is my tower, my lamps in row,  
I sit the long hours through;  
There is no soul to mark or know  
If I my duty do;  
Yet oftentimes I seem to see  
A world of eyes all bent on me!

"Go out! My lamps go out! alas!  
It were a woful day  
If ever it should come to pass  
That I must live to say,  
A ship went down in storm and night,  
Because there failed it Calais Light."

Ah, Christian, in your watch-tower set,  
Fill all your lamps and trim;  
For though there seem no watchers, yet  
Far in the distant dim,  
Where souls are tossing out of view,  
A hundred eyes are fixed on you.

—Congregationalist.

DANCING DERVISHES.

In the engraving here shown is represented a scene which Mr. Sutherland thus describes as having witnessed at Constantinople: "One of our visits was to see the dancing dervishes. Entering a small octagonal mosque, we found them seated on the floor, in a large central space reserved for them, and railed off for their especial use. After a short service of singing, with prayer, and responses, the dervishes began. There were nineteen of them, with a superior, who sat or stood on a mat by himself. He was a slim, middle-aged man, of pale countenance, large dark eyes, and a quiet, happy expression. There was nothing specially noticeable about the faces of

the others, and some of them I afterwards saw toiling at ordinary street work. Their dress was peculiar. Their feet were bare; on their heads were lofty gray felt hats without rims; their robes were long, of a blue colour, and drawn tightly at the waist. The performance began, the superior leading, by marching around slowly three times to the sound of a drum and flute, very poorly played. Each man, as he came to the mat of the superior, stepped carefully across, and bowed low to his successor, who bowed equally low in response. The superior then took his place, and the march round continued. Each one, as he came again to the mat, bowed his head, and the superior breathed or whispered into his ear; and, thus inspired, they were all soon whirling about the room, at the rate of over fifty whirls to the minute. Arms were lifted over the head, but gradually fell to the horizontal position; skis flew out in the shape of a bell; eyes were half-closed, heads thrown back, and a dreamy, trance-like expression settled upon the countenance. This circling about the room, I was told, would be repeated four times, but after awhile the affair became monotonous, and we took our departure. Some of our party went to see a similar performance at Scutari, where the performers gave themselves up to moaning and howling! Truly superstition and folly go hand in hand!"

It is related of the Duchess of Edinburgh that when recently solicited to purchase a very expensive shawl she firmly refused, saying: "I cannot afford it. Take it to the wife of one of my cooks."

BEN FRANKLIN'S mother-in-law hesitated about permitting her daughter to marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.



WE have pleasure in copying from *The Missionary Outlook* the following letter from the Rev. John McLean, dated Fort McLeod, July 6th, 1881. The other day, as I scampered over the prairie alone, I began reviewing the events of the past year. I felt like singing as my horse galloped along—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder love and praise."

The work has been delightful and my soul has been glad. I have ridden thousands of miles on horseback, enjoyed the luxury of having the prairie for my couch and heaven's canopy for my covering. Chopping wood, plastering buildings, gardening, teaching school, preaching, visiting the sick, learning Blackfoot, with various other kinds of work have taken up my time. Difficulties have come, and when the human has taken hold of me, I have had a slight touch of the blues, but when the divine steps in, I laugh at the difficulties and go on my way. Of course it has not been very pleasant to ride from thirty to fifty miles with the thermometer below zero 35° or 40°, but then there have been warm days. There have been days when I have had to swim on horseback. Yet there is a glorious feeling follows when I know I can do it, and when I am assured that God protects me.

A long journey and nothing to eat is good for dyspepsia; mosquitoes, and horse-flies, have not been very pleasant companions as I wrapped myself in my saddle-blankets and lay on the ground to seek rest for the night; but then there comes the joy of jumping on my horse, and without any fear of trespassing or running against my neighbour, I gallop over the boundless prairie performing my mission work, feeling "I am monarch of all I survey." A grand life is the life of the missionary. 'Tis true there are many trials but they don't become less by despondency and grumbling. I sing to "drive dull care away," and employ my time devising new methods of doing good and working busily upon the old. I believe I am stronger in body, mind, and soul after my first year's missionary work. Sometimes I am apt to get discouraged when I look for conversions and there are none, and then I think of Judson in Burmah, toiling for many years without any souls rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven. Have I nothing to be thankful for? Yes. Many have heard the Gospel who have not listened to its truths for many years. Some have expressed a desire to lead a new life. The sick have been relieved and have been glad of our assistance. The poor have been helped, and the young have been taught. Tears have trickled down the cheeks of some, when thinking of childhood's early days. Joy has filled the souls of others through our ministrations, and they have expressed their goodwill toward the work. I am thankful for the goodwill manifested by some, whereby we hope for good results. I have had to fight the devil in myself and rebuke him in others. When he has shouted and opposed me

in my work, I have been placed anew on my guard, and whilst buckling on my armour have prayed—

"Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely."

I would rather fight Satan face to face than have him come to me as an angel of light. This is a grand field for the exercise of patience and a glorious one for the employment of latent power. Some from Indian scholars have acted as missionaries to white men, as they sang when going along the street or sitting by the stove in some one of the stores, "Come to Jesus," and "We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love." Some of these singers have gone to that land where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and as the Blackfoot mothers are singing the funeral song, we join our little mission band in the song. "We shall meet beyond the river," and thus we improve our time and circumstances. Do not get discouraged because I cannot report conversions. Give me time. Let the Church pray for me and my work. Have patience and the fruit will appear. Next week I begin building a school house on the reserve. Success has attended us already in our work in the school. I am happy as the day is long, whilst engaged in my work, although stronger and deeper would my joy be, were I to hear my Blackfoot brother sing—

"My God, I am thine what a comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine."

I am glad that you are telling the people in Canada of this great and glorious country. If only some of the poor farmers would come out here they would live comfortably and not work as hard as they do. The section is going to be a populous district in a short time.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

DR. COKE, THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.



R. COKE was in America when he heard of the death of John Wesley. Overwhelmed with sorrow, he hastened home to England. Dr. Coke and a Guernsey Methodist, proceeded to Paris to open, if possible, a mission. In that city of amusements and pleasure, where, as one of its own wits has said, four-fifths of the people die of grief, they could, only get a congregation of six persons, and were warned to depart or they would be hanged on a lamp-post. They felt that the time for the conversion of France had not yet come.

Dr. Coke had been requested by the English Conference to prepare a Commentary on the Holy Scripture. On his fifth voyage to America he devoted himself to the task. "I find a ship a most convenient place for study," he said, "although, it is sometimes a great exercise for my feet, legs, and arms to keep myself steady to write." Proceeding from New York to St. Eustatius in company with the sainted "Bishop" Black, of Nova Scotia, he found the vessel exceedingly loathsome from the filthy habits of the crew, yet

he was able, he said, to become a contented Hottentot, and the consolations of God abounded. He found the Methodist missionary in jail for preaching the Gospel, and Negro-women publicly flogged for attending a prayer-meeting. The penalty for the second and third offence of preaching was banishment and death, but the imprisoned missionary still preached through his grated windows to the Negroes without who listened with tears flowing down their cheeks. The Doctor might well denounce these cruel laws. He zealously interceded with the Dutch and English Governments, and with success at last. In Jamaica he preached the first sermon ever heard in the town of Falmouth, although it had for years a clergyman with a handsome stipend. As he declared the necessity of the new birth, a sea captain exclaimed, "Sir, if what you say be true, we must all be damned. I don't like your doctrine at all," and the sermon was continued amid tumult and confusion.

In 1796 he again embarked to attend the General Conference at Baltimore. Travelling now-a-days has lost much of the adventure and peril it had in the last century. He describes the ship as a "floating hell" and the ill-treatment of the captain as too infamous to describe. He believed he wished to cause his death, out of hatred to Methodism. With a single shirt in his pocket, and refused the request for a little bread and pork, although he had paid eighteen guineas for his passage, Dr. Coke left the vessel in Chesapeake Bay in a small half-decked schooner, on whose bare deck he slept all night. With much privation and delay, travelling by boat, on horseback, or on foot, he reached Baltimore just in time for the Conference.

On Coke's succeeding voyage the vessel was captured by a French privateer, and all the Doctor's baggage except his private papers were seized. He was lauded at Porto Rico, with scarcely enough to wear, but, escaping the horrors of a French prison, he at length found his way to Conference "on a borrowed horse with a great boy riding behind him."

#### IN IRELAND.

During the terrible insurrection of '98 in Ireland, Dr. Coke was in that unhappy country, frequently exposed to personal peril, but providentially protected. It was a Methodist class-leader in Dublin who gave warning of the outbreak, and thus saved the capital from capture by the insurgents. The horrors of this civil war, for such it was, have never been fully recorded. In cabins, in turf heaps, in peat mosses, pikes were concealed for the massacre of the Protestants. Beacon fires flashed the signal of the rising from peak to peak. Enraged priests stirred up the mob from the parish altars. The houses of Protestants were burned, their cattle stolen, and multitudes of women and children were cruelly killed. The Methodists, especially the preachers, were, for their loyalty, particularly hateful to the rebels, and several were cruelly piked. During the reign of terror the Irish Conference met in the city of Dublin. That very Conference set apart Charles Graham and James McQuigg as Irish evangelists, who, subsequently, joined by Gideon Ouseley, preached and prayed and sang the Gospel in the Irish tongue into the hearts of thou-

sands of their fellow-countrymen. Dr. Coke, it was who proposed the measure, promised its support, and obtained for the missionaries the protection of the soldiers.

Two continents were now contending by turns for his services. As President of the English and American Conferences, his presence seemed so much needed in both countries that he was continually crossing the ocean on his missionary voyages, as if either hemisphere were too narrow for the mighty energies of his large heart. Only once more was he permitted to visit his American brethren to whom he was endeared by most sacred ties and who mourned his death as that of the "greatest man of the eighteenth century."\*

#### HIS WRITINGS.

Amid the many wanderings of his active life, Dr. Coke found leisure for much literary work, as even the busiest may do if they will only improve their spare hours,—which many think not worth trying to save. Among his useful writings are his History of the West Indies, in three volumes; five volumes of records of his missionary journeys; a history of philosophy, and numerous pamphlets, sermons, and the like.

His great work, however, was his Commentary on the Scriptures, begun by request of the Conference in 1789 and finished, after nine years' labour, in 1807. It reached the size of six huge volumes.

With renewed zeal, as the years fled by, he traversed Great Britain from end to end on behalf of his Irish, Welsh, and Home Mission enterprises. He threw himself with vigour into the then novel work of promoting Sunday-schools and the temperance reform. The spiritual necessities of the soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, of whose trials and temptations, virtues, and vices he had seen so much during his wanderings, lay like a burden on his heart. At length, in 1804, a Methodist missionary and his wife were sent to the Rock of Gibraltar. They were well-nigh wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and driven to the Barbary coast. Reaching at last their destination, it yielded them only a grave. Yellow fever wasted the little community, and the missionary and his wife soon fell victims to its power. An infant daughter survived, who, adopted into the family of Dr. Adam Clarke, became the wife of a Methodist minister and the mother of the distinguished Dr. James H. Rigg, late President of the Wesleyan Conference. But the historic Rock was not abandoned; and a succession of faithful missionaries, of whom were our own Dr. Stinson, and the Rev. Mr. Cheesbrough, have ministered to the wants of multitudes of England's gallant red-coats, among them several hundred Canadian youths, of the Hundredth (Prince of Wales) regiment, quartered at Gibraltar.

#### FRENCH PRISONERS.

The unhappy condition of the French sailors and soldiers, pent up in the prison ships of the great naval depots, also appealed strongly to that loving heart whose sympathies were as wide as the world. In the Medway alone was a prison population of 2,000; and altogether in England not less than 60,000, crowded into unventilated and

often infected ships. Sometimes the friendless, hopeless, and often half-naked wretches sought escape from their despondency by suicide. The Rev. Wm. Toase, the father of French missions, gained admission to the hulk *Glory*, and preached to the prisoners in their own language till forbidden by the commissary. Dr. Coke hereupon appealed to the Earl of Liverpool, and obtained permission to have preaching at all the naval stations. Through this exhibition of love to our enemies, many French prisoners—among them some of noble rank—carried back to their native land not only recollections of their "ancient foe," but fellowship in that kingdom which embraces all races of men.

#### HIS MARRIAGE.

We now approach a romantic event in the earnest missionary's history. The flower of love, like the night-blooming cereus, blossomed late in his life; but its beauty and fragrance were all the more grateful to his lonely heart. He was in his fifty-eighth year. His brow was bronzed by eighteen sea voyages and by sojourn beneath a tropic sun, and his once raven hair was silvered by time. In his busy life he had never found leisure for courtship and marriage. But now in its quiet eventide, he found the solace of communion with a kindred spirit in the tenderest and most sacred of earthly relationships.

The growing claims of the vast and increasing missionary enterprises of the Church called for active efforts for their support. Dr. Coke not only used his own large fortune in their aid, but "toiled," says his biographer, "from day to day like a common medicant." While at Bristol on a begging tour he was introduced to a Methodist lady of large fortune, who subscribed for his mission two hundred guineas. The generous gift led to an acquaintance, which, in time, resulted in the union of their hearts and lives and fortunes for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. "Unto Thee, O God," wrote the lady on her wedding-day, "we give up our whole selves,—all we have and all we are,—to Thee wholly and entirely."

But marriage made no change in the soul-absorbing pursuits of the zealous missionary. He seemed to feel that the time was short, and it remained that they that have wives be as though they had none. Henceforth he would think, preach, write, labour, and pray more fully than ever for one object,—the extension of Christ's Kingdom among men. And faithfully he performed his vow.

#### READING.

ONE who early acquires a taste for reading and a love of books will realize that his education is only begun when his school-days are ended. To complete it will be the aim and ambition of his life. Let his calling be what it may, with an insatiable desire for knowledge he will find leisure for self-improvement. The many instances of self-educated men whose eminence and success are due to an early taste for reading, should be given to the boys who are just entering the active pursuits of life, and who are so apt to think that they can no longer find time for self-culture. But is the little leisure they have well improved? Should the evenings be idled away

because the days must be occupied with business or labor? The youth whose teachers have trained them to have a good book at hand for odd moments, will enter the practical callings of life with a habit of inestimable importance.

#### THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease;  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the touch of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm;  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

#### PUZZLEDOM.

##### ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. CHARADE.—Blue bell.  
II. ENIGMA.—God is my strength and power, and He maketh my way perfect.—2 Sam., xxii. 33.

##### III. SQUARE.—

W E E K  
E T R E  
E R I E  
K E E L

#### NEW PUZZLES.

##### I.—CHARADE.

My first is what we sometimes say,  
When taken by surprise,  
My second is in every place,  
And now before you lies.

My third is one of those pet names  
Which parents hold so dear;  
'Tis spoken oft in loving tones  
When little ones are near.

My whole by weary travellers  
Is welcomed with delight,  
It cheers their hearts and is to them,  
Truly a beautiful sight.

##### II.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 18, 14, 2, 21, 7, is a number.  
My 16, 14, 4, 12, is sometimes called  
an electric fluid of the heart.  
My 19, 8, 13, 3, is sagacious.  
My 1, 15, 21, 6, is a cask.  
My 19, 5, 10, is a man of fancy.  
My 9, 17, 15, 16, is intellectual  
principal.  
My 16, 20, 6, 11, 3, is a familiar  
quotation from Shakspeare.

##### III.—HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. If awnings are so cheap, why not have one put up?  
2. I think after this calm a stiff breeze would be acceptable.  
3. A slothful man needs no pity.  
4. Has a king so much authority?  
5. An old adage, "Like versus like."

\* See Asbury's Journal, May 21, 1815.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

It was on a bitter winter's day,  
I saw a strange, pathetic sight—  
The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray,  
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged beggar child  
Went running through the cold and  
He looked as if he never smiled, [storm];  
As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet  
A faded button-hole bouquet;  
Trampled and wet with rain and sleet,  
With red and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delight,  
Stood still and shook it free from snow;  
Into his coat he pinned it tight,—  
His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud,  
His face transformed in every line;  
And lingered that the hurrying crowd  
Might enance to see that he was fine.

The man who threw the flowers away  
Never one half such pleasure had;  
The flowers' best work was done that day  
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, too often we forget,  
Happy in these good homes of ours,  
How many in this world are yet  
Glad even of the withered flowers!

—Christmas St. Nicholas, Dec. 1881.

INCIDENTS IN THE GIRL-LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY REV. HENRY BLEBY.



THE young Princess attended the public services of the Established Church after she became of an age to be conducted

thither. Amongst the female domestics who served in the palace was a girl not arrived at womanhood who occupied a humble position in the establishment as one of the inferiors of the housemaid staff, filling one of the least prominent positions in the house. She was a member of the Methodist Church. Living in that neighbourhood she had been accustomed to attend the public services at a Wesleyan chapel at the west end of London, where the preaching of the truth had led her to salvation. Being made happy in the pardoning love of God she had become a member of the Church and had joined one of the classes which held its weekly meeting at the same sanctuary. On the Sabbath morning, therefore, instead of accompanying her fellow servants to their usual place of worship, the Methodist girl betook herself to the chapel she had been accustomed to attend which involved a walk of several miles.

The person who occupied the position of housekeeper in the Duchess of Kent's establishment having to a large extent the control and direction of the other female domestics was a woman of narrow and illiberal views and a bigoted adherent of the Episcopalian Church, to whom everything savoring of Methodism or religious earnestness was most offensive. To this person the quiet Methodist girl who went about her duties so meekly and earnestly soon became an object of intense dislike. She—the housekeeper would have no Methodists in the house; she

could not bear them and she would soon clear the household of the girl and her Methodism. But how to do it, that was the question not so easily solved as the offended lady finally discovered to her great disappointment.

The Duchess was a sensible and prudent lady who wisely kept the power of governing her own domestic affairs in her own hands. The housekeeper was fully aware of this and, therefore, felt the necessity of going very warily to work out her evil purpose. She would, had the authority to do so been vested in her, have sent away the unconscious object of her hatred without more ado than simply dismissing her. But she might not do this, so she got up a very plausible complaint concerning the girl to the effect that she was different from all the other domestics, an ungodly girl who had no respect for religion and, unlike all her fellow-servants would never go to Church, carefully suppressing the fact that although she never went with her and the other servants to the Episcopal Church she went regularly to public worship elsewhere. The accuser doubtless expected that her royal mistress would at once give her permission to send such a graceless offender away from the palace as unworthy to retain her place in a religious household.

In this she was disappointed. The Duchess was grieved to hear such an ill report of a girl whose quiet demeanor she had noticed and of whom she had hoped better things; but instead of authorizing her immediate dismissal she said she would like to see and converse with the offender herself and try to bring her to a better state of mind. Directions were accordingly given for the young housemaid to be summoned and she very promptly made her appearance when the Duchess expressed the great concern she felt at hearing that one so youthful should be so irreligious and so hardened in wrong as to refuse to attend the public worship of Almighty God, while all the other members of the household were in this respect so orderly and well-behaved. The girl was astounded as her mistress proceeded in the kindest possible terms to remonstrate with her against her supposed dislike to religion and to express her regret that one of her early age should be so hardened. But when she concluded with asking her how it was that she refused to accompany the other domestics to Church on the Lord's day the girl replied that she had no dislike to the Church her fellow-servants attended but she preferred to go to the place of worship to which she had always been accustomed, and then went on to explain that she belonged to the Methodist society and attended the services held at the Methodist chapel, stating that the reason of her preference for them was that through the preaching there she had been taught the way of salvation and had found peace with God and she loved the people with whom she was connected in church fellowship and with whom she partook at the Lord's table.

This explanation given in the meek and quiet spirit of the true Christian manifestly made a favourable impression on the Duchess, while the accuser listened with disappointed malignity for she saw that her mistress had not been deceived by the plausible story she had trumped up and fully understood the unworthy scheme by which

she had sought to get the poor girl dismissed from her employment at the palace. The Duchess sent the girl from her presence with the assurance that she did not disapprove of her conduct and was perfectly willing that she should continue the religious services which she preferred to attend whenever her duties at the palace allowed her the opportunity of doing so; for in the course of the conversation it had transpired that not only on the Sabbath but on other evenings during the week she occasionally attended services that were held at the chapel.

Princess Victoria was standing at her mother's side during the interview she had held with the accused housemaid in the presence of her accuser and she was now quite old enough to comprehend the whole business. She listened quietly, but with a sad face, as the housekeeper made her complaint, for the young maiden had by her respectful demeanor attracted her notice and tears filled the eyes of the tender-hearted child as she weeping, trembling girl in self-vindication and artless terms spoke of the little chapel which she preferred to resort to on the Sabbath and the effect which the ministry there had produced in leading her to Christ and to salvation. At the Princess's own special request orders were given that whenever the Sabbath proved to be too wet and stormy for the girl to walk with comfort over the several miles that lay between the palace and her chosen place of worship one of the carriages belonging to the palace should be at her service to convey her to and fro, thus making it manifest that it was with the full permission of both her royal mistresses she worshipped God according to the dictates of her conscience.

Nor did the kindness of the Princess towards the young servant rest here. In compliance with the Princess Victoria's own wish she was appointed to an office that would bring her into much more close and frequent attendance upon her young mistress and into more personal intercourse than her former duties had ever done.

She accordingly entered upon the new class of duties which devolved upon her which not only brought her superior emolument, but gave her more leisure and placed her in other respects in a more advantageous position than she had previously occupied in the household. Those who believe that divine Providence takes up into its arrangements the smallest circumstances of human life, giving to them both their direction and influence and who can see the interposition of the All-wise and gracious Disposer of events in bringing into the household of Naaman, the Syrian, the little Jewish maiden, who became the humble instrument of bringing about the cure of a loathsome disease with which her master was afflicted, will not find great difficulty in believing that it was not mere blind chance that brought the Methodist maiden into such close relations with the young heiress of Britain at this most susceptible period of her life as enabled her altogether, without the slightest design to do so to exert a power over the thoughts and feelings of the high-born young lady that should beneficially affect her character and destiny through all succeeding years.

Such we believe to have been truly the case, and that thus indirectly whole-

some religious influences were brought home to the mind and heart of England's future Queen which were seed cast into good ground and had their part in laying the foundation of that regard for true religion by which England's monarch has been distinguished from her youthful days.

A LOOK AT THE SKY.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.



THE heavens in January are unusually brilliant. Let the observer face the north, now, he will see that curved line of seven stars, known as the Dipper—a portion of the Great Bear. The two which form the outer side of the cup are five degrees apart, and may be used as the two ends of a measuring rod, and also as pointers, directing the eye to the North Star—fifteen degrees from the Dipper. The North Star is so distant that its light requires nearly half a century to reach us. Hence we say it is about fifty "light years" away. In the march of the seasons it is interesting to notice how the pointers—with the remainder of the seven—move around this polar star, which is in sight all the year round; so that the whole visible heavens seem to revolve upon this radiant and immovable pivot.

Turning our eyes to the southern sky, we meet a perfect blaze of celestial splendour. For there, far up in the heavens, is the Pleiades, the central star of which (Alcyon) is supposed by some astronomers to be the centre round which all our central suns revolve. And who knows but it may be the very throne of the Eternal? Below them are the Hyades—a triangle of stars—terminating on the lower side with the orange-colored star Aldebaran; which, according to the spectroscope, contains seven substances common to our sun—a far-off but stupendous argument for the unity of creation.

Almost in front of us flames the kingly Orion, containing seventy stars that can be counted with the unaided eye in a clear sky. Two of these—Bellatrix and Betelgeuse—form the shoulders of the giant; the latter is of a bright red colour, Rigal, of the first magnitude, is in the foot; the whole form is now prone along the sky. A nebula in the centre seems by its distance to baffle the largest telescopes.

Below Orion is the brightest of all these starry worlds—the peerless and queenly Sirius—exquisite both in brightness and beauty—distant 154,000,000,000 miles or twenty-five light years from the earth; as light moves at the rate of a trillion of miles in two months, or six trillions in a year, it may help us in these celestial measurements. To the left of Sirius is Procyon in Canis Minor, and still farther to the left are the twins Castor and Pollux.

What a shame that any of the sons and daughters of men should walk beneath these heavenly wonders night after night and not recognize their nature or their names! This little sketch may help to kindle an enthusiasm for the study of the stars in the soul of some reader who, like David will "consider" God's heavens, and like a warder in the night will watch for the coming of these glittering constellations in their seasons, "as they that watch for the morning."



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, one bright day,  
Was walking down the glen—  
A noble English soldier,  
And the handsomest of men

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows  
He slowly wandered down  
To quiet Freshford village,  
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,  
And step so grand moved he,  
And from his stately front outshone  
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead  
The rich locks thronged and curled,  
Above the splendour of his eyes,  
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping  
Came up to his quick ear,  
He paused that instant, bending  
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies  
Sat wretched little Joan,  
And near her lay a bowl of delf,  
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,  
And her blue eyes dull and dim,  
And she turned her pretty, woful face,  
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing,  
In misery so dear!  
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"  
He said,—"Come, tell me, dear."

"It's Father's bowl I've broken;  
'Twas for his dinner kept,  
I took it safe, but coming back  
It fell"—again she wept.

"But you can mend it, can't you?"  
Cried the despairing child  
With sudden hope, as down on her,  
Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!  
I can not make it whole,  
But I can give you sixpence  
To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver  
In purse and pockets, too,  
And found but golden guineas.  
He pondered what to do.

"This time to-morrow, Posy,"  
He said, "again come here,  
And I will bring you sixpence,  
I promise! Never fear!"

Away went Joan, rejoicing—  
A rescued child was she;  
And home went good Sir William;  
And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,  
And low before him bends:  
"Will not Sir William come and dine  
To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured  
The man among all men  
You wish to meet. He will be here.  
You will not fail us then!"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath  
And dine with dukes and earls,  
And back in time? That hour was  
It was the little girl's! [pledged—

He could not disappoint her,  
He must his friends refuse.  
So "a previous engagement"  
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,  
Came o'er the fields so fair,  
As sure as of the sunrise  
That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence  
Laid in her little hand,  
Her woe was ended, and her heart  
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,  
Who had so much desired  
His presence at their splendid feast,  
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,  
His praises oft are heard,—  
'Twas not the least of his great deeds  
So to have kept his word!

—*Lia Baxter, in St. Nicholas, for Jan. 1882.*

THE story is told of a clergyman  
that after preaching an interesting  
sermon on the "recognition of friends  
in heaven," he was accosted by a hearer  
who said: "I like that sermon and I  
now wish you would preach another on  
the recognizing of people in this world.  
I have been attending your church for  
three years and not five persons in the  
congregation have as much as bowed  
to me in all that time."

THE CREED, IN EASY VERSE.

(Author unknown.)

IN God the Father, I believe,  
Who made both earth and heaven:  
And Jesus for our Lord receive,  
By God the Holy Ghost conceived,  
Through Virgin Mary given;  
'Twas under Pontius Pilate's reign  
He suffered and was crucified,  
Was buried, and in Hell's domain  
Dwelt three dark days, then rose again  
To soar to Heaven, glorified;  
At God's right hand to hold his seat  
Till quick and dead for Judgment meet.

I own as God the Holy Ghost,  
In Holy Catholic Church believe,  
Communion of the sainted host,  
And pardoning grace with faith receive,  
I wait the rising from the tomb  
And the Eternal Life to come.

HERE reformation differs as much  
from regeneration as white-washing an  
old rotten house differs from taking it  
down and building a new one in its  
room.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK.

A. D. 27.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 5.

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

Mark 3. 6-19. Commit to memory v. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit. John 15. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Multitude, v. 6-9.
2. The Miracles, v. 10-12.
3. The Messengers, v. 13-19.

TIME.—A. D. 27, soon after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Near the Sea of Galilee

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—With verses 6-12. Matt. 12. 14-21. With verses 13-19. Matt. 10. 2-4; Luke 6. 12-19.

EXPLANATIONS.—Took Counsel—Formed a plan. Destroy him—They hated Jesus, because they were wicked and he was good, and because he would not do their will. Withdrew—For the time of his death had not yet come. To the sea—The Sea of Galilee. A small ship—A row-boat, not a sailing-vessel. Wait on him—Should be at hand to carry him from place to place. To touch him—Believing that by touching him they would be healed. Plagues—Dis-eases. Unclean spirits—Wicked spirits which had entered into men and controlled their actions. Thou art the Son of God—The evil spirits knew that he was God, and bowed down before him. Straightly charged them—Jesus did not wish a testimony which came from evil spirits. Into a mountain—Where he prayed all night before calling his apostles Luke 6. 12, 13. Ordained—Appointed, chose. Be with him—To learn from him, and to be able to bear testimony to his life and works. Boanerges—On account of their fiery earnestness in his service.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where may we learn in this lesson—

1. That Christ's cause needs workers?
2. That Christ calls his workers?
3. That Christ's workers have power?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Jesus call to be with him? Twelve disciples. 2. What were the twelve disciples called? Apostles, or those sent. 3. For what were they sent forth? To preach his Gospel. 4. What power did he give them? Power to work miracles. 5.

Who were the three leading ones among them? Peter, James, and John. 6. Which was the disciple that betrayed Jesus? Judas Iscariot.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The visible Church.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

21. What is written concerning Jacob? Jacob obtained his father's blessing by deceit; as well as his brother a birthright by craft.

22. Why was his name called Israel?

The name of Jacob was changed to Israel, because, after he had deceived his father and brother, he became a very good man, and prevailed in obtaining a blessing from God, for which he had prayed.

A. D. 27.] LESSON VII. [Feb 12.

CHRIST'S FOES AND FRIENDS.

Mark 3. 20-35. Commit to memory v. 31-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that is not with me is against me. Matt. 12. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. Christ's Foes, v. 20-30.
2. Christ's Friends, v. 31-35.

TIME.—A. D. 27, while Jesus was on his second circuit of Galilee.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The Sermon on the Mount. Matt. 5-7. 2. Healing the centurion's servant. Luke 7. 1-10. The miracle at Nain. Luke 7. 11-17. 3. Messengers from John the Baptist. Matt. 11. 2-24. 4. Anointing the feet of Jesus. Luke 7. 35-50. 5. Christ's second tour of Galilee. Luke 8. 1-3.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 12. 22-50; Luke 11. 14-23; 8; 19-21.

EXPLANATIONS.—Again—This was some weeks after the events of the last lesson. His friends—The relatives of Jesus, who did not fully believe in Jesus at that time, and were rather enemies than friends. Beside himself—They thought that he was crazy, or out of his head from excitement. Scribes which came down—Leaders of the people, who had come to see whether Jesus were a prophet or not. Beelzebub... Satan—They meant that Jesus was him self possessed by an evil spirit. Kingdom be divided against itself—The miracles of Jesus showed that he was stronger than Satan, not that he was joined with Satan. The strong man—Satan, the evil spirit, in the hearts of men. Blasphemies—Words of contempt against God, as profane language, swearing, etc. Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost—That is, by saying that the good works of Jesus were wrought by the power of the devil. Never forgiveness—Such a sin can find no pardon from God. Brethren—The younger sons of Mary and Joseph. Some of them afterward believed in Christ and became apostles. Calling him—Intending to call him away from the crowd and take him home. Them which sat about him—His twelve disciples. My brethren—The true brothers of Christ are they who possess his spirit and follow his teachings.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where may we see in this lesson—

1. How bitter is the hate of Christ's enemies?
2. How mighty is the power of Christ?
3. How strong is the love of Christ for his followers?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. By what power did Christ's enemies say that he cast out evil spirits? By the power of Satan. 2. What did Jesus say in answer to them? "How can Satan cast out Satan?" 3. What did Christ's miracles show? That he was stronger than Satan. 4. What did Christ say about the forgiveness of sins? That sins could be forgiven. 5. What one sin did he say could not be forgiven? Speaking evil of the Holy Spirit. 6. Who did Jesus say is dearer to him than even his mother and his brothers? Whoever does God's will.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The existence of evil spirits.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

23. How many sons had Jacob, or Israel? Jacob, or Israel, had twelve sons, who were called the twelve Patriarchs, or fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel.

24. Who was the most famous of Israel's sons?

The most famous of Israel's sons was Joseph; whom his brethren sold into Egypt, and he afterwards became the ruler of the land, under Pharaoh the king.

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