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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

[No. 5.]

The Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit straws of an unbroken
thread.

Where love ennobleth all,
The world may sound no trumpets, ring
no bells.

The Book of Life the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's
kiss

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee
glad;

A poor man served by thee shall make
thee rich;

A sick man helped by thee shall make
thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every
sense

Of service which thou renderest.

JOHN WESLEY.

John Wesley, like all the Epworth

family, was short of stature. He measured not quite five feet six inches, and weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He seemed not to have an atom of superfluous flesh, but was muscular and strong. His face was remarkably fine, even to old age. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, conspired to render him a venerable and most interesting figure. In youth his hair was black; in old age, when it was white as snow, it added fresh grace to his appearance, which was like that of an apostle. He wore a narrow plaited stock, and a coat with a small, upright collar. He allowed himself no knee-buckles, and no silk or velvet in any part of his dress.

Wesley was scrupulously neat in his person and habits. Henry Moore never saw a book misplaced, or a scrap of paper lying about his study in London. His punctuality and exactness enabled him to transact the enormous work which rested on him for half a century with perfect composure. He once told a friend that he had no time to be in a hurry. "Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake any more work than I can get through with perfect calmness of spirit."

He wrote to all who sought his counsel, and had, perhaps, a greater number of pious correspondents than any man of his century. He did everything deliberately, because he had no time to spend in going over it again. Moore says he was the slowest writer he ever saw.

Wesley on one occasion said to his brother Charles' youngest son: "Sammy, be punctual. Whenever I am to go to a place, the first thing I do is to get ready; then what time remains is all my own." His coachman was expected to be at the door exactly at the moment fixed. If anything detained his carriage, Wesley would walk on until it overtook him. Every minute, both of day and night, had its appointed work. "Joshua, when I go to bed, I go to bed to sleep, and not to talk," was his rebuke to a young preacher who once shared his room, and wished to steal some of Wesley's precious moments of repose for conversation on some difficult problems. To one who asked him how it was that he got through so much work in so short a time, he answered: "Brother, I do only one thing at a time, and I do it with all my might."

Wesley was greatly beloved in the homes where he was entertained during his long itinerancy. He would spend an hour after dinner with his friends, pouring forth his rich store of anecdotes, to the delight of young and old. "He was always at home, and quite at liberty." He generally closed the con-

versation with two or three verses of some hymn strikingly appropriate to the occasion, and made every one feel at ease by his unaffected courtesy and his varied conversation. Two years before his death, his friend, Alexander Knox, had an opportunity of spending some days in his company. He endeavoured to form an impartial judgment of the venerable evangelist. The result was, that every moment afforded fresh reasons for esteem and veneration. "So fine an old man I never saw! The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent.'"

"Wherever Wesley went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect plety. In his conversation we might be at a loss whether to

bright coins. He would take the children in his arms, and bless them, reconcile their little differences, and teach them to love one another. In his last years he greatly rejoiced at the rise of Sunday-schools all over the country, and preached sermons on their behalf in various places. The singing of the boys and girls, selected out of the Sunday school at Bolton, seemed to him a blessed anticipation of the song of angels in our Father's house. One who loved children more than Wesley it would be hard indeed to find. "I reverence the young," he said, "because they may be useful after I am dead."

Wesley and a preacher of his were once invited to luncheon with a gentleman, after service. The itinerant was a man of very plain manners—quite unconscious of the restraints belonging to good society. While talking with their host's daughter, who was remarkable for her beauty, and had been profoundly impressed by Mr. Wesley's preaching, this

indelible impression. I can retrace no word but of tenderness, no action but of condescension and generosity." She clearly shows how great a mistake it was to represent Wesley as stern and stolid. "It behooves a relative," she adds, "to render justice to his private virtues, and attest from experience that no human being was more alive to all the tender charities of domestic life than John Wesley. His indifference to calumny, and inflexible perseverance in what he believed his duty, has been the cause of this idea."

Miss Wesley has also given a charming description of their visit to Canterbury in 1775. "He said in the carriage. 'You are just the right age to travel with me. No one can censure you and me.' The instances of his tender care are fresh in my mind. As we journeyed the weather was very cold. The preacher—who rode on horseback by the side of the carriage—at the first stage, brought a hassock, with some straw, to keep his feet warm. Instantly he asked: 'Where is one for my little girl?' Nor would he proceed till I was as well accommodated as himself. You knew him. Did you ever see him inattentive to the feelings of others, when those feelings did not impede his plan of usefulness? As we proceeded, he pointed out every remarkable place we passed, and condescended to delight and instruct, with the same benign spirit which distinguished him in public. I remember reading to him part of the way Beattie's 'Minstrel'—a book just published, and which, he said, as I loved poetry, would entertain me, making remarks as we went upon the other poems. He would not allow the people to call me up till six in the morning, though he himself preached at five, and always procured me the most comfortable accommodation in every place where we sojourned.

"My brother Charles had an attachment in early life to an amiable girl of low birth. This was much opposed by my mother and her family, who mentioned it with concern to my uncle. Finding 'from my father that this was the chief objection, he observed: 'Then there is no family, but I hear the girl is good.' 'Nor no fortune, either,' said my mother, 'and she is a dawdle.' He made no reply, but sent my brother fifty pounds for his wedding dinner, and, I believe, sincerely regretted he was crossed in his inclination—as she married another. But he always showed peculiar sympathy to young persons in love."

Lord Macaulay's judgment, that Wesley possessed as great a genius for government as Richelieu, is repeated on every hand. In a confidential letter to his sister, Mrs. Hall, dated November 17, 1742, Wesley acknowledges with gratitude the gift he possessed of the management of his societies. "I know this is the peculiar talent God has given me," are his words.

No great statesman ever watched the course of public opinion more carefully than Wesley watched the progress of events in Methodism. He did not think out a system and force it on his people. There is no special evidence of inventive power in Wesley's administration. He himself speaks of his want of any plan for financial matters. His rule over the united societies owed its success to the fact that he was always availing himself of the fresh light which experience gave. Methodist organization was a gradual growth. Local experiments which approved themselves in practice were introduced into all the societies. Leaders, stewards and lay preachers the main instruments in spreading and conserving the results of the evangelical revival, were all the fruit of this growth.

admire most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless, and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth embittered his discourses. No apologetic retrospect to past times marked his present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud; and it was impossible to observe him without wishing fervently: "May my latter end be like his!" Wesley's relations to children and young people set his character in a peculiarly attractive light. His visits were eagerly anticipated by his young friends. He provided himself with a stock of new money, and often gave them one of these

good man noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal, he took hold of the young lady's hand, and, raising it, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling gems. "What do you think of this, sir," said he, "for a Methodist's hand?" The girl turned crimson. The question was extremely awkward for Wesley, whose aversion for all display of jewellery was so well known. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Lord Chesterfield might have envied. With a quiet, benevolent smile, he looked up, and simply said: "The hand is very beautiful." The young lady appeared at evening worship without her jewels, and became a firm and decided Christian.

In 1821, Wesley's niece sent Adam Clarke a sketch of some incidents in his life, in which she says: "His distinguished kindness to me, from the earliest period I can remember, made an



JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley did not set his heart on such means, but when circumstances suggested them, he saw their vast advantages, and soon incorporated them into his system. This method Wesley pursued from the beginning of the revival to the last day of his life. It is the most marked feature of his work. One might almost say that he never looked a day before him. He sometimes laid himself open to the charge of slackness in dealing with such disturbers as George Bell, but he was never willing to move till the way was plain.

His field-preaching, his chapel-building, his calling out preachers, and his Deed of Declaration, all supply illustrations of this spirit. Methodist polity and Methodist finance were built up step by step. No man had a more candid mind than Wesley. He learned from everyone, and was learning to the last day of his life. Such a spirit in the leader gave confidence to preachers and people. Charles Wesley would have forced Methodism into his own groove, and have shattered it to pieces in the attempt. His brother was willing to leave his cause in the hands of God, and to wait for the unfolding of events which should mark his will. No cause was ever more happy in its head. No people ever loved their chief as the early Methodists loved John Wesley.

At the Conference before Wesley died there were 71,463 members in its societies in the Old World, and 48,610 in the New. America had 108 circuits—just as many as there were in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The latest returns show that, including 30,924 on its mission-fields, there are now about 468,000 members under the care of the Wesleyan Conference in England, with 2,440 ministers and missionaries. Separate Conferences have been formed for France, Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the West Indies.

The Methodist family throughout the world now numbers about five and a quarter million members, under the care of some thirty-three thousand ministers. If the Sunday-school scholars and attendants on public worship be added, the number would reach about twenty-five millions.

If Wesley were with us to look upon the marvellous growth of his societies, and to watch the enormous activities of the Church of England and other evangelical communions at home and abroad, he would preach again from the text he chose when he laid the foundation-stone of the City Road Chapel: "What hath God wrought?"

A BOY'S KNOWLEDGE.

The moral effect of early acquaintance with specific truth is illustrated by a little story which Rev. D. Plumb tells in the Boston Transcript.

A millionaire brewer, a Senator in another State, said to Mr. Hunt, "I shall vote for your bill. I have sold out my whole brewery, and am clean from the whole business. Let me tell you what occurred at my table. A guest was taken dangerously ill at dinner—insensible—and there was a call for brandy to restore him. My little boy at once exclaimed: 'No, that is just what he don't need. It will paralyze the nerves and muscles of the blood vessels so that they will not send back the blood to the heart.'"

When the liquor was poured out to give the man, the lad insisted on pushing it back.

"You will kill him, he has too much blood in his head already."

"How did you know all that?" his father afterwards asked.

"Why, it is in my Physiology at school."

It seems the text books, prepared by such men as Prof. Newell Martin, F.R.S., of Johns Hopkins University, had succeeded in giving the lad some definite information that was proving useful.

"Senator," said Mrs. Hunt, "are you sorry your boy learned that at school?" "Madam," the man replied, raising his hand, "I would not take \$5,000 for the assurance this gives me that my boy will never be a drunkard."—Youth's Companion.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader. The editor of the country paper seized his pen. "Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?" "Ploughing," said the farmer.

Hymn of Trust.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Trust him to the end,
Tell him all thy troubles,
Make him now thy friend.
He is Man and Brother,
He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows
Is the path he trod.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Nothing is too small
For his vast compassion,
He can feel for all;
In thy doubt and darkness
Clasp his loving hand,
He will cheer and guide thee
Through the desert land.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Tell him all thy sin,
All thy fierce temptations
And the wrong within;
He himself was tempted,
And he pleads above,
For the soul that asketh
Pardon through his love.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
What is death to those
Who in deep submission
On his love repose;
But a short step farther,
Nearer to his side,
Where their eyes shall see him
And be satisfied!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

CHARACTER TELLS.

Joe was looking for a situation last winter. Up and down the streets he walked; down Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, going into every store, passing in with the throngs that moved in, finding the superintendent, and asking again and again if a boy was needed in the store, and again and again he received a No, sometimes pleasant and sometimes gruff, and there was nothing for him to do but to turn and make his way out with the other stream of people going that way.

"New York is dreadfully big," said Joe to himself despondently, "and it doesn't seem as if there was any place in it for a small chap like me."

It did seem almost so, and the very crowds about him only made him feel more lonesome and helpless. Joe didn't say so, but I hope and rather think that he spoke to God about it, as we may in all matters that puzzle and try us; and he is pretty sure to send help in some way, if not just as we expect it to come.

This went on for several days, but the good sister at home encouraged Joe to keep up a brave heart and try again, for there were no father or mother or influential friends to help these two. One day he went into a well-known store, though not a very large one, and said his little speech again. The superintendent was busy writing, and did not look up, merely saying, "We don't want any boys," and Joe turned and was walking away when he heard the same voice calling after him.

"I said we did not want any more boys," said the superintendent, giving

him a look that seemed to take in every inch of the boy, from head to foot, "and we do not, of the common sort, but we want you. You may come to-morrow."

Can you imagine quite how glad Joe was, and how he rushed home to tell Mollie? And she said, "Now you see how it is. I have always told you that if you were a gentleman, outside and in, people would respect and like you. Your neatly blacked shoes, brushed clothes, and clean collar and tie have won you the place; now keep it by your willingness and industry."

Joe did keep it for several weeks, enduring meanwhile the teasing of the other boys, who nicknamed him "Dudey," until during the holiday rush, that is so hard on clerks, cash-boys, and every one else in stores, he made the mistake of handing change to the wrong customer, and in the hurry and excitement was discharged. They couldn't stop to think then whether he was to blame or not. But after the busy days were over, and he went into the store again, he was taken back into the employ of the firm, and there he is now, doing his best every day and looking for a chance to rise.

Yes, character tells! And there is a Patron who cares for every lad that tries to please Him.

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN.

One cold winter day an Italian stood at a street corner grinding from his organ some doleful music. A group of children, large and small, were gathered around him. Among them were several good-sized boys, who seemed disposed to make sport of the organist. One of them said to the others: "Boys, I'm going to hit the old fellow's hat." In a moment he had a snowball in his hand, and he threw it so violently that it knocked the Italian's hat off, and it fell into the gutter. What do you suppose the organ grinder did? Strike the boy, knock him down, shake his fist at him, curse him, swear at him? Some men would have done this after being treated in this way. But he did nothing of the sort. He stooped down and picked up his hat, knocked the snow from it, and put it on his head. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said: "Now I'll play you a tune to make you merry." Who was the gentleman, the boy or the Italian?—Ram's Horn.

VICTOR HUGO'S YOUTHFUL WORK.

Victor Hugo, the great French poet and writer, is famous everywhere. He began his literary career at the age of thirteen. At sixteen he drew up his first story in two weeks! The academy at Toulouse crowned two of his odes that he wrote at seventeen. At twenty, his first volume of poems was so good that he received a pension of two hundred dollars from the French Government; and you are all aware how he came to be one of the greatest, as well as one of the most popular, of the French poets. His patriotism was as great as his literary gifts. His life is one of the most interesting in the literary annals of France. I saw his funeral in Paris, in May, 1885, when he was followed to the grave by a concourse of sorrowful people. The procession was miles in length. Few emperors or successful generals have had a more imposing burial, nor was ever man laid to rest who was more deeply, truly mourned than this grand and gifted Frenchman.—"Old Heads on Young Shoulders," by Arthur Hoerber, in the June St. Nicholas.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE MINISTERS.

One night when a family were all gathered around the fire a little girl looked up and asked, "Papa, why does everybody like Eva, our neighbour's little girl? She has got a weak back, and can't play like the rest of us, and isn't often at school, and yet everybody likes her. How's that?"

"Why," said her father, "look at that lamp; it is a very frail thing, and doesn't make any noise, yet it makes this room very bright and pleasant, does it not? The lamp gives light, and little Eva gives love; and that is why people love her."

Yes, that was it; Eva was always "ministering before the Lord," for they who love do always that. Won't you try, each of you, to be one of God's little ministers?—Little Worker.

Teacher—"Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?" Billy—"Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself, then that's caution. But when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice."

CHICAGO'S WONDERFUL GROWTH.

In the present century the present site of Chicago was a swamp, which fur-traders and missionaries found fatally miasmatic. About 1800, a Government engineer, viewing that rank morass traversed by a sluggish stream, pronounced it the only spot on Lake Michigan where a city could not be built. In 1812, the fort was demolished by Indians, but in 1816 rebuilt, and it continued standing till 1871. Around the little fort in 1840 were settled 4,500 people. The number was 30,000 in 1850; 109,000 in 1860; 300,000 in 1870. In 1880 the community embraced 503,185 souls; in 1890 it had 1,039,850. In 1855 the indomitable city illustrated his spirit by pulling herself bodily out of her natal swamp, lifting churches, blocks, and houses from eight to ten feet, without pause in general business.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 7, 1897.

Jairus' daughter who was raised from the dead.—Luke 8. 42.

JAIKUS.

This man occupied a distinguished position among the Jews, he was a ruler, that is, a presiding officer in the Synagogue. He would be a man of good moral character, fairly conversant with the manners and customs of the Jews. He would also have a good understanding of the ceremonies and sacrifices connected with the Mosaic dispensation. He would undoubtedly be a man of good report, and we may be sure that he would have the sympathy of the people in the affliction which he was called to endure.

HIS DAUGHTER.

We are not told how many members there were in his family, but he was only blessed with one daughter, hence we may be sure that she would be a favourite. Daughters are the music of a family. Her sickness would occasion much anxiety. People sometimes wonder why affliction visits the human family. This daughter was of an interesting age, twelve, and the lesson says she "lay dying." We may be sure that every means in their power would be adopted to effect her restoration. If a daughter must die, why not take one out of a family where there are several, rather than come to a house where there is only one, and that one of the interesting age of twelve. God's ways are mysterious, but they are always wise.

COMPASSION OF THE SAVIOUR.

Verse 49. Information reaches the ruler that the daughter is actually dead, but Jesus said, "Fear not," etc. He knew what he was about to do, but he spoke in this way to excite the ruler's faith. The scene was an affecting one. The people were weeping. This was a proof of the compassion and sympathy felt for the suffering family. When death enters a house, especially as in the case before us, the circumstances are always affecting. Afflictions, though painful, are blessings in disguise, and are among the all things which work together for good. We may not always be able to tell how they can promote good, but God seeth not as man seeth. He sees the end from the beginning.

HOW JESUS ACTED.

Verse 51. He only allowed Peter, James, and John to go into the house with him. A crowd would be inconvenient, and three persons were quite sufficient to bear witness as to what took place. It was important that there should be those present whose testimony would be regarded as reliable. The event that was now accomplished was so unusual, that witnesses would be asked again and again as to how it was done, so that we may regard the three disciples as competent, honourable men, who would faithfully testify. The people did not believe but that the girl was dead; how must they have felt when they saw her arise?

THE MEANS USED WERE SIMPLE.

Verse 55. He took her by the hand, and said, "Maid, arise." When a command is given by God, the ability to obey the command is also imparted. She arose immediately after he had spoken. He possesses divine power. The disciples who witnessed this miracle must have been filled with astonishment, and how must the people have felt who so sternly insisted that she was dead. Jesus possesses almighty power. He will raise the dead by-and-by. He will speak as he did to the maid, and the millions of the dead will obey him.

The Little Ones He Blessed.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at
evening,
Soft smoothing the silk tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the
shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the day of gray hairs they remem-
bered,

I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ
uttered,

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's Word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in
heaven

If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

J. Cole, the Boy Hero

BY

EMMA GELLIBRAND.

CHAPTER III.

In the beginning of October we arrived
in London. There had been much pack-
ing up, and much extra work for every-
body, and Joe was in his element.

What those long arms, and that willing
heart, and those quick little hands got
through, nobody but those he helped and
worked for could tell. Whatever was
wanted Joe knew where to find it. Joe's
knife was ready to cut a stubborn knot;
Joe's shoulders ready to be loaded with
as heavy a weight as any man could
carry. More than once I met him com-
ing downstairs with large boxes he him-
self could almost have been packed in,
and he declared he did not find them too
heavy.

"You see, Missis," he said, "I'm that
strong now since I've been here, with all
the good food I gets, and bein' so happy
like, that I feel almost up to carryin'
anything. I do believe I could lift that
there planner, if somebody would just
give it a hoist, and let me get hold of it
easy."

Yes, Joe was strong and well, and I
am sure, happy, and I had never had a
single misgiving about him since he
stood with his fading flowers and shabby
clothes at my window that summer day.

At last we were settled in town, and
the winter season beginning. Our house
was situated in the West End of London,
a little beyond Bayswater. One of a
row of detached houses, facing another
row exactly similar in every way, ex-
cept that the backs of those we lived in
had small gardens, with each its own
stable wall at the end, with coachman's
rooms above, the front of the stables
facing the mews, and having the en-
trance from there; the mews ran all
along the backs of these houses. On
the opposite side the houses facing ours
had their gardens and back windows
facing the high road, and no stables.
There was a private road belonging to
this, Holling Park, as it was called, and
a watchman to keep intruders out, and
to stop organ-grinders, beggars, and such
invaders of the peace from disturbing us.

In the morning the large, handsome
houses would seem asleep, nothing mov-
ing inside or out, except a tradesman's
cart, calling for orders, or workmen put-
ting up or takin' down awnings, at some
house where there would be, or had been,
a ball or entertainment of some kind.
About eleven a carriage or two would be
driven round from the mews, and stop
before a house to take some one for a
mornin' drive, but very seldom was any-
body on foot seen about. In the after-
noon it was different; carriages rolled
along incessantly, and streams of after-
noon callers were going and coming from
the houses when the mistress was "at
home"; and at my door, too, soon began
the usual din of bell and knocker. Joe

was quite equal to the occasion, and en-
joyed Friday, the day I received. Dressed
in his very best, and with a collar that
kept his chin in what seemed to me a
fearful state of torture, but added to his
height by at least half an inch, Joe stood
behind the hall door, ready to open it
directly the knocker was released. He
ushered in the guests as though "to the
manner born," giving out the names cor-
rectly, and with all the ease of an ex-
perienced groom of the chambers.

The conservatory leading out of the
drawing-room was Joe's especial pride,
it was his great pleasure to syringe the
hanging baskets, and attend to the ferns
and plants. Many shillings from his
pocket money were spent in little sur-
prises for me in the form of pots of
musk, maiden-hair, or anything he could
buy; his wages were all sent home, and
he only kept for his own whatever he
had given to him, and sometimes a guest
would "tip" him more generously than
I liked, for his bright eyes and ready
hands were always at everybody's ser-
vice.

After my husband's return home, who
from the first became Joe's especial care,
as to boots, brushing of clothes, etc.,
it became necessary to give two or three
dinner-parties, and I must confess I felt
nervous as to how Joe would acquit him-
self.

In our dining-room was a very large
bear-skin rug, and the floor being
polished oak, it was dangerous to step
on this rug, for it would slip away from
the feet on the smooth surface, and even
the dogs avoided it, so many falls had
they met with upon it.

The first day of my husband's arrival,
we had my sister and a friend to dine,
and had been talking about Joe in the
few moments before dinner.

My husband had been laughing at the
size of my page, and scolding me a little,
or rather pretending to do so, for taking
a written character.

"Little woman," he said, "don't be
surprised if one night a few country
burglars make us a visit, and renew
their acquaintance with Mr. J. Cole."

"You don't know Joe," I replied, "or
you would never say that."

"Do you know him so well, little
wife?" said my dear, sensible husband;
"remember he has only been in our ser-
vice six months. In the country he had
very little of value in his hands, but
here, it seems to me, he has too much.
All the plate, and indeed everything of
value, is in his pantry, and he is a very
young boy to trust. One of the women
servants should take charge of the plate-
chest, I think. Where does this paragon
sleep?"

"Downstairs," I said, "next the
kitchen, at the back of the house, and
you should see how carefully every night
he looks to the plate-basket, counts
everything, and then asks Mrs. Wilson
to see it is right, locks it up, and gives
her the key to take care of. No one can
either open or carry away an iron safe
easily, and there is nothing else worth
taking; besides, I know Joe is honest—I
feel it."

"Well, I hope so, dear," was my hus-
band's reply, but I could see he was not
comfortable about it.

At dinner that day Joe had an acci-
dent; he was dreadfully nervous as
usual, and when waiting, he forgot to
attend to my guests first, but always
came to me. The parlour-maid, a new
one, and not a great favourite with Joe,
made matters worse by correcting him in
an audible voice; and once, when some-
body wanted oyster sauce, she told Joe
to hand it, the poor boy, wishing to obey
quickly, forgot to give the bear-skin a
wide berth, slipped on it, and in a mo-
ment had fallen full length, having in his
fall deposited the contents of the sauce-
turen partly into a blue leather arm-
chair, and the rest on to my sister's back.
The boy's consternation was dreadful.
I could see he was completely overcome
with fright and sorrow for what he had
done. He got up, and all his trembling
lips could say was, "Oh, please, I'm so
sorry; it was the bear as tripped me up.
I am so very sorry."

Even my husband could scarcely keep
from smiling, the sorrow was so genuine,
the sense of shame so true.

"There, never mind, Joe," he said,
kindly; "you must be more careful.
Now run and get a sponge and do the
best you can with it."

This fall of Joe's made him still more
nervous of waiting at table, and at last
when he had made some very serious
mistakes, I had to speak to him and tell
him I was afraid if he did not soon learn
to wait better, I must send him away,
for his master was annoyed at the mis-
takes he made, such as giving cold plates
when hot ones were required, handing
dishes on the wrong side, etc.

My little lecture was listened to quiet-
ly and humbly, and Joe had turned to go
away, when, to my surprise and distress,

he suddenly burst into a perfect passion
of tears and sobs.

"I will try and learn myself," he
said, as well as his sobs would let him.
"Indeed I will. I know I'm stupid,
I set to myself every time company
comes. 'I'll mind wot I'm about, and
remember dishes left-anded, pourin's
out right, and begin with the strangerest
lady next to master's side, and 'olp
missis last.' I knows it all, but when
they're all sittin' down, and everybody
wantin' somethin', I don't know if Jane's
a-goin' to giv' it 'em, or I am, and I gets
stupid and my 'ands shakes, and some-
how I can't do nothin', but please don't
send me away. I do like you and the
master. I'll ask Jane to learn me better.
You see if I don't. Oh, please 'm, say
you'll try me!"

What could I say but "Yes," and for
a day or two Joe did better, but we were
a small party, and the waiting was easy;
but shortly we were to have a large
dinner-party, and as the time drew near,
Joe became quite pale and anxious.

About this time, too, I had been
awakened at night by curious sounds
downstairs, as of somebody moving
about, and once I heard an unmis-
takable fall of some heavy article.

My husband assured me it was noth-
ing alarming, and he went downstairs,
but could neither hear nor see anything
unusual. All was quiet.

Another night I felt sure I heard
sounds downstairs, and in spite of my
husband's advice to remain still, I called
Mrs. Wilson and entreated her to come
down to the kitchen floor with me. It
was so very easy, I knew, for anybody to
enter the house from the back, and there
being a deep area all around, they could
work away with their tools at the ground
floor back windows unseen. Any one
could get on the top of the stable from
the mews, drop into the garden, and be
safe, for the watchman and policeman
were on duty in the front of the house
only; the back was quite unprotected.
True, there were iron bars to Joe's win-
dow and the kitchen, but iron bars could
be sawn through, and I lived in dread of
burglars.

This night Mrs. Wilson and I went
softly down, and as we neared the
kitchen stairs I heard a voice say in a
whisper, "Make haste!"

"There, Mrs. Wilson, did you hear
that?" I said.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied; "there's
somebody talking, and I believe it's in
Joe's room. Let us go up and fetch the
master."

So we returned upstairs, and soon my
husband stood with us at the door of
Joe's room.

"Open the door, Joe!" cried my hus-
band. "Who have you got there?"

"Nobody, please, sir," said a trembling
voice.

"Open the door at once!" said the
master, and in a moment it was opened.
Joe stood there, very pale, but with no
sort of fear in his face. There was no-
body in the room, and as Joe had cer-
tainly been in bed, we concluded he
must have talked in his sleep, and, per-
haps, walked about also, for what we
knew.

The day before the dinner-party, cook
came and told me she felt sure there
was something wrong with Joe. He
was so changed from what he used to be,
there was no getting him to wake in the
morning, and he seemed so heavy with
sleep, as if he had no rest at night. Also
cook had proofs of his having been in
her kitchen after he was supposed to
have gone to bed; chairs were moved,
and several things not where she had
left them. She had asked Joe, and he re-
plied he did go into the kitchen, but
would not say what for.

I did not like to talk to Joe that day,
so decided to wait till after the dinner,
and I would then insist on the mystery
being cleared up. I knew Joe would
tell the truth; my trust was unshaken,
although circumstances seemed against
him.

That night Mrs. Wilson came to my
door, and said she was sure Joe was at
his night-work again, for she could see
from her bedroom window a light re-
flected on the stable wall, which must be
in his room.

"How can we find out," I said, "what
he is doing?"

"That is easily done," said my hus-
band. "We can go out at the garden
door, and down the steps leading from
the garden into the area; they are op-
posite his window. We can look
through the venetian blinds, if they are
down, and see for ourselves. He won't
be able to see us."

Accordingly, having first wrapped up
in our furs, we went down, and were
soon at Joe's window, standing in the
area that surrounded the house. The
laths of the blind were some of them
open, and between them we saw dis-
tinctly all over the room.

At first we could not understand the
strange sight that met our gaze.

In the middle of Joe's room was a
table, spread with a cloth, and on it
saucers from flower-pots, placed at in-
tervals down each side; before each
saucer a chair was placed, and in the
centre of the table a high basket, from
which a Stillon cheese had been un-
packed that morning; this was evidently
to represent a tall eporgne. On Joe's
wash-stand were several bottles, a jug,
and by each flower-pot saucer two ves-
sels of some kind—by one, two jam-pots
of different sizes, by another, a broken
specimen glass and a teacup—and so on;
and from chair to chair moved Joe softly
but quickly, on tip-toe, now with bottles
which contained water; we could see his
lips move, and concluded he was saying
something to imaginary persons, for he
would put a jam-pot on his tray, and
pour into it from the bottle, and then re-
place it. Sometimes he would go quickly
to his bed, which we saw represented
the dinner-wagon, or side-board, and
bring imaginary dishes from there and
hand them. Then he would go quickly
from chair to chair, always correcting
himself if he went to the wrong side,
and talking all the time softly to him-
self. So here was the solution of the
mystery: here melted into all the visions
of Joe in league with midnight burglars.

The poor boy, evidently alarmed at
the prospect of the dinner-party, and
feeling that he must try to improve
in waiting at table before that time
somehow, had stolen all those hours
nightly from his rest, to practice with
whatever substitutes were at hand for
the usual table requisites.

Here, every night, when those who had
worked far less during the day were
soundly sleeping, had that anxious, striv-
ing little heart shaken off fatigue, and
the big blue eyes refused to yield to
sleep, in order to fight with the nervous-
ness that alone prevented his willing
hands acting with their natural clever-
ness. I felt a choking in my throat,
when I saw the thin, pale little face,
that should have been on the pillow
hours before, lighted up with triumph
as the supposed guests departed, the
dumb show of folding the dinner nap-
kins belonging to myself and the master,
and putting them in their respective
rings, told us the ordeal was over. What
a weird scene it was! The dim light,
the silent house, the spread table, and
the empty chairs. One could imagine
ghostly revellers, visible only to that
one fragile attendant, who ministered so
willingly to their numerous wants. The
sort of nervous thrill that heralds hy-
sterical attacks was rapidly overcoming
me, and I whispered to my husband,
"Let us go now," but he lingered yet a
few seconds, and silently drew my at-
tention again to the window.

Joe was on his knees by his bedside,
his face hidden in his hands. What
silent prayer was ascending to the
Throne of Grace, who shall say? I only
know that it were well if many a kneel-
ing worshipper in "purple and fine
linen" could feel as sure of being heard
as Joe did when, his victory won, he
kneelt, in his humble servant's garb, and
said his prayers that night in spite of
the aching head and weary limbs that
needed so badly the few hours' rest that
remained before six o'clock, the time Joe
always got up.

The famous dinner passed off well.
Joe was splendid; his midnight practice
had brought its reward, and he moved
about so swiftly, and anticipated every-
body's wants so well, that some of my
friends asked me where I got such a
treasure of a page; he must have had a
good butler or footman to teach him,
they said; he is evidently used to wait-
ing on many guests. I was proud of Joe.

The next day he came to me with more
than a sovereign in silver, and told me
the gentlemen had been so very kind to
him, "and a'most every one had given
him somethin', though he never arst, or
waited about, as some fellers did, as if
they wouldn't lose sight of a gent till he
paid 'em. But," said Joe, "they would
giv' it to me, and one gent, he folloed
me right up the passage, he did, and
sez, 'Ere, you small boy, he sez, and he
give me a whole 'art-crown. Whatever
for, I don't know."

But I knew that must have been Dr.
Loring, a celebrated physician, and my
husband's dearest friend. We had told
him about Joe's midnight self-teaching,
and he had been very much interested in
the story.

You little thought, Joe, the hand that
patted your curly head so kindly that
night would one day hold your small
wrist and count its feeble life pulse beat-
ing slowly and yet more slowly, while
we, who loved you, should watch the
clever, handsome face, trying in vain to
read there the blessed word "Hope."

(To be continued.)

ASHAMED OF THEIR DEEDS.

The keeper of a meat-market does not hide from public view his well fattened choice meats. Often a splendid quarter of beef hangs over the sidewalk. And not only in the meat market, but also in the grocery and clothing store articles to be sold are amply placed on exhibition. But the saloon makes use of screens, and does its work in the dark as much as possible. Why? Some people regarded respectable, when within the saloon, because of the screens can be kept from exposure, and some boys just commencing to drink can thereby conceal their mischievous beginnings from the public. These veils well indicate that drinkers and sellers of liquors are ashamed of their deeds of darkness. And why are they ashamed of drinking and selling even in moderate quantities? They know, or ought to know, that for the past several years the best life insurance companies of England have insured moderate drinkers and total abstainers in separate sections, and that they have given a bonus to the section of total abstainers of seven, thirteen, seventeen, and even twenty two per cent over that paid to the section of moderate drinkers.



The Catacombs.

BY THE LATE MISS WILKINS, OF HAMILTON
 "Miles after miles of graves and not one word or sign of the gloominess of death."—Extract from Professor Jules De Launay's Lecture.

Miles after miles of graves,
 League after league of tombs,
 And not one sign of spectro Death,
 Waving his shadowy plumes;
 Hope, beautiful and bright,
 Spanning the arch above—
 Faith, gentle overcoming faith,
 And love, God's best gift, love.

For early Christians left
 Their darlings to their rest,
 As mothers leave their little ones
 When the sun glids the West;
 No mourning robes of black,
 No crape upon the doors,
 For the victorious palm-bearers,
 Who tread the golden floors.

Arrayed in garments white,
 No mournful dirges pealing,
 Bearing green branches in their hands,
 Around the tomb they're kneeling;
 This was their marching song,
 "By death we are not holden,"
 And this their golden funeral hymn,
 "Jerusalem the golden."

Beautiful girls sleep there,
 Waiting the Bridegroom's call.
 Each lamp is burning brilliantly,
 While the bright shadows fall;
 And baby martyrs passed
 Straight to the great I AM,
 While sturdier soldiers carved o'er each,
 "Victor, God's little lamb."

Miles after miles of graves,
 League after league of tombs,
 The Cross upon each conqueror's brow,
 Lights up the Catacombs;
 "Tis in this sign we conquer,"
 Sounds on the blood-stained track,
 "Tis in this sign we conquer,"
 We gladly answer back.

THE HOLLANDER AND HIS PIPE.

The custom of smoking is so prevalent in Holland that a genuine Dutch boor, instead of describing distances between places by miles or hours, will say a town or house is so many pipes away. Thus a man may reach Delft from Rotterdam in four pipes, but if he go to The Hague, he will consume seven pipes during the journey. All Dutchmen of the lower class, and not a few in the higher walks of life, carry in their pockets all requisites for smoking—an enormous box holding at least half a pound of tobacco, a pipe of clay or ivory (according to inclination or means), instruments to cleanse it, a pricker to remove obstructions from the stem, a cover of brass to prevent the sparks or ashes from flying about, and a bountiful supply of matches. A Dutchman in Holland without a pipe would be a rara avis—and such pipes! Some of them are of an antiquity which entitles them to veneration, but certainly not to respect, and so monstrous in size that as weapons of offence or defence they would certainly prove formidable.—New York Times.

*The above cut and poem are taken from the new edition of "Valeria: The Martyr of the Catacombs," by W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, 75 cents. This story will throw much light on the Sunday-school lessons for 1897.

THE CHAMOIS.

Every one has seen the soft yellow skin called shammy-skin, but few children have seen the chamois from which such a skin is taken. He lives far up among the crags and peaks of the Alpine lands, has a grayish-brown coat, sharp eyes and a keen sense of smell. The chamois feed in herds of fifteen or twenty in number, and one of the chamois always acts as watchman for the rest. If a chamois scents a hunter a mile away, he stamps with his forefeet, gives a shrill, whistling sort of cry, and off fly the herd. They make great leaps down twenty or thirty feet by striking their feet against the face of rocks as they descend, or they dart up toward the snow-covered peaks. They live to be twenty-five or thirty years old, and if they escape the hunter, they must have a free, and, for an animal, a happy life. Perhaps they may not think of the blue skies, the roses that grow so little but bright, and the other curious Alpine flowers or the magnificent views, but no doubt they like the clear air, the sweet grass and the wild races among the rocks and streams. Hunters say their flesh is much like venison, and they seek them for their skins and horns. To capture them it is necessary to surround them on all sides before they are aware of the hunter's approach, and then hem them in. When caught they can be partially tamed, and then act much like goats. They feed on herbs, flowers and young shoots of the fir and pine trees.



THE CHAMOIS.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 7.
 TRUE AND FALSE GIVING.**

Acts 4. 32, to 5. 11. Memory verses, 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. True Giving, v. 32-37.
 - 2. False Giving, v. 1-11.
- Time.—A. D. 30.
 Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. True and false giving.—Acts 4. 32-37.
- Tu True and false giving.—Acts 5. 1-11.
- W. Sacredness of vows.—Eccles. 5. 1-6.
- Th. Warning against hypocrisy.—Matt. 6. 1-8.
- F. Lying lips.—Prov. 12. 13-22.
- S. Insincere offerings.—Mal. 1. 6-14.
- Su. Blessing on true giving.—Mal. 3. 8-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. True Giving, v. 32-37.
 What was laid at the apostles' feet?
 For what purpose was this done?
 In what spirit was it done?
 What was done with this money?
 What things in this action should be imitated?
 A precious record is given in verse 33; read it.
- 2. False Giving, v. 1-11.
 What sale did Ananias and his wife make?
 Of what deception were they guilty?
 What did they do with a part of the money?
 Who had prompted Ananias to his deception?
 To whom had he lied?
 What three questions did Peter ask about the land?
 How did his words affect Ananias?
 How did others who heard his words feel?
 What was done with Ananias?
 How long after did his wife come?
 What did she know of what had happened?
 What says the law about keeping vows? Deut. 23. 21.
 What question did Peter ask Sapphira?
 What was her reply?
 Of what wicked compact did Peter accuse her?
 What prediction did he utter?
 What happened to her?
 What then was done to her?
 How did these things affect the church?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—

 - 1. The folly of a lie?
 - 2. The wickedness of a lie?
 - 3. The peril of a lie?

"Do you do much climbing, Harold?" asked the newly arrived guest. "Well, in a way I do," said Harold. "Papa climbs all over the mountains, and I climb all over papa."

His Little Ones.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me; of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Hail the glad message! The children may come
 Into the joy and delight of His Home;
 Know all the brightness His blessings impart,
 And dwell in the bountiful life of His Heart.

Every bright babe is a gem of His own,
 Lent from the light of His luminous Throne;
 Sent from the sources of being, above,
 A seal of Omnipotent power and love.

Germ of Divinity flashed into flame,
 Born of humanity only in name—
 Fashioned—it may be—and form'd from the clod,
 Yet bearing the Spirit and likeness of God.

They who receive them—a gift and a sign
 Of God, the Creator, supreme and divine—
 And train them His glory to know and to feel,
 Are builders, with Him, for Eternity's weal.

Growth in His growth is the measure of grace,—
 No one the limit or compass may trace;
 Wide as Immensity's realms, unsought,
 And high as the reach of the Infinite thought.

Each lily girl, by her touch and her word,
 An Angel of mercy may be for the Lord,
 Each gentle boy, by the boons he may bring,
 For the Virgin's sweet son, may be laurell'd a king.

The children are safe in His keeping and love;
 Drooping below He transplants them above;
 Born in His Kingdom, unless they depart,
 They always abide in His Home and His Heart.
 London, Can.

A Kansas girl, the daughter of a Greenwood county rancher, was sent East to school this fall. "What do you know, my child?" the head teacher asked her. "Oh, farming," the new pupil replied. "Well, tell me what is a farm?" "A farm is a body of land surrounded by a barb-wire fence," the little maid said.

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