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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1884.

No. 2.

KING WINTER.

OLD winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of,
His flesh is firm as ironstone,
And there's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Not yet to warm it lingers;
He scours the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cosy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river—
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver.

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not, he loves it all—
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer house, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the north he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.

SIGHT-SEEING IN CHINA.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

THE town of Macao is situated on a peninsula at the end of the island of the same name.

It was the first foreign settlement in China belonging to the Portuguese, and was once a fine, handsome town, with splendid buildings. Unfortunately Macao lies in the track of the typhoons, which at times sweep over it with a resistless force, shattering and smashing everything in their career. These constantly recurring storms, and the establishment of other ports, have resulted in driving many people away from the place, and the abolition of the coolie traffic has also tended to diminish the number of traders. Now the town has a desolate, deserted appearance, and the principal revenue of the Government is derived from the numerous gambling-houses.

We landed at the pier soon after five o'clock, and were carried across the peninsula through the town to the other side. Here we found a large unoccupied mansion, situated in a garden overlooking the sea, and, having delivered our Chinese letters, were received with the greatest civility and attention by the comprador and the servants who had been left in charge of our friend's house. Each room had a mosquito room inside it, made of wire gauze and wood, like a gigantic meat-safe, and capable of containing, besides a large double bed, a chair and

a table, so that its occupant is in a position to read and write in peace, even after dark. Macao is a thoroughly Portuguese-looking town, the houses being painted blue, green, red, yellow, and all sorts of colours. It is well garrisoned, and one meets soldiers in

for the European residents of Hong-Kong who are addicted to gambling. At Macao the sleep-disturbing watchmen, unlike those of Canton, come round every hour and beat two sharp taps on a drum at intervals of half a minute, compelling you to listen



CHINESE TEMPLE AND BRIDGE.

Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1881.

every direction. On our return we found a fire lighted and everything illuminated, and by half-past eight we had a capital dinner served. Chinese Tommy, who waited on us, had decorated the table most tastefully with flowers. Macao is a favourite resort

a small pier near a village. The children and I rode in chairs, first over a plain covered with scrubby palms, then through miles of well-cultivated plots of vegetable ground, till we reached a temple, built at the entrance to the valley for which we were bound. Thence the path wound beside the stream flowing from the mountains above, and the vegetation became extremely luxuriant and beautiful. Presently we came to a spot where a stone bridge spanned the torrent, with a temple on one side and a joss-house on the other, as shown in the cut. It was apparently a particularly holy place, for our men had all brought quantities of joss sticks and sacred paper with them to burn. There was a sort of eating-house close by, where they remained whilst we climbed higher up to get a view. The path was well made, and evidently much used, judging from the large number of natural temples we found adapted and decorated among the rocks. As usual, our descent was a comparatively quick affair, and we soon found ourselves on board the junk on our way back to Macao, beating across the harbour.*

MATTERS OF MORE IMPORTANCE.

A GENTLEMAN living not far from Vincennes, Ind., said: "Well temperance is all right enough, but there are matters of more importance before the people now." Two nights after he made the above remark, a spring waggon was stopped in front of his house about twelve o'clock. He was called to his door. His wife looked out of the window and saw six men carrying something on a large door or wide board. She guessed what it was in an instant, and giving a wild, frantic scream, she jumped out of bed and cried, "My boy! O, my boy! What shall I do? He is dead, he was killed! I know he was killed! O, I've been fearing that would happen! O, that cursed whiskey!" Sure enough it was her son, brought home nearly dead. He had been drunk and engaged in a saloon brawl. He was brutally beaten into almost a shapeless mass, and was stabbed in the right side. But for the timely interference of friends he would have been murdered. Yet his father says there are things of more importance than temperance.

* Lady Brassey's Voyage Round the World in the yacht *Sunbeam*, splendidly illustrated, will be a very attractive feature of the *Methodist Magazine* for 1884.

ALL THE CHILDREN.

SUPPOSE if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now, and who have been—
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen!
And of all them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, O how many
Have not grown up at all.

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise! Who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children, too,
In all the stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint—
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

CAP'N SAM'S SERMON.

CAP'N SAM was in no mood for
jokes or banter, and, being
very quick to see which way
the wind blew, the kind
sailor addressed to a row of
very serious young faces
what one boy afterwards
called "a perfect brick of a
sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying
every day of my life for the last two
years to straighten out furrows, and I
can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise
toward the captain's neatly kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad.
I don't mean land furrows," continued
the captain, so soberly that the atten-
tion of the boys became breathless as
he went on:

"When I was a lad, about the age
of you boys, I was what they called a
'hard case'; that is, not exactly bad
or vicious, but wayward and wild.

"Well, my dear old mother used to
coax, pray and punish—my father was
dead, making it all the harder for her,
but she never got impatient. How in
the world she bore with all my stub-
born vexing ways so patiently will
always be to me one of the mysteries in
life.

"I knew it was troubling her, knew
it was changing her pretty face, mak-
ing it look anxious and old. After a
while, tiring of all restraint, I ran
away, went off to sea; and a rough
time I had of it at first. Still I liked
the water, and liked journeying from
place to place. Then I settled down
to business in a foreign land, and soon
became prosperous, and now began

sending her something better than
empty letters. And such beautiful
letters as she always wrote me during
those years of cruel absence! At
length I noticed how longing they
grew, longing for the presence of a son
who used to try her so; and it awoke
a corresponding longing in my own
heart to go back to the dear waiting
soul.

"So, when I could stand it no
longer, I came back; and such a wel-
come, and such a surprise! My
mother is not a very old lady, boys,
but the first thing I noticed was the
whiteness of her hair, and the deep
furrows on her brow; and I knew I
had helped blanch that hair to its
snowy whiteness, and had drawn those
lines in that smooth forehead. And
these are the furrows I've been trying
to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was
sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it
all over, and looked to see what pro-
gress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful, and
the expression contented as possible,
but the furrows were still there; I
hadn't straightened them out—and I
—never—shall! never!

"When they lay my mother, my
fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there
will be furrows on her brow; and I
think it a wholesome lesson to teach
you, that the neglect you offer your
parents' counsels now, and the trouble
you cause them, will abide, my lads, it
will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddy Hollis,
with great troubled eyes, "I should
think if you're so kind and good now,
it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddy, my boy," said the
quavery voice of the strong man, "you
cannot undo the past. You may do
much to atone for it, do much to make
the rough path smooth, but you can't
straighten out the old furrows, my
laddies; remember that!"

"Guess I'll chop some wood mother
spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said
lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely
quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to
do!" suddenly remembered Billy
Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the
kindly captain to himself, as the boys
tramped off in a thoughtful, soldier-
like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fort-
night afterwards that Billy was really
getting to be a comfort instead of a
pest; guessed he was a-copying the
captain, trying to be good to his ma—
"Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the cap-
tain about that time, remarked that
Jimmy always meant to be a good boy,
but he was actually being one now-a-
days. "Guess your stories they liked
so much have morals to them now and
then," added the gratified mother with
a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Captain
Sam, with folded arms and bent head,
said softly to himself:

Well, I shall be thankful enough if
any word of mine will help the dear
boys to keep the furrows away from
their mother's brow; for once there,
it is a difficult task straightening out
the furrows!—*Illustrated Christian
Weekly.*

MISTRESS: "Were you baptised,
Keziah, when you were named?"
Maid: "Law, ma'am, we don't
baptise in our church, we immerge."

SHALL THE DRINK TRADE
DRIVE ON.

BY S—.

IT is recorded of Tullia, wife of
Tarquinius, that she was riding
through the streets of Rome,
when the body of her father,
weltering in his blood, was lying across
the way. Her charioteer reined up
his horses, about to stop, when the
unnatural daughter cried out at the
top of her voice, "DRIVE ON." With
crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed
forward over the lifeless body, spurning
the blood over the daughter's dress.
Yet this revolting act recorded is not
more heartless than the act of thousands
dealing out the deadly drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live
men going down to shame and ruin.
Point them to the wreck of manhood
—beseech them to stop their heartless
traffic. They cry out in utter defiance
of all solemn appeal and shocking sight,
"DRIVE ON!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is
plying his trade in spite of entreaties
and appeals more powerful than dead
men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only
insult to the DEAD, it might be borne,
but the dire traffic lures, dashes down
and destroys the LIVING,—degrades
manhood, womanhood, and everything
noble—"Lamentation and mourning
and woe" ascend from the wretched
families which these wretched dead
represent, and although hearing the
long, loud, piteous pleadings from one
end of the land to the other, for the
dread liquor-sellers to desist, they SELL
ON STILL. Bidding high defiance to
God and man, they cry, "DRIVE ON!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons
threaten; officials arrest; courts con-
demn, and still the heartless dealers,
defying all that is true and good, ignore
all sacred sympathies and still shout,
"DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!!" Shall
not tens of thousands of stronger voices
raise the counter cry, DESIST, and all
good citizens rising in their might for
the right, bring the dread carnage to a
speedy and "perpetual end!"

Surely public indignation is yet far
from up to the mark, while the dire
destruction is tolerated! Surely, "there
is cause." Let us then determinedly,
in patriotic might, by all available
means, hasten the death of the deadly
trade, nor by injury to any, but for the
rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely,
Raise Prohibition's banner high;
And sure as now the heaving sigh,
Sure soon will raise the victor's cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

WATER is the strongest drink.
It drives mills; it's the
drink of lions and horses,
and Samson never drank
anything else. Let young men be
teetotalers if only for economy's sake.
The beer money will soon build a
house. If what goes into the mash-
tub went into the kneading-trough,
families would be better fed and better
taught. If what is spent in waste
were only saved against a rainy day,
workhouses would never be built.
The man who spends his money with
the publican, and thinks the landlord's
bow and "How do ye do, my good
fellow!" mean true respect, is a per-
fect simpleton. We don't light fires

for the herring's comfort, but to roast
him. Men do not keep pothouses for
labourers' good; if they do, they cer-
tainly miss their aim. Why, then,
should people drink "for the good of
the house?" If I spend money for
the good of any house, let it be my
own, and not the landlord's. It is a
bad well into which you must put
water; and the beer-house is a bad
friend, because it takes your all and
leaves you nothing but headaches.
He who calls those his friends who let
him sit and drink by the hour is
ignorant—very ignorant. Why, Red
Lions, and Tigers, and Eagles, and
Vultures are all creatures of prey, and
why do so many put themselves within
the power of their jaws and talons?
Such as drink and live riotously, and
wonder why their faces are so blotchy
and their pockets so bare, would leave
off wondering if they had two grains
of wisdom. They might as well ask
an elm-tree for pears as look to those
habits for health and wealth. Those
who go to the public-house for happi-
ness climb a tree to find fish.

GO LEARN A TRADE.

SING you a song to-night,
And every word is true,
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentlemen for you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,
But the time is sitting by,
Instead of working don't be fooled;
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are,
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,
That from their duty shrink;
Who think 'twould crush their pride
If they would go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did),
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your boss,
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade

READ GOOD BOOKS.

THE character of the books read
by growing boys and girls, is a
matter which ought to concern
parents very much more than it
commonly does. Even on purely
literary grounds, how much better that
your fifteen-year-old boy should love to
read "Julius Caesar" or the "Merchant
of Venice," than "Dick Turpin" or
Claude Duvall! And when we come
to estimate the moral and spiritual
results of our reading, the matter
becomes momentous indeed. Our
books are our companions. They
exert a most powerful and permanent
influence upon our characters and our
lives. We should feel much more
encouragement in preaching to young
persons whom we knew to be careful
readers of good books. A youth
frittered away in poring over the pages
of the average "dime novel" is a poor
preparation for the sober realities of
this life, to say nothing for the life to
come. Young men, do read good
books! Don't waste your time on
trash.—*Religious Herald.*

EARLY SPRING.

The following is Tennyson's New Poem written for the *Poet's Companion*, for which he is said to have received \$1,000.—E.

More the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And dimes the red plough of hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their walls,
The throats too.

Opens a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Ja-ber's had to fall
On green grass,
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

Before them flots the shower,
And bursts the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung to the woods.

The woods by living air
How freshly fanned,
Light airs from water to creep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season here!
O heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the snow-cup,
Like the snow-drops, pure.

Past, future, glimpse and tale
Through some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thy twinkling soul,
The fairy fancies lounge,
And, lightly stirred,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wings,
The poets too.

READING.

WHEN I am reading a good book," says Hamerton, "the only Cæsus that I envy is he that is reading a better book." In some schools the attention of the pupil is confined to "doing sums," "parsing," and other routine work. The atmosphere of such schools is deficient in the essential elements of intellectual stimulus. To read well is to think well. A thinker excites thought in others, and purifies the educational atmosphere about him. One of the best services a teacher can do for a pupil is to lead him to think more, by inducing him to read more and to read more judiciously. This all teachers can do. The teachers may inquire of pupils what they have read or are reading, how they enjoy it. He may in turn tell what he himself is reading, and propose to bring his book and read a little to them, asking them to bring theirs and read a little to each other. Books, magazines, and news papers will thus be brought to schools, and interesting selections be read from them. The children will experience the delight of reading good stories, and of hearing good stories read by others. The teacher can mention some good books which contain delightful reading, naming such as are known to be in the district or can be easily secured.

Several of the pupils might be led to read the same book, and compare views upon it. Such an exercise is most valuable in cultivating the taste and

judgment. To be useful in this work, the teacher must look over the family libraries in the district, and learn something of their contents. This will make him acquainted with the people, will make him know the home life of the children better, and will thus prepare him to reach the hearts and minds of the pupils. By associating with the parents, and talking over the contents of their libraries, the teacher will become an instructor and adviser of the parents, and will be consulted about papers, magazines, and books for the family. If he is competent to advise, he may do great good by his suggestions. In many families, new books are a rarity. In most cases, book purchases are accidental. A teacher acquainted with books, and familiar with the cheap editions, can do much to increase the reading facilities and reading habits of the young. Some of the best works in science, biography, history, and travel can now be had for ten or twenty cents. Five dollars would buy forty instructive and readable works in cheap form, and furnish a winter's reading for the whole district. Nearly every teacher, if he knew the books well, could induce the parents to spend the five dollars.—*Prof. J. A. Cooper.*

AN EGYPTIAN HOME.

LET us begin by visiting the house of a poor member of the community, so as to get an idea of Fellah life in its simplest form. In a blank wall of about eight feet high, composed of sunburnt bricks, and veneered with a coating of sun-dried mud, we find a small door through which no one over five or six years of age could pass without stooping. As this is the only entrance, we conclude that the proprietor has neither buffalo nor any of the larger kinds of agricultural instruments, and that any hopes he may have of acquiring live stock in the future, do not soar above a cat, a few barn-door fowls, and perhaps a very diminutive donkey. A glance at the interior confirms this conclusion. The enclosure consists of three small courts—if a space 12 feet by 6 can be dignified by such a name—connected by holes in the partition walls similar in size to the entrance. The first court is occupied almost entirely by a windowless mud hut, by a covered flat roof of maize stocks mixed with clay. This diminutive structure is at once the kitchen and winter bed-room of the whole family, comprising a married couple, the husband's old mother, and two young children. A large brick stove, which occupies two-thirds of the dark interior, is used in daytime for baking the bread and cooking the scanty fare, and at night it serves as a bed for all the inmates. During the warm summer nights they can sleep on a bit of seed matting in one of the two other "courts." In the first of these are two hollow mud-pillars for storing the grain and other provisions, and close to these primitive provision chests sits the old grandmother churning buffalo's milk—presumably for one of the neighbours—in a kid's skin, suspended by a bit of palm-tree rope from a long peg in the wall. Leaning on her shoulder is a young child, whose perfect nudity is only partly concealed by the multitude of flies which cluster on his dark brown skin, and who divides his attention between the churning operation, the

unexpected strangers, and the bit of sugar-cane which he is gnawing in his intense satisfaction. In the third and innermost court there is nothing but a small mud hut which represents the family treasury. Without making a personal inspection, we can construct with tolerable certainty an inventory of its contents. There will be the gaudily-painted wooden trunk in which the wife, when a bride, brought her modest trousseau to her new home, the few articles of wearing apparel and female ornament not actually in use, and some copper cooking utensils. These constitute the entire movable property of the family, unless we include under this term half a dozen lean chickens, which have been taught to subsist by their own exertions. The premises are quite sufficient therefore, for all practical wants, and if the live stock should be increased by the addition of a few kids, lambs, or even a donkey, no additional accommodation will be required, for the new comers can sleep comfortably in close proximity to the family, without any danger of bipeds and quadrupeds interfering with each other's comfort.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

FEW nights ago a well-known citizen, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times for his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might get in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlour and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound to the spot.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with beard and lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset

gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober,"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone.

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober, Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

WHAT A FALL.

A MINISTER of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house, I went out, bared my brow, that the night dew might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child dead! There was his wife in convulsions, and he asleep. A man about thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and his wife on the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must stay until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way! I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah, my child!'" That minister said further to me, "One year after he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in the city of Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and Godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, and hellish. When are we not to fight till the day of our death?—*J. B. Gough.*

"De Shanghigh chicken 'minds me ob certain m n dat I 'se seed. He crows mighty loud, an' brags aroun' 'mong de hens an' young chickens, but when a game rooster comes around he's got business on de udder side ob de fence."

LUTHER'S WORK AT THE PRESENT DAY.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

RUMPEL of Truth, at whose soul-piercing sound,
That fabric vast of Falsehood, guarded well
By Superstition's mememorial spull
For twice five hundred years, went to the ground—
Mighty Deliverer, to whom nations bound
In dungeons dark of Papal slavery,
Owe it that light is theirs and faith is free—
LUTHER whose name four centuries have
crowned
With grateful praises—in thy dauntless heart.
Whi hich's embattled powers could never
move,
Through the fierce strife there still was left a
part
For gentler thoughts, for music, beauty, love
Now let the voice which thundered doom to
Rome,
Breathe peace to tent and wat worn Christen-
dom.

THE GRANOE, Toronto, December, 1883.
—January Number of "Methodist Magazine."

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1884.

DYING BEQUEST OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A SHORT time ago we received the following letter, which will explain itself, from the Rev. Benjamin Hills, minister of the Methodist Church at Southampton, N. B.

"Dear Bro. Withrow,—Enclosed please find draft for \$100, which I take the liberty of troubling you to bestow as I shall presently explain.

"This summer our Heavenly Father was pleased to take from us our dear little Mamie Crane, at the age of fourteen. She was a bright little Christian, ever thoughtful of the welfare of others. For several years she took great delight in reading the PLEASANT HOURS and was deeply interested in the various charities therein mentioned, especially the Crosby Girls' Home and the Children's Hospital. Towards the close of her life she used to speak frequently of these institutions, and wish that she could do something to help them. The sum of \$100 was left her this spring and this she has bequeathed, \$50 to the Children's Hospital, 245 Elizabeth Street, Toronto; and \$50 to the Crosby Girls' Home. By kindly handing these amounts to the proper authorities, you will greatly oblige, and at the same time can feel that it is the direct result of your efforts in PLEASANT HOURS."

Is it not touching to think of this young disciple of our Blessed Lord, in her last illness away off by the Atlantic in the east, so deeply sympathising with the poor Indian girls of the Crosby Girls' Home on the far distant shores of the Pacific, and of the poor sick children of the Children's Hospital in this city. Being dead, the dear child yet speaketh in her generous gift of love, and in the example she has set to many more richly endowed with this world's goods than she. Are there not those among our readers, in the enjoyment of health and strength, who will remember these deserving objects of charity, and aid them as liberally as their means will permit?

We learn from Mrs. McMaster, of the Children's Hospital, that a cot will be set apart, and named after this young benefactress, in commemoration of her gift.

"YOUNG HELPERS."

A. S. FISHER, Esq., of Clinton, Ont., sends the Rev. Dr. Sutherland a bank draft for \$30, a donation from "Young Helpers" of Clinton Circuit, for Mr. Crosby's Mission Boat. In September last a lady invited a number of young girls, ages from ten to sixteen, to meet at her residence, and proposed to them the project of preparing a number of fancy and useful articles for a bazaar, the profits to be donated to Mr. Crosby's Mission Boat. To this they all gave their willing assent, and went to work with a will. They met at her place every Saturday afternoon. The bazaar or sale took place on the 13th inst. and they realized something over \$30 after paying all expenses. A happier lot of young girls than they were that evening it would be difficult to find.

The success of these "young workers" has begot in them an anxious desire to repeat the effort to raise money for some charitable or religious purposes, so that they will cultivate a spirit of helpfulness to the Church.

Will not many other "Young Helpers" share the pleasure and the profit of similar efforts for the cause of missions?

MISSIONARY BAZAAR.

A NUMBER of young ladies of the Metropolitan Church, after working diligently for some weeks in preparing useful and fancy articles, held during the week before Christmas a very successful bazaar. The large room was gay with flowers, pictures, and objects of taste and beauty, and the sum of over \$300, we understand, was raised for missionary purposes. The young ladies are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

"We think that by the exercise of a little Christian common-sense and courtesy, a more kindly feeling and more intimate relationship may be cultivated between Methodism and the other sections of the Church of Christ; which, if it do not, in our time, result in organic union, shall at least lead to mutual respect and mutual helpfulness in Christian work, and prepare the way for the blessed consummation foretold by our Lord, when 'there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.'" —Dr. Withrow, in January Number of "Methodist Magazine."



THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

DON'T be afraid, little Johnny, my boy,
Open the door and go in;
The longer you shrink from confessing a fault,
The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait with a pitiful face,
And dread the confession to make;
For you know when you're naughty, the worst
of it all
Is in making your mother's heart ache.

But courage, my boy! Never mind if the shoes
Are muddy and wet, and all that;
Never mind if your clothes have been terribly
torn,
And you've ruined your pretty new hat.

Go in like a man, and tell mother the truth,
Like a brave little lad, and you'll see
How happy a boy who confesses a fault,
And is truthful and honest, can be.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1884.

THIS Magazine makes a new departure for 1884. It comes out in a new and handsome cover, and is printed on fine super-calendered paper, which does justice to the high class engravings, which are a special feature. Better engravings were never published in Canada than the 23 which grace this number. The article on Tennyson, by Dr. Stevenson, of Montreal, with a fine portrait, is specially timely. Of patriotic interest are the articles on Manitoba and Keewatin, and on the Oil Wells of Canada, by the Rev. D. Savage, both splendidly illustrated. The latter is the best account of the Oil Industry of Canada that has as yet been published. Lady Brassey's Voyage Round the World begins well with her adventures in the Canaries and ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, copiously illustrated. Bishop Fuller, of the Church of England; Dr. Laing, of the Presbyterian Church, and the Editor write on the subject of the Unity of the Churches and how it can be promoted; and Bishop McTyeire, of the M. E. Church, South, writes on Methodist Union. A racy story of Life in Newfoundland is begun, and Prof. Goldwin Smith contributes a noble poem on Martin Luther. This is certainly a fine bill of fare for 20 cents, and great things are promised for the

future. The present is the best time to subscribe.

Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all Bookstores. Wm. Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

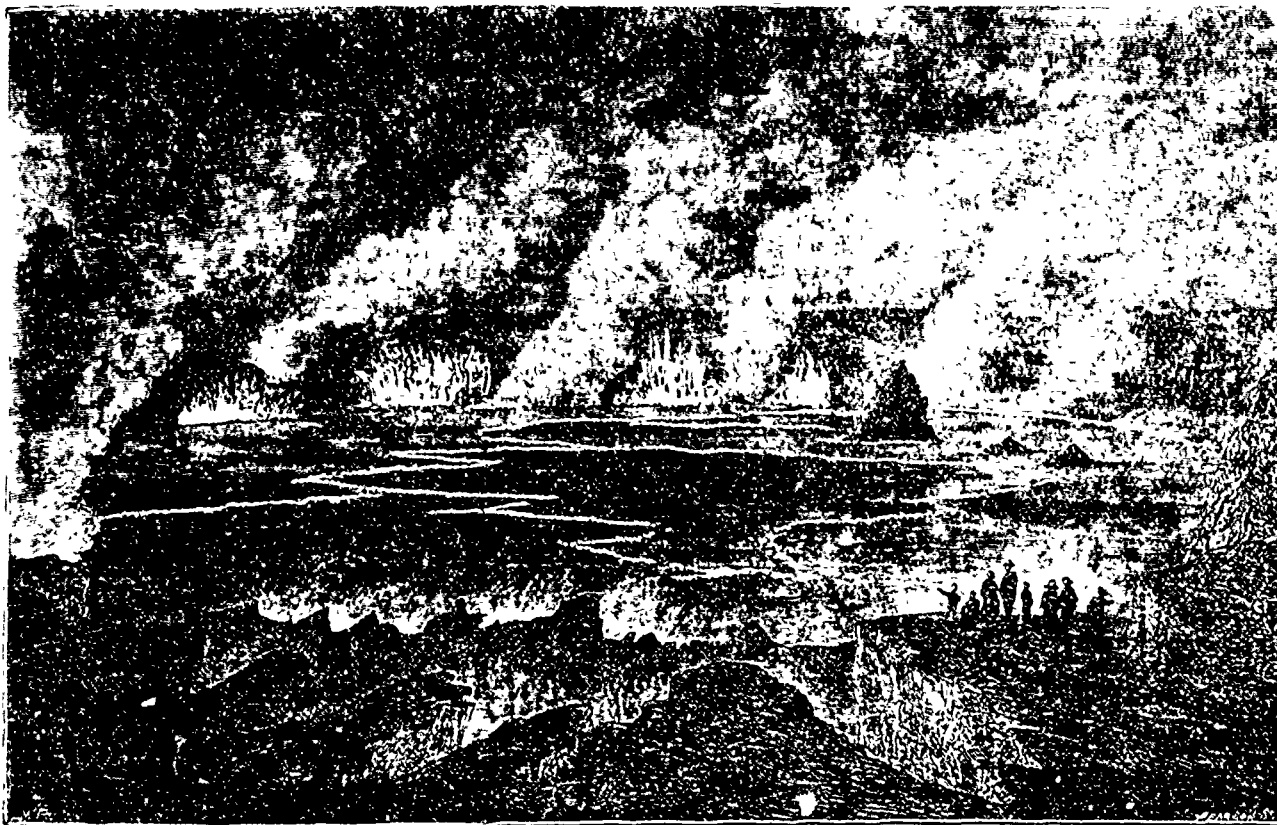
AS OTHERS SEE US.

OUR kind *confreres* of the Halifax Wesleyan gives the following friendly notice of our Connexional Magazine: Under the able management of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* has attained a success unparalleled in the Dominion. The announcement for 1884 is the best yet made. There will be a good number of illustrated articles, and also original papers from many of the foremost writers of Canada, with other papers by noted authors abroad. Orders for this magazine, at two dollars per year, should be forwarded to Rev. S. F. Huestis, Methodist Book Room, Halifax.* A handsome premium—"Anecdotes of the Wesleys," a volume of nearly four hundred pages—is given for thirty-five cents extra. The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* and this premium volume should go to all Methodist homes within the bounds of our General Conference.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of valuable donations of books from Rev. J. Wakefield, Paris, H. McElroy, Richmond, and the School at Farnham, Que. There are many applicants for these books and they are doing much good. We will be glad to receive further donations. Address books to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

We are glad to hear that the Rev. Dr. Potts, of Montreal, is improving. On the 2nd inst., the officiating minister in the Anglican Cathedral requested the prayers of the congregation in Dr. Potts' behalf. This exhibition of good feeling, though only what Christianity should dictate, seems to have given much pleasure to the Protestant public of Montreal.

* Or if living in the west, to William Briggs, Toronto; or, C. W. Coates, Montreal.—Ed.



CRATER OF MOUNT KILAUEA BY NIGHT.
Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1884.

THE YEARS PASS ON.

"WHEN I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do,
I'll be great and good and noble and true;
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now,
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime;
My time is now full of studies and play,
But I really mean to begin some day,
I am only a little girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world with all its dazzling toys,
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,
"I've kept putting off the time to be good,
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
But I'm an old woman now,
And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright,
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above,
And then you'll be happy now,
And glad as the years pass on.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Strange Sea Story, A Temperance Tale. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Pp. 427. New York: National Temperance Publication House. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams. Pp. 413. Same author, same publisher, and same price.

These are capital books for boys. Full of stirring adventure and sound and wholesome in tone. The first is vouched for as strictly authentic, to the very name of the sailor and his ship. Both the one and the other attracted at the time the attention of two great nations.

The second story illustrates in its noblest sense the doctrine of woman's truest rights—the right to be brave

and heroic and good. The books are handsomely bound and illustrated. The National Temperance Society is rendering important service to the best interests of society, by its admirable series of books, inculcating so effectively temperance principles.

From Canal Boy to President; or, The Boyhood and Manhood of James A. Garfield. By Horatius Alger, jr. Pp. 334. Illustrated. New York: John R. Anderson & Co.

This book has been overlooked amid the pressure of many duties. But it is one of no ephemeral interest, but of permanent value. The lessons of the noble life which it portrays can never become out of date. The story is very attractively written, specially for boys, and therefore gives due prominence to the struggles of the future President's boy-life, especially his filial character, his noble efforts to acquire an education, his college life etc. The book is very handsomely gotten up, and would make an admirable gift book for any season.

Pine Needles and Old Yarns. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." 8vo., pp. 340. New York: Robert Carter and Bros. Toronto. William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is a book which combines in a very remarkable degree instruction and entertainment. The Pine Needles part describes the adventures of a merry group of young people in their summer camping out. The Old Yarns are stories from the German of Pastor Harms of the stirring religious history of the German Fatherland, and of missionary adventure elsewhere. We heartily commend it for Sunday-school libraries.

A COWARDLY fellow having kicked a newsboy for pestering him to buy an evening paper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of all the bystanders: "It's no use to try him, Jim; he can't read."

THE LARGEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD.

LADY BRASSEY thus describes her visit on Christmas eve, 1876, to the crater of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Island, the largest in the world, nearly a mile in diameter of molten lava.

The grandeur of the view in the direction of the volcano, she says, increased as the evening wore on. The fiery cloud above the present crater augmented in size and depth of colour; the extinct crater glowed red in thirty or forty different places; and clouds of white vapour issued from every crack and crevice in the ground, adding to the sulphurous smell with which the atmosphere was laden.

I was up at four o'clock next day to gaze once more on the wondrous spectacle that lay before me. The molten lava still flowed in many places, the red cloud over the fiery lake was bright as ever, and steam was slowly ascending in every direction, over hill and valley, till, as the sun rose, it became difficult to distinguish clearly the sulphurous vapours from the morning mists. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained, and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, cracking and breaking beneath our feet. Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified in the act of boiling. Sometimes the black iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses of rope, twisted and coiled together; sometimes it was piled up like a collection of organ-pipes, or had gathered into mounds and cones of various dimensions. As we proceeded the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a

painful manner; till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapours almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top; and then what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.

We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery, liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal colour seemed to be a dull, dark red, covered with a thin grey scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of fresh ones.

It was all terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words could adequately describe such a scene. The precipice on which we were standing overhung the crater so much that it was impossible to see what was going on immediately beneath; but from the columns of smoke and vapour that arose, the flames and sparks that constantly drove us back from the edge, it was easy to imagine that there must have been two or three grand fiery fountains below. As the sun set, and darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink, to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the stupendous scene. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair, at the futility of their efforts.

Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks—seven fire-fountains playing simultaneously. With the increasing darkness the colours emitted by the glowing mass became more and more wonderful, varying from the deepest jet black to the palest grey,

from darkest maroon, through cherry and scarlet, to the most delicate pink, violet, and blue; from the richest brown, through orange and yellow, to the lightest straw-colour. And there was yet another shade, only describable by the term "molten-lava colour." Even the smokes and vapours were rendered beautiful by their borrowed lights and tints, and the black peaks, pinnacles, and crags, which surrounded the amphitheatre, formed a splendid and appropriate background. Sometimes great pieces broke off and tumbled with a crash into the burning lake, only to be remelted and thrown up anew. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface, the grey lava on which we were standing and sitting was red-hot. A stick thrust through it caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed, and the gentlemen found the heat from the crevices so great that they could not approach near enough to light their pipes.

One more long last look, and then we turned our faces away from the scene that had enthralled us for so many hours. The whole of the lava we had crossed, in the extinct crater, was now aglow in many patches, and in all directions flames were bursting forth, fresh lava was flowing, and steam and smoke were issuing from the surface. It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict injunctions of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel; and many were the fiery crevices we stepped over or jumped across. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leant caught fire before I could fairly recover myself. [See foot note on first page.]

NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

ONE afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library. "Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?" "I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory. "A bright boy I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?" "Rapid and correct," was the reply. "That's good! Honest, is he?" "Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar. "The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?" "I regret to say that he is not, was the grave reply." "Eh?" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him." That ended the interview. "O, uncle!" cried Gregory bursting into tears. He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed in the result. "Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing;

may, a fault rather. Three instances occurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure. "I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing to put an end to its suffering." Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way. "Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The 9 o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it did not, being a way mail and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep an appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform, and unless you do reform your life will prove a failure." The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy. — *Sunday-school Times.*

GOOD NEWS FROM LUCKNOW.

DO you know where that is? Away off in India. Rev. Mr. Craven, a missionary there, wrote a letter to a certain Sabbath-school in America, and among other good things in it he paid a compliment to the boys in the mission school at Lucknow.

A rich heathen merchant told Mr. Craven one day that he liked to get his clerks from the mission school, because they were honest and truthful. And a railroad man told him there was one thing about Christian boys that he liked; you could trust them.

Ah! but it costs something to be a Christian boy in Lucknow. What would you think of seeing a crowd in the street following a young man, hooting at him, throwing stones, and among them his own mother? What! throwing stones? Yes; just that you might have seen in Lucknow one day last year. What had the young man been doing? Why he was on his way to be baptized, and to confess that he meant to love and serve the Lord Jesus.

It takes another kind of courage too. One day a boy came to Mr. Craven and said:—

"Here is a dollar and fifty cents: it is all the money I have. I stole two dollars and fifty cents from you once, but I am a Christian now, and I want to bring it back." — *Kind Words.*

THE great cantilever bridge over the Niagara river was tested the other day in the presence of fully ten thousand spectators. Twenty locomotives and twenty-four flat cars were on the bridge at one time. The tests were considered eminently satisfactory. On the conclusion of the ceremony a banquet was held in the Montezale House, on the American side, at which several speeches were delivered.

DRINK'S DEADLY GRIP.

IT is very easy to learn to drink, but the habit once formed, takes hold with such a deadly grip, that it is the hardest thing in the world to shake it off.

A little boy was once attacked by a big goose. The goose knocked him down, and stood hissing over him. The boy's father came down and wrung the goose's neck. The next day, the father looked out of the window and saw the little fellow take up one gosling after another and wring its neck. The father ran down in a great passion, and cried out, "How dare you go and kill the goslings that way?" The little fellow looked up in surprise and said, "Dey big geeses by'nby." If a boy or girl takes a little sip of wine or beer once in a while, it looks like a very small matter, but that little sip is followed by bigger ones, then there is a liking for it, and so on, till it ends in all the horrors of drunkenness.

In certain parts of India, the natives have a very clever way of catching the tiger. In that part of the country they manufacture a very sticky kind of bird-lime. As soon as they have discovered the tiger's den they take several hundred of the large tropical leaves, that are plentiful there, and cover them on both sides with the bird-lime, and then spread them about, a short distance from the den. The hunters then retire to a safe distance and await the coming of the tiger. By-and-bye, he comes sauntering along to where the bird-lime leaves are strewn. Presently a big leaf sticks to his paw. He gives it a vigorous shake, but the clammy thing won't go, and he tries what a whisk at the side of his head will do, and he succeeds in smearing his eye. By this time he has a leaf on each paw, like a slipper, and probably several sticking to his tail. He now loses his temper, becomes furious, bites at the limed leaves, and rolls among them till both eyes are blinded, and his body all covered over with them. He roars dreadfully, and the hunters know that now is their chance; they rush in and despatch him with a shower of bullets. — *Seymour's Temperance Battle-Field.*

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

WOMEN who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public-houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers on your tables. Have music

and entertaining games. Banish demons of dulness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever. — *Appleton's Journal.*

THE PEOPLE OF THE PEN.

Editors have their share of vanity, and budding poets should not forget it, if they wish to see their productions in print. The man who wrote the following effusion struck it rich in the right vein to get in.

THE people of the pen,
The people of the pen—
The brightest of our women,
And the bravest of our men!
On the picket-lines of progress
They are keeping watch and ward,
Where the reaper swings the sickle,
And the soldier wields the sword:
Their snowy scrolls are fluttering
Like doves around the globe—
They're folding all the lands of God
Within one starry robe;
On all the bleak and sunless hills
They build the beacon fires,
And set the danger signals out
On all the tallest spires;
The fiery-footed couriers
Of the lightning they have caught,
And made them message-bearers
In the parliament of thought;
They're a mighty army moving,
And they muster thousands ten,
And pull the world behind them,
The people of the pen.

O, the people of the pen,
The people of the pen!
Wherever human foot has trod
Some strolling scribe has been
Ye'll find them in the frigid North,
Beyond the lone Jeannette—
In the desert lands of Siber,
Where the cheerless exiles fret;
Ye'll find them on the Congo,
Ye'll meet them on the Nile,
Ye'll hear them in the jungle
Of the snake and crocodile;
They slumber with the Bedouin,
They sit beneath the vine
Upon the Guadalquivir
And along the banks of Rhine:
The Argonauts of every clime,
They wander far and free,
They scale the highest mountain,
And sail the wildest sea;
The pilgrims of Bohemia,
Their's naught escapes their ken—
The painters of the universe,
The people of the pen.

O, the people of the pen,
The people of the pen!
They're toiling in the palace
And in the poor man's den;
They tell us of the glory
Of the times long past,
Of the splendour of antiquity
Too marvellous to last;
In the looms of busy genius
They're weaving day and night,
The visions of the dreamers
Into pages black and white;
Into golden blocks of wisdom
They're chiselling their hearts,
And we buy their very life-blood
For a penny in the marts;
They're scholars ripe and ready,
They're poets blithe and young,
Whose happy fancies twinkle
Into music on the tongue;
They carol like the mock-owl,
They twitter like the wren,
And the world is in the fingers
Of the people of the pen

— *Printers' Circular.*

"WHAT would you do, Mr. M., if your wife died?" asked Mrs. D. Mr. M. (who is very methodical): "I would bury her."

ONLY SIXTEEN.

ONLY sixteen! So the papers say,
Yet on the cold stony ground he lay
'Tis the same sad story, we hear it every day.
"He came to his death on the public high-
way."
Full of promise, talent and pride,
Yet the rum-bred conquered him, so he died.
Did not the angels weep o'er the scene,
For he died a drunkard, and—

Only sixteen.

O! it were sad he must die all alone;
That of all his friends, not even one
Was there, to list to the last faint moan,
Or point the suffering soul to the "Throne
Of Grace," if not, hence, God's only Son
Might say, "Whoever will, may come."
But we hasten to withdraw a veil o'er the
scene

With his God to leave him—

Only sixteen.

Ye rum-sellers—come show the work you have
wrought,
Witness the suffering and pain you have
brought
To that poor boy's friends. They loved him
so well,

Yet you dare the wild beverage to sell
That beclouded his brain, his reason dethroned,
And left him to die out there, all alone.
What if 'twere your son instead of another,
What if your wife were that poor boy's
mother,

And he—only sixteen.

Ye citizens, who vote for license to grant
Permission to sell—Do you think you will
want

That record to meet you in the last great day,
When the heavens and the earth shall pass
away,

When the elements, melting with fervent
heat,

Shall proclaim the triumph of right complete?
Will you wish to have his blood on your hand
When before the great throne ye both shall
stand?

And he—only sixteen.

THE ALMIGHTY HELPER.

IF we do not seek God's almighty
help, in vain do we try to bring
this contest with drink to a
victorious end. All our efforts
will come to nought, and we shall be
overwhelmed with disaster and defeat.

While the American civil war was
raging, a deputation of Christian gen-
tlemen waited on President Lincoln,
making a request that he would ap-
point a day of national humiliation
and prayer that the war might be
brought to a successful termination.

"You know," said one of them,
"the Lord is on our side." "There is
something else," said the President,
"I think is of more importance."
"What can that be," they asked, with
a look of great surprise, and almost
horror.

"That we be on the Lord's side,"
replied the President.

There is no doubt what side the
Lord is on, in this battle with drink.
The great thing is for us all, old and
young, to be on the Lord's side in this
matter. God alone knows all the
miseries that intoxicating liquor has
brought on millions in this afflicted
world; and He alone has been the
Helper of multitudes who have inno-
cently suffered from its cruel power.

A good man was once making some
charity calls among the wretched tenement
houses of a large city. He
climbed to the upper room of one of
these houses. He saw a ladder pushed
through the ceiling. Thinking that,
perhaps, some poor creature had crept
up there, he climbed the ladder, drew
himself through the hole, and found
himself under the rafters. Soon he
saw a heap of chips and shavings, and
on them a boy about ten years of age.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please,
sir; I'm hiding!"

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead!"

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell
him, but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and
through the rags of his jacket and
shirt, could be seen the broken skin
and black bruises on his poor little
body.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like
that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that
for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat
me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any
more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission
school and they told me there of God,
and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they
taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and
I'll never steal again if my father kills
me for it. But please, sir, don't tell
him."

"My boy, you must not stay here,
you'll die. Now wait patiently here
for a little time. I'm going away to
see a lady. We will get a better place
for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please sir,
would you like to hear me sing a little
hymn?" "Yes, I will hear you sing
your little hymn." He raised himself
on his elbow and then sang—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir, good-
bye."

The gentleman went away, came
back again in less than two hours and
climbed the ladder. There were the
chips, and there were the shavings,
and there was the boy, with one hand
by his side and the other tucked in his
bosom underneath his little ragged
shirt—dead.—*Rev. J. C. Seymour's
Temperance Battle-Field.*

HOW THE LITTLES GROW.

THE wife of a Presbyterian min-
ister canvassed a part of the
parish to obtain pledges from
the people to give a specified amount
for the conversion of the world.
Among other places she entered a shoe-
maker's shop, and inquired of the old
man on the bench if he would be will-
ing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly
instalments for the salvation of the
world. He replied:

"Eighteen dollars and twenty-five
cents! No indeed, I seldom have such
an amount of money. I would not
promise one-half so much."

"Would you be willing to give five
cents a day, or thirty-five cents each
Sabbath for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes, and my wife will give as
much more."

"I do not wish to play any tricks
nor spring any trap on you. If you
will multiply five cents by 365 days it
will just make \$18.25."

"Don't say anything more to me
about the \$18.25. I am good for five

a day. Let me take your memor-
andum."

He pledged himself for thirty cents
a Sabbath. He took the book to his
wife, for she took in washing and iron-
ing, and so had an income. She cheer-
fully gave her name for five cents a
day. Their daughter was a seamstress
and she wrote her name for four cents
a day. Weeks came and months
passed, and the shoemaker said:

"I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-
five cents a week and not feel it. It
goes like current expenses; and then
it amounts to so much more than I
ever gave before; it gives me a manly
feeling. I feel that I am doing my
duty."—*Exchange.*

[The above furnishes a solution of
nearly all our Church financial prob-
lems. On this plan the comparatively
poor members would do more for the
support of missions than is now done
by the rich and poor together, and if
the rich would give in like proportion
there would be no lack of money for
any good enterprise.]

A MOTHER'S PLEDGE.

DR. MARK HOPKINS tells of
a mother who sent four sons
into the world to do for them-
selves, taking from each of them as
they went a pledge not to use intoxi-
cating drinks or tobacco, before he was
twenty-one years of age. They are
now from sixty-five to seventy-five
years of age; only one has had a sick
day; all are honoured men, and not
one of them is worth less than a
million of dollars.

Not every boy who abstains from
intoxicants and tobacco will live to be
seventy-five years of age, but it is safe
to say that he will live longer than if
he uses them; for there can be no
question that the use of these, especi-
ally in boyhood, does shorten human
life. Not every boy who abstains
will be free from sickness, but he will
have less than if he uses them; for
they injure the health, make one more
susceptible to disease and less able to
resist it when it comes. Not every
one who abstains will accumulate a
million dollars, but he will certainly
gain far more than if he indulges; for
these habits are expensive and waste-
ful ones. Mothers, bring up your sons
as this one did. Boys, follow the ex-
ample, take the pledge and keep it.

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.

ONE of the worst habits young
people form is that of leaning
forward too much while at
work or study. It is much
less tiresome, and more healthy to
sit or stand erect. The round should-
ered, hollow chested, and almost deformed
persons one meets every day could have
avoided all the bad results from which
they now suffer had they always kept
the body erect, the chest full, and
shoulders thrown back. A simpler
rule is, if the head is not thrown
forward, but held erect, the shoulders
would drop back to their natural
position, giving the lungs full play.
The injury done by carelessness in
this respect is by compressing the lungs,
preventing their full and natural action,
resulting in lung diseases, usually
consumption. Sit erect, boys and
girls, and look the world in the face.
—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

DON'T DRINK.

Don't drink, boys, don't!
There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or
cheer
In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer;
If they cheer you when drunk, you are certain
to pay,
In head-a-ches and crossness, the following day.
Don't drink, boys, don't!

Boys, let it alone!
Turn your back on your deadliest enemy,
Drink!
An assassin disguised; nor for one moment
think,
As some rashly say, that true women admire,
The man who can boast that he's playing with
fire.

Boys, let it alone!

No, boys, don't drink!
If the habit's begun, stop now! stop to-day!
Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and away
Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This is
the goal
Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave of
the bowl.
No, boys, don't drink.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

ALL the Apostles were insulted
by the enemies of their Master.
They were called to seal their
doctrines with their trials.

Schumacher says:
St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by
being slain with a sword at a distant
city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark expired at Alexandria,
after having been cruelly dragged
through the streets of that city.

St. John was put in a cauldron of
boiling oil, but escaped death in a
miraculous manner and was afterwards
banished to Patmos.

St. Peter was crucified at Rome with
his head downwards.

St. James, the Greater, was be-
headed at Jerusalem.

St. James, the Less, was thrown
from a lofty pinnacle of the temple,
and then beaten to death with a
fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross,
where he preached to his persecutors
until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the
body with a lance, at Coromndael, in
the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with
arrows.

St. Mathias was first stoned and
then beheaded.

St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was
stoned to death by the Jews at
Salonica.

St. Paul, after various tortures and
persecutions, was at length beheaded
at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Such was the fate of the Apostles,
according to traditional statement.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

AN Arab miller was one day
startled by a camel's nose
thrust through the window
of the room where he was sleeping.
"It is very cold outside," said the
camel; "I only want to get my nose
in." The nose was let in, then the
neck; finally the whole body. Pres-
ently the miller began to be incon-
venienced at the ungainly companion
he had obtained in a room certainly
not large enough for both. "If you
are inconvenienced you may leave,"
said the camel; "as for myself I shall
stay where I am."

CHILDREN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

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.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

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.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 51.] LESSON V. [Feb. 3.

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Act. 17: 35-41, and 16: 1-10. Commit to memory vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come over into Macedonia and help us, Acts 16: 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sharp Contention. v. 35-39.
2. The Three Companions. v. 40-5.
3. The Macedonian Call. v. 6-10.

PLACES.—Antioch in Syria, Lystra in Lycania, Troas in Mysia.

EXPLANATIONS.—With many others—Some of their names are given in Acts 13: 1. Let us go again—To the places in the first missionary journey. John, whose surname was Mark—The young man who had left them on their first journey. Thought no good—Did not think it was right. Contention—Even apostles had differences and divisions. Departed under—And never worked together again. Confirming—Encouraging the Churches already founded. A certain disciple—A believer in Christ. Son of a woman—Her name was Eunice. Father was a Greek—A heathen, not a Christian. Would have—As his companion and helper. Circumcised him—The rite or form by which a Gentile became a Jew. Because of the Jews—He could not work among the Jews as a Gentile. The decree—The agreement that Gentile Christians should not be required to become Jews. Forbidden of the Holy Ghost—The Spirit kept them at that time from preaching in Asia, in order to send them to Europe. A vision—This was a dream sent by the Lord to direct Paul. To go into Macedonia—This was across the Aegean Sea in Europe.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That good men may differ in their judgment?
2. That quarrels separate friends?
3. That the call of duty requires prompt obedience?

THE LESSON CATECHISM

1. What did Paul propose to Barnabas to do? To meet the brethren in every city.
2. Whom did Paul meet on his journey? Timothy. 3. In what were the Churches established? In the faith. 4. What appeared

to Paul in the night? A vision. 5. Where did Paul then go? Into Macedonia.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of the Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. In what other ways did He show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and the graciousness of His teaching. Luke iv. 22; John vii. 46; Luke xxiv. 32; Mark i. 22.
8. And what was the last and greatest proof?

His rising from the dead, as He Himself foretold. John ii. 18, 19, 21; Acts ii. 32.

[Matthew xvi. 21; 1 Corinthians xv. 14, 20.]

9. Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God? They have, according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. John xiv. 20; 1 John iv. 13; Galatians v. 22, 23.

[John i. 17; xvi. 14; Acts v. 32; 1 Corinthians xii. 3, Ephesians i. 13; 1 John v. 10.]

A. D. 52.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 10.

THE CONVERSION OF LYDIA.

Acts 16: 11-24. Commit to memory vs. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul. Acts 16: 14.

OUTLINE.

1. Mission Work. v. 11-13.
2. Success. v. 14, 15.
3. Opposition. v. 16-24.

TIME.—A. D. 52, directly following the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Philippi in Macedonia.

EXPLANATIONS.—Loosing—Sitting sail. Colony—A Roman city having the right to govern itself. River-side—The Jews worshipped by rivers when they had no synagogue. Spoke unto the women—The first Gospel sermon in Europe was preached to a little company of women. Selver of purple—Of purple dyes, or of dry-goats dyed purple. She attended—Heard with willingness to believe. Faithful to the Lord—A disciple of Christ. Constrained—Urged earnestly. Damsel—A young girl who was a slave. Spirit of divination—Having a power through an evil spirit to foretell some events. Sothis says—Falling fortunes and making predictions for pay. Cried, saying—The evil spirit was compelled to confess the power of Christ. Grieved—Paul was unwilling to receive honour from evil spirits. Hope of their gains—They could now make no more money out of her utterances. The market-place—The public square where courts and public meetings were held. Teach customs—The worship of Jesus Not lawful—This was false, for the Gospel was not forbidden. Beat them—With heavy rods. Inner prison—The inside or lowest dungeon. Stocks—Wooden fixtures for fastening the feet.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson is it shown—
1. That God's word finds its way to praying hearts?
2. That there may be right speech and a wrong heart?
3. That self-interest unites men in hatred of the truth?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is said of Lydia? The Lord opened her heart. 2. Whom did Paul meet on his way to prayer? A damsel possessed with an evil spirit. 3. What did Paul command the spirit? "To come out of her." 4. When the spirit came out what did her master do? Brought Paul and Silas to the magistrates. 5. What did the magistrates do to Paul and Silas for this act? Beat them and cast them into prison.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Evil spiritual agencies.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What does our Lord say to those who reject Him?

He declares that they ought to believe in Him; and that they would believe in Him if they humbly and patiently listened to His words. John viii. 46, 47; John x. 25-27. [John iii. 19; xviii. 37; 1 John iv. 6.]

11. What is His warning to them? That His word shall condemn them at the last day. John xii. 48.

12. What blessing does He pronounce on believers?

To Peter He gave it thus: Matthew xvi. 17. And to Thomas He gave it thus: John xx. 29.

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