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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

[No. 48.]

Thanksgiving.

The ripe rosy apples are all gathered in ;
They wait for the winter in barrel and bin ;
And nuts for the children, a plentiful store.
Are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor ;
The great golden pumpkins, that grew such a size,
Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies ;
And all the good times that the children hold dear,
Have come round again with the feast of the year.

Now, what shall we do in our bright, happy homes,
To welcome this time of good times as it comes ?
And what do you say is the very best way
To show we are grateful on Thanksgiving Day ?
The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this : to make thankful some other hearts, too ;
For lives that are grateful, and sunny and glad,
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad ;
For children who have all they want and to spare,
Their good things with poor little children to share ;
For this will bring blessing, and this is the way,
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

A SHIP IN WINTER.

A ship in summer when the weather is clear, the breezes are gentle, and the water smooth, is a thing of beauty and a delight to those who have the privilege of sailing in them; but when the winter comes and storms of sleet and rain cover the rigging and decks with ice, the life of the sailor is dreary enough. The ship in our picture has been in a severe storm, and every rope, mast, spar, and cable is covered with ice. The waves dash fiercely against the sides of the hull and the sea means most dimly. Surely it is not a very pleasing spectacle. But let that same ship float out into a clear, calm sea, where the sun is shining, and the air is clear and balmy, and it would be a pleasure to ride upon her. Well, what good lesson can we learn from the ship? We were just thinking what if the ship should sail along willingly and faithfully when the wind and weather were favourable, but when the storm and cold came would say, "I cannot endure this tedious weather. I must be excused from service when the storm comes." That would be about the way some Christians do. You have heard of fair-weather Christians, have you not? Of course you have, and no doubt you have seen them too, for they are far too common. They are quite ready to be Christians when the tide of religious interest is favourable, but when temptations and persecutions come, they are ready to turn aside and shirk the responsibility of standing up for Jesus. The readers of Pleasant Hours must not be fair-weather Christians, but stand steady and strong against the storms of trial and persecutions, and Jesus will bring them through gloriously in the end.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I was a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

"I had a rich neighbour, a man I was bound to propitiate, and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon, and had to stick to it. Only if you think animals can't show gratitude

and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap, with all kinds of animals, and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was: 'Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once! Hebe was a favourite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.'

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I dis-

Even Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered.

"She'll kill you sure."

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum. 'I like your pluck, my boy,' he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

"The men employed about the show

came around me curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I

could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's, but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me, it had an awful suggestiveness.



A SHIP IN WINTER.

trusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said, in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two would help me any."

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony, and almost wild with pain.

"Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was, we could hear her piteous trumpeting, and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

"'She's only curling your hair,' sang out the keeper. 'Don't mind her.'

"'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,' said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"That man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten, yet not ungenially. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"'Shall I cut again?' I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife, the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packing it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—

well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools; I was as limp as a rag.

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,' the keeper answered me. 'Come in and see her; she'll be glad to see you.'

"'Nonsense!' said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent. There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. 'That's the sober truth!'—Our Dumb Animals.

TIM'S KIT.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come around them in a quiet way, and hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good, stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'actly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Going on a 'scourtion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money, and said:

"I guess I kin write if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you may not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted, of scarlet fever, aged 3 years, Funeral to morrer, gone up to Hevin, left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped: "I I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the door step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins.

THE REASON WHY

The following amusing little scene occurred in an ophthalmic hospital in Manchester. An old man applied one day for some spectacles, as he complained that his eyesight was bad—indeed, he could hardly see at all. Accordingly, he had the usual large frame put on and strong magnifying glasses put into it, and a card with very large print held a little distance from him. Then the surgeon asked: "Can you read that, my man?"

"No, sir," said the man. "I can't."

The surgeon, after putting in stronger glasses and holding the card nearer, said: "Well, can you read that, now?"

Still the old man replied: "No, sir I can't read a word of it."

The surgeon then put in the strongest glasses and held the card close to the old man's face, saying: "Well, can you read that?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, sadly, shaking his head, "you see, sir, I never learned to read."

Boys That Are Wanted.

BY CARLOTTA FENNY.

"Wanted—boys," this want I find
As the city's wants I read of,
And that is so, there's a certain kind
Of boys that the world has need of.
The boys that are wanted are steady
Boys,
Unselfish, true, and tender;
Holding more dear the sweet home joys
Than the club or the ballroom's splendour.

Boys who have eyes for the sister's
grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly;
To whom forever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.

Boys are wanted whose breaths are
sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth de-
ceit,
That lead to a soul beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and
bright
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant and not as master.

Boys are wanted whose strength can
lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose "No" is a "No" indeed,
And whose "Yes" has an equal mean-
ing.

Who are strong not only when life de-
ceives
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practice its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

JAMIE'S POST.

"Oh! he's tip-top at starting things, but you can't tell how long he will hold out," said Ralph, doubtfully.

"He seems interested enough now," answered Rob.

"Yes; but by the time he gets the rest of us into it he may have lost his interest and have forgotten all his fine promises. He means all right, I suppose, but he doesn't do to tie to."

Both boys laughed, and little Jamie, sitting on the gate, looked soberly from one to the other. He waited until Ralph walked away, and then slowly questioned his brother.

"Wobert, what does a to-tie-to mean?"
"A—what?" asked Rob, suddenly becoming aware of the small presence.

"That boy," declared Jamie, pointing one plump finger after the retreating Ralph, "said another boy didn't be a to-tie-to."

"Oh! Jimsey, what a wretched 'little pitcher' you are!" groaned Rob. "No; he said the other boy wouldn't do to tie to—to tie to, you understand? It isn't all one word."

"What kind of a boy does it mean, Wobby?"

"Mean? Why, when you say a fellow won't do to tie to, you mean that you can't exactly trust him. He isn't"—Rob hesitated, realizing that some common phrases that seem to convey to one a very clear meaning, are, after all, not

easy to explain. "It's this way, Jimsey. If you were going to tie a horse somewhere, would you find a good strong post that would hold him where you wanted him to stand, or would you tie him to any loose piece of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some bowsh," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd wun and dwag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going out into the water, and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

Yes, I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie, admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing, and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions, and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions not altogether comfortable; but, after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie suddenly looked up from his plate and remarked: "Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed? Well, that's a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it, I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fibre, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable, and useful."

Everybody laughed at the pretended gravity with which Jamie's funny speech was answered, but into Rob's face came a look of earnest purpose. He liked the description.

"That's the kind of man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."

HE LEARNED HOW.

This story was told of a dog the other day: He was very fond of one member of the family in which he lived, and was never so happy as when near him. He would lie outside the door of his favourite's room, though there was a rule against his being in the house. Again and again he was driven out of doors, but managed to get back to the rug outside this particular door. To get to this door the dog had to cross a piece of oilcloth. Whenever he was heard crossing this oilcloth, whoever heard him would at once drive him out of doors. At last it was found that he would get to this door without being heard. He was watched. It was found that he would walk naturally until he came to this piece of oilcloth; then he would walk on the ball of his foot, so that his nails would not touch the oilcloth and make a noise. Was he not clever?

THE CASE OF THE BOY AND THE BISHOP.

Bishop Whipple, of the Episcopal church, walking along the streets of Minneapolis, observed a small boy standing on tiptoe to reach the door-bell of a fine looking residence. The tips of the boy's fingers barely reached the electric button, but could not give the necessary pressure, and the bishop said benignly,

"Would you like some help, my little man?"

The boy signified that the benefit of a few extra inches of altitude would be very acceptable to him, and the bishop ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

"Now," said the boy, "I reckon we'd better both run," and put his advice into immediate practice.

It took the bishop but an instant to grasp the situation. It was Halloween night, and in spite of his age and dignity, he managed to disappear from the vicinity about as promptly as the boy.

THE MONKEYS OF CEYLON.

BY S. O. R. RUTNAM.

Of all animals, monkeys most resemble man. My home is in the north of Ceylon, and the history of my early days is rather closely associated with adventures among monkeys. When I was a mere boy, I used to spend much of my time in their company. About one hundred of them lived in our large compound, with its tall palmyra and cocoanut trees, its groups of mango and jack-trees, its thickets, and its peerless white sand-banks. It is sometimes said that man is the only laughing creature, but monkeys often make expressions that look very much like laughing, and they are clever in grinning and in facially expressing anger.

It is an interesting spectacle to see them march in a most perfect, orderly manner, like a well-disciplined regiment of troops. They would march sometimes in a single file, sometimes double, according to their pleasure and wisdom. As a rule, monkeys are quite dexterous in using their hands. They handle things as men do, and some of their exploits, such as leaping from the branch of a lofty palmyra tree over one hundred feet high to another of the same height at a distance of about twenty yards, with their young ones all the time firmly clinging to them, is enough to make one's hair stand on end. The slightest mistake they might make in their leap would result in instant death; yet they never make mistakes. They are always very active. Sometimes comfortably seated on the branch of a tree, they swing it to an extent that threatens to separate the branch from the tree, but they are too clever to make any such wrong calculation.

Monkeys take great pleasure in playing with and frightening children. I have often been maltreated by my monkey friends. I would be surrounded by a number of them, and they would rob me of my fruit or other delicacies with dexterity and perfect composure. Any hostile demonstration on my part would merely bring down their wrath on my head. But they never dared to touch me if some elderly person was near.

One bright summer day, just before sunset, a number of them came to pay me a visit, and unfortunately I was alone. When I saw them at a distance of about fifty yards, I ran into a room and bolted the door, being unwilling to entertain such guests when no one else was at home. I peeped through the key-hole to see what the monkeys were doing. The leader walked toward the kitchen, opened the door with his hands, and invited all his followers to step in and partake of the food which had been cooked and kept ready for our dinner. It was amusing to see them sit in the room in orderly fashion, pass round the dishes containing food, and divide it among themselves. Having dined, some of the younger and more energetic monkeys leaped about and turned somersaults, and then all took their way towards the adjacent palmyra grove.

There are two kinds of monkeys, those that go about in company, and those that go about singly. The latter are very unsocial, and much larger in size. They are looked upon as outcasts, and are often attacked by the other kind of monkeys, fighting between them being of everyday occurrence.

Jugglers in India and Ceylon teach monkeys to play tricks. It is not difficult to catch them. A small hole, just sufficient to let the monkey's hand in, is bored in a tender cocoanut, which is placed beside a tree. The animal will come and put its hand into the cocoanut, gather from the inside as much as it can hold in its hand, and then try to extricate the hand, which, of course, is impossible, the closed hand being too large to come out through the hole. While engaged in its foolish task, one can run to it and make it an easy prisoner. The monkey will not loose its hold, even if it knows its life to be in imminent danger. In Ceylon, a man who most tenaciously and stubbornly holds to his opinions, right or wrong, is said to take a "monkey-hold."

When the monkeys see a gun levelled at them, they will raise their clasped hands above their heads, and in every possible way entreat you not to shoot. I have often, by directing a mock gun against them, made them cringe and bow to me. Of all the lower animals, they are the most amusing, but I can never persuade myself to be a Darwinian. There is a great variety of animals, and doubtless the monkey resembles man to some extent in outward form, but to one who knows them it seems pure lunacy to think that man descended from monkeys.

The man who would be strong in the Lord always, must not feed his soul on worldly bread.

Shut the Door.

He had left the door in his haste wide open,

As he hurried out to play,
And I heard his mother, gently chiding,
To the thoughtless fellow say,
As she'd done full many a time before,
"Be careful, my son, and shut the door!"

And I thought there are lessons more deep and lasting

Than the lad or his mother see,
In those words of reproof so often spoken,
And forgotten as frequently;
Than the common meaning there's something more
In that simple sentence, "Shut the door."

When evil seeketh your heart to enter,
How grave or how slight the sin,
Remember no wrong can gain an entrance,

Unless you shall let it in;
Bethink you then of this homely lore,
And to every temptation "shut the door."

When angry words to your lips are leaping,

Or those impure or profane,
Let this warning come like a voice from heaven

Your hasty speech to restrain—
"Twas the prayer of the Psalmist, o'er
and o'er,

That his lips be guarded—"Shut the door!"

When one in your presence speaks of another

In language false or unkind,
Show plainly his story affords no pleasure;

Bring the "Golden Rule" to your mind;

Just turn from the tale in your ears he'd pour—

To every traducer "shut the door."

Life's doors at times it is wise to throw open,

And to leave them wide open, in sooth,
To every influence high and holy,

To wisdom, and virtue, and truth;
But other than this let me still implore.
Hear well the injunction, "Shut the door!"

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 6, 1896.

Hymn 38, Junior Hymnal, 151 Church Hymn Book. "See from his head," etc., verse 3.—Matt. 27. 29.

Verses 3 and 4 to be committed to memory. Here are the first lines of those verses:

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,"

"Were the whole realm of nature mine."

These verses are a true description of the Saviour's sufferings, when making an atonement for man's transgressions. Every part of his body partook of the most intense suffering. His head was crowned with thorns. His hands were nailed to the rugged wood. The palm of the hand, through which the nails were driven, is the most tenderly sensitive part of the body. The mental anguish which he endured was more severe than the bodily tortures to which he was subjected. This was the occasion of the most dreadful sorrow. This was foretold by Isaiah as the travail of his soul.

MATTHEW'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGIC SCENE.

The scarlet robe, the crown of thorns, and the reed, or cane, in his hand, were all intended as so many instruments of mockery, hence those who took part in the extraordinary scene now described, knelt before him and said, "Hail, King of the Jews." This was all done in mockery, with the design of adding insult to injury. They felt no sympathy with the pain which he was enduring, hence they increased his sufferings all in their power. To have insults cast upon you, to be called by opprobrious names, is one of the most trying ordeals to which a person can be subjected. It is grievous to be borne, and requires an amount of patience which only some possess. Jesus, however, was holy and harmless, and when reviled, or tormented and insulted, he reviled not again.

WHY DID CHRIST ENDURE SUCH SUFFERING?

"For this purpose he was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." He "was wounded for our transgressions . . . by his stripes we are healed." Remember, dear young friends, it was sin that made Christ to suffer, and every time any of you sin, you open his wounds again, and crucify him afresh and afresh. When tempted to commit any sin, just try to think how you so doing will grieve and wound your blessed Saviour.

He Took Time to Die.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

There was an old fellow who never had time
For a fresh morning look at the Volume
sublime,
Who never had time for the soft hand of
prayer
To smooth out the wrinkles of labour and
care,
Who could not find time for that service
so sweet
At the altar of home where the dear ones
all meet,
And never found time with the people
of God
To learn the good way that the fathers
have trod;
But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!
He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he
To linger at breakfast, at dinner, or tea,
For the merry small chatter of children
and wife,

But led in his marriage a bachelor life;
Too busy for kisses, too busy for play,
No time to be loving, no time to be gay,
No time to replenish his vanishing health,
No time to enjoy his swift-gathering
wealth;

But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!

He found time to die.

This beautiful world had no beauty for
him;

Its colours were black and its sunshine
was dim.

No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill,
No time in his life just to think and be
still;

No time for his neighbours, no time for
his friends,

No time for those highest immutable
ends

Of the life of a man who is not for a day,
But, for worse or for better, for ever and
aye.

But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!

He found time to die.

DRIFTED AWAY.

By Edward William Thomson.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Mr. Lancely's boat-house could be seen from the upper windows of his suburban residence at three hundred yards' distance. The house stood far back in a garden-orchard separated from the shore by the highway to the Humber, and by the Great Western Railway track, which runs along the lake shore for miles.

Mrs. Lancely had been sitting in the afternoon beside her bedroom window knitting a long stocking for Charley, when she bethought her that she had not heard his voice for an unusually long time. Where was he?

Safe with Isidore, of course; perhaps searching the hay-mow for eggs, perhaps giving the tall French boy one more exposition of the great truth that little d should always be recognized by its peculiarity of becoming little p when turned upside down.

Scarcely had her mind formed that picture when it was replaced by a vision of Isidore as she had first seen him. He had come up the St. Lawrence as stow-away and been, as he said, booted ashore at Toronto, where he soon found himself worse off than in his native poverty.

The police, he said, had "tried to catch him," he didn't know why. The city boys had "piled onto him." Everybody said, "Get out of that, Frenchy," when he asked for a job. He had obtained some meals at the soup kitchen; but on the whole, he could not remember how he had lived throughout the terrible months before Charley found him devouring broken meat set out in the woodshed for the absent dog.

"Hello, that's for Bruno!" said Charley, coming round the corner of the house.

The little boy had never before seen such a tattered fellow, but he was not at all afraid. Indeed, Charley never seemed to know fear. In that bullet-headed, fair-haired, clear-eyed young Saxon there was a rare assumption that all living creatures would behave amiably. His self-confidence was perfect; the sourest dogs yielded to his patronage at sight. This boy was at once easy, imperative, and kind.

"I suppose you didn't have your dinner," said he to Isidore at that first meeting; "but you oughtn't to take Bruno's. Wait till I come back."

Isidore put back the pieces as if without any alternative but to obey this young commander, who soon returned with permission to bring the ragamuffin into the kitchen and have him fed.

So, then, Isidore had his first good meal in Toronto, and with that began his employment by the Lancelys. Since that time, two years before, he had been a treasure of obedience, industry, and gratitude to them all. But Charley was his hero, his general, his schoolmaster, his earthly saviour, the very lamp of his life and soul.

Mrs. Lancely, turning again to the window, saw a man clamber up the ridge of earth which separates the highway from the shore, and point out something on the sullen expanse of Lake Ontario to others who came after him. Her eyes were not good enough to see that they gazed at anything except water almost unbroken by whitecaps, and rolling away to the gray of the southern horizon.

She called on her house-maid to bring her the field-glass from down-stairs. Then she clearly made out her husband's boat lifting and dipping far away. She clearly saw Isidore waving his cap, and Charley floating out his white handkerchief for aid.

Aid! She could give them none. The nearest boats were either in front of the city, fully two miles away in one direction, or at the Humber River mouth, as far distant in the other. Her impulse was to run down into the lake rather than stand idly watching that lessening boat.

Then she remembered that she could communicate with her husband from the suburban telegraph station. When she had sent the despatch and nothing remained to be done, she again took her stand at the window.

Through a cold opaline light the boat wavered away. The snow-storm passed. Darkness drew on. Some lights faintly twinkled on the long island a mile east of where the boys seemed to be, and still the poor mother fancied she could see Charley waving his speck of white.

No sign, except the trembling clutch of her interwrought fingers, indicated the agony of her strife to maintain sense and calm. All that night she sat there, intensely alive to every sigh of the falling wind, every creak of the trees and the timbers of the house, every thrill from distant trains that came on and on, bearing crowds of the living across the vague field of her vision, and away out of the deepened silence they left her.

Stars and stars emerged dilating from the horizon; the house grew stiller and chill as the wind died away to a frosty quiet; the galaxies of heaven long wavered on a lake whereon they at last sparkled at rest in unruffled calm; and daylight crept into the welkin. Then the low island's outline slowly separated from the water; tints of amethyst and rose flushed high from the coming sun; glints multiplied and brightened to a wide shine over the lake, and nowhere on its immense expanse could Mrs. Lancely see a boat or tug.

"Ma'am, dear, you've sat here all night," said Hannah, entering the room. "Yes," said the mother, in a faint and tranquil voice. "In the night for a long time I thought he must be dead. But he is coming back to me, for God has had my boy in his keeping."

On the south shore of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of Eighteen-mile Creek, in the State of New York, a farmer, Elihu Walcott, was up that morning with the sun, when the whistling of steamers away toward the mouth of the Niagara River, drew him in curiosity toward the lake shore. Had navigation begun at so early a season? he wondered.

There could be no doubt, at any rate, that six tugs were coming quickly eastward, nearly abreast, and about half a mile apart. The most distant was little more than a smoke to Walcott's eyes. The foremost ran parallel with the shore, well out from the main drift of ice that had been blown in by the wind of the night.

As the sun rose higher, a light breeze from the east sprang up, and dissipated the little and low mist that had gathered during the short calm before dawn. Walcott saw a row-boat about a mile away to the north. Almost at that moment the two innermost tugs, keeping up a prolonged whistling, ran out for the skiff, upon which the little fleet soon converged.

Walcott kept his eyes fixed on the row-boat. He could see a figure in its middle seat. This figure was motionless. It stooped forward, its breast embraced by its arms, its head bowed over. In that attitude one might sleep.

The innermost tugs, as they neared the skiff, hid her from Walcott. When they slowed they still kept whistling. But before they stopped the steam shrieks ceased.

For a few seconds the air was blank of sound. Then a cheer, which passed from steamer to steamer, came faintly ashore.

Soon afterward Walcott thought he saw two forms carried round the deck-house of one of the tugs. Then the skiff, empty of the figure he had seen, was hauled upon one of the vessels. After a few silent minutes, during which the crews of all the tugs gathered upon that to which the forms had been brought, this one started northward. The others fell into procession, and all slowly vanished, leaving behind funeral trails of smoke on the horizon.

CHAPTER II.—FOUND.

Mr. Lancely's boat-house, built on a sloping shore, was in winter hauled farther in, and lifted on skids, so that crests blowing off from the surf might not freeze and mass on its end. The skiff's stern then rested against the inside of the outer doors, and would, were these suddenly opened, have run out on the floor rollers till the stern stopped on the gravel.

The boat did not move when Isidore flung open these doors, for he had taken the precaution to tie the painter to an upright in front.

From the boat-house to the water a slope of ice extended. Hence, when Charley, standing in the bow, drew his knife across the cord, the boat instantly started down the slope.

Isidore had been sitting astern, cutting the floor carpet loose from a little ice there. His weight threw the bow up as the stern slid down to the ice slope, then the skiff slapped over to one side, and before the boys could pick themselves up the boat was in the water. They were afloat, and moving gently outward.

Charley rubbed the back of his head, turned to Isidore, and laughed. "Hooray!" said Charley.

"Why, I tied her tight!" said Isidore. "I cut her loose. I never thought," said Charley, seeking his Jack-knife. "There's my overcoat getting wet," said the servant-boy. He and Charley both crawled along to pull the dragging sleeve from the water. Then they sat facing each other on the two middle seats.

"It was like sliding down hill," laughed Charley. "But we can't get back!" Charley looked around the boat, saw neither oar nor paddle, and measured the distance to shore.

"I could swim it, Isidore," said he. "No, no, Mr. Charley. The water's too cold. And besides, we can't let the boat go."

She was now moving sidewise before wind and current with some speed. Charley looked up to the house, coming into view above the spruces, and shouted for the servant-girls:

"Mary! Hannah!" Isidore joined in; but they could see no one. "Mary! Hannah!" they cried again.

"There's Bruno!" said Charley. The dog ran down to the shore, barked, went into the water, turned back, stood, barked again, ran along the shore as if seeking a better place to enter, came back, stood whining, and then stalked morosely to the house and lay down in his kennel.

"I think I can see my mother at the window," said Charley, "but she isn't looking, is she, Isidore?"

"No. How would it do to call to her, Mr. Charley?"

"Mother! mother!" Charley cried. "She doesn't hear, Isidore. You try."

"Ma'am! ma'am!" called Isidore.

"Say 'Mrs. Lancely!'" But she did not look out, even when they called with the full strength of their lungs and exhausted all their devices for attracting attention. Soon the opacity of the double windows concealed the faint outline of her head.

"I wish I had swim it," said Charley. "It's too far now."

He fell into a strong anxiety for his mother. How often had he promised not to leave home without her permission! Now he was drifting out with a feeling that he was breaking his word.

"Do you s'pose I could swim it now?" he asked.

"Mr. Charley! Don't think of that at all. Somebody will see us soon."

"Then they'll come out with the oars," The youngster spoke hopefully.

"The worst is there ain't no other boat," said Isidore. Charley looked blankly along the shore.

"How ever will they get to us?" said he.

"That's what I'm wondering. But they'll come, don't you be a bit afraid."

"I'm not afraid, Isidore. Only my mother will be so anxious! I'm glad she didn't see us. I wish my father was home."

"Yes. The master 'ud soon fix it."

"Let us think, Isidore. My father always says that's the way to do in trouble." They stared at one another, determinedly thinking. The more they

thought, the more clearly they saw their danger.

"We may go out past the island!" said Charley.

"I'm afraid of that," said Isidore, placing his hand on his scapulary, a little consecrated leather covered church medal, tied with string about his neck. He believed it to be a charm against drowning.

"But somebody must see us and come!" said Charley, imperiously.

"Oh, somebody will. They's people on the island that has boats."

"Well, that's all right then, Isidore. Only it's getting cold."

"Put my great big coat round you, Mr. Charley. That's right, put your arms in."

"I wish I had my own. You'll be cold yourself," said the little boy, snuggling into the heavy garment.

The fur-lined collar went up over his ears, and the coat wrapped him to the feet as he sat down.

"I tell you that's a great coat for warmin' you up," said Isidore. "Your pa's new overcoat ain't half so heavy."

"He used to have this one for driving, you know, Isidore."

They discussed the garment at such length that Charley quite forgot how Isidore was sacrificing himself. The French boy all the time scanned the shore. Charley kept his eyes fixed pretty steadily on his mother's window. "Isn't it queer nobody is going round anywhere?" said he.

Out they drifted, past the fortified point that hid Toronto Bay, its wharves and its tied-up, smokeless shipping. Clouds, brown curving down, went out to sea from the city's factory chimneys. On the bay nothing moved, nor could they make out anything back of the wharves except buildings, spires, domes, chimneys pouring smoke, and white puffs from locomotives shunting along the water-front. From the westward a faint rumble grew, and they soon saw the five o'clock train from Hamilton hurry past their homes. Its black trail lay out far over the water, and they could smell the smoky particles after a while.

(To be continued.)

DUTCH SIMPLICITY.

Kempen, a town in Holland, on the lower Rhine (the birthplace of Thomas a Kempis), is a favourite residence of people with small incomes. The imagination of these Dutchmen must be as limited as their incomes, judging from the droll stories that are told of them.

At one time a fire broke out, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire in the town, officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll it voted to double the number of the gates.

This same council also ordered the sundial to be taken from the court-house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people, nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to hoist a cow up and let her eat it.—Harper's Young People.

BURDENS.

"Ah," sighed an old, faithful clock, which I had in my room, "what a burden is life! These weights wear me out. With much pleasure would I say, 'Tick, tick,' and strike, as is my duty, if I only need not carry these dreadful heavy weights; I am not free from them one single hour." So it sighed daily until I, moved with pity to my dear old, faithful clock, took away its weights, when its complaints stopped; but it never gave me a sign of gratitude since; it was henceforth as silent as the grave. So it would be with many of us if we were without the burdens of life. No doubt they are heavy and wearisome, but needful to our spiritual life.—Christian Standard.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

Superintendent Haun tells the story of a hen who was found after the forest fires in Wisconsin sitting over her brood and stone dead. When the scorched body was turned over, the chickens ran out unharmed. What a pathetic instance of the great life-sacrificing, world instinct of motherhood! And what added meaning and tenderness it lends to the Saviour's simile: "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings?"

What is Faith?

Little Mary stood on the kitchen floor,
Gazing down at the old trapdoor
Into the cellar dark and damp
She could only see a tiny lamp
At her papa's side; she knew he was
there,
For she saw him herself go down the
stair;
And now and then she could hear him
speak,
Though the voice seemed far away and
weak.

"Papa!" she called in her baby tone,
"Are you there, dear papa? I'm all
alone."
"Why, yes, little daughter, be sure I am
here;
Jump and I'll catch you, do not fear."
"Papa, it is dark, I cannot see;
Where are you, papa? Do come for me."
"No, daughter, jump; I will hold you
fast,
Come now!" and Mary jumped at last.

He held her trembling in close embrace,
And pressed a kiss on her baby face,
While a simple lesson the child he
taught,
A lesson she never in life forgot:
"My dear, that's the way to obey the
Lord;
Though you cannot see him, believe in
his word;
He will say, 'Here am I,' to every call.
Trust him, he never will let you fall!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 6.

SOLOMON'S SIN.

1 Kings 11. 4-13. Memory verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take
heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10. 12.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 11.
4-13).

Tuesday.—Read Ahijah's prophecy (1
Kings 11. 29-38). Answer the Questions.

Wednesday.—Read how wise counsel
was rejected (1 Kings 12. 1-11). Study
Teachings of the Lesson.

Thursday.—Read how a kingdom was
divided (1 Kings 12. 12-20). Learn the
Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read a warning against bad
company (Deut. 7. 1-11). Learn the
Golden Text.

Saturday.—Read how a warning was
wasted (Jer. 44. 1-11).

Sunday.—Read about idols in the heart
(Ezek. 14. 1-8).

QUESTIONS.

I. The King's Folly, verses 4-8.

4. What age was Solomon at this time?
How was his heart turned away? What
was meant by his heart not being per-
fect? 5. To what did he give his chief
interest? What was Ashtoreth? Who
were the Ammonites. What was part of
the worship of Molech? 6. What evil
was done by Solomon? 7. How did
places of worship come to be called
"high places"? What is known of
Chemos? Who were the Moabites?
8. How far did Solomon sanction idol-
atry? How was incense burned? Of
what was it the symbol?

II. The Lord's Anger, verses 9-13.

9. What warnings had Solomon re-
ceived? 10. From what do we learn
that God notes our privileges? 11.
What was to happen to Solomon's king-
dom? Who was to receive part of it?
12. Why did God show some forbear-
ance? 13. How was God's promise to
David to be fulfilled? What tribe re-
mained loyal to the house of David?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

A gradual declension precedes ship-
wreck of character. Prosperity has its
dangers. Ungodly company is frequent-
ly the first step to ruin. When sin
tempts us its real purpose is disguised.
Who knoweth the power of God's anger?
The evil we do will live after us. Be
not unequally yoked with unbelievers.

HOW JOE HELPED ONE CHINA BOY.

Leu Yen worked in my family nine
years, and although he was always a
good servant, there was a marked change
in him after he became converted. He
had naturally a quick temper, but was
just as quick to acknowledge his fault.
As I passed through the kitchen into
the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I

could not but notice the happy, contented
expression in Leu Yen's face, though I
saw at a glance that the large clothes-
basket was full of tightly-rolled gar-
ments to be ironed, and that meant a
long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?"
was my salutation, and the answer came
ready and quick, "All right, Job help
me very much yesterday."

"Job help you! How was that?" for-
getting for a moment that our Sunday-
school lessons at that time were in the
book of Job.

"Yes, Job help me!" giving emphasis
to his words. "Yesterday I have big
wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work
hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix
'em big quilt on the line, put stick under
the line, hold him up, then wash more
clothes, go out, find stick blow down,
big quilt all dirt, go this way back again,
then I feel so mad, feel like I swear,
then I think of Job, how he lose all his
money, his children, all his land, get
sick, have sores all over, he never swear,
he praise God; then I praise God, bring
quilt in house, wash him clean, and
praise God all the time."—Congrega-
tionalist.

A BRAVE BOY.

James Farrell was an orphan boy.
That is, his mother was dead, his home
was broken up, and his
father sent him to live
at a large boarding
school. Here the poor
orphan, who was shy
and timid, and had
never been from home
before, felt very lonely
among a crowd of
strange boys. When
they all went to bed
in one large room,
James knelt down by
his little iron cot to
pray to God as he had
been taught by his dear
dead mother, now in
heaven.

"Hello!" said Tom
Loker, the bully of
the school, "got a
saint among us, have
we? We won't have
any sniffing and pray-
ing around here," and
he flung pillows and
boots at poor James,
and the other boys
joined in the cruel
sport. As James took
no notice of these
persecutions, Tom took
a pitcher of water and
was going to dash it
over him; but some of
the other boys pre-
vented him. James
prayed in his heart to
his mother's God, and
felt the truth of the
words, "As one whom
his mother comforteth,
so will I comfort you."
And night after night
he continued to pray,
till the persecutors got
tired of their
one-sided game, and one of their num-
ber even came and knelt down beside
James, and said, "My mother taught me
to pray, but I was ashamed to do so be-
fore all these boys. God helping me,
I'll be a braver boy."

So through the influence of that single
praying boy, much good was done in
that school. Boys! dare to do right?
Dare to be a Daniel, to stand up for
Jesus, to confess him before men, that he
may confess you before his Father and
the holy angels.

RUNAWAY BOB.

Some years ago a young lady in a
manufacturing town in England gathered
by her personal efforts a class of poor,
rough boys into the Sunday-school.
Among them was one, the most wretched
and unpromising, named Bob. The
superintendent of the school told these
boys to come to his house during the
week and he would give each of them a
new suit of clothes. They came, and
Bob with them, and received the gar-
ments.

After a Sunday or two Bob failed to
appear at school. The teacher sought
him out, and found his new clothes in
rags and dirt. She invited him back to
school. He came, and the superinten-
dent gave him another suit. After a
Sunday or two Bob's place was again
vacant. Once more his teacher found
him and the second suit of clothes ragged
and ruined.

The case seemed hopeless. She re-
ported the matter to the superintendent,
who asked her to try again, saying he
could feel there was something good in
Bob. He was promised a third suit of

clothes if he would agree to attend Sun-
day-school regularly. Bob promised, re-
ceived his third suit, and entered school
once more, became interested, was con-
verted, joined the church, became a
teacher, and finally studied for the min-
istry.

That dirty, ragged, runaway Bob be-
came Rev. Robert Morrison, the great
missionary to China, who translated the
Bible into the Chinese language, giving
the Gospel to the millions of that great
Empire.

The story encourages workers to be
faithful in picking up the waifs and
children of the slums, and persevering
with the most unpromising child ma-
terial.—The Contributor.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming
out into the kitchen with a pout on her
lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she
looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be
pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake
a good deal of the night with the poor
baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on
her hat and walked off into the garden.
But a new idea went with her—"the
very time to be pleasant is when other
people are cross."



A BRAVE BOY.

"True enough," thought she, "that
would do the most good. I remember
when I was ill last year, I was so ner-
vous that if any one spoke to me I could
hardly help being cross; and mother
never got cross or out of patience, but
was quite pleasant with me. I ought to
pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on
which she had thrown herself, and
turned a face full of cheerful resolution
toward the room where her mother sat
soothing and tending a fretful teething
baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his
carriage, mother? It's such a sunny
morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would,"
said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and
the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good,"
said Maggie, "and you must lie on the
sofa and take a nap while I'm gone.
You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that ac-
companied them were almost too much
for the mother, and her voice trembled
as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a
world of good. My head aches badly
this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as
she turned the carriage up and down the
walk! She resolved to remember and
act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and
pleasant is when everybody is tired and
cross."—The Young Reaper.

The man who is holding on to a few
favourite sins, is playing hide-and-seek
with the devil.

The "Mother's Room."

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lives with his aunt,
You know;
And he says his house is filled with
gloom,
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy
stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best
to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can
rest,
And talk of the things his heart loves
best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a
shout?
It is mother's room, and, if she don't
mind

To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the
floor
With marbles and tops and many things
more;
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go,
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to
greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to
glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never
find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

It is better to believe that there is
some good in everybody, than that there
is no good in anybody.

**Christmas
is Coming!**

And we would have you keep in mind
that a good book is always an acceptable
gift, and when it is a Canadian book, all
the better. Here are some of the new-
est and best, all by Canadian authors:

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