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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1882.

No. 14.

A SUMMONS.

Rise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storm forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, it is lifeless ever
Cast its pantom arms away,
Nor look back but to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day
The future has deeds of Glory,
Of honour God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

THE YACHT SUNBEAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

To go cruising over the historic waters of the Mediterranean in one's own steam yacht, and to visit the many places of interest on its memory-haunted shores, under the most distinguished auspices, is surely the very perfection of travel. Yet this is the luxurious mode of touring enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Brassey and their children, and a select company of friends, in 1874-5 and 1878—the account of which, by the graceful pen of Mrs. Brassey, forms the substance of the handsome volume, entitled, "Sunshine and Storm in the East." Mr. Thomas Brassey is the son of the great railway king, whose firm constructed our Canadian Grand Trunk, and who is himself now negotiating with the Canadian Government for the purchase of a large tract of land in our North-West Territory. He is a gentleman of nautical tastes, and with abundant means of gratifying them. In 1876-77, with his accomplished wife, he circumnavigated the globe in his own steam yacht. The *Sunbeam* is a staunch three-masted steam yacht, of 531 tons, 157 feet long, 27 feet 6 inches beam, and with engines of 850 horse-power. It is elegantly fitted up with every appliance of comfort and luxury—even to

open coal grates in the cabins. Except for the arched ceiling and objects hanging therefrom, the dining-saloon, shown in our large engraving, with its pictures, flowers, and air of elegance, offers no suggestion of the "cabined, cribbed, confined" quarters we expect to find on ship-board. The cosy saloon on deck, also, has quite the appearance of a lady's boudoir. But when you step outside of the door, everything is ship-shaps—the deck clear as holly-stone can make it, the brass work brightly burnished, and the sails neatly stowed. (See cuts on pages 108 and 109.) The yacht was so constructed

opportunities of seeing everything that was to be seen in the various places they visited.

On September 11th, 1874, Mrs. Brassey went on board the *Sunbeam*, which was riding at anchor off Ryde. She had been belated, so that it was pitch dark, a heavy gale was blowing, it was pouring rain, and the gig shipped seas which kept three men tailing. Such was the unpropitious beginning of what proved a very pleasant and prosperous voyage.

Sailing across the Bay of Biscay, they skirted the coast of Spain. They were glad to find themselves at the

pathetic interest was her visit to the little cemetery, to see the grave of a very dear friend. Here, side by side, were sleeping Jews, Mohammedans, Catholics, and Protestants, only a light iron railing dividing their graves, while overhead loomed the grand old Rock, "as if keeping watch over her children sleeping at her feet." We have in our possession a letter for Mrs. Brassey, dated "On board the *Sunbeam*, Gibraltar."

Leaving Gibraltar with a fair wind, the *Sunbeam* soon reached the island of Sicily, and skirting its magnificent north coast, reached the harbour of

Palermo. Running the gauntlet of the once terrible Scylla and Charybdis—rendered now harmless enough by the aid of steam—they left behind Mount *Ætna* towering 11,000 feet in air, and visible at a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, across the Adriatic to the classic shores of Greece. Crossing the bay of Navarino, where in 1827 the Turco-Egyptian fleet was destroyed by the combined power of England, France, and Russia, they soon reached the historic Bay of Salamis, where, 480 years B.C., Themistocles gained a more famous victory



DINING SALOON OF THE "SUNBEAM."

that with a favouring wind the funnel could be lowered, and sails alone be used; but when necessary steam could be used as an auxiliary, or indeed as the sole motive power.

The chapters of Mrs. Brassey's book consist of familiar journal letters, written to friends at home, and present vividly the result of the author's keen observation and picturesque description, and many of the pictures are from her own photographs. She everywhere received the most distinguished courtesies from British and foreign consuls, governors, and persons of influence, and enjoyed very exceptional

famous Rock of Gibraltar. Here they met an old friend, not unknown to us in Canada, Sir Fenwick Williams, a native of Nova Scotia, who won immortal fame by his heroic defence of Kara. The famous galleries in the rock were duly visited. These are between two and three miles long, wide enough for a carriage, and pierced every twelve yards for heavy guns. The views through these embrasures are described by Mrs. Brassey as singularly beautiful—"each like a picture in a dark frame—a bright bit of sunlight, blue sky and sea, with distant country views." Of more

over the Persians. A delightful visit was made to Athens, "the eye of Greece" and mother of arts and eloquence," with a minute inspection of its mouldering but still magnificent ruins. Mr. Brassey, who was his own pilot, skilfully steered his yacht through the intricate passage between the island and the mainland.

After a pleasant visit to the island of Corsica, Mrs. Brassey's first voyage ended at Nice, where she took train for Paris and Calais. Mr. Brassey in the meantime returned with the *Sunbeam* through the Straits to Gravesend. Thus happily ended a voyage of 13,

000 miles, often amid difficulties of navigation which might have taxed the skill, not merely of an amateur, but of a professional sailor. The entire company and crew numbered forty-two persons, and the voyage was made without the slightest mishap or accident to any of them. It is agreeable to observe the kindly and cordial relations between the commander and his crew. In foreign ports they were given full facilities for sight-seeing. When sick, as several became, they were skillfully cared for, and always with the happiest results. On Sundays, religious service was conducted by Mr. Brassy—where practicable twice a day. Sometimes he read an English or translated a French sermon, and sometimes Mrs. Brassy remarks that "Tom," as she familiarly calls him, gave a good discourse of his own.

"JOHN PLOUGHMAN" ON DRINKING.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.



HERE are more apes than those with four legs. I am sorry to say they are to be found among working men as well as among fine gentlemen. Fellows who have no estate but their labour, and no family arms except those they work with, will yet spend their little hard earnings at the brewshop or in waste. No sooner are their wages paid than away they go to the "Spotted Dog," or the "King's Head," to contribute their share of fool's pence towards keeping up the landlord's red face and round corporation. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, and yet some men hardly know the flavour of it; but beer, guzzled down as it is by working men, is nothing better than brown ruin. Dull, droning blockheads sit on the ale bench and wash out what little sense they ever had. Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth. The ale jug is a great waster. In all things keep within compass. To young men the road up-hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. What was hard to bear will be sweet to remember. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, live hard, and save in their early days, they need not keep their noses to the grindstone all their lives, as so many do. Let them be teetotallers for economy sake. Water is the strongest drink; it drives mills, it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. The beer money will soon build a house. Our working people are shamefully unthrifty, and so old England swarms with poor. 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 bows and "How do you do, my good fellow," mean true respect, is

a perfect 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 certainly 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 beerhouse is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but head-aches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures, are all creatures of prey—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 empty, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth.

THE NEW COMER.

BY J. E. McCONAUGHY.

ALVAH was the "new boy" in the store, and very sore and lonesome his heart seemed in that great establishment of strangers. It was hard to keep the tears back sometimes as his mind went back to that sweet home in the honeysuckle, and the mother who stood in the open door, the last glimpse he had of it.

"He's a green one," whispered one lad to another. "We'll show him around some evening." There was much meaning in Theodore's words, simple as they seemed. That "showing around" meant a visit to the theatre first, and then into all the mazes of evil so invitingly open to boys in a city.

"Poor fellow, I dare say he is homesick," thought Frank Dayton as he took note of the saddened countenance; "Dory and Ned shall not capture him and lead him astray, if I can help it."

Working hours were over, and Theodore was laying his plan to take off the new-comer with "his crowd" after supper. But Frank was beforehand with his kind office.

"I am going your way a square or two, Alvah; let's walk together. Any engagement to night? Then how would you like to come with me to Association Hall and see a fine stereopticon exhibition. I am one of the Young Men's Christian Association, and have free tickets to all these lectures and entertainments. They will admit me and a friend."

Alvah was greatly pleased with the kind attention, and he felt that the associations were all such as his mother would approve. He was readily induced to join the association, and so in a manner cast in his lot with them. It seemed a small thing at the time, but it was the turning of the tide with him. So it is with many a new-comer in a city store. The first few days' association decides his whole future. If he falls in with boys who frequent saloons and the theatre his descent and downfall will only be a matter of time. Choose carefully your associates, and never commit yourself to those who would lead you in even doubtful paths.

EVERY shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

FLETCHER AND THE CHILDREN

BY REV. C. P. HARD.

BIOGRAPHICAL reading teaches us that the hearts of the truly great have been in love with childhood and with work for it.

When the name of John Fletcher is mentioned, his image will probably rise before many as the greatest polemical writer of a great theological school, and he will seem to look out of a library. Upon the suggestion of that name, others will think of him as one of who was almost an angel in character and life, as occupied in such gazing upon the glory of God that he could consent to come down only to look upon the greatest movements of his times.

But our picture to-day of "J. F."—his frequent signature—is in the poor school which he erected in Madeley, and in which he himself taught every day for a long time. This was one of the proposals which he made to his parish, "that there be a school for boys and another for girls in Madeley, Madeley Wood, and Coulbrook Dale, six in all."

His love for the young was constant. In his absence from his parish on account of poor health, he wrote to the supply, "I once more recommend to you the lambs, the children." At another time he says, "I recommend to your care the most helpless of the flock—I mean the children and the sick. They most want your help, and they are the most likely to benefit by it, for affliction softens the heart, and children are not yet quite 'hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.'"

When he visited in France and Switzerland, his heart fastened quickly to the children, and they found in him a lovable and much loved friend. The gentleman who roamed with him writes, "His chief delight seems to be in meeting his little society of children. And as he is exceedingly fond of them, they appear to be altogether as fond of him. He seldom either walks abroad or rides out but some of them follow him, singing the hymns they have learned, and conversing with him by the way."

This reminds us "of all that Jesus began both to do and teach." It seems like a picture cut out of the Gospels. It is Christly, and a good example for every pastor.

TWENTY MILES OF WHALES.

THE steamship *Newport*, of the Ward's Line, which is now having her bottom scraped and painted on the dry-dock at the foot of Market street, had an unusual experience in her recent outward trip to Havana. She sailed from this port on Thursday, Oct. 27, and before daylight next morning she was off the Capes of Delaware. At about eight o'clock, when she was steaming at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, she ran into an immense school of whales twenty miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. The animals were of all sizes, and disported themselves in the water as if enjoying it. Suddenly the ship shook from stem to stern as she struck a monster which was trying to cross the path of the *Newport*. The whale was cut in halves which passed astern on either side, while the water was dyed red with blood. The steamer came to a stand-still and her stem was examined. It was found to have ex-

posed injury, but the steering-gear was slightly damaged. This was soon repaired and the *Newport* proceeded, but the passengers were not so delighted with the whales as they had been before the shock. The sight of the monster's head as it shot upward from the water had been anything but pleasant to them. Ten minutes after the vessel started up there was another and heavier shock, which almost threw the passengers from their feet. Another whale had been cut in two. The body of this animal passed under the vessel, and struck the propeller with great violence. The engineer rushed on deck, imagining that the ship had struck a submerged wreck. Captain Sundberg ordered the course of the steamer to be changed, and she soon ran out of the troublesome whales. The oldest sea-going men on the *Newport*, and some of them had been on whaling vessels, could not remember such an experience.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE TIDE.

BY JOHN BOWMAN.

NOW swift the passing years take flight,
All checkered thro' with shade and light;

From sunny youth to manhood's pride,
Like rapid stream they swiftly glide.

In childhood's glee they rippling run,
Just like the streamlet's course begun;

Then broadening out in deeper flow,
Still on the tide does swiftly go.

Now tossed in storm, then stilled in calm,
With war's alarm, or peaceful psalm.

Until when time no more shall be,
The river joins the eternal sea;

The many float upon the wave,
The young, the old, the weak, the brave.

In merry laughter, or with fears,
Eyes beam in love, or droop in tears.

But as the stream of years grows wide,
More eagerly we view the tide.

The waves with rougher motion sweep,
And less we smile, and more we weep.

The darkening tide doth deeper flow,
And more of storm and shade we know.

And many a heart once strong and brave,
In anguish sinks beneath the wave;

But thro' the darkness gathering strong,
We'll join with hopeful hearts in song.

Then as the river nears the sea,
Our hearts shall more expectant be.

And then the gathering gloom shall fade,
Shall be dispelled all darkening shade.

And thro' the morning's golden mist,
We'll view the towers of amethyst.

The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
The city fair shall then unfold.

An island in the eternal sea,
With glory shall encompassed be.

Then every weary heart made strong,
Shall swell in rapture, praise, and song.
London, Ont.

"My wife and I am one," explained the colored gentleman; adding, with a smile that was child-like and bland, "and I am de one."

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.

WEAVING THE WEB.

BY JULIA C. DORR.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight,
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And, ah! how the colours will glow!" she said:
"So fadeless and strong I will weave my web
That, perhaps, it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace,
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom
Taughting the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is rich and full," she cried,
And morn is short, and the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine, and strong."
But the sun rose high in the cloudless sky;
The burthen and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and hither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait until the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hands on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one,
But hand was tired and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colours rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see.

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone,
It is growing too dark to weave," she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle—the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

BEAUTIFUL NAMES.

OUR language has many beautiful names, both male and female, worthy of a popularity they have not yet attained. And among female names, why have we not more girls called by the noble or graceful appellations of Agatha, Aletia, Beatrice, Bertha, Cecelia, Evelyn, Ethel, Gertrude, Isabel, Leonora, Florence, Mildred, Millicent, Philippa, Pauline, Hilda, Clarice, Amabel, Irene, Zoe, Maribel, Estelle, Eugenia, Euphemia, Christabel, Theresa, Marcia, Antonio, Claudia, Sibylla, Rosabel, Rosamond, etc.—*Woman's Journal*.

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

BY A. L. O. E.

WOULD you like another chapter, Lillian, dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to whose whom, she had lately come from Hauptstead.

"Not now, thanks; my head is tired," was the feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight disappointment. She knew that Lillian was slowly sinking under incurable disease; and what could be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly hearing the Bible read? Lillian might listen, surely, if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was never easy in mind, unless she perused at least two or three chapters daily, besides portions of the Psalms; and she had several times gone through the whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was Lillian, whose days on earth must be very few, tired with one short chapter! "There must be something wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during her life kept her bed one day through sickness; "It is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the Word of God."

Such was the hard thought which passed through the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak on the subject to Lillian, though she scarcely knew how to begin.

"Lillian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have thought that now, when you are so ill, you would have found special comfort in the Scriptures?"

Lillian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened them, and with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin, replied; "I do; they are my support; I have been feeding on one verse all morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lillian, but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly; it is in Job? it comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression, 'not another?'" asked Lillian.

"Why, of course, it means—well, it just means, I suppose, that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate, a little puzzled by the question; for though she had read the text a hundred times, she had never dwelt once on its meaning.

"Do you think," said Lillian, rousing herself a little, "that the last three words are merely a repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered those words," replied Kate. "Have you found out any remarkable meaning in that 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me, till I happened to read that in the German Bible they are rendered a little differently, and then I searched in my own Bible and found that the word in the margin of it is like that used in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said Kate, "though mine is a large Bible, and has them."

"I find them such a help in com-

paring Scripture with Scripture," observed Lillian.

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had been careful, daily, to read a large portion from the Bible, but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it," she had never even thought of trying to do. In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin: "What is the word which is put in the margin of the Bible, instead of 'another,' in that difficult text?"

"A stranger," replied Lillian; and then clasping her thin, wasted hands, she repeated the whole passage, which her soul had been feeding on with silent delight. "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger." Oh! Kate, "continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose in her eyes," "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning, while I have been in great bodily pain! I am in the Valley of the Shadows—I shall soon cross the dark river; I know it; but He will be with me, and not a stranger. He is the Good Shepherd, and I know His voice; a stranger would I not follow; and when I open my eyes in another world, 'tis the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold—my Saviour, my own tried friend, and not a stranger; I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved."

Lillian closed her eyes again, and the large drops overflowing fell down her pallid cheeks; she had spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lillian has drawn more comfort and profit from one verse, nay, from three words in the Bible, than I have drawn from the whole book," reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures; she has searched them. I have been like one floating carelessly over the surface of waters, under which lie pearls. Lillian has dived deep and made the treasure her own."

JUST ONE GLASS.

THE New York papers lately contained hints of a tragedy which had its wretched ending in that city; a tragedy no less terrible because the same has occurred in thousands of homes. Here are the facts in detail:

A young man, a clever, generous lad, the son of an influential and pious family in Scotland, two years ago fell into dissolute habits.

Every means were tried to bring him back to his better self, with little effect, until he saw and loved a young girl of his own rank in life. The hope of marrying her, of regaining his self-control and self-respect, nerved him again with the strength of his boyhood. He asked his father for the means to bring him to this country, resolving to begin his life anew, where no one knew his shame.

The money for his outfit was given him, and with tears and prayers his old father and mother saw him depart. The day before he sailed he went to the woman he hoped some day to call his wife, told her that he loved her, and asked her to wait for him until he returned to claim her.

The promise was given and the young fellow set sail, his heart elated with hope and triumph. In this new world a happy home, a noble life might yet be his! On his passage he was ob-

served again and again to take out two letters from his pocket and pore over them. They had been handed him as he came on board the ship. One was from his father, a passionate, almost breathless prayer for his safe deliverance from the old temptation, the other from his betrothed wife, happy, hopeful, and loving.

When within two days' sail of New York, a friend whom he had made on the steamer ordered wine at the dinner-table, and filled the young man's glass. The smell and sight of it maddened him. His head reeled. One glass! One little glass! There could surely be no danger in that! He raised it to his lips and drank.

Two days later he arrived in New York, in a state of intoxication; was driven to a hotel where he continued to drink heavily for a week, until he was seized with delirium, and placed under a physician's care.

When he recovered, his money was all spent, and he was ordered to leave the house. He was sober now and realized fully what he had done. He looked at the landlord steadily.

"Go! Yes, I will go. That is all that is left for me to do," he said.

"The bus will be ready to take you away in five minutes," the man called after him as he went up stairs.

But the next moment his bell rang, and when they went up they found him dead upon the floor—his life was taken by his own hand. The letters he had read so often, and that had seemed to promise hope and brightness for the future, lay beside him. Thus he left the world without one word of farewell to anybody in it—the victim of "just one glass."—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE.

I DO dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week.

"Why, pray?" I asked.

"It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have it to do, I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward, I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting room, all you have to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins, Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. In performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."—*Harper's Young People*.

CONSECRATION.

TAKE my heart and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;—
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and see
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1882.

THE EGYPTIAN REVOLT.



WE want the young readers of PLEASANT HOURS to know what is going on in the world, so we have condensed from several newspapers the following account of the recent troubles in

Egypt.

The present discontent is simply the re-appearance of an old evil, namely, the determination of the army to rule the civil power of the State. The cunning Ismael Pacha, driven away a few years ago for his extravagance and general dissoluteness, left a legacy of woe for his unfortunate son, now on a tottering throne. It is generally conceded that the latter has done his best to restore the finances of the country, and has been miserly rather than prodigal of his substance. But he had an impossible task to accomplish, namely, to make something out of nothing—to pay debts with no money to do it with. These obligations were

mainly towards English and French bondholders whose interests had been espoused by their respective countries, the authorities of which have gone so far as to insist on placing in power certain commissioners to run the financial machinery of the government in the interest of the debtors. This was considered the only means on the part of the latter to obtain their dues.

The result was a foreign control in all the bureaus of the State, and even foreign officers in the army. These, then, naturally succeeded in getting the most of the money to the great disgust of the native Egyptians, who, led on by the chief of the army, the famous or notorious Arabi Pacha, have formed a national party whose aim is to drive out the foreigners and the Khedive who harbors them and is ruled by them, according to the views of the Egyptian soldiers. This military chieftain convoked the weak and uncertain chamber of notables and bade them depose the Khedive, and they and the ministry were powerless in the presence of a rebellious army to do other than turn against their master; and in this crisis the French and English send their iron-clads to Alexandria to support the Khedive and intimidate the rebellious army of the land. At this point the Grand Turk steps in and claims that he is Suzerain, and to him it belongs to bring order out of chaos. He undertakes to do this by a military commission under his special ambassador, Dervisch Pacha, now on the scene of hostilities. The Egyptian army is now trying to fraternize with him and any forces that the Sultan may send, but declares that if he takes the part of the Khedive and the foreign powers, they will raise the country *en masse* and make common cause against all who are opposed to home rule in Egypt.

Troubles are thickening. France and England have been obliged to ask the Sultan to interpose his power in support of the Khedive, and he has sent a mission to Cairo to arrange affairs. Serious riots occurred in Alexandria, Sunday, in which a street inhabited by Europeans was wrecked, and sixty-seven Europeans were killed and the British and Greek Consuls and the Italian Vice-Consul were wounded.

The mystery now is to know whether the Sultan is really honest in his pretended defence of the Khedive, or whether he is not trying to create an opportunity to remove him in such a way as to secure Egypt again to himself. The very moment the Turk interfered in the matter began the dilatory policy so characteristic of Constantinople, and the contemplated policy of the Powers to hold a conference has been delayed. As things now stand nobody knows who is master in Egypt, and there is a great deal of anxiety in Europe that oriental matters have so suddenly and unexpectedly assumed a troublesome and dangerous attitude. The Great Powers stand before the Egyptian questions as the boy at a wasp's nest—they would like to put their hands in it but fear the complications that would arise from it.

The bondholders have a financial interest in the result, but the politicians a much greater one. France is determined, if possible, to obtain the power in Egypt so as to extend her rule in Northern Africa, keep control



DECK CABIN ON THE "SUNBEAM."

of the Suez canal and maintain the prestige of the present administration. If the English government lets pass this opportunity to secure the arrears to her subjects it will cause widespread dissatisfaction among a large class known as Egyptian bondholders, but the affair will assume even a worse phase if the Suez canal slips from her hand, as it is now regarded as the highway to India, and she sends more ships through it than any other nation. England's interest is thus mainly commercial, while that of France is political. It is now assumed that a conference of the Powers will act in the interest of France and England, but secretly there is no doubt that Germany is inclined to be lenient towards the Porte, while Russia is opposed to either English or French control.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

In view of the approaching General Conference, the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* presents strong claims for the patronage of Methodist readers. Recent numbers have contained important articles, which have attracted much attention, on the subject of a General Superintendency or Episcopacy for our Church. Early numbers will contain further discussion, from opposite points of view, of the same subject, also articles on Methodist Union, the Woman's Missionary Society, and other subjects which will come up for discussion in the Conference. The *Magazine* will also contain a valuable record, for permanent preservation, of the proceedings of the General Conference, and will prove of great service, not only as presenting arguments on both sides of the great subjects to be discussed, but also as a record of the debates and conclusions of the General Conference.

The *Magazine* will also maintain its high character as a *first-class and Beautifully Illustrated Family Magazine*. The volumes for the year will contain valuable Memorials of Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Punshon, and Dr. Lachlin Taylor, and other articles by leading writers, of our Church; also, "Loiterings in Europe," Illustrated, by the Rev. C. S. Eby, of Japan; "Life in a Parsonage," a Story of Canadian Itinerant Life, by the Editor; "The Stately Homes of England," with over 40 engravings; "Foot-prints of Bunyan;" "Picturesque Canada," "Bible Lands," and other handsomely illus-

trated articles. We can supply the back numbers from January, which is the better date to begin with; or, if desired, subscriptions may begin with the July number. Price, \$2.00 a year. A new volume begins with the July number. Price to the end of the year, \$1.

HOW SCHOOLS SHOULD GROW.

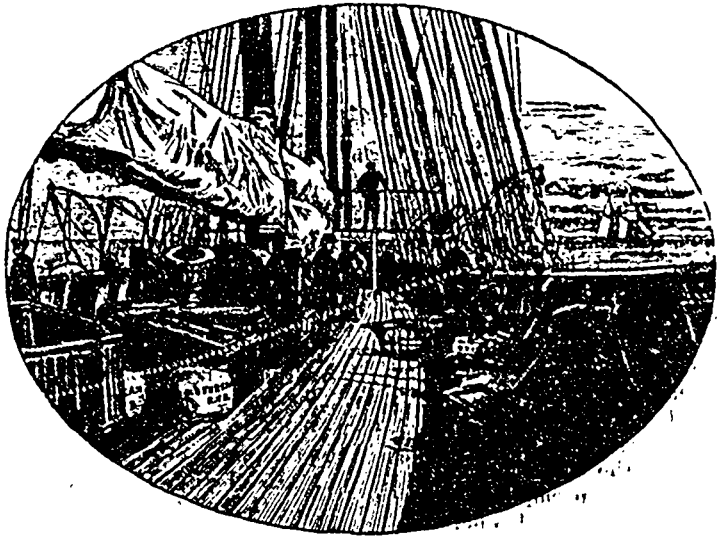
WE visited recently the latest born of the Methodist Sunday-Schools of Toronto. Three years ago it was begun by Mr. Richard Brown in a private house near the Don. It now occupies an elegant church which has been erected for the society which has sprung out of it, on ground which is already paid for. Although the day was extremely hot, the attendance was 180. This church and school are an offshoot of the Sherbourne Street Church and school, which are the out-growth of the Elm Street Church and school, which in turn, sprang from the Richmond Street Church and school. Thus, like the banyan tree, these four have all grown from one central root. We should have in all our cities, more of this sort of growth, and we might have it, if our Sunday-school friends were all as zealous as those who have planted these.

This school, although the youngest and poorest in Toronto, was the first to respond to the request to give a collection for the Crosby Mission Boat, *John Wesley*. It gave \$5, and the congregation \$5 more. Mr. Crosby has now \$2,700, and wants \$1,300 more. Less than one dollar from each of our schools would raise this sum. Shall he not have it. Let each school during July or August take a missionary collection, and send it to Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary, and before the General Conference, Mr. Crosby can have his boat paid for.

NOVELS.

A LITTLE time ago I got hold of a pledge, written by some of our young people at Stroud, and pretty largely signed, in which they promise (God helping them) to abstain from reading novels, and other bad books. I thought it was an excellent thing. I would recommend the same to our young people in other places. They can write the pledge themselves, sign it, and ask God to help them to keep it.

T. W. TOTTER.



DECK VIEW ON THE "SUNBEAM."

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

HERE is no reason why the learning of French and German should be the difficult task it is generally made. It is the artificial and vicious systems of the text books which has made it so difficult. A cockney tourist is said to have been surprised at the fluency with which little children in France spoke French. He would have been still more surprised at the fluency with which the donkey boys at Alexandria speak half a-dozen languages. Children with French or German nurses soon pick up almost unconsciously those tongues. It is this natural method which Dr. Rosenthal has adopted, with great success, in teaching those languages. He makes both eye, and ear, and memory familiar with the foreign colloquial idioms, by a series of easy graded lessons, so that after a comparatively short time these idioms rise spontaneously to the lips whenever thought is directed to the subject. The lessons are so arranged, and the pronunciation of the words is so clearly indicated that the student can acquire the language readily by private study. Dr. Rosenthal, however, has made provision that if the student find any difficulty, or wish to ask any questions, he may do so by letter, and have his questions fully answered. The charge for the fifteen pamphlet text books, including this privilege, is \$5 for each language. We venture the assertion that any one faithfully pursuing this system, according to the directions given, will acquire such a working use of these languages, as he can in no other way. Nor does it require a severe tax on the time. The Doctor insists that not more than ten minutes a day shall be given a new lesson; but he also insists that three or four five-minute reviews shall be given to the lessons each day. We can bear personal testimony that busy people can do this while walking the street, while travelling by rail, while making their toilet, in odds and ends of time that might otherwise be wasted. There is a pleasure apart from its prac-

tical use, in the acquisition of a foreign language. It gives one a sort of binocular view of the same thought to see it expressed in two different idioms, and besides being the key to two noble and copious literatures. French and German are almost essential to those who would travel to advantage, and even in certain parts of Canada, to those who stay at home.

FAREWELL LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

JUST as we go to press we received this letter from our devoted Missionary at Port Simpson, in which he takes leave of the children of Canada. His own mission is so far away that it scarcely seems to be in Canada.—Ed.

Dear Dr. Withrow:—As we are about to leave for the far West, it will likely be a long time before I can speak again to many of my young friends. I have met thousands of little folks the past winter in the Sabbath-schools and elsewhere, and it has been a great pleasure to see them, and talk to them, and I have been very glad to see how many of them have become so much interested in the subject of missions to the heathen.

I suppose there has been more done during the past winter by the children and young people than at any former time, and still more may be done. I know one mother who has several children, and she gives them each two cents a week for work done by them, and those little ones have a missionary box, and they each put one cent of this money into the box every Sabbath. I know two other little children who save a cent or more every week by doing without the sugar they used to eat, and this they give to help to send the Gospel to the heathen.

I want especially to thank those dear children who have done so nobly to help the Mission boat; the little folks of Peterboro, led on by my little friend, Miss Shaw, who have raised over twenty dollars by an auto graph quilt; the children of the Ottawa Street Church, Montreal, who collected thirteen dollars in a few days; the little "Dewdrops," a little band who are working in Hamilton. I hope you may hear from them; and the little girls in Ingersoll who are banding together to help this object, and the Little Girls' Missionary Society, of Cobourg, who has taken the Boat

as their object this year; then I must not forget the little Missionary workers of Orillia, one of whom I hear has lately gone to Heaven, and almost the last work she did on earth, was this mission work, and then sweetly passed away to be "Forever with the Lord;" then there is little Annie Jackson, of Bowmanville, and a host of others. May God bless them all. We shall remember them when we are thousands of miles from here, and tell the little Indian children what they are doing.

Your Missionary,
T. Crosby.

THE CROSBY GIRLS' HOME.

WE were fortunate in securing Mr. Crosby for the first Missionary Meeting we held in this county, excepting the Bradford meeting of the Missionary Committee. We held the meeting without previous announcement, without appointing a chairman, without taking a collection, and yet, for spiritual and financial results we believe, the old Wesley church never saw a better. Mr. Crosby's frequent presence with us and earnest addresses stirred to action some of the little girls of our church. They got together, organized, went to work, got up themselves a concert, fee not less than one cent, and realized over six dollars, which with many prayers has been handed to Mr. Crosby for his good work. May God bless Mr. Crosby, and the girls in the Home, is the prayer of the young people who have tried to help a little in this glorious work.

T. W. TOTTER.

A SERMON ON MALT.

BY REV. MR. DODD, OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. Dodd was a minister, who lived many years ago, a few miles from Cambridge, England; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars were very much offended and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodds was walking towards Cambridge and met some of the gowmsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. And as soon as he came up they accosted him with "Your servants, sir." He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching against drunkenness of late? He replied in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he should preach a sermon to them there from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side), from the word Malt.

He then began: Beloved, let me crave your attention, I am a little man, —come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is malt, I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none, nor into words, there being but one, I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four:

Malt—M—is Moral; A—is Allegorical; L—is Literal; T—is Theological.

The Moral is to teach you rustics good manners, therefore, M—my masters, A—all of you, L—leave off, T—tipping.

The Allegorical is one thing spoken of and another thing meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the spirit of malt, which you rustics make your M—meat, A—your apparel, L—your liberty, T—your trust.

The Literal is according to the letters M—much A—ale, L—little T—trust.

The Theological is, according to the effects it works in some, M—murder, in others A—adultery, in all L—looseness of life, and in many T—treachery.

I conclude the subject, First, by way of exhortation: M—My masters, A—all of you, L—listen, T—to my text. Second by way of caution: M—My masters, A—all of you, L—look for T—truth. Third, by way of communicating the truth, which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the ale-house benefactor; the wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbour's scoff; a walking will-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man.

HAVE A BIBLE OF YOUR OWN.

EVERY Sunday-school scholar, however young or however old, should be the owner of a Bible. Get a Bible with references, with maps added, if you can. If you can not, then get a cheaper one. It should be of medium pocket-size for young eyes, and larger for older ones. It will cost something to get a Bible; but even a fine one will not cost as much as some of the garments you wear. Make your Bible your daily companion. Read one or more chapters every day. You cannot know how much it will help you to build up a solid character, and lead to a good and noble life.

Take your Bible with you to the Sunday-school. Your familiarity with it will enable you to find quickly any book, chapter, or verse that is called for. Take it with you to church, and find the chapter which the minister reads, and the text when he announces it. To be a ready Bible-scholar is a great honour.

ENGLAND'S DUTY.

FROM AN ODE BY DR. BOUTHEY.

RAIN up thy children, England, in the ways Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread Of wholesome doctrine. Send thy swarms abroad!

Send forth thy humanizing arts, Thy stirring enterprise, Thy liberal polity, thy Gospel light! Illume the dark idolator, Reclaim the savage! O thou Ocean Queen! Be these thy toils, now thou hast laid The thunderbolt aside; He who hath blest thine arms, Will bless thee in these holy works of Peace! Father! Thy kingdom come; and as in heaven, Thy will be done on earth!

THE Duke of Wellington once said to a young member of Parliament, who had asked advice as to getting the ear of the House, "Sit down when you are through, and don't quote Latin."

*The Meisterschaft System. A Short and Practical Method of Acquiring complete Fluency of Speech in the French Language. By Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, in fifteen parts, price 30 cents each. Boston: Estes and Laureat. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Same system applied to the German Language. Fifteen parts. Same Publishers, and same Price.

OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street,
Stands the old-fashioned country seat ;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw ;
And from its station, in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who (under his cloak)
Crosses himself, and sighs, "Alas !"
With sorrowful voice to all who pass :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct, as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall—
Along the ceiling—along the floor—
And seems to say at each chamber door :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires by the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
The warning time-piece never ceased :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

There groups of merry children played ;
Three youths and maidens, dreaming,
strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime !
And influence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the precious time-piece told :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding
night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

All are scattered now and fled ;
Some are married—some are dead,
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah ! when shall they all meet again,
As in the days long since gone by ?"
The ancient time-piece makes reply :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever !"

Never here—forever there—
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time, shall disappear—
Forever there—but never here !
The horologe of eternity
Say with this incessantly :
"Forever—never !"
Never—forever.

THE INTENSITY OF ARCTIC COLD.

THE chronicler of Lieutenant Schwatka's recent expedition in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin, record some interesting facts regarding the great cold of the Arctic regions. The lowest temperature met with by the company was 103 degrees below the freezing point, or seventy-one degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, a degree of cold almost impossible to imagine by the people of more temperate climates. The effects of such intense cold upon the human system were not so marked in the case of the lieutenant and his companions as might be supposed, and even during the month in which the average temperature was sixty-five degrees below zero, the health of the party remained

unimpaired. The men adapted themselves as much as possible to the habits of the natives, feeding largely upon blubber and fat meat, by which the vital heat was sustained. Plenty of game was found by the adventurers, who were able to secure with their repeating rifles enough reindeer at one time to last them for several days. The difficulty of approaching these animals was often very great, for in the still cold air the step of a man upon the snow could be heard two miles away, and the grating of sledge runners resounded like the clothing of tempered steel. It was not an easy matter to keep guns in working order in this climate, for at sixty and seventy degrees below zero, strong oak and hickory would break like icicles, and all lubricants harden and interfere with the working of the locks. When the guns were brought into the warm atmosphere of the huts to be cleaned, they would at once become coated with moisture, and every part had to be carefully dried and wiped, lest the hunter, on stepping into the cold again, would find a useless block of ice in his hands. A bottle of whisky which was in the stores was congealed to the consistency of thick syrup by the intense cold, and the cup from which one of the travellers essayed to drink, actually froze to his lips. The low temperature of this latitude permitted some of the Esquimaux to practice a terrible revenge upon some wolves which had attacked them. They set upright in the ice several keen knife blades and covered them with blood. These the wolves licked, slicing their tongues, but being prevented by the cold from feeling the wounds at the time, and their own warm blood tempted them to continue until their tongues were so scarified, that death was inevitable.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST AFTER-NOON WITH CHILDREN.

"He is dead, the sweet musician !
He the sweetest of all singers !
He has gone from us forever :
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing.

IN the early part of March, some lads belonging to the Dwight School, Boston, wished to visit Professor Longfellow, with whose poems they were becoming familiar.

"Let us write to him, said one of the boys, "and ask his permission to call on him some holiday afternoon."

They consulted their teacher, who favoured their plan, and the following note was sent to the poet :

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW—Dear Sir—
Would it be agreeable to you to receive a call from four boys of the Dwight School ?

Four names were signed to the note. In a few days the following answer was returned :

"Mr. Longfellow would be pleased to meet the boys of the Dwight School on Saturday afternoon.

The boys were delighted. They procured a choice bouquet of flowers to give to the poet, and on Saturday afternoon, March 18th, went to Cambridge, and made the last visit to Longfellow that he ever received. Soon after they left him, he walked on the piazza of the ancient house, and being there exposed to the raw March winds, he contracted the sudden illness that ended his life.

On their way to Cambridge the boys

left Boston by the Charles River bridge, over which incessantly day and night a procession of footsteps goes and returns, as restless as the tide that ebbs and flows among the wooden piers, and there makes its ceaseless murmur.

A horse-car ride of half an hour took the boys past Harvard College, where the poet had spent many happy years as a professor, to his home—the mansion that Washington made famous in history as his head-quarters. It resembles the one described in "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

This poem was suggested by the French words, "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"

In that house the "Psalm of Life" was written. This poem, which today is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, was at first not intended for publication, but was merely an expression of the poet's own views and purposes.

Longfellow once told the writer of this article the story of the composition of this poem, and added the following pleasing incident :

"As I was returning from my visit to the Queen in London, a labourer came up to my carriage and extended his hand. 'I wish,' he said, 'to shake hands with the author of 'The Psalm of Life !' Few incidents of my life have been more pleasing. That was a compliment I could appreciate !"

The poet received the boys most cordially, and graciously accepted their present of flowers, and expressed his pleasure in it. He then showed them the historic rooms, and the articles associated with Washington's residence there. He was accustomed to exhibit to older visitors a piece of Dante's c. flu, Coleridge's inkstand, and Thomas Moore's waste-paper basket.

The poet crowned with his white hair chatted pleasantly awhile with the four boys, whose faces wore the beauty and inquisitive intelligence of the years that had vanished from him forever.

One of the lads, a Master Lane, then asked him a question which must have revived tender memories : "In your poem on the River Charles," he said, there is a stanza beginning in some books with the line 'Four long years of mingled feeling.' In other books it begins with 'For long years with mingled feeling.' Will you please tell me which is right ?"

"Four long years," answered the poet thoughtfully.

"Is that the River Charles ?" asked one of the boys, pointing outside.

The poet looked out on the flowing stream. It was almost the last time that he gazed upon it ; perhaps the last time that his attention was directed to it. "Yes," said he, mournfully in answer, "that is the Charles."

The poet bade the lads an affectionate farewell, and for the last time he saw the forms of children depart from his door. He gave them his autograph, and copies of the poem he had written for the children of Cambridge, after they had presented to him a chair made from a tree that stood near the shop of the village blacksmith, whose honest history he had taken for the subject of one of his poems.

The last view of the River Charles and of happy children ! How the scene must have awakened in the poet's mind memories of the past, even although he could not then know that the shadow of death was so near !—*Hesekiah Butlerworth, in St. Nicholas for June.*

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. RIDDLE.—The two kids with which Jacob deceived his father. See Genesis xxvii. 1-29.

II. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

L u z o r N
Y e n i s o I
O g d e n s u r G
N o t r e D a m e
S a n S a l v a d o R

CHARADES.—1. Bolt-head. 2. Bond-age. 3. Bonelace. 4. Bonaset. 5. Booby-hut.

HOUR-GLASS.—

G A T H E R I N G
G R A D I N G
O R G A N
B A T
R
C A T
C A P O N
C A R O U S E
M U R D E R O U S

NEW PUZZLES.

I. ENIGMA.

Composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 otherwise

My 6, 7, 3, 2, 2 shaft of a carriage.

My 8, 5 a prefix.

The whole is a flowering tree.

II. HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1. The contents of a can thus exposed are apt to be ruined.

2. The cloak she had on I should think was too warm.

III. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Natives of a foreign country.
 2. Notice of danger.
 3. A country.
 4. A recess.
 5. A neighbourhood.
 6. Revises.
- Primals, a recess.
Finals, expressions of pleasure.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Methodist* says of Mrs. Crosby, a letter from whom we recently published : "Mrs. Crosby is the daughter of one of our aged ministers, the Rev. John Douse, and is a highly educated lady, a graduate of our Female College in the city of Hamilton. She, like her husband, is well adapted for the position which she fills. On Sundays when he is from home, as he frequently makes long tours among heathen Indians, she conducts worship in the church, and is indefatigable in her Sunday-school efforts. Mainly by her influence a Girls' Home was formed at the Mission, the object of which is to save poor Indian girls from a state of life more to be dreaded even than death itself. Mr. Crosby has been a missionary in British Columbia since 1868. He went thither at his own expense, without even soliciting the patronage of the Church."

A LITTLE Waterloo girl asked her companion how she learned to play the piano, and was told that she never was taught, but did all her playing "by ear." The other went home and very soon filled the house with strange noises from her mother's piano. The mother entered the room, and finding the child rubbing the keys up and down with the side of her head, asked her what she was doing ? "I am learning to play 'by ear,'" replied the little one.

A SOUTHERN STATESMAN'S POEM.

[The following lines, by Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, won the warm praise of Lord Byron, and are the most lyrical stanzas that ever came from the pen of an American statesman.]

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

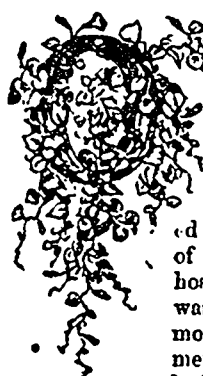
My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as it grieves to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.



IN the evening of the evacuation of Fort George, several of the actors in the busy drama of the time were assembled in the great kitchen of Squire Drayton's hospitable house. It was no time for ceremony, so everybody met in the common living room. Captain Villiers called to bid a hasty farewell to the kind family under whose roof he had for several months abode as an invalid soldier, and especially to take leave of the fair young mistress, through whose care he had become convalescent. Neville Trueman had resolved to follow the retreating army, both to avoid the appearance of any complicity or sympathy with the invaders; and that, in the severe conflict which was impending, his spiritual services might be available to the militia, of whom a considerable number were Methodists, and to such others as would except them. Zenas had obtained his father's consent to volunteer for the militia cavalry service in this time of his country's need, although it left the farm without a single man, except the squire himself.

"The maids and I will plant the corn and cut the wheat, too," said Kate, with the pluck of a true Canadian girl. "We'll soon learn to wield the sickle, though you seem to doubt it, Captain Villiers," she went on, looking archly at the gallant captain, who smiled rather incredulously.

"Nay, I am sure you will deserve

to be honoured as the goddess Ceres of your country," politely answered the captain.

"I would rather serve my country in the present, than receive mythical honours in the future," replied Kate.

"We'll be back before harvest to drive the Yauks across the river, and get Sandy and Loker out of Fort Niagara," said Zenas. "Tom would gnaw his very fetters off to get free, if he wore any. But Sandy takes everything as it comes, as cool as you please. 'It was all appointed,' he says, and 'and all for the best.'"

"They will not keep the prisoners there," said the squire; "it is too near the border. Chauncey will likely take them off to Sackett's Harbour, and make them work in the dock-yards."

"They won't make McKay do that," said the captain; "it would be against his conscience, and he would die first. He is the staunchest specimen of an old stoic philosopher I ever came across. Under the hottest fire to-day he was as cool as I ever saw him on parade. As he stooped to raise a wounded comrade, a round shot struck and carried away his cartridge box. Had he been standing up, it would have cut him in two. He never blanched, but just helped the poor fellow off the field, when he was captured himself."

"It is something more than stoicism," said Neville. "It is his staunch Scotch Calvinism. It is not my religious philosophy; but I can honour its effects in others. It made heroic men of the Ironsides, the Puritans, and the Covenanters; but so will a trust in the loving fatherhood of God, without the doctrine of the eternal decrees."

"We must not delay," said the captain. "The enemy's scouts will be looking up stragglers," and after a hasty meal, he, with Neville and Zenas, rode away in the darkness, to join the rear guard of Vincent's retreating army.

They had scarcely been gone five minutes when a loud knocking was heard at the front door of the house, and, immediately after, the tramping of feet in the hall. A peremptory summons was followed by the bursting open of the kitchen door, when two flushed and heated American dragoons, one a cornet and the other a private, stood on the threshold.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the officer, somewhat abashed at the attitude of indignant surprise assumed by Katharine. "But is Captain Villiers here? We were told he was."

"You see he is not," said the young girl, with a queenly sweep of her arm around the room; "but you may search the house, if you please."

"Oh, no occasion, as you say he is not here. I'll take the liberty, if you please, to help myself to a slight refreshment," continued the spokesman, taking a seat at the table and beckoning to his companion to do the same. "You'll excuse the usage of war. We've had a hard day's work on light rations."

"You might at least ask leave," spoke up the squire, with a sort of

"An Englishman's house is his castle. An Englishman's crown is his hat," said the private. "We would not refuse a bit and sup, even to an enemy."

Glad of an excuse to detain the scouts as long as possible, Kate placed upon the table a cold meat-pie, of noble

proportions, and a flagon of new milk. The troopers were valiant trenchermen, whatever else they were, and promptly assailed the meat-pie fort, as from its size and shape it deserved to be called.

"You know this Captain Villiers, I suppose?" said the dragoon subaltern at length; "I had particular instructions to secure his capture."

"Oh, yes! I know him very well," answered Kate. "He was here sick for three months last winter."

"And very good quarters and good fare he had, I'll be bound," said the fellow, with an air of insolent familiarity. "And when was he here last, pray?"

"About half-an-hour ago," said Kate, knowing that by this time he must be beyond pursuit.

"Zounds!" cried the trooper, springing to his feet, "why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because you did not ask me, sir," said the maiden demurely, while her black eyes flashed triumph at her father, who sat in his arm chair stolidly smoking his pipe.

With an angry oath, the fellow hurried out of the house as unceremoniously as they had entered, when Kate and her father had a merry laugh over their discomfort.

Next morning the troopers appeared again, in angry humour. "That was a scurvy trick you played us last night, old gentleman," said the elder.

"No trick at all," said the squire. "I hope you were pleased with your entertainment? Did you catch your prisoner?" he asked, with a somewhat malicious twinkle of his eye towards Kate, who was in the room.

"No, we didn't; but we came upon the enemy's rear guard, and nearly got captured ourselves. But you'll have to pay for your little game, by liberal supplies for Dearborn's army."

The staunch old loyalist, who would willingly impoverish himself to aid the King's troops, stoutly refused to give "a single groat or oat," as he expressed it, to the King's enemies. It was "against his conscience," he said.

"We'll relieve you of your scruples," said the officer. "I want some of those horses in your pasture to mount my troop of dragoons," and going out of the house he ordered the half-score of troopers without to dismount and capture the horses in the meadow. The men, after a particularly active chase, captured three out of six horses. The others defied every effort to catch them. The troopers threatened to shoot them, but the cornet forbade it, and ordered the squire to send them to head-quarters during the day—a command which he declined to obey. Such were some of the ways in which the loyal Canadians were pillaged of their property by their ruthless invaders.

The squire, indeed, demanded a receipt from the officer for the property thus "requisitioned."

On board of a North River (New York) steam-boat an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about a communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is—ah! steam is—eh! ah!—steam is steam." "I know that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

GRANDPA'S PET.

THE following incident from the *Detroit Post and Tribune* will remind our readers of Dickens's story of Little Nell and her grandfather:

When one of the trains to this city came in at midnight a few nights ago an old man was found sleeping in one of the seats.

"I say, old man!" yelled the conductor, "get out of this; do you hear? This is Detroit. If you've got any friends they'll be hunting for you."

"Where's Gracie?"

"Who?" asked the conductor, recovering his official voice.

"Little Gracie—grandpa's little pet! I brought her with me. Is she there?"

"I guess he is not wide awake yet," said the curious passenger. "Suppose you help him to his feet."

Conductors are expert in helping people to their feet, and this one was no exception to the rule. He took the old man by the coat collar and stood him up, but he sat down the next moment limp and motionless. Just then a depot-hand came in.

"The baggage master wants to know what you're goin' to do with that little deal box over there. He don't want any of that kind left over, and there's no direction on it out 'Gracie.'"

"That's her!" said the old man, and he stood up feebly. "Take me there. We're going a long journey—Gracie and me; a long, long journey, but it don't seem as if I knew the way right clear."

They took him into the depot and laid him on one of the benches, and put his carpet bag under his head, but still he trotted for his "little Gracie—his pet," and at last they consoled him by telling him she was resting, was asleep and must not be disturbed.

The little "box," with "Gracie" written upon it in leaf-pencil, was safe enough with the other "freight," and the old man slept peacefully at last. Some kind soul threw a rug over him near morning, and asked him what train he was waiting for, but all the answer he made was a feeble "Thank'ee; call me at sunrise. We're going a long journey, Gracie and me."

He was called at sunrise by a voice that none may refuse, and when a flood of rosy light shone into the dreary room he was up and away—gone on his long journey. Only the worn out body was there, and the next day it was laid away with "little Gracie," in the stranger's lot in Mount Elliott, unknown, yet possibly in as "sure hope of a glorious resurrection," as if marked by thirty feet of monumental clay.

An English artist tells of a little girl who for the first time in her life was taken into a great church with rich stained glass windows. She gazed at them spell-bound by their deep, splendid coloring. Just then the organ began its solemn notes and the little girl turned to her mother and exclaimed, "Listen, mamma, listen to the window speaking." "I am reminded of this," says the artist, "almost as often as I see early glass. It impresses me always, as the music of the organ does, with its dignity, its richness, its remoteness from everyday life. They seem to strike the same deep chord."

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher; a Story of the War of 1812," pp. 243, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

HEAVENLY TREASURE.

What I spent I had,
What I kept I lost,
What I gave I have.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simple worldly pleasure
May be reckoned something worth,
For the spending was not losing.
Though the purchase was but small:
It has purchased with the using—
We have had it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again,
Though our avarice may blind us,
We have gathered quite in vain,
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it:
What we hoarded we have lost!

But each merciful oblation,
Seed of pity wisely sown—
What we give in self-negation,
We may wisely call our own;
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in heaven
What is lent unto the Lord.

—J. G. Saxe.

ABOUT GIVING

BY MRS. A. E. PENNEY.



WHAT was God's best gift to man?

God so loved the world, etc.—John iii. 16.

What should be the measure of our giving?

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. x. 8.

What is first accepted in giving?

If there be first a willing mind, etc.—2 Cor. viii. 12.

Who should give?

Every man as he purposeth in his heart.—2 Cor. ix. 7.

To whom should we give?

As we have therefore opportunity, etc.—Gal. vi. 10.

What promise to those who honour God by giving?

Honour the Lord with thy substance, etc.—Prov. iii. 9, 10.

Give and it shall be given you, etc.—Luke vi. 38.

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, etc.—Isa. lviii. 10, 11.

What did Jesus observe at the temple treasury?

And Jesus sat over against the treasury, etc.—Mark xii. 41, 42.

What was his comment on this act?

And He called unto Him His disciples—Mark xii. 43, 44.

What spirit did David show in making his offering to the Lord?

And the king said unto Araunah, etc.—2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

Is it safe to refrain from giving?

There is that withholdeth more than is meet, etc.—Prov. xi. 24.

As God's stewards what is required of us?

Moreover it is required in stewards, etc.—1 Cor. iv. 2.

To whom do we all belong?

And ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, etc.—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20, last clause. Also, 1 Cor. ii. 23.—*The Missionary Helper.*

A RICH old man recently gave his grandson, a Freshman in Harvard College, \$20,000 for his year's spending-money, and ruined the boy.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON V. [July 30.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Mark 11. 1-11. Commit to memory v. 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion about, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee. Zech. 9. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The King's Command, v. 1-6.
2. The King's Approach, v. 7, 8.
3. The King's Welcome, v. 9-11.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Monday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—Bethany, the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 21. 1-9; Luke 19. 29-44; John 12. 12-18.

EXPLANATIONS.—*They came nigh*—This was on the Monday of the week in which Christ died. *Sendeth forth two*—He may have sent them to some one who was his friend. *A colt tied*—From the other Gospels we learn that it was an ass colt, and that the ass was with it. *The Lord hath need*—In Oriental lands kings have a right to use the property of their subjects, and Christ has a claim on what men possess. *They let them go*—Being satisfied to know that the colt was for the Master's use. *Cast their garments*—As a saddle or cushion. *Spun their garments*—As tokens of honour to the King. *Branches*—Twigs with leaves, laid on the ground as marks of gladness at Christ's approach. *Hosanna*—A word meaning, "Save, we beseech," taken from Psa. 118. *Into the temple*—He entered it as its Lord and Master. *Went out unto Bethany*—Less than two miles distant.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That we should give whatever Christ asks?

2. That we should honour Christ as our King?

3. That we should join in the praises of Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When did Jesus enter the city of Jerusalem? Four days before his death. 2. In what manner did he enter the city? In triumph as a King. 3. What did the people cast down upon the path before Jesus as tokens of honour? Branches from the trees. 4. What did they cry out? "Hosanna in the highest."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingship of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

43. Did the Israelites behave themselves better when they were come to Canaan? The Israelites, after they were come to Canaan, behaved themselves no better than they had done during their forty years' wandering in the wilderness; for they frequently fell into idolatry, and worshipped the false gods of the nations round about them.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 6.

THE FRUITLESS TREE.

Mark 11. 12-23. Commit to memory v. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. John 15. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Fruitlessness, v. 12-14.
2. Fidelity, v. 15-19.
3. Faith, v. 20-23.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACES.—Bethany and Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 21. 10-21; Luke 19. 45-48; 21. 37-38.

EXPLANATIONS.—*He was hungry*—He was going to teach all day in the temple without having eaten; showing his earnestness to do good. *Fig-tree . . . having leaves*—Fig-trees bear their fruit as early as their leaves; hence the leaves might give a promise of fruit. This tree brought forth leaves earlier than usual, but no fruit. *No man eat fruit of thee*—This was not in anger at the tree, but as a lesson to the Jewish people. They were like the tree in the profession of godliness, and in not showing its fruit of right character. The tree was cursed as a token of what would take place with the people. So far from showing anger, it showed mercy. *Sold and nigh*—In the court of the Gentiles, which the Jews despised as unholy, was a market for the sale of animals for sacrifice. Christ, by this act of driving out the traders, showed them that the place of the Gentiles should be kept as holy as the rest of the temple.

Tables of the money-changers—Places where Jews from foreign countries could change their money into the coin of Judaea. *Carry any vessel*—He would not allow the court of the temple to be made a thoroughfare for travel and business. *Den of thieves*—By corrupt practices. *Doctrine*—Teaching. *In the morning*—Coming again to the temple to teach the people. *Withered away*—From being unfruitful it became dead, just like the Jewish people in their rejection of Christ. *Whoever shall say*—With a faith which is at the same time wholly submissive to God's will.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we here taught—

1. That we should be fruitful in goodness?

2. That we should have reverence for God's house?

3. That we should have faith in God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Christ find on the way to Jerusalem? A fruitless fig-tree. 2. What did he say to it? "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter." 3. What did he find in the court of the temple? People buying and selling. 4. What did he do to them? He drove them out. 5. What did the disciples notice about the fig-tree the next morning? It had withered away. 6. What did Christ give them as the lesson of the event? "Have faith in God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

49. In what manner did God show his displeasure for this sin? God, to show his displeasure against the Israelites for this sin of idolatry, gave them up, sometimes into the hands of their enemies, who plundered them, and made slaves of them.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 13.

PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS.

Mark 11. 24-35. Commit to memory v. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Matt. 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Spirit of Prayer, v. 24-26.
2. The Authority of Christ, v. 27-33.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The temple at Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 21. 23-27; Luke 20. 1-8.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Believe that ye receive*—That is, have faith that God will answer prayer. *Ye shall have*—The answer may be in a different manner from that expected, yet will be given. *Stand praying*—That is, when in prayer, whatever may be the posture of the body. *Forgive*—Have the spirit of forgiveness, cherishing no unkind feelings, and being willing to have peace with those who have done you wrong. *If ye do not*—God cannot be forgiving to those who cherish the sin of hatred. *Elders*—The leading men among the Jews. *By what authority*—They asked what right Jesus had to drive out the traders from the temple, and act as a master in it. *The baptism of John*—Meaning the whole ministry of John the Baptist. *Was it from heaven*—If they acknowledged it as from God, then they must also acknowledge Christ's authority, since he received testimony from John. *Or of men*—If they denied Christ's power, they must also deny John's. *Feared the people*—Luke adds, "For fear they might be stoned." *We cannot tell*—They were unwilling to take a stand either for or against John the Baptist.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we here taught—

1. To pray for all our needs?
2. To pray with the spirit of faith?
3. To pray with the spirit of love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Christ tell us to pray for? For whatever we desire. 2. How should we pray? Believing that we shall be answered. 3. What spirit should we have toward others? The spirit of forgiveness. 4. How will God reward our forgiveness of others? By forgiving our trespasses.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Authority of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

50. How did God deliver them from the hands of their enemies? When the children of Israel had fallen into the hands of their enemies, and cried unto the Lord, he raised up Judges, who subdued their enemies and delivered the people.

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