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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

[No. 24.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

FRANKFORT is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city I saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the tradeemporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

I lodged at the magnificent Hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules-Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. I was shown the handsome *salon* in which this historic act took place, the inkstand and table used, and Bismarck's room. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But to me its chief attraction was its ancient, narrow alleys between the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, with grotesque figures supporting the projections and roof; the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls; and the old inn courtyards, with huge, long-armed pumps.

One of the most picturesque of these streets is the Judengasse, or Jews' Quarter. Though much improved of late, it is still very crowded and squalid. Hebrew signs abound—I saw that of A. Rothschild, the father of the house—and keen-eyed, hook-nosed Shylocks were seen in the narrow shops. Till the year 1806 this street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Römerberg, an



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

ancient square, was the inscription: "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

I tried to get into the old Jewish Cemetery, a wilderness of crumbling mounds and mouldering tombstones, but after crossing a swine market and wandering through narrow lanes around its walls, I could not find the

entrance, and could not comprehend the directions given me in voluble German gutturals. There are now 7,000 Jews, many of them of great wealth, in the city, and the new synagogue is very magnificent.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Römer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Römerberg. I visited the election room decorated in red, where the Emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected Emperor dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole series of Emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne down—the Karls, Conrads, Seigfrieds, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day, long since turned to the dust and almost forgotten.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretched florid manner, and everywhere we read, "Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns"—"Holy Mary, pray for us." Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

Of special interest to me was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer. The quaint corner oriel was very striking.

The engraving accompanying this article, also those on pages 4 and 5, are specimens of a large number to appear in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* entitled, "Here and There in Europe," with pictures of many of the most interesting and important scenes and cities in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and Belgium. Other illustrated articles will be, "Our Own Country," describing with copious pictorial illustration, an extended visit to and

through the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion; "Picturesque Ireland," with numerous superb engravings, describing and illustrating some of the finest scenery in the counties of Antrim, Londonderry, Donegal,

Clare, Kerry, Cork, Kilkenny and Dublin, including the Lakes of Killarney, the wild west coast, the Giant's Causeway, Dunluce Castle, Dublin Bay, and many other of the fairest scenes of the Green Isle; "Round About England," with a large number of beautiful engravings of the most romantic and interesting scenes and historic sites in the shires of York, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire, Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Cambridge, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Kent, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall; "Landmarks of History," with numerous full page engravings of the chief actors and scenes and events in the great historic drama of Europe; "Land of the Pharaohs," "Asia Minor and the Levant," "Lands of the Bible," with large numbers of Bible scenes in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Levant, of much interest to all Bible readers; "Mission Life and Work in China, Alaska and the North Pacific Coast," "In the High Alps," "Corea, the Hermit Nation," "The Modern Jews," and other illustrated articles which cannot now be enumerated.

Indifference.

If I and mine are safe at home,
It matters not what wolves go by,
Nor that my neighbour's children roam,
Nor that I hear them loudly cry
Help! help! help! help!

If mine are safe and undefiled,
It matters not what woe befall,
Nor who beguiled my neighbour's child,
Nor that by ruthless hand it died
Calling for help.

I've taught my own and made them wise;
I've watched them well and kept them pure;
My care the greed of wolves defies;
My walls are high, my gates secure,
I need no help.

Alas! my child has climbed the wall,
Is out among the wolves so fierce
(I dreamed not harm could him befall),
But now their fangs his flesh will pierce—
Help! help! help! help!

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,
If thou hast seen the wolves go by,
Nor warned thy neighbour's son beguiled
To pitfalls, where he sure must die
For want of help.

Or here, or there, the Lord will mete
To thee the measure of thy deeds—
Works make the prayer of faith complete.
To help thy neighbour in his needs
God doth of thee require.

MRS. L. D. BURNETT COWAN in the *Union Signal*.

"MOTHER," asked a little child,
"since nothing is ever lost, where do
all our thoughts go?" "To God,"
answered the mother gravely, "who
remembers them forever." "Forever!"
said the child. He bent his head, and
drawing closer to his mother, mur-
mured, "I am frightened!"

NEVER be afraid to use the highest
motives in doing the smallest deeds.

JACK.

"I CAN do it and I will do it,"—
and the thin lips shut tight, and a
curious bunch of lines and knots came
just above the little pugnose. Jack's
one homely feature and the deep grey
eyes lit up and flashed their determina-
tion, and the small fist clenched
tightly. "If anyone else ever did, I
can do it, even if he did live three
hundred years ago, and was a foreigner,
and anyhow I said I'd do it and I will,
so you fellows just shut up and don't
say a word to mother about it, and
mind keep particularly mum to Mr.
Wallace, and come along with me
next Saturday afternoon and I'll do
it, see if I don't."

It was a long speech for Jack to
make and he took a deep breath at
the end.

A crowd of boys, a half dozen or
more—like any other crowd of boys
the world over.

Jack was the most noticeable of
this crowd. He was one of those boys
we always look at twice when we meet
them, and wish we were boys again
ourselves, we old folks; a boy that we
take an interest in at once, and never
think of asking if he goes to school
and what book he is in and how he
likes it—which questions we consider
the right and only form when we
chance to be alone with a small boy,
with whom we had no previous ac-
quaintance. A manly little fellow was
Jack, and I remember well the first
time I met him. I was stationed in
Jack's native village, and went to
Jack's home to board. It was just
before tea time and I was talking with
his mother in the little sitting room
that became so dear to me in the
months that followed, when a form
darted up the road and vaulted over
the gate (Jack had a contempt for
gates and never opened them) and a
voice was heard in the kitchen:
"Hullo, mother, say—is tea ready?
I'm as hungry as a—" Jack appeared
at the sitting room door and saw me.
"This is our new minister, Jack," said
his mother, "he is going to stay with
us." Jack's broad mouth smiled and
showed a famous set of white teeth,
and Jack's face brightened with a look
of welcome that made me forget that
I was a stranger in a strange land;
and Jack came across the room pull-
ing off his old glengarry cap and hold-
ing it in his brown hand. "I'm glad
to see you, sir," he said, "I hope you'll
be happy here."

"I am sure I shall, my boy," I an-
swered; "if all the folks are like
you," and after that Jack held a warm
place in my heart, and even to this
day I call him my boy, though he is a
man with boys of his own, and I—
Oh, well, I am Jack's old pastor.

A fine fellow was Jack, and the
boys knew it. Good-natured and
hence willing to do anything to keep
the peace, brave as a lion, up to all
sorts of mischief; getting tremendous
falls but always managing to alight

right side up, having hair-breadth
escapes, but always *escaped*, the ac-
knowledged leader of the small boys
of the village.

Many a time I've said to his mother.
"Aren't you afraid Jack will be
killed, he does some very venturesome
things."

"No," she would answer, "I used
to fear, but I've got over that. God
has something for Jack to live for, he
will take care of my boy. But I do
wish he would not be quite so daring."

I said I believe Jack is up to all
sorts of mischief. I meant legitimate
mischief, that is, legitimate as boys
look at it. Old folks wear glasses,
boys don't.

Jack would not do a mean or cow-
ardly thing for his life. He was the
very soul of honour, and had an utter
scorn for anything small or mean or
underhand. Just let some fellow pro-
pose playing a mean trick on anyone
and Jack's eyes would flash, and his
freckle face redden up pretty quick,
and the thin lip curve with utter con-
tempt as he would say, "You can do
it if you like, but I am not quite so
small."

Then it would be the other's turn
to flush up, for Jack always made a
mean fellow feel ashamed of himself,
and he would very likely reply, "Oh
well, hang it Jack, you needn't be so
particular; it wouldn't do any hurt."
But somehow it never came off when
Jack was not for it.

At one end of the village, about a
hundred yards from the school, there
rose out of the water an immense rock
like a lighthouse. Some two hundred
feet through at the bottom, it grew
smaller as it came towards the top,
which was about two hundred and
fifty or three hundred feet from the
sea level. At the very top, which was
nearly flat, was a long white slab with
letters on it, placed there in some way
over three hundred years ago by a
Spanish seaman—some said, a pirate.
Anyhow with spy glasses, the name
Joannes Vairis, and the date, 1573,
could be made out, and also what
seemed to be other words, but in print
too small to be read, and written
probably in a foreign language.

Now the sides of this rock were
almost bare of any kind of projection,
except a rough ridge or ledge that
wound half round the rock like a
spiral till it came within some thirty
feet from the top. There the ledge
stopped for a space of some twelve or
fifteen feet where a piece had evidently
fallen or been taken out. After this
space the ledge wound on to the top
of the rock. Many a venturesome
boy had climbed as far as the "lost
link," as they called it, and many a
lad in the last three centuries had
longed to cross the link, and read what
was on the slab above. I forgot to
mention that just above where the
first edge ended, the rock jutted out,
thus making the top quite invisible
and unattainable.

At the time when our story begins

they had been discussing the white
slab and the old pirate who put it
there.

"I don't see how the old fellow ever
got across the link."

"Oh that's plain enough," said
Jack. "Don't you see it was all right
when he went up, and he took a
through ticket; but when he came
down he thought of us fellows, and
removed his bridges behind him. I
believe he had the piece knocked away
himself."

"That's so—I never thought of
that. See here, Jack—" It was Will
Fish who spoke. He and Jack were
chums. "See here, Jack, why don't
you cross it?"

Every boy stopped talking at once,
and showed the intensest interest.
Some of them were somewhat jealous
of Jack and his popularity, and would
have liked very well to see him stick
on something he couldn't call mean or
cowardly. Here was their chance.

"Yes, Jack, why don't you cross it?"
Jack's face paled a little, then
flushed again. "To tell the truth,
fellows, I've been thinking of that my-
self—in fact, I've thought of it a long
while. My bump of curiosity is quite
large, and I'd like very well to find
out what took that Spanish chap up
there, and what he's got to say for
himself."

"Oh, nonsense, Jack, you can't do
it." This from one of the jealous ones
to edge him on, for they knew Jack's
pride.

Jack stopped and looked over at
the rock as it could be seen from
where they stood. It looked terribly
hard from there—and would look
harder still at the top of the first
ledge, but Jack's pride was at stake;
nothing but what was wrong had ever
stopped him yet, and the boys were
waiting for his answer now. "I can
do it, and I will do it; if anyone else
ever did it I can do it."

Many a time I've taken Jack with
me in my rambles along the sea shore
and over the hills. I used to like to
watch him, so full of life he was, his
face like a mirror reflecting every
change in his mind. It was rarely
that his face looked the same unless
he was thinking deeply, then it was
wonderful how old looking it got, and
how serious.

"A penny for your thoughts," I
would sometimes say when I saw him
in one of these brown studies. Then
Jack would look up with a laugh, and
a red flush would come in his fair fore-
head. Jack's forehead was the only
part of his face that was fair, it never
seemed to tan, though for what reason
I could never tell, for he used to wear
his hat so far back on his head, that
it was a constant miracle that it staid
on at all.

"Oh, I guess they are not worth
that," he would say, and off he would
be leaping over the rocks and climb-
ing the hills as though half ashamed
at being caught serious.

But one day he came back. It was

the first time he ever talked quite seriously to me, for I never pressed him into it. I let him take his own time. I knew he would come some day, for I saw he trusted me.

"Say, Mr. Wallace," he said, "is it wrong to carry on? you know what I mean. I'm an awful fellow, always up to some sort of nonsense. I can't help it somehow; it's in me and has to come out, you see. Of course I don't do anything bad—but—oh well, you know, some of the old folks think I'm a regular scamp, scapegrace—and so on—that way you know—and well I was just wondering, I often wonder—is it wrong anyhow?"

Ah! Jack my boy. As I write I can see him looking into my eyes with those grey ones of his full of serious light, speaking in that impulsive rough-and-ready way of his that was full of earnestness and character, putting his thoughts in words as fast as they came, all in a bunch, like sheep crowding out of the sheep pen.—I can see him, and I reach my hand across the space that divides us and grasp his honest one, for my heart goes out to him as it always did.

"Well, Jack, you know old folks are wise, and they have a good deal of experience, but—"

"Oh, bother old folks, I want to know what you think," put in Jack impetuously.

"Just wait till I finish my sentence, sir, and perhaps you'll find out what I think,—but I was going to say they often wear glasses and glasses magnify. You see, Jack, it is this way. They saw their own boyish days with natural eyes, but they look at yours and mine through glasses, and so sometimes they are not good judges. But tell me, Jack, what do you think about it yourself?"

"Well," said Jack, "I wasn't just sure. You see sometimes ma looks, well not angry, but kind of grieved like and I can't stand that. I'd never think it was wrong if it wasn't for that—I don't think. But that sets me thinking. I don't want to do anything that way if it hurts mother—and—well I thought I'd ask you." "Let's sit down, Jack."

We sat down there on the side of the hill looking out over the sea,— Jack in his usual way, his hat stuck back on his head, leaning well back and supporting himself by clasping his hands around one knee, I lying below him on the grass and raising myself on one elbow.

I put my hand on his knees over his two brown ones, and looked up for a moment at the grey eyes, and earnest face. I never saw Jack so serious before. Things were very real to Jack.

"What does Jesus think, Jack?" The eyes grew more serious than ever now, and in a moment looked away from mine, away, away out over the dark waves, and soon a mist came stealing into their grey depths, and then two tears tumbled on each lid

and were pushed over by those behind them to roll along down over Jack's freckled face, and drop one after another on the old worn coat.

Jack didn't say anything, didn't even wipe them away, which he would usually have done, for Jack hated tears, but sat there biting his lips, and thinking, thinking.

Soon he drew himself down closer to me, and hiding his face in his hands leaned his head on my shoulder, so that his cap fell off, and then he went on, thickly at first, for his voice was all choked with tears and emotion. "That's it, it's that more than anything else, only I couldn't tell you somehow, I don't know why though. I pretend to be a Christian, and I don't see as I'm any different from the other fellows who don't, not a bit, except I don't swear and lots of them that ain't pious don't do that; and then there's another thing, I do things sometimes that are foolhardy and dangerous, and I might be killed. I'm sure, (Jack choked a bit here), Jesus wouldn't like anything like that, and I don't think I've any right to do them, only you know the fellows kind of expect it of me. If it was anything cowardly or mean I might say no. I'd not be afraid to, but—well it's harder in things like that. Why, only yesterday I told the fellows I'd—and he told me all about the proposed feat of crossing the 'lost link' next Saturday, and then he went on; the flood-gates were open now, and there was no constraint." Jack had begun this thing and he was going through with it.

"Now, how am I going to get out of it. I'm not afraid to do it, and I think I could, but—well—I don't hardly believe it's right, and I feel Jesus wouldn't like it."

"Stop a moment, Jack," I said, "and let us look at it. What would be gained if you did this thing in safety? Your curiosity would be satisfied, your pride too, Jack—and that's all, and on the other side there's the fact that you may be killed, and also if you do it some others will try it, and they might not be so fortunate. Look at it, Jack, square in the face and tell me what you think."

Jack was quiet for a moment, and his eyes seemed to find something to help him away beyond the waves, where the mist settled down on the sea. I sat watching the struggle, for it was a struggle, and how bravely my boy came out of it. Only a minute, perhaps less, when up he leaped on his feet and dashed away the last tear, though, forsooth, that was needless, for the clear fires that shone there would have dried it up in a short time. "I'll not do it," he said; "I don't care what the fellows say—and what's another thing, I'm going to be a better sort of a Christian after this than I have been, so there."

"Good for you, my boy," I said. And my own heart leaped for gladness, and I loved the noble fellow

more than ever now. "Good for you, I knew you'd come out right side up—you always do. Now don't you feel as though you'd conquered a city? Can't you kind of chum in with Alexander and Caesar, and say, old fellows, I know how it feels to be a conqueror. I've been there myself. I congratulate you!"

"I don't know but what I do," said Jack.

We walked home then, but did not talk much on the way. Jack spent most of the time in picking up stones, some big ones, and flinging them out over the bluff into the sea.

He had worked his energy up to a high pitch, and had to let it down easy. Jack never collapsed.

He came to me that night while I was reading, and told me how he got on with the fellows.

"I went right after tea, 'cause I wanted to have it done with, and over. It wasn't so very hard, you know, when once I'd made up my mind. Of course some of them said I was afraid, and they know how I'd back out. But I said I guessed they knew me well enough to know I wasn't generally afraid to do things, and then they shut up. But the hardest came last when I told them about the—you know—other resolve I made. But I got it out, and no one said a word, till in a little while some fellow started on another line and that was the end of it—and, well I guess they like me better than ever," and Jack laughed half-sheepishly. I laughed too, at this last touch. It was so like Jack, a wee bit of pride, but with something to back it up.

"And now, Jack," I said, "about this other resolve, as you call it. You can't keep it yourself. If you do you'll make a small show, and be down in no time—like the fellow at the fair last fall who tried his flying machine and nearly broke his neck. You know, Jack, the devil hasn't got done with you yet, by a long way. You will have to be very careful and live close to Jesus, and always ask him for help. Now come, let's kneel down here and have a talk with the Master about it."

And we knelt down there, my boy and I, and my heart went out in a prayer that Jesus who was once a boy with boys in Nazareth years ago, would guide and guard Jack, and would teach him the great loveliness of Christian boyhood and Christian manhood by revealing himself.

When we rose my eyes were wet as Jack's, and I couldn't trust myself to speak, so I just grasped his hand in mine and said "Good-night, Jack."

"Good-night, sir," said Jack, and went out.—*The Wesleyan.*

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom.

"I AM not afraid of the dark," said Bess; "I never did anything to the dark, and it won't hurt me."

Child of a King.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King"
—*Psa. 134.*
My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home with himself by-and-by.

CHO.—I'm the child, etc.

I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth.
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

CHO.—I'm the child, etc.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHO.—I'm the child, etc.

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said, "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What?" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me; for I must go and tell my people the good news."

A LORD IN THE FAMILY.

A pompous, silly school-boy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and having exhausted his topic, he turned with an important air and asked one of his school-fellows, "Are there any lords in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one at least; for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother."

The boy was right; and as he grew up it was his privilege to know more of this Elder Brother, and to tell the perishing multitudes the tidings of his grace.

Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family, and who know him as their Elder Brother and their everlasting friend.

Our God is Marching On.

The light of truth is breaking, on the mountain-tops it gleams;
Let it flash along our valleys, let it glitter on our streams,
Till all our land awakens in its flush of golden beams.

Our God is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady, in the great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred from the depths of woe and shame.
And the jubilee of freedom to the slave of sin proclaim.

Our God is marching on.

Our strength is in Jehovah, and our cause is in his care;

With Almighty hands to help us, we have faith to do and dare,

While confiding in his promise that the Lord will answer prayer.

Our God is marching on.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LIBRARIES.

Some schools are adopting the practice of purchasing, instead of library-books, some interesting and instructive periodical. We beg to commend to the attention of such the *Methodist Magazine*, whose announcement appears on the last page. The articles on Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor and other Bible-Lands will be of special interest to all Bible readers. Already a number of schools take this periodical in quantities, varying from two to ten, as being fresher, more interesting, and cheaper than library-books. Special rates will be given to schools, on application to the publisher, Rev. William Briggs, Methodist Book Room, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

AN EXPLANATION.

THE criticisms of this paper are almost without exception of the kindest character. A very rare exception occurs in a recent anonymous letter to the *Christian Guardian*. We think it has arisen from a misapprehension on the part of the writer. The following letter to the *Guardian* will explain itself:

DEAR SIR,—A sentence in an anonymous letter in the last *Guardian* opens my eyes in amazement to the fact that any one could interpret a picture in a late number of *PLEASANT HOURS* as tending "to strengthen the racing appetite." On the contrary, its very purpose was to expose the cruelty which I deem inseparable from racing. It is one of a series of cuts procured from the American Humane Society. The accompanying description is taken from the published report of that society. The purpose of republishing the series is to cultivate among our young people the spirit of kindness to animals. The brief article describes the "moral reformation" wrought in a famous horse by gentleness, and concludes: "Would that every master of the dumb brute creation could thus realize the almost omnipotent power of human kindness!" One might as justly say that a picture of the effects of drunkenness had a tendency "to strengthen the drinking appetite."

Yours,
W. H. WITHROW.

"THE GLAD TIDINGS."

In this number we give several extracts from *Glad Tidings*, an excellent little paper published by the Rev. W. W. Brewer, of St. John, N. B. It is brim full of the gospel and cannot fail to do much good where read. It costs only two cents a number, or 50 cents a year. Our friends cannot do better than subscribe for it, unless it be to send from \$1 to \$4 or \$5, for a large quantity to distribute gratuitously.

MISSION NOTES.

We devote a good deal of space in this number to missionary sketches and the like. The time is approaching when the special Christmas offerings and collections for missions will be made in our schools. The best way of keeping Christmas is to give something, as well as to receive. It is very gratifying that such progress is being made in the annual givings of our schools. During the last year these juvenile offerings have increased from \$20,762 to \$25,526—an increase of \$4,764. If a similar increase could be secured every year the schools would soon do something like their share of this great missionary effort. At present they raise about one-eighth of the income of the Missionary Society. In England the schools raise about one-third. If our schools would only do as well as the schools in Montreal they would soon do this. We have not last year's figures at hand, but the



H. S. G. 1887
ALBANIAN CHIEF.

ALBANIAN CHIEF.

year before the Sunday-schools in the Montreal District alone raised for missions \$4,475, or more than one-fourth of what was raised by all the other schools of the entire Methodist Church. This shows what can be done by systematic giving and collecting. Will not all our other schools try to imitate the missionary zeal of those in Montreal.

ALBANIAN CHIEF.

THE Albanians are a very warlike and turbulent people, who live on the Eastern shores of the Adriatic. Many of them are bandits and live by marauding. The bandit chief in our picture carries a whole arsenal of weapons in his girdle and an extraordinary long gun. His very voluminous skirt and other feminine finery he wears, seem to accord very ill with his otherwise martial appearance. An interesting article in the *Methodist Magazine* will describe these curious people and their curious ways.

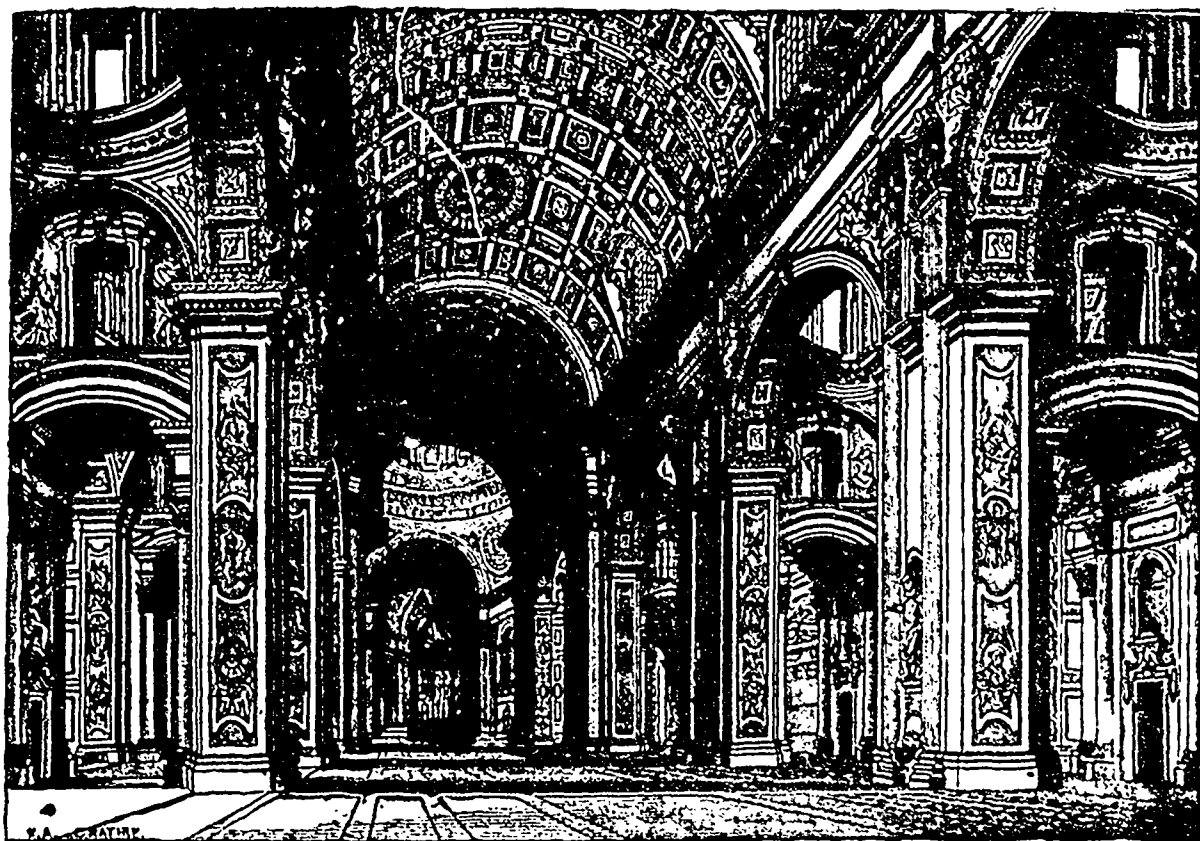
THE CHILDREN FOR CHRIST.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."
ONE of the most important duties in connection with evangelistic work is that of leading the young to decide for Christ,—work easier done and more blessed in its results than even that of leading adults to the Saviour. The lambs of the flock need and will well repay us for any extra care.

We cannot too early urge them to give God their hearts. The sins from which they will be saved, the longer life to work for God, are advantages of the utmost importance.—*Glad Tidings*.

We thank the Editor of the *Orillia Packet*, one of the most interesting of our exchanges, for the following kind words: In an excellent paper on "Loyalty to our Methodist Sabbath-school Publications," read at the Strathroy District Sunday-school Convention, the Rev. W. J. Little clearly proves that the publications edited by the Rev. Dr. Withrow are superior to those issued by the pretentious Cook's Publishing House, in the United States. One reason which should, we think, have great weight, has been omitted. Canadian Methodists should be loyal to, because of the loyalty in, their own Sunday-school periodicals. Patriotism and loyalty to our Sovereign are Christian virtues which Dr. Withrow never fails to inculcate by precept and example.

Our Little Men and Women comes again with its twenty pages of stories and pictures for youngsters just beginning to read for themselves. Children ought to have as much fun in learning to read as in learning to skate. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send a sample copy for five cents in postage stamps; and they pay generously for getting subscribers.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

LONGFELLOW.

RELIGION cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there and will reappear.

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

THE most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee now;
And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and various coloured mar-

bles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pagantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my

judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pagantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold, — the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne — a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

THIS simple story may serve as an inspiration to the children in their work for Jesus, and as an encouragement to parents and Sunday school workers in seeking to implant in minds that are infantile a desire to love and labour for others. Its scene is the Prince Street Methodist Sunday school, Charlottetown. This school has always been characterized by its earnest missionary spirit, and there have gone forth from it more than a score of ministers to carry the glad tidings of salvation to different parts of the world. To-day it supports a native missionary in Japan. The missionary money is placed by the children in boxes and purses, and there is quite a little rivalry between the boys and girls which shall have the largest sum at the end of the year. A dear little boy, about five years of age, in one of the junior classes, thought that he was not contributing enough. His father was a shoemaker, and both of his parents were devoted Christian people. One day he begged his father to cut him out a pair of little shoes that he might make them. At first his father put him off with a laugh, but persevering in his application, the father at length cut the leather into shape for him and gave him awl and thread. Thus equipped, the little fellow, instead of going to play as usual after school hours, sat down by his father's side and worked away day after day at the tiny shoes until they were finished.

Having sold them to a lady, he made a little bag for the money and hung it over his bed, intending to take it to school on the following Sunday and put it in the box. But when Sunday came he was very sick, had caught the scarlet fever, and the doctor said he could not live. His throat was very sore, and he had a gargle to take that hurt him very much. The use of it caused him so much pain that he refused to take it any more. At evening his father coaxed him to try it once more, and offered him a dollar if he would do so. He consented and taking the dollar in his hand, pointing to the bag at the head of the bed, said to his father, this shall be for the missionaries too. Then as he was dying

he pulled his weeping mother's face down to his and whispered. "He died for all mankind, mother. I am going to Jesus. How sweet it will be to be in heaven," and so after leaving the beautiful lesson of self-denial and suffering for the sake of Jesus and his work, he entered into rest. Precious truth. Jesus accepts the little ones and their service!

There is a beautiful hymn which represents the man at the gate in the Pilgrim's Progress, receiving the pilgrims as they come to enter the celestial city. The man says to the way worn travellers making application for admittance, "I am willing with all my heart." Presently a little child comes.

"I am only a little child, dear Lord,
And my feet already are stained with sin,
But they say he hath sent the children word
To come to this gate and enter in.
And the man at the gate looked down and smiled
A goodly smile and fair to see,
And spoke as he looked at the trusting child,
'I am willing with all my heart,' says he."

Jesus is the "Man at the gate," and he it is who accepts the praises of the children and says, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*P. W. M. in Glad Tidings.*

CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE Chinese are very fond of fish, which abounds in all their rivers, and on their coasts. They have a peculiar way of catching it. They train cormorants—a species of water-bird—to catch the fish and give them up to the boatmen who take charge of the business. It is curious to watch them diving and bringing up fish after fish in their strong bills, which they do with great rapidity.

The Chinese do not use knives and forks. They use instead a pair of little sticks called chop-sticks. They are commonly made of wood, but the finer kinds are made of ivory, mother-of-pearl, and silver. Both sticks are held in one hand, and the Chinese are very clever in the use of them, being able to pick up single particles of rice with the greatest ease.

A kind of bird's nest is used for food in China. The bird is a species of swallow, and the nest, which is made of a sticky vegetable substance, is built in the clefts of the rocks along the shore. As it is both difficult and dangerous to procure these nests, they are expensive, and only the wealthy are able to enjoy the soup that is made from them. The Chinese have a yellow-brown complexion, smooth faces, and narrow eyes set obliquely in the head. It is common for the men to shave the greater part of their heads, and to let the remaining hair grow to a great length and hang down behind in a plait, which is called a cue. They wear hats with broad brims turned upwards, and with pointed crowns.

The common dress of men, as well as of women, is a wide gown, with large, loose sleeves. In the case of the wealthy, these gowns, are made of silk or satin of various colours, but the common people generally wear cotton. Men of different ranks wear different colours; and only persons of the highest rank are allowed to wear yellow. White is the colour for mourning. The public officers, or chief men, are called mandarins. They are of various ranks, which are shown by the colour and material of the balls or buttons on their hats. Those of the highest rank wear ruby buttons; those of the third, silver. The women of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. From the age of five, female children of the higher ranks have their feet bound and confined in cases of iron to prevent them from growing. By this means the women succeed in having very tiny feet, but the results are that they have very thick and clumsy ankles, and that they walk very badly. Another curious custom is that of allowing their fingernails to grow to a great length. This is done by rich persons in order to show that they are not required to work like the poor.

They are very skilful in carving in ivory, mother-of-pearl, and wood, and in making trays, boxes, and ornaments in lacquer-work. In religion the majority of the Chinese are Buddhists, but the educated classes believe the doctrines of Confucius, who lived about five hundred years before Christ. The Chinese language is very peculiar. The words are not formed out of a few letters, as in European languages, but there are thousands of written characters, each one meaning a different thing.—*Margaret Terry.*

WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE BOOK-CASE.

A NATIVE physician living in the country of Bingo, in Southern Japan, has a relative in Osaka. This relative is an earnest Christian, and takes every opportunity to spread the knowledge of the truth. Some time ago, when the four Gospels and the Acts were all the Japanese had of the word of God, this Christian relative gave to the physician these five books, and he put them away in his book-case.

He had a little daughter named O Tadz, to whom he gave, what is quite uncommon among Japanese women, a good education. She became fond of reading; and in searching her father's book-shelves one day she came across the five books, which had lain unnoticed for a long time. She was intensely interested in them, and read them through and through, and often lay awake at night wondering how she could receive the joy and peace that she felt sure was for her.

When she was fifteen years old her father took her to Osaka, to receive better advantages than she could get at home, and procured board for her in this relative's family.

When the family assembled for prayers the good man began to explain to her the meaning of what he read, thinking her wholly ignorant, when to his astonishment, she began to question him in a way that showed her to be well acquainted with the Gospels. He asked her where she had learned about the Bible, and she told him of the books he had given to her father years ago. A Chinese Bible was procured for her, and she read with intense interest the Old Testament history, which was all new and wonderful to her.

She soon gave her heart to Jesus, and understood for herself the joy which the Christians, of whom she had read in the Acts, had possessed. When she wrote to her parents of her desire to be baptized, they sent her a complete suit of new clothes, telling her to wear them at her baptism, for whom her soul was cleansed the body too must be clean.—*Foreign Missionary.*

THOUGHTS ON GOD.

I do not like to think of God as a being who dwells in awful majesty beyond the clouds and storms and sky, inhabiting a region into which the natural eyes can never look; but as a being who is with me in the world, a being who walks by my side, a being who reigns in my heart, a being who assists me to do the great work which has been assigned me. I love to think of God as a being who gives me the direct assurance that I am his child, and such a confidence as that I am enabled to say,

"I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood."
I am thine when the world frowns upon me; thine when friends turn against me; thine in the bright days of prosperity; thine in the night of adversity; thine in sickness; thine in health; thine in life; thine in death; thine for evermore.—*A. B. C., in Glad Tidings.*

THIS DAY.

TIME is a priceless gift. It comes to us in detached portions so that its duties may be attended to in detail. Each day has its own work. To-day's diligence cannot make up yesterday's neglect, nor render to-morrow's labour unnecessary. The past is forever gone; the future may never be ours, and to us alone belongs the present. For *this day* we cannot be too thankful. Dying sinners have deemed an hour invaluable, and wealthy ones have offered immense sums to prolong life for even that brief space. To-day is ours, and if we do but wisely use it great good will be the result. Pardon, peace and preparation for heaven may be had now. The new life may be begun at once. Jesus says, "All things are ready." Delays are always dangerous. We know not what lies before us. There is a great deal to be done, and the time in which to do it may be very short. The invitation is, "Come now and let us reason together,"

saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Other things may be attended to in the future, but the salvation of the soul ought to be secured *this day.*

Missionary Hymn.

Jesus shall reign whoso'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to his name.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

A TRUE STORY.

SEVERAL years ago a missionary was travelling in India, where the Bible had never been seen or the name of Jesus heard. He had been told that the natives in that part of the country were very fierce and brutal, and that his life would be in great danger; but he was so anxious to carry the gospel to them that he ventured to go. When he reached that village, he was immediately surrounded by twenty or thirty furious and passionate men, who would not listen to any explanation of his errand, and threatened him with instant death.

The missionary showed no fear, but calmly asked the privilege of telling them a beautiful story before they should kill him.

They consented to this; and, forming a circle around him to prevent his escape, they stood with stones in their hands ready to take his life as soon as his story was told.

Do you wonder what that story was? It began with the first verse of the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

As he told them of Adam and Eve, of Noah and the ark, the rainbow and the olive-leaf, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, of Moses and his miracles, of the Red Sea and the tables of stone, their interest was soon aroused, and they became eager listeners; but when he went on in his account from the Old Testament to the New, and began the history of the wonderful Babe of Bethlehem, they drew closer and closer around him, and, dropping their stones, hung upon his words with almost breathless attention.

Before the story of the Saviour's death was reached, they were all melted to tears, and when they heard of the Cross, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, their enmity was all gone, and they welcomed the missionary as a friend and teacher. The "beautiful story" saved his life.

The Good News: a Mission Incident in Japan.

BY MISS FULCILLA J. OWENS.

"STRANGER lady, from the land beyond the ocean,
Know'st thou aught of any life beyond the grave?
Canst thou tell of Jesus?"—thus with deep emotion
Heard I eager lips their weighty answer crave.

"I have come," she said, "in fear and sorrow hastening,
They are longing for the tidings at my home,
For my husband 'neath Death's power lieth wasting,
And he sent me hither, waiting till I come."

Then I told my heathen sister that sweet story
Of our Jesus, of his life of pain and love,
How he left for mortal men a throne of glory,
How he promised us immortal life above.

"Tell me more, still more," she urged in tones imploring,
"O the precious words! I want to hear them all;
Back in joy I'll bear them, hope restoring
To his sinking heart, now trembling at Death's call."

More I told her,—it was sweet to see her listen
With the tear-drops in her dark beseeching eyes;
Brighter than her gems, I saw them gleam and glisten,
As the light of Hope dawned on them from the skies.

Then in peace she sped her way, the tidings bearing
To her darkened home, of life beyond the grave,
And at the sufferer's couch she bent, declaring
The love of Jesus, who had come to save.

Christian sisters, hear ye not the heathen crying,
From their mournful homes, for hope beyond the grave?
They are waiting there, the sad, the sick, and dying,
For the news of Jesus, who is strong to save.

Will ye bind your hand with gems, while hearts are breaking?
Will ye waste your time on heartless pleasures gay?
Will ye careless smile, while weary brows are aching
For the blessed comfort of the Gospel day?

Ah! my Saviour, when we, too, at last are dying,
When we look above thy pitying eyes to see,
Shall our ears be haunted with the heathen's sighing?
Or shall thy voice whisper, "This ye did for me?"

—Heathen Woman's Friend.

GIRLS IN CHINA.

GIRLS in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and therefore not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl-children, they are disposed of in the following way:

"At regular times an officer goes through a village, and collects from poor parents all the girl-children they cannot care for, when they are about

eight days old. He has two large baskets hung on a bamboo pole, and slung over his shoulder. Six little girl-babies are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighbouring village, and exposes them for sale. Mothers who want to raise wives for their sons buy such as they may select. The others are taken to government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough, they are taken in; if not, they are drowned." Will not the little girls who read about this, save their pennies to send the Gospel to China? Jesus died for the fathers and mothers and children in China as well as for us.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY THE EDITOR.

FEELING the need of a brief holiday trip to recuperate exhausted energies and to prepare for the fall and winter's work, we took a run for three weeks down to the Maritime Provinces, and a very delightful trip it was. The journey over the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways was pleasantly broken by brief rests at Montreal, Quebec, and Campbellton. St. John has wonderfully improved since the fire, when we last saw it. The new Methodist churches, Queen's Square and Centenary, are beautiful stone structures that would do credit to any city. The Centenary church is in some respects superior to our Metropolitan, which we are told is the handsomest in the world. It is built of a fine stone, and with a noble open roof, and is the only Methodist church we know in which the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and when its magnificent spire is erected will be the most conspicuous object in this city of churches. If Rome was built on seven hills, St. John must be built on seventeen; and each of them seemed to be crowned with a graceful spire. The school-room of Centenary church is the finest we ever saw. It has a flourishing school, and the religious work of the church, as indicated elsewhere, is on aggressive and successful lines.

The run over the New Brunswick railway to the Grand Falls of the St. John, 200 miles from its mouth, was one of the most magnificent rides we ever enjoyed.

Leaving St. John by steamer, we crossed the swirling tides of the Bay of Fundy to Digby, and steamed up the magnificent Annapolis Basin to the ancient town of Annapolis, a town first founded in 1605, three years before Quebec. A delightful afternoon was spent in exploring the old French fort and enjoying the superb view from the hill across the Ferry. A ride through the famous Annapolis Valley, the garden of Nova Scotia, brings one to the land of Evangeline

and to Grand Pre, the scene of the touching tragedy described in Long fellow's poem. The memory of the drive with Bro. Friggins through the beautiful Gaspereau Valley, and of the splendid outlook over the far-spreading Basin of Minas with Blomidan's lofty cape in the distance, will never be forgotten. A brief visit to Halifax enabled us to revive impressions of a summer's sojourn three years ago, to observe the substantial progress of this beautiful city by the sea, and to enjoy the courtesies of our genial friends Revs. Dr. Lathern and S. F. Huestis. Not the least pleasant part of our visit were a few days spent amid the majestic scenery of Cape Breton with its rocky shores, its rugged mountains, and the charming water ways of the Bras d'Or Channel and Lakes. If the people of Western Canada but know the scenic and other attractions of Baddeck, Wycogomagh and "that sort of thing," as C. Dudley Warner phrases it, many more of them would make a holiday trip to this cool and invigorating summer retreat.

On our return trip we embraced the opportunity to stop over at Sackville to see the Collegiate buildings of our Church University and Academies. We knew they were well manned and equipped, but it was a pleasant surprise to find them so extensive and elegant. The Centenary Memorial Hall is a perfect architectural gem both within and without; and the view from the roof of the Ladies' Academy, of the College Campus and groups of buildings and their environment, is one of not-to-be-forgotten beauty. The unbounded kindness of our old friends, Prof. Burwash, Dr. Inch, and the kind family of Dr. Stewart, and of many brethren elsewhere, made it almost impossible to bring our visit within the allotted length of time.—*Methodist Magazine.*

PLAYTHINGS FOR GIRLS IN JAPAN.

Mrs. CARROTHERS, in the "Sunrise Kingdom," gives the following account of the dolls and other playthings for girls:

The third day of the third month in Japan is the little girls' holiday—the feast of dolls. The dolls are arranged on shelves sloping one above and a little back of another, the emperor and his wife occupying the topmost shelf. Then a feast is prepared of white sweet saki and two cakes of mo-chi, placed one above another on a dish. The under cake is green, and the other white. Whether there is any special significance in this I cannot say. This feast is first offered to the dolls, who, not being troubled with sensations of hunger and thirst, do not partake heartily; so the children have the benefit of it all, and drink the saki and eat the mo-chi with great satisfaction.

Japanese dolls (*ningi-yo*, "resembling men") are very worthy of con-

sideration. They are as much like real babies as anything can possibly be, and we are frequently deceived by them as we see women carrying large dolls in their arms. The best dolls are made in Kioto. They are of wood, with real hair. The others are made of a kind of composition and are very frail, being in constant danger of losing heads and limbs. A sa-kusa is the principal mart for dolls in Tokio. Some of the dolls there are beautifully dressed like growing ladies, with several changes of headgear. The women in the yashu kis play with these large dolls, dressing them in fine clothes, and taking them out with them when they go to call. The little girls have tiny futons and pillows for their dolls, and little dishes, but they are just as fond as American children of playing with broken plates and cups and all sorts of make-believe things.

Playing ball is the favourite amusement of girls. Some of their balls are very pretty, being covered with bright silk threads. They bound them on the ground with their hands, counting the beats in a sing-song style, and often keep them going an almost incredible number of times. Boys seldom play ball, but are contented with stilts, tops and kites.

The little girls also play, with small bean-bags, a game similar to our childish one of jack-stones. These bags they call *ts-da-na*, and they are very dexterous in managing them. They have also games with little cards, matching them and playing "grab." Checkers, which they play in various ways, among which "go-bang" is prominent, are used by the men. The word *go-bang* means "five checkers."

A TRAP FOR BOYS.

At a meeting in Philadelphia, during the week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprives men of their property and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come to his place of destruction and take a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated; but on being assured that he would get nothing but a glass of sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was time to spring it. Accordingly, the rum-seller began his work by dropping into the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks, one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favored the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 27.] LESSON X. (Dec. 4.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mat. 13. 1-9. Commit to mem. vs. 3-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the word of God. Luke 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Seed.
2. The Word.

TIME.—27 A. D.

PLACE.—Near Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—Out of the house—Out of his own house in Capernaum. By the sea-side—The sea of Galilee; one of his favourite resorts for teaching. Into a ship—A fishing vessel, and pushed a little from the shore, where he could be heard. In parables—Illustrative truths. By the way-side—The ordinary roads or paths in the East lead often along the edge of the fields, which are uninclosed; seed would thus easily fall on the hard path. Stony places—Not gravelly soil, but rock slightly covered with soil. Among thorns—Ground from which the thorns, or brambles, or wild brier, had not been rooted out. such growth can be found about the edges of many fields nowadays; the ground is so covered that grain could not grow. Hundredfold, etc.—A hundred times as much.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, may we learn—

1. How to teach?
2. How we ought to hear?
3. The profit of heeding the truth?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Jesus teach the people? In parables. 2. What is a parable? A story which teaches a truth. 3. To what did Jesus compare the teacher of truth? To a sower. 4. What is the seed? "The seed is the word of God." 5. In what soil is the seed of truth sown? In the hearts of men.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fruit-bearing.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. How was our Lord exalted in his resurrection? Because his rising from the dead proved that he was the Son of God; that he had conquered death and had atoned for sin.

Matthew xxviii. 18. All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XL (Dec. 11.

PARABLE OF THE TARES.

Mat. 13. 24-30. Commit to mem. vs. 27-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. Matt. 13. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Together.
2. Separated.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Near or at Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—Another parable—Another illustration by means of a story. Kingdom of heaven—God's government in the affairs of man. His enemy came and sowed—This is said to be one of the most common ways in the eastern countries of wreaking malice upon an enemy, and has even been practised in modern times among civilized peoples. Tares—Bastard wheat, darnel; a very familiar pest in the fields of grain. Virgil speaks of it in Italy. It looks at first like wheat, but its grain is black and nauseous; it is very difficult to separate from the wheat. Then appeared—The darnel first begins to appear unlike the wheat when its fruit comes. Ye root up—The wheat and tares being twined together at the roots. Harvest—When the crop is cut down. Barn—The barns in the East are often caves in the mountain sides.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the wicked are found among the good here?

2. That the wicked will be separated from the good hereafter?
3. That the wicked will have a fate different from the good?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did Jesus say the Kingdom of Heaven is like? To a man sowing good seed. 2. What did his enemy do? He sowed tares among the wheat. 3. What then grew up? The wheat and tares together. 4. Who are the tares? The children of the wicked one. 5. When will the harvest of the world take place, as stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? "The harvest," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The origin of evil.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. How was he exalted in the ascension? He was taken up into heaven, there to receive honour and glory from all creatures, and thence to send down the gift of the Holy Spirit.

1 Peter i. 21. God, which raised him from the dead, and gave him glory.

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