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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES--VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1886.

No. 14.

QUITO.

QUITO is the highest city in the world—10 000 feet above the sea. Yet as it is just on the equator, it is, though so high, pleasantly warm. It is much subject to earthquakes. It has a population of 70 000, a fine cathedral, as will be seen from the cut,

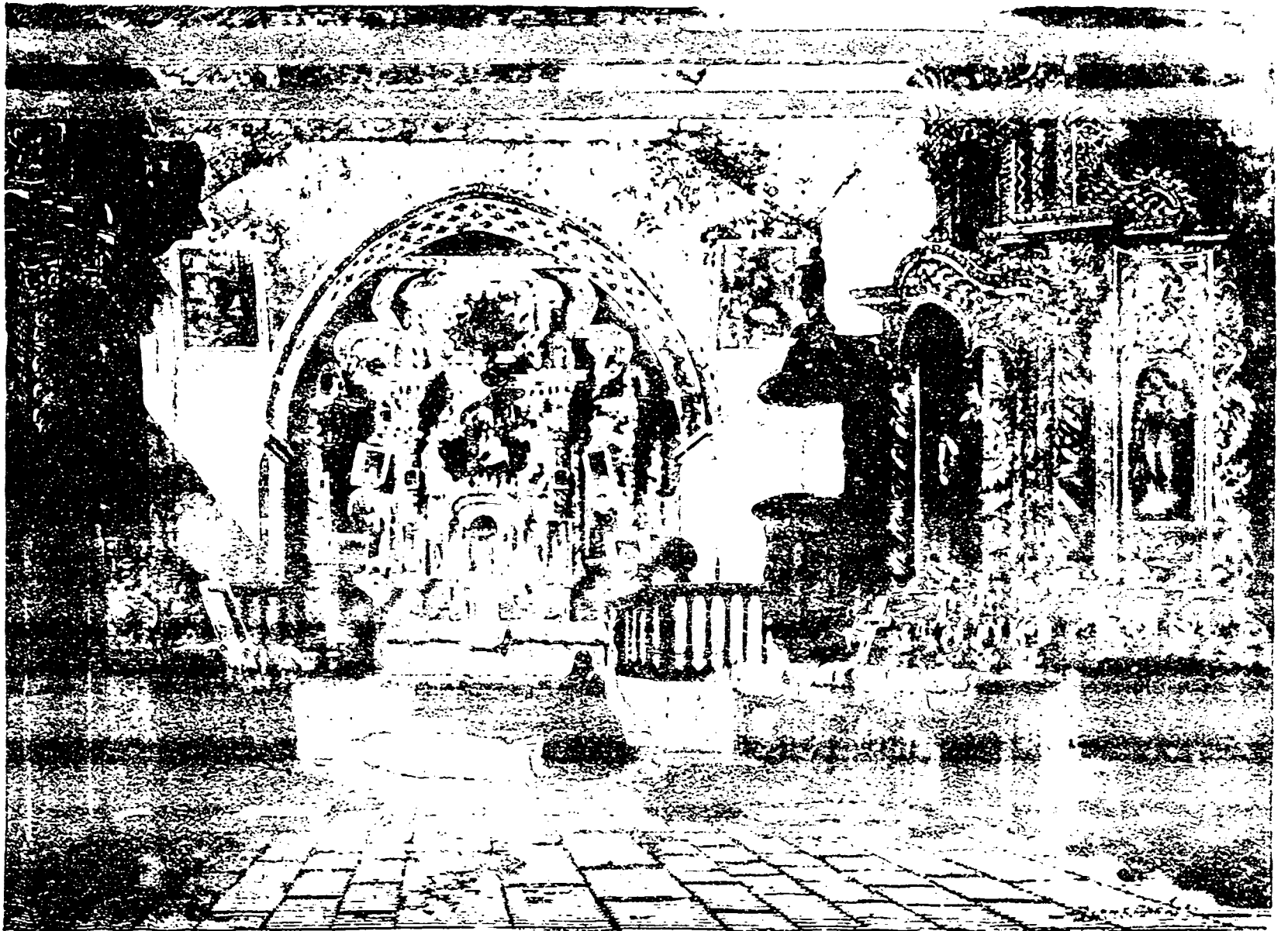
SUN-STORMS.

ALL things in the universe are comparative. Could one fancy the microscopic beings which inhabit a drop of turbid water endowed with intelligence, they might be supposed to study what they can discover of the great world with much the same sort of wonder

than are ours in comparison with those which the animalcule experience in his world.

How can we, who are bewildered and appalled by the fury of our planet's cyclones and volcanic eruptions, form a conception of the terrific energy of natural operations on the sun? Professor Newcomb suggests that if

There are such hurricanes as, coming down upon us from the North, would in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence, be in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass, not simply as ruin, but of glowing vapor, in which the vapors arising from the dissolution of the materials composing



CATHEDRAL OF QUITO.

and a library of 20,000 volumes. If much of the splendor and wealth lavished on the adorning of the church were spent in the instruction of the people they would be more intelligent and better Christians.

CHASTENED sorrow leads us to prayer, but inordinate grief hinders devotion.

that men have in reaching after the truths of astronomy. To their brief existence the usual term of human life would be countless ages. Not to continue a very fruitful speculation, it may be said that wonderful as is the following account of the prodigious activity of the great forces at work in the sun, these storms are not more furious in comparison with our own

we call the solar chromosphere an ocean of fire, we must remember that it is an ocean hotter than the fiercest furnace, and as deep as the Atlantic is broad.

If we call its movements hurricanes, we must remember that our hurricanes blow only about a hundred miles an hour, while those of the chromosphere blow as far in a single second.

the cities of Boston, New York, and Chicago would be united in a single indistinguishable cloud.

When we speak of eruptions, we call to mind Vesuvius belching the surrounding cities in lava, but the solar eruptions, thrown fifty thousand miles high, would engulf the whole earth and dissolve every organized being on its surface in a moment.

THE TOILER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

His weary hair of toil
 Still for his labour bent,
 Outborn with never-ending tasks,
 With ceaseless effort spent;
 With a cheerful heart he bore his part,
 The man was yet content.

His toil was cheered by tender thoughts
 Of loved ones and of home,
 Of babes and wife, the joys of life;
 His cot than palace fine
 They made more dear, and evermore
 Suppressed complaint or moan.

His frame was nerved to bravest deeds;
 It was for them he wrought;
 His soul was strong; the day, though long,
 Was gladdened by the thought
 Of household joys and childhood wiles
 That purest pleasure brought.

Now ringeth forth the welcome bell,
 The signal of release:
 Amid the evening shadows cool
 He findeth sweet success
 From bond and thrall. Like dews that fall
 Descendeth Home's calm peace.

So we, amid life's weary toil,
 May cheer our fainting souls
 With hope of Heaven and Home above,
 Where joy's full river rolls
 For us at last, life's sorrows past,
 When Death's mild curlew tolls.

—Metodist Magazine for June.

LABOUR IS HONOURABLE.

The following from the pen of the late J. G. Holland possesses the essential elements of pathos and truth:—Labour is the honourable thing among men. There is not a neatly-graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well-trained tree that does not tell of it. It builds magnificent cities, and creates navies, and bridges, rivers, and lays railroad tracks, and infuses every part of the flying locomotive. Wherever a steamer plows the waves or the long canal bears the nation's inland wealth; wherever the wheat fields wave and the mill wheels turn, there labour is the conqueror and the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, bears the impress of toilers' hands. Should not the labourer be well housed? Should he not have the best wife, and the prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that he can eat and wear be honoured? To us there is more true poetry about the labourers' life and lot than any other man's under heaven. It matters not in what calling a man toils, if he toils manfully, honestly, and contentedly. The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the "good time coming, boys," it will be.

HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION.

Boys say to me: "We want an education, but we can't get it; so we are going to learn a trade, or go into a store, or do something else." Now let me say that every boy who wants an education, if he will bend his force to it, can get just as good a one as he wants. The way is open. Education doesn't come through academies, colleges, seminaries, though these are helps; but it comes by study and reading, and comparing; and all the schools, and colleges, and seminaries in the world will not make a scholar of a man without those; and with them a man will be one, if he never sees a college. And what is true of boys, is of girls; and what is true of this pursuit, is of any other. The force must be in yourself, and you must develop it. It is that indomitable "I can" that sets man astride in the world.

ONLY ONE SCENE.

It was a dreary, miserable morning; a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen constantly through the night, and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and sloshing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing a filthy street where the thick black mud entered the soles of her sodden shoes and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breast the driving wind and swerved not from a straight course ahead, although her weapons against the elements were only a ragged dress and a thin faded shawl, of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, while upon her feet an old one-sided shoe, unlaced and torn at the toe, did duty for one, while the other walked bravely on in a man's discarded boot, hard and unwieldy though it was. She seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. And why should she be otherwise? For when one is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble make no difference. She hurried around the corner; and a shiver passed through her frame with the cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor wet garments closely to her as if for protection, and soon turned up a dark court, opened a cracking door in a rickety tenement house, and entered. How cold and dark and damp! although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller one and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army blanket, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded; but though a clammy sweat stood upon the fair brow, one could not but say, "How lovely!" Yes; though a drunkard's forsaken child, Lena Croft's pinched features were classically beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and, poor child, although she did not intend to awaken her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the blue eyes opened and fastened upon her imploringly. She had begged her father with all the strength and pathos of her young voice to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest born's prayer and took the money that, with God's will, would have brought relief to his sick child and gave it willingly to the cruel rumseller who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy! I'm so hungry! Can I have something now?"

Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that had once beamed with laughter, and her heart sank within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. "Shure," said one, "oi've enough to do without waitin' on the loikes of yea."

"You may, dearie; you shall, my little lamb! Just wait a minute." And out again she bounded (that freezing, wet starving child), resolved that she would ring the front door bells and see the ladies themselves as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleading, "Please may I see the lady?" she received, "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your muddy feet. Begone this instant!" and the door slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door, Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving; please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to the back doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to close the door when a gentle voice called: "Let her step in on the oil cloth so that I can see her."

"But, shure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, an' covered with mud."

"Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly and Amy stepped in.

"Oh how lovely," thought the poor outcast. "How bright and nice everything is!" And her eyes wandered to the sweet voiced individual lying upon the crimson hall couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, ma'am! something for my poor sister; my poor little sister is sick and dyin', and starvin'."

"Poor child; poor little girl! Katy, tell the cook to give her part of my beef tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly, and some bread and meat. And be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with a thankful heart, and the world seemed brighter as she ran to the hovel she called home, although the rain still fell pitilessly. As she entered her door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her in an ill-tempered leer. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin' and thirstin' too."

"Oh, father! I can't; Lena's dyin'," moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor; but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible, ending with the words, "Pity ye wan't both dyin'; ye better lock out or ye will; bring me the basket, I say;" and Amy tremblingly handed it to him.

Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef tea and as much of the bread as he could possibly eat; then he rose with difficulty, and, wrapping the cup of jelly in a paper, tottered to the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked: "Where are you goin' with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"Oh, father! leave me the jelly or Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as ye

are." And the brutal father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door tremblingly. How could she face her little sister without food again and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Through the little broken window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a smile on the white lips, sweeter and lovelier than sunlight. She held out her thin hand to Amy, and the heartbroken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy. I'm sleepy; but I love you sister Amy. Kiss me, Amy, for I'm goin' to mamma. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more, will I sister? Amy's tears were falling faster than the raindrops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you sister, soon—soon. No tears there—mamma." And the little sinless sleeper was at rest.

One little tired heart has found peace; up the golden stairs her little feet have gone. But oh, Father, the other!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

THERE were no libraries and but few books in the "back settlements" in which Lincoln lived. Among the few volumes which he found in the cabins of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded were the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and the poems of Robert Burns. These he read over and over again, until they became as familiar as the alphabet. The Bible has been at all times the book in every home and cabin in the republic; yet it was truly said of Lincoln, that no man, clergyman or otherwise, could be found so familiar with this book as he. This is apparent both in his conversation and his writings. There is hardly a speech or state paper of his in which allusions and illustrations taken from the Bible did not appear. Burns he could quote from end to end. Long afterward he wrote a most able lecture upon this, perhaps next to Shakespeare, his favourite poet. Young Abraham borrowed of the neighbours and read every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide circuit. If by chance he heard of a book that he had not read, he would walk many miles to borrow it. Among other volumes he borrowed of one Crawford, Weems' "Life of Washington." Reading it with great eagerness, he took it to bed with him in the loft of the cabin, and read on until his nubbins of tallow candle had burned out. Then he placed the book between the legs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the night a violent rain came on, and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could, he went to Crawford and told him of the mishap, and, as he had no money to pay for it, offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Crawford fixed the price at three days' work, and the future president pulled corn three days, and thus became the owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labour well invested.—*Arnold's new "Life of Abraham Lincoln."*

THE BIRDS.

"**T**HINK of your woods and orchards
without birds!
Or empty nests that cling to boughs and
beams

As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his
dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your
teams

Drag home the stung harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door!

"What! would you rather see the incessant
strife

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-burdy play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
Of meadow lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and
brake!

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but
know

They are the winged wardens of your
farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious
foe,

And from your harvest keep a hundred
harms.

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps
through

The dim, leaf latticed window of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
That always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to
shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing overmore."

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S "TRY."

Of all the pretty little songs I have
ever heard my youngsters sing, that is
one of the best which winds up,—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

I recommend it to grown-up people
who are "down in the mouth," and
fancy that the best thing they can do
is to give it up. Nobody knows what
he can do till he tries. "We shall
get through it now," said Jack to
Harry as they finished up the pud-
ding.

Everything new is hard to work;
but a little of the "try" ointment rub-
bed on the hand and worked into the
heart makes all things easy.

"Can't do it," sticks in the mud;
but try soon drags the waggon out of
the rut. The fox said "Try," and he
got away from the hounds when they
almost snapped at him. The bees
said "Try," and turned the flowers
into honey. The squirrel said "Try,"
and up he went to the top of the beech
tree. The snowdrop said "Try," and
bloomed in the cold snows of winter.
The sun said "Try," and the spring
soon threw Jack Frost out of the
saddle. The ox said "Try," and
ploughed the field from end to end.
No hill too steep for Try to climb;
no clay too stiff for Try to plough;
no field too wet for Try to drain;
no hole too big for Try to mend.

"By little strokes
Mon fell great oaks."

By a spadeful at a time the navvies
dug the cutting, out a big hole through
the hill, and heaped up the embank-
ment.

"The stone is hard, the drop is small,
But a hole is made by a constant fall."

What man has done, man can do;
and what has never been, may be.

Tuck up your shirt-sleeves, young
Hopeful, and go at it! "Where there's
a will there's a way." The sun shines
for all the world. Believe in God, and
stick to hard work, and see if the
mountains are not removed. Cheer,
boys, cheer! God helps those who help
themselves. Don't wait for helpers;
try those two old friends, your strong
arms. *Solf's* the man. None of her
friends can help the hare; she must
run for herself, or the grayhounds will
have her. Every man must carry his
own sack to the mill. You must put
your shoulder to the wheel and keep it
there, for there's plenty of ruts in the
road. If you sit still till great men
take you on their backs, you will grow
to your seat. Your own legs are better
than stilts; don't look to others, but
trust in God and keep your powder
dry.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

CANUTE, THE SEA-KING.

In the early part of the Christian era
the inhabitants of the northern part of
Europe, known as the Norselands, were
regarded as pirates, ready to seize the
vessels that came near their coasts,
and to appropriate whatever they could
lay hands on. These vikings, or sea-
kings, were a stalwart and vigorous
race of men, whose majestic bearing
commanded respect and inspired fear.
During the reign of Egbert and for
many years afterward the Danes made
incursions into England, and sometimes
overran the whole country. Alfred,
who ascended the throne in 872, fought
fifty-six battles with them, by sea and
land. Nearly a hundred years after
his death, the Danes again broke into
England, were victorious, and three
Danish kings governed the country in
succession.

Canute was one of them, and as-
cended the throne in the year 1017.
He was surnamed "the Great," and
possessed eminent abilities, was terrible
in his resentments, but an impartial
dispenser of justice—making no distinc-
tion between Danes and English. One
day, when he and his courtiers were
walking on the shore, they called him
"King of the sea," and told him he had
but to command, and the waves would
obey him. Canute desired a chair of
state to be brought and placed on the
hard, smooth sand. Then, seating him-
self in the chair, he stretched out his
sceptre over the waves, with a very
commanding aspect.

"Roll back thy waves, thou sea!"
cried Canute. "I am thy king and
master! How darest thou foam and
thunder in my presence!"

But the sea, nowise abashed, came
roaring and thundering onward, and
dashed its spray over Canute and all
the courtiers. The giant waves rolled
upward on the beach, and would soon
have swallowed up the monarch and
his men if they had not scampered to
dry land.

It is the province of courtiers to
flatter, but as these Norsemen were
very superstitious, and supposed that
they were under the influence of the
gods they worshipped, they may have
honestly imagined that Thor or Odin
would bestow upon King Canute the
power to make the waves obey him.
His act rebuked the courtiers for their
folly, while it convinced them that he
was not so great as they had imagined
him to be.

Canute became interested in religious
affairs at the close of his life, and alarm-
ed at the thought of the many crimes

he had committed, but his piety was of
that superstitious kind which displayed
itself in building churches and endow-
ing monasteries, the great virtues of
those ages. No Christian can read the
story of Canute without being reminded
of an incident which took place on the
Sea of Galilee, when Jesus rebuked the
wind, and said unto the sea, "Peace, be
still," and there was a great calm.
What a difference between the two
personages!

A NICE SCENE.

Two boys were in a schoolroom
together, and exploded some fireworks,
contrary to the master's express pro-
hibition. The one boy denied it. The
other, Ben Christie, would neither
admit nor deny it, and was severely
flogged for his obstinacy. When the
boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked
the real offender.

"Because there were only we two,
and one of us must have lied," said
Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't and I
would spare the liar.

The boy's heart was melted. Ben's
moral gallantry subdued him. When
school reassembled, the young culprit
marched up to the master's desk and
said:

"Please sir, I can't bear to be a liar.
I let off the squibs." And he burst
into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the
self-accuser, and the undeserved punish-
ment he had inflicted on the other
boy smote his conscience. Before the
whole school, hand in hand with the
culprit, as if he and the other boy
were joined in the confession, the
master marched down to where young
Christie sat, and said aloud:

"Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your
pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still as
other schools are apt to be when some-
thing true and noble is being done—
so still that they might almost have
heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on
his book as he sat enjoying the moral
triumph which subdued himself as
well as the rest. And when from
want of something else to say, he gently
cried, "Master forever!" the loud
shout of the scholars filled the old
man's eyes with something behind his
spectacles which made him wipe them
before he sat down.—*Sunday-School
Advocate.*

"I JUST TOOK HIM AT HIS
WORD."

SANDY BATES was one of the Fresh
Air Fund boys who had come out to
the Points to get a glimpse of the
green fields and a breath of the pure
air of the bright country. He was
nobody's lad, and he managed to keep
life in his body by means of odd jobs
that he was always on the look-out
for, while any kind of a shelter at
night was better than the miserable
garret that he used to share with the
old drunken creature who called her-
self Granny Bates, though Sandy was
sure that she had no claims upon him.

A serious illness, induced by ex-
posure and poor nourishment, had left
him so thin and pale as to attract the
attention of a benevolent lady, who
succeeded in obtaining a permit to
have him sent to the country for a
week or two. Sandy's first Sunday in
the country was one glassy day of

delight. In Mr. Raymond's class that
day he first heard the simple story of
redeeming love. Eagerly he listened
to the story of the old-told tale of the
babe cradled in the manger, of the
sorrowful life that followed, and of the
nominous death that finished the work
of redemption. The plan of salvation
was all new, but exceedingly plain to
the forlorn boy, and the passages of
Scripture read and memorized were
full of meaning to his growing under-
standing. The week that followed
was bright with new life and beauty.
When next Mr. Raymond took him by
the hand, Sandy informed him that he
now belonged to the Saviour.

"Are you very sure?" asked Mr.
Raymond, fearful that the child did
not understand what he was saying.

"Just as sure as that my name is
Sandy Bates," was the instant response.

"How do you know that he has
accepted you?" urged the teacher.

"Why, I just took him at his word,
for when he told me to come unto him,
I knew he meant it, and I am sure he
will not go back on his word," replied
Sandy with glistering eyes.

"You are right, my boy. I think
I understand now what Jesus meant
by accepting the kingdom of God as a
little child," murmured Mr. Raymond.
"Out of the mouth of babes and suck-
lings hast thou ordained strength."

WINTER SLEEPERS.

THREE are some kinds of animals
that hide away in the winter, that are
not wholly asleep all the time. The
blood moves a little, and once in awhile
they take a breath. If the weather is
at all mild, they wake up enough to
eat. Now, isn't it curious that they
know all this beforehand! Such
animals always lay up something to
eat, just by their side, when they go
into their winter sleeping places. But
those that do not wake up never lay
up any food; for it would not be used
if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts
and grain. It eats some when it is
partly awake on a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for
the same warmth that wakes him
wakes all the insects on which he
feeds. He catches some, and then
eats. When he is going to sleep
again, he hangs himself up by his hind
claws.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot,
does not wake, yet he lays up dried
grass near his hole. What is it for,
do you think! On purpose to have it
ready the first moment he wakes in
the spring. Then he can eat and be
strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in
the winter! Plants, too, as well as
animals. What a busy time they must
have in waking up, and how little we
think about it! The same God that
teaches the field-mouse to lay up nuts
and grain, and the woodchuck to pile
up dried grass near the mouth of its
hole, teaches us to prepare for our
waking after the long sleep of death.
There will be a waking, children. If
we have prepared for it and laid up
treasures in preparation for that day
it will be a joyful waking; but if we
neglect to prepare for it, our waking
will be eternal woe, and we shall find
ourselves shut out from Jesus and
happiness forever.

MIND your hands! Don't let them
steal or fight, or write any evil words.

"THE QUARTER MILLION LINE"
BATTLE HYMN.

We will take the world for Jesus.

BY R. HOWEN LOCKWOOD.

LIFT high the royal standard,
For Christ has saved from sin.
Upon the cross He suffered,
To bring redemption in.
Go tell the heathen nations,
Who in their sorrow dwell,
That Christ the Prince of Glory
Redeems from death and hell

CHORUS.

We will take the world for Jesus,
We will send his truth abroad;
The isles await his coming,
We will give our gold for God.

Filled with the love of Jesus,
Our prayers like incense rise;
And Christ our royal captain,
Is smiling from the skies.
The ark of God is moving,
The heathen temples fall,
We will take the world for Jesus,
And crown him Lord of all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. W-TROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1886.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
For the Year 1886.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The love of God is what every child needs more than anything else. I knew a man who was very rich but his money did not help him to die in peace, for his sins were right before him and they made him afraid to die. I knew one who had a very fine education, but that did not make him a Christian; and he too was afraid to die and meet God. There was once a lady who loved her children very much but never taught them to love God, and all her love for them did not prepare them to die well.

The one who lives in sin is always afraid in time of danger. A ship was crossing the ocean when a fierce storm arose. The captain and all the people thought they would be at the bottom of the ocean very soon. There were

many people on board who had been full of fun; some had played cards, some had drunk wine and beer. Only a few had prayed while on the ship; but now the most wicked were the first to pray. They were afraid to sink in the water for they knew the soul would have to meet God, and their sins made them afraid. The Lord made the storm cease; the wind was hushed, the great waves grew less and they all knew God had heard their cries and saved them from death. There were three Christians on the ship, and they were the only ones who were not full of fear. They loved the Lord and could trust him. If he pleased to let them die they knew there was a happy heaven where no storms rage, a port where voyagers are eternally safe.

Dear children, only God's love can make you happy when the great storms and troubles of life come. In Jesus you may trust and not be afraid in sorrow, in sickness, in death.

I knew a little girl named Hattie who was very sick. She knew she would soon cease to breathe, but she was very happy. She had come to Jesus and he had saved her from all her sins. Oh, how sweetly she talked of the bright world she was going to see and of the Saviour on whose love her heart was stayed. Joyfully she went to appear before God. There was no fear. The minister who had led her to Jesus was very much encouraged. Her father and mother were comforted because she had gone to live with Jesus.

Dear children, why not seek Jesus now? Why not get the love of God in your hearts now? Why wait and grow old in sin? Why not live happy in God and ready to meet him at any time? Come to Jesus; come forsaking your sins; come believing; come now. "They that seek me early shall find me."

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

BILLY BRAY, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety and real consistent consecration to Christ's service have been made a blessing to so many hundreds of God's children, gives much instruction in his quaint way as to how to treat the temptations of Satan. He says of himself, that one day when he was a little down-hearted he stood upon the brink of a coal-pit, and some one seemed to say:

"Now, Billy, just throw yourself down there, and be rid of all your trouble."

He knew in a minute who it was, and drawing back, said:

"Oh, no, Satan; you just throw yourself down there. That is your way home, but I am going to my home in a different direction."

Another time he tells us that his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow, and said:

"There, Bull! isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes."

He stopped his hoeing, and replied:

"Ah, Satan! at it again, talking against my Father, bless his name! Why, when I served you I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for!" And he went on hoeing, and praising the Lord for small potatoes.



A BRICK AND A BRAVE.

A BRICK AND A BRAVE.

"I DON'T think Dan is brave, do you, ma!" said Sid, whirling an apple from the end of his stick, far into the field.

"I should like to know why?" said Sue, quickly, dashing a tear from her eye.

"'Cause he cried when he started off for school. Guess I wouldn't cry if I could go now."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you would. Anyway, I don't blame him, going off among strangers," said Sue, "away from every one who cares the least bit for him."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," said mamma. "But I think, Sidney, that Dan will prove himself to be truly brave; for I'm sure he'll be true to the right."

"Maybe," said Sid. But his tones said he didn't half believe it.

But mamma was right. One day there came a letter, and this was what, among other things, it said:

"It was pretty hard at first, about some things. You know, mamma, I couldn't forget what a solemn vow I took upon myself, only the Sunday before I came away; and I did mean to let the boys know about it, some way, the very first time there was any occasion for it."

"Well, the chance came lots sooner than I thought. You see, there are a dozen of us boys who sleep in one long room; and when bedtime came, I pulled out my Testament, and read my verses, as I always do. In a minute, everybody was still; but I didn't mind, and knelt down to pray. I heard 'em whispering, but I didn't think they were talking about me, and I went on. I had so many things to ask for, you know mamma; when, all at once, there came a splash of cold water right over my head, and down my back."

"I'm afraid I was awful mad at first; but I waited just a bit to ask God to help me, and then I got up,

put on some dry clothes, and got into bed without saying a word. It was awful hard, though.

"Well, you see, I never thought of the water on the floor, and I guess they didn't; but it ran through into the room below, and the next morning we boys got called up.

"Something happened in No. 4, last night," said Mr. Chambers. And he looked stern enough, you may believe. 'Edson,' said he, 'you are the oldest, and you may speak for the room. What was the trouble?'

"Nothing, sir," said Edson; 'only a pitcher of water got spilled over.'

"Pitchers seldom get spilled without hands," said Mr. Chambers. 'Were yours the unlucky ones?'

"Yes, sir," said Edson, quickly; 'but Dan Alden provoked me to it.'

"I didn't know what would come next, but I kept still. Mr. Chambers waited a minute, and then he said: 'You two boys may come to my room after prayers.'

"Edson was awful mad. He thought I'd tell on him, but I didn't; and when he found out I wouldn't tell tales, I guess he got ashamed; for he told the whole story himself. I haven't had any trouble since. But, oh, mamma, I do so long, sometimes, for my own little room, with nobody but Sid. Seems as if I could pray so much better. Do pray for me, mammy, dear."

"What do you say about Dan, now?" asked Sue, with glowing eyes, when her mother had finished reading the letter.

"I say he's a brick and a brave," said Sid; "and I wouldn't have done half so well."—R. M. Wilbur.

A MINISTER made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible key, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"



MY LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BOYS!

WHAT are you going to do, boys?
 Say, what are you going to do!
 Runsellars are plying
 Their murderous trade
 While drunkards are dying,
 And beggars made,
 And all the world's looking to you, boys,
 To see what you're going to do.

You surely have something to do, boys.
 And what are you going to do!
 With speeches and singing,
 With badges in view,
 Your school-fellows bringing
 To sign the pledge too!
 Come, tell what you're going to do, boys,
 Yes, show what you're going to do!

As men you'll have something to do, boys.
 And what are you planning to do!
 Be fervent in praying,
 And vote as you pray;
 Be faithful in praying,
 And work day by day;
 You'll soon have the voting to do, boys,
 So all the world's looking to you.

MY LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

BY JOY VETREPONT.

"MATCHES, sir? Buy my matches, sir? Only a penny a box, sir!"

Inere she stood in the same place every day on the south side of London Bridge where the jostling thousands must pass by. Her little brother stood by her side, as usual, with a few tiny bunches of violets.

I bought a bunch, for I, Frederick St. Pierre, artist, am as fond of flowers as any woman. I bought the matches, too, though I don't smoke.

She looked thinner than ever that morning, and I couldn't help wondering if she'd had any breakfast. Of course, it could only be a crust, but sometimes street arabs haven't even that. Just at hand was a hot roast-potato stand. I bought a few, and, returning, pushed them into her hands.

If I'd only been rich! But I wasn't

in those days. For the pictures I sold were few, while the rent I paid was high for my room in an old-fashioned house—a mansion in the time of Elizabeth—now used chiefly for the offices of an old mining company. It stood just over the bridge at the foot of Martin's Lane, fifty yards to the left of King William Street and twice a stone's throw from the Tower. I liked the location on that account, for I could slip over any time for the study of mediæval armour and other things. Besides, I was at work then on my *Sir Walter Raleigh*, so it was necessary. Do you know the picture? It represents him in that long, low room where he spent so many years busy with his history. But his book is forgotten as he leans back in his chair lost in dreams of the past—possibly of that wonderful New World to which he has been, perhaps of that day when first he met his queen. A shaft of light piercing the high, narrow window lights up his finely-carven, handsome, melancholy face which so stands out in relief from the shadows of the dreary room.

Of course it seemed a Bohemian-like freak of mine to forsake the West End ateliers, but I could live on bread and water here if I chose, while I worked, and nobody be the wiser. I've never been sorry, for it brought to me my little match-girl. All that day I thought about her. How the tears rushed to her eyes as she took the hot potatoes! The boy evidently had his breakfast even if she went without.

"Yes, I's father an' mother to him," she had said one day in answer to a question. "An' we gets along werry well, sir, w'en the weather's fine, sir. But w'en it rains, sir, an' it's cold, sir, then gen'lemen won't stop to buy my matches, sir, an' the ladies has to look after their skirts an' the mud an' their umbrellas instead o' buyin' posies, sir."

And this was one of those days,

drear and drizzling. No trade for her, poor child: and nothing but that ragged old water-proof cape over her shoulders to protect her and her matches. But for all those thoughts of the children, I worked hard until the light grew dim and I could not trust my colours. And then I took to dreaming, until I remembered that I had nothing for tea or supper. For I boarded myself, except for dinners, which I took in one of the eating-houses near the London Bridge Station (when I could afford them), and that's how I came to pass my little match-girl so often. So I started off for bread and cheese, and this took me to the Southwark side again.

There they were still, the boy clinging to his sister, partly shielded by her cloak, she with the veritable two match boxes which were left after I had taken one in the morning. Were they the last of her stock in trade? If so, I could set her up again with the pile in my room.

I called at the cooked-meat shop and bought a slice of cold roast beef, I got my bread and cheese and then a few piping hot potatoes, and then—why, then, I was so near, and they looked such miserable, water-soaked rats, that I just stopped and offered them a penny each if they would carry my parcels home for me. And there I, a big six-footer, stalked over London Bridge, safe under my umbrella, and those two little rats trudged after with my bundles.

It looked mean, but 'twas all a dodge to get them to come with me, for London Arabs are so afraid of being delivered up to the "Bobby" or to some institution where they will be deprived of their liberty that they would rather starve than run a risk.

"Well, we arrived at the house, and I was too weak to carry my parcels up stairs, so those water-witches had to follow. And then I threw open my door and those two just said, "Oh!" and dropped my parcels smack. I must own the room did look pretty as a picture after the dark, dreary oaken staircase and the gloomy drizzle outside.

A bright fire throwing out blue and yellow flames lit all the room, bringing into relief my pictures and bronzes (imitations, the bronzes) and plaster casts. Then, too, red draperies will warm up a room so.

"Oh!" said the children. The girl's eyes were shining at the pictures, but the boy was looking at the fire, seeing which I drew him to it, bidding him dry himself.

"But we must go," said the girl timidly. Nevertheless she, too, was presently beginning to steam.

An old box served for a table, and what a supper those children did eat: "It's like heaven," said the girl at last very softly.

"What!" said I, startled. "This—this room—these pictures—and these—" And here she laid her head back against the red curtains. I jumped to my feet.

"Don't move!" I exclaimed, "not a hair's breadth!" Already I was beginning to dash in the colours.

What a picture the child did make! That clear olive skin, those shining dark eyes, that mass of black hair dropping over her shoulder, that long, brown hand so delicately shaped! What a vision! How I worked! This should be my Academy picture!

Down on her feet I threw her tray with the two forlorn little boxes on it.

Fairly the beads of perspiration stood on my forehead and rolled down my cheeks. I dashed them away and worked on. How patiently she sat there, though I know she must be getting cramped.

"You must come again," I cried at last, dashing down my brush from my quivering hand and stopping back from the canvas.

She sprang to her feet. "O sir, how beautiful!" she cried, and then remembered that it was herself.

The boy was fast asleep on the rug. I shook him up. "Where do you sleep?" I asked the girl. And then it struck me to ask her name.

"I'm 'Genie an' he's Paul Vincent," she answered, drawing her cloak around her.

"And where do you stay?" I persisted.

"Anywheres, sir. Under the bridges an' in the doo-ways mostly; an'—an'—" (here her voice sank) "sometimes in a beautiful place, but it's—it's awful!"

"Where?"

"Won't you never tell, sir? No! Well, sometimes we sleep in St. Paul's. You see, we slips in at dusk, an' we hides in the shadders ahind the pillars till we gets locked in. An' in the mornin' w'en the man opens it we chances it to get out. We hides near the door, and w'en he's gone in to where it's mostly shadders, then we slips out. But it's awful, sir, with those marble people all about you, an' all so still."

I shivered as I listened. "You shall stay here to-night," I said. And then I made them a bed in a closet just off my room.

And after that they came every night.

Of course there was a row with the "Company," but I reminded them that I had the privilege of having models come to my studio. And if I chose to have them sleep there I would. If they objected, why, my rent would be useful elsewhere. That ended it.

In time my picture was finished and went to the Academy. It was well received, well hung, and brought a good word from Ruskin. Then the public wanted to know who I was, for the papers were full of My Little Match-Girl.

And who can tell how rich I felt when Lord Lansdowne paid me a couple of hundreds for it, and came with his friends to see my "Sir Walter" and bought that also.

The tide had turned. No more working for Jews. No more poverty for my little match-girl and her brother. They should be educated and cared for, my children from henceforth. God bless their dear souls!

IDLENESS.

HERE is something for the boys to think about. A visitor at a State-prison lately, in looking over the list of convicts' names, noticed that against nine tenths of them was written the words "No trade." Dr. Isaac Watts knew what a safeguard work is when he wrote.

"Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

"All growth that is not toward God is going to decay."

THE PLOUGH BOY'S SONG.

I'm glad I'm not a sailor,
In foreign lands to roam;
I'd rather be a plough-boy,
And spend my life at home.
A ship is but a prison
That floats upon the sea,
I tread the grassy meadows,
And feel that I am free.

When wintry winds are blowing,
And nights are dark and chill,
When all the ponds are frozen,
And snow lies on the hill,
I'm sorry for the sailor
Upon the tossing sea;
He has no snug warm cottage,
No blazing hearth has he.

When clover-scented breezes
Come whispering through the leaves,
When heavy-laden waggon
Are piled with golden sheaves,
I would not be a sailor
Beneath the scorching sun,
Salt water all around him,
His labour never done.

When every pulse is throbbing,
And weary droops the head,
When every limb is aching,
And welcome sleep is fled,
How hard to be a sailor,
No mother near to soothe him,
Her loving aid to lend!

The sailor has no horses
Nor merry singing birds,
No trees nor grass nor flowers,
No flocks nor browsing herds.
I'm glad I'm not a sailor
To live upon the sea;
I'd rather be a plough-boy,
And tread the sunny lea.

—*Boy's and Girl's Companion.*

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER VI.

A BRIDE FOR THE MASTER.

RUSSELL BIGELOW was to preach at Hissawakee Settlement. Far and wide over the West had travelled the fame of this great preacher, who, though born in Vermont, was wholly Western in his impassioned manner. "An orator is to be judged not by his printed discourse, but by the memory of the effect he has produced," says a French writer, and if we may judge of Russell Bigelow by the fame that fills Ohio and Indiana even to this day, he was surely an orator of the highest order. He is known as the "indescribable." The news that he was to preach had set the settlement afire with eager curiosity to hear him. Even Patty Lumsden declared her intention of going, much to the Captain's regret. She had no other motive than a vague hope of hearing something that would divert her, life had grown so heavy that she craved excitement of any kind. She would take a back seat and hear the famous Methodist for herself. But Patty put on all of her gold and costly apparel. She was determined that nobody should suspect her of any intention of "joining the Church." Her mood was one of curiosity on the surface, and of proud hatred and quiet defiance below.

No religious meeting is ever so delightful as a meeting held in the forest; no forest is so satisfying as a forest of beech, the wide-spreading boughs—drooping when they start from the trunk, but well sustained at the last—stretch out regularly and with a steady horizontal line, the last year's leaves forming a canopy like a cushion, while the dense foliage shuts out the sun. To this meeting in the beech

woods Patty chose to walk, since it was less than a mile away. As she passed through the little cove, she saw a man lying flat on his face in prayer. It was the preacher. Awe-stricken, Patty hurried on to the meeting. She had fully intended to take a seat in the rear of the congregation, but being a little confused and absent-minded she did not observe at first where the stand had been erected, and that she was entering the congregation at the side nearest to the pulpit. When she discovered her mistake it was too late to withdraw, the aisle beyond her was already full of standing people; there was nothing for her but to take the only vacant seat in sight. This put her in the very midst of the members, and in this position she was quite conspicuous; even strangers from other settlements saw with astonishment a woman elegantly dressed, for that time, sitting in the very midst of the devout sisters—for the men and women sat apart. All around Patty there was not a single "artificial" or piece of jewellery. Indeed most of the women were calico sunbonnets. The Hissawakee people who knew her were astounded to see Patty at meeting at all. They looked upon Captain Lumsden as Gog and Magog incarnated in one. This sense of the conspicuousness of her position was painful to Patty, but she presently forgot herself in listening to the singing. There never was such a chorus as a backwoods Methodist congregation, and here among the trees they sang hymn after hymn, now with the tenderest pathos, now with triumphant joy, now with solemn earnestness. They sang "Children of the Heavenly King," and "Come, let us anew," and "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and "Arise my soul, arise," and "How happy every child of grace!" While they were singing this last, the celebrated preacher entered the pulpit, and there ran through the audience a movement of wonder, almost of disappointment. His clothes were of that sort of cheap cotton cloth known as "blue drilling," and did not fit him. He was rather short, and inexpressibly awkward. His hair hung unkempt over the best portion of his face—the broad projecting forehead. His eyebrows were overhanging, his nose, cheek-bones, and chin large. His mouth was wide and with a sorrowful depression at the corners, his nostrils thin, his eyes keen, and his face perfectly mobile. He took for his text the words of E. sazar to Laban, "I seek a bride for my master," and, according to the custom of the time, he first expounded the incident, and then proceeded to "spiritualize" it, by applying it to the soul's marriage to Christ. Notwithstanding the ungainliness of his frame and the awkwardness of his postures, there was a gentleness about his address that indicated a man not unaccustomed to good society. His words were well chosen, his pronunciation always correct; his speech grammatical. In all of these regards Patty was disappointed.

But the sermon. Who shall describe "the indescribable?" As the servant, he proceeded to set forth the character of the Master. What struck Patty was not the nobleness of his speech, nor the force of his argument; she seemed to see in the countenance that every divine trait which he described had reflected itself in the life of the preacher himself. For none but the

manliest of men can ever speak worthily of Jesus Christ. As Bigelow proceeded he won her fished heart to Christ. For such a Master she could live or die; in such a life there was what Patty needed most—a purpose; in such a life there was a friend; in such a life she would escape that sense of the ignobleness of her own pursuits, and the unworthiness of her own pride. All that he said of Christ's love and condescension filled her with a sense of sinfulness and meanness, and she wept bitterly. There were a hundred others as much affected, but the eyes of all her neighbours were upon her. If Patty should be converted, what a victory!

And as the preacher proceeded to describe the joy of a soul wedded forever in Christ—living nobly after the pattern of his life—Patty resolved that she would devote herself to this life and this Saviour, and rejoiced in sympathy with the rising note of triumph in the sermon. Then Bigelow, last of all, appealed to courage and to pride—to pride in its best sense. Who would be ashamed of such a Bridegroom? And as he depicted the trials that some must pass through in accepting him, Patty saw her own situation, and mentally made the sacrifice. As he described the glory of renouncing the world, she thought of her jewellery and the spirit of defiance in which she had put it on. There, in the midst of that congregation, she took out her earrings, and stripped the flowers from the bonnet. We may smile at the sacrifice to an over-strained literalism, but to Patty it was the solemn renunciation of the world—the whole-hearted espousal of herself, for all eternity, to him who stands for all that is noblest in life. Of course this action was visible to most of the congregation—most of all to the preacher himself. To the Methodists it was the greatest of triumphs, this public conversion of Captain Lumsden's daughter, and they showed their joy in many pious ejaculations. Patty did not seek concealment. She scorned to creep into the kingdom of heaven. It seemed to her that she owed this publicity. For a moment all eyes were turned away from the orator. He paused in his discourse until Patty had removed the emblems of her pride and antagonism. Then, turning with tearful eyes to the audience, the preacher, with simple-hearted sincerity and inconceivable effect, burst out with, "Hallelujah! I have found a bride for my Master!"

Patty's devout feelings were sadly interrupted during the remainder of the sermon by forebodings. But she had a will as inflexible as her father's, and now that her will was backed by convictions of duty it was more firmly set than ever. Bigelow announced that he would "open the door of the church," and the excited congregation made the forest ring with that hymn of Watts which has always been the recruiting song of Methodism. The application to Patty's case produced great emotion when the singing reached the stanzas:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
In this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?"

At this point Patty slowly rose from

the place where she had been sitting weeping, and marched resolutely through the excited crowd until she reached the preacher, to whom she extended her hand in token of her desire to become a church-member. While she came forward, the congregation sang with great fervour, and not a little sensation:—

"Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

After many had followed Patty's example the meeting closed. Every Methodist shook hands with the new beginners, particularly with Patty, uttering words of sympathy and encouragement. Some offered to go home with her to keep her in countenance in the inevitable conflict with her father, but with a true delicacy and filial dutifulness, Patty insisted on going alone. There are battles which are fought better without allies.

That ten minutes' walk was a time of agony and suspense. As she came up to the house she saw her father sitting on the doorstep, riding-whip in hand. Though she knew his nervous habit of carrying his raw-hide whip long after he had dismounted—a habit having its root in a domineering disposition—she was not without apprehension that he would use personal violence. But he was quiet now, from extreme anger.

"Patty," he said, "either you will promise me on the spot to give up this infernal Methodism, or you can't come in here to bring your praying and groaning into my ears. Are you going to give it up?"

"Don't turn me off, father," pleaded Patty. "You need me. I can stand it, but what will you do when your rheumatism comes on next winter? Do let me stay and take care of you. I won't bother you about my religion."

"I won't have this blubbering, shouting nonsense in my house," screamed the father, frantically. He would have said more, but he choked. "You've disgraced the family," he gasped, after a minute.

Patty stood still, and said no more. "Will you give up your nonsense about being religious?"

Patty shook her head.

"Then, clear out!" cried the Captain, and with an oath he went into the house and pulled the latch-string in. The latch-string was the symbol of hospitality. To say that "the latch-string was out" was to open your door to a friend; to pull it in was the most significant and inhospitable act Lumsden could perform. For when the latch-string is in, the door is locked. The daughter was not only to be a daughter no longer, she was now an enemy at whose approach the latch-string was withdrawn.

Patty was full of natural affection. She turned away to seek a home. Where? She walked aimlessly down the road at first. She had but one thought as she receded from the old house that had been her home from infancy—

The latch-string was drawn in.

The latest number of Cassell's National Library is Johnson's Immortal Lives of the Poets—Waller, Milton and Southey—only 10 cents.

Most men die before they have learned to live.

WHAT THE GRANDMOTHERS SAY.

BY JESSIE M'DRUMOTI.

Oh, sixty years ago to a day
Three maidens lived—so the grand-
mothers say—
In a farm house under an old elm tree,
And they were as busy as maids could be,
And as fair and busy—the grandmothers
say—
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.

For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,
And Polly had all the butter to make.
And never an idle moment had they
To spend with the village girls at play;
For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,
And Polly had all the butter to make.

Those were good old times—so the grand-
mothers say—
Oh, sixty years ago to a day,
When the bread was baked in the proper
way,
And butter was sweet as new-mown hay,
And yarn was yarn—so the grandmothers
say—
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.

Know you who were these maidens so clever
and quick,
Who never were idle, or naughty, or sick,
Who were busy and healthy and handsome
and gay.
Oh, sixty years ago to a day!

I think you will not have to go very far
Before you find who these maidens are:
Your grandmother's one, and my grand-
mother's one,
And, in fact, every grandmother under the
sun
Was one of the Mollys or Dollys or Pollys
Who did such wonderful things they say,
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.
—Harper's Young People.

PRAYER ANSWERED IN DUE TIME.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON used to say that never a prayer went up to God from a sincere heart, but it was sure to come back sometime, somewhere, purified by having passed through the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few years ago in the sunland of the southwest, I stopped with a family from New England who had not been long in their new home in that frontier village. After tea, the good lady asked me to look at the photograph of her brother. "Before that brother was born," said she, "my mother gave him to God to be a minister, moved thereto she felt by the Holy Spirit. After his birth she took him and gave him to God in the presence of all the people, and she always called him her boy-minister. But he grew up so strangely wild, so careless and wicked, that father and the rest of us often laughed at mother, for my brother was really the worst in the family. He grew to young manhood; the whirlwind of war swept him away from us; he came back bronzed and strong, untouched by harm, sword or bullet—but oh! so wicked, and worst of all, an open scoffer at things sacred or holy. Then father and the rest looked sad; but mother never gave up. She said often, 'I gave him to God to be a minister. God has heard my prayer. He will answer.'

"Two years went on. Mother lay down on a sick bed to die. My brother, strangely enough, was unmoved. The word mother said as we took her hand in parting that summer afternoon, when the angels were coming for her, was, 'Watch for God's answer. My boy will be converted. I gave him to God. God will give him back to me. He will be a minister.' Then she died without seeing any answer to her prayer, but in the

faith that has comforted and sustained so many. Within three months my brother was on his knees, crying to God for mercy. Less than a year after he was studying for the ministry. He is now preaching to the first Congregational Church in ——" mentioning a certain city in Wisconsin. "Need I tell you that my brother believes in prayer or that I do?"

And as the little family gathered about their altar that evening for prayer we read together of Christ's promises in the seventh chapter of Matthew, and then sung with quickened faith:

"At some time or other
The Lord will provide:
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in his own time
The Lord will provide."
—The Advance.

A CANDLE IN THE POWDER.

A MERCHANT was celebrating the marriage of his daughter. While they were enjoying themselves above, he chanced to go to the basement hall below, where he met a servant carrying a lighted candle without a candlestick. She passed on to the cellar for wood, and returned quickly without the candle. The merchant suddenly remembered that during the day several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar, one of which had been opened. Inquiring what she had done with the candle, to his awful amazement her reply was that, being unable to carry it with the fuel, she had set in a barrel of "black sand" in the cellar.

He flew to the spot. A long, red snuff was just ready to fall from the wick into the mass of powder, when, with great presence of mind, placing a hand on each side of the candle, and making his hands meet at the top over the wick, he safely removed it from the barrel. At first he smiled at his previous fear, but the reaction was so great that it was weeks ere he recovered from the shock which his nerves sustained in that terrible trial.

There are candles in many a barrel of gunpowder to-day. Many homes have been blown to ruins by them. There is a candle in the cellar of the wine-bibber. It burns brighter with the added fuel of every cup he drains, and, ere he is aware, all his hopes for this world and the next will be blown up with a ruin more terrible than any destruction that gunpowder can bring. There is a candle in the cellar of the liquor-dealer, burning slowly but surely. He who is dealing death to others will be startled by a sudden blasting of his own peace, when the wrath of God, restrained no longer, shall fall upon him in a moment. "Every way of a man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the heart." "He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance shall gather it for him that will pity the poor." The man who is willfully destroying himself may be deluded and see no danger; the man who is destroying others may say, "I do not see it;" but the eyes which ponder both their ways see not only the evil but the sudden "destruction" which is before them if they do not speedily repent and reform. See to it that no righteous anger burns against you. See to it that no burning candle is endangering you in the cellar.

"THE SHIP'S ON FIRE!"

It was on the 24th of August, 1848, that the good ship *Ocean Monarch* set sail from Liverpool. Her decks were crowded with emigrants, many of whom were hoping to begin a new and happier life in America. Although the journey then took a longer time than in these days of very swift steamers, they still hoped to be at Boston, their port, before September was far advanced. Of the four hundred souls on board nearly all were emigrants, many of whom had never beheld the sea until a day or two before they set sail.

The voyage was soon over. The *Ocean Monarch* was still no more than six miles from the English shore, off Great Orme's Head, on the Lancashire coast, when the cry, "The ship's on fire!" was raised. It was soon seen that all hopes of saving the vessel must be given up, and attention was directed toward saving the lives of her passengers.

Happily for them, a Brazilian man-of-war happened to be passing that way upon its trial trip, and a gentleman's yacht also came to their aid. But, notwithstanding all that could be done, the *Ocean Monarch* was burned to the water's edge in a few hours, and one hundred and seventy-eight of her crew and passengers perished.

Equally dreadful was the fate of the *Hibernia*, which caught fire in mid-ocean in the year 1833, and one hundred and fifty people out of the two hundred and thirty-two on board perished.

When the good ship *Independence* went ashore, and afterward caught fire, on the coast of Lower California, in 1853, nearly the same number of lives were lost. The few survivors who got to the barren shore underwent the most dreadful sufferings.

Truly the perils of the sea are many, yet there are perils also on the land.

A PATHETIC PRISON SCENE.

THE warden of the penitentiary tells the following touching story of a man sentenced to ten years of hard labour, for a crime in the committing of which there were many extenuating circumstances.

His name was Hixon. One day a letter came for him, neatly addressed in a woman's hand.

The warden read it first, as was his duty. This was all there was in it:

"DEAR JOHN: Our little Dan died to-day."
"MARY."

"What—what!" said Hixon "Danny dead?" No, no, no! It can not be!"

But it was true. Another sorrow was added to the many he already knew. He sat for a long time with bowed head, his face in his hands and his heart quivering.

"I've said many a time," he said at last, "that it would be better if Danny did die before he was old enough to know and feel his father's shame. I suppose it is best; but it is hard to bear after all. My little Dan."

The man broke down again. A little later he took a small photograph from his pocket, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. He gazed long and earnestly at it. The tears ran over his pale cheeks, and fell on the smiling face of the boy. He crushed them

away with his trembling hand, and gave the photograph to the warden.

"That was Danny," he said.
It was the sunny little face of a boy about two years old. A pretty boy he must have been, with the short curls clinging close to his head and the large bright eyes—now forever closed, closed to the knowledge of the truth that he was a convict's boy.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God.
Kneel down to him in prayer
Lift up thy heart to his throne,
And seek his love to share

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whatever thy work may be,
Where'er thou art at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives his servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

THE FUTURE PREMIER OF CANADA.

WHERE now is the young man, or who is he, who, a quarter of a century hence, will be Premier of Canada? He must now be living, and consequently somewhere—doubtless in Canada. He may be an industrious, a hard-working student—probably of law; less probably of medicine. He may be on the farm, or in the printing office, or teaching. He may possibly yet be working at some trade as a mechanic. Is he now looking forward to the time when he shall occupy the first position in the Dominion? Is he preparing himself for this responsible office? If so, it is a worthy ambition; but it is a position for which much preparation is needed. If there is one living who has marked out for himself a path which he intends to follow for a quarter of a century, until he has reached the exalted position of Premier of this great country, it is to be hoped that his object is not simply that of self-exaltation, or a desire for power; but the more worthy and laudable one of endeavouring to promote the best interests of the Dominion.

THAT ETERNAL THINK.

A CONVICT, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new home?

"Not at all," was his reply
"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"

"Yee, better."
"Is your labour harder?"
"Nee, not so hard."

"Are you not treated with kindness?"
"Yee."

"Then, why do you not like it?"
"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table, and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think, and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think! think! think! and I cannot endure it."

BELOW THE SURFACE.

UNDER the sod the flowers are sleeping,
Under the crust of sleet and snow;
Never would stranger dream of the germs
Quietly resting so far below.
Nevertheless, from the brow of the hill,
To where the vale meets the silvery rill,
They trust, till the spring shall remove the
hill,
Ready, they wait for the Master's will.

Under the snow there are dear ones sleeping,
Under this crust of sleet and snow,
Never a word they send back to
Never a smile from the depths below.
Lying at rest, till the round years fill,
Till time is checked and its wheels grow still,
Till called together from valley and hill,
They wait, to rise at the Master's will.

Under the crust of a lifetime's care,
Under the sleet and pelting storms,
In spite of the sting of pitiless blast,
Many a heart into beauty warm,
None ever look beneath the frost and chill,
For the true heart waiting some niche to fill,
Where others are working with ease and
skill,
So, in darkness it waits for the Master's will.

And we walk carefully, numbering
Blossoms and beauty that greet our eyes,
Mourning our dead, who in silence slumber,
Counting those workers who bear off the
prize,
And the blazoned names which the front
ranks fill.
The crowned few on the top of the hill;
We see not the heads that are bowed and
still,
Willing, but waiting, their Master's will.
—*Vick's Floral Guide*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON III. [July 18

THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go,
that I may awake him out of sleep. John
11. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. A Troubled Household, v. 1-4.
2. A True Friend, v. 5-16.

TIME.—During the four months between
the Feast of Dedication and the last Passover.

PLACE.—Bethabara, beyond Jordan.
EXPLANATIONS.—*Ointment*—A rich per-
fume, such as was used for embalming the
body after death. *Not unto death*—But
Lazarus did die. This means the sickness
was not to be the final fatal sickness. Death
was to come, but only that he might be
restored to life, so as to show Christ's power.
Twelve hours in the day—The Jews did not
call twenty-four hours a day as we do. From
sunrise to sunset was divided into twelve
equal parts, and called a day. *We may die
with him*—Perhaps meaning that they feared
that Jesus would be killed if he returned to
Judea. Some think it refers to Lazarus, and
was intended to show how much Thomas
loved him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we taught in this lesson—
1. The sympathy of Jesus with human
sorrow?
2. The sympathy of Jesus with human
friendships?
3. That death is not destruction, but a
sleep!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Lazarus? A friend of Jesus.
2. Where did he live? At Bethany, near
Jerusalem. 3. What happened to him? He
was taken sick, and died. 4. Where was
Jesus at the time? At Bethabara, beyond
Jordan. 5. What did Jesus say of him in
the GOLDEN TEXT? "Our friend, etc."
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The humanity
of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

35. What more do we learn concerning
God? That he is holy and righteous, faithful
and true, gracious and merciful.
36. What do you mean by the omni-
presence of God? That God is everywhere.
[Psalm cxxxix, 7-12.]

A.D. 30.] LESSON IV. [July 25.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 17-44. Commit to mem. vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection
and the life. John 11. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus and Martha, v. 17-27.
2. Jesus and Mary, v. 28-37.
3. Jesus and Lazarus, v. 38-44.

TIME.—Immediately after events of last
lesson.

PLACE.—Bethany.
EXPLANATIONS.—*Fifteen furlongs*—About
two miles. *To comfort*—A ceremonial by
friends, which customarily lasted seven days.
Four days had gone, and they are still at
Bethany. *I am the resurrection*—That is, I
have power to accomplish the resurrection.
It will come through my power. *The Master
is come*—Or the rabbi, or the teacher has
come. Every one who heard that would
know what rabbi. He was the rabbi of the
times. *Groaned in the spirit*—Gave utterance
to his deep grief at Mary's sorrow. *A cave*—
A natural recess in the rocks, of which the
country was full. *Bound hand and foot*—
The Jews did not bury as we do, but wound
the body, covering the body and fastening
the arms down.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we see—

1. Faith in the presence of Jesus?
2. Faith in the power of Jesus?
3. Life through the power of Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long had Lazarus been buried when
Jesus came to Bethany? Four days. 2.
What did Jesus say to Martha, the sister of
Lazarus, in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Jesus
said," etc. 3. How did Jesus show his
sympathy at the grave of Lazarus? "Jesus
wept." 4. What command did Jesus give?
"Lazarus, come forth!" 5. What followed
the words of Jesus? The dead man came
forth living.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Victory over
death.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

37. What do you mean by the almighty-
ness or omnipotence of God? That God can
do whatever he will.
38. What do you mean by the omniscience
of God? That God knows all things, past,
present and future.

GAME OF PROVERBS IN
JAPAN.

THE game of "I-ro-ha garuta" is
played in all Japanese homes on winter
evenings. The children sit in a circle
and have small cards, each containing
a proverb, while on another card is a
picture which illustrates it. The cards
are shuffled and dealt, and then the
first child reads one of his proverb-
cards. The child who has the picture
corresponding calls out, and these two
cards are laid away out of the play.
The one who first gets rid of his cards
wins. The one who has the last card
loses the game, and, if a girl, gets a
wisp of straw in her hair; if a boy,
he has a black mark on his face. It
is strange to find that the same ideas
now current were gathered into pro-
verbs in Japan when England was
inhabited by savages dressed in skins.
Here are some of them:

A good son makes a happy father.
Speak of a man, and his shadow comes.
You can't build bridges in the clouds.
There are thorns on all roses
Thine own heart makes the world.
A car is bold before his own gate.
To know the knew, search the old.
Many words, little sense.
The poet at home sees the whole world.
The throne of the gods is on the brow of the
righteous man.

KINDNESS stowed away in the heart,
like rose-leaves in a drawer, sweeten-
ing every object around them, sweetens
life and brings hope to the weary-
hearted.

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