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THE LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1863.

No. 20.

THE STORY OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are some countries almost every acre of which has been fought over foot by foot, and been redened with human blood. Through the providence of God our own favoured land has been spared this dreadful fate. For well nigh seventy years we have enjoyed, with only very slight interruption, the blessing of profound peace. But not always was it so. Doctor Carroll, and a few of the venerable men yet lingering among us, can remember the time when the scourge of war swept our frontier, and the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade was heard along our shores. In this beautiful month of October the York Pioneers celebrate at Queenston Heights the famous victory won there seventy-one years ago. From that tree-clad height one of the fairest views in our fair land is beheld—the deep gorge of the Niagara at the right, then the river winding like a silver riband to the blue Ontario; and far as the eye can reach the fertile orchards and farmsteads of a free and happy country. But far different was the sight on that eventful day which they meet to commemorate. And without cultivating a war spirit, it is well to cherish a patriotic feeling, and to remember the deeds of valour of our forefathers who preserved for the British Crown, the fair inheritance which we to-day possess. Therefore it is that we give a brief outline of the events connected with the victory of Queenston Heights.

The position of the parties to the contest of 1812-13 was very unequal. Great Britain was exhausted by a war by sea and land of nearly twenty years' duration. Canada was unprepared for the conflict. She had less than six thousand troops to defend fifteen hundred miles of frontier. Her entire population was under three hundred thousand, while that of the United States was eight millions, or in the proportions of twenty-seven to one. The

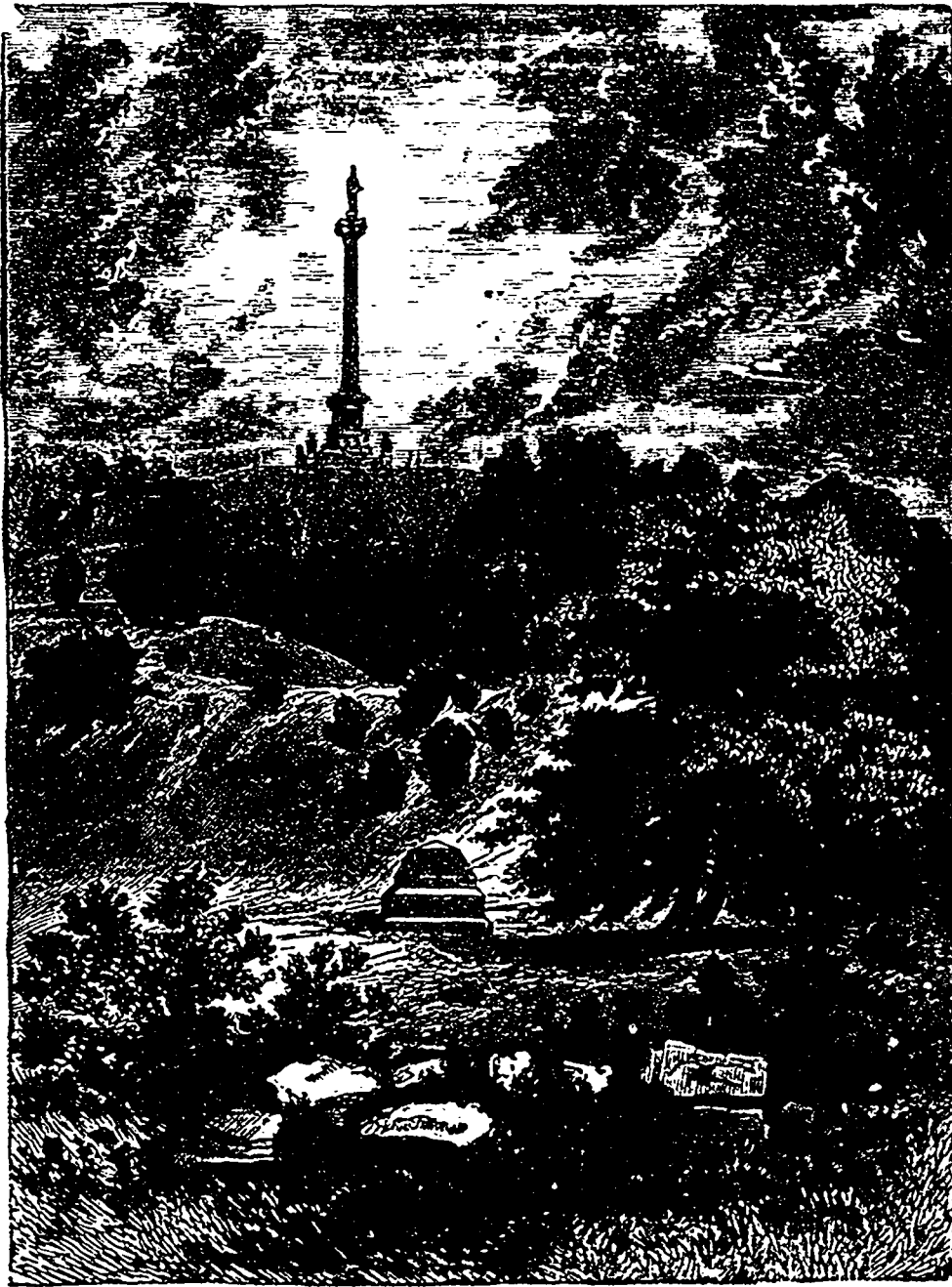
Americans relied upon the reported disaffection of the provinces with British rule. In this they were egregiously mistaken. Forgetting their political differences, the Canadians rallied with a spontaneous outburst of loyalty to

when war was raging, and their savage instincts often led to acts of cruelty which the principals in the conflict bore the blame.

The American plan of attack was to invade Canada with three armies, on

the alternatives of "peace, liberty, and security," or "war, slavery, and destruction." They spurned his offers and defied his threats. Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, a gallant officer and skilful civil ruler, who, in the absence of Mr. Gore, administered the Government of Upper Canada, issued a counter proclamation, at Fort George, Niagara, and hastened to the St. Clair by way of Niagara and Lake Erie, with all the forces he could collect on the route. A council of war was held. Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian chief, who, with his warriors, had excited great terror in the minds of the Americans, was present, at the request of Brock, who recognized his remarkable military abilities. Tecumseh sketched on a piece of birch bark a rough plan of Detroit, and of Hull's defences. The British commander, although his entire force amounted to only 700 regulars and militia, and 600 Indians, resolved to attack the enemy, numbering twice as many, and entrenched behind earthworks. The British force, under cover of armed vessels, crossed the river. Forming his little army in columns, Brock advanced to the assault. Before he reached the fort, however, a flag of truce was displayed. A capitulation was soon signed which surrendered Hull's entire force and vast military stores, a strong fort, and the whole State of Michigan, August 16.

Brock now repaired to the Niagara frontier which was threatened by an invasion of the enemy. The people of Canada were proud of the young hero, who, in ten days, had marched three hundred miles through a difficult country, compelled the surrender of an entrenched army twice as great as his own, and of a country as large as the province of which he was the Governor. The achievement at Detroit also won generous recognition from the Imperial authorities, and honours and decorations were conferred upon him. But before the intelligence of his new dignities could be received, his heroic spirit had passed away from earth. For the defence of the menaced Niagara frontier, Brock had only some fifteen hundred men, of whom at least one-half were militia-men and Indians.



BROCK'S MONUMENT, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

(The small cenotaph near the large tree in the foreground marks the spot where Sir Isaac Brock fell.)

* This cut is taken, by permission of the publisher, from Mr. Dent's admirable history, entitled "The Last Forty Years, or, Canada since the Union of 1841." The engraving is a specimen of over seventy illustrations of Canadian subjects.

the support of the Government. Even the American immigrants, with scarce an exception, proved faithful to their adopted country. The employment of Indians on both sides seems to have been an unfortunate necessity. They could not be induced to remain neutral

the Detroit and Niagara frontiers, and by way of Lake Champlain. General Hull, on the 12th of July, crossed the Detroit River at Sandwich, with twenty-five hundred men. In a pompous proclamation, he summoned the Canadians to surrender, offering them

the intelligence of his new dignities could be received, his heroic spirit had passed away from earth. For the defence of the menaced Niagara frontier, Brock had only some fifteen hundred men, of whom at least one-half were militia-men and Indians.

On the American side of the river, General Van Rensselaer had assembled a force of 6000 men for the invasion of Canada. To the south of Lake Ontario, a bold escarpment of rock, an old lake margin, runs across the country from west to east. Through this the Niagara River, in the course of ages, has worn a deep and gloomy gorge. At the foot of the cliff nestled on the west side the hamlet of Queenston, and on the east the American village of Lowiston. Here, early on the cold and stormy morning of October the thirteenth, Van Rensselaer crossed with 1,200 men, under cover of an American battery. A part of the invading army, having climbed the precipitous river bank by a path thought to be impassable, outflanked the British force, and gained a lodgment on the table-land at the top of the hill.

General Brock, hearing the cannonade at Niagara, seven miles distant, galloped off in the gray of the morning, with his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel Macdonell, to ascertain if it were a feint or an attack in force. Half way up the heights was a battery manned by twelve men. This the Americans had captured, and on it had raised the stars and stripes. Having despatched a messenger to Major-General Sheaffe, at Fort George, to send up reinforcements, and to open fire on Fort Niagara, General Brock determined to recapture the battery. Placing himself at the head of a company of the Forty-ninth, he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and his reckless exposure of his person, inspirited the pursuit of his followers. His tall figure, and conspicuous valour, attracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fell pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. "Don't mind me!" he exclaimed, "push on the York volunteers;" and, with his ebbing life, sending a love-message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away. His aide-de-camp, Colonel Macdonell, Attorney-General of Upper Canada, a promising young man of twenty-five, was mortally wounded soon after his chief, and died next day.

Major-General Sheaffe, now succeeded Brock in command. He mustered, with reinforcements from Niagara and Queenston, about 900 men (of whom half were militia and Indians.) By a flank movement by way of St. David's, he gained the height, and, after a sharp action, completely routed the enemy. The York volunteers stood fire like veteran soldiers, and the Forty-ninth fought like tigers to avenge the death of their beloved commander. At length, after an engagement which had lasted, with several interruptions, for more than seven hours, the Americans everywhere gave way. Pursued by yelling Indians, some, clambering down the rugged slope, were impaled on the jagged pines, others, attempting to swim the rapid river, were drowned. Nine hundred and fifty men surrendered to Sheaffe,—a force greater than his own. A hundred were slain, and many were wounded. Among the prisoners was Colonel Scott, afterwards General Scott, the hero of Mexico and Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies.

The victory of Queenston Heights, glorious as it was, was dearly bought with the death, at the early age of forty-three, of the hero of Upper

Canada, the loved and honoured Brock, and of the brave young Macdonell. Amid the tears of war-bronzed soldiers, and even of stoical Indians, they were laid in one common grave at Fort George; while the half-mast flags and minute-guns of the British and American forts testified the honour and esteem in which they were held by friends and foes alike. A grateful country has erected on the scene of the victory,—one of the grandest sites on earth,—a noble monument to Brock's memory; and beneath it, side by side, sleeps the dust of the heroic chief and his faithful aide-de-camp,—united in their death, and not severed in their burial.

The first monument, erected in 1824, was partially destroyed with gunpowder, in 1840, by a miscreant who had been compelled to fly from the province on account of his participation in the rebellion of 1837-38. The same year an immense patriotic gathering was held upon the spot, and it was unanimously resolved to erect a new and much more splendid monument. On the 13th of October, 1853, the foundation-stone of the new structure was laid with imposing ceremonies, and the remains of the two gallant soldiers were re-interred on the scene of their victory. In 1859, the monument was inaugurated. It is a fluted column, on a massive pedestal, crowned with a Corinthian capital, on which stands a colossal statue of General Brock, the whole rising to a height of one hundred and eighty-five feet. It was built by the voluntary subscriptions of the militia and Indians of Canada, supplemented by a parliamentary grant. On the north side of the pedestal is the following inscription;—

"Upper Canada has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B., Provisional Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath. Opposing the invading enemy, he fell in action near these heights on the 13th of October, 1812, in the forty-third year of his age, revered and lamented by the people whom he governed, and deplored by the Sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted."

The cenotaph, near by, marks the spot where Brock fell. Its corner-stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860.

THE SIZE AND SPEED OF STEAMSHIPS.

THE fierce competition among the transatlantic steamships has about expended itself in one direction. The limit has been reached in the matter of size. Larger ships than the *City of Rome* won't be put in the New York trade, for the excellent reason that when loaded they are likely every trip to get stuck on the bar near Sandy Hook. No vessel that draws over twenty-six feet can get in or out of New York waters without more or less serious trouble. Nine vessels have suffered considerable detention on the bar this season. The holds of the great merchant steamships were about as deep several years ago as they could be made under existing conditions of navigation. For five years it has been the tendency of ship-building to increase the length of hull without adding much to breadth of beam and

nothing at all to depth of hold. It is now the opinion of builders that the longitudinal limit has been reached. The *City of Rome* is 530 feet long, and that is about as long as vessels can safely and efficiently be built. Steamship agents here say that the limit of profitable ships has been reached in the direction of speed; and still the companies are prodding their ship-builders to turn out faster ships for them. There is no money in greater speed, unless a ship's superiority in that respect draws a good deal of custom away from the other lines. Such steamers as the *Alaska*, the *Britannic*, and the *Servia* make their splendid records only by burning about twice as much fuel as is used on vessels that take two or three days longer to make the passage. Last winter, when there was no passenger trade to speak of, the great transatlantic lines had to tie up their faster boats or run them at a positive loss. And yet all the lines that call themselves first-class have to enter the lists for the race against time across the Atlantic, because the fast steamers are popular with the public, and the lines that don't have them cannot secure a large share of the first-class passenger trade. The Inman line rejected the *City of Rome* because her speed was not up to the mark they had stipulated. The Anchor line has put new machinery in her, and it is expected that she will be able to take her place with the fastest ships afloat. The leader of the Atlantic squadron now, however, is the *Alaska*, whose best time from Queenstown to New York is 6 days, 18 hours and 37 minutes, during which time she made a 24-hour run of 447 miles. The British ship-builders are still keeping up the immense volume of business they have been doing for three years past. They are turning out about 330,000 tons, or \$40,000,000 of ships a year. And they are taking a big contract on their hands, as they are promising all their customers that the latest ships supplied them will be the fastest steamers afloat.

INSECT SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

DID you know that all the silk in the world was made by very little worms? Those creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with the silk. Men take to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silk worms. It is made up of a great many threads, just like the rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning-machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibres of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle. When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some strange way. This pulp is very much like that used by men in making our paper. Very likely the wasps taught them how, because they are the oldest paper-makers in the

world. This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look out for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but a very little time to build a nest.—*Our Little Ones.*

A SIGN-BOARD.

I WILL paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A rother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller;
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended on each hand.
He wavers, but you urge him:
"Drink! pledge me, just this one;"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done

And I next will paint a drunkard.
Only a year has flown,
But into this leathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was sure and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side;
Her beautiful boy, who was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin, the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That is born there in your workshop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
Too terribly, fearfully true.

DEAN STANLEY'S BOYHOOD.

DEAN STANLEY used sometimes to mention his first meeting with the present Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone was then about fifteen years old, and Arthur Stanley was not ten. They met at the house of Mr. Gladstone's father and he introduced the boys to each other. One of the first remarks of the future Premier to the future Dean was: "Have you read Gray's poems?"

"No," said little Stanley. Whereupon the other boy said: "Then you should read them at once," and taking down the volume from the shelf he gave it to him, and Stanley took it home with him and read it through for the first time with great delight.

I cannot help suspecting that such a conversation between two English boys—even between two such boys—who might chance to meet each other for the first time was far commoner then than it would be now. Athleticism had not in those days assumed its present gigantic proportions, nor was a non-athletic boy despised and looked down upon as he now sometimes is at public schools.

STANLEY was one less than a thousand days in crossing Africa and never saw a Christian.

SOME OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

I HAVE been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born.
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Go rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills once more;
I have stood on the rocky coast
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most

Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school-books tattered and torn.
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept,
When I came on them one morn,
For thought of the merry little lad,
In the morning sweet and cool,
If weather was good or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school;

My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand had changed,
And half in loving and half in pain,
Backward my memory raved.
There was the grammar I know so well—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller—I used to spell
Better than any in school;

And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hill-side,
When I told myself I'd surely see
All lands in the world so wide,
From the Indian homes in the far, far West,
To the mystic's Cathay.
I have seen them all. But Home is best
When the evening shades fall grey.

And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears.
I and Jamie and little Dick
Were together in by-gone years.
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get, now and agin,
A letter in Dick's bold ready hand
From some great Western plain.

There wasn't a book, and scarce a page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age,
Of friends I shall no more see.
And so I picked up the books again
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing main:
Come children, and look them o'er.

And there they lay on a little stand,
Not far from the Holy Book;
And his boys and girls with loving care
O'er grammar and speller look.
He said, "They speak to me, children dear,
Of a past without annoy;
And the Book of Books in promise clear
Of a future full of joy."

THE PERIWINKLE GATHERERS.

BY ELIZA KERE, AUTHOR OF "SLIEVE BLOOM."

"N' ye will go then?
Sure it's a rough
night, quite, an' ye'll
never keep your
footin' on the rocks.
Don't go, Michael
asthore."

"We must, Mary,"
answered the man thus addressed.
"We have very little food or money
in the house, an' that man from Lon-
don said if we could get enough winkles
to fill two sacks, he'd give a good price
for them. With a good take or two
of fish to help, we might then manage
easy till spring."

"We want the money right enough,
but if ye're both killed, it won't be
much comfort to me. Where's the
lad?"

"Here, mother," answered a boy's
fresh, untired voice, and Johnny Blake,
the only child of Michael and Mary
Blake, a boy of about twelve years old,
entered the kitchen from an inner
room.

"Are you ready, lad?"
"Yes, father, quite. An' don't you
be afeared, mother; we'll come home
safe. Me an' father knows every bit
of rock about; we won't slip an' let
the waves take us away. An' besides,"
lowering his voice, and speaking rever-

ently, "I've just been askin' God to
take care of us."

"Now that's what I don't under-
stand about you, Johnny," said his
father discontentedly. "How can a
smart, well-grown lad like you talk
such womanish stuff! Them teachers
have a great deal to answer for.
They'll just take the courage out of
our lads, an' if ye haven't courage an'
darin' ye needn't think to make a
livin' on Achil Isle. Don't let me
hear any more such prayin', or I'll be
so angry an' flustered I'll likely fall on
the seaweed an' get drowned or hurt."

"All right, father; I'll say no more
about God now, if it annoys you; but
it's a bad night, an' I'll pray inside me-
self, all the same," he added in a low
tone, as the two, father and son, set
out on their somewhat venturesome
quest for periwinkles.

The inhabitants of the island of
Achil, on the west coast of Ireland,
gain a living chiefly by fishing; but
many of them also occupy themselves
in gathering periwinkles, a kind of sea
snail, which are sent to London and
many large towns in England, and
made into soup, or simply eaten out of
the shell. The search for these
"winkles," as the islanders call them,
is often a perilous undertaking, as the
coast is a very wild one, and the rocks
rise in some places almost perpendicu-
larly from the waves beneath. Should
there be bad weather, and the wind be
strong, then indeed must the searcher
beware, for if his foot slip on the green,
slimy seaweed, he helplessly loses his
balance and is carried slowly, but
surely, down in the embrace of the
receding waves, or falls headlong into
their waiting arms. No wonder Mary
Blake was afraid to let her husband
and son risk their lives on this stormy
night.

"It's worse than I thought it,
Johnny; I'm almost afeared to take
out the boat an' cross to that ledge,
though the winkles are best on that
bit of the rock."

"'Tis bad, father, but we'll get on,"
cheerfully replied the boy, as he
crawled along a slippery path in the
caves underneath a pile of rocks known
as the Cathedral Rocks.

The wind had gradually increased
in strength as the night grew on, and
the very feeble moonlight did not
assist the searchers much, though
happily there was no rain. Now and
then Michael Blake started back as a
huge, dark object moved away through
the almost intense gloom of the cave.

"It's the seals, father; they stay in
the caves when the night's rough out-
side."

"Yes, I know, Johnny; but it gives
me a turn to see them big, lumberin'
things near by me. I'm always a bit
afeared of them. There's a big one
over there in the corner, I'm sure, an'
she has a lot of young ones."

"Yes, she has so; but are you goin'
in the boat?"

"I've such a lot of winkles now in
my creel, I'd like to fill yours with
them good ones off that ledge. There's
no path from here to it, so we must go
through the water."

"It's very ugly just now between
us an' the rock. We're safe here, but
see to them waves! They'd knock us
again' the sharp points of the cave, or
turn us over; an' you know we'd have
no chance of bein' saved."

"I don't care for your fears. That's
what comes of Sunday-schools, an' such
like. I wish you'd learn obedience,

an' let them alone," said the man
angrily, as he unfastened a boat tied
to an out-jutting portion of the rock
on which they were standing. "Just
because you're afeared, I must lose the
best winkles in the whole island. Get
in, boy, an' have done your talkin'!"

Johnny did as he was bidden,
although when he was about to step
into the boat a huge wave came and
swept it out beyond his reach. Michael
drew it in again by the rope, swearing
angry the while. Again Johnny tried
to crawl over the side of it, and suc-
ceeded this time. Still holding the
rope Michael followed, and then taking
up the oars pulled with all his strength
for the flat, black tableland of rock in
the distance. The tide was with him,
and after strong exertion, and many a
half-frightened exclamation he succeeded
in landing on the rock. Then he and
Johnny set to work, and soon the
empty creel was filled, and Michael
returned triumphantly to the boat and
placed both creels in safety in the
bottom of it, and when Johnny had
taken his seat, the little bark com-
menced its homeward journey, rock-
ing up and down on the foam mountains
as if every motion would be its last.
Darker and yet darker became the
night, and higher and yet higher
seemed to grow the great, white, mov-
ing mountains, as they gloamed out
from the dense gloom. The wind
voices were so boisterous, as they
shrieked and whistled, that Johnny
could not hear his father when he
spoke to him. At last Michael roared
out:

"Are you afeared, Johnny? It's a
hard tug to pull again' this tide, an'
I can't see a bit where we're goin' to."

"I'm a bit afeared now, father, an'
I want to ask God, out loud, if He'll
bring us safe through the storm."

"Ay, lad, do; but how He'll hear
through this storm, I don't know."

Johnny did not wait to explain, as
he had heard in the schools that the
dear Lord can hear the faintest whis-
per; he raised his voice loudly, that
his father might hear, and be en-
couraged.

"Pray louder, lad; there's no sound
at all comin' from your lips. I've
made little of God, I know, an' been
angry with you because you minded
Him, but maybe He'll hear you now.
Call loud, so that He'll hear above the
storm." A sudden cry, like that of a
human being in distress, was borne dis-
tinctly on the wind, and presently a
dark object was carried by a mighty
wave past the little boat. Michael
dropped the oars, and cowered down
in terror. Just then came a lull in
the storm, and Johnny's voice was
distinctly audible.

"O God, help us, for Jesu's sake.
Father's sorry he made little of Thee;
he won't do it any more. Oh, please,
God, father an' me prays for help
now."

"Ay, that I do, Johnny. Did you
hear that awful drowning cry, lad?" in
an awe-stricken whisper.

"'Twas the seals, father. Look,
there's the moon again, at last, an'
here we are, safe in the seals' cave;
that's why the water's so quiet. We're
saved."

"Thank God!" said the man rever-
ently, as he tied up the boat, and lifted
the creels full of periwinkles on to the
land.

"Let us kneel an' thank Him."
Hand in hand knelt the two rescued
ones, and the man's voice rose gladly

in thanksgiving: "Thou hast heard
my little lad above the roar of the
winds an' waves. I thank Thee for it,
an' I will try an' serve Thee, for
Thou'rt a kind Master that didn't for-
get Thy little servant in trouble."

Then placing their creels on their
backs, home across the green covered
rocks, and away to the sleeping village,
went the periwinkle gatherers.

A SENSATION FOR ROME.

THE SALVATION ARMY TO VISIT THE
ETERNAL CITY.

THE city of Rome is menaced
with a visit the bare rumour of
which, we should imagine, must
suffice to make Pio Nono turn in his
grave in the crypt of the exquisite Bas-
ilica outside the gate of San Lorenzo.
The Salvation Army, we are told,
meditate the despatch of a band of
skirmishers to the Eternal City. Goth,
Gaul, Hun, Bourbon, Garibaldian,
Piedmontese, all in turn have entered
it, and now the Salvation Army pro-
poses to make a breach in the composite
walls that gird the Seven Hills. The
time was, and not so long ago, when
no heretical voice could be raised
within the mural circuit, save that of
the Jews secretly praying in the Ghetto.
Even our countrymen had to worship
outside the Porta del Popolo, in a build-
ing that was a cross between a barn
and a music hall. Now, it is true,
the bell of the American Church in the
Via Nazionale disturbs the slumbers
of the Jehus on the boxes of their *botte*
in the Piazza of the baths of Diocletian,
or mix with the strains of the orchestra
performing in the Teatro Costanzi; and
in due course, we presume, the lagging
and costly erection of the English
Church in the Via Babuino will be
brought to completion. We have a
sort of recollection that even Mr. Spur-
geon's voice has been heard at the
"centre of Catholic unity," but, at any
rate, it has been spared during the last
twelve years hardly any of what the
"Prisoner of the Vatican" calls the
indignities which these revolutionary
times love to inflict upon the ancient
and the sacred. But the worst was
yet to happen, and apparently it is
going to happen shortly. Rome is to
be converted afresh by the Salvation
Army.

THE QUEEN'S DINNER PARTY.

PEOPLE are vastly mistaken if
they suppose that a visit to
Windsor signifies confidential
intercourse with the royal hostess.
The guests, and such of the household
as are included in the dinner party,
assemble in the grand corridor, and
the Queen enters from her private
apartments just as the repast is an-
nounced, and accords a formal greeting
to each person. The company then
goes into the dining-room (the Oak
Room), and during dinner conversation
is, of course, of a very vapid sort.
"Shakespeare and the musical glasses."
After dinner the party meet again in the
corridor, and Her Majesty goes round
the circle, speaking perhaps for two
minutes to each person, after which she
retires and the guests adjourn to one
of the drawing-rooms to finish the even-
ing with music or cards. Next morn-
ing they leave without having again
seen the Queen, so that very little
political capital can be made out of a
visit.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Must beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That children might be glad.
I almost wept, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-lamp
Where all is bright and fair
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear,
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden hands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

WE had the pleasure, last Christmas, of sending a large amount of religious reading to the Mercer Reformatory and other public institutions of the country. We have now pleasure on publishing the accompanying letter from an active Christian worker describing the services at the Reformatory.

Dear Sir,—Some weeks ago we noticed in PLEASANT HOURS a remark of yours relating to sending the surplus papers used by Sabbath-schools to prisons, asylums, hospitals, etc. These remarks have been read by some of the inmates of these institutions. And now permit me to tell you of the work being done in one of them, the "Andrew Mercer Reformatory," Toronto.

Early each Sabbath morning a band of Christian women meet in the library of that institution. The superintendent, W. H. Howland, Esq., opens the Book and reads one of the promises.—His promises that never fail; then all

humbly kneel before the Lord, and consecrate themselves afresh to the work, and to Him who said "I was in prison and ye visited me." Then after supplication and waiting, (as did the disciples in the upper room) for a baptism of the Spirit, these workers ascend to the upper part of the institution, known as the chapel, to teach, to instruct, to expound the Scriptures to those imprisoned ones.

And now what a scene presents itself. Here may be seen the aged, the infirm, the middle-aged, the weary, the neglected, the down-trodden, the abased daughters of sin and crime. Separated from these by a screen, you will find the children of the Refuge. Some are here for crime; others, whose only crime has been that they are the children of parents who are besotted drunkards, or else inmates of other places of punishment.

We will call your attention to the women, rather than the children. All are dressed in blue suits, white collars, and aprons. Although society has branded them as outlaws, and heaped anathemas on them, yet for them the Saviour died. And now the bell rings, and the hymn

"What a friend we have in Jesus"

is given out, and as these unfortunates, some with grateful hearts, some longing for home and friends, some striving to do better, and often failing, and some burdened with a weight of care and sin sing those words; and when they reach the line, "Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?" ah! then it is that memory asserts herself, and you may sometimes see the moistened eye and quivering lip, and the dreamy, far-off, look, as if thinking of those far away; and as they recall how hard they have worked for Satan; how they have lied, drank, stolen, and even worse; and how they have mis-spent their opportunities; the remorse that fills the soul is often more than they can bear. Dear young reader, these are they who once were pure as you, who once sang in the Sabbath-school, and learned the sweet story of Jesus' love, and yet idleness, bad company, and love of dress and drink, have brought them within a prison wall.

Thank God the blood of Jesus Christ can save to the uttermost! and some of these, the lowly, the drunken, the down-trodden of earth, have found Jesus to be a Saviour who receiveth sinners still.

If space permitted we could tell you of some, who are living godly, respectable lives, who found the Saviour in the Mercer Reformatory Sabbath-school. Young women, mothers, Christian women, give them a helping hand when they come out of confinement; they are your sisters; cover their errors with the cloak of charity; help them to the path of rectitude; lead them to the Saviour whose compassionate arms are ever ready to embrace the returning prodigal.

E. Y. SAMS.

ANOTHER liquor dealer has been converted to total abstinence, and has shown the genuineness of his conversion by his deeds. He owned a public house in Ilkeston, England; and when he joined the blue-ribbon army, he emptied his stock of spirits into the gutter, and presented his signboards to the local division as trophies.



VIEW FROM BROCK'S MONUMENT.—(See first page.)

METHODIST UNION.

THE Methodist Union is now to be looked upon as an accomplished fact, and no doubt, though there has been some opposition to its consummation, it will, as the phrase goes, be made unanimous with not a straggler left out in the cold. This is as it ought to be. It is a wise step in the very highest sense, and prudent as it is wise. There was no good reason why the uniting bodies should remain apart. The spectacle of two or three small causes, all called Methodist, struggling to maintain a precarious existence in small places where there was barely room for one, was not an edifying one, and was not like the shrewd practical good sense by which Methodists are generally characterized. It was an uncalled-for waste of energy, and of energy which could easily be turned to good account elsewhere. Of course even with union this anomaly will be removed only gradually. But the great essential step to such a result has been taken and every year will witness to its beneficial and blessed influence in the way of a sacred conservation of forces.

Of course there were and are difficulties in the way. In every step of any importance there always are. But it would be a poor compliment to the piety, prudence, and ability in the Methodist churches if these difficulties could not be got over without any essential interest being overlooked or any individual conscience in the slightest degree even hurt, not to say outraged. In all such cases there is a call for mutual forbearance, great candour, much tenderness of judgment, a charity which thinketh no evil, with a breadth and generosity of view which will voice itself in the well-known sentiment:—"In essentials, unity; in circumstantialia, liberty; over all, charity." The financial aspects of the whole case are of course of not a little importance. We have no doubt these will be viewed and treated in a becoming spirit, and that the issue will be such a glow of brotherly confidence and renewed consecration of spirit as will carry forward the good old ship with all sails set, and all of these filled to the full. As has been the case in other unions of the kind, we believe that not one mouth will be closed that ought to be kept open, and not one faithful messenger of the truth but will find both his work and his wages under the new order of things.

As all who have read it will allow, the debate over the proposal was one characterized by great ability, candour,

and good Christian feeling. In the maintenance of their several sides and opinions the speakers avoided what might have been calculated to give pain. There was nothing said to leave a feeling of discomfort and annoyance after the struggle was over. All did their best to maintain their own opinions, but after all had been said there was not the slightest reason why those who had taken opposite sides should not have shaken hands and been friends as well as associates all round. We are quite sure that majority and minority will all give each other credit for honesty of purpose and singleness of desire for the best interests of the cause of truth throughout the Dominion. And now let it be forgotten that there were ever unionists and anti-unionists, and let the only contest be who shall do and endure most for that cause with which all are identified, and for whose advancement all have pledged their substance and consecrated their lives.

Altogether this Methodist Union is one on which the general public looks with great favour and satisfaction, calculated as it is to promote the best interests of religion and morality throughout the length and breadth of the land.—Toronto Globe.

WHAT FOLLY.

THE most costly thing we have got in this country is the liquor traffic. The drink bill can only be reckoned by millions. Thousands are wasting their life's energies in making and selling it. The prisons, poor-houses, and asylums are filled with people, sent there chiefly by drink. The judges, juries, courts, and police are kept busy dealing with criminals, most of whom are made such by rum. Tens of thousands of valuable lives are cut off yearly, long before the time. Whatever stagnation there is in other trades, the whiskey trade is always brisk. No matter how scarce and dear food is, there is always plenty of grain for the distillery and brewery, to say nothing of the dreadful effects on the moral and religious life of the people, blasting all good out of their souls, and sending them in multitudes down into hell. And what good return or compensation do we get for all this? None at all. Was there ever greater folly than this?—The Temperance Battle-Field.

A little boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he. "Mother, I ain't a gun!"



A GIGANTIC SPONGE.

A GIGANTIC SPONGE.

SPONGES are the most truly manifold in form of any animals; they are met with of all shapes, all sizes, and all colors.

Some branch out like trees; many resemble a funnel or a trumpet; others are divided into lobes like great fingers; for instance, the *Neptune's Glove*; and there are some which are known by the name of *sea-muffs* and *sea-tapers*, on account of their form.

A closely-allied variety produces regular sponge monuments, which grow from one to two metres high (three feet three inches to six feet and a half) on the submarine rocks.

They have a narrow stalk, which at a certain height expands considerably and gives the structure the look of a cup, symmetrically hollowed out and exactly like an immense drinking goblet. To such a colossal vase the imagination of the sailor could only give one name, that of the redoubtable god of the sea, this living vase is the *Cup of Neptune!* One has recently been found eight feet across.

ABOUT BOOKS.

IT might have been in some Asiatic forest, shadowy with the great green fans and sword-blades of the palm-trees, and heavy with sweet tropical odors, that a sinewy savage stood long ago, scratching upon a leaf the image of some animal he hunted, or the outline of the face of his dusky bride. It was then the first step was taken toward making a book.

But countless as the steps are which lie between the rude inscription and our printed volume, the fact remains that the tree is parent of the book. It always carries us back to the green woodlands or the river's brink. The Latin word *liber* means originally the inner bark of a tree. Our Saxon forefathers used the bark of the beech-tree, which they called *boc*, and we have only added an *o* to make it "book." The word "leaf" tells its own tale of vegetable origin—a book is filled with leaves.

In swampy places of the Nile, where the subsiding waters left pools to stagnate under the copper sky, there grew in olden times a forest of tall reeds, whose stems lifted high their tufted plumes of hair-like fibre. The people cut the leafless wood, and removing a delicate and textile skin, which vied with parchment as a material for writing upon, they had the far-famed *papyrus*, which in name has become shortened and sharpened to *paper*. Thus the leaves of plants, the bark of trees, and the skin of animals were used to write upon; and the old Romans rolled up a number of these separate pieces, and called it a *volumen*, from which we derive our *volume*.

But the book grew slowly, and its form differed widely, in different nations. In some nations records were kept by knotted cords, strings of different colors, knots of various sizes. By such simple records the history of the ancient Peruvians was kept. But a company of men was necessary to receive the traditions of the nations thus represented, and at their death history died with them. Some durable material was needed. The skins of various animals, tanned into a smooth leather, offered a durable substance. Parchment and vellum (still in use in the lawyer's office) spring from this source. Reeds, pointed and dipped in gum-water coloured with charcoal or soot, were the forerunners of pen and ink. The delicate tissues wrapping the heart of the stem of the papyrus plant were prepared to receive the semi-liquid gummy soot with which the Xenophons and the Virgils of ancient Greece and Rome traced their flowing histories and sparkling poems. The books, written upon hard and stiff material, were put together much like a folding firescreen. Those upon soft and pliable tissues were rolled upon sticks, as we roll a map or wall diagram. A well-ordered library in those days resembled a band-box filled with coloured sticks standing upon end.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

IT is just twenty-three years since the British American Provinces welcomed the Prince of Wales. To-day the Provinces, transformed into the Dominion of Canada, are visited by the son of the royal guest of almost a quarter of a century ago. Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, the second son of the Prince of Wales, was born at Marlborough House, June 3rd, 1865. When only eleven years of age he entered the Royal Navy with his elder brother, Prince Albert, as cadet. After four years' service both were elevated to the rank of midshipmen. The next two years were spent in a cruise around the world in *H. M. S. Bacchante*. On reaching home the elder brother resumed life on land, but Prince George determined to continue a sailor. He was therefore shipped on the *Canada*, which is to cruise until next summer in Canadian waters. On board the *Canada* Prince George is quartered with the other middies, wears a uniform similar to theirs, and performs similar duties. In his quiet manner he has made himself agreeable to the members of the crew, by whom his approach is greeted with very evident pleasure. He is a slender youth, in height one or two inches over five feet, with light coloured hair and fair complexion. He is under the governorship of Captain Francis Durant, who has full power over all his movements while connected with the *Canada*.

To a Halifax *Herald* reporter one of the officers of the *Canada* said:—"Yes, we like the Prince very well. He conducts himself just like one of ourselves. Oh, no, he is not stuck up at all. He is treated by all on board just like any other middy. Nobody makes any difference because he happens to be the Prince of Wales' son. And he does not act any differently himself. He is pretty lively, and enjoys a lark as well as any of us. He takes his turn at the watch and does his duty as well as can be expected. But I don't think he cares much about his work; not any more than other boys of his age do; of course, he's only a boy yet, and has not entered on life seriously. He was tattooed on the arm while he was on the *Bacchante*. He gets on well with the officers and is pretty well liked by the men. Oh, no, we don't make any fuss over him when entering a port, nor is he paid honours. He is not sailing in his capacity or position as prince, but as a middy."—*Globe*.

THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.

IF parents would teach their children to respect each other's rights under all circumstances, society would be burdened with few of those men whom we now meet daily, and who deliberately prey upon the folly or weakness of others. There are some children that seem to have no sense of "mine or thine," but borrow at pleasure what they want, appropriate to their own use what belongs to other members of the family, make sharp bargains, cut off the right corners in the trade, and consider themselves only "smart" and praiseworthy when they have over-reached or out-witted their fellows.

Unfortunately, in many such instances, the parent rejoices rather than

mourns that "that child seems to have a faculty of taking care of himself."

Let us sketch what seems to us an ideal condition in a family as to the principle of "mine and thine."

Each member of the family has his own personal belongings, and these are sacred to him alone. No other member meddles therewith. His treasures are not inspected even or appropriated by anyone but himself. If he have a room by himself, that room is safe from intrusion, no locks nor keys are needed to guard him nor his from impertinent officious meddling.

Nevertheless, the parents' oversight never fails; and they revise all bargains and agreements made between their children, so that the elder may not take advantage of the younger, or the sharp of the dull, so that each one shall have an "even chance" with the rest. The laws of equity govern parental decisions and secure to each child justice. With such training at home, there is little danger that these young people will develop into over-reaching, avaricious men and women.

AN INCIDENT IN THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

IT was a wild and ice-bound bay
To which we came at last
And there we found our comrade's bones,
Bleached by the Northern blast.

Beside a cairn of snow-clasped stones
He laid him down to rest,
The bitter frost came by and sheathed
Its dagger in his breast.

Dread was the place, and loud 'tind;
Far off we heard the roar
Of great ice-floes, which crashed upon
The ice-belt of the shore.

The blue-cold glacier crept adown
To meet the lovely sea;
The scintillations of the stars
Seemed icy spears to be.

Above him shook the Northern Lights,
The Pole Star trembled keen;
We stood in silence by the grave
Where only God had been.

No Christian hands enshrined his dust,
No human tears were shed;
God's crystal snow had built his tomb,
And Christ was with our dead.

For in his frozen hand we found—
Close-clasped—the sacred Word.
In utter cold and death he knew
The love of Christ the Lord.

ONE GLASS OF RUM.

A CAPTAIN related this sad story at a temperance meeting;
"I had a little vessel on the coast; she had four men beside myself. I had my wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night; the seamen prevailed on him to take 'one glass' to help him perform his duties; but being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck; I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves swept my little one from my embrace; then, after more hours of suffering, the waves swept my little one from my wife's arms, and our two little dears were lost to us forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, I looked at my wife, and behold, she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for 'one glass of rum.'—Anvil.

A LITTLE GOOSEY.

The following exquisitely simple verses, from the pen of an "Unknown," will touch the heart of every father and mother:

THE chill November day was dour,
The working world home faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets
And set the gas-lights flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The wared old leaves were flying;
When, mingling with the sighing wind,
I heard a small voice crying—

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four or over;
No cloak or hat her small soft arms,
And wind-blown curls to cover,
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round, blue eyes run over,
She cherished in her wee, cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover;

And one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other.
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"O, please, I want my mother."
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
"Cobbling," she answered, "I forget;
The organ made me do it."

"He came and played at Miller's steps;
The monkey took the money,
And so I followed down the street.
That monkey was a funny
I've walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers—
O, please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name, and what
The street? now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."
"Put what is strange about the house,
Or now, not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle-bed,
Mama and my little brother's."

"O dear, I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,
He's such a baby he forgets,
And we are both such players—
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
O! dear I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy, people passed
All muffled homeward faring,
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling asked,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street and name;
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometimes forget it;
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I would get lost without it."

A COURAGEOUS ACT.

LAURENCE BALDWIN was the oldest son of a clergyman living in the suburbs of a seaport town on the New England coast. The position of eldest son is always of more or less dignity, but when there are five younger brothers, and as many sisters, it is a position of responsibility and importance as well. At least that is the way Laurence looked at it. No doubt he often presumed upon his position—most boys in the case would have done so; but on the whole, he was rather above the average elder brother, and his rule was more kind than severe. Sometimes, however, his same position was more irksome than pleasant. This was the case one afternoon in April, when Laurence was called away from a comfortable spot in the library, where he was settled with a book, to drive into town and

execute several commissions for his mother. It was cold even for April. A violent storm had occurred the day before, and, although it was now over, there were sufficient traces of it left, in the shape of mud, wind, and clouds, to make a cosy library a desirable place. But duties must be done, however distasteful, and Laurence, though he grumbled a little, shook himself together and started. As he drove from the house he noticed one of his younger brothers playing in a skiff which was drawn up on the shore at the foot of the lawn. The little fellow had a pole and seemed trying to push the skiff out into the water. "Come out of that, Horace!" he called; "you will get adrift, and the tide will float you away." "I'll come in a minute, Laurie," the boy answered, as his brother drove down the road. Laurence had not driven very far when he met his father, who wished to use the horse Laurence was driving. It was a little aggravating to be stopped, but there was nothing to do but to turn back and get another horse. As Laurence had to wait some little while for the coachman to make the desired change, he went up to his mother, who was ill in her room, to receive further directions about his various commissions.

While there, his little brother Eugene ran into the room, and, catching him by the coat, tried to attract his attention. "Be quiet, child!" he said, impatiently, "I can't talk to mother if you bother so." "But, Laurie, I must speak to you," said the boy, in a frightened whisper. He looked into the troubled face of the child, and saw instantly something was wrong. "What is it?" he asked, hurriedly. "Horace is adrift in the skiff." One glance from the window which overlooked the water showed him the skiff adrift, and empty. "The boy is overboard!" he exclaimed, as he rushed down-stairs, tearing his coat off as he ran. When out on the lawn he could clearly see the empty skiff, and far out in the water a little black speck, upon which the setting sun, which just then broke through the clouds, shone with brilliancy. He raised a shout: "Keep up, I'm coming!" and worked desperately with his shoes to get them off.

Just then he was seized and held back by the coachman, an old and valued servant. "Don't go, Mr. Laurie," he begged, "you can never do it!" "Let me alone," he cried, and shaking him roughly off, he dashed into the water. He was an experienced swimmer, but even to him its icy coldness was terrible. It was hard work; but he was brave and strong, and encouraged by the shouts of those who had collected on the shore, he reached at last the little head, and caught desperately at it just as the benumbed and well-nigh senseless boy was about to sink beneath the surface of the water for the last time. Seizing the child, now a dead weight, if alive at all, Laurence hastened to swim back; but a new difficulty arose. The tide was running out with a force that required great strength to resist it.

Upon the shore all was excitement. Dr. Baldwin, the boy's father, who was unable to swim, was giving orders in quick, peremptory tones, which no one obeyed. Children running hither and thither, the more courageous calling out to encourage the swimmer, the others crying in childish grief and

fright. Augustus, next in age to Laurence, on one of the carriage horses, and the coachman on the other, were trying to ride them into the water that they might swim out and bring Laurence and the boy to land. But frightened by the coldness of the water, they refused to obey, and by their stamping and rearing added to the general confusion. The poor sick mother was alone in her room, praying. At length somebody fastened a rope to a small log of wood, and winding the other end hastily about it, sent it floating out, hoping the tide would carry it within Laurence's reach, so that, by lashing the boy to it, he could swim with greater ease. But one end of the rope had not been securely fastened. The action of the waves loosened it, and floating about, it caught on a rock, which anchored the log fast. For one dreadful moment all seemed hopeless. Laurence felt his strength leaving him. The boy seemed to grow heavier with each stroke. The little pale face looked so quiet, the child must be dead. Laurence was almost discouraged. It seemed so much easier to give up than to struggle on. He would give one cry for help, and the others must do what they could. The cry was given, but unheard amidst the tumult on the shore, and useless if heard. No one could come, no one could help.

Suddenly there came to Laurence a thought of the sick mother alone in her room, praying, as he knew she was, for her boys. This thought seemed to nerve him with new courage. With a deep-felt, though unuttered prayer, he gathered all his remaining strength and pushed boldly for the shore. The group there had grown strangely silent. They were all standing close together, anxiously watching. Not a sound was heard. Nearer and nearer he came. The water grew less deep. Home and safety seemed almost a certainty. Suddenly the group on the shore broke into a loud cheer, which reached the anxious mother's ears. Dr. Baldwin rushed neck-deep into the water. Laurence placed his burden in his father's arms, and sank unconscious. He knew nothing of the willing hands that pulled him ashore, nor of the efforts to restore Horace to consciousness. He was first roused by feeling the cook dash at him, and violently rub his head with a warm toddy which had been prepared. Finding no one capable of drinking it, she determined it should be utilized in some way.

He managed to escape from the well-meant efforts, and was carried off to bed, where, rolled up in blankets, he soon fell asleep. Laurence was a hero. For a long time after that everybody was speaking of his courage and bravery. Boy-like, he enjoyed it. Horace, too, felt he had a share in the glory, for he was heard to say: "Laurie would never have had all this, if it hadn't been for me!"—*Anna M. Talcott.*

THE head of the house brought home a thermometer one very cold night, and hung it in his bed-chamber. Before morning the fire went out, and the temperature in the room fell a great many degrees. His wife got up first in the morning, consulted the thermometer, and, in a tone of surprise, exclaimed, "Why, Harry, it has run down! You must have forgotten to wind it up last night!"

WINGED WORDS.

IF words
Were birds,
And swiftly flew
From tips
To lips
Owned, dear, by you;
Would they,
To day,
Be hawks and crows?
Or blue
And true,
And sweet? Who knows?

Let's play
To-day
We choose the best;
Bird's blue,
And true,
With dove-like breast!
'Tis queer,
My dear,
We never know
That words,
Like birds,
Had wings and flew!
—*St. Nicholas.*

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

A NOTED infidel having concluded a lecture in a town in Yorkshire, representing his doctrines to the people, called upon any person present to reply to his argument, if they could. A collier arose in the assembly, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Maister, me and my mate Jem were both Christian folk till one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jem turned infidel, and used to badger me 'bout attending prayer-meetings; but one day, in the pit, a large cob of coal came down upon Jem's head. Jem thought he was killed; and, ah! mon! but he did holler and cry to God!" Then turning to the lecturer, with a knowing look, he said:

"Young man, there is now't like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man."

The collier carried the audience with him, for they well knew that a knock on the head by a big chunk of coal would upset the courage and with it the skepticism of stronger infidels than "my mate Jem." Many an infidel has discarded his infidelity and cried to God for mercy in sickness or in danger, both on land and sea; but who ever heard of a Christian turning from his faith in the hour of peril, and forsaking God when death was at the door!—*Sabbath Reading.*

A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

A GENTLEMAN in India went into his library one day, and took a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a sharp pain in his finger like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell and then his arm, and then his whole body; and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books but a small and deadly serpent. There are many serpents among the books nowadays. They nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the sense. We read, we are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, by the gorgeousness of the word-painting—we hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons. When the record is made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed: "Poisoned by serpents among the books."

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND

REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COKE, D.D.

These chimes, the chimes of Motherland
O' England, green and old
That from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And aloft with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray

These chimes that tell a thousand tales.
Sweet tales of olden times
And ring a thousand memories,
A' vesper, and at primo,
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king—
These chimes— those glorious Christian chimes
How blessedly they ring!

These chimes, those chimes of Motherland.
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreathing, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born,
How merrily they all afar,
To cot and steeple's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads, that fall
And dim the florid tracery
And banner-lighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes,
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord
From vail to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And, like a son, I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
And happy in my birth,
Thee too I love, my fore-land,
The joy of all the earth,
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here—where God is King—
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

"MY BOY."

WHEN addressing an audience in Connecticut, I related the following incident:

Mrs. Falkener, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard; but he signed the pledge, and said, 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation; but I will keep the pledge.'"

"By and by, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'"

"And he came into the town by the stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were in at the bar.

"'Halloo, Fred; and how are you? What will you have to drink?'"

"'Nothing.'"

"'Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take something.'"

"'No, I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise her.'"

"By and by Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, 'Fred Falkener, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion, as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'"

"'But I am not afraid.'"

"'Oh, yes you are. Ha, ha, ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother.'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it.'"

He drank it, then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn, and was found in the morning—dead! They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo-robe thrown over his body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"'Well, I didn't know he was your son.'"

"'You did! You called him by name; you knew he was Frederick Falkener, the only son of his poor crippled mother; and you have killed him.'"

"'Mrs. Falkener, I am not used to have such language applied to me.'"

"'God forgive me if I have sinned,' said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my fingers, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk.'"

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkener to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there; and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the state! Connecticut! rout him out!" And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all, were carted out of the city. They violated no law. They laid no hand upon him; but they made him go out himself. They helped him not to pack up a single article of his furniture; but they went to him in a body and declared that such a man should not be tolerated in the city, and he was obliged to leave.—*J. B. Gough.*

HOW UNCLE SAM GAVE 'EM "FITS."

AFTER having been "passed" by the doctor, we were mustered into service, and so made, in a peculiar sense, the sons of Uncle Sam. As we now belonged to his family, it was only to be expected that he would next proceed to clothe us. We had no little merriment when we were called out, formed in line, and marched up to the quarter-master's department, at one side of the camp, to draw our uniforms. There were so many men to be uniformed, and so little time in which to do it, that the blue clothes were passed out to us almost regardless of the size and weight of the prospective wearer. Each man received a pair of pantaloons, a coat, cap, overcoat, shoes, blanket and underwear. With our clothes on our arms, we marched back to our tents, and there proceeded to put on our new uniforms. The result was in the majority of cases astonishing. For, as might have been expected, scarcely one man in ten was fitted. The tall men

had invariably received the short pantaloons, and presented an appearance, when they emerged from their tents, which was equalled only by that of the short men, who had, of course, received the long pantaloons. One man's cap sat on the top of his head, while another's rested on his ears. Andy, who was not very tall, waddled forth into the company street, amid shouts of laughter, with his pantaloons turned up some six inches or more from the bottoms. The laughter was increased when he wittily remarked: "Uncle Sam must have got the patterns for his boys' pantaloons somewhere over in France, for he seems to have cut them after the style of two French towns, Toulon and Toulouse." "Hello, fellows! What do you think of this? Now just look here, once!" exclaimed Pointer Donnelly, the tallest man in the company, as he came out of his tent in a pair of pantaloons that were little more than knee-breeches for him, and paraded the street with a tentpole for a musket. "Ah," said Andy, "Pointer's uniform reminds one of what the poet says.

"Man needs but little here below,
Nor needs that little long!"

"You're rather poor at quoting poetry, Andy," answered Pointer. "Because I need more than a little here below, I need at least six inches!" But, by trading off, the big men gradually got the large garments, and the little men the small, so that in a few days we were pretty well suited.—*St. Nicholas.*

KINGLY TOIL.

DO IT WELL.

WHATEVER you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad workmen.

"That is a rough job," said a foreman in our hearing recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant of itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work will lead individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer unabashed, "and did it well."

And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose into a position where he could do greater.

Take heart all who toil; all youths in humble situation, or in adverse circumstances, and those who labour unappreciated.

If it be but to drive the plow, do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well, if only to cut bolts, cut good ones, or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up the ladder.

TREELESS REGIONS.

THE steppes of Asia are the grandest of all in extent, and perhaps the most varied in character; for not only are the vast areas of that nearly level and treeless country, which lie along the northern and northwestern side of all the great central elevated mass of that continent, usually designated as steppe, but a large part of that central region itself is described under that name by recent geographical authorities, so that we may include in the various forms of steppe existing in Russia and central Asia the grass-covered plains of the lower regions, and the almost entirely barren valleys lying between the various mountain ranges which are piled up over so large a portion of High Asia. Absence of trees is the essential feature in both the "steppe" and the "high steppe," as these regions have been, and may perhaps with propriety be designated, but the lower regions are in large part well covered with grass, and suitable for occupation by a pastoral people, dependent chiefly for the means of sustenance on their flocks and herds, while the higher valleys are almost uninhabitable, very sparsely covered with a shrubby vegetation, and both too cold and too dry to offer any attractions except to the adventurous geographical explorer, who has still much to accomplish on the great central plateau of High Asia before its topography and natural history will have been anything like satisfactorily made out, even in their most general features. The vastness of the area which may be designated as steppe on the Asiatic continent is almost overwhelming. Nearly half of the eighteen million square miles which Asia covers is essentially a treeless region, and perhaps a half of that half belongs to the high steppe division, in which cold and dryness are the predominant characteristics. From the fact that the steppes of Russian Asia have been longer known, and more written about than any others in the world, the term steppe has been most ordinarily applied to similar areas in other countries. This is especially the case because such a use of the word has been sanctioned by Humboldt, who was the first to draw popular attention to this variety of surface as a feature of importance in physical geography. In North America, where the treeless regions occupy so large an area, and where many of the physical conditions so closely resemble those prevailing on the Asiatic continent, the use of the term steppe has never been introduced among the people. Here, in fact, the character of the surface, and distribution of vegetation over it, as well as its climatological peculiarities, have all been more satisfactorily and fully made out than in Asia, in spite of the fact that the latter country has been so much longer an object of scientific study.—*Scottish-American Journal.*

At a party an "extra" maid of Erin was engaged by the hostess to assist the "regular" in passing round the tea and cake. The "extra hand," to whom this sort of thing was quite new, bustled to and fro with more ease than grace. When about to retire she suddenly stopped, and enquired of the "regular" housemaid, loud enough for the whole company to hear, "How do you feed them crathurs over there?"

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

BY MRS. M. F. FERRY.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying;
Two little pairs of tired feet,
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel like sighing.

These little boots with copper toes,
They ran the live-long day;
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day, I was disposed to scold;
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk upstairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O, God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbour, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those little ones,
Let each of us beware:
For what would our livesides be to-night
If no little boots were there?

VARIETIES.

A CLERGYMAN asked some children:—
"Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer
'who art in Heaven,' since God is
everywhere?" A little drummer boy
answered, "Because it's headquarters."

A LITTLE boy watched the burning
of the schoolhouse until the novelty
of the thing had ceased, then started
down the street, saying, "I'm glad the
old thing's burnt down. I didn't have
my goggles, nohow."

MAKE a rule, and pray to God to
help you keep it, never, if possible, to
lie down at night without being able
to say: "I have made one human being
a little wiser, or a little happier, or a
little better this day."

THERE are beauties of character
which, like the night-blooming cereus,
are closed against the glare and turbu-
lence of every-day life, and bloom only
in the shade and solitude, and beneath
the quiet stars.—H. T. Tuckerman.

LORD BRANWELL says that in Lon-
don Saturday may be considered "pay
day, drink day, and crime day." Twice
as many crimes are committed on Satur-
day as on any other day. It is lament-
able to see the wages of hard-working
men so largely thrown away and worse
than thrown away upon that which is
their greatest curse.

It is pointed out that in these bad
times a hint how to provide a most
acceptable and inexpensive present for
the children may not be unwelcome.
It was the practice of an eminent army-
surgeon to lock up his olive-branch a
week before the anniversary of his birth-
day. On that day he solemnly opened
his dungeon and released him, saying,
"The most valuable boon which man
can enjoy is liberty! Take it, my son,
as a welcome present from your par-
ents!"

THE Chinese and Japanese pray by
machinery and by casting lots. One
style is to throw up blocks flat on one
side and round on the other. If the
flat side comes up they consider their
wishes granted; if the round side is up
they are denied. The more earnest
ones persist in throwing up the blocks
until they fall to suit them.

A FRENCH scientist has submitted
to a learned society the results of his
study of the effect of tobacco on boys.
Out of thirty-seven boys, between the
ages of nine and fifteen, who use the
weed, twenty-two showed symptoms
of distinct disturbance of the circula-
tion, impaired digestion, palpitation of
the heart, ulcers of the carotids, slug-
gishness of intellect, and a craving for
alcoholic drink. Eleven of the lads
had smoked for six months, eight for
one year, and sixteen for more than
two years.

WHEN Naples was ruled by king
Bomba, his majesty one day paid a
visit to the ship of an English commo-
dore lying in the bay. While the
Commodore was receiving his royal
visitor on the quarter-deck, a member
of the Neapolitan suite, wandering
about amidships, mistook a windsail
for a pillar, and, leaning against it,
suddenly went below, head foremost.
The only witness of the accident, an
old tar, thereupon made for the quar-
ter-deck, and, having saluted, said, "I
beg pardon, Commodore, but one of
them 'ere kings has fell down the
hatchway!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B. C. 1120.] LESSON II. [Oct. 14.

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

1 Sam. 7. 3-17. Commit to memory vs. 12, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam.
7, 12.

OUTLINE.

1. A Reformer. v. 3-6.
2. An Intercessor. v. 7-12.
3. A Ruler. v. 13-17.

TIME.—B. C. 1120.

PLACE.—Mizpeh in the tribe of Benjamin.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Samuel spake*—To the

people as he went among them. They were

at this time under the power of the Philis-
tines. *If ye do return*—He had before urgedthem to seek the Lord as their helper, *Put**away the strange gods*—The idols of the heathen.*Prepare your hearts*—Turn towards God. *He**will deliver*—God would deliver them as soonas they were worthy of deliverance. *Gather**all Israel*—For a service of worship and con-
fession of sins. *Drew water and poured it*—

As an emblem of sorrow over sins, pouring

out their hearts before God. *Judged*—Set

matters right between the people and toward

God; showed them their sins, and gave

decisions of duty. *Philistines heard*—They

were at that time ruling over Israel as its

conquerors. *They were afraid*—Not havingarms or power to wage war, and feeling them-
selves helpless. *Cease not to cry*—They had

confidence in Samuel's prayers with God, but

none in their own power. *A sucking lamb*—

as a burnt-offering, indicating the consecration

of the people to God. *The Lord heard*—That is,heard with favor, and answered. *Thundered*—

Thunder storms are rare in that region.

Discomfited them—Drove them away. *They**were smitten*—The Israelites took courage andwent out against them. *Took a stone*—As amemorial and monument of the victory. *Ebenezer*—

The word means "stone of help,"

and it was on the very place where the ark

had been taken. Chap. 4. 1. *Subdued*—

Driven away in answer to Samuel's prayer.

All the days of Samuel—While he ruled asjudge. *Days of his life*—Even after Saulbecame king Samuel still held authority. *In**circum*—He went around holding a court forjudgment of cases. *Built an altar*—The

tabernacle at Shiloh had been destroyed, and

the service was in neglect until Samuel

restored it.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find in this lesson—

1. How to come to God?
2. How to obtain victory?
3. How to remember God's mercy?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of
prayer.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Samuel urge the Israelite to
obtain deliverance from the Philistines? By
turning to the Lord. 2. What did he lead
the people to do at Mizpeh? To confess sin
and seek God. 3. What did the Philistines
do when they heard of the meeting? They
came against Israel. 4. How were the
Israelites delivered from the Philistines?
Through the prayer of Samuel. 5. What
memorial of the victory did Samuel set up?
The stone Ebenezer. 6. What did he say
that the stone was to remind the people of?
"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

40. How did he go up to heaven?
When Christ had given his Apostles com-
mission to preach the Gospel to all nations,
and blessed them, they saw him carried up to
heaven.

B. C. 1095.] LESSON III. [Oct. 21.

ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 1-10. Commit to memory vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put
confidence in princes. Psa. 118. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Desire of the Elders. v. 1-5.
2. The Displeasure of the Judge. v. 6.
3. The Decision of the Lord. v. 7-10.

TIME.—B. C. 1095.

PLACE.—Ramah in Central Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*His sons judges*—Not with
full power, but as his helpers in the care of
the State. *The name*—Nothing is known of
Samuel's sons more than is here related.*Judges in Beer-sheba*—In the southern part of
the land. *Walked not in his way*—Good
fathers do not always have good sons. *Turned**aside*—From the right way. *After lucre*—
After gain. *Took bribes*—Gave their deci-
sions, not for the side which was right, but
which paid them money. *Perverted judgment*—Ruled unjustly over the people. *Elders of*
Israel—The heads of the families in all the
tribes. *Came to Samuel*—Who was the
representative of God in rule over the people.*Thou art old*—Hence, unable to do the work
of a judge. *Make us a king*—They were
willing to receive as king the one whomSamuel would select, since they knew he
would be God's choice. *Displeased Samuel*—
Because it showed that the people weredissatisfied with his rule, and because he
feared that having a king would make them
like the nations around them. *Samuel**prayed*—A good man takes all his troubles to
the Lord. *The Lord said*—God gave the
people a king, because they were desirous ofone, but not because he was pleased with it.
God's plan had been to raise up a self-govern-
ing nation, in which each family should beled by God's will. *They have not rejected*
thee—This was to comfort Samuel. *Have**rejected me*—Have been dissatisfied to have
God for their king. *According to all*—"They
have done just as they have always done inforsaking God," is the meaning. *Protest*
solemnly—Show them the dangers of the
kingdom. *Show them the manner*—How the
king will rule over them. This Samuel did

in the verses which follow.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson show—

1. The temptations of those who rule?
2. The power of worldly example?
3. The tendency of men to forsake God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to Samuel? The elders of
Israel. 2. What did they desire Samuel to
do? To choose a king for Israel. 3. Why
did they desire a king? To be like other
nations. 4. How did Samuel feel at receiving
their request? He was displeased. 5. What
did God say about it? "They have rejected
me." 6. What did God command Samuel to
do? To give the people a king.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sovereignty
of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

41. What did the disciples do when the
Lord had left them?

The disciples, when the Lord had left them,
returned to Jerusalem, and waited for the
Spirit of God to come upon them, according
to the promise of Christ.

Knowledge Acquired by Electricity.

When will mankind know or realize that
the utmost limits of its power have been
reached? Motive force, light, communication
of thought, the voice even, been transmitted;
all these things are now familiarized, but who
would have thought that it would ever be-
come an active and impressing method for
imparting to the mind a knowledge of Scrip-
ture, Geography, History, or Music. But such
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