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PLEASANT MOODS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1896.

[No. 31.]

Temperance Hymn.

From Gallia's teeming wine-press,
From Holland's streams of ill,
Where thousands, in their blindness,
Prepare the bait of sin;
From many a fiery river,
From many a poisonous rill,
God calls us to deliver
The victims of the still.

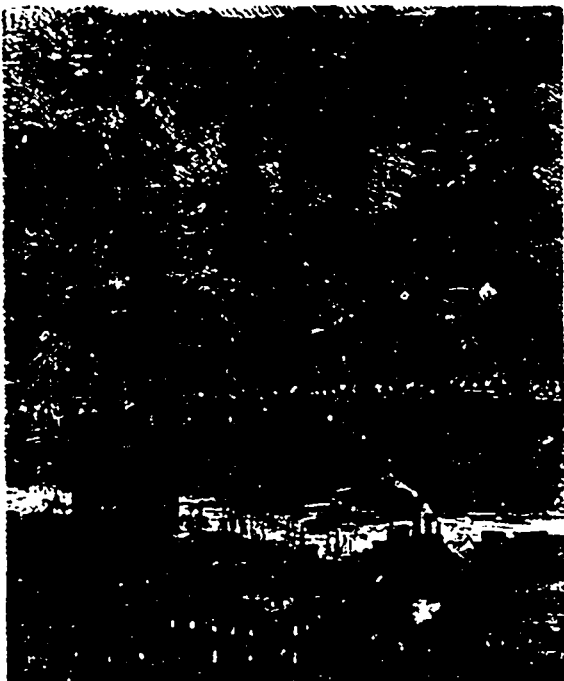
What though they sing of pleasure,
While each the goblet fills;
What though their bliss they measure
By quarts and pints and gills;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
Heaven gives us grain for bread;
Distillers, in their blindness,
Make whiskey in its stead.

Shall we, by temperance aided,
In health and peace to live—
Shall we to men degraded
Refuse the boon to give?
The fountain! Oh, the fountain!
The balm of health proclaim,
Till men, o'er sea and mountain,
Shall speed to tell its fame!

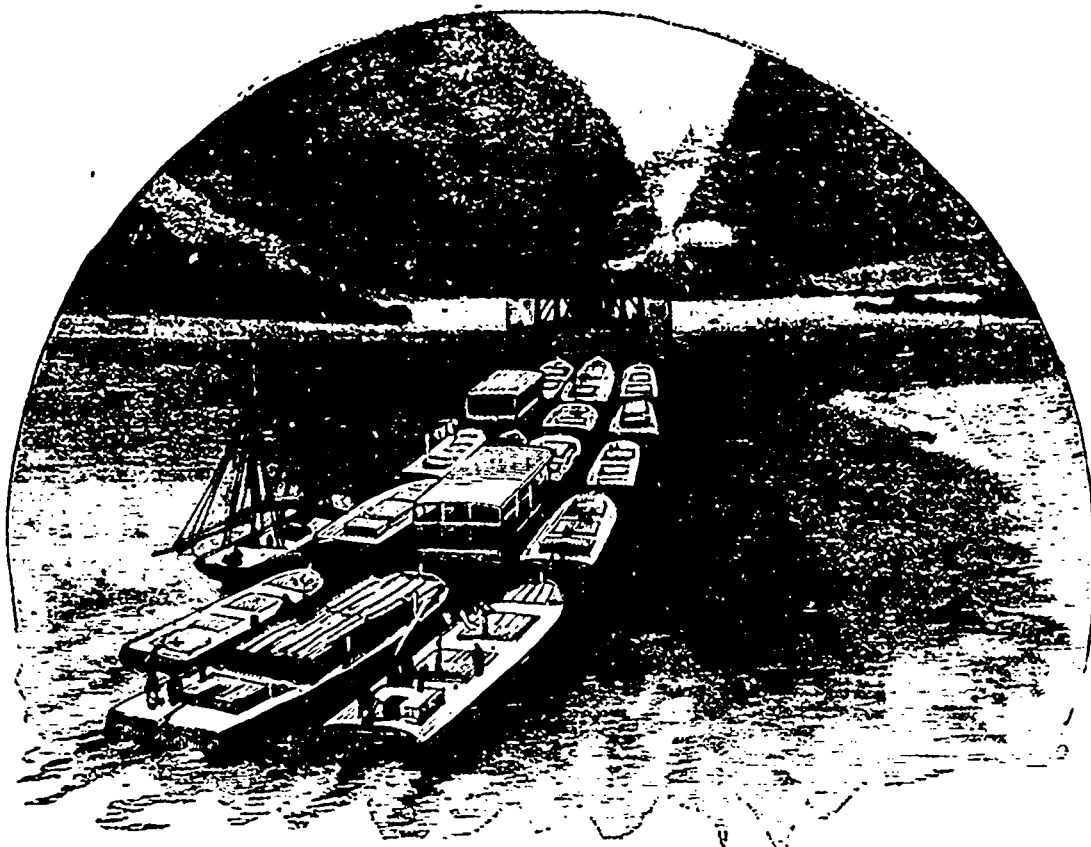
Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till temperance in its glory
Shall spread from pole to pole;
Till health and peace and blessing
Shall follow in its train,
And Christ, all hearts possessing,
God over all, shall reign.

ON THE HUDSON.

No river on the continent can equal the Hudson for magnificent scenery, historic interest, and literary association. Our own St. Lawrence may have a more majestic flow, and the storied heights of Quebec a more intense historic spell.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON—STEAMER TOWING CANAL BOATS.

The Thompson and the Fraser may be more sublime, amid their mountain surroundings. But the grandeur of the Highlands and the Catskills, and the soft beauty of the Tappan Zee are all suffused and glorified by

That light which never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The genius of Drake, of Halleck, of Irving, of Willis, have invested every mountain and vale with a poetic spell and peopled them with the airy creations of the imagination.

On my recent visit to the Sunday-school Convention at Boston, I made a run to New York by a route over which I had gone before, and a very pleasant route it was—that by the New York and New England Railway. I stayed over a few hours at the quaint old town of Providence, haunted with the memory of its founder, Roger Williams. As he landed on its shores in 1636, he was greeted by the Indians with the salutation "What Cheer," which seemed to be the only English words they knew. The words are perpetuated in the name of steamships, banks, hotels, the public park and other "What Cheer" institutions of Providence.

It is a charming ride to the quaint old town of Norwich, a pleasant city of 25,000 inhabitants, its streets terraced on a steep acclivity looking over the

Thames, for which a local writer claims that not even Richmond Hill or Greenwich Observatory looks on a Thames more fair.

At New London, largely inhabited by retired captains and sealers and whalers, one takes the famous Norwich Line steamers for New York. These are among the largest steamers that ply upon the crowded Long Island Sound. They can carry about a thousand passengers and are perfect palaces of splendour.

In the early morning, as one approaches the great and busy port of New York, he gets a splendid view of the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge and skyscraping buildings of lower New York.

No city in the world that we know has such a long, wide thoroughfare as Broadway, and none so crowded with magnificent buildings, many of those in the lower part having from twelve to twenty stories. The New York system of parks, Central, Riverside, Morning Side, Washington, and others, make it one of the most attractive resorts in

America. But it is of the magnificent Hudson River that we set out to write.

On leaving New York, we pass the strange phenomenon of the Palisades—a wall of columnar basaltic rock, analogous to that of the Glait's Causeway, varying from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet high, and extending for fifteen miles. Their splintered and time-worn crests present most picturesque appearances.

Weehawken, a little further on, is invested with melancholy associations as the historic duelling-ground of New York. Now most magnificent facilities for the transaction of an enormous business occupy the site of the old duelling-grounds, and staunch and elegant ferries convey passengers to the famous city of Diedrich Knickerbocker, of Peter Stuyvesant, and of Hendrich Hudson.

Further north the river is invested with numerous literary associations. Undercliff, the home of the poet Morris, Idlewild, the home of his companion poet, Willis; and Sunnyside, the home of the most genial and best-beloved on both sides of the sea of American writers, Washington Irving. Here too is the famous Sleepy Hollow, with its weird legend of the "headless horseman," and of the luckless wooing of Ichabod Crane; and near by is the old Dutch church in whose quiet graveyard, beside the Hudson which he loved so well, sleeps the dust of the sweetest writer of his time.

West Point, the famous military academy and garrison, with its Revolutionary associations of Washington and his generals, and of the hapless Andre and Arnold, is to the Hudson what Quebec is to the St. Lawrence. It is itself well worth visiting for its charming prospect and romantic memories. We



HUDSON FROM WEST POINT—FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.

give an engraving of the view from the fort.

Soon the oblique portion of the river is reached the famous Highlands of the Hudson. It has not the gloomy grandeur of our own Saguenay, nor the romantic beauties of the many-castled Rhine. But it is more beautiful than the one and more sublime than the other, and at the Storm King the scenery is said to be strikingly like the Iron Gate of the Danube. Here where the great cliffs jut out into the stream it seemed impossible to find a ledge for the railway. In some places a pass could only be found by letting men down by ropes and blasting out a foothold in the face of the cliff. The grandeur culminates in old Storm King and Crow Nest, twin mountains that tower above the placid wave.

When Hudson's steam o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.

This is the scene of Rudman Drake's exquisite poem, "The Cuprit Fay," one of the most charming bits of early lore extant.

Here, legend avers, the spectral "storm ship" is sometimes seen by night, mid-night, the ghost of the "Half Moon" of Hendrich Hudson—the first of ships that ever burst into that silent sea.

"A ghostly ship with a ghostly crew
In temper she appears,
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers."

Between the Highlands and the Catskills is a region of tranquil beauty.

"By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise
At every turn the vision breaks upon."

The broad river flows between the populous banks, its liquid surface ploughed by many a keel, while

"Lake slow shuttles through the sunny warp
Of threaded silver from a thousand brooks,"

ply the busy ferries from shore to shore. The Catskills, wave on wave of purpling hills, swep higher and higher till they pierce the sky at a height of over 4,000 feet.

The whole region is suffused with the spell of Irving's gentle muse, and haunted with memories of Rip Van Winkle and the gnomes of the Katzenbergs.

Our journey to Boston was made across the country from Newburg on the Hudson through delightfully romantic scenery, across the valleys of the Housatonic and Connecticut through Hartford, the beautiful capital of the wooden nutmeg State, to the trimount city on Boston Bay.

BURDETTE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of dishes, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p.m., and don't get home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills you, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "Old So-and-so's boys." Nobody cares for them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your

coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Bob Burdette.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1896.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

The safety of the mountain climber depends mainly upon his being well shod, and for this reason the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles. On a clear summer morning Senni, the most reliable guide in all the region about, started out with three gentlemen to ascend one of those mountains in Switzerland whose summit, continually capped with snow, seems to be lost among the clouds. The ascent was made and the summit gained without incident. Lashed together with a strong rope, which was fastened about each man's waist, the party turned to retrace their steps. Suddenly a sharp turn brought them to a steep slope covered with snow.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said the guide, "for a false step here might start the snow and send us down in an avalanche."

Scarcely had Senni uttered the words when here and there the surface was seen to move, and in another moment a whole field of snow was sliding down the icy incline at a terrific pace, carrying with it the unlucky climbers, who were almost buried in the white, whirling flakes. A little farther down was a steeper slope, and beyond that a precipice, over which they would certainly be dashed, unless some one gained a foothold and arrested the terrible speed. "Halt! halt!" shouted Senni, and with desperate force he buried the iron spikes of his boot into the solid ice beneath the snow, and brought the party to a stop within a few feet of the awful precipice: a few more seconds and they would have been dashed into the chasm.

Our heavenly Father knows that steep places lie before his children in their journey through this world, and he has provided for us "shoes of iron and brass." The spikes in these "shoes" are truth, courage, honesty, faith, and prayer. If we are to pass safely by the dangerous chasms that we meet in our pathway, we must be well shod with Christian principles. Rev. J. R. Miller.

A BIRD HOSPITAL.

Every little while the papers tell of some spinster who proposes to endow a hospital for sick cats, but if we may believe the Chicago Times-Herald, the

feathered folk already have a place to go to when they are sick.

Among its many admirable institutions for the care of the sick and disabled, Chicago enjoys the distinction of possessing a bird hospital, the only one of its kind. It is claimed, in the United States. Its manager, C. A. Cross, seems to be able to make the financial ends of the institution, at least, meet if they do not overlap to any great extent.

It is only necessary to watch Mr. Cross for a few minutes moving about among his feathered friends to realize that his heart is in his business. While his work brings a living to himself and wife, it also brings restored health to many a little winged sufferer, and this phase of his life work apparently affords the bird doctor quite as much satisfaction as the other. His wife, however, seems equally interested in the novel business, and he modestly attributes much of the success of the "institution" to her delicate care of the inmates. The birds, too, seem to understand all this, and show their appreciation by signs, and sometimes utterances, which show how deeply they appreciate the kindness of their physicians.

According to Mr. Cross, birds are subject to nearly all the ailments which infect humanity. The parrot, particularly, leads all birdhood in the number and variety of diseases to which it is subject. Pneumonia, catarrh, consumption, diphtheria, tonsillitis, and a wide range of other throat troubles are among the common ailments of this popular talker. Even gout is not uncommon among these aristocrats of birdhood.

Mr. Cross explains that the most fruitful sources of disease among parrots are improper food and carelessness on the part of their owners in leaving doors and windows open while the birds are moulting, so that they then contract colds. Improper food results in stomach troubles, frequently catarrh of the stomach. This is brought on most frequently by feeding the birds potatoes and other greasy food. The moulting season is the dangerous time for all captive birds.

Mocking-birds and canaries moult in the early fall, and Mr. Cross says he always has his hands pretty full with these little singers during that season. Though he does not get as much for taking care of the smaller birds, they are really more trouble, as they are not so easily handled as the parrots, and have less intelligence to aid in pulling them around.

The Song of the Hammer.

BY E. PAXTON HOOD.

The soldier may boast of his grandeur and glory,
And tell of the thunders that roll'd o'er the field;
He may hold up his weapon all dripping and gory,
And sing of the splendours that shone on his shield.
But we have no battle-song, breathing of clamour;
We hold up no weapon all dripping with gore;
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

The banner may fan it, the trumpet before it
May bray forth its praises with loud brazen breath,
But we will but sing of the death shadow o'er it,
Its pathway of ruin, of danger and death:
While the soldier, besworded, may lift up the banner,
We'll tell him the blacksmith must glory restore:
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

Round the forge in the village the blacksmiths are singing,
A hammer is fashioned—lo! there, where it lies:

In the far-distant forests the anvils are ringing,

On the waste and the desert the proud cities rise.
Thou ancient truth-bringer, thou mighty world-tamer,
Great symbol of labour, triumphant once more!
All hail to the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 9, 1896.

Mount Hor.—Numbers 20, 25-29.

WHERE SITUATED.

This mountain was also in Arabia. It stands about half-way between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea. The scenery around it is bold, and presents a somewhat rugged and desolate appearance. There is nothing therefore very attractive or captivating connected with it. Mountains are always more or less evidences of the power of God, for who but a being of omnipotent power could pile up those lofty mountains one upon another? He is a great God, and should excite our admiration and awe.

AARON'S LIFE.

Aaron's association with Mount Hor gave it celebrity. Read verse 28. Aaron was the first high priest under the law. The priesthood was to remain in his family until the dispensation of Moses should give place to that of Christ. His conduct had sometimes, at least, been of a most reprehensible kind, especially when he made the mistake relative to the golden calf as an object of worship, while Moses was in the Mount holding communion with God, and reviewing the commandments. Good men sometimes commit serious mistakes, and bring the judgment of God, not only upon themselves, but also upon others. Take care and sin not, or you will injure others, as well as yourselves. "One sinner destroyeth much good." Aaron was punished by not being allowed to enter Canaan.

AARON'S DEATH.

It is a solemn thing to die. It is a mercy that we are ignorant as to the time and circumstances connected with our own demise. We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth. The command was given by God that Aaron should be divested of his priestly robes and vestments. This was done in the sight of all the people. How affecting the scene! So we will have to lay aside all our earthly avocations, and enjoyments, and pass away beyond the bounds of time. Are we prepared for the change which we shall soon have to meet? We must needs die. Nothing can secure us from death. There is no discharge in this war. A good man once said, "Live so as to be prepared to leave the world at any moment." Be ye also ready.

LACE-BARK TREE OF JAMAICA.

The Department of Agriculture, Forestry Division, at Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants second only to that belonging to the famed Kew gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace-bark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibres which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen, and silk. The intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favourably with the last-mentioned productions for both beauty and durability. It is to be sincerely hoped that the agricultural department will see that the Jamaica lace tree is introduced into the United States, and its cultivation carefully fostered.—St. Louis Republic.

Do Your Best

Have you failed to-day, good heart?
 'Tis no cause for sorrow;
 Try again; the clouds may part—
 Perhaps may part to-morrow.
 If you are a brave, strong man,
 You will do the best you can.
 Do your best, and leave the rest,
 Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold?
 That's no cause for sighing;
 One bright hour doth oft unfold
 Many a year's denying.
 Be not weary or downcast,
 "Patience holds the gate at last."
 Do your best, and leave the rest,
 And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man;
 Wear no golden fetter,
 Do the very best you can,
 And you'll soon do better.
 Every day you do your best
 Is a vantage for the rest.
 Don't complain; every gain
 Is making your best still better.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place, and ran into the cabin; but she came back shortly and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, missy; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you all those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now, which Mary gave him, and on the cover he printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on to two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

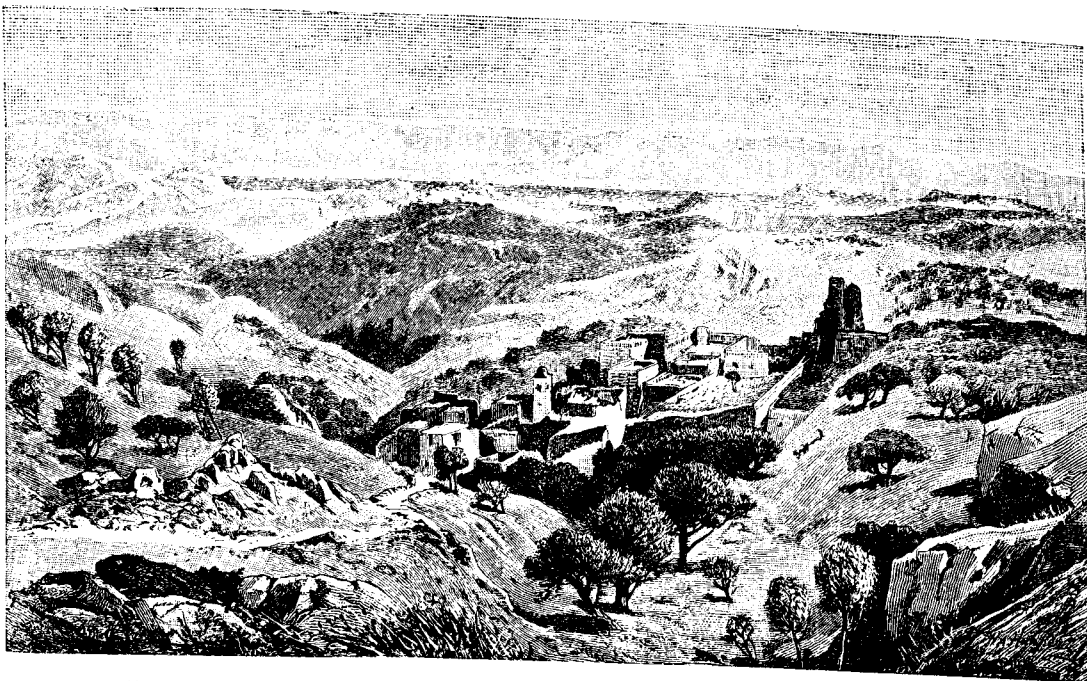
LESSON VI.—AUGUST 9.

DAVID'S VICTORIES.

2 Sam. 10. 8-19. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear.—Psalm 27. 1.
 Time.—About B.C. 1034.



BETHANY, "WILDERNESS OF JUDEA," DEAD SEA AND MOAT, FROM TOWER ON MOUNT OLIVET.—See Story.

Places.—1. Rabbath, the capital of the Ammonites. 2. A plain surrounding the city of Moab. The plain was inhabited by Reubenites; the city belonged originally to the Moabites, and afterward fell into their hands. 3. Hamath, a Syrian metropolis, not far from Damascus.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 10. 8-19). Answer the Questions. Tell in your own words the Lesson story.

Tuesday.—Read a song of victory (Exod. 15. 1-11). Fix in your mind Time and Places.

Wednesday.—Read a story of God's care (1 Chron. 18. 1-13). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read about trust in God (Psalm 144). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—See how God delivers (Psalm 18. 32-50).

Saturday.—Read how to praise for deliverance (Psalm 34). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the soul's warfare (Eph. 6. 10-20).

QUESTIONS.

I. The Lord's battle against Ammon, verses 8-14.

8. Where was this battle fought? By whom were the Ammonites aided? How did Joab secure an advantage over them?

9. What was the plan of battle chosen by the enemy? How did Joab arrange his forces? 10. State what you know of Abishai? 11. What agreement did Joab make with Abishai? 12. Why was great courage needed? What

would make the Hebrew soldiers brave? Did Joab count upon God's aid? 13. Which branch of the armies was the first to flee? 14. What caused the Ammonites to give up the fight? Why did Joab not follow up the victory?

II. The Lord's battle against Syria, verses 15-19.

15. What did the Syrians do after their defeat? 16. What led Hadarezer to engage in the conflict? 17. Why did David go with the army in person? Where was the battle fought? Name some of the results that followed this great victory. What became of the alliance between the Syrians and the Ammonites?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

A suspicious spirit will cause us to injure our friends. It takes courage to be faithful to do hard things and suffer painful ones. For love of country and home and life people will do and dare. Our chief reliance should be upon God. It takes bitter experience to teach some people wisdom. Ruin will be the fate of all who oppose Christ and His cause. Are we on the safe and winning side?

THE EARL OF SHAPTESBURY'S NURSE.

Few knew of his unhappy childhood, and the teaching of his faithful old nurse, of whom to the last he would speak of as "the best friend he ever had in the world;" and although every one knew of his strong fidelity to evangelical truth, and of his firm faith in God, perhaps comparatively few were aware how beautifully simple and childlike was that faith. The idea that he was little else than a narrow bigot will be considerably modified by a thoughtful perusal of the remarkably interesting volumes of his life.

And yet the home into which the future philanthropist was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man and of keen sense, but largely engrossed in public life; his mother, daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, named Martha Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his growth and strengthening with his

strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but a child-like faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, and which, even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.—The Quiver.

Messages From Home.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

Oh, the wind comes over the hills this morning—

Straight over the hills—from home;
 I catch the scent of the pointed firs,
 As the ardent spring within them stirs;
 And the sweet, low things of the woodland send

A message kind to their exiled friend,
 Telling how gladly they're adorning
 The wood—no corner or crevice scorned
 Under the sun-filled dome.

The streets are empty, the town is sleeping,
 The air is quiet and clear;

But heavy wheels and hurrying feet
 Too soon will banish the silence sweet;
 The breeze and the hour will depart—
 I will house their messages in my heart;

There, closely held in its loving keeping,
 They will set its pulses with gladness leaping,
 Though the day break dark and drear.

A breath divine o'er my soul is sweeping—
 I wait in glad amaze;

It fans my faith to a living flame,
 Putting my doubts and fears to shame;
 Heaven seems so real, so blest, so near!

There is no place for doubt or fear,
 Or care to come with their stealthy creeping;

Far, far away is the voice of weeping,
 And all my soul is praise.

O breath of heaven, beneath thy power
 Again I consecrate

My little life to Him who gave!
 The storms will beat, the tempests rave;

Again the cares of earth will press,
 But I am strong 'gainst strain and stress—

Strengthened and stayed by this still hour
 And the message from Home. Oh, priceless dower,

It was well for thee to wait!

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