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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1885

No. 24.

THE WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

BISHOP FOSS, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a letter to the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Sept. 12, 1883, writes thus of the Yellowstone Park:

"Nowhere else on the face of the earth can there be found such a multitude and variety of natural wonders, and especially such abundant evidences of intensely heated subterranean waters. The eye of the tourist is arrested, delighted and startled in turn by grand mountains flecked with perpetual snow, and radiant with strange varieties of colour; lovely lakes; roaring torrents, the greenest of green and the bluest of blue; towering precipices, immense gulches and canons, cliffs and volcanic glass, mighty cataracts, verdant valleys, seething pots of many-coloured mud; boiling springs—many hundreds of them—of every conceivable variety, some of them large, steaming lakes of wondrously transparent depth, and of indescribable richness of colouring, emerald, turquoise, topaz, prismatic; appalling caldrons, roaring steam vents; above all, genuine geysers of every size, form, and period of eruption, including much the largest known in any land.

* * * *

"By far the largest collection of geysers is in the Upper Geyser Basin, fifty miles south from the Mammoth Hot Spring. Here, in a narrow valley two miles long, are geysers far surpassing in number and in size those of Iceland, New Zealand, or any other part



THE GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

of the world. Some of their names are very suggestive. Old Faithful, the Bee Hive, Castle, Splendid, Grand, Giantess, Giant, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, the Saw Mill, Comet, Riverside, Fan. Some of them have built up sloping mounds covering many acres, and capped with cones from four to twenty feet high. Their periods of eruption vary from a few seconds to fifteen days or longer; their height, from a few yards to 300 feet; their volume, from an amusing spray to an awful flood. Some are steaming, sizzling, boiling, roaring or groaning constantly others, entirely quiet until just before eruption. The first large geyser I saw in action was Old Faithful, and as its stately column rose to a height of 150 feet, this deep impression thrilled me: 'Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty.'

Among the most attractive features of the *Methodist Magazine* for 1886 will be a series of illustrated articles by ex-Alderman John T. Moore, Esq., of Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Sutherland's companion in travel across the continent to British Columbia and Alaska. These papers will give an account, with nearly fifty magnificent pictorial illustrations of these geysers and of the Yellowstone, and the magnificent scenery of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast. See advertisement on last page of other attractions of the forthcoming volume. Write to Rev. Wm. Biggs, Toronto, for special rates to Sunday-schools

GROWTH is obedience to command.

OUR MOTHER'S SAMPLER.

It was wrought in silken letters,
As was the fashion then,
Stitched into our mother's sampler—
"Ezza, aged ten!"
'Twas long ago—passed sixty years'
Below the name the date appears.

In "eighteen hundred twenty-three!"
We often heard her tell—
She walked two miles to school that year,
And we remember well,
How underneath the elm tree's shade
She rested when a little maid.

Above her name the alphabet,
In letters large and small,
Was wrought in red, and "true love blue,"
And cross-stitched, one and all.
The rows divided off by lines,
Made from some old and quaint designs.

And through the summer sunshine,
And through the winter's snow,
With the sampler in her pocket,
Our mother used to go.
And afternoons, the lessons done,
She worked the letters, one by one.

The stitches evenly were set,
With only here and there
A misplaced one, perhaps the count
Was lost mid-childish care;
Distracting things in school, perchance,
Stole from the work a thought, a glance.

They tell me it was beautiful,
Our mother's "childhood" care,
And speak of all her kindly words,
Her ways of simple grace.
Could we have only seen her then,
That child, "Ezza, aged ten!"

We knew her not at morning,
But when her noon-time came,
With childish love and prattle,
We gave her the new name,
Repeat with all that's pure and good—
The sacred name of motherhood.

And now the afternoon has passed;
It is the evening tide,
Our mother has just entered in
Among the glorified.
We look her finished life-work through—
The misplaced stitches, O how few!
Susan T. Perry.

THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

The following sketch is a chapter taken from a very interesting story, "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," which is offered as a premium with the *Methodist Magazine* for 1886. This story is a volume of over 400 pages, by the famous Dr. Norman MacLeod. It is beautifully bound and illustrated, and will be given to all subscribers, old or new, for the small sum of 35 cents:—

While the good ship *John* was lying in the harbour at Kingston, Jamaica, a boat pulled alongside, with a little, round faced man in the stern, who quickly ascended the ship's side, and, touching his straw hat, asked in a frank, off-hand manner for the captain.

"At your service," replied Salmond, who met him at the gangway.

"Bag paid on, sir; Captain Salmond, I presume?" said the little man.

"The same," said Salmond.

"My name is Walters," exclaimed the little man, "and though I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, Captain, yet I have ventured on board, as I have been to sea myself in my day, though I am now a parson—a Methodist parson, I must tell you," he added, with a smile, as he perceived the gloom gathering in Salmond's face, "and though but lately come to Jamaica, I am anxious to be of service to the seamen in the port."

"And what do you want?" inquired Salmond.

"Oh, merely that, if you have no objection, I should like to have an

opportunity of saying a good word or two to your crew before they leave for home."

"The crew!" exclaimed Salmond. "A greater set of scoundrels are not on sea or land. The crew!"

"The worse they are, the more they need good counsel, and that is all I mean to give them."

"And that's just what they won't take" replied Salmond; "but you are welcome to hockle them as much as you like. It's what they deserve; for they care neither for God nor man."

After some further preliminaries and explanations, managed with great tact by Walters, liberty was at last obtained to collect the crew for half an hour in the fore-castle. Salmond, however, protested that the only discourse they would attend to would be a rope's-end or a cat-o'-nine-tails, and vowed that when he got them into deep water he would "give them a round of texts of his own making, which they would understand better than any Methody discourse."

When Walters descended into the steaming den of the fore-castle, he said, "Good evening, my lads!" taking off his straw hat. His presence created no little stir, and more than one head looked over the hammocks, to know what all this was about. Was it a policeman? or magistrate? or some other official?

Walters seated himself on one of the bunks, and said, "I am an old sailor, and have sailed over every sea, and this fore-castle puts me in mind of old times; bad times they were for me, as I fear they are for you, my lads."

A general movement took the place of asking "What next?"

"Now, boys," Walters continued, "I like to be above-board like a sailor, and to show my papers at once. I do not like luffing or yawing, but to go stem on to port when possible; so I tell you I have come here to see you before you sail for the dear old country, which I don't expect to visit again. I wish to speak to you as I would to old comrades, and for no reason what over but for your good. I want no money, no honour of any kind, but the satisfaction of your listening to me for a few minutes until I tell you a bit of my story. Will you bear, then, an old sailor spin his yarn?"

"By all means," said the carpenter.

"Fire away, old boy," repeated a voice from a dark corner.

"Take out your reefs and scud," said another, while the greater part were silent and gave no sign.

Walters took out a small Bible, and amidst respectful silence and evident curiosity, not unmingled with some suppressed tendency to laughter at the oddness of the interruption, said, "As I told you, I was a sailor before the mast, and served my time. I have tasted salt-water like the best of you, and drank, and swore, like the most of you. I became mate of a fine ship, *The Lord Melville*, you may have heard of her, sailing out of Liverpool. We were wrecked on a coral reef, near the Bahamas. Most of the crew were washed overboard; the rest took to the masts, and I reached the mizzen-top, along with the second mate, who, to speak the truth, was the only man on board who had any fear of God in him, and many a time I laughed at him, for I was then an ignorant heathen. Well, as the sun was setting on that awful day, with the waves

breaking over the ship, and little hope of her keeping together long, Wilkins, that was his name, says to me, pointing to the sun, "Me-mate," says he, "where will you and I be when that sun rises to-morrow morning?" "The devil knows!" says I. Yes, that was what I said; for I'd no care for anything. On that, Wilkins as brave a fellow as ever stood on deck, says to me, "Tom," says he, "if the devil knows you are to be with him, it is poor comfort. But I know that when I die I shall be with my Father and my Saviour, and all the good who have ever gone before me. Oh, I am sorry, sorry for you! I would let go my hold and drown if I thought that would save you!" "Would you, indeed?" says I. "I would, indeed," says he, "as sure as God sees my heart." And then he began to preach to me on that mizzen-top;—ay, on that queer pulpit, such a sermon as I never heard before. Would you like to hear it, my lads?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said more than one voice.

"If it is no offence, speak a little louder, sir," said Cox.

"Well, then," Wilkins said, "Tom, God made you and me, and all men, to be good and happy. He has loved us ever since we were born, although we have not loved him. And if we do the devil's work, depend upon it we shall get his wages, and that is misery, and nothing but misery. But," said Wilkins,—for to tell the truth I began to tremble, and for the first time in my life felt afraid to die—"but," said Wilkins, "God in his love sent his own Son Jesus Christ into the world to seek and to save the chief of sinners; the chief of sinners, mind you," said he, "and to bring back his poor prodigals to himself, their Father. And Christ died for sinners on the Cross, and suffered, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God; and rose from the dead, and lives, to forgive every man, and to give him his good Spirit to make every man who will trust him, and try and do his will, and be a good son, as he himself was to his Father and our Father. Oh, Tom," he said, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Yes, Tom, even you, before the sun sets, he will receive as a poor prodigal, and save you on this mas-head, without church or Bible or parson, but by his own love accept the forgiveness of sin, His own free gift, for if you don't you will never love your God and be at peace, but be frightened for him and hate him. Don't," says he, holding on for his life, and talking as peaceful as a child, "don't go up to judgment with all your sins written in God's book, and not one of them forgiven? Don't damn yourself, messmate, when God wishes to save you! Don't ruin the soul that does not belong to you, but to him that made it, and who loves it, and died for it! Don't put off turning to God until it is too late; for if you die without a Saviour, without repenting and being at peace with your Maker, and a stranger to your God; if you say to him, 'Depart from me,' then he may take you at your word at last, and say to you, 'Depart;' and where will you go then?"

"With that the sun set, and Wilkins, holding on by one hand, lifted up the other and prayed,—'God our Father, give this prodigal son of thine true repentance, and save his poor soul

through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and grant that if both die this night, we may both wake in heaven and not in hell.' That was Wilkins's sermon, and that was Wilkins's prayer," said Walters.

"What became of Wilkins?" asked a gruff voice from one of the hammocks.

"We were both picked off the wreck next morning," said Walters; "but before morning I had given my heart to Christ, and I have never taken it from him, nor don't intend to do so for ever and ever; and I find him one of the best and kindest of masters, while I found myself and the devil the worst."

After a pause, during which no remark was made, Walters rose and said with affectionate and earnest voice:—"My men, I am neither hypocrite nor humbug! I appeal to Him that made me, that I believe what I say—that I speak the truth, and risk my soul on it. As God showed mercy to me nine years ago come tenth of next May, I desire to make my fellow-men share the same mercy, and to enjoy the same peace and liberty; to deliver them from the foul slavery of sin, and to set them free in the liberty of Christ's service. I solemnly testify to you, that as sure as there is a God we must live as long as he lives—forever, that we must be saints or devils; good and happy, or wicked and miserable. I testify to you, that as God liveth, he has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that the sinner would turn from his wickedness and live; that he who knows all your sins, says, 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow.' Oh, my lads, my comrades of the sea! don't shipwreck your poor souls forever when there is a life-boat at hand, and when you have your Lord and brother ready and able to save. There's but one plank to reach the shore. It's our only hope. Refuse it, and we die. But no one who ever trusted to it perished. What say you? Come, my lads, what say you? What has the devil done for you? What sort of a master have you found him? What sort of wages has he given you? Are you happy? Are you ready to die? Are you fit to meet your God?"

Walters paused as if for a reply.

"It is God's truth you are saying," said Neil Lamont, looking at the palm of his huge hand, "and there is no contradicting you. It is Scripture, I believe, every word."

Walters, as if anxious to get the men to think, and if possible to "bring them to the point," as he said, tried another tack, and remarked, "Say your ship is drifting with the hurricane on a lee-shore; last anchor out; masts cut away; black rocks and wild breakers under astern, and the last cable is just snapping.—Where next, my lads?"

"The long-boat!" cried a sailor.

"So be it," said Walters, "unless she is stove in, or cannot be launched, or won't live a minute in the breakers. But suppose she is able to take you all off in safety, then I say the ship is your soul, and the life-boat is your Saviour!"

But there was no response.

After the pause, he asked, with an energetic voice—

"Who cares for you, my men? Who cares whether you are dead or alive, sober or drunk, going to heaven or hell? Fifty fathoms deep, lying

dead among the tangle, or tossed about by the tide! Who cares whether it's all hands lost or all hands saved? Who cares?"

"You are right," said Jock Wilson, who could not stand that question. "No one cares for us more than for the brags."

"No one?" asked Walters. "I say, yes! One does care, One who pres rves both man and beast; One whom sailors seldom think of, and seldom speak of except in oaths. The God that made you, and who preserves you, cares for you, as I have testified to you, cares for you, even for you: cares as no father or mother ever did. Oh, shame! shame! my men. Why don't you care for Him?"

"Why, sir," said Wilson, "you know sailors can't be saints."

"What do you think a saint is?" asked Walters.

"Why, I do not know," said Wilson, "except, perhaps, he is a sort of melancholy chap, with black clothes, who is all day singing of psalms, except when groaning or abusing sailors for taking their liquor."

Walters smiled, and said, "I'm sure I don't look like such a saint as that! and yet I hope I am a saint by God's grace that is offered to all. My lads," he continued, "a saint may be a sailor as well as a parson, wear duck as well as black, and be out on a yard as well as in a pulpit. For I'll tell you what a saint is; he's a man that does God's will with a heart, because he likes Him. And if he won't be a saint, depend upon it he is a devil, or very like one, and no mistake. For what can be worse than a man who hates God, and God's will? I defy the devil himself to do more than that! And as for your taking liquor, one thing is certain, that whatever is good for a man, for his soul or for his body, his Father in heaven will give it to him, but I take it that getting drunk is good for neither, nor is any other wickedness."

"Ye're no far wrang there, minister," said a Scotch voice, "for this has been an awfu' job for us."

"But wind and tide are always against a fellow when he tries to work his way in the right course, my hearty, isn't it?" remarked one of the hands.

"Yes, when he tries without God; but if he seeks God, He will be with him, and then God is stronger than wind or tide, for he can make the weakest craft overcome both."

"How do you know?"

"Because He says it, and because I have tried it myself, and know it. How do I know that I see the light? Because I see it, and thousands on thousands see it as well as I. The God who has delivered poor Tom Walters is fit to save any man! And oh, it's peace, my lads; peace and freedom!"

"But I must go, my time is up," continued Walters; "I have left God's message with you; I'll perhaps never see you till the judgment-day, and you'll know then for weal or woe, I have spoken the truth. Farewell!" he said, rising. "From my heart I wish you well, and that all good and all peace may be yours! But remember there is no good or peace for man unless he takes Jesus Christ to be his Saviour, and becomes acquainted with the God who made us, preserves us, loves us, and will guide us. I will leave you some tracts, and two or three books which you may like to read on

the voyage, and, perhaps, for the sake of old Tom Walters, you will grant me one request—that you will hear read a portion of the Bible every Sunday, when possible, and a prayer from this prayer-book, which I give you?"

"Good-bye, sir!" "Farewell!" "Good luck to you!" "A fair wind to you, my hearty!" "Thank you, old boy!" "God bless you!" came from different voices in the fore-castle, as Mr. Walters ascended the ladder.

Mr. Walters went aft to speak to the captain. Joining him and the mate on the quarter-deck, and again taking off his hat, he saluted them, presenting the captain with a neat pocket Bible. "Please accept this, Captain Salmond," he said, "as an expression of my gratitude to you for allowing me to speak to your men. They have promised to hear the Scriptures read on Sundays, if you have no objection."

"As for the crew," said Salmond, "they may do as they like, if they only do their duty to me. But saunts or no saunts, they maun work the ship!"

"I trust they may work her better than ever," said Walters; "she won't sail the worse if God is in her to help and bless her."

"One word, before parting, to you, captain, and mate, my fellow-men: Unless we repent we shall all perish; unless we are born again we cannot see the kingdom of God."

"That might be an awfu' job," said Salmond.

"But remember what I say is true," said Walters, as he shook hands, and vanished over the ship's side. He was soon seated in his boat, rowing rapidly towards the shore.

CHIVALRY.

BY MRS. V. C. PHEBUS.

MANY a youth, reading accounts of the habits of peasants in European countries, will feel indignant when he learns that it is no unusual sight to see a woman and a dog harnessed to a cart, that the produce of the farm may be hauled to the market, nor to see the same team returning, drawing home the lord and master, who, having disposed of the goods, finds it quite as easy to ride back in the empty vehicle, and far more pleasant. "Such brutes! Such utter lack of chivalry," you exclaim. But stop a moment and see if you are altogether chivalric in your treatment of the weaker sex. I imagine you will think at once of the respectful manner you use when you lift your hat and bow to the ladies of your acquaintance, or how you invariably spring up in crowded cars to offer your seat to a lady who may be obliged to stand.

I am not going to speak of these little acts of attention to the ladies, and of the self-denial on your part. If you admit that true chivalry consists in throwing no needless burden upon the weaker sex, I wish to point to some burdens which may, perhaps, have escaped your mind. A mother is very tired, having been at very fatiguing household employment. Her boy enters the kitchen, asking hurriedly for a tool which he cannot find, though he assures her he put it very carefully away in his tool-chest.

"You left it lying on the kitchen floor," is her response. "When I was sweeping, this morning, I picked it up and laid it away in the drawer under the dresser."

Without a word of thanks, he goes to the dresser-drawer, takes its contents over hurriedly, finds the tool he is seeking, and leaves without any attempt to put the drawer in the condition in which he found it. The patient hands so accustomed to bring order out of chaos, perform this task for him.

A little later, the same boy has lost his hat. His mother comes to the rescue by telling where she had seen the misplaced article and how she put it in place.

Is this boy typical of you? If so, are you sure you throw no needless burdens upon the weaker sex. Perhaps if these thoughtless acts were counted up for a week it might be found that they have imposed quite as heavy a burden upon the mother and sisters you love so much as the European peasant's weekly homeward trip from market imposes upon the robust woman who acts as his beast of burden.

GETTING LOST ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY THE REV. EZRA A. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.D.

FROM an interesting article in the *Methodist Magazine* we make the following extract: But is there no danger of the traveller missing his way? Yes, at night, and in times of storm, especially in the winter blizzards, the wayfarer sometimes finds himself unhoused, and unable to make his way to his destination. The fact that one may drive at a good speed anywhere makes it possible to miss the trail, and wander about for a considerable time without achieving any object. I met one man in a part of the country with which he was familiar, after he had been aimlessly wandering for half the day. A person that knew the country thoroughly, undertook one Sabbath afternoon, to drive me to an appointment five miles from his home, and we spent the remainder of the day in the sleigh, until the night began to fall, but I have never yet seen the point we set out to reach. When drifted over with snow, and the early darkness of the north has fallen upon the earth, if the trail is lost, the victim has before him the dreary prospect of wandering about the open prairie until the daylight finds him, and then he will probably discover that he has not gone beyond a somewhat narrow circle. One man told me that he had spent the whole night in this way within a mile of his own home. His amiable wife had slept sweetly the night through, and had not taken the trouble to put the lamp in the window, as by agreement she was expected to do, because she thought the storm was too great for it to be seen.

In another case, two men had been drinking freely before starting for home. They were overtaken by night on the way. They lost the trail. Fortunately it was not, for the west, a severe night. After useless wanderings, the more sober of the two left his companion asleep in the straw on the sleigh, and set out on foot to find the trail. He soon came to a house unoccupied for the night, but having stove and wood and other means of comfort. He had sense enough left to start a fire, but not enough to remember his deserted companion. Once comfortable himself, he slept profoundly until late in the morning. When at last he awoke, there came over his confused senses some recollection of his fellow-traveller. He went out in search of him. He was soon found, legs and arms badly frozen,

but, strange to say, not quite dead. Not long before noon of that day a passer-by found these two men in the before-mentioned house, the one in a dying condition, and the other industriously saturating his companion's frozen limbs with kerosene oil. This novel treatment did not avail to save the man's life. It may be truthfully said, in passing, that nearly every case of fatal freezing in the North-west can be traced to the use of intoxicating drinks.

SOUVENIR OF LOVE AND BATTLE
INSCRIBED TO THE SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.

"The brave die never; being deathless they but change their country's arms for more—Their country's heart."

IT has come—and a parcel of trifles, A housewife and home-knit socks, But a link in the chain of affection That death now forever locks.

Yes, it came with the letters and papers, Messages loving and kind, For a lad in the ranks with his fellows Who the courier seeks to find.

They had marched in the misty dawn, And fought until sunny noon, When the ball and savage red foemen Were daunted—but none too soon;

For they had battled with odds against them, Where hideous Indian yells Through the tangled ravines and ridges Met screams of the shrapnel shells.

They returned as the lengthening shadows Creep out from the Eagle Hills, And the haze of a northern sunset Saskatchewan's valley fills.

But the silence of sadness was on them For the wounded and early dead, For the blood of the sons and the brothers By the savages' bullets shed.

On a slope by the bright Battle River, Where the prairie roses bloom, Where crocuses and white anemones Dispel every thought of gloom;

They buried the fallen heroes, Neath halo of tearful pride, Wreathing flowers on a priceless token That lay by his pierced side.

And they read the requiem volley, That tells how the patriot brave Ever live in the life of their country, Though laid in a far off grave.

INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.

THE Indian tribes of North America generally contain a few "medicine" men, who are the laziest and at the same time sharpest men in the tribe. They profess to be wizards, and to do all sorts of impossible things; but though called "medicine" men, they have, as a rule, nothing to do with healing, the doctors of the tribe being usually some old women. They are, however, expected to cure those diseases which the old woman doctor has given up, and are supposed to be able to cause rain to fall, to make fishes, or beavers, or buffaloes plentiful, and to perform other wonders. Indians being very superstitious people, these men—who are neither more nor less than clever conjurers and rogues—get a good living by imposing upon the simple men and women. They dress in strange attire, sometimes in a cloak of bird's feathers, with a bird's head, legs, and claws, or in a beaver's skin; at other times they will put on horrible masks, or paint their bodies with hideous designs. But when a "medicine" man makes a mistake, or is found out in any of his tricks, he is severely punished, and often killed.

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER!

WHO is ready, who is willing?
Who will volunteer!
Who will join the gath'ring army!
Who the call will hear!
Right and truth, against the evil,
Surely must prevail;—
If we trust our mighty Leader,
We shall never fail!

Who is valiant, who is fearless?
Who is firm and true!
Who will help us in the conflict!
Who will dare and do!
Reformation is our watchword,
And our sword is truth;
Men of courage now are wanted,
And the daring youth!

Faithful soldiers now are needed
On the tem'rance field,
Who are always firm and dauntless,
Who will never yield!
Who are never faint and fearful,
When the foe is near;—
Such are needed in our army;—
Who will volunteer!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

HELPING POOR SCHOOLS.

A S. S. SUPERINTENDENT from the Muskoka region writes as follows. His letter shows the difficulties under which schools labour in new parts of the country:—Enclosed I beg to hand you \$1 for Sunday-School Extension Fund, from our school. The collection for the day appointed only amounted to 17 cents, which seemed to me too small a sum to send, so have made it up to \$1. Our children up here in this new country have not much opportunity to practise self-denial to give to the Sunday-school fund. As they do not get cents to spend in sweets, etc., with them both cents and sweets are very scarce articles. Our school has been somewhat interrupted for want of a place to meet in. The lumber camp in which we have been in the habit of meeting, being now full of lumber men, we are now meeting in a log-house that is unfinished, the chinks of which are unplastered and we have no stove, but still our attendance is 30 (some, of course, adults.) The Sunday-school papers are greatly appreciated and, I hope, are doing good.

Another missionary writes:—Our three schools started last summer are doing far better than could have been

expected. No doubt the bountiful supply of bright, cheery, instructive papers do very much to keep up the interest. Our public meetings have greatly improved in numbers and interest since starting these schools. Altogether the prospects of this mission are much better than formerly.

A missionary in Manitoba writes:—Dear Bro.,—I received the library you sent, and the Sunday-school papers. Last Sunday I took papers and books to the appointment and organized a Sunday-school. The people were exceedingly well pleased with the donation, and very grateful. The frost has injured, I think, about three-fourths of their grain, and, being lately settled, they have no means to buy such a thing as a book to read. I can assure you of their deep gratitude for the library and papers. If they have a good harvest next year, I can promise a good collection on the last Sunday in September.

A minister of the Guelph Conference writes:—Dear Dr. Withrow,—Enclosed find \$10 from two of our assisted schools. The three schools that with your assistance we started last summer, are all doing well. We may want a little help for one or two for another six months, but I hope not. The weakest of the three gave us a collection of \$1.20 for the general fund. Many thanks to the Band.

DR. POTTS ON PROHIBITION.

At a temperance meeting in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Dr. Potts said: Every Christian Church to-day should be engaged in temperance work. He regarded temperance work as Christian work. There was no church in the Dominion that had not suffered directly or indirectly from intemperance. In all the churches of which he had taken charge he had noticed intemperance, not only among the congregation but among the church members. All the churches should be united on this question because it accomplished a work that the churches could not undertake. The biggest subject before the people of Canada to-day was the temperance question. It was well for men to have their own views on political questions, and he would not give much for a man who had not his own opinion on such matters, but no one should place party matters before the great question of temperance reform. He believed the time was coming when the party or leader who recognized the importance of the temperance movement must stand at the head of the people in Ontario and the Dominion. He believed the time was ripening for total prohibition. The aim of the temperance workers in this country was total prohibition.

THE RESULT OF DRINK.

The concluding clause of the presentment of the Toronto Grand Jury was as follows:—Your Grand Jury are much impressed with the fact that nearly all the cases brought before them during this session, including two cases of manslaughter, one of unlawful wounding, one felonious wounding, two robberies, and two other minor cases, are the direct result of drinking or drunkenness, thus showing that but for the unnecessary number of saloons, or grogeries, scattered all over the city, there would have been comparatively little to occupy the time of your Grand Jury.

THE CROW'S NEST.

This curious contrivance is placed at the mast head of arctic exploring vessels and whalers. There is a hood that may be pulled up to shelter the look-out man from the wind. He sweeps the horizon with his glass for icebergs, or open water, or for spouting whales. When he shouts out "There she blows," instantly all is commotion on the deck, the boats are manned and launched, and in a few minutes are in hot pursuit of the whales. It is, however, anything but hot in the crow's nest. The poor lookout must often be half frozen in the bitter piercing wind.

This cut is one of nearly a score—many of them of a large size—which will accompany a very interesting article by the Rev. W. S. Blackstock in an early number of the *Methodist Magazine*, entitled "Among the Eskimo." It will give a complete account of exploration and discovery in the arctic regions. See announcement on our last page.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

An old proverb says: "Patience and Perseverance conquer all things." Here is a true story which well illustrates the truth of the proverb:

A great many years ago a poor boy named Niccoli began life under a great cloud. His father died when he was but six years old, and four years later his native city was captured by a savage people, who put all the inhabitants they could find to death. Poor Niccoli was severely wounded, and left for dead, but his mother, who had escaped, found him, and nursed him back to life.

He had been so nearly frightened to death, however, that he seemed little more than an idiot. His mind was confused, he could remember nothing, and he stammered so painfully that even his mother could scarcely understand his words. When he was fourteen he could neither read nor write, but he was anxious to learn, and at last succeeded in finding a teacher, but only to be cruelly disappointed, for his teacher said he could never be made to know anything!

Poor Niccoli did not give up. He began to teach himself, and so well did he succeed that in time he became a great linguist and mathematician, and now he is remembered as one of the learned men of Italy.

During his life-time not only wise men, but statesmen and kings, were glad to show him honour, as well they might be, for he was not only a wise man, but a truly good and great man.

Are you about closing your Sunday-school for the winter? Could it not be kept open? Your children will go to the day-school, and will be subject to influences from reading and company quite as dangerous as at any season of the year. Can you not combine with two or three others, and make it an "evergreen" school? Apparent difficulties will be found trivial when once you are in earnest.—*Wesleyan.*



THE CROW'S NEST.

WELCOME HERE.

RIENDS of Temp'rance, welcome here,
By Cheerful are our hearts to-day;
Tell us—we would gladly hear—
How our cause speeds on its way!
Here we pledge ourselves anew
Not to touch the drunkard's drink;
Proving faithful, proving true,
We will from no duty shrink.

Come and aid us in the fight,
Make our growing armies strong;
Joyfully with us unite,
Swelling the triumphal song.
Then the foe will swiftly fall,
When we take our fathers' seats;
Here we pledge us, one and all,
We will drive him from our streets.

THANK YOU.

It is so easy to say "Thank you." The effort it costs is so slight. The two short words are so quickly spoken, and yet they mean so much. They do not mean only that you are really thankful, but they indicate that you observe the gentle courtesies of life, and that goes far toward making up what we regard as the cultured gentleman or lady. There are things that are of far greater value than mere polish and glitter. Solid deeds are of vastly more consequence. But even the best deeds acquire added worth when performed with gentleness and grace rather than rendered in a rude or uncouth way. The diamond possesses intrinsic value in the rough, but its worth is immensely heightened when the gem is polished. Gold from the mine is valuable, but its worth is increased when it is purified and stamped into coin, or wrought into beauty by the skill of the artist.

A simple "Thank you" to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to any from whom you receive any form of attention or favour, for the slightest acts performed, for a question answered, for a hundred nameless things, will tell greatly upon yourself, in making you more gentle and refined, and encouraging a proper self-respect, and in the estimate of others for you. If once you acquire the habit of saying the words, they will come easy, and you would feel embarrassed at the thought of having omitted to express your obligation for a favour. To cultivate the habit of being polite you should address your mother and sisters and all in the home circle as you would address strangers toward whom you desire to be particularly well-behaved. When the habit of constant politeness is well established at home you will be easy in society, and escape a hundred awkward embarrassments to which young people are subject because of their defective training in the home.



CHINESE BARROWS.

THE RIGHT SHALL PREVAIL.

WHEN the right over wrong shall prevail,
When the woes of wine-drinking shall cease,
Then all nations and people shall hail
With a shout the grand triumph of peace.

Right ordains that the old wrongs shall cease,
And make way for the growth of reform;
Truth and wisdom proclaim from on high
That the triumph of virtue must come.

BOOK NOTICE.

Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago. Personal Recollections and Reminiscences of a Sexagenarian. By Canniff Haight. Pp. xii.—303. Illustrated. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Prof. Goldwin Smith remarked some time since that the real history of Canada is written on the tombstones of its pioneer settlers. It is wise, therefore, to clear away the moss from the tombstones and from the memories of these founders of empire, to reproduce the past which is fast fading from the minds of men. This Mr. Haight has done, with many a deft and loving touch, in the present volume. He gives us a vivid portraiture of that old pioneer life; of the rural sports and games and merry-makings, and pigeon-shooting, and night-fishing; the sleighing and skating; logging; "hauling;" of the old-fashioned coaches, bateaux and Durham boats; of the schools and colleges; libraries and literature; teachers and preachers; with many interesting reminiscences of the olden time. The book will prove interesting fireside reading in many a Canadian home. It is one of the best specimens of Canadian manufacture that we have seen. The illustrations are numerous

and excellent. Those of night-fishing, sugar-making, sleighing, and spinning, are of superior artistic merit.

CHINESE BARROWS.

Our cut shows you some Chinese riding, and from Mrs. Bainbridge's "Round the World Letters" we take a few words of explanation: "The common vehicle of the natives is a barrow, consisting of one squeaky, shrieking wheel, around which is a seat. Two passengers, one on each side, may ride; but the seat was evidently constructed for the comfort of but one limb at a time, for the outside foot must either dangle or be tucked into a rude stirrup. The pusher steadies his vehicle by means of a strap over his shoulders. But woe to both pusher and passengers, if one be fat and the other lean; the centre of gravity must be kept at all hazards."

GOD FEEDETH THEM.

"BEHOLD the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." God feeds them. Yes, but how! Why, mostly through human hands. He provides the berries and worms, and all sorts of little seeds and grasses for them to eat, but he also puts it into his children's hearts to throw out a few crumbs; and so he provides for them. And the birds are grateful and affectionate, I know, for I have proved them. Only speak gently and kindly to the little folks in feathers, and put some crumbs quietly on the ground, and they will soon learn to know you, and to fly fearlessly round you; ay, and even fly on to your shoulder and into your very hand.

When I go into the back garden of a morning, I often see near the fence tiny heads with bright black eyes peeping out, or perched on the fence or hovering round. I talk to them and say: "Do you want some crumbs? Well, wait a minute, pretty dears, and I will fetch you some." I go into the house, cut some bread from the loaf, crumble it up, and when I return find not only one, but perhaps a dozen birds waiting eagerly on the look out. They know what I say; if they can not understand the words, they know the tone, and can tell one another that a meal is coming. Then as I scatter the crumbs on the ground, I remember "God feedeth them," and thankfully rejoice that he sends me to do this tiny errand for him.

THE TEACHER'S MODEL.

CHRIST is your model. Christ had not the happiness of teaching such a class as yours. He only had twelve in his class, but one of them had a devil. That is more, I hope, than can be said concerning yours. There were some awkward ways about them. None could have trained like he did. The Master did not try to teach that class without prayer. If any one could have dispensed with prayer in his work, surely it was the Lord Jesus, but he continually anointed his teaching with prayer. Then I notice he taught them by degrees. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." I have known teachers to try to teach too much at once, and the children have learned but little in consequence. They cannot learn much at a time. The Lord Jesus condescended to teach by littles, and how tenderly he did it. Find a snappish word if you can in all of Christ's teachings. He says, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" He did not know his own teacher, you see. There was a dull child to be in the class. Your children are not quite so dull as that. Although they do not know their lessons sometimes, they do know their teachers.

Christ had to teach precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little. Take Jesus as your model teacher. When you have your children round you, and they are uneasy and inattentive, think to yourselves, "Now what would Jesus say to these boys and girls, if he were sitting at the head of this class? For that is the thing I should say." You cannot excel him in knowledge, and consequently, may not choose so wise a theme as he; therefore your best wisdom will be to follow in his track as close as you can. Christ then is your subject; Christ then is your model.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

EYES OPENED TO SEE JESUS.

A LITTLE boy was born blind. At last an operation for his cure having been successfully performed, the light was allowed to fall upon him gradually. One day his mother led him to the door and uncovered his eyes, so that he might for the first time behold the earth and sky. "Oh, mother!" cried the boy, "why did you not tell me it was so beautiful!" She burst into tears, and said: "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me." In an ecstasy of joy the

lad stood and gazed at all the wonderful things God had made. Thus it is with everybody until the eyes of their heart are opened. We cannot even describe the happiness springing from the knowledge of and friendship with God. If you keep away from him, dear little reader, you must ever live in darkness and despair, but secure him as your soul's portion, and you secure a pleasure and joy of which you had never the faintest conception, and which had never and could never be fully described to you.

JUST AS WE MAKE IT.

WE must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field returns as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

THE TABLE OF SHEWBREAD.

IN the Tabernacle, near the altar of incense, stood the table of shewbread. This table was made of acacia, or shittim wood, and covered with layers of gold. The top of the table was surrounded by a rim of gold, probably to prevent anything from falling off. Around the frame of the table, about four inches below the top, was another rim of gold, and a little lower down, at equal distances from the top of the table, there were four rings of gold fastened to the legs, through which staves, covered with gold, were inserted when it was moved. It had also dishes, spoons, covers, and bowls, all of pure gold.

On this table were placed every Sabbath morning twelve loaves of unleavened bread, piled in two equal rows, and frankincense, a sweet perfume, sprinkled on each row. These loaves remained till the following Sabbath. The frankincense was then burned as a sacrifice, and the loaves were replaced by fresh ones. The stale loaves were given to the priests, as they alone were allowed to eat of the shewbread, and they could eat it only in the Holy Place. This explains the allusion to David's eating the shewbread in 1 Sam. xxi. and Matt. xii.

READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so continually finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"Oh, no! I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had ever had any idea of; more time too. Ready beforehand—try it.

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod, time-enough when-it's-wanted way of doing.

We have received \$2 anonymously, for Mr. Crosby's boat, and have forwarded the same through Dr. Sutherland, missionary secretary.

THE BIBLE.

THIS little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That o'er in monarch's coffers shone
Than all their diamonds,
Nay, were the sea our chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

How baneful to ambition's eye
His blood-wrung souls must gleam,
When death's uplifted hand is nigh—
His life a vanished dream;
Then hear him with his gasping breath
For one poor moment crave;
Fool, would thou stay the hand of death,
Ask of thy gold to save!

No, no, the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth,
Gems dazzling not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health;
But here a blessed balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe,
And he who seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

Here He who died on Calvary's tree,
Hath made that promise best,
"Ye heavy laden come to me,
And I will give you rest,
A bruised reed I will not break,
A contrite heart despise,
My burden's light, and all who take
My yoke, shall reach the skies."

Yes, yes, this little book is worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared to joys of heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day;
A star whose lustre guides the grave—
"The light, the truth, the way."

TECUMSEH.

BY THE REV. JOHN McLEAN, M.A.

ON the banks of the river Sassa, near Chillicothe, Ohio, about the year 1770, Tecumseh was born. He was a Shawanese Indian, and his name signified *The Crouching Panther*.

Little or nothing is known concerning his early years, but in early manhood he possessed great muscular strength and became noted for his integrity, good judgment, dignified bearing, and courage. He was tall of stature, the faculties of his mind were of a high order and he was able to conduct himself with propriety among men of rank and intelligence in the American and British armies. He had a twin brother, called Olinachia, who was held in high esteem among the Indians as a prophet.

The brothers conceived the idea of uniting the scattered tribes of Indians in one grand confederacy, whereby they might more effectively contend for their rights against the intrusion of pale-faced adventurers. They may have borrowed this idea from Hiawatha's labours amongst the Iroquois. Hiawatha sought to combine the Indians in this way, and he so far succeeded as to unite those now known as *The Six Nations*.

Several attempts were made by the Americans to punish the Indians by killing them and destroying their villages, and these measures were at times skillfully met by Tecumseh and his followers; but when the Indians were defeated it only tended to exasperate them and make them more expeditious in securing union.

Tecumseh, therefore, travelled among the tribes urging the claims of an organized confederacy. He had all the qualities necessary for making him a great leader and warrior, and consequently he had many followers who had implicit faith in his abilities and in his devotion to their cause.

In 1811, while on one of his tours among the Indian tribes, he had an interview with Major-General Harrison, after which he continued his journey to the Creek Nation.

During his absence, General Harrison attacked his people at Tippecanoe and killed several of his warriors. His spirit rose indignant within him when he found that his people had suffered much in his absence.

When the war of 1812 broke out, General Hull's messengers besought him to join the Americans against the British, and on refusing to do so, asked him to remain neutral. He would have nothing to do with the *Big Knife's*, but cast in his lot with the British. His enthusiasm and courage infused life into his followers and they gained several victories. When the British troops have been repulsed, he has charged with his men and won the day.

He had, however, to share the reverses with those whose cause he had espoused. His eloquent appeals to his warriors showed him to have been a true orator. When General Proctor—of whom he entertained a very low opinion—was preparing to retreat into Canada, and had purposely concealed from Tecumseh and his followers the defeat of the British on Lake Erie by Perry, lest it might have an injurious effect upon the Indian alliance, he addressed the General in a council held at Amherstburgh, with great power. He said, "Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm (Captain Barclay). Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run the other way, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here to take care of the lands. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father do so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off."

"Father, listen! The Americans have not defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy should he make his appearance. If they defeat us, then we will retreat with our father. . . . You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father, the king, sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go, and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Such was the oratorical effect of this speech that Tecumseh's warriors sprang to their feet and brandished their tomahawks.

On October 5th, 1813, a battle was fought at Moravian Town on the Thames. Just before the battle Tecumseh said to General Proctor, "Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well."

The Americans had with them a party of Kentucky Rangers who were accustomed to fighting like Indians in the bush. The British troops were repulsed, and in the contest that ensued

between the Rangers and the Indians, Tecumseh was killed. His warriors took his body from the field of battle, and during the night they buried him where the white man should never find his grave. After his death his followers gave up the contest, and the great aim of Tecumseh was never realized. A few years ago, Moses Stonefish, the last of Tecumseh's warriors died at the Moravian Reserve.

General Brock held Tecumseh very high in his estimation. Concerning this courageous and faithful Shawanese chief, he said: "He was the admiration of everyone who conversed with him. From a life of dissipation he has not only become, in every respect, abstemious, but he has likewise prevailed on all his native, and many of the other tribes, to follow his example."

AN ESKIMO ILLUMINATION.

THE first snow of the winter does not make good strong snow-blocks for the igloos, however deep it may fall, and from the time there is enough of it, the Eskimo often have to wait three or four weeks before it is fit for building. As it gets too cold in their summer seal-skin tents before this time comes, the natives generally build preliminary houses of ice, which, singular as it may seem, are much warmer than the tents, but not as comfortable as the houses of snow. When the ice has formed to about six inches in thickness on some lake close by, they cut out their big slabs of ice for the sides of the house. Imagine an ordinary-sized house-door to be a slab of ice about six inches thick; then take a half-dozen to a dozen of these doors, and place them in a circle, joining them edge to edge, but leaning in slightly, and you will have formed your curious house of ice. Over this circular pen of ice—which you can imitate on a small scale with a circular row of upright dominoes on their ends and join edge to edge—the summer seal-skin tent is lashed across poles for a roof, and the ice house is complete. By and by, this roof, sagging with snow, may be taken off and a dome of snow put on, which gives more height and consequently more comfort.

Before these houses get covered inside with the black soot from the burning lamps, and before the snow outside has drifted up level with the roof, a night scene in a village of ice, and especially if the village be a large one and all the lamps be burning brilliantly, is one of the prettiest views a stranger can find in that desolate land. If you could behold a village of cabins suddenly transformed into houses of glass, and filled with burning lamps, it might represent an Eskimo ice village at night.—From "Children of the Cold."—By Lieut. Frederick Schwatka

FILL YOUR PLACE.

AT a country Sunday-school convention an old man, ninety-five years of age, sat in one of the front pews. He had formerly been an energetic, Christian labourer, but was now, being totally deaf, debarred from any active work. Upon being questioned why he came, when he could not hear a single word which had been uttered, he replied:

"I wanted to fill my place."

Fellow-teachers, do you, not only at the conventions, but on Sunday, at the prayer-meeting, the weekly teachers' meeting for Bible study, and everywhere, fill your place!—Selected.

A LITTLE EARTHQUAKE.

BY E. HUNT, D.D.

EARTHQUAKES are no novelties in our world's history. We associate them in our minds with cities buried in remorseless depths in an hour. They come unheralded, are bound by no law that we understand, and yet are dreaded more than war or pestilence. We stand appalled in the presence of God, who speaks in a voice that shakes the world.

Among the latest efforts of man's restless ambition is the production of an earthquake. And, what is more, one on no mean scale has actually been produced. The whole of New York, Brooklyn, and the surrounding regions were shaken fiercely on a recent Saturday and scores of thousands of witnesses were summoned to behold the terrific display. Without question, the explosion of Flood Rock was the grandest and most extensive convulsion ever produced in our world's history by artificial means.

From time immemorial the most direct channel from New York harbor to the ocean has been obstructed by immense rocks, so that our largest steamers have not dared to risk the dangers of the narrow and tortuous channel through Hell-Gate. In September, 1876, Hallett's Point reef was removed by General Newton by the use of means similar to those which have now proved so successful. The great obstruction yet remained Flood Rock covered an area of about nine acres, one acre of which arose above the surface of the water. Nine years ago the mighty task of blowing into fragments this vast solid rock was commenced. A shaft 64 feet in depth was sunk, and then, at the depth of 50 feet, galleries were excavated in several directions. From these tunnels were blasted until the rock was honeycombed. The total length of these tunnels was about four miles. In every part holes were drilled for dynamite and rack-a-rock powder, until two hundred and eighty thousand pounds of these explosives were deposited to await the touch of the battery, when they would rend the mass into fragments. It is believed that such an explosion above ground would have demolished both New York and Brooklyn.

At thirteen minutes past 11 A.M. General Newton directed his little eleven-year-old daughter to touch the key of the battery whose wires were connected with this mass of explosives, and a dull heavy sound was heard like the simultaneous discharge of a battery of artillery, and a trembling of the earth which was felt for miles around. From the fated rock there was shot up into the air a column of water which looked like a mountain of snow, 200 ft. in height and as extensive as the whole rocky island. The water dropped back into its place, and Flood Rock was no more. No one was injured, and the work of nine years was pronounced a complete success.

When the fragments of the rock are removed, and other work now in hand is completed, the route to Europe will be shortened about fifty miles, and Hell-Gate will no longer be the graveyard of luckless ships as in ages past. We feel like tendering thanks to General Newton, not only for personal courtesies, but chiefly that, out of deference to Christian sentiment, he resisted a clamorous demand for the exhibition to take place on the Sabbath-day.

MOTHER'S OLD HYMN.

THROUGH the trembling folds of the twilight dim I can hear the strains of that grand old hymn, Which mother, whose heart is now still and cold, Sang amidst her cares in the days of old.

There was something about it, undefined, that charmed into quiet the troubled mind, O'er the bleak hearts breathed with a spirit bland, Like a warm south wind o'er a frozen land,

And crowning it all with a strange, deep chord, Like the throb of the heart of the blessed Lord, That shed through the fainting soul abroad A sense of the pitying love of God.

The songs of the singers that fame has crowned; In the flood of the years are lost and drowned; But mother's old hymn, every pause and tone, With the growth of time has the sweeter grown.

And it seems not out of the past to come, And echo only of lips that are dumb— But down from the home of the glorified It has always come since the day she died.

We know not the music that spirits hear, As earth is receding and heaven draws near; But treading death's valley of shadows dim, I ask but to hear my mother's hymn.

"JUST FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

"Miss WILMOT, have you room for another little girl?"

The speaker was Mr. Holt, the assistant superintendent in one of the largest Sunday-schools in Philadelphia. Miss Wilmot was a teacher with six little girls grouped around her. At the sound of Mr. Holt's voice she looked up, and with a pleasant "Oh, yes, plenty room and plenty welcome," she moved aside, and made room for the timid little stranger. Miss Wilmot's girls all loved their teacher very dearly, and she loved them; but when Nettie Stone (for that was the new scholar's name) took her place in the class, six little faces clouded over, and showed their disapproval as plainly as if they had said: "We don't want another scholar; the class is large enough."

To be sure there was quite a contrast between Nettie's plain chints dress and brown straw hat and the fine embroidery and feathers and ribbons worn by the others, and a pained look came across the teacher's face as she saw Lulu Lyster move down and draw her pretty sash closer to her, as if afraid to have it come in contact with Nettie's plain dress.

Just then the bell sounded from the superintendent's desk, and the opening hymn was announced, and, as the notes of the organ died away, the room rang with the happy, childish voices, as they sang with much earnestness: "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." After the hymn came silent prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer in concert; then the lesson was read over, and after singing another hymn, the teachers drew their scholars closer to them and proceeded to explain the lesson, and draw from it some practical points to be carried out in everyday life.

The "Golden Text" for the day was: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." After the girls had repeated it to Miss Wilmot she asked: "Now will you tell me what it means?"

Beattie Ferris thought it meant "to be a foreign missionary and tell heathen people about Jesus." Lettie Shaw thought it also meant "to hunt up poor

children and bring them to Sunday-school." Each one expressed her opinion as to its meaning, and then, turning to the new scholar, Miss Wilmot asked, "Nettie, what do you think it means?"

Very softly, Nettie answered, "Living just as God wants us to, and being kind to everybody just for Christ's sake." The teacher's eyes filled with tears at the words, "Just for Christ's sake," and she tried to tell the girls how Nettie's words revealed the whole meaning of the text. "And now, girls," said she, "for some time we have been trying to find a motto for our class, something we can use every day and take with us wherever we go. How would you like to have Nettie's words: 'Just for Christ's sake'?"

"But I don't understand it," said Ada Randall. "Could we use that at home, or at school, or at any place we go to?"

And then Miss Wilmot enlisted the sympathy and love of seven little hearts by telling them in her own happy style the beauty of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, and even little Lulu seemed to forget all about the pink sash and plain dress, as she whispered to Nettie: "Won't it be nice if we all have the same motto?"

"Yes," said the teacher who had overheard the remark, "and you can find a dozen different ways of using it every day. When mamma asks you to do something you don't want to do, just think of the motto, and say: 'I'll do it just for Christ's sake,' or if you want to go to the park, or take a walk, or go to see a little friend, when mamma wants you to go to school, there you can use the motto again, so you see it can be used at any time or any place."

Just then Nettie was taken to the library to select a book, and Miss Wilmot improved the opportunity by saying: "Girls, I would like you to begin using the motto this very afternoon by welcoming Nettie into our class; if you can't do it for her sake, or for my sake, do it 'just for Christ's sake.'" And at the close of school as the girls crowded around to kiss their teacher good-bye, Nettie was warmly welcomed by all, and all her timidity seemed to vanish when Ada Randall put both arms around her neck, and as she kissed her, whispered: "We all feel glad that Mr. Holt put you in our class, and we're glad you thought about the motto, for we want to begin working right away, and we'll do it 'just for Christ's sake.'"

A HAPPY HEART.

My little boy came to me this morning with a broken toy, and begged I would mend it for him. It was a very handsome toy, and was the pride of his heart just then, so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma. If you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart! And that made me think of a little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless

little Freddie tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: "Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make."

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—*Young Reaper.*

BREAD SEEN AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY THE REV. E. HARRAES, M.A.

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman and his wife, both of whom have for many years been members of the Methodist Church, and also active Sunday-school teachers, were tarrying all night at a hotel in Toronto. They observed that as soon as the hostler saw them he looked at them both very earnestly, so much so that they were not a little concerned as to why he should act in such a manner, and they both began to fear that surely the young man contemplated perpetrating some deed for which they should be prepared.

At length the young man, addressing them, said, "Please excuse me, but are you not Mr. and Mrs. —?" "Yes," said the gentleman, "but who are you, and why do you ask such a question?" "Ah," said the young man, "do you not remember me? Why I am Harry." "Harry, Harry, but what Harry?" said the gentleman. "Harry—, who was in your Sunday-school class at —." Ascertaining that the gentleman and his wife were going to remain at the hotel all night, he asked as a special favour that he might go into their room and converse with them, after he had provided for the horse and rig.

In due time Harry was in the room of his former Sunday-school teachers, to whom he soon unbosomed his heart. His history was in brief this: They knew that he was an orphan boy whom a farmer had adopted, "but," said the young man, "I was made to work harder than my strength would allow, and I never knew what it was to have a kind word said to me. Indeed," said the young man with deep emotion, "scarcely anybody has treated me other wise than roughly since you left B—, and so in an evil hour I resolved to run away from the farmer. If I could only have had somebody to have advised me I would not have done so, for hard as my lot then was, it has been harder since."

On being asked why he was in his present situation, he said that he had taken it that he might have some place to stay; "for," said he, "nobody seems to care for me, and if I could only have such kind friends as you were to me, I would give anything." Thus the poor young man proceeded. His old friends advised and counselled him, and then their interview was brought to a close, much too early for the hostler, who appeared as though he was desirous to spend the night with his old friends.

Reader, have you a home? Prize it; there are many who have no home, and who do not know what home means. Is it any wonder that they often sigh and wish for some place which they could call home?

Are you one who has adopted an orphan child, or taken a waif into your service? Treat the poor child kindly. Act the part of a human person, not one who treats the servant as though he was a brute.

Are you a Sunday-school teacher? Be sure to sow the seeds of truth with kindness. An impression for good will thus be made which time cannot efface.

Are you a poor orphan child? Take God for your Father. Pray to Him, and He will direct you.

A STRANGER.

AN old man went by the window, Shrunken and bent with care; He'd a scythe swung over his shoulder, And white were his beard and hair.

My little one earnestly watched him Up the billy road; he climb,— Then said, in a tone of conviction, "Mamma, that was Father Time!"

A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fire-works, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy.

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender, when the boys were alone again.

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

"Then why not say I did it?" "Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school re-assembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

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

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

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

A SHORT HISTORY.

DR. GUTHRIE once told the following story: "One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was, 'Paul was born at Tarsus, and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion, after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

WHEN God's love is realized by the soul, his commands are cheerfully obeyed.

LIFT HIGH THE BANNER.

LIFT it high! 'tis pure as the morning light.
Let it wave o'er land and sea,
'Twill be borne aloft in the cause of right,
Till the whole wide world is free.
It will bring the dawn of a brighter day
To the weak and tempest tossed,
Like a star that shines with a cheering ray,
For the wand'ring and the lost.

Lift it high! in sight of the vanishing foe;
For the vict'ry we will win
Is to save the lost from the depths of woe,
From the gloomy haunts of sin.
And we come, with faith in the power divine,
And a courage bold and high,
Where the poison lurks in the fumes of wine,
To the rescue we will fly.

Lift it high! we fight on a bloodless field,
But the conquest will endure,
For the Lord Himself is our mighty shield,
And His promises are sure.
Like the stars that shine in the vault above,
Is the crown the victors wear,
When they give their lives to the cause they love,
And a spotless banner bear.

BORROWED BOOKS.

A PERSON who borrows a book has no right to lend it to another without the express permission of the owner. This should be an unvarying rule.

A borrowed book should be covered and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly. Nobody has a right to retain a borrowed book during an indefinite period.

If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honour requires that the borrower shall replace it by a new copy.

Never ask the loan of a very costly book or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it by any means.

Teach children to be very particular in regard to the handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 740.] LESSON X. [Dec. 6.

THE SINFUL NATION.

Isa. 1. 1-18. *Commit to mem. vs. 16-18.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Isa. 1. 16, 17.

OUTLINE.

1. A Sinful Nation, v. 1-4.
2. A Desolate Land, v. 5-9.
3. A Divine Appeal, v. 10-15.
4. A Divine Warning, v. 16-18.

TIME.—Perhaps about B.C. 740, or twenty-seven years earlier than the date of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The land of Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The vision*—The prophets were called seers, and the prophecies visions. *Concerning Ju. ah*—The prophecy had reference to the destruction about to come upon Jerusalem. *Hear*—An appeal to the heavens and earth to listen. *Brought up children*—God had nourished the people, cared for them, and blessed them, and they had rebelled—a case of gross ingratitude. *The ox knoweth*—Israel was more senseless than the animals, having even forgotten the source of their supplies. *Laden with iniquity*—Burdened. *A seed*—The children—showing that the fathers had set an evil example. *Why show'st thou thy face to be stricken*—Of what avail is chastisement since they have lost the sense of its benefit? *The whole head is sick*—The distemper of sin pervades mind and body. *The whole heart is faint*—The disease threatens to be fatal. *No soundness*—No health. *Wounds, bruises, sores*—Evils without and within. *Mollified with ointment*—Eastern medical practice consisted chiefly in outward applications. *A lodge*—A shed or hut for watchmen. *Cucumbers—Gourds. Rulers of Sodom*—Referring to those of Judah because their wickedness resembled that of Sodom. *Vain oblations*—Offerings without heart. *New moon*—The first day of the new moon was a holy day.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That worship without obedience is offensive to God?
2. That true repentance demands an altered life?
3. That divine forgiveness is full and complete!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does the Lord say concerning the children he had nourished and brought up? "They have rebelled against me." 2. What does he say of Israel? "A people laden with iniquity." 3. What should we cease to do? "Cease to do evil." 4. What should we learn to do? "Learn to do well." 5. What does the Lord say of our sins though they be as scarlet? "They shall be as white as snow."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's mercy to sinners.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

42. Are baptized infants partakers of these privileges? They have the outward advantages of the Christian Church, and all the spiritual blessings of the covenant are assured to them for the future when they shall comply with the terms of the Gospel.

B.C. 700.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 13.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Isa. 53. 1-12. *Commit to mem. vs. 4-6.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Isa. 53. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. The Rejected Saviour, v. 1-3.
2. The dying Saviour, v. 4-9.
3. The Interceding Saviour, v. 10-12.

TIME.—This prophecy may have been delivered about B.C. 700.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Our report*—Our doctrine, our statements—a form of expression showing the prophet's astonishment at prevailing unbelief. *Arm of the Lord*—Power of God. *Tender plant*—Regarded contemptuously by the Jews. *Root out of a dry ground*—Christ sprang out of the royal family when it was reduced to obscurity. *No form or comeliness*—Nothing extraordinary; nothing attractive to the worldly-minded. *Rejected of men*—On account of his lowly birth. *Acquainted with grief*—Because his mission was to suffer in our stead. *Our griefs*—Not his own; that is, not caused by any sin of which he was himself guilty. *Yet we did esteem*—Men perversely considered him suffering for his own wrong-doing. *Wounded*—Hebrew, *chatal*, pierced. The wounding was for our transgressions, the bruising for our iniquities, the chastisement for our peace. *Like sheep*—The whole flock follows heedlessly the one that goes astray. *Every one*—There was none righteous; hence "the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." *Opened not his mouth*—Uttered no protest—made no complaint. *As a lamb*—Without resistance; signifying also a spotless, acceptable offering. *His grave with the wicked*—Was buried among the sinners he died to save. *His seed*—Spiritual children. *By his knowledge*—By the knowledge of him, through faith, we are saved.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson is shown—
1. Man's need of a Saviour!
2. Man's treatment of a Saviour!
3. Man's redemption by the death of Jesus!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was foretold concerning the treatment Christ was to receive? "He is despised and rejected of men." 2. What sort of man was he said to be? "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." 3. With what are we healed? "With his stripes we are healed." 4. What did the Lord lay on Christ? "The iniquity of us all." 5. With whom was he numbered? "He was numbered with the transgressors."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The atonement for sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

43. What are the privileges and duty of parents who dedicate their children to God in baptism? Their privilege is to claim the fulfilment of the promise of the Spirit to their children, and their duty is, in dependence on this promise, to "nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord."—Eph. vi. 4. [Mark x. 14.]

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