

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

No. 24.

NATIVE INDIANS OF PERU.

We present to our readers this month a cut of the native Indians of Peru. When the Spaniards invaded the country, they found there a wandering tribe of rude savages, and strangers to the most simple operations of industry, the first inhabitants being amongst the most uncivilized people of the Western world.

Being nomadic, and wandering about in a state of nudity, they resembled, in their manner of life, more the members of the brute creation, than beings belonging to the human species. They were totally unacquainted with the use of the productions of the country, farther than to satisfy their present need; nor had they the most remote idea of the principles of right and wrong. The enjoyment of animal life was the boundary of their thoughts. In this deplorable state, they continued for many ages; nor did their constant suffering even awaken a thought or excite a wish towards their improvement.

A singular and not uninteresting legend, in which superstition powerfully aided the views of humanity, is connected with the origin of a more civilized system of things among the Peruvians. Manco Capac and Manco Ocollo, Spaniards, being dressed in a superior manner and announcing themselves as children of the Sun, being sent by that Celestial to improve their lot, appeared to a wandering horde of the natives on the borders of Lake Titicaca.

They implored them to follow their instructions and they would add greatly to their comforts. The natives were easily induced to promise obedience, and, from that time on, through succeeding generations, they continued to improve, until we find their system attended with beneficial results. Agriculture was the primary object of attention in Peru; but though these pursuits were the paramount business of the Peruvians, we must not infer that their ingenuity was not displayed in other subjects.

Their mode of building requires notice. In regions beneath a mild climate and sky, their buildings were constructed of the slightest form; but in places more exposed to inclemencies of the weather, greater strength and solidity were employed.

Their homes, made of brick baked by the rays of the sun, were square, about eight feet in height, and without windows. While these structures had not the comforts which naturally occur to civilized nations, they answered the purposes for which they were intended. The temples of the Sun, and the residences of the Incas,

the ruins of which still remain, show sufficient proof that they are the monuments of a people totally removed from the state of the rude savage.

They made mirrors of shining stones, which they worked and polished with amazing skill. We may say in closing that the Peruvians might be considered as one vast family, having the same



NATIVE INDIANS OF PERU.

interests, and labouring towards the same end. Let us pray that the blessed gospel of Christ will be the ultimate means of bringing them from nature's darkness into the glorious light of liberty.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE AT NEW YORK

BARTHOLDI conceived the idea of this great statue of Liberty in 1865. Circumstances prevented him doing anything until, in 1876, M. Laboulaye, founder of the French-American Union, suggested to him to come over to this

sources had been reached. Neither the State Legislature nor Congress would aid the work. Finally the *New York World* took it up and in a short time raised \$100,000, with which the pedestal was completed. The site is Bedloe's Island. The statue measures 151 feet and one inch from the bottom of the plinth to the top of the torch flame, and stands in all 305 feet and 11 inches above low-water mark. The forefinger of the goddess' right hand is over seven feet long and over four feet in circumference at the second joint. The eye is two feet wide and the nose more than three feet long. The total weight of the statue is about 25 tons, its cost in making over a million of francs.

The Goddess of Liberty is the largest work of its kind that has ever been completed. The legendary Colossus of Rhodes could not possibly have had the shape or bigness attributed to it. The colossal statue of Arminius, in Bavaria, is about 94 feet in height; that of St. Charles Borromeo, on the shores of Lake Maggiore, 75 feet. The Virgin of Ray comes next 52 feet, and the statue of Bavaria last, scarcely more than a foot shorter. All of them shrink out of countenance beside the gigantic copper figure on Bedloe's Island.

The pedestal proper at its base is 62 feet square, and begins at an elevation above tide-water of 65 feet.

RECOVERY FROM THE PIT.

THE following, by a converted Chinese, is worth preserving: A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay on its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius, the great moralist of China, walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there! Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, don't get in again." "I can't get out," groaned the man. A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you, and lift you up the rest." But the man in the pit was entirely helpless, and unable to rise. Next the Saviour came by, and hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down his arms, and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, "Go, and sin no more."

NEVER reply to father or mother saucily

TO THE FRONT!

BY O. PENN.

O the front, to the front!
Little women, little men;
There is much of useful labour
You may do
In the battled field of life,
Where man's enemy is rife
Put your armour on
And wage the warfare too.

You may think because you're young
That you are not over strong,
And that others will not heed you
If you try;
But, little friends, be sure
Your success must be secure
If you ask the Lord
To grant you victory.

Then bravely to the front,
Little women, little men,
Like David in the grand
Old story-book;
Such a little lad was he,
Yet he slew the enemy,
And only with small pebbles
From a brook.

But the hand that held the sling
By a great Almighty King
Was guided in this act
That proved so grand;
And to you my little friend,
He this wondrous power will lend,
If you rise against the great foe
Of our land.

In this world you may not know
How your little efforts grow,
And what harvest in the future
Will be given;
But when this life is overpast
You will have reward at last,
If through temperance you have
Led some souls to heaven.

SAM JONES' SERMONS TO GIRLS.

It is a very moderate estimate of the total of the attendance of all these services to put it at over a hundred and fifty thousand, though this number, of course, includes very many who have constantly attended the services.

No other conversational topic has been half as popular as that of the doings of the two Sams. At the dinner-table, on the street, and in the office, they—but more especially Sam Jones—have been talked of incessantly, criticised favourably or otherwise, and quoted continually. "Have you heard Sam Jones?" and "What do you think of Sam Jones?" are questions that have been asked, times out of number, of nearly everybody in Toronto. The slim figure, and sallow, earnest face of Sam Jones, and the taller, more strongly built figure of the other Sam are now as well known to very many people of Toronto as that of their own pastor, and when the evangelists left for their Southern homes, many felt that they had really lost a pastor. The Methodist Church has been enthusiastic in support of the evangelists.

SAM JONES TO DAUGHTERS.

Saturday afternoon was set apart for an address to "daughters," and on that occasion the four walls of the Rink contained probably the largest gathering of girls and women ever seen in Toronto. Young women and girls in their teens composed the bulk of the audience, but there was a good representation of ladies of more mature years.

"THE GIRLS OF TO-DAY," said Mr. Jones, "are the women of tomorrow." These daughters growing up in the homes of Toronto are the future mothers and wives and women of this country. I am very much interested in our young people. I want to see our

young girls grow up to be better women than our mothers and our wives are. I want to see our young men grow up to be better men than their fathers were. I want to see not only a great deal but a glorious improvement in the generations which follow us. I might say I don't think all girls are earthly angels. I don't want that impression to get out, that I think girls are all angels. Some of the stubbornest, crossiest, meanest creatures I ever seen in my life were girls—and I wish some of that class were here this afternoon, we would give it to them; but as we have nothing but

NICE, GOOD GIRLS HERE

this afternoon, you tell those cross, stubborn girls what I said the first time you meet them. Now, I don't think you are angels. I don't think you are the personification of perfection—if you will allow me just one big word while I am here. I don't think you are perfect in any sense of the word. But I believe that our girls are much better than our boys. I believe our girls are a great deal more comfort to mother and a great deal more pleasure to father than the boys are. I want to build a wall around you as high as the stars, and keep you near the purity of your home and the blessed influences of the teaching of Jesus Christ. Some of you may think: "Well, I don't think Mr. Jones ought to talk to girls that way." Well, I am about the only fellow in the country that will do it, and you should put up with one fellow that talks on right along. You know

HOW YOU HAVE BEEN FLATTERED

and praised, and how frequently you have been referred to as the blossoming roses of the country, and beautiful picks, and the elegant sunflower, and all that sort of thing. You have been touched off on that line. Now let us get on the other side a little. And here's something that will help us; and I have but one object in view, I speak the sentiments of my heart. There is not a girl here this afternoon that I wouldn't make better, nobler, purer. We have selected perhaps one of the most comprehensive verses in this book. I need a good deal of territory to talk to so many girls, and I find all I need in this text:—

"Finally, brethren"—suppose I make it read, Finally young ladies—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

I suppose we may notice the last clause of the text first—"Think on these things." As a man thinks so he is. Tell me what you are thinking about to-day and I'll tell what you will be doing to-morrow. Our actions of to-day are

OUR THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY.

It is not so much what your name is, and how old you are; but there is a great deal in "what do you think about." What is thought? We will say, for the sake of argument, that a thought is the result of an impression upon one of the five senses. I see something, it puts me to thinking, I hear something, it puts me to thinking, I touch something, it puts me to thinking, I taste something, it puts me to thinking. Well, I reckon I had better

be careful what I see, if thought is the result of an impression on my eye. I had better be careful what I touch, if thought is the result of an impression on one of the five senses. Then I guess I'd better be careful what I do, because I'm

RESPONSIBLE FOR MY THOUGHTS.

"Think on these things." It makes all the difference in the world where we live in our thought. Really, I partake of the nature of the thing I am looking at. If you bring a coffin in here, with a corpse in it, and open it before me, and I look down upon it with my mind and my eye, the first thing I know is my whole nature is saturated with the gloom of the corpse. I partake of the nature of the thing that I am looking at. Bring me a bouquet of beautiful flowers and put them in my mind, and let me gaze upon them, and the first thing I know my whole nature is saturated with the aroma and the beauty of the flowers. I partake of the nature of the thing I am looking at. God says, "I will keep his mind in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me." It's not so much who you are or what you wish, but what are you thinking about. If you live in impure thoughts you will be impure in your lives. If you have wicked thoughts you'll be wicked in your lives. Your life will partake largely of your thoughts.

Hence the apostle says, "Think on these things." What things? First, whatsoever things are true. If I put my mind, and eye, and heart on the truth and get it there, and

SATURATE MY WHOLE NATURE WITH TRUTH,

when I speak I tell the truth as naturally as I live. If I put my mind and heart on falsehood, and get it there, and saturate my nature with falsehood, I begin to tell lies as naturally as I breathe. Every girl in this hall that never tells stories, please stand up. I want to see how many.

Here the evangelist paused. There was a good deal of giggling and laughing for the space of half a minute, and the girls hardly appeared to take Sam Jones' request seriously. He remained waiting, however, and at last, in response to a vigorous "get up! get up!" ejaculated from between his fingers, while he stroked his face, two elderly ladies rose.

"Well, all you men who never told any, stand up!" said Sam Jones; and then all the men who had been laughing at the girls suddenly became very quiet, but none of them rose; meantime the girls laughed at them.

"Whatsoever things are true!" Tell the truth, no matter what the rest is to you. Be reliable. Let your word be as true as the word of an angel. Die before you will make a false statement, and the only way you can ever get there is to reach the point where truth lives in our hearts and in our minds. Then we will tell the truth as actually as we breathe. Some time ago I said in the presence of a lady, speaking of a girl whom we saw,

"THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL; she has a sweet face. She is a nice girl, is she not?" "Yes," said the lady, "with one exception. She can't tell the truth to save her life. She is the most unreliable creature I ever met." Do you hear that? My! my! a pretty nice respectable girl, with a beautiful sweet face, but a miserable liar. "You

can't depend on a word she says" I am glad that was not a Toronto girl. I have a better opinion of you all. Be true to your word. Let it be known at the school, let it be known at your home, let it be known on the street, let it be known everywhere, that your word is as sacred as your heart. Truth! truth! I tell you this: If there's a mother here this afternoon will show me a truthful daughter, I'll show you a daughter that's obedient. I tell you, girls, when you get up where God and man can bank on

EVERY WORD YOU SAY

you are loyal to your mother, you are good to your mother. No truthful girl will be false or cross or mean to her mother. No truthful girl will lay up in bed in the morning until mother gets up and gets breakfast.

"That's true; that's true," murmured an old lady who sat near the reporters' table.

The evangelist continued. If a girl is false to her mother she is false to everything that is noble. In one town in Georgia I knew a family of girls. Listen! Their mother was a perfect slave for them. She cooked and ironed for those girls and did all the work about the house, and those girls just sat up and took care of their complexions and read trashy novels; and that mother just protected the complexions of those girls and would not let them go out anywhere. Well, the mother got them the most beautiful complexions, and one of the girls married a bar keeper; no, two of them married—and all the others are old maids to this day. Didn't she come out wonderful with her girls? That is the truth.

The Apostle said, put your heart and mind on truth and keep it there, and only study the true side of life, of character, and of all things, and live on that side; and then he said, "whatsoever things are honest!" Oh,

AN HONEST, OPEN-HEARTED GIRL

that never had a secret from mother, from brother, from father; one of those honest-hearted girls that you can see through from her face to her heart; I like that. Secrets have ruined many a girl. "I know something and I ain't going to tell anybody." (This was said in a high falsetto voice that made the audience laugh heartily.) "I have a secret. I would not let ma know it for anything in the world. She would oppose it right straight. Mo her has more old foggy opinions than anybody I ever saw in my life. I jus know before I tell mother she won't like it at all." Mother won't like it. Especially if a girl has picked out one of these little perfumed, Paris-hair-in-the-middle, tooth-pick dudes in town. And you are satisfied mother won't like it.

THAT AIN'T ALL, GIRLS

You be what you ought to be at home, be an honour to your mother and a blessing to your father. Know how to knit and how to make any garment, and get so you can play as well on the stove as you can play on the piano. And work along that way awhile, and first thing you know some first-class young man will find out where you live. He will hunt you up. But hold your ground, girls, live right, and do right, and be an honour to your home, and some of these days you will prove the words of the preacher. Be true to yourselves, true to God, and true to your mother; be an honest,

transparent girl that everybody can see through—pure gold from head to foot.

Then he said, "Whatsoever things are just." Well now justice is a great principle at home. Be just to your brother, be just to your sister, be just to your father, be just to your mother, be just to the young ladies with whom you associate. To be just in the best sense is one of the grandest principles in human nature aided by the divine grace. Be just towards everybody. Sometimes you young ladies are very

UNJUST TO THE SERVANTS

at your father's house. I can put up with any other sort of a girl but a young lady that is cross and mean to another young lady that has to work for her living. You know that if you are that sort of a girl that servant girl is better than you are. If you are cross and mean to her in your father's house, I say that servant girl is in the eyes of God better than you are. Nothing suits you. I put up at houses sometimes and I watch 'em. I can tell a girl by how she speaks to a servant at the table or in the sitting-room. I can just watch how she treats her mother and how she talks to her brothers, and I can tell a girl before I have been in a house forty-eight hours whether she is coming up on the line I am talking about. Ladies, seek to make your

HOME ATTRACTIVE TO YOUR BROTHERS

so that they won't want to leave it. Make home such an attractive place that mother will never have to sing, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Maybe he is running away from his cross sister right then. "Whatsoever things are just." If you do unkindly to your sister go and apologize. If you treat brother unkindly go and apologize. If you have spoken crossly to your mother go and tell her you won't do it again.

Then he said, "Whatsoever things are pure." I will give you this little incident to show you that to the pure all things are pure. A gentleman met me on the street and said, "Jones, a man told me that he would never go and hear you any more; that you were the most vulgar man he ever listened to." "Who was he?" "He's a bar-keeper in town." A bar-keeper that lived in an atmosphere of vulgarity and wickedness, thought I was the most vulgar man he ever heard. "To the pure all things are pure." Then I will say another thing. I will talk plain to you. I will never get a talk to you again this side of the judgment, and I am talking straight from my text, "Whatsoever things are pure." Are pure, girls, listen; listen to me. You

MIND WHOM YOU ASSOCIATE WITH.

You cannot associate with the wicked without becoming contaminated. To save your life you cannot do it. A girl that will sit down in her parlour with a young man who drinks and is steeped in sin, she cannot sit down and talk with him without being contaminated to save her life. "Whatsoever things are pure." The father is sitting alone in his study and the daughter comes in and says:—"Father, do you care if I go to the ball to-night?" He said: "No, daughter, I would rather you would not go." "Why, father?" "Daughter, I don't like the company you will be in." She said:—"Papa, I know the company ain't all first-class,

but I am not afraid of that hurting me." He says:—"Daughter, what is that on the hearth?" She says:—"It is a dead coal." He said, "Pick it up." She picked it up in her fingers and father said:—"Daughter does it hurt you?" She says, "No, sir." "Well," says father, "throw it down." He said, "What is that on your fingers, daughter?" She said, "It is smut." "Well, daughter, when you go into bad company if they don't burn you they will smut you every time." I will tell you another thing. That girl out there fifteen years old. There she sits back there. Ain't those fast girls mighty attractive to you? Mother, you had better lay your daughter on the funeral pile and burn her into ashes, than let her run with some of these fast young ladies in this town. You mark what I tell you.

WATCH YOUR COMPANY.

Don't you ever go with any girl if she will do things that you won't do, and say things that you won't say. If you do, you will be saying those says and doing those things yourself. "Whatsoever things are pure." Then I give you a little advice along here. When you walk with a young man, especially in Toronto, with the gas-lights and electric lights burning, you just say, "I am not afraid of falling; I don't need to take your arm; I am sure I can hold on." Well, I can see how you might take a young man's arm; but the most despicable sight is a young lady that will let a young man take her arm. ("That's true," from matrons all over the hall) Are you afraid the girl will break her neck? It's a scandal, a young lady walking down the street with a young man, his arm inside of hers. Now get mad with me for that. I say I can see how a young lady may take a young man's arm. But, young lady, you dare not, by the price of all that women hold inestimable—you dare not let a young man take your arm; for I say to you, your protection of all that you can value in this world depends upon the fact that you keep your person as sacred as the heart of God. That is one reason I don't like these round dances. Young lady, listen; when a young man puts his arm around you and dances with you, you are a pure, noble girl; but you don't know what sort of a lecherous wretch has got

HIS ARMS AROUND YOU.

You cannot tell to save your life. I trust God my daughter will have so much respect for her pure mother, it not for herself, that she will never be clasped in the arms of a young man dancing to the tune of a fiddle.

You will say, "Mr. Jones, you are too rough." But girls, remember, you may have listened to another tongue preacher, but you never looked in the face of a preacher that loved and prized your integrity more than I do. I love your character as I love the character of my precious daughters, and I say to you, let your character, like your person, be as sacred as the heart of God.

Above all things, God deliver me from a girl that is not pure in her tongue. I might put up with a lot of smutty-mouthed and impure boys; but my! my! how low down a girl will be when she becomes impure in her talk and conversation. Of course there's none of those girls here this afternoon, but if you find them, oh do

tell them what I said this afternoon—won't you girls?

"Whatsoever things are of good report." Hear ye, sisters! When father comes home from the store in the evening mother says to him: "Father, Mary has been a most dutiful child to-day; she is such a comfort to me." And when sister has retired, brother comes up to father, "Father, Mary is a ministering angel to me; she is so good to me I'd rather die than hurt her feelings." That's a good report, ain't it? Then father comes home in the evening, walking with little Mary, his daughter; she had called into the store on her way home from school and waited for him. "Mother," he says, "I wouldn't take

TEN MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD

for our Mary. She's the sweetest kind of child, and is going to be just like you, mother; she's going to be the grandest woman in this world. I thank you for such a child as Mary." That's a good report, ain't it? Mother goes down town and Mary's Sabbath-school teacher meets her and says:—"Your daughter Mary is the sweetest and best child in the Sabbath-school, and a blessing to all that come near her. She always has her lessons perfect, and her conduct is a rebuke to every bad scholar." And the mother says in the evening to father:—"Father, I've heard such a good report about Mary; her Sabbath-school teacher says she's the sweetest child in the school, and a blessing to all that come near her." Ain't that a good report? Girls put your minds and hearts on things of good report. Live in these atmospheres, and may God crown you with blessing and everlasting life. Above all things, girls, be obedient to mother. Who loves you better than any one in this world; girls, you can answer that. Why, mother, mother, mother. That is so. Well, look at her. Who is it that wants you to be happiest and dearest? Girls, don't quarrel with mother. Stand up for her. Do comfort and be a blessing to your mother. And, girls, I will wind up with this expression. I have one child, a girl now in her fifteenth year. She will come and sit down and reason with me about anything she hears me say in the pulpit, and she will talk with me and get me to explain perfectly what I mean, and now she said this to me last December. I just throw it out to you girls. When her little associates were, of the same age as herself, next door, gave

A CHRISTMAS TEA-PARTY

to a little fellow of the same age who had been off to school, Mary was invited, and she brought the invitation to me. She says:—"Now, father, I submit the question to you, and here it is. I am invited to supper, and now, shall I go? I read two notes or invitation. I said:—"Daughter, do you want to go?" She said, just as honest and candid, "Father, if you want me to go, I want to go. If you don't want me to go, I don't want to go." And she said, "That is the secret of it. Your will is my pleasure about the whole matter." I pulled the child up to my heart, and I said, "Daughter, just speak your will, and she said, "Father, I have no will at all in the matter. I will be happy to go or stay if you will be happy in my going or staying." That is the way for a daughter to talk. The

father only says he will and his daughter is happy either way. Girls, father says you cannot go, and you sweep out of the room and run up stairs and pout for a week. "He never did let me have any pleasure. I wish I was dead, that's all I wish." God pity the girl who does not know enough to submit such a question to mother, who does not love mother enough. Children, do right, live right. Mind these plain things. I have talked candidly and plainly, and may God sanctify the talk to the good of every one present. And now I want every young lady that says "God help me, I am going to lead a life better than I ever led before," to stand up. (Nearly all rose) Well, thank God for such a sight. Little girls, elder girls, everybody, when you pray, pray that God may help me that I may be useful wherever I go to work in the name of Jesus Christ.

TRUST.



PICTURE memory brings to me; I look across the years and see Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain My selfish moods, and know again A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown, My childhood's needs are better known, My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight A child still groping for the light To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand: That path itself for good was planned I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be That, as my mother dealt with me, So with children dealth he.

I wait, and trust the end will prove That here as there, below, above, The chastening hand, the pain is love. —John G. Whittier.

SAM JONES ON WHISKEY.

BROTHERS, America has got to be redeemed from whiskey, and I believe the day is not twenty years distant when our children will look back on these days when we legalized the traffic as days of barbarism and wonder why their parents even legalized such an infernal traffic. Now, old fellow, you clap your hands like that outside and you'll do good. Now whiskey, reap drunkards! And don't you know, my brethren, every barroom in this city is the recruiting office of hell, and going round inveigling your own children into hell. Well, my brethren, in the social world, where does the drunkard come in as a necessary part of the concern? What is a drunkard good for as a drunkard? Is he good for anything in good citizenship, or anything to bless the community? Well, brother if they're so good in God's universe, what do you want to manufacture them for? Yet you have two hundred manufactories in this town making drunkards. That's the way to look at it. If I were to come to the voters of this town and say, "Gentlemen, I'll give you \$300 so as to debauch every boy you have, you would not even answer me. And yet you give 200 people liberty to debauch some people's sons. If you saw whiskey you will reap drunkards. Oh, withhold the seed, and never scatter another. God deliver Old Canada from whiskey now and forever

"ONE CENT A DAY."

ONE cent a day the Master asks
From every true disciple a hand;
One cent a day to tell his love
And teach his word in foreign lands.

One cent a day to place a jar
The gates of mercy high and broad,
One cent a day to spread afar
The knowledge of our risen Lord.

One cent a day may send a blaze
Of Gospel light o'er India's plains;
One cent a day may free a race
For ages bound by error's chains.

One cent a day; from China's shore
We catch the cry and hear the plea;
One cent a day a few years more,
And struggling China shall be free.

One cent a day may wake the note
Of Zion's song in fair Japan,
One cent a day, O blessed Christ,
May tell of all thy love to man.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book & Publishing House, 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1887.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

The first Methodist Missionary Society in Canada was organized in 1824. At that time two or three men were trying to reach scattered bands of Indians in Ontario.

There are now about 500 persons engaged in the work of the Society as Missionaries, Teachers, Native Agents, and Interpreters; and the income of the Society for 1886-6 was \$190,000.

1. DOMESTIC MISSIONS.—These are among English-speaking people, chiefly in the newer settlements of the

old provinces, and in the North-West, British Columbia, and Newfoundland.

2. INDIAN MISSIONS.—These are, with one exception, in the Province of Ontario, the North-West, and British Columbia. They are 38 in number, with 37 Missionaries, 17 Native Assistants, 25 Teachers, 11 Interpreters; total, 90. The membership is 4,037. About 12,000 Indians are under our care.

3. FRENCH MISSIONS.—These are nearly all in the Province of Quebec, among people speaking the French tongue. The work is peculiarly trying and difficult, but not without many encouraging signs. Missionaries, 12; Missionaries, 11; Assistants, 2; Teachers, 3, total, 16. The present membership is 405. Now is the time of sowing. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

4. CHINESE MISSIONS.—In the spring of 1885 a mission was begun among the Chinese of Victoria, B.C. There is now a school for men, where the attendance ranges from 40 to 100. The religious services are crowded, and already fifteen adults have been baptized; while others are under instruction with a view to the same solemn ordinance.

5. JAPAN MISSION.—This mission was begun in 1873, and has been successful from the beginning. In that important empire we have now 11 Mission Stations, 16 Missionaries (of whom 9 are natives), 15 Native Assistants, and a membership of 591. One of the most important agencies in this mission is the College in Tokyo, which was opened near the end of 1884, and is now crowded to its utmost capacity with a promising class of students.

SPECIAL OBJECTS.

In addition to the ordinary mission work of the Church, there are certain special objects, the support of which has not been assumed by the General Board, but which are commended to the liberal aid of those to whom the Lord has given the silver and the gold.

1. CROSBY GIRLS' HOME.—This is an institution at Port Simpson, B.C., into which are received a certain number of Indian girls, who are trained in habits of neatness, industry and thrift, under careful Christian oversight. A grant in aid is made annually by the Women's Missionary Society; but when enlarged accommodation is needed (and this will be soon) special donations will be very acceptable.

2. THE MISSION YACHT "GLAD TIDINGS."—This staunch little craft is doing grand work on the Pacific Coast. The cost was over \$7,000, which has nearly all been met from private contributions, except \$500 granted by the General Board. But as the cost of running the little steamer exceeds what she can earn when not engaged in mission work, voluntary contributions for maintenance will still be in order.

3. CHINESE MISSION BUILDINGS.—To make our Chinese work in Victoria permanent, buildings are necessary; but the Board cannot provide these out of the regular fund. Authority has therefore been given to the General Secretary to receive special contributions for the above purpose. For such an enterprise as this a few hundred dollars will not suffice. Good

solid contributions are needed; but "every little helps."

4. THE MACDOUGALL ORPHANAGE.—This institution is located at Morley, N.W.T. Indian youth of both sexes (chiefly orphans) are received, and, besides school instruction, are taught various useful employments. A grant in aid of this deserving work is made by the Women's Missionary Society, and application has been made to the Dominion Government for a grant of land as a site for an Industrial Farm. Donations of money, clothing, or materials for the same, will always be welcome, and may be sent to the Mission Rooms, Toronto.

5. FRENCH METHODIST INSTITUTE.—The French people must be reached chiefly through the young; and to reach the latter an educational institution seems to be a necessity. A Boys' Institute was organized some time ago in connection with the First French Church in Montreal, and a grant in aid is made from the General Fund. Lately a Girls' Institute has been organized, under the direction of the Women's Missionary Society, with promise of good results.

Contributions in aid of any of the foregoing objects may be sent direct to the Mission Rooms.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, 1885-6.

Table showing Income: Subscriptions and Collections, Juvenile Offerings, Legacies, Donations on Annuity, Indian Department, Miscellaneous. Total Income: \$189,754 96.

Table showing Expenditure: Domestic Work, Indian Work, French Work, Foreign Work, Special grants, Special grants—Affliction and Supply, Appropriations towards Allowances of Superannuated Missionaries, General Superintendents, District Superintendents' Expenses, Of fruits Expenses, Annuities in consideration of Donations to the Society, Interest, Discount on Drafts, Publishing charges, Cost of management. Total Expenditure: \$184,948 84.

Table showing Deduct for Special Expenditure on College Buildings in Japan: \$3,000 00. Net Ordinary Expenditure: \$181,948 84. Surplus to be applied toward reduction of debt: \$7,806 12. Net indebtedness, say: \$114,000 00.

HANDSOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The Boy's Book of Sports, and Out-door Life. Edited by MAURICE THOMPSON. Small 4to, pp. 352. New York: The Century Co. Price \$2 50.

This is a book that will delight every healthy boy's heart. It is full of breezy out-of-door adventure. One may almost smell the forest fragrance and feel the breezes blow as he turns its pages. Every healthy boy is fond of out-of-door sports, and so he ought to be. Healthy boys will make healthy men, and this book tells how to get the most pleasure and profit out of this out-door life. It tells all about gunning, fishing, trapping, boating, camping, swimming, walking, skating, tobogganing, archery, amateur photo-

graphy, etc. "Believing in the maxim," says the editor, "that good boys make good men," he has tried to put into this book the helpfulness of a cheerful spirit and the freshness and purity of an out-door atmosphere, so that those who read may feel the influence of wind and sun and water, of woods and of birds. Boys will learn not a little of natural history from its pages. As to the engravings it is only necessary to say that they are from that prince of juvenile monthlies—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Baby World. Stories, Rhymes, and Pictures for Little Folks. Compiled from St. Nicholas, by Mary Mapee Dodge. 4to, pp. 303. New York: Century Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Thank God for childhood! It keeps even the old heart fresh, and makes it renew its youth again. Christ continually sets the little child in the midst to teach us every new lesson of purity, docility, and innocence. Some of the best talent in the world is devoted to the instruction and delight of childhood. A notable example is the volume before us. It is the handsomest holiday book for the very little folk that we have seen. It contains over 300 of the pictures most adapted for childhood, selected from the last seven annual volumes of St. Nicholas. It will make the eyes of the little folks sparkle. The pictures are, for the most part, the sort that tell their own story. They are quite an education, in the Kindergarten way, of the unfolding infant mind, cultivating the powers of observation, the sense of the beautiful, and the humorous. The stories and rhymes will have to be read over, we venture to say, scores of times to eager little curly heads. The pictures of child-life are really charming, and will beguile many an otherwise weary hour. The book, in paper, binding, and presswork, is every way worthy of the far-famed Century press.

"Quit Your Meanness." Sermons and Sayings of the Rev. Sam P. Jones, with introduction by Wm. Leftwich, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Subscription Edition. Price \$2 00.

Not since the days of Whitefield, we think, has there arisen a preacher who can so gain the ear of the masses and can so keep the attention of vast multitudes night after night and week after week. In this volume the marked characteristics of the Rev. Sam Jones' wonderful dissections of character and appeals to conscience are clearly shown. In quaint humour, in shrewd sense, in touching pathos, in aphoristic wisdom, we know no sermons to compare with them. The book is sure to have a large sale. It is elegantly printed and bound, has a fine steel portrait of Sam Jones and a good woodcut of his fellow-labourer Sam Small, with other engravings and a life-sketch of the great Georgia evangelist. The popular interest in these sermons is extraordinary. During the Chicago meetings great newspapers leased special telegraph wires to report them, and were amply recouped for the large expense by the increased circulation of their periodicals. This is the authorized edition, to an interest in which Sam Jones says he has as much right as to the coat on his back.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of \$2 from "A Friend," for Mr. Crosby's mission yacht, Glad Tidings.



THE LOOK-OUT.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER"

At a "good-bye" social in the Queen Street Methodist Church, to the Rev. I. W. Jeffrey, pastor of the church, the Young People's Association, Mrs. J. B. Porter sang—to an encore—Miss Annie Herbert's beautiful song—"When the Mists Have Rolled Away." The singer, too, occasion, the relation of the retiring pastor to the Queen Street Church and people, the very deep sympathy of all present with him, on account of the great affliction that had come to him during his pastorate here, all tended to make the song a very appropriate one.

"We shall know each other better;"
What revelations in the song!
What deep throbs of fervid feeling
As our being's pulses throng;
Memory brings us, as we listen,
Thoughts of loved ones passed away,
And we wonder if they know us,
Better, with each passing day.

How she sang! so true and tender:
"We shall know as we are known."
How the song's sweet promise thrill'd us!
"Never more to walk alone."
And we thought, how all life's journey,
We had been misunderstood;
And how oft we had walked, lonely,
'Mids. the busy multitude.

And the bowed head in the altar—
Bowing low and lower still—
Thinking how the flesh did falter
To receive the Master's will,
And the lesson strangely taught him,
Seeing dimly through his tears,
All the Triune God had brought him
In this trinity of years;

Grasped the truth, the song adorning;
"How Hope's coming glorious day
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away;"
Saw, with us, the Golden City
And the end of pain and loss;
All God's wondrous love and pity;
Jesus dying on the cross.

Sweet as breath of Orient meadows,
Borne by summer breezes along,
Over earthy mists and shadows,
Came the fragrance of the song;
"Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the anguish of to-day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away."
—L. A. Morrison.

THE LOOK-OUT.

HERE you see him on the look-out with his telescope in his hand. You will always find him about midship or abaft the captain's bridge. His duty is to be continually on the look-out. He sights vessels, receives the orders of the captain and first mate and transmits them to the boatswain, assists the captain in making observations and in reckoning latitude and longitude.

The face of this midshipman is kindly, earnest and speaks of purpose within. If he is faithful in his duties he will be promoted to the office of first mate. An earnestness of purpose is necessary for any one who wishes to succeed in life, no matter what they undertake. A person who thinks to get through life successfully must make up his mind to succeed in what he undertakes to do. A half formed purpose is little better than no purpose at all. If this midshipman succeeds in his work and is promoted to a higher office it will be because he has performed every little duty in the best way he could; for you know, it is the waxy little that make the whole. Every tiny duty slighted cannot help to build up such a career as you will be glad to look back upon when it is finished.

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.

THE TORONTO REVIVAL.

PERHAPS nothing in the religious history of Toronto has proven so momentous as the revival conducted here by Sam Jones and Sam Small. Day after day, for three weeks they have spoken to audiences that, in some cases, proved too large for the capacity of the Mutual Street Rink and the Metropolitan Church combined. The same meetings in the church, were simply phenomenal both as to numbers and character and the amount of money reported in these columns, were contributed, \$643 having been collected.

The financial aspect is very flattering also. At the latest meeting of the Executive Board of Management \$2,000 had been raised, and the expenses to that time were \$1,500. In order to ascertain what the probable expense of the meetings would be the committee asked Sam Jones how much he should be paid; his answer was that they made no condition, but left that matter with the people; they only stipulated that they might not be obliged to walk home. There will be enough money raised, should the collections be continued as generously as they have been given, to present the two Sams with a handsome amount.

THE GOOD THAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Aside from these external features it is estimated that up to the time of this writing about 800 converts have been made. And the estimate is based upon the cards sent to the secretary. Each penitent is waited upon with a card on which is written his name, business address, residence address, spiritual condition, church preferred and minister's name. This card is then sent to the minister whose name is mentioned. From 20 to 25 of these cards are sent every day to churches other than Methodist; two-thirds of the converts naturally fall into Methodist churches, but one-third get into other churches.

Then much good is being done in a way not made public. Every day letters are sent the evangelist, giving evidence of the wide-spread and earnest interest aroused, and it is known that some drunkards have been reformed and dishonest men made honest. And the newspaper reports, which are always complimented by the two Sams and the ministers, have done much in disseminating the good seed. Whatever may be said of the whole movement, it has taken Toronto by storm. Men on the street, in the crowded business marts, behind the counter, in the saloons, in the workshop, on the cars, all over the city and far out into the country are discussing and commenting and criticizing it.

BOOK NOTICES.

Studies of Animated Nature. J. Fitzgerald, Pastor, 108 Chambers St., N. Y. Price, post-free, 15 cents.

Here are four delightful essays on natural history subjects. First there is an essay on "Bats," by W. S. Dallas, and then one on "Dragon-Flies," by the same author. The other two essays are "The Glow-Worm," by G. G. Carholm, B. Sc., and "Minute Organisms," by F. P. Balkwill. Natural history possesses an irresistible charm for all readers especially when, as is the case with the present book, its

beauties and wonders are unveiled by a keen-sighted observer, and are presented in the simple, limpid style that nearly always comes unsought to the student of nature. The book is published as one of the "Humboldt Library" series, a collection of popular scientific works embracing many of the most celebrated treatises of the day upon natural science. For sale by William Briggs, Toronto.

Kathie's Experience. By Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. Author of "Highways and Hedges," etc. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. \$1.00.

Kathie tells her own experience, and, by Mrs. Miller's help, does it in a captivating way. It takes no prophetic gift to see that this will be a very popular book among the children. Any one could safely make such a prediction upon knowing that Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller was its author; but in this Mrs. Miller has surpassed herself. Few books are so calculated both to interest and to profit the children as this.

Dear Gals. By Josephine R. Baker. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. \$1.25.

This is a story for the little folks, which will capture all who read it, whether old or young. Though concerned only with the common happenings of life, yet it obtains a strong hold upon the reader, and brings him into such sympathy with the young heroine that he shares her joys and her trials.

SAM JONES ON GETTING RELIGION.

BEFORE I was converted I drank whiskey, danced, and done things that people ought not to do, but since the day I consecrated myself to Christ no man has ever sent me an invitation to a ball or asked me to take a drink or to play a game of cards. They knew who to fool with. If anybody invites you to a ball-room they have got you down as a slipshod Methodist and they've got you down about right too. (Laughter.)

Here he turned to Rev. Dr. Potts and said: "Doctor, does anybody invite you to balls?" "No, not much," was the reply.

Rev. Mr. Jones resumed—I am so glad that Toronto knows a Christian when he sees him. Did you ever come to a good understanding with the Lord and say, Now, Lord, I am thine till I die; I will never do a thing to dishonour Thee, and I will do the right thing till I die? Did you talk that way to God when you were out alone with him. We're playing religion in this country largely. You've seen children playing supper—one little biscuit, and a lot of little plates, and a piece on every plate. Every little one has his crumb. Well, sometimes I've seen enough religion for one man scattered among about three hundred. They were playing religion and every little fellow had his crumb. (Laughter.) I expect there are churches in this town where, if every man were to empty his religion into one heart there would not be enough to get one good shout. I recollect the day when I used to tie a little string to a stick and ride it all

round—lops it, and face it, and trot it, and water it, and feed it, and call it my horse—if anybody said it wasn't I'd get mad in a minute. When I grew up and got upon a sho'nuff, I felt named of myself that I had ever made out like a stick was a horse, and if you get your people upon the truer principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ you will be ashamed of the way you were living, and making out to be religious. (Amen.) Later on Mr. Jones came to the subject of playing ministers. I tell you, brethren of Toronto Methodism, you don't hurt yourselves in this paying business. I can show you churches much less pretentious in Chicago where they pay their minister six, eight, and ten thousand dollars a year. You may pay your ministers all they're worth, but you ought to throw them in something. The astonished ministers joined in the laughter which followed this hit, and Dr. Potts slipped forward and said sinners may well be willing to take a hit from Brother Sam when he hits the preachers so hard. Come on, said Sam Jones to the laughing audience, we want you to enjoy this part of the service, for it's going to be pretty warm for you later on. I believe you have got a good, consecrated ministry in the Church here. It takes a good deal of religion to put up with Sam Jones. You're doing it first-rate.

SAM JONES' IMPRESSIONS OF TORONTO.

"TORONTO has the reputation all over the States of being a moral, cleanly city but, with my present knowledge of Toronto, I will say that the half of its good features has never been told. I speak collectively, of course, and I believe the moral force of this city can eliminate its evil. Your Orphanages, Home for the Incurables, and your other public buildings, and your public men, as far as I have met them, reflect credit upon the city. I have been charmed with your leading citizens. That there are sinners many in this city I suppose all will admit. The 250 places in the city where liquor is sold are so many infectious sores upon the body of the city, but then to-day Cincinnati, with only three times your population, has 3,400 bar rooms and beer shops, and Cincinnati is not far ahead of many other cities in that line. Your Sabbath is a wonder to any thinking man from the States."

Here Sam Small broke in and said:—"Unless he is from Atlanta. We have as good a Sunday in Atlanta, Georgia, as you have in Toronto."

Sam Jones (addressing Sam Small) —"Say now, Sam, I would like to stand by a man from down my way or die, but I would not compare Atlanta with Toronto, when Atlanta has street cars running and newspapers sold all over on Sunday."

Sam Small, quietly—"Well, it's all right."

Sam Jones—"Anyhow, you admit Toronto is an astonishment to the American!"

Sam Small—"Yes, I will that."
Sam Jones, continuing, said:—"And, after all, I believe Toronto is as healthy a spot as can be found. Then I want to say this, your people are a singing people. I believe we have had the best music since we have been in Toronto that we ever had at any of our services."

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

(Laws written on the fly-leaf of a little given by a mother to her son.)

REMEMBER, SON, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift; that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said, his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
'Twas he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one
Near to the other clung.
Remember, 'tis no common toy—
A MOTHER'S GIFT! remember, boy.

SAM JONES-ON PROHIBITION.

LET me tell you if you will take the bonds of death off the consciences of this town and take them out of their graves and tear the graveclothes off them, prohibition will not only be the vote and the sentiment of the city, but it will be the practical life of this city. Oh, God! awaken these men's consciences, and let them see that God holds them responsible for every drunkard and every broken-hearted wife, until they have done their utmost to rid their country of this infernal curse. I said in one of our cities—Chattanooga, Tennessee, I was fighting this infernal traffic with a vengeance—I said:—"Brethren, hear me to night. In my State we have almost reached the point where I can say that nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whiskey, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it. Now, if you can boil it down to a more concentrated essence than that, you just sign my name to it. Well, the liquor men commenced, and cursed round big about what I said, and that night I met them. I said:—"My fellow citizens,—To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock you barkeepers and wholesale men meet me in the study of Market Street Church and we will go up until we reach Ninth Street and go four blocks and turn into a poor house and look at the pallid woman and six ragged children that live there, and we'll hear her tell how she was raised in plenty and married a sober, upright man, and lived for a time amidst the blessings of a happy home. And I'll get her to tell us about how her husband commenced drinking at the bar-rooms, how he went from bad to worse, how he covered her whole body with bruises, how he kicked their children across the floor, how he was, at last, arrested for crime and sent to penitentiary for ten years. And all of us, one at a time, will put our ears to the bleeding heart and hear the blood drip, drip, and if you can say anybody but an infernal scoundrel will sell that stuff I'll take it back to-morrow night on my knees before this congregation." Well, that ended the discussion. Well, there were some

red-nose gentry got their backs up because I said nobody but an infernal fool would drink whiskey. Well, I said I would deal fair with them, and I'll tell you another thing further. It costs thousands of dollars—it costs the happiness of a home, it costs the respectability of a family, it costs almost all that man can call valuable in this world, it costs all of that, to paint one nose red. I heard Sam Small say once that he spent \$10 000 and broke his wife's heart, and almost beggared his family, and he never got his nose anything more than a pale pink. Well, I said to the red-nosed gentry, listen. "I will deal fair with you, you are my brothers, just as the whiskey sellers are. Listen. In Galtsville, in my own State, a few months ago, about sun-up, a man woke up in gaol, and as he opened his eyes the gaoler came into his cell. He looked at the gaoler and said, 'Where am I.' 'You are in gaol,' was the reply. 'In gaol! In gaol for what?' asked the prisoner. 'In gaol for the murder of your wife, sir.' The man staggered back and fell unconscious to the ground. In an hour he awoke and called the gaoler to him. He said:—"Go out and collect a mob, and get them to come here and take me out of prison, and hang me on one of the limbs of the nearest big tree, for I have murdered the best wife in the world!" Now, if whiskey makes a man do that don't you agree with me that he is an infernal fool to touch it? Conscience. The Lord wake us up on this question, and show us it is wrong for us to put a bottle into our neighbour's hands, to license a house for the purposes of sin and hell and death. It is no longer a question as to how much license they pay, or how close your police oversight may be, but it is a question on the part of those precious wives and mothers, who are tired of seeing their husbands stagger into drunkard's graves, tired of seeing their boys debauched and damned before their own eyes. It is a question, not of money, but of blood and death and hell. God help you to see this and to denounce and to prohibit this infernal traffic forever in your borders.

REV. SAM JONES' BIRTHDAY.

SATURDAY evening, Oct 16th, saw the Mutual Street Rink crowded to excess. Mr. Benson came to the front and remarked that he had learned by accident that that day was the anniversary of Sam Jones' birthday, and he suggested that during the evening the audience should signify their knowledge of that interesting fact, and at the same time compliment the Georgia evangelist by giving him "a Chautauqua wave." "Don't do it by halves," added Mr. Benson. "When we Canadians do anything, we like to do it with all our hearts."

A few minutes before eight o'clock Sam Jones entered the hall, and with him Sam Small. Mr. Benson rose and repeated what he had said about Sam Jones' birthday, and called for "the Chautauqua salute." Sam Jones listened to Mr. Benson in evident astonishment, and apparently did not know what to expect when promised the salute in question. His smiling face, however, showed that he did not think it would be anything dangerous or unpleasant. While Mr. Benson had been speaking the 4,500 people in the audience had been fumbling about for their

handkerchiefs, and now at a signal from the Chairman they threw their hands into the air, and the inside of the Mutual Street Rink, from end to end, and side to side, and gallery to floor seemed to be a mass of fluttering handkerchiefs. Sam Jones looked on with a quizzical sort of expression, as if he did not know exactly what to make of it—a half-puzzled, half-amused, but wholly delighted sort of look, and when he arose immediately afterwards to recognize the compliment, which had been followed by a round of hearty applause, his delight found vent in the following words:—

My fellow-citizens and brethren in Christ, this is, according to the old family Bible record of our name, my 39th birthday, but really I am only fourteen years of age. I began to live really only about 14 years ago. Glory to God for the second birth. I hope and trust that these meetings shall number the birthdays of hundreds and thousands of souls. I thank you for the hearty response you have made to the kind words of Mr. Benson. I thank God for friends. The Bible says that the Lord will give a hundredfold more in this world, and everlasting life in the world to come to them that serve Him. A hundredfold more in this life. Well, brethren, I am a living, talking witness of the truth of that assertion. Fourteen years ago next month I bade my home at Carterville "good-bye," and started out as a Methodist preacher. Now God has given me hundreds of homes everywhere I have been from that day to this. I left my mother—a step mother, but a good mother to me—and God has given me a thousand mothers over this land as true and good as my own precious mother could be. I left a few friends in my little town of Carterville to go out and preach the gospel. Glory to God, he has given me ten thousand friends for everyone I bade good-bye to. He has given me a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a millionfold in this life, and everlasting life to come. If I had a thousand tongues, they should all talk for Christ, a thousand hands they should all work for Christ; a thousand feet, I'd put them all on the way to heaven. If I had a thousand hearts, I would give them all to Christ. Oh! Lord Christ, live in our hearts, forever to bless and keep us. Again I thank you for your hearty response. Late last night my birthday present came in way of a telegram from my wife saying, "I will join you in Toronto next Wednesday morning." Thank God for a wife that is to a man like two crutches—one under each arm—as she has been to me. I would have fallen a dozen times but for the crutches under my arm. And, thank God, all I am to day I owe to my wife, who has been indeed a help-mate to me. I didn't know there was a person in this town knew to-day was my birthday. Thank God, every birthday has its sorrows and its memories, and thank God that many of your birthdays have rich promises in them. Thank God for one more year of sacred labor in the service of Christ. Since the 16th of October, 1885, I have spent a laborious, but, thank God, a happy year in the service of Christ. For fourteen years my life has been a rapture to me, and I want you to know it.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.

SAM JONES' METHODS.

It took two or three days, and half a dozen meetings, to enable men to understand Sam Jones and his method. He has told the church members who have attended all his various meetings, that it is not to them that he addresses his quibs and his jokes, his humour, and his slang, but to the railway and workshop men, and who, as a rule, do not go into any sort of church.

It is marvellous how much Sam Jones has to say on every subject he touches on and how easily he manages to enlighten it with "illustrations," as he calls them, and apt humorous anecdotes. He has something to say to the people, he told them one evening, and he is going to say it in his own way in spite of that solemn old brother over there. His humour is spontaneous, and bubbles up sometimes before he appears to be aware of it. Occasionally he turns the laugh against himself. As, for instance, when he recommended his audience to "laugh and grow fat on the way to glory." "Before I took to enjoying myself and living as I do," he said, "I was thin and scallow, and look at me now!" He was standing right in front of Rev. Dr. Potts as he spoke and his form is still so thin, after years of laughing, that the herculean proportions of the Chairman, were visible on either side of the evangelist, just as if the latter had been but a telegraph pole, while if Sam Jones used to be scallower than he is now he certainly stood in need of a remedy. Sam Jones fully appreciated the situation when he made the "illustration," and joined as heartily as anybody in the general burst of laughter that followed. Then sometimes he pokes a little fun at the pastors themselves, and they nod their heads and smile and appear to enjoy it as much as anybody.

SAM JONES ON GETTING READY FOR CHURCH.

I HAVE known a good lady take an hour to get ready, physically, to go to church, and never spend half a minute getting her soul ready to go. I wish we would prepare our souls to take in the bread of life, like we prepare our appearance to take in the eyes of the world. I am not objecting to a woman being well dressed, but when a woman's always fixing up her person and neglecting her soul, it reminds me of a man that's building a house. And now he's putting all the gilt and paint on the scaffold that's going to be taken down in a few days and thrown aside forever. Oh, woman, the important thing is the adornment of your soul—that's the one eternal thing. That body will be taken down and laid aside as helpless as a doll when a child's tired of playing with it. It is your soul that shall lay your body down like a pile of chains. It is your soul that at last will push the doctor back and overleap the circle of friends, and mount above the stars, and over vault the very throne of God itself. It is your soul that should have adornments first.

At the court of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favour of the queen, when she said, "Raleigh! when will you leave off bogging!" He replied, "When your majesty leaves off giving."

MY MOTHER.

MY mother's care, her tender eyes,
Watched o'er my helpless infancy;
And when within my dimpling face
She thought that she some smile could trace,
For all her trouble, care, and pain
She felt herself repaid again.

She taught my infant lips to raise
Their lisping voice in prayer and praise;
And then she'd set me on her knee,
And tell that Jesus died for me;
And very fond I ought to be
Of him who was so kind to me.

When how shall ever I repay
Her kindness both by night and day!
In every way I'll try to do
Whatever's right and good and true,
And by obedience try to prove
She has not thrown away her love.
—Children's Friend.

SAM JONES ON GOING TO THE CIRCUS.

I WENT to the circus once when I was a boy. Never been since. You never catch me sneaking into a circus "to see the animals." Do you hear that! I have never lost my self-respect enough for that, to say nothing of religion. Well, I went out to a circus, and saw them dragging something along the ground that looked like two or three hundred yards of old canvas. Then they got it to a furnace where they had some charcoal burning, and they lifted up that canvas over that furnace, and I saw it began to grow and develop and expand, and by-and-bye my little heart leaped up and I said, "That's a balloon," and I noticed as soon as it was fairly inflated, the rope that tied it shock, and when a man got into the car and out the rope it went up like a thing of life. Up! up! up! and it seemed to say, "I can't have taken ten more." What a difference between the old balloon before it was inflated and after it was inflated. Before it was inflated it took ten men to drag it along there, and when it was inflated it would carry fifty up. Look at these old members of the church. It takes forty people to get them out to meeting. A little old soul, you can't do anything with it. But just bring a soul up to the grace, generating power of Jesus Christ, and get the soul thoroughly inflated with the Divine grace; its tendencies are upwards, and it throws its arms of love round the whole community and says:—"Stop your wickedness, and let's go home to God."

REV. SAM JONES AND REV. SAM SMALL.—BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.

Of the two Southern Samuels whose evangelistic labours for some years past have been so abundant, so enjoyed by some and so heartily disliked by others, biographical material of a reliable kind is somewhat meagre. Neither of them seems to have had the distinction given to the great prophet of the name, of being set apart to the service of the Lord from his youth, though accounts differ as to whether before conversion they could really be accounted as genuine "hard cases," or only, "a little wild."

Sam Jones is the more prominent of the two; he was first in the field, his was the instrumentality that led to Sam Small's change of life, and his gift of homely effective oratory is more unconventional and attractive than that of his convert and co-labourer.

Sam Jones' father fought in the Secession side throughout the war, and afterwards practiced law, a profession which his more distinguished son also adopted, after having received what is spoken of as an "excellent" education. It would appear, therefore, that the liberties which he takes with the Queen's English are either the result of intention rather than ignorance, or that the "excellence" of his education was neither very profound nor very durable. He fell into evil courses. Hard drinking, gambling, and other dissipations had brought him very low, when his father's dying appeal touched his bitter nature. He reformed, became a converted man, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1881 started his career of itinerant revivalism which has brought him so much into notice, and in which he has been favoured with such success.

REV. SAM W. SMALL.

This evangelist also is from the South. He was born in Knoxville, Tenn., about 1842, and spent most of his youth in Georgia and Louisiana. He took a college course, studied law for a year, and then branched off into journalism, a profession in which he acquired considerable success and a certain degree of fame as a humorist by negro dialect writing over the sobriquet of "Old Si." It was in December, 1884 that the great change came over his life which led to the substitution of the revivalist platform for the editor's chair. It was in that year that, to use his own words, "taking his children, a valise, a clean shirt, and a bottle of whiskey," he went to hear Sam Jones. He heard him, was convinced and converted, and at once set about bringing others into the same way.

OHRYSOSTOM AND THE EMPEROR.

In the days when the Roman emperors used to persecute the Christians, a Christian bishop, named Ohrysostom, was brought before the emperor.

"I will send you into banishment," said the emperor, "unless you give up your religion."

"All the world is my Father's house," said he, "and so, wherever you send me, I shall be at home."

"I will take away your treasures," said the emperor.

"Earthly treasures I care not for," said the bishop. "My best treasures are laid up in heaven. Those you cannot take away."

"I will put you to death," said the emperor.

"You may kill this body, I know," observed the Christian; "but you cannot hurt my soul, for its life is hid with Christ in God."

"But I will separate you from all your friends."

"Nay," said the brave bishop; "for my best friend is in heaven, and nothing can separate me from him."

PRESIDENT WEBB of Mississippi College was interviewed by a young man who wanted to go to school. "Well," said the president, "what do you know?" "Nothing," was the response. "Well, you are just four years ahead of some of the other pupils. It takes them four years to learn what you know to start with. Your prospects are fine, sir."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A D 96 98.] LESSON X. [Dec. 5.

WORSHIPPING GOD AND THE LAMB.

Rev. 5. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Rev. 5. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Book, v. 1-4.
2. The Lamb, v. 5-8.
3. The Song, v. 9-14.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as in Lesson IX.

EXPLANATIONS.—A book—A parchment roll with seals, common then all over the empire. Lion of . . . Juda—Juda himself had been called by his father "a lion's whelp." See Gen. 49. 9. Jesus was his lineal descendant. Root of David—See Isa. 11. 1. Four bears—Four living creatures representing God's power and glory. Seven horns—The horn was regarded as the seat of power. Seven horns complete in power. Seven eyes—Completes in intelligence and watchfulness for his people.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The worthiness of the Lamb!
2. The kingly glory of Jesus!
3. The universal song of praise!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was John taken in his vision? To heaven. 2. What did he see there? The throne of God. 3. What did he see in the right hand of the one who sat on the throne? A sealed book. 4. Who came and took the book? The slain Lamb. 5. What was the song of those around the throne as given in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Blessing," etc. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Redemption by the blood of the Lamb.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

92. What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state? Eating of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat. [Genesis ii. 16, 17; Genesis iii. 6.]

A D 96-98.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 12.

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

Rev. 7. 9-17. Commit to mem. vs. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple. Rev. 7. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The White Robes, v. 9, 10.
2. The Angelic Song, v. 11, 12.
3. The Elders' Answer, v. 13-17.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as in Lesson IX.

EXPLANATIONS.—A great multitude—The company of the redeemed will be of every name and people, of all ages, and far too many to be numbered. Palms—These were branches of palms, and suggests the procession when Jesus entered Jerusalem. White robes—The white over-garment was peculiar to the noble Jew. The Jew was God's chosen representative: so this company, clad in white, was God's true Israel. Tribulation—Beating fine to get the grain out. It was the Roman word for thrashing.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we learn—

1. The honour conferred upon the saints!
2. The glory given to Jesus!
3. The rest and joy of heaven!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did John see before the throne? A great multitude in white robes. 2. What was the song which they sang? Salvation to God and the Lamb. 3. Who were these in white robes? Those who came out of great tribulation. 4. In what had they made them white? In the blood of the Lamb. 5. What is said of them in the GOLDEN TEXT? DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The water of life.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

93. Why were they commanded not to eat of this fruit? To try them whether they would obey God or not.

94. Wherein lay the evil of eating the forbidden fruit? In the spirit of disobedience to God, unto whom, as their Creator and Benefactor and Lord, they ought to have been in entire submission.

SAM P. JONES' BOOKS.

Rev. Sam P. Jones'
MUSIC BOOK,
THE GREAT
AWAKENING.

Containing, "HAPPY AT THE CROSS," and "GOD IS CALLING YET," the two pieces which were so popular at the meetings held in Toronto. Mailed post free, on receipt of

30 CENTS.

Per dozen, \$3.00 per express, not pre-paid.

WORDS ONLY EDITION,

Limp cloth,
PRICE TEN CENTS. If mailed, 11 cents.

SERMONS and SAYINGS

BY

REV. SAM P. JONES.

Cincinnati Music Hall Series.

Edited by W. M. LEFTWICH, D.D.

With Portraits of Sam Jones and Sam Small.

Paper, 319 pages, 50c.; Cloth, \$1.25.

In ordering please state "CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL SERIES," as this volume is entirely different from another previously issued.

LATEST ISSUE!

Sermons Preached in Toronto.

"TORONTO, CANADA,
"OCTOBER 26th, 1888.

"TO THE PUBLIC—

"DR. WM. BRIGGS, OF THE METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE IN TORONTO, IS THE ONLY AUTHORIZED PUBLISHER OF MY SERMONS DELIVERED DURING MY STAY IN TORONTO, CANADA. ALL OTHER PUBLICATIONS OF THESE SERMONS ARE PIRATICAL AND UNAUTHORIZED, AND ARE THEREFORE STOLEN GOODS, AND I HOPE AN HONEST PUBLIC WILL NOT DEAL IN SUCH.

"SAM P. JONES."

NOW READY,

Authorized Edition.

RIFLE SHOTS

AT THE

KING'S ENEMIES,

BEING SERMONS DELIVERED IN TORONTO BY THE

REV. SAM P. JONES.

Also SAM SMALL'S famous Sermon,

"DELIVERANCE FROM BONDAGE."

With introduction by Rev. John Potts, D.D., Chairman of Mr. Jones' Executive Committee.

PAPER COVERS, PRICE 25c.

IN PREPARATION,

A largely Illustrated Volume, containing sermons and sayings of Sam P. Jones and Sam Small, delivered in Toronto and the U. S., with the story of Mr. Jones' life, written by himself.

To be sold by subscription.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

G. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.