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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

No. 21.

## RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

THE Chinese are a very hospitable, and a very polite people. They are very fond of entertaining their friends, and the rich folk entertain them very magnificently. They are very profuse in their salutations and compliments. The mansions of the rich are often situated in the midst of elegant gardens, and are adorned with very great taste. In the engraving we are shown the interior of one of these mansions. It will be observed from the size of the figures, how lofty and spacious the apartment is. Through the latticed door way and the large oval windows, without glass, is caught a glimpse of the beautiful gardens without. The numerous and elegant lanterns hanging from the ceiling will attract attention. When these are all lighted at night the effect must be very beautiful. The sentences inscribed in gold or vermilion letters are for the most part moral maxims or proverbs, of which the Chinese are very fond. An artist will be seen copying the extraordinary looking dragon on the screen to the left of the picture. The grave and dignified figures with their bald heads and pig-tails and rat-tail moustaches and almond eyes are very queer looking. It is sad to think that one-third of the human race living in China have never heard of the Gospel of Jesus, for there are only 100 missionaries in the whole country, which is as if there was only one preacher in the whole of the Dominion. This seems to me a strong argument in favour of Methodist union—that of the surplus ministers in Canada some might go to the perishing millions of pagan lands who are dying without the knowledge of true God. Let us do all we can to send the gospel to these vast multitudes who have it not.

## THE BETTER LAND.

I KNOW not where that city lifts  
Its jasper walls in air,  
I know not where the glory beams,  
So marvelously fair.

I cannot see the waving hands  
Upon that farther shore,  
I cannot hear the rapturous song  
Of dear ones gone before.

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,  
Washed clear by contrite tears,  
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light  
From the eternal years.

Basil answered calmly :

"He who possesses nothing can lose nothing : all you can take from me is the wretched garments I wear and a few books, which are my only wealth. As to exile, the earth is the Lord's ; everywhere it will be my country, or rather, my place of pilgrimage. Death will be a mercy : it will but admit me into life ; long have I been dead to this world."

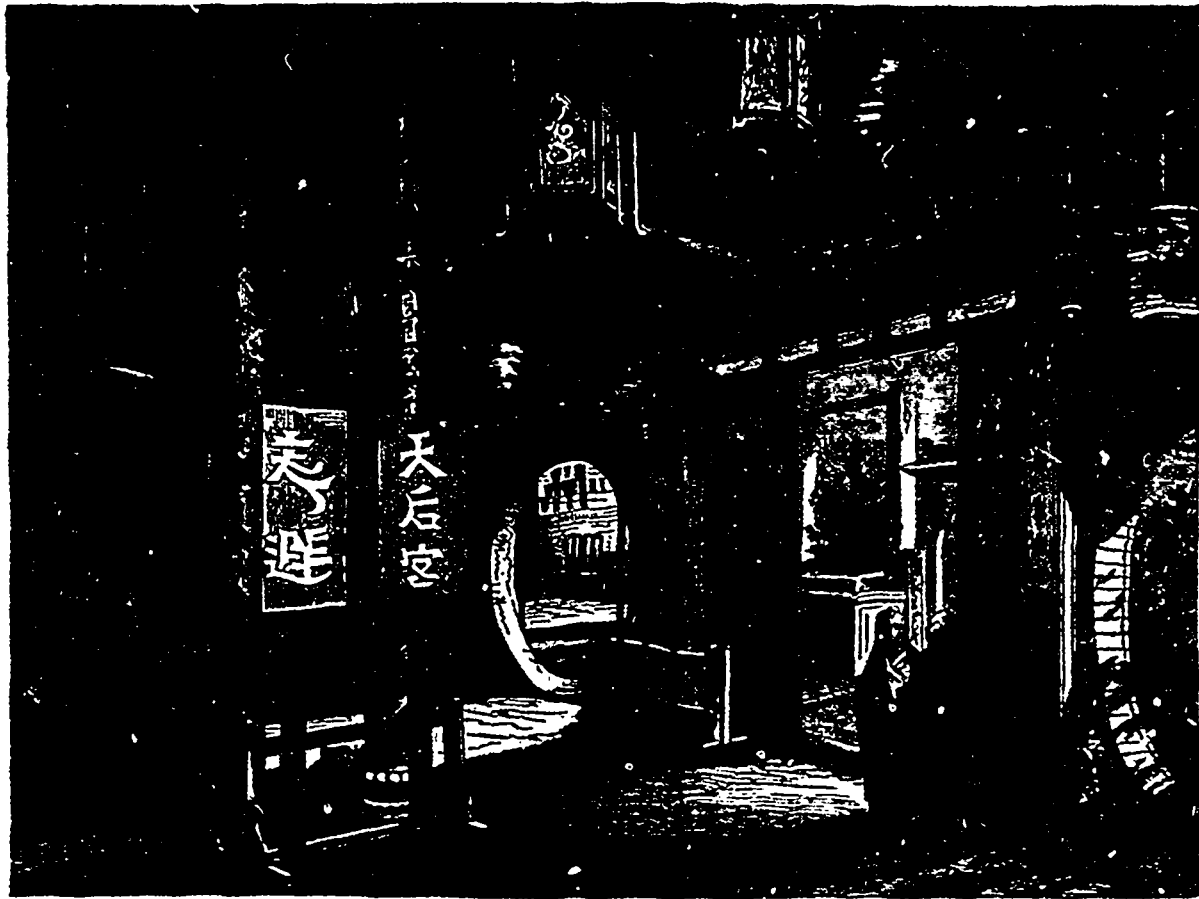
The officer expressed his surprise at the unusual tone of this speech.

"You have never, then," said

soon none can tell. Oh, yes ; if there is no treasure in God, let us be eager to gather some of this world's treasure.

True, we will have to learn how poor it is, but if God's word for it is not enough, then we must take our own way, which is very likely to prove a hard way.

Ah ! if young Christians could but believe the truth that all good things are in God, how brave, how true, how noble, would their lives be ; how lifted above this lower atmosphere, so often choked and defiled by cloud and dust !



RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

## A HERO REWARDED.

THE following romantic story is told by the Raleigh News :

In one of the hotly-contested fights in Virginia during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier (James Moore, of Burke County, N. C.,) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavoured to dissuade him from such a dangerous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastworks, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink.

The Federal under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succour him. The name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the embankment. They saw nothing more of each other.

Moore was subsequently wounded, and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given the cup of cold water, on the

## FAITH'S ANSWER.

A CHRISTIAN bishop, Basil by name, was once approached by the trusted officer of a heathen emperor, who hoped to induce him to give up his religious faith and submit to the religion of the emperor. The bishop, however, was not moved by any of the arguments presented, and the officer at length exclaimed, in a rage :

"What! do you not know that I have power to strip you of all your possessions, to banish you, to deprive you of life!"

Basil, "before conversed with a bishop?"

But the noble sentiment belongs to a bishop no more than to the humblest Christian, for he it is who, "possessing nothing, yet possesses all things." The Christian, old or young, rich or poor, sick or well, is the only one who can afford to be poor, friendless, and unknown ! Those who have nothing in God, and who must find all their good things in this world, have need to make haste—to grasp all that their hands can reach—: hold fast all that they can gain. Why not ? Life is short ; death is coming soon—how

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occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in four annual installments, of \$2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception in the matter.

### THE TRUE RING.

**W**ANTED, a clerk at 650 Washington Street.

This was the advertisement that appeared in one of the morning papers of a large city. Many a young fellow who had been seeking employment for weeks felt his hopes rise as he read it.

Fred Barker heard it at the breakfast table the day after it appeared; his sister Louise said, "Oh Fred! I forgot to tell you that I saw in yesterday's paper that Mitchell & Tyler want a clerk; that will be the place above all others for you. It's a splendid store. Of course you can get the place if you are not too late. You can take a letter from Uncle Horace; his influence and your appearance will settle the matter. I heard Mr. Mitchell was real fussy about his clerks, but I'm sure he can find nothing to object to in my handsome, well-dressed brother," and the sister looked admiringly at Fred's fair face, smoothed locks, and well-fitting suit.

"Perhaps I'll call around there after a while," Fred said carelessly. "Please hurry and go now, won't you?" his sister said: "I'm afraid somebody has snatched up the place before this time."

Fred finished his breakfast in a leisurely way, put a few extra touches to his already careful toilet, lighted a cigar, and sauntered forth.

"Better throw away your cigar before you go in. Mr. Mitchell may object to it," said Louise, who stood in the front door as he passed out.

"He'll have to take me as I am," Fred said with a lofty air; "all gentlemen smoke. I do not propose to be a slave to him or any other man." He called at his uncle's office on the way and procured a letter of recommendation. Thus equipped, he felt confident of success.

Just behind him there walked with brisk step a boy of fifteen, a year or two younger than himself. This was David Gregg. He, too, had seen the advertisement, and was on the way that very minute to 650 Washington Street. He was the eldest of a family of children whose father had died at the beginning of this long winter. David had tried hard to find employment, had improved every moment in doing odd jobs for anybody, had studied the papers and answered advertisements until he was well nigh discouraged. The places were sure to be filled by persons who had influential friends; he had none, for his father had removed to the city from the country only a short time before his death, and now, more because he applied for every thing he heard of than from any hope of success, he had risen very early that morning, made the fire, and while his mother was preparing breakfast, put himself in the neatest possible order to go to Mitchell & Tyler's.

When he appeared at breakfast looking so bright and so neat, his mother thought he was a son to be

proud of, the handsomest boy in the whole city, yet his face was actually homely as far as beauty of features was concerned; his clothes were coarse, and he had no fancy necktie, no flashing pin, or gold cuff-buttons like the elegant young gentleman who now walked before him.

What was the reason that among the large number of boys who filed in and out of Mitchell & Tyler's private office, no one of them had yet been selected to fill the vacant clerkship? Mr. Mitchell, the senior partner of the firm had asked some plain, straightforward questions of them—"Where do you spend your evenings?" "Do you play cards, go to the theatre?" etc.; for Mr. Mitchell had declared to his partner, "If there is a boy in the world who has good habits and right principles, I'm going to hunt him up if it takes all winter," so it turned out that many of the boys could not give satisfactory answers to the searching questions, and others, when Mr. Mitchell sounded their knowledge of figures, were not ready reckoners. They came and went one whole day, and as soon as the door was opened the next morning candidates came flocking in like birds.

And now it was Fred Barker's turn. He stood before Mr. Mitchell, his hat on his head, his cigar removed from his mouth, it is true, but the smoke thereof curling upward into the merchant's face. He presented his letter of introduction. Mr. Mitchell read it, then asked a few questions. Meanwhile his practical eye was taking it all in—the cigar, the imitation diamond, the large seal ring, the flashing necktie. He knew in a twinkling where Fred Barker probably spent his evenings, and that it would take more money to indulge his tastes than he could honestly earn.

To Fred's astonishment he presently heard, "I don't think, young man, that you are just the one we have in mind for this place." Then before he knew it he was bowed out.

The next boy who was admitted did not advance with such an overconfident air. He held his hat in his hand and spoke in a modest, respectful manner.

"Have you any recommendation?" "No, sir, I have none," David answered, a little dejectedly. "We have not been long in the city."

"Well, you need none, if I can trust my eyes," Mr. Mitchell remarked to himself. The bright frank face and the manly air of the boy, impressed him most favourably; he was still more pleased when he drew him into conversation and learned what books he was fond of, and how he was going on with his studies evenings, although he had been obliged to leave the high school and earn his living.

Mr. Mitchell had very sharp eyes, he took note of the well-brushed garments, the shining boots, the snowy collar and cuffs, the delicately clean finger nails—even by such small things as these is character read—and above all, the look of sincerity and honesty shining from the blue eyes.

"Well, David," Mr. Mitchell said, as he got up and walked backward and forth, "what if I were to tell you that you can have the situation providing you will work a part of every Sabbath?"

It was a most cruel test. The boy hesitated—just a moment—then he

said, while his colour rose and his voice choked, "I should say, sir, that I cannot accept it."

"Not even when your mother needs money so badly?"

"No, sir, my mother would not use money so earned. She has always taught me to obey God and trust him, come what will."

"That has the true ring, pure gold," said Mr. Mitchell, bringing his hand down on David's shoulder. "My dear boy, I want you, and I do not want you to do any work on the Sabbath. I will pay you ten dollars more a month than the last clerk received, because I am glad to find one boy out of a hundred who remembers his mother's teachings, and fears to disobey his Lord."—*New York Evangelist.*

### THE DYING MINER.

**T**WENTY miles from camp, and night approaching. A young missionary working for his Master in one of the mining communities of Colorado found himself in this situation one day, and was beginning to look about him for a place in which to spend the night, when a little ways ahead he descried a rude cabin.

Approaching nearer, he saw it was one of the poorest of these rough habitations; and much of the "chinking" between the logs had fallen out, rendering the place additionally uncomfortable.

"Such a place as that is surely deserted," said the young minister to himself, "and I am inclined to think that I would rather sleep out doors, to-night, than inside that shell, even if it should prove to be inhabited by one who would make me welcome."

At the moment the sound of song floated out through the openings between the logs, and our traveller stopped his horse to listen to a man's weak voice singing that dear old homesong, "Home of the soul."

"O, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams  
Its bright jasper walls I can see,  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
Between that fair city and me,"

were the words that reached the ear of the listener outside.

"I must see the man who can sing like that in such a place as this," thought the missionary, riding up to the cabin and alighting from his horse.

A feeble "Come!" came from within, in answer to his knock; and entering, he found himself in the small room of the cabin, which was almost destitute of furniture.

In one corner a rude bedstead had been constructed of boards and pieces of timber, on which some old blankets were spread; and on this bed lay a man, evidently very near to death.

"Dying alone in this situation twenty miles from the nearest camp, still his look into the beyond seemed so clear, so real, that the language of the hymn he feebly sung was indeed the language of the heart," said the missionary as he related the incident afterward. "He died that night; and I have never ceased to fill a thrill of thankfulness, whenever I think of him, that I was belated that day, and so enabled to be with that man when the end came. Surely that which satisfies a man when in the midst of such surroundings is not a thing to be lightly rejected. When

a man leaves the home of his boyhood he cannot afford to leave the religion of Christ too."—*Golden Days.*

### THE ASIA.

*Foundered on Georgian Bay, on September 14th, 1832, with 100 lives lost.*

**T**EAR for the loved and lost,  
A sigh for the brave gone down;  
One hundred souls dashed from life to death  
Ere one prayer for mercy had flown,  
As the Asia sank beneath the wave  
Which remorselessly rolls o'er her silent grave.

Down, down to the depths of the watery waste,  
The sport of the "storm fiend's" power;  
The ship sped down with her living freight,  
In that black, despairing hour,  
And bleeding hearts long will mourn the day  
When the Asia was lost on the Georgian Bay!

The laugh was light and each face was bright  
As the doomed ones gathered in glee,  
And the farewells were said as the brave ship sped

To her fate 'neath the hungry sea.  
While the "storm king" laughed in his hellish sport  
As he reckoned his victims leaving the port.

The gentle, the good, and the brave;  
The matron, the maid, and the child—  
The strong and the weak alike went down  
In the clutch of the hurricane wild;  
The timid with wild despairing moan,  
And the brave with a horror they dared not own.

Ah! sickening and cruel was the sight,  
As the winds wove the doomed ones shroud,  
The stars withdrew 'neath the mantle of night  
And the moon hid her face with a cloud;  
While the demons of earth, of air, and sea,  
Howled loud 'mid the darkness in horrible glee.

Yes, weep for the souls gone down!  
'Neath the sweep of the "storm king's" breath,  
Who rest in unbroken repose—in peace  
In the curtainless chambers of death!  
While Huron's water now quietly rolls  
O'er the spot where perished a hundred souls!

But nobly the few struggled on,  
With the death shriek still fresh on their ear;  
Ah! they battled in vain, for the foe man they fought  
No cry for mercy would hear.  
Yet bravely they fought 'mid their watery grave,  
The battle for life 'twixt Death and the brave.

Still, even in dying, they sang  
Of the home on the "Beautiful Shore,"  
Of the "Sweet Bye-and-bye," or "Pull,  
Sailor, Pull!"  
As they hopelessly toiled at the oar.  
And they sank one by one in the merciless deep,  
To wake on that shore "where they never more weep."

Only two to relate the sad tale!  
Or picture the ship tempest-tossed;  
A boy and a girl alone to be saved,  
Where the strong and the rugged were lost.  
Brave boy! and brave girl! thus to win in the fight  
That yet battled with Death through that awful night.

J. W. FITZMAURICE, Hamilton.

A LONDONER who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg asked his hack-driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a Mayor, he inquired: "And does the Mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia, what's that?" asked the astonished hackman. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no," responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."

AUTUMN.

BY THE REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

I WALKED in the silence of Autumn,  
The ough solitude's sacred retreat:  
I sighed with the winds of November,  
Whose Summer had bowed in defeat;  
Defeat, for her green leaves were faded,  
Defeat, for her bloom was in blight,  
And the balmy breath of her mornings,  
Had changed to the chill of the night.

And yet, as I paused in the silence,  
Sweet voices sighed soft through the air,  
And though death was stamped on the  
flowers,

Yet death was transcendently fair,  
I took of the leaves which had fallen,  
Their greenness and freshness were lost,  
Yet, glowing they gained in the glory,  
Bestowed by the sunlight and frost.

The tints of imperial purple,  
The crimson, the russet, and brown,  
And gold like the fringe of the morning,  
For beauty had woven a crown;  
And this, on the brow of November,  
Flashed out in the light of the sun,  
Till grander was dying than living,  
And death was a victory won.

I saw in the silence of Autumn,  
And solitude's sacred retreat,  
That death, while so cheerless to many,  
Could blush into beauty complete,  
Could out-glow the glory of living,  
And blaze in the face of decay,  
November with touches of splendour  
Out-blushing the blushes of May.

And so I have seen in the human,  
Such lives as were grand to behold;  
Like forests in frosts of November,  
Whose glory were crownings of gold,  
Sublime in the vale of the dying,  
As their songs triumphantly roll,  
The sweet hallelujahs of Autumn,  
Breathed out as the joy of the soul.

So the good like leaves which are falling,  
Are beautiful in their decay;  
The tints which grandly adorn them,  
Are gifts of eternity's day.  
They fall, but they fall in their beauty,  
In beauty's increase they arise,  
They bask in the noon-day of heaven,  
And glow in the glow of the skies.

A TRIP TO ISLAND LAKE.

BY THE REV. E. LANGFORD,

Missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada at  
Oxford House.

[We have pleasure in presenting the following article written in response to our request by a faithful missionary of our church in the Great North Land.—Ed.]

III.



THE various tribes of  
Indians in America  
have different ways  
of disposing of their  
dead; those of Ox-  
ford House bury in  
the ordinary way.

Here (at Oxford House) we have a neat burying-ground, with many of the usual marks of civilization—tombstones, picketings, and other enclosures—while the whole ground is surrounded by a substantial picket fence, (built through the kindness of the Hudson Bay Company's officer in charge of this post) and here, for more than a hundred years, the Companies officers, and servants, as well as the Indians, have buried their dead.

At Island Lake, in company with the Hudson Bay Company's officer of that place, I visited the ground where these Indians bury their dead. There is but one grave that bears any marks of civilization, it is that of the man who interpreted for Rev. O. German, when, a few years ago, the Gospel, for the first time, was proclaimed among those Indians. This man's mother, who lives at Oxford House, and who, for years, has been a cripple moving about on her hands and knees, hearing

of the death of her son made the long journey of nearly 200 miles in the depth of winter that she might see and weep over his grave. This journey she accomplished by the aid of a train of (four) dogs, accompanied by a small boy. She has yet two sons living, both interpreters, one of whom interprets for me, and a devoted Christian he is.

But I must not forget my theme. A little beyond the grave to which I have referred, we came to the graves of the pagan Indians, pagans buried by pagans! As you look at the surroundings you are apt to ask, "What does this mean?" and without waiting for a reply you conclude, "Well, however unenlightened these poor people may be, it is certain they believe in the conscious existence of the soul after death." The first grave we visited was that of a noted conjuror. A high, rough picket fence surrounds the grave (about 12 ft. square). To each of these "pickets" is tied a small piece of the man's shirt, for what purpose I was not informed. Immediately surrounding the grave is a low picketed enclosure, at the head and foot of which are placed two rough sticks; to these were tied several small packages wrapped in thin birch bark. On examining some of these we found they contained small quantities of tobacco, tea, roots, &c.; these had been placed there by his friends (some of them recently) with the hope, doubtless, that the departed spirit might still indulge in the luxuries he enjoyed in this life. On the surface of the grave (which is flat) we saw tobacco, pipes, shells, Indian medicines, &c. Most of these things were his "personal" property, and about all he owned in life. Sometimes they bury all the Indian possesses with his body—his gun, axe, traps, clothes, &c. Here, however, all are placed on the grave. The day after we visited the grave I was preaching and enquiring among the pagan Indians if there were any who wished to give up their old ways and follow the light of the Gospel. Among others this man's widow and four children came to me and requested to be baptized. I took them on trial, and on my second visit baptized them. Poor creatures, they were almost naked, for they are obliged to hunt and provide for themselves.

We next came to several graves in a group; these show that the living have great respect for the dead. At present the surroundings are considerably out of repair. On platforms, directly over the graves, are placed ordinary boxes in which we saw (for they were not locked) among other things, several small camp-kettles, some of them new and expensive, while near the graves we saw the ashes of camp-fires. Here the friends of the deceased had come to drink tea with the departed spirits, and afterwards placed the kettles in the boxes never to be used again.

Since the preaching of the Gospel at Island Lake these fruitless ceremonies have been given up. No war-whoop is heard, nor rattle of the conjuror's drum. No children are sent to spend days and nights and weeks alone in the forest, or on some lonely island, through some superstition of the parents. No cruel rites are performed. But the Bible is devoutly read by those who have one, and its teachings closely adhered to, while the

fruits of the Spirit are manifest, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering," &c. The song of praise is heard ascending from those smoky tents, and the blessing of God, of heaven and earth invoked, while a happy heart is expressed in the countenance of the follower of Jesus. When death calls away one of the living, no rattle of the conjuror's "medicine-bag" is heard, nor rumble of his drum over the corpse of the departed; nor are conjuring performances or pagan rites observed at the grave. But the appointed exhorter and Scripture reader conducts the services as we are accustomed to hear in the civilized world. "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord." No earthly treasures are placed in or on the grave for the benefit of the departed, for the reader continues, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." No tea, tobacco, or medicines are given for the support of the body, for the earth falls heavily upon the coffin as the words are repeated, "We commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

I trust that the readers of this little account may live faithful unto death, that they may join those who are going up from Island Lake to meet the blood-washed throng who have come out of every nation, and tribe, and kindred, and tongue, there to sing together unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins. Amen.

NOTE.—To all the young readers of the PLEASANT HOURS who wish to write me, asking questions respecting our Indians and this mission field, I shall endeavour to give suitable answers. In this way such information as I have not thought of giving may be found interesting. Of course, with the consent of the editor, my answers shall reach you through this paper. Now don't be afraid to ask me any questions, relative to our work, of which you have not yet been informed. In this way I shall try to give some interesting and instructive items.

GERTIE AS A TEACHER.



HAT, you taught a class in Sunday-school!"

"I did truly, girls," said Gertie, smoothing out her dress with a complacent look. "Every single Sunday that I was there.

"How many scholars did you have?"

"Why, I had one. they only give one scholar to a teacher, when there are teachers enough to go round. You see the men want to talk, ask questions, and have things explained, and one is as much as you can attend to."

"I should like to know what questions you could answer," said Edna Lewis, tossing back her curls. "Why, Gertie Allen, you were only ten years old when you went to California!"

"I know that, but I was asked ever so many questions that I could answer. My scholar was real nice."

"What did you teach him?"

"Oh, he was learning his letters. I had a bright-coloured picture-book, and I pointed to the letter and said it, and then he would try to say it after me. Sometimes he would pronounce so funny I would have to laugh. He used to 'mocaslat' too."

"Mocaslat! What is that? Is that a Chinese word?"

"No," said Gertie, laughing. "that is a Melican word, but I was over so long in understanding what he meant."

"What did he mean?"

"Why, 'mark a slate.' He was learning to write. I used to make a letter on his slate, then he would try it, sometimes he would fill his slate full of the one letter, made real nice, too."

"I should think that was queer teaching for Sunday-school." This was what the girl with the tossing curls, who had never been to California, and never been a Sabbath-school teacher, said.

"Why, it is the only way you can teach! They don't know a thing, and they want to learn how to read, so as to get into the Bible-class. They can learn ever so fast. Of course, you can talk to them a little. My scholar asked questions about Chicago. He knew that I lived in Chicago, and he had some of the funniest ideas. He asked me if folks went to Church every day, and if they talked about Jesus all the time. And he said he should think they would love Jesus, so they would be homesick to go to see him. Uncle Alle said that was what he meant, though he used some queer words to explain his meaning."

The girls were thoughtful over this. It struck them as a strange thing to be homesick to see Jesus."

"He said a good many things that were hard to answer," Gertie continued. "Once he asked me how many times a day I made 'talkes' to my Jesus."

Then the girls all laughed; but some of them grew sober in a very few minutes.

"I shouldn't like to answer that question," said Dell Woods.

What the other girls thought they didn't say; but Gertie, with grave face and thoughtful eyes, went back in memory to some of the searching questions that her Chinese scholar asked her, and wished in her heart that she could have told him more about Jesus as her personal friend.—*Light in Many Lands.*

FEAR NOT.

WOULD our King tell us, again and again, "Fear not!" if there were any reason at all to fear! Would he say this kind word, again and again, ringing changes as of the bells of heaven upon it, only to mock us, if he knew all the time that we could not possibly help fearing! Only give half an hour to seeking out the reasons he gives why we are not to fear, and the all-inclusive circumstances in which he says we are not to fear; see how we are to fear nothing, and no one and never, and nowhere, see how he himself is in every case the foundation and the grand reason of his command, his presence and his power always behind it; and then shall we hesitate to say, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me!" Shall we even fancy there is any answer to those grand and forever unanswered questions, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"—*F. R. Havergal.*

"You be afeerd of hard work, you be," said one of the disputants. "No, I haint," said the other; "I'd lie down and go to sleep alongside of it any day. I haint afeerd of it."

CHEER UP.

HERE is always something to cheer us,  
No matter how weary the pain;  
Though dismal and dark be the night watch,  
The morning will dawn soon again.  
There's a joy for each saddening sorrow,  
A smile for each glimmering tear;  
Our hopes may be scattered like ashes,  
Yet Phoenix-like rise from their bier.

Then cheer up, ye mortals, be hopeful,  
Despair not, though rough be the road;  
God's grace is sufficient to aid you,  
No matter how heavy the load.  
Be faithful, and active, and earnest;  
In idleness never sit down:  
The better the dark cross you carry,  
The brighter will sparkle your crown.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 11, 1882.

OUR NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPER.

At the request of the Sunday-School Committees of the three Western Conferences, a new Sunday-school paper is being prepared, to be issued on alternate weeks with PLEASANT HOURS. There are many schools which want a paper for every Sunday, and to procure one, have been compelled to take the *British Workman*, *Band of Hops Review*, or some other periodical—sometimes American papers, which are hostile to the institutions of our country, and offensive to our patriotic feelings. In order to meet the want that has been felt, and to supply our own schools with our own papers, it has been decided to issue a new paper, the same size and price as PLEASANT HOURS, and in every way its equal, if not its superior. After discussing and rejecting many names, it has been decided to call it "HOME AND SCHOOL."

This name indicates the double purpose which will be kept in view in its publication—to make home happy, and to make the Sunday-school more and more a grand success. This paper is now being prepared, and will soon be ready for issue. It will be, it is confidently anticipated, the handsomest paper ever issued in the Dominion. It is determined to greatly improve the character also of "PLEASANT HOURS," using better paper, better ink, and better engravings, so that these

two papers may defy competition, and prove themselves the best papers in the world for our Sunday-schools.

While seeking to combine all the excellencies of "PLEASANT HOURS," "HOME AND SCHOOL" will have also special features of its own. Great prominence shall be given to the subject of Christian missions, especially those of our own Church, both in Japan and among the Indian tribes of the North-West and the Pacific Coast. Special attention shall also be given to Temperance, and a series of boys' and girls' temperance lessons, will be a feature of much importance. A series of sketches will also be given of HOMES OF THE POOR, with striking engravings that will touch every heart. Puzzles for the fireside, short stories, choice poems, every thing that can refine and delight will be furnished, to make the winter nights and summer days cheery, and beautiful, and bright.

That our young people, and their friends, may get acquainted with the men whom the Methodist Church delights to honour, there will appear from time to time, portraits of some of the leading ministers and laymen, who have occupied prominent positions. The first number will contain a portrait and sketch of the Rev. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D., who for the past four years has discharged, with such success, the important duties of President of the General Conference. Special prominence will also be given to the Sunday-school lessons; and lesson notes, different from those given in either "PLEASANT HOURS" or "SUNBEAM," will be given for every Sunday in the year.

Now, such a paper as this will require a very large circulation to prevent a loss, when it is published at so low a price. We hope the schools, for whose benefit it is begun, will arrange to send as large and as early orders as possible. The paper will be published for the first Sunday in the New Year, but specimens will be issued almost immediately, and will be sent, as far as possible, to all our schools. We hope that this paper will go to many places where we have no schools, and will be helpful to the cause of God and of our own Church by carrying religious intelligence, and the light and joy of Christian hope and happiness to many a home and many a heart; and that it may be abundantly blessed of God to His honour and glory.

Remember the very low price. Single copies 30 cents a year; less than 20, 25 cents; over 20, 22 cents; over 100, 20 cents.

"CHEAP" LESSON HELPS.

WE have pleasure in calling the attention, of all Superintendents and Sunday-School officers, to the following judicious remarks of the Secretary of the Congregational Sunday-school Union of New England. They apply with equal force, to the publications of our own Church, which we are constantly endeavouring to improve, and still further cheapen:

The Society has often been requested, especially from the West, to prepare helps of poorer quality in paper and printing and literary work, in order to compete with the cheaper productions of this sort which flood the market. But, after mature consideration, we are convinced that the work we are called on to do requires us to maintain the

principle that the best materials for teaching Christian truth will prove in the end the cheapest. Publishers of secular reading for children, such as *The Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*, spare no pains or cost to make it attractive. When these cheap lesson helps, with muddy type and dingy paper, are put beside the bright and entertaining secular reading, they leave on the children an impression similar to the memory of a chilly drizzly Sunday as compared with a bright sunny holiday. To save five cents a year on a child's religious education, at a cost of a permanent impression like that, is poor economy. The Society will, therefore, spare no pains to prepare the best aids to the study of the lesson. These helps will be furnished at the lowest rates consistent with their quality; and special terms will be made for mission schools, and those who would otherwise be unable to purchase them. It must be remembered that no private gains are sought in this business, and that whatever profits there may be are used for the benefit of the Church, (with us for the Superannuated Ministers' Fund.)

TALK OVER WHAT YOU READ.

EARLY forty years' experience as a teacher has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and connectedly and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own, will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading, in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a familiar way, the interesting parts of the books they have read with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempt to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.—*Christian Union*.



CANOE IN RAPIDS.

ROMANTIC AND PERILOUS SCENE.

OUR picture presents us with a romantic and perilous scene. See this torrent rushing madly down these rapids, between towering ledges and among huge boulders. How can these frail canoes pass without being dashed to atoms? It is wonderful how experienced boatmen will navigate in safety amid such perils.

But there is another peril, more fearful than the cataract. There is a wily Indian with his bow bent, ready to send his unerring arrow to the heart of these boatmen. They may escape the perils of water, but how can they escape the Indian's deadly attack? In many of the older portions of our America, the early inhabitants were in constant peril from these wily savages. And can it be any wonder that the Indians were so ready to avenge the many wrongs they had suffered from white men? They had been driven from their hunting grounds again and again, defrauded in every way by dishonest and avaricious agents of the government; treaties have been disregarded and violated; and how could they regard the white man otherwise than a foe?

If we should have friends among the Indians, no less than among our neighbors, we must show ourselves friendly. This has been the unvarying policy of the Canadian Government, and as a consequence in all our dealings with the Indians for their lands not one drop of blood has been shed, while in the United States, there have been cruel Indian wars, which have cost hundreds of lives and millions of dollars.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.



REV. SAMUEL DWIGHT RICE, D.D., *President of the General Conference.*

DR. RICE.

**W**E want our young people to know something of the chief officer of the Methodist Church of Canada.

We have, therefore, pleasure in presenting a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Rice, the President of the General Conference.

We are unable to supply details of his early history further than that he is a native of New Brunswick, the son of an accomplished physician in that province. After some mercantile experience in early life, which has proved of much value to him ever since, he became a probationer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1837, and for three years laboured on the Mirimichi Circuit. He then spent six years in the city of St. John, with the interval of a year at the Sackville Wesleyan College, and created for himself a reputation which has made his name a pleasant and a potent memory in that province ever since.

In 1847 he came to Upper Canada, and laboured successfully at Toronto and Kingston. Most of his after life has been spent in connection with educational institutions,—four years as Treasurer and Moral Governor of Victoria College, and, after a three years' ministerial term in Hamilton and two years of enforced rest from pulpit work on account of throat affection, he spent sixteen years of arduous service in connection with the Wesleyan Ladies' College of that city. He has had numerous proofs of the confidence of his brethren, has been Chairman of District, Secretary of Conference, for two years President of the old Canada Conference, Vice-president, and now President of the General Conference. He has been in ardent sympathy with all our educational movements, and has taken an active part in the different schemes of the Church in promoting this object. Its publishing and other interests have no more vigilant guardian and faithful friend.

Dr. Rice's educational work in connection with the Hamilton Ladies' College—the pioneer of the many ladies' colleges of the country—has

been of great service to the country. It is not too much to say that the institution owes its prosperity, more than to anything else, to the unwearied fidelity with which he devoted to it the ripe energies of sixteen years of his life. The early years of the College were years of hard struggling. The times were bad, and an interest in higher education had to be created in the country. But costly as the effort was, both in toil and money, it has been abundantly repaid, for, more than any other agency, it has contributed to give female education its present proud position in Canada.

Since the year 1863, the College has sent forth nearly 200 graduates, who have completed the full course of study, and several hundreds more who, for a shorter period, have enjoyed its literary advantages. Its alumnae and ex-students are found in all parts of this land, adorning with the graces of a Christian culture the social circle, lending the charm of their influence to the cause of religion, teaching in higher institutions of learning, and, some of them, sharing the trials and triumphs of missionary life. On the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Rice, in 1878, and his return to the circuit work in which his early years were spent, he was succeeded by the Rev. Alex. Burns, D.D., LL.D., an accomplished *alumnus* of Victoria University.

We have had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with Dr. Rice for five and twenty years. He was the guide of our youth, and the counsellor and friend of our later years; our relationship has been so intimate that for months we saw him almost every day when labouring under the pressure of engrossing public duties and daily cares—duties and cares of a nature to try to the utmost the mettle and the temper of any man. And our judgment is, that we never knew a man of nobler spirit, of more magnanimous nature, of more staunch integrity, of more inflexible firmness in what he believed to be the path of right and duty. Go where he will, throughout the length and breadth of Canada, Dr. Rice finds some young man or young woman whom he counselled and aided during their college days; and wherever he finds one such, we venture to say, he finds a warm and hearty friend.

Dr. Rice, during the sessions of the late General Conference, celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday. We venture to say that he was the youngest man for his years in that assembly—straight as an arrow, active in his movements, prompt and clear in his judgments, and capable of great endurance of labour and fatigue. Such is the man whom the Methodist Church of Canada delights to honour, and whom it has made its chief officer

to guide and promote its manifold interests. He should have the sympathy and prayers of the whole Church that he may be sustained and preserved in the discharge of his important duties.

MINISTERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

**I**T may not be generally known, that in the admirable school system devised for this province, by that noble benefactor of his country, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, special provision is made for the visitation of the schools by the ministers of the different churches, and for the communication of religious instruction to the school. Or if known, it is too little cited upon. We are glad to see from the *Orilla Packet*,—one of the most valued of our exchanges—that the ministers of that town, have arranged for a regular systematic visitation of the schools, and for giving four addresses to the scholars on topics 1, 2, 3, of the following list; three addresses on No. 5; and one by a medical man on topic 6.

- No. 1. Punctuality and Promptness,
- No. 2. Self-Improvement (Reading, Good Company, &c.)
- No. 3. Obedience.
- No. 4. Honesty.
- No. 5. Kindness to Each Other, and to Animals, Birds, &c.
- No. 6. Physical Health and Development.

This plan if generally adopted, would be of great advantage. When the Editor of *PLEASANT HOURS* had charge of a church in Hamilton, he used to go in turn, with the other ministers of the city, to the public schools, and great good there is reason to believe resulted. It is interesting to note the Rev. S. P. Rose, is now engaged in this good work, in the town of Orillia, where fifty years ago his honoured father, was engaged in the same work. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children."

TO BE EXPECTED.

**W**HEN we work practically in the line of a true principle, we may expect practical results.

When we propose to the Sunday-school teacher attention to the intellectual tastes and habits of his scholars through the week, as well as on Sabbath, we expect that, following this counsel, he will gather fruit not many days after.

The C. L. S. C. (Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle) has from the beginning aimed to turn to a good account the literary tastes and educational ambitions of our Sunday-school pupils, and of our young people generally.

A Sunday-school teacher on the Pacific Coast, who early became a member of the Pacific Segment of our "Circle" called the attention of her class of seven young ladies to the plan of study. They were pleased. Under her direction they began to read and study in the appointed lines of the "C. L. S. C."

Under recent date she writes as follows: "Already the good effects of our literary labors are apparent in improved lessons in my Sunday-school class; for a habit of study makes it easier for them to apply their minds there."—*Sunday-School Journal*.

"MY BIRDIE."

**E**ACH morning, when the shadows flee,  
A little bird flies swift to me;  
None dearer anywhere can be  
Than this, my birdling, white and wee.

Two bright brown eyes gaze into mine—  
Two bright brown eyes with love ashine;  
Around my neck two small arms twine,  
Like tendrils of an ivy vine.

To meet my own a red mouth springs;  
Against my cheek a soft cheek clings;  
"Good mornin', papa, my bird sings,  
"I loves 'ou bes' of anyfings." —*Reid.*

FRANK BEARD AT HIS QUESTION DRAWER.

**E**VERYBODY has heard of Frank Beard and his blackboard. For the benefit of those who have not seen him talk, we give the following illustrations, from the Chautauqua "Question Drawer." The reader must imagine that almost everything he talks about he pictures on the blackboard while he is speaking. The following is a good specimen of the manner in which he amuses his audiences:

"How did you first learn to draw?" Now that is a personal matter, but still it is a matter of general interest. Perhaps I can illustrate how I first learned to draw, and if there are any who do not hear me, they can see by the picture. Fortunately, I had a little brother, and by constant practice I found out the best method of drawing, having him to practice on. This was my first drawing lesson. [Here Mr. Beard drew an illustration, in which his little brother was seated in a hand-cart, and he drawing him.]

Question—"Do you know of any more impressive way of teaching than by the blackboard?" Yes, I believe I do. When I was a little chap, I ran away on Sunday and went a fishing, against the commands of my mother; and this was the occasion of her teaching me a lesson on disobedience. It was a very touching lesson; it left impressions I have never forgotten. There was a tender spot upon my conscience for a long time. She did not use a blackboard either, she used—a shingle!

Question—"Believing the Bible to be true, what course would you take if a man smote you on the cheek?" Well, that would depend on the size of the smiter and on the amount of cheek I possessed. If the smiter was one of those Philistines, like Goliath, whom David slew, I would take very sudden action. I will show you the action I would take in the circumstances.

[Here Mr. Beard drew a picture of himself flying with gigantic strides to escape the smiter.]

Question—"What would you recommend a Sunday-school teacher to study besides the Bible?" [The lecturer here sketched with great rapidity the head of a beautiful child.]

THE day is drawing to its close,  
And what good deeds, since first it rose,  
Have I presented, Lord, to Thee?  
What wrongs repressed; what fruits maintained;  
What struggles passed; what victories gained;  
What good attempted and attained,  
As offerings of my ministry;

—*Longfellow.*

## REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.\*

## "THE PROTRACTED MEETING."



THE day after the Quarterly Meeting, Elder Ryan drove to his home—if home it could be called, where he spent not one-tenth of his time—at the Twenty Mile Creek, Neville, who travelled thus far with him, thought nothing of the twenty miles walk to the Holms, where he had left his horse.

One of his plans for the spiritual welfare of his scattered flock, was the holding of a series of protracted meetings at the various settlements. One of these was held at the wooden school-house of the little hamlet at Queenston. An old pensioner of the Revolutionary War had gathered a few children together and taught them their Catechism, and as much of "the three R's" as he knew. He was a staunch Churchman but had a friendly feeling to the Methodists, because Mr. Wesley had been himself a member of the Established Church.

The meeting awakened a deep and wide-spread interest. The awful scenes of carnage and death, of which the little village and its immediate vicinity had been the theatre, seemed to have brought the realities of another world more vividly before the moral consciousness of the community. Moreover there were few families that had not lost some friend or acquaintance, or perchance—

A nearer  
Once still, and a dearer  
One yet than all other.

Under these chastening influences many hearts were peculiarly open to the reception of divine truth. The gracious invitations of the Gospel, and the warnings and admonitions of the Law, were alike faithfully and affectionately urged by the young preacher. It was a characteristic of the preaching of the times that it had in it a strong back bone of doctrine. It was very different from the boneless jelly-fish-like preaching we sometimes hear,—vague and indefinite, without a single clear conception from beginning to end.

A very profound impression was made by one sermon especially, on a subject on which Neville seldom preached, but which on this occasion was strangely impressed upon his mind. The text was that sublime Scripture and its context: "And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."

The solemn impression of the sermon was greatly deepened by the singing, to a weird wailing sort of tune, of the hymn which followed. The hymn, whose majesty of imagery—a majesty

\*This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled, "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

derived from the Scriptures themselves—and whose resonant cadence gave it much of the character, in English, of the sublime *Dies Ire*, in Latin, was as follows:—

"The chariot! the chariot!—its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;  
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the glory of God-head are bowed.

"The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead all have heard,  
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!  
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,  
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

"The judgment! the judgment!—the thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word."

A picket of soldiers was billeted in the village, several of whom attended the meeting ostensibly for the purpose of making game of the "Yankee preacher." But such was the intense earnestness of the man and the spiritual power that attended his message, that all attempts to "make game" of the services were soon abandoned, and not a few who "came to mock remained to pray."

A deep seriousness pervaded the entire neighbourhood. The usual winter amusements and dancing parties were, to a great extent forgone—and even the utilitarian paring bees in the great farm kitchen were shorn of much of the fun and frolic and divinings of the future by means of apple-peelings thrown over the left shoulders, or apple-seeds roasted on the hearth. The present was felt to be too sad, and the future too full of foreboding to encourage fore-readings of the book of fate. The great revival was the subject of fireside conversation at many hearths, and of deep questionings in many hearts. Some of the most notorious ill-livers of the neighbourhood had experienced the emancipating spell of the Truth that maketh free, and were no longer the slaves of vice and drunkenness.

Katharine Drayton pondered these things in her heart. She was conscious of many good impulses, and her life had been marked by many generous and noble traits. But she felt in her inmost soul that these alone would not suffice. She could not from her heart repeat the words which she often sang in the congregation with her lips,—

"Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"Behold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through those I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame."

Still she felt an aching yearning of her soul for a perfect sympathy that she had never known since her mother died. Often as a little child, in some childish grief or trouble, she had flung herself on that loving mother's bosom and wept out her sorrow there. And now, with her burden of the dreadful war impending like a hideous nightmare on her soul; with her constant

foreboding and solicitude for her brother, so thoughtless—nay reckless in his daring—a yearning for his soul's immortal welfare, if he should be stricken down untimely, even more than for his body, she felt a deep soul-longing for—she knew not what—but for some support and succour for her faltering spirit. She knew not that it was the wooing of the Celestial Bridegroom for the young love of her soul; that it was the voice of her Heavenly Father, saying, "Daughter, give me thy heart."

One night, heavy with a weight of care, and full of vague yet terrible apprehensions of the future, she flung herself upon her pillow and bursting into tears, sobbed out the pitiful cry, "O mother, mother! see thy sorrowing child." As she lay sorrowing on the pillow, she seemed to hear a voice of ineffable sweetness, whispering to her soul the words of a familiar Scripture: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."

The holy words inspired a sense of hope and confidence in her soul, and led her to lift up her heart in prayer to that loving Saviour who hath promised to send the Comforter to them that mourn. As she knelt in prayer in her little chamber, the moonlight flooding with radiance her white-robed form like the exquisite picture described in Keats' *St. Agnes' Eve*, and poured out her sweet soul to God, she felt the sweet assurance of acceptance filling her heart as the Master said once more: "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven thee."

She felt, however, that if she would experience the fulness of that Divine comfort she must not seek to hide it in her heart, but confess it before men. And from this she experienced an involuntary shrinking. Her nature was one susceptible of great depth and tenderness of feeling, but it was also one constitutionally reserved and sensitive. She knew, moreover, that such an act as joining the Methodists would be exceedingly distasteful to her father, whom she loved with a deep and impassioned affection. He had made the Methodist preachers welcome to his house with the characteristic hospitality of a Virginia gentleman, and because he respected their character and work; but he himself retained his allegiance to the Church of England, which he seemed to think identified with his fealty to the King.

Almost unconsciously the thought of Captain Villiers obtruded itself into Katharine's mind, not without some misgivings as to his opinion of the course which she felt to be her duty. Not that for a moment she entertained the thought of any right on his part to influence her performance of duty, or of any purpose on hers to be influenced by him.

Accompanied by her brother Zenas, Kate, on the next evening, attended the protracted meeting. The school-house was crowded. Towards the close of the service those who had, since the last meeting, accepted the yoke of Christ, were asked to confess Him. "That," thought Kate, "means me; but how can I do it!" She had never even dreamt of speaking in public. It seemed impossible. But she heard the words sounding in her ears, "Whosoever will confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is in heaven." Necessity seemed

laid upon her; yet she shrank from the ordeal.

At this moment a pure, sweet, contralto voice began to sing with great fervour of expression, which gave assurance of the deep feeling with which the words were uttered, a hymn of rather uncouth rhythm, with an oft-repeated refrain, which, however, thrilled many a heart. It ran as follows:—

"Come ye that love the Lord,  
Unto me, unto me;  
Come, ye that love the Lord,  
Unto me;  
I've something good to say  
About the narrow way,  
For Christ the other day  
Saved my soul, saved my soul—  
For Christ the other day saved my soul.

"He gave me first to see  
What I was, what I was;  
He gave me first to see  
What I was.  
He gave me first to see  
My guilt and misery  
And then He set me free.  
Bless His name, bless His name,  
And then He set me free, bless His name!"

As if constrained by a spell-like influence, Kate rose to her feet, and in a modest but clear and concise manner made her confession of filial trust in the Saviour, and of conscious adoption as His child. When this young and timid girl had thus taken up the cross of confession, others were emboldened to follow her example. One after another paid their tributes of thanksgiving, while at intervals glad songs of praise welled forth from grateful hearts. Some of these, great favourites at the time are now almost unknown. A general characteristic of these songs was a simple refrain, first sung as a solo, but gradually taken up by one after another, till a grand chorus rose and swelled like the organ chant of the winds among the neighbouring pines. One of these, sung to an exultant measure, ran thus:—

"O brothers, will you meet us  
On Canaan's heavenly shore?  
O brothers, will you meet us  
Where parting is no more?"

CHORUS.

"Then we'll march around Jerusalem,  
We'll march around Jerusalem,  
We'll march around Jerusalem,  
When we arrive at home.

Another, of touching pathos—with tears, as it were, in every line, and often bringing tears of grateful emotion to many an eye, sung as it was to a sweet plaintive prayer—ran thus:—

"Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
Oh! He died on Calvary,  
To atone for you and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

"There interceding, there interceding?  
Pleading that sinners might live—  
Crying, 'Father! I have died!  
Oh! behold my hands and side!  
O forgive them, I pray Thee, forgive.'"

Another, of similar strain, thus set forth in a sort of recitative the story of the resurrection of our Lord—

"Oh, they crucified my Saviour,  
They crucified my Saviour,  
They crucified my Saviour,  
And they nailed Him to the cross.

"Then Joseph begged His body, etc.,  
And he laid it in the tomb.

"Oh, the grave it could not hold Him, etc.  
For He burst the bars of death.

"Then Mary came a-running, etc.,  
A-looking for her Lord.

"Oh, where have you laid Him, etc.,  
For He is not in the tomb.

"Oh, why stand ye gazing?  
Oh, ye men of Galilee!

"Don't you see Him now ascending? etc.,  
There to plead for you and me.

"By-and-by we'll go to meet Him, etc.,  
Where pleasures never fade."

While the incomparably superior lyrics of Wesley and Watts were generally sung in the public service of the Sabbath, when the preacher gave out the hymns from the book; yet these simpler and ruder strains were the greater favourites at the revival meeting. By the-<sup>o</sup> the godly forefathers of Methodism in Canada nourished their souls and braved their spirits for the heroic work in which they were engaged, of consecrating the virgin wilderness to God.

A LITTLE PILGRIM.

"Jesus paid the fare."

ONE summer's evening, ere the sun went down,  
When city men were hastening from the town  
To reach their homes—some near at hand,  
some far—

By snorting train, by omnibus, or car,  
To be beyond the reach of the city's din,  
A tram-car stopp'd, a little girl got in;  
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;  
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;

But all alone! one scarce could understand,  
She held a little bundle in her hand—  
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,  
But which did not some bread and butter hide;

A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,  
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,

And laid her bundle underneath her arm,  
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,  
She to the porter said, "May I lie here?"  
He a swerd instantly, "Oh, yes, my dear."  
And there she seem'd inclined to make her stay.

While once again the tram went on its way.  
The tall conductor, over six feet high,  
Now scan'd the traveller with a business eye;

But in that eye was something kind and mild,  
That took the notice of the little child.  
A little after, and the man went round,  
And soon was heard the old familiar sound  
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—

The tram was full, and he had much to do,  
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.

She look'd a moment, shook her little head:  
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,

"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me!"  
He look'd bewilderd—all the people smiled.  
"I didn't know—and who is Jesus, child?"  
"Why don't you know He once for sinners died,

For little children, and for me beside,  
To make us good and wash us from our sin?  
Is this His railway I am travelling in?"  
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you know."

"I told you Jesus paid it long ago.  
My mother told me just before she died,  
That Jesus paid when He was crucified;  
That at the cross his railway did begin,  
Which took poor sinners from a word of sin;  
My mother said His home was grand and fair;

I want to go and see my mother there—  
I want to go to heaven where Jesus lives;  
Won't you go, too? My mother said he gives  
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?  
O let us go before He shuts the gate;  
He bids us little children come to Him."  
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,  
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,  
And felt a substance rising in his throat.  
The people list'nd to the little child;  
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,  
And some one whisper'd as they looked amazed;

"Out of the mouths of babes the Lord is praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;  
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing

To me of Jesus and His Father's love;  
Told me to meet her in His home above;  
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,  
And looking out I could not father see,  
I got my bundle—kiss'd my little kit,  
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)  
And got my hat, and then I left my home,  
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;  
And then your carriage stopp'd, and I could see

You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me;  
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train;  
And are you just going home to heaven again?"

The poor conductor only shook his head.  
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.  
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,  
And struck upon the fountain of his tears,  
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?

At last he said: Once I'd a little girl,  
I loved her much; she was my little pet,  
And with great fondness I remember yet  
How much she loved me. But one day she died!"

"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;  
She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare.  
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"

The poor conductor now broke fairly down;  
He could have borne the harshest look or frown,  
But no one laugh'd; and many sitting by  
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.  
He kiss'd the child, for she his heart had won.

"I am so sleepy," said the little one,  
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait  
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;  
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,  
And at the gate just give one little knock!  
And you'll see Jesus there!" The strong man wept!

I could but think as from the car I stept,  
How oft a little one has found the road,  
The narrow pathway to that blest abode;  
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,  
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.  
A little child! the Lord oft uses such  
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,  
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease,  
And once forever enter into peace.  
And then along the road the news we bear,  
We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare!

—Selected.

THE RISK JUBILEE SINGERS.

THESE gifted children of song,  
are now making their tour  
through Canada. They have  
given three nightly successful  
concerts in the Horticultural  
Pavilion, the largest audience room in  
Toronto. We are glad to know, that  
the Toronto hotel-keepers did not dis-  
grace themselves, as they did a year  
ago, by refusing to entertain those  
Christian ladies and gentlemen because  
they were black. The following is the  
account of their singing before Queen  
Victoria:

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll  
were among the friends who gave the  
Jubilee Singers an early and hearty  
welcome to Great Britain. It was  
while spending an evening at Argyll  
Lodge, as their guests, that the singers  
had the honour of appearing before the  
Queen. At the Duke's request they  
sang for her, first, "Steal away to  
Jesus," then chanted the "Lord's  
Prayer," and sang, "Go Down, Moses."  
Her Majesty listened with manifest  
pleasure, and as they withdrew, com-  
municated through the Duke, her  
thanks for the gratification they had  
given her. There was no stage parade  
nor theatrical pomp in the scene; but  
the spectacle of Britain's Queen coming  
from her palace to listen to the songs  
which these humble students learned in

their slave cabins, and that not merely  
for her own entertainment, but to en-  
courage them in their efforts to lift up  
their fellow-freed people, was worthy a  
place in history.

Another interesting incident is their  
singing at the house of Whittier—the  
poet of the slave. It is thus described  
by one of their number.

Being about to depart, we sang a  
slave song, among the sweetest.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,"

and ending with the benediction,

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee,  
The Lord make His face shine upon thee,  
And be gracious unto thee.  
The Lord lift up His countenance  
Upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen."

As Mr. Whittier listened to this he  
stood with bowed head, the tears  
rolling down his cheeks. It was with  
great difficulty that we could sing, so  
deeply were we touched by the ex-  
perience of this hour now closing. I  
shall never forget the expression upon  
that illumined face at that parting  
moment. He stopped forward and  
shook hands, but so deep were his  
feelings that he did not speak until he  
came to the two last. I was the last  
to shake hands with him, and he said,  
"Good bye; God bless you all!" I  
left my album, in which he promised  
to write. I called the next morning,  
just as he was finishing, and spent  
about a half hour with him. He  
showed me an old key to a slave-pen in  
Richmond, which had been sent him  
by some General, at which time, said  
he, "I promised it should never be used  
for that purpose again." I found that  
Mr. Whittier had written the following  
in my album:

Voice of a people suffering low,  
The pathos of their mournful song.  
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Their cry like that which Israel gave,  
A prayer for one to guide and save,  
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave.

The blast that started camp and town,  
And shook the walls of slavery down—  
The spectral march of old John Brown

Voice of a ransomed race! Sing on  
Till Freedom's every right is won,  
And slavery's every wrong undone!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR INDIAN SCHOOLS.

SOME people ask me if our  
Mission Schools are really  
doing any good among the  
Indian children? Let me  
tell them about four of my  
scholars who died during my  
stay in Alderville.

The first was Tommy  
Franklin, a bright little fel-  
low of nine, whose regular attendance  
at day and Sunday-school gave us great  
hope for his future. He retained a  
strong attachment to Miss Lottie  
Barret, a former teacher, and when  
dying, told his mother that he heard  
her singing with the angels. Miss  
Brooking, his gentle and faithful Sun-  
day-school teacher, was also very dear  
to him, and from her lips, in both  
text and song, he learned many sweet  
lessons about Jesus. His conscience  
became very tender during the study  
of the little Catechism. One day  
while reciting the 4th Sec., he seemed  
to feel very badly; when I said,  
"What ails my little man to-day?" he

laid his head on my shoulder and  
sobbed out, "Oh, I'm afraid Jesus  
won't love me!" "What makes you  
think that, Tommy?" I asked.  
"Cause I told a lie," he said, still  
sobbing as if his heart would break.  
I talked to him about Jesus, and how  
glad he is to forgive little children and  
help them to be good, and then we  
prayed together, and he seemed greatly  
comforted. Always after this, the  
question, "Tommy, do you think the  
dear Lord Jesus would like you to do  
that?" would bring a grave sweet look  
into the bright black eyes and stop  
any further waywardness. Towards  
the close of his last illness, which was  
long and severe, his face took on an  
unearthly beauty. The love-light of  
heaven seemed shining through his  
soft dark eyes whenever I spoke to  
him of the Saviour. A day or two  
before he died he called out, "Mammy,  
don't you see the angels? Oh, they  
are lovely! Why I feel the wind  
from their wings on my cheek," and  
the little wasted face fairly shone as  
he gazed upon the beautiful wings in-  
visible to our duller sense.

Then there was Hetty Black, who  
died of consumption last fall, at the  
age of fifteen. She had studied her  
Catechism and Bible lessons diligently,  
and in this way had gained several of  
Mrs. Brooking's beautiful prizes, one  
of which was a Bible which she valued  
very highly. I visited her often to-  
wards the last, and always found her  
gentle and patient, and glad to talk  
about Jesus. As long as she was able  
to sit up, even in bed, she was busy  
with patchwork or knitting, both of  
which she had learned to do very  
neatly. One day I asked her how she  
got through the long weary nights  
when her cough was troublesome.  
Her face grew wonderfully bright as  
she answered between her gasps for  
breath, "When my cough's bad I  
pray to Jesus, and then I feel better;  
He stays by me and helps me all the  
time." A day or two before she died,  
I said, "Almost home, Hetty, ain't  
you?" "Oh, yes, she replied, I'll  
soon be there!" and her large beauti-  
ful eyes shone with a light that was  
not of earth. Then something com-  
pelled me to say, "If you see my dear  
father, Hetty, will you give him my  
love and tell him I am coming?" I'll  
never forget the radiant look on her  
pale thin face as she said, "Oh, I'll  
be sure to tell him how you are help-  
ing us here and that you'll come by-  
and-by."

The next who went away was Mary  
Ann Bigwind, a child of nine. She  
was very shy, and did not come to  
school regularly, but she loved the  
hymns the other little ones had learned,  
and during the last few days of her  
life she talked about Jesus and heaven  
to all around her with the wisdom of  
a woman. The room, to her, seemed  
full of beautiful things waiting to  
carry her spirit home.

Just a week passed away and then  
we buried another of my "brown  
lambs," dear little Joe Simpson. He  
died very suddenly, but his sweet tem-  
per and loving ways, his tender con-  
science and uniform obedience needed  
no dying words to show that he be-  
longed to the Saviour's fold.

Hoping some one may be convinced  
that "our work of faith and labour or  
love is not in vain,"

MILLIE B. SANDERSON.

—The Outlook.



GOING TO PRESS.

[Wm. A. Jones, foreman of the New Orleans Times, died recently. Just before his death he became unconscious for a moment and in that gleam dwelling upon the habit of his life, he suddenly exclaimed. "The ads are all right, Sherman; look up the forms and let's go to press. ]

ELLOW man, a moment linger,  
On the dying printer's speech  
For it bears a weighty lesson,  
Our unbending hearts to teach,

Day by day thou art composing  
What a universe shall read;  
Type to type art careless setting,  
As thou addest deed to deed.

Ah, how surely life's full columns,  
When the hand that set them lies  
Fixed in an unbroken stillness,  
Their composer advertises.

Soon the forms are locked forever,  
Changeless shall the impression be,  
Scan thy proofs in time, O printer!  
Thou art near eternity.

Are the "ads" all right, composer?  
Art thou standing justified?  
Ready now for death and judgment,  
Their unfoldings to abide?

So shalt thou, as night advances,  
Greet the staying Pressman's call,  
'Then await the morn eternal,  
Publishing thy life to all.

—Rev. I. N. Curman, in Standard.

A SHORT TEMPERANCE STORY.

IN a large city a labouring man, leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair of horses standing in front, occupied by two ladies, elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away, he said to the dealer:

"Whose establishment is that?"  
"It is mine," said the dealer complacently; "it cost \$5,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad, then, with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by a startling flash, said,

"I see it, I see it!"  
"See what?" queried the dealer.  
"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses, that gold-mounted harness, for the silk, and laces, and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing, I spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and family shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and the cure for it."—*The Weekly Monitor.*

AN ASTONISHED CONDUCTOR.

GET aboard, old limpy," said a pert conductor to an aged, plainly dressed lame man, standing on the platform, waiting for the signal to depart; "get aboard, old limpy, or you'll be left."

At the signal the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and took a seat by himself. When the conductor, in taking up the tickets, came to him and demanded his fare, he replied:

"I do not pay fare on this road."  
"Then I will put you off at the next station."

The conductor passed on; and a

passenger, who had seen the transaction, said to him:

"Do you know that old gentleman?"  
"No, I do not."  
"Well, it is Mr. —, the president of this road."

The conductor changed colour and bit his lips, but he went on taking up his tickets. As soon as he had done he returned to "old limpy" and said, "Sir, I resign my situation as conductor."

"Sit down here, young man. I do not wish to harm you. But we run this road for profit, and to accommodate the public; and we make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility, whatever garb he wears, or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperious upon every one of our employees. I shall not remove you for what you have done but it must not be repeated."

That conductor afterward never saw among his passengers another "old limpy."—*Selected.*

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF GOOD OR EVIL.

IT is in the household, more than anywhere else, that personal character receives its early direction and its subsequent shaping. The sublime order of the material universe is the result of law acting upon each particular atom, and holding it in its proper place. Equally in the sphere of human life the general good is the product of the special obedience rendered to the spirit of truth by the individuals composing a community. Making due account of the general appliances of education, whether secular or religious, nevertheless we must come back at last to the household as the chief source of right training. Fathers and mothers are, and must be, for good or evil, the main educators of their children.—*Dr. J. M. Ferris.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 19.

JESUS MOCKED AND CRUCIFIED.

Mark 16. 16-26. Commit to memory vs. 22-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They pierced my hands and my feet. Ps. 22. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. In the Hall, v. 16-20.
2. On the Way, v. 21-23.
3. On the Cross, v. 24-26.

TIME.—A. D. 29, Friday, the day of the Passover.

PLACE.—Golgotha, or Calvary, outside the wall of Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 27. 27-37; Luke 23. 28-38; John 19. 1-24.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The soldiers*—The Roman soldiers of the Governor's guard. *Band*—The company of soldiers. *Purple*—The colour worn by kings; in mockery of Jesus. *King of the Jews*—in contempt for both the Jews and for Jesus as their pretended king. *Compel one*—Probably they compelled Jesus to carry one part of the cross and Simon the other. *Out of the country*—Going into the city, and not among the crowd that sought Jesus' death. *Place of a skull*—The cause of this name is not known. *Wine mingled with myrrh*—This was a stupefying drink, given to those about to be crucified to deaden their pain. *Received it not*—Because he would meet death in full consciousness. *Cast lots*—The soldiers took the clothes of the condemned person. *Third hour*—Nine o'clock.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Wherein does this lesson show—

1. Christ as the King?
2. Christ as fulfilling prophecy?
3. Christ as suffering for sins?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the soldiers do to Jesus? They crowned him with thorns. 2. What did they say to him? "Hail, King of the Jews!" 3. To what place did they lead him? To Golgotha, or Calvary. 4. What did they there do to him? They crucified him. 5. What was written upon the cross? "The King of the Jews."  
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The crucified Saviour.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

63. Did they never return again to their own land?

After the Israelites had been seventy years in captivity in the land of Assyria, the tribes of Judah returned, with many of Benjamin and Levi, and they were all called Jews.

A. D. 29.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 26.

HIS DEATH ON THE CROSS.

Mark 16. 27-37. Commit to memory vs. 33-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree. 1 Pet. 2. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Revilers, v. 27-32
2. The Redeemer, v. 33-37.

TIME.—A. D. 29, Friday of Passover-week.

PLACE.—Golgotha or Calvary.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—Matt. 27. 36-50; Luke 23. 39-46; John 19. 28-30.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Two thieves*—Rather, "highway robbers," who were crucified with Jesus to make him appear all the more despised. *Railed on him*—Spoke words of contempt. *Came down from the cross*—He could have done so; but this would not have made them believe in him. *Saved others... cannot save*—Thus they stated unconsciously the great truth that Jesus came to save others, and saved them by the sacrifice of himself. *Crucified with him*—One of the thieves, according to Luke, turned to Christ in prayer and faith. *Sixth hour*—Noon. *Darkness*—A divine manifestation. *Eloi! Eloi! etc.*—Words in the Syriac dialect of Hebrew. Why Christ uttered them no one can certainly say. *Callest Elias*—A jest on the word "Eloi," which sounded like that of the prophet Elijah. *Sponge full of vinegar*—John's Gospel mentions that Jesus had just cried out, "I thirst." *Gave up the ghost*—"Dismissed the spirit," or died.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson show—

1. That Christ sought to save others rather than himself?
2. That Christ died for our sins?
3. That Christ has a claim upon our love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who were crucified with Jesus? Two thieves. 2. What did the priests say of Jesus on the cross? "He saved others; himself he cannot save." 3. What took place at noon, when Jesus was on the cross? Darkness over the land. 4. When did Jesus die upon the cross? At the ninth hour, or three o'clock.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The atoning death of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What did they do at their return?

When the Jews returned from their seventy years' captivity in the land of Assyria, they built the city of Jerusalem and the temple again, and they set up the worship of the true God.

A FEW FIGURES.

THE American churches give, for evangelizing 800,000,000 heathen, about \$3,000,000 a year. The American churches give for home mission work and benevolence, \$75,000,000. New York alone, on theatre-going and amusements, spends \$7,000,000. For a single bridal dress is given \$6,000. For ladies' foreign dress goods are expended annually \$125,000,000. New York alone is said to expend for kid gloves annually \$30,000,000. For intoxicating drinks the American people expend annually \$900,000,000. Let the vital power of the Gospel rule in Christendom, giving soul-interests their due prominence, and how easy to so divert and direct the streams of expenditure and personal effort as speedily to evangelize every individual of the race!

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