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# LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

No. 23.

## "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

**A**FRICA is the riddle of the ages. From the time of Herodotus to the time of Stanley, its geographical problems have engaged the eager interest of the world. To no one has it been permitted to do more to solve the mysteries of the Nile, and the Congo than to the gallant American explorer who has penetrated the very heart of the "dark continent," and traversed its vast breadth from sea to sea. The narrative of his heroic adventures is one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written.

Stanley won his first laurels by his discovery and relief of Livingstone. He then almost lost his life by African fever. Nevertheless, on the death of that intrepid missionary explorer, he eagerly proffered his services to complete, if possible, his unfinished work. How successfully he accomplished that task, his last volumes relate. With a force of three hundred and fifty-two native followers and three English attendants, bearing eight tons of cloth, beads, wire, and other supplies, he left the Zanzibar coast November 17th, 1874. An

important part of the outfit was the "Lady Alice," a London cedar-built boat, forty feet long, six feet beam, carried in ten sections by forty men. They plunged boldly into the wilder-

\* The publisher of the **METHODIST MAGAZINE** has purchased the whole of the plates of Stanley's greatest work, "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT," a book which was the literary event of the season in which it was issued—from which these cuts are taken. It formed two bulky volumes of 1018 pages with about 150 engravings, many of them full page, and sold in the English edition for \$12 50. Its high price necessarily restricted its sale in the colonies. This remarkable narrative of discovery and adventure will be condensed into a series of chapters to be published in the **MAGAZINE**, and illustrated by the greater number of the high-class engravings of that book.

ness. They were destined to encounter unnumbered perils, under which two-thirds of the party were to perish, and the rest to be reduced to the last extremity of privation. Within a few days the expedition became lost in a pathless jungle, through which it had to steer its course by the compass. Five men became lost and were never seen again. Famine was imminent. Six men died and thirty were ill.

Stanley pays a noble tribute to his English attendants. "Though ill from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under heat and rain-

hostile country. His camp was attacked, and he was obliged, in self-defence, to fight. Twenty one of his followers were killed. In less than three months he lost over one-third of his little army.

One of the most important events of the expedition was the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza. This he accomplished in fifty eight days, sailing in that time a thousand miles. While skirting the lake, they were invited ashore at Bumbireh by a crowd of apparently friendly natives. As the boat touched the beach the natives

the boat party helpless. Three hundred warriors now marshalled on the height above the boat. "Push, my boys push for your lives," shouted the leader, and the "Lady Alice" shot into the water, pursued by the horde of yelling savages. Tearing up the seats, the oarsmen paddled with all their might. Their peril was increased by the attack of two large hippopotami. The savages manned their canoes for pursuit, but Stanley kept them at bay with his elephant rifle. All night the boat crew drifted on the stormy lake. In seventy-six hours of arduous toil

they had only four bananas among twelve men. Such are some of the incidents of African exploration.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of the expedition was the visit to King Mtesa. Stanley found a monarch ruling over 2,000,000 of subjects. He was received by three thousand well armed body guards. The capital was a strongly-built town, approached by a broad and well-kept avenue. Stanley found his sable majesty very docile, and endeavoured to convert him to Christianity. The King caused the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule to be written on a board for his daily perusal.

Stanley translated for him the Gospel of St. Luke and an abridgment of the Bible. The King embraced its teachings, and as his teacher departed, said to him, "I am like a man sitting in darkness. All I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live." He announced his determination to build a church, and do all he could to promote the religion of the Bible. "Oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here," exclaims the explorer. "What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and the Free Methodists at



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE" CANOE.

HY 88

storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures; stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepiningly they bore their hard fate and worse fare, resignedly they endured their arduous toil and cheerfully performed their allotted duties." Alas! not one of them returned. Edward Pucok fell ill of typhoid fever in January, 1875. The dying man was borne through the jungle in a hammock, and after four days' illness breathed his last. He was buried beneath an acacia tree. His brother read the burial service over his body. He carved a cross above his grave, and the little army passed on.

Stanley soon found himself in a

seized it and bore it high and dry upon the shore. "Then," says Stanley, "ensued a scene which beggared description. Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears was levelled, thirty or forty bows were taut, as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing, thick, knotty clubs waved over our heads, two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us."

Stanley offered beads and cloth, and sought to pacify them. For a short time he succeeded. But there was murder in their eyes, and he almost gave up all hope of escape. The natives carried off their cars and left

Monebasa,—to the leading philanthropists and pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity,—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number." We believe that, in response to this appeal, a mission has already been planted in the kingdom of Mtesa.

As far as possible in the march across the Continent a strict military discipline was maintained. While he lived, Frank Pocock acted as bugler, sounded the *reveille*, the advance, the halt, sometimes, unfortunately, the retreat, and inspiring the little army by his cheering notes. At night a breastwork was constructed, the treasures of the expedition placed in the centre, guards set, and the utmost vigilance observed. This, however, did not always prevent serious attacks by the enemy, and once they actually found themselves surrounded by a strong net, and the woods filled with a dangerous *cheveaux de frise* of prickly thorns.

Stanley's greatest and most important exploit was the descent of the Livingstone, or Congo River, for a thousand miles, to the Atlantic Ocean. It was a task of incredible toil and danger. His little army was increased during part of the time to nearly nine hundred, by the addition of seven hundred Arabs and camp followers. They had to run the gauntlet of cannibal tribes and perilous cataracts. The "Lady Alice" was launched, and a fleet of twenty-two large boats glided down the river to seek "the unknown." The capture of these canoes is a stirring story, but too long to tell. Seventy-four falls or cataracts were passed. These they were compelled to pass by portages, often in the face of infuriated bands of savages. Some of these portages were three miles through a tropical jungle, with an ascent of fifteen hundred feet. One took three days and three nights incessant labour to overcome—some working while others slept—a watchful foe meanwhile lurking in the forest, thirsting for their blood, hungering for their flesh. See also engravings on fourth and fifth pages.

The following story we find in the *Western Christian Advocate*. It says: "In connection with the pillage of Alexandria, a pleasant story is told of the rescue of a little white child, less than a year old, from the hands of a ruffian. An Egyptian convict was captured in the city, who bore on his forehead the brand of a murderer, and had been sentenced to penal servitude for life. When the English pointed their guns at him he drew an infant from beneath his mantle, and held it forward as a shield to his body, mocking the soldiers and challenging them to fire. Two of the soldiers left the ranks, and making their way amid the burning houses, came upon him in the rear and shot him. The child was saved and taken on board the warship "Inflexible." Soon after it was baptized with all ceremony, and received the name of Frederick Francis Inflexible, the Christian names in honour of Admiral Seymour, and the patronymic for the ship. The officers of the vessel propose taking charge of the education of this little waif."

## "THE MINUTE HAND OF THE CLOCK."

### A GERMAN BOY'S ADVENTURE.

BY DAVID KER.



"KASPER, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock?" "I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leathern jacket, starting up with a half mischievous look in his blue eyes.

"And what hast thou to do with the wheels, eh? Suppose this clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the town council? Dost thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was indeed kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going wherever he ought not. The old Church of St. Martin was a famous play-ground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his after-dinner nap in his little room at the front of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the organ bellows, playing hide-and-seek among the pinnacles of the roof, or sitting astride of a carved spout a hundred and sixty feet above the pavement.

All this, however might have been forgiven, for the old custodian was really as fond of his little rogue as the boy with all his wildness was of him. But the one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to be able to tell every one that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of the "St. Martin's Kirche," the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing would convince him that it was not by far the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell me, of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say, with an obstinate shake of his grey head. "Could it go forty years on end, think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kaspar's inquiring turn of mind, his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower, and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered and, in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a

school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right in the clock-room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than be frightened, but suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute-hand, which when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off!

Poor Kaspar! it was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that cramped position the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole; but a piece of wood-work had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vice.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the sun was shining gayly, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market place came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with Death stealing over him inch by inch. His head grew dizzy, and the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm outstretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing in the clock be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why, I declare it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head!" cried a grey-haired watch-maker beside him (one of Hans Scheller's special friends), snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious!" it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed! he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a mad-man.

The alarm spread like wild-fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half-way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top of the stair they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugmann in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here!"

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against the lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute hand actually touched his neck, and so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home for a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a

swoon, and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.—*Harper's Young People.*

### FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

AS we know familiar voices,  
Every near and dear one's call  
Coming through the silent chambers,  
Waking echoes in the hall—  
So with instinct all unerring,  
Ever strengthening more and more,  
We can read the varied language  
Of the footsteps at the door!

Grandpa's faltering tread, now heavy  
With the weight of fruitful years,  
Nearing yonder golden city—  
Almost through this vale of tears;  
Steadfast feet that never loitered  
Bravely going on before;  
By and by we'll miss their music—  
Precious footsteps at the door!

Then, the patter of the children,  
Happy darlings! out and in,  
Like the butterflies and sunbeams,  
With no thought of care or sin;  
Little feet that need sure guiding  
Past the pitfalls on the shore,  
Lest they turn aside to mischief,  
Blessed footsteps at the door!

Then, the matron, glad and cheery,  
Hears her good man drawing nigh;  
And the children hear the mother  
As her busy footsteps fly.  
Household music! We all hear it,  
While we love it more and more,  
And we hope to welcome with it  
Angel footsteps at the door!

—Selected.

### THE BOY'S HEART.

GET hold of the boy's heart.  
Yonder locomotive comes like  
a whirlwind down the track,  
and a regiment of armed men might  
seek to arrest it in vain. It would  
crush them, and plunge unheeding on.  
But there is a little lever in its mechanism  
that at the pressure of a man's  
hand will slacken its speed, and in a  
moment or two bring it panting and  
still, like a whipped spaniel, at your  
feet. That sensitive and responsive  
spot by which a boy's life is controlled  
is his heart. With your grasp gently  
and firmly on that helm, you may pilot  
him whither you will. Never doubt  
that he has a heart. Bad and wilful  
boys very often have the tenderest  
hearts hidden away somewhere beneath  
incrustations of sin or behind barricades  
of pride. And it is your business to  
get at the heart, get hold of that heart,  
keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding  
in him, manifestly working only for his  
good by little indirect kindnesses to his  
mother or sister, or even his pet dog.  
See him at his home, or invite him into  
yours. Provide him some little  
pleasure, set him at some little service  
of trust for you; love him—love him  
practically. Any way and every way,  
rule him through his heart.—*Anon.*

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the  
British public is said to be peculiarly  
ignorant of Bible history. Says a  
recent writer on the subject: "I doubt  
if a fair per centage of the people to  
be met within the course of an hour's  
walk would get as near the order of  
the names of the books of the Old  
Testament as the little school girl in  
Somerset. This west country blossom  
of the School Board system was re-  
quested to name the earlier writings  
of the sacred text, which she did thus,  
and very fluently: 'Devonshire, Exe-  
ter, Liticus, Numbers, Astronomy,  
Jupiter, Jumbo, Ruth.'"

"WE'RE BUILDING TWO A DAY."

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

THE infidels, a motley band,  
In council met, and said:  
"The churches die all through the lands,  
The last will soon be dead."  
From brave McCabe a message came,  
It filled them with dismay:  
"Ah hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're building two a day."

We're building two a day, and still,  
In stately forests stored,  
Are shingle, rafter, beam, and sill,  
For churches of the Lord,  
And underpinning for the same,  
In quarries piled away;  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're building two a day."

The miners rend the hills apart,  
Earth's bosom is explored,  
And streams from her metallic heart  
In graceful moulds are poured  
For bells to sound our Saviour's fame  
From towers, and swinging say:  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're building two a day."

The King of saints to war has gone,  
And matchless are His deeds;  
His sacramental hosts move on,  
And follow where He leads.  
While infidels His church defame,  
Her corner-stones we lay;  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're laying two a day."

The Christless few the Cross would hide,  
The light of Life shut out,  
And leave the world to wander wide  
Through sunless realms of doubt.  
The pulpits lose their ancient fame,  
Grown obsolete, they say;  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're building two a day."

"Extend," along the line is heard,  
"Thy walls, oh, Zion fair!"  
And Methodism leads the words,  
And answers everywhere.  
A new church greets the morning's flame,  
Another evening's gray;  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're building two a day."

When infidels in council meet  
Next year, with boasts vain,  
To chronicle the Lord's defeat,  
And count His churches slain,  
McCabe may then with joy proclaim,  
If we this call obey:  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
We're building three a day."

\* This was the substance of a telegram sent by Chaplain McCabe, to the recent infidel convention at Saratoga.

FEW HOURS, BUT WELL USED.

**B**ORD Bulwer Lytton was one of the prolific writers of our century, and must have published twenty or more volumes, in fiction, poetry, art, and historical criticism. But he was accustomed, by his own testimony, to write only two hours a day, concentrating all his powers on intense labour during that time.

Walter Scott, during a considerable portion of his literary life, did all his hard brain-work before breakfast, which came, however, at a late hour, nine or ten o'clock. After breakfast he devoted himself to the entertainment of a large company of guests, who wondered when he found time for writing.

Moses Stuart in his prime was regarded as the most learned and enthusiastic Biblical scholar in this country, but his health was so frail, and his nervous system so prostrated, that he was unable to devote more than three hours a day to intense study. The example of these eminent scholars and authors shows how much may be accomplished by any one who is methodical in habit, and studies with enthusiasm for even a brief period of the day.—*United Presbyterian.*

MOUNT ELGIN INSTITUTION, MUNCEY.

BY W. S. MILLER.

**M**UNCEY is well worth a visit from any one interested in its present condition, or its historic associations. The old council house, in which the British ambassadors have often met the tribes, is slowly crumbling into dust. Those eloquent pleadings and earnest demonstrations of loyalty are forever still; the echoes of the silent hall slumber, save when awakened by the voice of some curious rambler, seeking a relic of the "brave days of old."

Mount Elgin Institution, is pleasantly situated upon a lofty hill overlooking the Thames. The old building is not a model of architecture, but appears beautiful when regarded as an agency doing battle against ignorance, idleness, and intemperance. Even here the voice of religion, has silenced the tenets of heathenism. We can no longer suspect her of weakness, nor can we over-value her influence, for, into this dark corner of earth the entrance of God's Sacred Truth has brought light and liberty and life.

It has fallen to the lot of three great churches, Roman Catholicism, Episcopalianism, and Methodism, to promote missionary enterprise among the Indians. The first has been of doubtful benefit; the second clothed in rigidity, frugidity, and formality, has but recently become practical in its working; the latter has struggled long and well, and has gathered a noble harvest of souls into the garner. But how could the result be anything but encouraging, when Canada's greatest son thought himself called to carry the Gospel to his forest brethren and minister to them things spiritual? Such noble characters as Ryerson, McDougall, and Crosby, beautify the mission field, impart to it honour, and are themselves blest.

Many of the young people who read PLEASANT HOURS, know nothing of the origin, maintenance, or mission of Mount Elgin Institute. Indeed, it is by no means flattering to Methodism to say that the majority of her people are ignorant concerning Mount Elgin Industrial School.

Soon after the war, the British government granted a large tract of land, lying midway between London and Chatham, to the Indians as a reward of loyalty. Those tribes whose only business was to hunt, whose only aim ease and pleasure, and whose only knowledge the legends and traditions of their ancestry, suddenly became a settled people. The Indian had now his wigwam, hut, or cabin, those things he had formerly gone abroad to seek. His place of abode in time became a home. He at once saw how little of life he enjoyed, how little of knowledge he possessed, and came forward offering land and money to secure for his children the advantages of education and training.

The Methodist Church met the desire of the Indian, and received from him a grant of 250 acres of land, and part of his annuity money. In return for this the Church was to educate and train the Indian boys and girls. Thus was Mount Elgin Industrial School established, thus it is maintained, any deficiency being made up by the Missionary Society of the Church. The

boys are instructed in the art of farming, boot and shoe making, and cabinet making. The girls are taught the ins and outs of house-keeping, and the intricacies of domestic life. Above and beyond all this, their mental training is attended to, and their spiritual welfare is considered the most important of all.

To understand the "run" of the "Institution," one has but to be a member of the great family from dawn to dark. At 5 a. m. the old bell rings out a peal of iron music, warning all to begin the day. The countless pulls, have worn out rope after rope, for the old bell demands its own share of current expenses. The outside world may hear the bell, but it knows not of the alarm clock that has so ruthlessly banished the dreams of the weary teacher. If there is one man in Canada, who dresses as for a fire or a train, that man is teacher at Muncy. Again the bell rings at 15 minutes before 6, as a warning for breakfast at 6. At 6.15, all appear in the school-room for worship. The pupils respond heartily in the lesson, and sing lustily.

Prayers being over, the Indian girls follow the matron to their work, but the boys remain to receive from the Principal their instructions for the day. He generally writes out a plan, giving to each boy his work to perform after and before school. We here give this plan, read by W. W. Shepherd, for October 10th, 1882:—

To put in tiles—R. D. and T. B., assisted by John L. and Joseph W., before and after school.

To market tomatoes, and bring home calf—D. S. and J. M.

To draw wood with Billy and George—John H.; with the Ninham horses, John C., Joseph S. to help before and after school.

To finish digging potatoes—J. T. G. O., P. O.

To provide wood for lower kitchen and furnace, and take mail—Willie C.

To provide wood for upper kitchen, and sweep and dust the school-room—Tommy T.

To attend to stables—Frank F.

To take care of pigs—Peter W.

To pasture the cows in barley field—Peter M., and he must not go to sleep, as he did the other day.

The work for shop boys as usual.

At 9 a. m. 50 pupils assemble in the school room, to begin their study, under the guidance of Mr. Parsons. A visit to the room satisfies one that the teaching is thorough. Mr. Parsons, is fast bringing the standard up to that of our common schools. The boys are generally excelled by the girls, but nearly all are good readers, good spellers, and excellent writers. In the art of composition they are at home. Some of the letters written by the pupils, would do credit to any one in his time.

Thus the busy day has its close, and is hallowed by prayer as they all re-assemble in the school-room.

We think that few men, could superintend the institution with skill equal to Rev. W. W. Shepherd. One can see that he is loved by the pupils under his charge by the cherry roll of greeting which he receives. But if there is one more dearly loved than he, it is the wife of that gentleman. Mrs. W. W. Shepherd, a lady of the most beautiful Christian character. God alone can reward them, for their work of faith, and labour of love when he shall say. Inasmuch, as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.

THE EDGE OF THE CATARACT.

**M**ANY years since a steamboat was accustomed to make daily trips between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The nearest point at which she could approach the mighty cataract was Chippewa Creek, about ten miles distant on the Canada side. One day there was a pleasure excursion, and several hundred men, women, and children went down from Buffalo.

After spending the day in all sorts of amusements, in looking upon the falls, admiring the rainbow, passing under table rock behind the falling water, they gathered themselves on board the boat towards night, to return to their homes. By some miscalculation of the engineer, sufficient steam had not been generated, and when, after passing out of the Creek, the boat met the strong, rapid current of the river, instead of going forward, she was slowly borne backwards toward the dreadful cataract.

The people on board, as may well be imagined, became instantly alarmed. The color fled from their cheeks; they stood in speechless horror; the roar of the cataract sounded distinct in their ears, as slowly, slowly they were still borne back toward it.

At length the engineer he thought him of the oil with which he lubricated the machinery. He threw it into the furnace—the flames burst up intensely—steam was generated more rapidly—the wheel moved round with increased velocity—there was a pause as the Titan forces were contending for the mastery. A moment more and there was an upward movement.

Now slowly the boat made headway against the current. In a short time the point of danger was passed, and a long heavy sigh of relief broke from the bosom of every one on board.

A venerable, grey haired man was there among them. He lifted his hat and said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"The Lord hath delivered us. Great is the name of the Lord. Let us pray."

And down upon the deck knelt the multitude, while the heartfelt offering of thanksgiving went up to God, who had wrought for them so great a salvation. But it did not end here. The feeling that had been awakened by the near approach of death did not, with all pass away when the danger was over, as is very often the case. Even there on the brink of that awful precipice, many found their Saviour. A revival followed in the church to which many of them belonged (it was a Sunday-school excursion) and many found peace in believing. One, a man of great wealth, dedicated much to God in the building of a church, as a memorial of his gratitude for being snatched from destruction, both in this life and the life to come.

It is thus that the gate of heaven seems often hard-by the gate of hell, God takes the heedless sinner and shakes him over the mouth of the pit; he trembles all over, he sees sin; he sees righteousness, he sees wrath, he sees grace, he sees judgment, he sees love. He looks up and calls on the name of the Lord. The Lord saves, and the delivered soul praises him forever. A new song is put into his mouth. He rejoices in the Lord.—*Christian Treasury.*

## OUTSIDE.

"HERE is a fountain filled with blood"  
Triumphant was the strain,  
And sweet the words whose message found  
That wanderer in the rain.  
Wayward and weary, spent with sin,  
And dyed with many stains,  
Sore needed he the cleansing flood,  
"Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

He stepped within the open door  
To list the harmonies  
Awakened dead echoes in his heart—  
His mother's cadences.  
"The dying thief! (Ah! that am I,  
In sin grown old and gray!)  
"And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away."  
"Thou dying lamb" ah! precious words,  
He knelt upon the floor  
And prayed, now rose the glorious song  
"Are saved to sin no more"  
"Dear Lord" he cried in piteous tones,  
"Oh! hear a sinner's plea,  
And wash me clean in Jesus' blood  
From all iniquity."

Now fuller rose the organ tone  
Throbbing upon the air,  
While blending voices seem to raise  
To heaven that pleading prayer.  
And thence of all that matchless song  
Raising that burdened soul,  
Redeeming love, redeeming love!  
("By that love make me whole!")

These lips but once to curses given  
Now join the "sweeter song."  
And praises to salvation's power  
Unchain the "stammering tongue."  
And now the messenger of God  
Cries, "Ho! ye thirsting come."  
When lo! with firm yet humble tread,  
Returns the wanderer home.

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Over 20 copies	0 22
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Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 25, 1882.

## CHRISTMAS READING FOR LUMBERMEN, PRISONERS, AND SICK PERSONS.

HERE are in this country, in the Ottawa region, in New Brunswick, and elsewhere, many hundreds of lumbermen who are practically without the Gospel. The Rev. H. F. Bland, Chairman of the Pembroke District, issues an appeal for religious reading for this large class. The Missionary Committee, at its last meeting in Toronto, made a grant of \$150 to assist in sending the Gospel to the lumbermen in New Brunswick.

There are also many hundreds of sick and infirm people in the various hospitals and asylums of our country, and in its poor houses and homes for the incurable, to whom, in their long days of weakness and weariness, good

reading would be a richly prized boon and doubtless of much religious benefit.

There are many hundreds more of unhappy criminals confined in the penitentiaries, prisons, and reformatories of our country, for whose religious instruction very inadequate provision is made.

The Editor of PLEASANT HOURS has for some years endeavoured personally, so far as was in his power, to furnish reading to some of these institutions within his immediate reach. But while witnessing the great benefits that have resulted, he has felt also the utter inadequacy of any individual efforts to meet the great variety of necessitous cases. He, therefore, asks the co-operation of the readers of PLEASANT HOURS in a plan to send as liberal a

## CHRISTMAS DONATION

as can be afforded of religious tracts, papers, and magazines to the lumber camps, and also to the prisons and penitentiaries; but especially to the hospitals, poor houses, and asylums of the country.

The Rev. William Briggs, Book Steward of our Toronto Publishing House, has a large quantity of surplus Sunday-school papers and magazines, which he will dispose of, for the purpose of free distribution, at the merely nominal sum of about one-fourth of their original cost.

A liberal grant of tracts and portions of the Scriptures is also expected from the Upper Canada Bible and Tract Societies, and a considerable quantity more at greatly reduced rates.

We have received the assurance of influential persons in connection with the public institutions of the country that such donations would be properly distributed, and would be most gratefully accepted.

So far as the means furnished will allow, donations of religious reading will be sent to the Protestant hospitals and asylums of the different cities of the Dominion, to our ministers willing to take charge of their distribution at the lumber camps, and to the prisons and reformatories for men and women, boys and girls, in the cities and towns of the Dominion. Schools and individuals are invited to co-operate in promoting the religious welfare of these suffering and necessitous classes of their fellow creatures, remembering the words of the Master: "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me. \* \* \* Inasmuch as ye did unto one of these, ye did it unto Me."

The donations of schools will, if desired, be confined chiefly to sending copies of PLEASANT HOURS and SUNBEAM to the Children's Hospital, Boys' and Girls' Homes, and Boys' Reformatory, and Girls' Refuge.

The Rev. Hugh Johnston, Pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, will aid in the distribution of these donations, and Richard Brown, Esq., Toronto, will audit the accounts.

The sum of \$400 or \$500 could be expended to advantage in this way. Contributions sent to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, will be thankfully received, and will be acknowledged in the *Guardian*, *Wesleyan*, or PLEASANT HOURS.

It is desirable that these donations may reach their destination early in the Christmas week—that the sick and the prisoners may be reminded of the Advent lesson of "good-will toward



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA LOG.

men." An early response is, therefore, respectfully solicited.

P.S.—A gentleman in Toronto—the first person applied to—was so impressed with the importance of this work that he subscribed at once \$50.

## "HOME AND SCHOOL."

THE first number of HOME AND SCHOOL will have a fine portrait and sketch of Dr.

Douglas, the great orator of Methodism; a splendid full-page engraving of a beautiful Italian goatherd and other pictures, and will be full of Christmas stories and Christmas poetry, fireside puzzles, etc., just the thing to make the holidays happy. We hope that many superintendents and schools, will order this first number as a present for the children. It will be sent in parcels, at the rate of \$1 per 100. We ask our friends to make a special effort, to get this new paper introduced promptly and widely, into as many of our schools as possible. It is only a large circulation that can prevent it being a loss.

## WINNIPEG.

AN Ontario paper, in speaking of the Rev. J. E. Starr, of Winnipeg, a son of the Rev. J. Herbert Starr, says that he is decidedly popular. The writer says:—

His preaching is sometimes after Talmage's style, original and delivered with force. On the street he does not look much like a parson, but, if all accounts be true, he carries his religion other places than in the pulpit. It is said that one Sunday evening he wandered down to one of the hotels, on the balcony of which a number of men were indulging in some loud talk, interspersed with no little profanity. He went in among them saying, "Hurray, boys, let us go to the Tabernacle to-night." The Tabernacle was the old Methodist church. After some hesitation, the crowd started off together, not one of the number being aware that it was the preacher who was with them. He had the usher show them to seats, and then he excused himself. To the surprise of all, he shortly afterwards appeared in the pulpit. At the close of the service he invited those who desired to converse with him to come to the vestry room. Several of the crowd whom he had induced to accompany him from the hotel immediate-

ly went in, and after thanking him for his interest in their welfare, openly announced their intention of leading better lives in the future. The preachers of Winnipeg have a field of labour, wherein there is no time for useless dignity and unnecessary idleness. A growing city, a large floating population, everybody busy, all even more intent on making money and forgetting about religion, than in the more settled sections of the Dominion, presents a scene where the harvest is ripe, but the labourers are few.

PRIZE ESSAY ON MISSIONS.—Through the liberality of a friend of missions a prize of one hundred guineas is offered for the best essay on the following subjects, viz.:—"The Heathen World; its Need of the Gospel, and the Church's Obligation to supply it." Competition is open to Canada and Newfoundland. The following gentlemen have consented to act as a board of adjudicators:—Rev. W. Caven, D.D., Principal, Knox College; Rev. J. H. Castle, D.D., President of Baptist College; Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., of Wycliffe College; Rev. H. D. Powis, pastor of Zion Congregational Church, Toronto; Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., editor of *Methodist Magazine*. For particulars write to W. H. Withrow Toronto.

THE Superintendent of the Metropolitan Sunday-school, issues to all his teachers, a neatly printed invitation, to be present at the meeting for the study of the lesson Wednesday evening, at 9 p.m., after the prayer and praise service. The plan is admirably adapted to secure the attendance, the only objection that strikes us, is that the hour is rather late for adequate study of the subjects. But public men in cities have so many public duties, that it is sometimes necessary to combine two in an evening.

A LADY in Paris, who signs her letter, "One who loves Jesus and little children," sends a dollar for the Hospital for Sick Children, and asks to hear something more about the institution in PLEASANT HOURS. We shall try to furnish something more for our readers soon—an account of the distribution of the Christmas reading, we propose to send.

SEE announcement of *Methodist Magazine* for 1883—the best yet offered—on page 176.



B3 25

ONE OF THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLES BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND THE WAVUMA, IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN INGHRA ISLAND AND CAPE NAKARANGA. 11180

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

IN many a village window burn  
The evening lamps,  
They shine amid the dews and damps,  
Those lights of home!

Afar the wanderer sees them glow,  
Now night is near;  
They gild his path with radiance clear,  
Sweet lights of home.

Ye lode stars that forever draw  
The weary heart,  
In stranger lands or crowded mart;  
Oh, lights of home!

When my brief day of life is o'er,  
Then may I see  
Shine from the heavenly house for me,  
Dear lights of home.

—H. J. King.

JOIN THE C. L. S. C.

Do you ask what the C. L. S. C. is? We answer, It is a great university, although its officers do not give it any such dignified name. It is a college at home for every body, old and young; for people who never went to college, and for people who hold diplomas; for rich and for poor; for mothers who wish they could keep up with their enterprising and studious boys and girls; for older brothers and sisters who see, almost with regret, younger children outgrowing them; for ministers who want to read up in lines of general literature, science, and art, and thus keep abreast of the times. It is a college, the tuition fee of which is fifty cents a year, the books for which cost (with the *Chautauquan*, the monthly magazine, which contains a large part of the reading) only six dollars a year. It turns the house you live in into "university property;" your bedroom becomes a "college dormitory;" your sitting-room and parlor "recitation-rooms." It puts you into association with thirty thousand other people who are prosecuting the same course of study, and to whom the cabalistic letters, "C. L. S. C.," are a sort of password and talisman. It turns your eyes outward and upward in the midst of daily toil and weariness. It has

its "four years' course" of reading and study in science, history, literature, and art; it has "memorial days," fourteen of them every year; it has "memoranda" and "addresses" from the central office; it has records of progress; it has Commencement Day; it has diploma, with seals and honors.

Do you ask, Is the C. L. S. C. religious? It is not exclusively religious in its course of reading, for it studies astronomy, and yet "the heavens do declare the glory of God;" it studies geology, and when a saint with faith in his heart smites the rock of secular science, out of it may pour forth waters of refreshing; it studies history, and one so disposed may seek the movements in all history of Him who rules according to his own will among the inhabitants of the earth.

Yes, the C. L. S. C. course is religious when pursued by religious people, and it lifts the non-religious, who are allured and weakened by the dissipating and demoralizing literature of to-day, up into a higher plane of thought where they are more likely to come into contact with the pure and saving truths of God. It broadens people. It improves homes. It brings sweetness into every-day life. It diverts the mind that is in danger of brooding over selfish aims and sorrows. It turns the soul toward the future.

The C. L. S. C. may be called a religious movement. John Wesley would give it cordial approval, for John Wesley wrote text-books of history, literature, and science, revised an edition of Shakespeare for the people to read, and edited a work of fiction in which he thought he discovered a great deal of truth.

When God made all things—birds, beasts, plants, forests, seas, stars—he pronounced them "good." When he made man to have dominion over this vast realm, he seemed to prepare man for intellectual effort, and when intellectual effort is put forth for God's glory and the benefit of the race, all its attempts and achievements may be called religious.

If you want to know more about the aims and plans, the books, the monthly order of study, etc., of the C. L. S. C., drop a postal-card to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., and she will give you prompt reply.

A letter just received from a friend in the West reports the organization of a C. L. S. C. circle of twenty-two members from a Bible class in Decatur, Ill. The good woman who teaches those young people one hour on Sunday will certainly get a firmer hold upon them if she can also direct their reading for forty minutes every day of the secular week.

Join the C. L. S. C. The year begins in October, but you may begin in December, and complete the required reading by the first of next July.

Join the C. L. S. C.!—S. S. Journal.

C. L. S. C. NOTES.

FROM far beyond the sea, Miss Russell, a missionary, in Nagasaki, Japan, writes: "The C. L. S. C. has been a real comfort to me in Japan. My first duty, of course, is to my work, and the acquisition of the language has occupied much of my time; but talking, teaching, reading, and thinking in Japanese is a fierce strain upon mental powers, and the forty minutes a day in five or ten minute slices, as I could catch it, for the C. L. S. C., has proven how a change of mental work secures mental rest."

One writes from Pittsburgh: "I do not suppose that I know how much benefit I have derived from the Circle. I scarcely ever take up a paper that it does not in some way recall something that I have read during the last four years, and I never had such good help in my Sunday-school work."

From New York one writes:—Its benefits are incalculable. I am astonished that a busy man can read as much; but the C. L. S. C. has demonstrated that no one is so busy that he cannot read much more than the ordinarily busy man generally supposes."

From Muscatine, Iowa, a lawyer writes: "Our class started with fifteen, and we got quite fifteen strong. None faltered or fell out by the way side."

From Illinois a lady writes: "Could I make the exchange, no money would tempt me to part with the intellectual profit and moral growth which this course of reading has given me. I love my heavenly Father and my country more than ever, and I am a far better Sunday-school teacher than I was four years ago. Three of the members of our Circle are deaf. Mrs. — is too deaf to hear anything. Miss — and myself too deaf to hear a common conversational tone, yet no members have taken a more delighted interest in this Circle than we have. Tell deaf people everywhere to join the C. L. S. C."

From beyond the sea I have received a letter from a gentleman and his wife, who are resident now in London. They write: "We have seen so many husbands and wives drift apart because the husbands were constantly improving in an intellectual way, while the wives, engrossed completely with domestic cares, neglected mental improvement. As the years ran on the gap widened. We want to keep together, and we find in each other full sympathy and companionship in every sense, and we hold the C. L. S. C. as a capital means to secure this end. It has proved a great satisfaction to us as we have gone on, hand in hand, through these four years. We have experienced hindrances, the most serious of which was our removal from Ohio to London, which for a time broke up our customary reading; but we readily dropped into our pleasant grooves again as soon as we were domiciled in our new home."

Among the members are many who are very old. Among the more than 1,400 graduates now enrolled, there are, over 60 years of age, 68 persons; between 50 and 60 there are 61; between 40 and 50 there are 222; between 30 and 40 there are 388; between 20 and 30 there are 402, and under 20 there are 66.

We have with us to-day a mother in Israel who has read the entire course, and who is now in her eighty-second year.

God only knows the chapters of self-denial that have been written in his great book during the four years of struggle. A man writes me from Delaware: "I started but gave up, owing to sickness and trouble. Last year I tried again, but my baby had to be taken to Philadelphia to be operated on. He had a number of tumours removed from his side. This took my time and all my money. I struggled along on a salary of \$250, paying my own house rent, without going into debt; but you cannot tell what sharp corners I had to turn. I only tell you this that you may have some idea why I have not done better. I wore all last year a suit of clothes costing eleven dollars, and taking money saved for books. I studied hard, and I will send my paper in to-day. You cannot tell under what adverse circumstances some of the work has been done. I am very anxious to graduate with the Class of 1882."

A mother from Ohio writes: "I am a farmer's wife with plenty to do, and have five small children. Most of my reading has been with a baby in my arms."

A lady no longer young, and yet not very old, writes from Michigan. "I feel again, in old age, the consciousness of mental and spiritual growth. To be brought into such close fellowship with the best workers and thinkers of the age is a rich blessing. I have enjoyed the course increasingly, and am proposing to take the White Seal Course with my class. If you had not devised it, I should have enlisted over again with the class of '86."

We have received several letters of similar tenor to that below, and would be glad to receive many more:

DEAR SIR,—I am a constant reader of your splendid little paper, "Pleasant Hours," and I like it very much indeed. I saw the announcement of C. L. S. C. and it struck me as being just what I required. I had to leave school when I was young, and I often have cause to regret it. I would like very much to join this circle. Would you please send me a circular with full instructions? I have a "chum" who would like to join it too.

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

#### STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.\*

#### HEART TRIALS.

"ELL, Kate," said Zenas, as he and his sister rode homeward through the solemn moonlight and starlight, "You have burned your boats and broken down the bridge. There is no

going back."

"I hope not Zenas," she replied, but I feel very much need of going forward. I have only made the first step yet."

"Well, you've started on the right line, anyhow. It was a plucky thing to do. I did not think it was in you. You are naturally so shy. I wish I could do so myself, but I haven't the courage."

"Don't think of yourself, Zenas, nor of your comrades; but of the loving Saviour who died for you and longs to save you."

"Upon my word, Kate, it made me feel more what a coward I am to see you standing before the whole meeting than all the preaching I ever heard."

"I felt that I ought, that I must," said Kate, "but after I rose I forgot every one there and spoke because my heart was full. O Zenas, just give up everything for Jesus; be willing to endure anything for Jesus; and you'll feel a joy and a gladness you never felt before. Why, the very world seems changed, the stars and the trees, and the moonlight on the river were never so beautiful; and my heart is as light as a bird."

"I wish I could, Kate. I remember I used to feel something like that about Brock. I could follow him anywhere. I could have died for him."

"Well, that feeling is ennobling. But much nobler is it to enlist under the Great Captain, the grandest

teacher and leader the world ever knew, and what is better far, the most loving Saviour and Friend."

With such loving converse, the brother and sister beguiled the homeward way. As Kate retired to her room a sweet peace flooded her soul as the moonlight flooded with a heavenly radiance the snowy world without. Zenas, on the contrary, was ill at ease, and tossed restlessly, his soul disturbed with deep questionings of the hereafter, during much of the night.

As Kate sat at the head of the table next morning, where her brother had been wont to sit, some of her dead mother's holy calm and peace seemed to rest upon her countenance. So thought her father as he looked upon her.

"How like your mother you grow, child," he said when all the rest had left the table.

"Do I, father? I hope I shall grow like her in everything. I have learned the secret of her noble life. I have found her best friend," and she modestly recounted her recent experiences.

Little more than passed, but a few days afterwards, the Squire took occasion, when he was alone with his daughter, to say, "I hope you are not going to join those Methodists, Kate. I respect religion as much as any one; but I think the Church of your father ought to be good enough for you. You've always been a good girl. I don't see the need of this fuss, as if you had been doing something awful. Besides," he went on, a little hesitatingly, as if he were not quite sure of his ground, "besides it will mar your prospects in life, if you only knew it."

"I don't understand you, father," replied Kate, with an expression of perplexity. "You have always thought too well of me. I know my life has been very far from right in the eyes of God. I feel I need pardon as the worst of sinners."

"Of course we're all sinners," went on the old man. "The Prayer Book says that. But then Christ died to save sinners, you know; and I'm sure you never did anything very bad. But what I mean is this: You must be aware that you have made a deep impression upon Captain Villiers, and no blame to him either. He is an honourable gentleman, and he has asked my permission to pay his addresses. I asked him to wait till this cruel war is over, because while it lasts a soldier's life is very uncertain, and I did not wish to harrow up your feelings by cultivating affections which might be blighted in their bloom. Nay, hear me out, child," he continued, as Kate was about to reply, "I did not intend to speak of this now, but the Captain is a strict Churchman, and so were his ancestors, he says for three hundred years, and he would not, I am sure, like one for whom he entertains such sentiments as he does toward you, to cast in her lot with those ranting Methodists."

Kate had at first blushed deeply, and then grew very pale. She however listened to her father patiently, and then said quietly, but with much firmness, "I respect Captain Villiers very highly, father; and am very grateful for his kindness to us all, and especially to Zenas when he was wounded. I feel,

too, the honour that he has done me in entertaining the sentiments of which you speak. But something more than respect is due to the man to whom I shall entrust my life's keeping. Where my heart goes, there will go my hand; there, and not elsewhere."

"Pooh! pooh, child. Girls are always romantic, and never know their own mind. You will think better of it. I'm getting to be an old man, and would not like to leave you unsettled in these troublesome times. You owe me your obedience as a daughter, remember."

"I owe you my love, my life, but I owe something to myself, and more to God. I feel that my taste and disposition and that of Captain Villiers are very different, and more different than ever since the recent change in my religious feelings. It would be at the peril of my soul, were I to encourage what you wish."

"Nonsense, girl. You are growing fanatical. You never disobeyed me before. You must not disobey me now."

Kate smiled a wan and flickering smile of dissent; but to say more she felt would be fruitless. A heavy burden was laid upon her young life. She knew the iron will that slumbered beneath her father's kind exterior; but she felt in her soul a will as resolute, and with a woman's queenly dignity she resolved to keep that soul-realm free. In her outward conduct she was more dutiful and attentive to her father's comfort than ever, but she felt poignantly for the first time in her life an injunction was laid upon her by one who she so passionately loved which she could not obey. She found much comfort in softly singing to herself in that inviolate domain, the solitude of her own room, a recent poem which she had clipped from the *York Gazette*, and which in part, expressed her own emotions:—

"Jesus, my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought and hoped and known,  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own!

"And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me  
Show Thy face and all is bright.  
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With Thy favour, loss is gain.

"Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me,  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee."

#### THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

Girls often declare that the boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt, too, to carry off all the honours, the literary fame, the military glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home to do worsted-work.

Now and then, however, the girls come to the front in art, in literature, in science, and even in war.

If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dikes and wind-mills, it is quite possible that you may

find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a *relievo* representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretending not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city insisted upon an admission to the burgo-master, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honoured the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honoured with the hands of the milkmaids. Then as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### GATHERING HOMEWARD.

THEY'RE gathering homeward from every land  
One by one, one by one;  
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,  
Yes, one by one.  
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,  
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down  
And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead,  
Where the Lamb doth love His saints to lead.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,  
One by one, one by one,  
Through the waters of death they enter life  
Yes, one by one.  
To some are the floods of the river still.  
As they ford on their way to that heavenly hill,  
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,  
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.

We, too, shall come to the river side,  
One by one, one by one;  
We are nearer its waters each eventide.  
Yes, one by one.  
We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream,  
Now and again, through our life's deepest dream;  
Sometimes the floods all the banks overflow,  
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee  
One by one, one by one;  
We lift our voices tremblingly,  
Yes, one by one.  
The waves of the river are dark and cold,  
We know not the place where our feet may hold;  
Thou who didst pass through that dark midnight,  
Strengthen us, send to us the staff and the light.

\* 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.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe ;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike the braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom ;  
But yield the play,  
And clear the way,  
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,  
And squander wealth in show ;  
For friends thus won are sure to run  
In want of time or woe,  
The noble worth  
Of all the earth  
Are gems of heart and brain—  
A conscience clear .  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe  
Or cater to a friend  
To fawn and whine, much less repine,  
To borrow or to lend  
The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each rows his own canoe,  
For friends and debts,  
And pampered pets  
Unbounded mischief brew

It never pays to wreck the health  
In drudging after pain  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.  
A humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings  
For station high  
That wealth will buy  
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays ! a blunt refrain.  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn this truth—  
That nothing pays that's wrong.  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right  
In heaven's sight  
Is always sure to bless

HOW TO KEEP GOOD RESOLVES.

A RECITATION.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Characters—*Lottie, George, Della.*  
(*Lottie engaged in sewing or reading. Enter George greatly excited.*)  
*George* : Oh, *Lottie* ! do you know that horrid cat has gobbled down your canary and only left these two feathers?  
*Lottie* (much distressed) : Oh, poor little birdie ! Oh, you cruel cat ! you shall not live three minutes longer. (Rushes out.)  
*George* (laughing) : I didn't think I could fool her so easily. Won't she be mad when she finds it's a hoax !  
(Enter *Lottie*, very angry.)  
*Lottie* : *George* Hayes, you'd rather tell a falsehood than the truth any day. You said my bird was killed, when you know it is singing in its cage like a little yellow angel, and the poor innocent pussy is asleep in the yard.  
*George* : I didn't say the cat had killed the bird. I only asked if you knew it had happened.  
*Lottie* (enraged) : It's all the same, and you meant I should believe it. You're a mean, hateful, story-teller, and I'll never speak to you again. I hate you ! (stamps her foot, and, snatching an apple from the table, throws it at him violently.)  
*George* (clapping his hands) : You've broken it ! you've broken it ! and I'm glad of it.  
(Enter *Della*.)  
*Della* : What is the trouble, *Lottie* ? and what have you broken ?

*George* : She's broken her New Year's resolve. I know she would.  
*Lottie* (indignantly) : It was your fault and you know it ; I'll leave it to *Della* to decide. (To *Della*.) We resolved on New Year's day that we would each break off at once from our worst fault.  
*Della* : And what is yours, *Lottie* ?  
*George* : Why, I thought every one knew it. She's a little spitfire. My ! what a temper she's got. She goes off pop ! bang ! like a percussion-cap at the least thing.  
*Della* : Since he is so prompt at explaining your weak point, *Lottie*, it is but fair that you should make me acquainted with his.  
*Lottie* : He's always making up what he calls "white fibs" to play jokes on people, and I think they are just as bad as downright lies. He resolved to quit it, though.  
*Della* : Did he keep his resolve ?  
*Lottie* : No ; if he had, I should not have broken mine. He made my heart jump right to my mouth almost by making me think the cat had killed my bird ; and when I found it was not so I couldn't help getting angry.  
*George* : Well, it's much easier to make resolves than to keep them ; and it's such fun to hoax people, especially *Lottie*. But I must say she has held out much longer than I thought she would.  
*Lottie* : *Della*, I've tried just as hard as I could to control my quick temper, for I know how wrong it is to give way to it. I have bit my tongue and shut my teeth tightly when angry words would come, and mother said I was doing bravely, but now *George* has made me spoil it all.  
*Della* : No, dear ; you must try again ; don't be discouraged by one failure. I am sorry to know that *George* regards his own resolve so lightly, and also tries to make it harder for you to keep yours.  
*George* : I don't believe anybody keeps them ; and as for my little fibs, where's the great harm in them ?  
*Della* : There are no such things as "white fibs," *George*. If a statement is not true, it is false ; and the fact that you are only in sport does not change its character.  
*George* : *Della*, you are very severe on me ; and besides, I can't help it. The fibs pop out almost before I know it.  
*Lottie* : That's just my case. I try to control my temper, but it is too quick for me, and I don't see much use in trying again.  
*Della* : Did you ever ask God to aid you in subduing your temper ?  
*Lottie* : No ; I have never thought of that.  
*Della* : *George*, have you asked God to help you to speak the truth ?  
*George* : No ; I don't suppose God notices little things I do in fun, if they are not really wicked.  
*Della* : He notices our smallest words and acts ; and it is not strange that you and *Lottie* have failed to keep your good resolves if you have depended entirely on your own strength.  
*Lottie* : *Della*, do you think God will help father to keep his pledge, if he will ask Him ? You know he has broken it again.  
*Della* : He will strengthen and help all who come to Him.  
*Lottie* (earnestly) : Then I will plead with father this very night to ask for that help ; and I'll pray for it myself,

for I do want to conquer my fiery temper, and be gentle and lovable.  
*George* : *Della*, you have shown me my fault in a new light, and I feel sorry and ashamed. Do give me a Scripture text that I can remember as a sort of warning all the time.  
*Della* : Here is one that will suit both you and *Lottie* : "Keep your heart from evil, and your lips from speaking guile."

SAFELY THROUGH.

THE danger of reviving an old appetite, or of creating a new one, by administering alcoholic drinks to sick persons, has led many conscientious medical men to abandon the practice.  
The following case is an instance of this kind :  
A reformed drunkard, after fifteen years of faithful adherence to the pledge, was attacked with pyemia, or decay of the blood, probably the slow growth of seeds of early excesses.  
The physician who was called to him was well aware that wine and malt liquors were always prescribed in such cases, but he shrank from the responsibility of making the man a drunkard again if he recovered.  
The disease is almost incurable under any treatment. He frankly told his patient so, and submitted to him the question of the remedies. The patient referred it back to him.  
"With a wife and nine children dependent upon me," he said, "I do not wish to die ; but, doctor, my children know nothing about strong drink."  
The physician was in a distressing dilemma. To withhold the liquors, and probably lose his patient, seemed almost like committing a crime against a human life. To prescribe them, and save the patient, would probably insure the man's slower ruin.  
The physician was a Christian man. He asked for guidance from Him in whose hands are the lives of all men, and decided at last to dispense with alcoholic stimulants, and use only simple nutriment and correctives. If he could not restore the man's health, he would do nothing to injure his soul.  
The patient grew weaker every day, but his faith in his physician and his Saviour was touching to see. Week after week he lay helpless on his bed, praying alternately for life, for his family, and for resignation. But all the time the thought that he was free from the poison that he hated for the harm it had done him, gave him joy.  
"Thank God," he would say, "if I die, I will go, into God's presence at least a sober man."  
At last his friends interfered and insisted that he should take wine. It was the only thing that would revive him, they said, for he was almost gone. But he replied :  
"No, no ; if this be the passage from life to death, I am happy. Once I was dying a drunkard, and that was misery most unspeakable."  
His wife entreated him with tears, but even she could not move him.  
"Take the wine away," he whispered, pointing to it with his feeble finger. "It nearly lost me heaven once. Take it away !"  
By-and-by the crisis came. The physician in despair wrote what he believed to be his last prescription, ordered careful nursing, and went away. The patient lay scarcely breathing, his attentive watcher leaning over

him with fingers on his pulse. The pulse began to grow stronger ; the breathing became deeper and more regular. The weeping family in the next room waited for the closing scene. They heard a strange sound and rushed to the sufferer's bedside. The poor man had opened his eyes and was trying to sing,  
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."  
The crisis seemed to be passed, and the gladness with which wife and children joined in that thanksgiving must have made itself heard in heaven.  
The man got well, and that physician will always believe that his recovery was due to the fidelity and Christian trust which enabled him to keep his pledge through a trial such as few men would care to encounter.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the case of other erring loved ones :  
A lady in Baltimore had a wayworn son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy ; but her anxiety for her head-strong boy saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.  
He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him ; but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.  
By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love ; but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings, in Baltimore, she heard Rev. Robert Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings :  
"Where is my wandering boy to-night ?  
The boy of my tenderest care,  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer !"  
"Bring me my wandering boy to-night,  
Go search for him where you will ;  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still."  
"Oh, where is my boy to-night !  
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows :  
Oh, where is my boy to-night !"  
The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then, after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.  
"Her wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party, and was lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved forgiveness of heaven. He had received the poem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart and had led him to repentance.—*Youth's Companion.*  
NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

ALMA MATER.

Lines written by a student returning to the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton.

Alma Mater! Gentle mother! We are come to thee once more. For our play time now is ended Will thou teach us as before!

We could not forget thy teachings While we were away from thee We remembered all thy counsels Though thyself we could not see.

Now, thou smilest once more on us. Kindly wisdoms in thy face; We look up to thee believing Thou wilt give us knowledge, grace.

Teach us how to guide our footsteps Through the Labyrinth of life. We are still upon its threshold. And to enter in we strive.

Tell us gently, as thou knowest Surely, full well how to do, Where delusive errors linger, What is false and what is true;

What lives are most noble, holy; What joys safest, surest, best; What griefs wholesome and chastening; Where at last we may find rest.

Speak to us with patience, kindly, Alma Mater! Mother dear! We are young and very wayward, Careless, for we know no fear.

But the thoughts of truth and wisdom Which thou givest in the mind Of each one of us, thy children, Shall return to thee in kind.

After many days it may be, Still the time will surely be When the fruit of all thy labors, This we promise—thou shalt see.

HAVE your children, until they are married and have pews of their own, to sit with you, their parents and the family, and not in the gallery or somewhere else. Keep the family bond as strong as possible; it is a bond both of happiness and safety. When boys and girls get too big to sit with their parents, it is ominous that they are getting too big to be the children of God.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON X. [Dec. 3.

AFTER HIS DEATH.

Mark 15. 38-47. Commit to memory vs. 45-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Truly this man was the son of God. Verse 39.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Veil, v. 38. 2. The Witnesses, v. 39-41. 3. The Sepulchre, v. 42-47

TIME.—A. D. 29, afternoon of Friday in the Passover week.

PLACE.—Golgotha or Calvary.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 27. 51-61; Luke 23. 47-56; John 19. 31-42.

EXPLANATIONS.—Veil of the Temple—The veil between the holy place and the holy of holies. The centurion—The Roman officer in charge of the crucifixion of Jesus. So cried out—In the words given in Luke 23. 46, and John 19. 30. Salome—Who is supposed to have been the mother of James and John. Preparation—The hours near sunset were so called, because the Sabbath began in the evening. Waited for the kingdom—And who had been a believer in Jesus as the Christ. Boldly—This required courage, to face the hatred of the Jews, and, perhaps, the anger of Pilate. Marvelled—Because persons generally lived two or three days on the cross. Wrapped him—As was usual in burials, among the Jews. A sepulchre—It was his own, and a new tomb. Rolled a stone—Which probably fitted into the opening of the tomb.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson do we find— 1. A testimony of Christ's greatness? 2. A token of love? 3. A token of courage?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What took place when Jesus died? The veil of the temple was rent. 2. What did the centurion at the cross say when Jesus died? "This man was the Son of God." 3. Who were present and saw Christ's death on the cross? Some Galilean women. 4. Who asked his body of Pilate? Joseph of Arimathea. 5. What did he do with the body? He laid it in his own tomb. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The conquest of death.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

65. Did they continue afterwards to obey God, and dwell in their own land? After the return of the Jews from captivity in Assyria, though they were guilty of many sins; they never fell into the worship of idols again; nor were they ever wholly driven again out of their own land, till after the coming of the Messiah the Saviour.

A. D. 29.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 10.

HIS RESURRECTION.

Mark 16. 1-8. Commit to memory vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15. 20.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Mission of Love, v. 1-4. 2. A Mission of Life, v. 5-8.

TIME.—A. D. 29, the Sunday after the Passover.

PLACE.—Near Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 28. 1-10; Luke 24. 1-12; John 20. 1-18.

EXPLANATIONS.—The Sabbath—Here referring to Saturday, the seventh day. Had brought—On the evening before the Sabbath, but to late to use on that day. Anoint him—They may not have known that the body had been already anointed. John 19. 39, 40. The first day—Sunday morning, about a day and a half after the body had been placed in the tomb. Who shall roll—This they said before they reached the sepulchre. Entering—It was a cave hallowed in the rock. A young man—An angel. Matt. 28. 2, 5. And Peter—Specially named, perhaps because he had especially sinned. Into Galilee—Where took place the meeting named in 1 Cor. 15. 6. Neither said they—That is, they did not stop on the way to tell any one, but went at once to find the disciples.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

- 1. Love to Christ? 2. The power of Christ? 3. A promise of Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long was the body of Jesus in the tomb? From Friday until Sunday. 2. What then took place? He rose from the dead. 3. Who first knew of the resurrection? Mary Magdalene and other women. 4. Who told them of the resurrection? An angel at the sepulchre. 5. Where did the angel say that they would meet Jesus? In Galilee.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The resurrection of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. Who is the Messiah, the Saviour of mankind? The Messiah, the Saviour of mankind, is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who was sent down from heaven to save sinners.

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