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THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

No. 5.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

COMFORT one another ;
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another ;
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken ;
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another ;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the eternal love.

Comfort one another ;
By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with His precious blood :
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that shall not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another :
Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb,
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush, or tear-drop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his people room.

—Independent.

CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

THE Engraving exhibits a view on one of the most remarkable rivers in the world—the great Colorado of the far west. This river flows for hundreds of miles between lofty walls of rock, which tower so high that often the sunlight never reaches the bottom, and the sky appears only as a narrow rift far over head. These gorges, or "canyons," as they are called, are sometimes six thousand feet, or over a mile, in depth, and have been worn in the course of ages by the action of the stream. One of the most remarkable voyages of discovery of which we ever read, was that of Major Powell—to whose courtesy we are indebted for the use of this cut—and his party. They sailed down the stream in a number of small boats, like

that shown in the foreground ; sometimes running rapids, and sometimes being wrecked, as they braved the untried perils of the stream. We may give some further illustrations of this wonderful river, and of the dangers they encountered.

Although confined in this bare spot in the sea, where but little was seen or heard save a distant sail and the dashing of the waters, he became a marked man among the few who chanced to meet him, and the circumstance of his concealment was in

His head was enveloped in a black velvet mask, confined by springs of steel, and so arranged that he could not attempt to reveal his features without immediate detection.

His guardian, De Saint Mars, had been instructed by a royal order from certain of the king's favourites, to take his life immediately, should he attempt to reveal his identity.

During his confinement on the Marguerite island, De Saint Mars ate and slept in the same room with him, and was always provided with weapons with which to despatch him, should he attempt to discover the secret of his history. If report be true, De Saint Mars might well exercise caution, for it is asserted that he was to forfeit his own life if by any want of watchfulness he allowed the prisoner to reveal his identity.

The prisoner himself seemed anxious to make the forbidden discovery. He once wrote a word on some linen, and succeeded in communicating what he wished to an individual not in the secret of the mystery. But the plan was discovered, and the person that received the linen died suddenly, being taken off, it was supposed, by poison. He once engraved something, probably his name, on a piece of silver-plate. The person to whom it was conveyed was detected in his knowledge of the secret, and soon after died, as suddenly and mysteriously as the one who had received the linen.

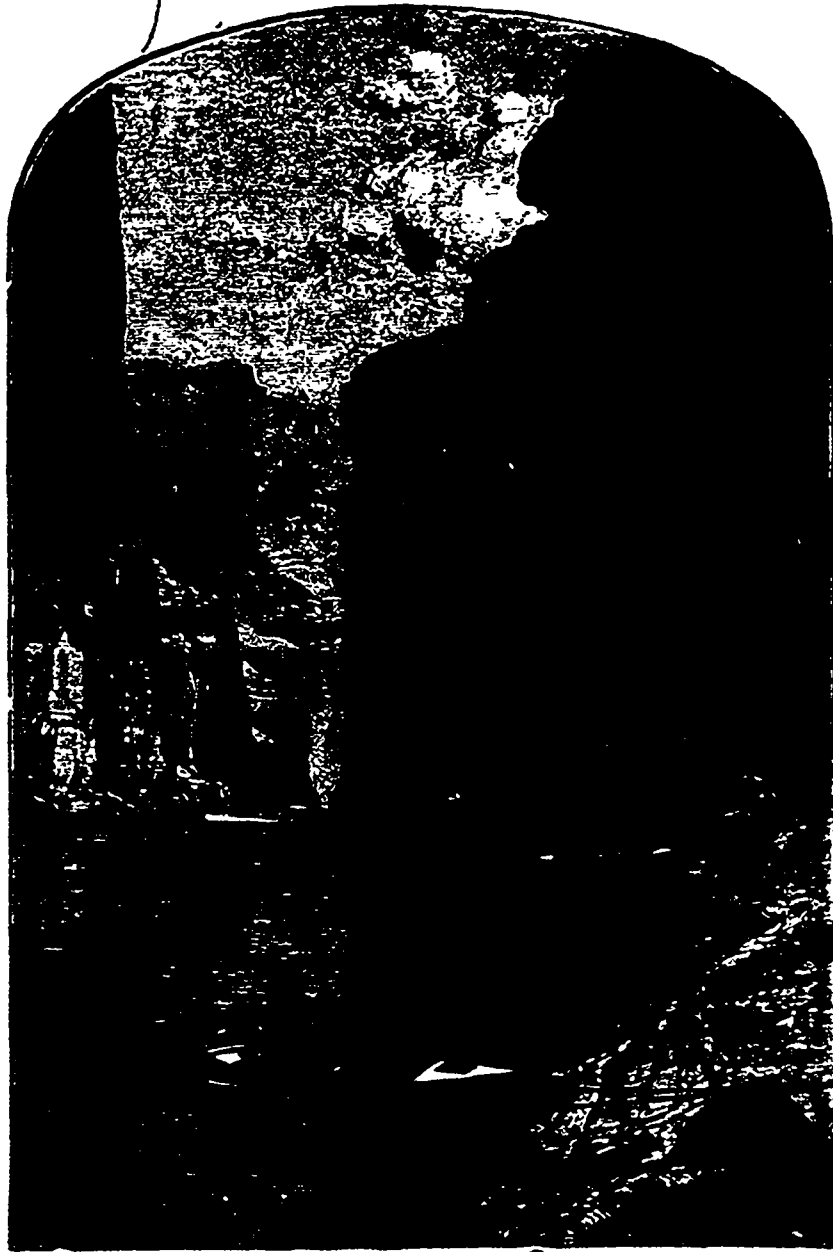
These incidents show that the prisoner was a man of shrewdness and learning.

He was attended during his imprisonment in the Bastille by the governor of the fortress, who alone administered to his wants ; and when he attended mass he was always followed by a detachment of Invalides (French soldiers,) who were instructed to fire upon him in case he should speak or attempt to uncover his face.

These circumstances, and many others of like character, show that he was a person of very eminent rank, and that those who thus shut him out from mankind were conscious that they were committing a crime of no ordinary magnitude.

Who, then, was this person of mystery, familiarly known as the Man of the Iron Mask ?

He is supposed by many to have been a son of Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, and so a half-brother of Louis XIV., and a co-heir to the throne of France. If so, it would appear that, while Louis XIV. was luxuriating amid the splendors of



CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

THE MAN OF THE IRON MASK.

DURING the reign of Louis XIV. of France, there appeared on one of the Marguerite Islands, in the Mediterranean, a prisoner of state closely guarded, and intrusted to the especial care of a French government officer, De Saint Mars.

danger of being noised abroad. He was consequently removed to Paris, and immured in the cells of the Bastille. From the time that he began to attract attention on the island in the Mediterranean to the close of his protracted life, no one but his appointed attendants is known to have seen his face.

the palace of Versailles, his brother was suffering the miseries of exile, or languishing in a dungeon, shut out not only from the outward world, but from all intercourse with mankind. But other writers think him to have been some less remarkable person.

The iron mask, of which frequent mention has been made in sensational books, was a very simple contrivance of velvet and springs of steel.

HOW JERRY SAVED THE MILLS

BY F. E. HAMILTON.



HE dull, cold day was at its close; but the heavy rain and the strong south wind which had swept the town since early dawn still continued with undiminished fury. The gale shrieked as it tore about the corners and lashed the faces of the few hurrying foot-passengers; while the driving rain

penetrated everywhere, drenching the streets, flooding the gutters, and collecting in deep, treacherous pools at the corner crossings. The bare trees moaned and writhed and wept; the swinging sign-boards in front of small taverns creaked and groaned dismally; the tall chimney of the Dumbleton Knife Works rocked threateningly; and, in the midst of all the tumult, the great river was swelling and straining at its wintry bonds, while a sharp crackling sounded over and anon from the broad field of ice that stretched from shore to shore and little streams of water began to appear here and there, running swiftly along the frozen plain.

March had come in like a lamb; it was departing like a lion; and, shrouded by wind and rain and heavy mist, the last night of the month came thickly down.

It was past supper time, past closing time for the mills and factories, past trading time for the stores, and, except for an occasional light here and there in some saloon or corner grocery, the windows along the business streets of the town were dark and the rain beat unheeded against their black panes. Few people were abroad, and even those few seemed to have been forced upon unwelcome journeys, for they hasted through the sloppy streets with bent heads, shivering as the sharp wind tore at their wrappings or the gusts of rain beat upon them.

One such man, clad in a heavy oil-cloth coat, was walking rapidly up State street, when, just at a particularly windy corner, he came in sudden contact with a lad who was crouching in front of a baker's window, where a single lamp still burned, glowing with hungry gaze the dainties within.

"Hullo!" cried the man, starting back, "I almost ran over you, my boy." Then, looking more sharply at the dripping figure before him, he continued: "Why, Jerry, is that you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, half-pulling his tattered cap from his head. "If you please, sir, it's me."

"What's wrong?" said Mr. Watterson, the proprietor of the great mills that skirted the river, for it was he. "What's wrong? Why are you not at home? The mills closed two hours ago."

"I know it, sir; but I haven't worked this week, sir, for Sister Nellie's sick, an' I've been a mussin' of her up at our boardin' house. You see, sir, since mother died, an' our house was sold, Nellie an' me has stopped at Mis' Crawford's boardin' house; but my money's give out, an' Mis' Crawford, she told me this mornin'—she said, sir, this mornin'— The boy stopped abruptly.

"What? Come, Jerry, speak out. You're not afraid of me. Tell me what she said."

"Well, sir, she did say as how I must pay our board in advance every week now; for, if Nellie was agoin' to be sick an' I was agoin' to quit work to nuss her, she didn't see how she'd get her money. An' our week ran out to day, sir, an' my money too; all but twenty cents, an' that I spent for oranges for Nellie. An' Mis' Crawford, she said as how I couldn't eat at her table, 'thout I paid first. So I jest slips out into the street at meal-times, for fear Nellie'd know I wasn't eatin', an' 'twould worry her, she bein' sick. An' that's how I came here, sir."

The boy finished, half-frightened at his own long speech to "the master," and again pulled at his ragged cap, while the wild March wind tossed his yellow hair about his wet face and the cold rain beat upon his scantily-clad shoulders.

Mr. Watterson stood a minute in deep thought. It was hard for him to realize such poverty as this, and among his own hands too. Jerry was a "bobbin-boy" in the mills, whom he had known for a year or more by sight, the only support of a widowed mother and a sister—now of the sister only, it seemed; but the lad had always been bright-faced and cheery and the great proprietor remembered him as one of the happiest among his boys. That this child could actually suffer for food while striving to care for his little charge (the orphan Nellie) seemed to the gentleman too terrible to be true.

And yet there just before him, his honest blue eyes telling the same story which his lips had repeated, stood Jerry—dinnerless, supperless, and almost homeless, upon this the wildest night of all the year.

Mr. Watterson forgot the rising flood, which even now was threatening his mills; he forgot the urgent errand which had driven him out into the storm; he forgot the wide social gulf between his servant and himself; and, remembering only that he was a Christian man, answerable to His Father in Heaven for the welfare of this child before him, he seized the boy by the arm, pushed open the door of the little bakery before which they stood, and fairly dragged him within.

"Here!" he cried to the baker's wife, who came, bowing and smiling, to execute the great man's commands. "See! Give the lad the best supper you can cook and all the provisions he can carry, and send the bill to me."

Then, hurriedly drawing some money from his pocket-book, he thrust it into Jerry's hand, and said: "When you have eaten, go back to Mrs. Crawford's and pay her for a month in advance. Then find a doctor for Nellie, and stay with her yourself until she is well. After that, come back to me at the mills. If they are standing you shall have work. No. Not a word!" he continued, as the astonished boy would have spoken. "The money is a present to you and Nellie from me." And

before Jerry could recover from his surprise Mr. Watterson had gone.

Supper! money! and a doctor for Nellie! Could it be true? The boy unclasped his hand and looked at the precious bills. Yes, it was true!

As he ate the bountiful meal prepared for him by the baker's good wife, the bobbin-boy pictured Nellie's delight when he should return and tell her of what had happened him; and, later, when he faced the dreary storm, homeward bound, with a great basket heaped with buns and cakes and oranges from the baker's shelves, upon his arm, his heart was light and his laugh rang merrily out across the darkness and the rain, as he thought of how boldly he would meet "Mis' Crawford," and how astonished and puzzled she would be when he paid her—not a week, but a month in advance!

"It's just like a fairy story!" said he, half aloud, as he climbed the sloppy steps of his boarding-house—"just like a fairy story, with a great, big, splendid, rich man fairy!"

* * * * *

It was almost morning. Already the black curtain of night, rent here and there by the furious wind, was slowly lifting toward the east and the dull gray dawn appeared, forming a sombre background upon which the leafless trees that fringed the far-away hills were painted in waving silhouette.

Since over the sun had gone down the wild storm had continued, and even now the rain, driven by the mighty wind, fell in long, slanting lances upon the town and the frothing river, that, filled with great masses of broken ice and debris from all the up-country, roared and plunged between its banks and shook with giant hands the foundations of the mills beneath which it ran. At the head of the dam, where the channel was the narrowest, and directly opposite the lower Watterson mill, was an ice-jam.

Piled block upon block, until it towered high in the air, pressing with terrible force against the mills upon one hand, and the natural wall of rock upon the other, the broken ice had formed a great, white barricade, growing each moment, which checked the mad rush of the water and sent it swirling backward in eddying waves, which beat furiously upon the mills and threatened each instant to engulf them.

Along the higher shore the townspeople had gathered, powerless to aid, but simply awaiting the catastrophe, and among them, pale and haggard, was the proprietor himself, already a ruined man.

As he passed to and fro, intent upon the scene before him, hoping against hope that the jam might even yet give way in time to save his buildings, many a watcher turned aside with pitying word and look, for Mr. Watterson was a man beloved by all his employes.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd—a hastening toward a common centre—and, with eager faces, both men and women gathered about a new-comer, who was speaking earnestly.

"Yes. If that timber could be cut it would break the jam! It lies just so that it holds—"

The owner of the mill burst through the little crowd.

"What timber? Where? Quick! Tell me! Can the jam be broken?"

"Yes, sir," returned the other, respectfully touching his hat, "It can;

but it's dangerous work. I have just been below, and from there I saw that a great log which has lodged at the very crown of the dam is all that holds the ice. If that could be cut, the jam would be broken."

"But how can it be reached?" queried Mr. Watterson anxiously. "Can any one get at it to cut it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man; in one way."

"And that is—"

"Over the ice itself!"

A shudder ran through the listeners, and even the proprietor's face grew more pale; who would venture upon such a bridge on such an errand?

With a common impulse, the crowd, led by the workman who first discovered the log, turned hurriedly away from the river's brink, ran through a side street, and gained a position lower down the stream, from whence the dam could be plainly seen.

The report was true. The jam was held in place by a single timber—a great square stick, doubtless torn by the angry waters from some bridge far up the country. If that could be cut, the blockade would be broken, the ice would no longer clog the stream, and the mills would be saved.

For a moment silence fell upon all; then, suddenly, Mr. Watterson's voice, hoarse and thick, rang out above the noise of the storm and the war of the waters.

"A thousand dollars to the man who will cut that timber!"

The women in the little group looked at each other and shuddered; the men fixed their eyes upon the dam; but no one replied. The roar of the angry stream increased and the waters deepened beneath the mill-wall.

"Two thousand dollars!"

The proprietor's voice was hoarser than before; but the women closed their lips firmly and shook their heads. The men moved a little uneasily, and one drew his hand across his mouth, as if he would have spoken; but still no one replied, and the white foam from the imprisoned river was tossed by the wind against the lower windows of the mills, while the corners of the buildings were already beginning to crumble and waste away before the grinding ice.

"Three thou—"

"I will go!"

The two voices sounded so closely together that it was not until the crowd turned their eyes upward and saw the one who had answered that they fairly understood the reply.

Running from a third-story window of the lower mill directly across the river, above the dam, was a long endless chain, used to convey power from the mighty water-wheel of the mills to the machinery of a little box factory, located upon the opposite bluff. This chain was at rest now, and there appeared at the window near it the figure of a boy, in a blue blouse, carrying in his hands an ax. He it was who had said, "I will go!"

When the people saw him and realized what he was about to attempt (for already he had fastened a rope round his body and was passing the end over the chain, evidently with the intention of sliding along the same until he found a point from which he could lower himself within reach of the timber); when they realized this, a great murmur went up from the crowd, and the women cried out in terror, while many turned to Mr. Watterson and urged him to order the boy back.

"Who is he?" said the proprietor, in a dazed manner.

"It's Jerry, sir. Jerry the hobbin'-boy," said a man, stepping forward. "An orphan, sir, an' strivin' to care for his sick sister."

"Jerry! Is it Jerry?" cried Mr. Watterson, turning quickly. "Then he shall not go," and he waived his hand, and shouted toward the window: "Go back! Go back!"

But already it was too late, for, with a little cry, the boy dropped from his perch and hung swinging above the roaring, grinding ice, the rope which supported him sliding slowly downward along the chain toward the centre of the dam. The breathless crowd, the terror-stricken proprietor could only watch and wait now.

Slowly and unevenly the looped rope from which Jerry was suspended slipped, link by link, down the sagging chain; slowly his feet neared the great mass of ragged ice beneath. At length, when he was directly over the centre of the dam, and just above the long beam which held the jam, allowing the rope to slide quickly through his hands, he dropped lightly upon the timber he had come to cut.

At the sight the sympathetic crowd broke into a wild cheer, both men and women; but Jerry wasted no time listening. A moment, half a moment lost might mean destruction to the mills, and before the echo of the shouting had ceased he was plying his ax with vigorous strokes, that rang sharp and clear above the sound of crumbling ice and gathering waters.

It was not a long task. The strain upon the timber already was enormous, and ere the lad had dealt half a score of blows an ominous crackling sound warned him that his errand was accomplished and that he must be gone.

Dropping the ax, he turned, seized the dangling rope, and began to climb toward the chain above, when, with a shock like the report of cannon, the beam gave way, and in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the air was filled with a horrible roaring, as the imprisoned waters burst the bonds which had confined them, and in one impetuous, boiling flood rushed over the dam, tossing the great cakes of ice that had formed the barrier high on the frothing waves—so high that they hid from sight the form of poor Jerry—and there went up from all the people a single cry: "The boy is lost!"

But the jam was broken! The mills were saved!

* * * * *

And Jerry was saved too! Bruised and stunned and bleeding, hanging half-insensible above the black waters that swept with swift curve toward the fall, when the ice that had buffeted him had passed away, the watchers saw that the boy still lived: and, quicker than it can be told, a boat was procured and manned, a long line made fast to it, and, dropping down the stream until they were close to him, tender hands were upraised, loving voices called, and with a long, sobbing cry the little hero loosed his grasp upon the rope which held him and dropped fainting into the waiting arms below.

* * * * *

To-day the great mills still stand by the river's brink, and the rumble of their machinery is heard all day long, as of yore; but it does not reach the ears of the "hobbin'-boy," nor yet those of Sister Nellie. For the one is at college and the other at school, both

foster children of that most pleasant of old bachelors, the proprietor himself; and it is only at vacation time now, when his days are brightened by the presence of both his loved ones, that Mr. Watterson's memory turns back to that spring-time, long gone by, when his son Jerry, in simple soulful gratitude, risked his life to save the mills.—*The Independent.*

UNDER A FLY-WHEEL.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.



It was ten o'clock in the morning. Every one in the factory was at work. The clicking and rattling of the lighter machinery, the groan of heavily-laden shafts, and the oily thud of hundreds of cogs mingled in busy din. The huge engine sighed as, with its brawny arm of polished steel, it impelled the main shaft to turn the wheels of the factory.

Tom worked by the door near the engine-room. He could, therefore, easily see the engine and all its surroundings. The interest of its rapid, ceaseless motion partly reconciled him to the fact that, while most boys of thirteen were enjoying full liberty outside, he was shut up within doors.

This morning, more than usually, he had been watching the forbidden splendors of the engine-room, for the engineer allowed no one in his sanctum. The great machine fascinated Tom with its easy grace of movement. His eyes dwelt long on the neat finish of the hexagonal bolt heads that gleamed about the cylinder. He tried to tell from his position how full the glass oil-cups were, as they flashed to and fro on the polished arm; and then his eyes rested on the fly-wheel that revolved so gracefully in its narrow prison. Only one-half of the wheel could be seen at once, the other half being below the floor, almost filling a narrow, rock-lined cavity called the "pit."

As Tom watched the whirling spokes, it seemed to him as if the mass of iron stood still, so swift was its motion. He remembered that once the engineer, seeing his interest in the machinery, had invited him in, and that he had stood leaning over the frail wooden guard, his face so close to the fly-wheel that the wind from its surface blew back his hair, while he looked down in the pit with wonder and dread. He remembered asking the engineer if he supposed any one could climb down there while the engine was in motion. The answer had come: "There isn't a man in the factory that has nerve enough, even if there were room"—the space between the wheel and the wall being hardly a foot and a half in width.

The boy's eyes next wandered from the object of his thoughts, and rested on the bright brass domes of the force-pumps that occupied a brick "settle" on one side of the room; and then up on the maze of pipes that crossed and recrossed above the toiling machinery.

Suddenly glancing down he saw a little child standing beneath the guard, close to the great fly-wheel.

The engineer was nowhere in sight, and little May was his only child. Tom's heart gave a great leap. In an

instant he had scrambled down from his perch and was in the engine-room.

As he passed the door way he was just in time to see the child toddle toward and fall into the pit. With an awful shudder he waited to see the monster-wheel spurn the baby-girl from its cruel sides; but no such sight came.

He dashed forward and looked into the pit. She sat on the hard, rocky bottom, sobbing softly to herself. The fall had not harmed her, yet she was still in great danger. Any attempt to move from her position would give the relentless wheel another chance.

Tom slipped out of his brown "jumper," tore off his light shoes, and stood inside the guard. One eager look in the direction of the wooden door through which the engineer would come, and then he began the descent. The great mass of iron whirled dizzily close to his eyes; the inclined plane down which he was slowly sliding was covered deep with dust mingled with oil; the thick, oily, damp air, fanned by the heavy breeze from the wheel, almost took his breath away. When the curve of the wheel was nearest it almost brushed his clothes. With his back pressed tight against the rocks he slid down till his feet touched the bottom. And now the worst part of the ordeal came—the ponderous wheel sweeping in giddy curves above him, so affected his nerves that his strength began to fail. There was one space where the wheel curved away from a corner, so he dropped on his knees there and for an instant shut his aching eyes.

The child was in the other corner of the pit, sitting in an open space similar to that in which Tom knelt. As he looked past the terrible barrier she made a movement as if to stand up. That brought back Tom's fleeing senses. If she should stand up the wheel would strike her. Lying perfectly flat upon the bottom of the pit he began slowly and cautiously to make his way beneath the mass of flying iron. He could feel the awful wind raise his hair as he crept along. Nearer and nearer he came to the child and nearer to the curve of the wheel. As he passed beneath it an incautious movement and a sudden burn on his shoulder showed that he had touched it.

The little one had not seen him at all yet, as she had been sitting and rubbing her eyes, but she looked up now and seeing the pale face streaked with oil and dust coming toward her, she covered her face again with her little hands, and sobbed louder than ever. Tom crept on till he came so near to the child that he could lay hold of her dress; then he stopped. A strange dizzy blurr kept throwing a veil over his eyes, and he tried in vain to overcome a longing for sleep. He could feel the ceaseless whirl of the great wheel and it almost made him wild. Curious vagaries and half-delirious fancies danced through his head. With an effort he threw them off, and, raising his head from the rocky couch, called for help.

Instantly a dozen mocking voices from the sides of the pit flung back the cry into his very ears. But the wheel caught the cry and whirled it away up into the engine-room in distorted echoes. He called again, and the sounds seemed less terrible. The little girl tried to get up but he held to her white dress and soothed her the best he could.

A moment later he distinctly heard footsteps in the engine-room then he

felt that some one was looking into the pit, and then the clattering of the piston in the empty cylinder showed that the engine was soon to stop.

Less swiftly, and at last slowly and more slowly whirled Tom's massive partner, fainter and fainter came the clatter of the piston, until both ceased, and the engineer with great beads of perspiration on his white forehead, swung himself down between the harmless spokes of the fly-wheel and got down close to the two prisoners.

"Is she hurt, Tom?" he gasped.

"No, sir," said Tom, faintly. "If you'd only stop the fly-wheel I'd lift her out!"

"It is stopped, my lad—it's your dizzy head that deceives you. Let me take my little May."

The engineer reached down and lifted his darling from the dust, and, holding her fast on one arm, climbed out.

Tom lay still. He did not seem to care since the little one was safe and the fly-wheel was stopped. He felt a fearful weariness stealing over him. He would like to sleep a year.

The engineer was by his side a moment later asking if he was hurt.

"No, sir, I think not—only a little tired," said Tom, and slowly and wearily his eyes closed.

Without another word the strong man lifted him up from the rocky floor and its foul air, and climbing again by the spokes of the fly-wheel, bore the boy out of his dungeon. The air from the open window soon cleared the drowsiness from his eyes and he was able to tell the whole story. The engineer grasped his hand, but he could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.

Many were the words of praise from the sturdy workmen that crowded in from the "steel works" to see why the engine had stopped. Tom was the hero of the day.

When the superintendent heard of it he sent for a hack and had Tom taken home in style with a comfortable little present in his pocket, and the permission to be out until he should feel all right. It took about a week to clear the dizzy feeling entirely away, and at the end of that time he was working at his machine just as if he had never been under a fly-wheel.—*St. Nicholas.*

SWEET SUMMER IS GONE.

HERE'S a purple tint on the wood-land leaves,
And the winds are up all day.
There's a rustling heard in the yellow sheaves,
And it seems to sadly say,
"Sweet summer's gone astray!"

In the wrinkled brook no roses peep,
And the bees no longer stray,
And the butterflies have gone to sleep,
And the locust trills all day—
Sweet summer's gone away!

On the browning fields the spider spins,
Where the lambs no longer play;
And the cricket now his chirp begins,
And the quail is whistling gay—
Sweet summer's gone away!

There are loving arms for baby dear,
Though the skies are chill and gray,
And a cosy home-nest all the year,
And sweet kisses every day—
Though summer's gone away.

A CHRISTIAN is like a locomotive—a fire must be kindled in the heart of the thing before it will go.—*M. W. Jacobs.*

"TAKE MY LIFE."

TAKE my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my hands and let them move,
 At the impulse of Thy love;
 Take my feet and let them be,
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Nothing now I would withhold.

"Take my will and make it Thine,
 Better than than longer mine,
 Take myself and let me be,
 Ever, only, all for Thee."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

THE JUVENILE SIDE OF CHAUTAUQUA.

BY THE REV. DR. J. H. VINCENT.

III.

THE Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union (day of organization, Thursday, August 18, 1881) is designed to encourage among children and young folks right habits of reading and exploration in general history, literature, science, and the arts; to promote observation, inventiveness, helpfulness and handiness in practical matters; to prepare young people to enter and to enjoy "society;" to direct in legitimate recreations; and in every possible way to fill the early years of life with everything that tends to health, cheerfulness, reverence, self-control, unselfishness, fidelity to duty, and that highest "wisdom" which the good and great of all the ages have commended.

To these ends, READINGS, "Required" and "Suggested," are preparing for the members of the C. Y. F. R. U., under the supervision of a committee. These Readings include more or less of active experiment, exploration, and exercise, and suggest and inspire the formation of pleasant Local Circles or Branches.

The organ of the C. Y. F. R. U. will be *Wide-Awake*, which will contain monthly, in addition to its rich treasury of entertaining and instructive matter, a Supplement of articles in series, designed for the members of the Reading Union; and, in connection with this *Wide-Awake* Supplement, books of high character will from time to time be prepared and selected.

The Required Readings for the first year, beginning October 1st, 1881, embrace the several series in *Wide-Awake Magazine*, \$2.50 per year; also: "Stories from English History," in the

Lycoum Library (Phillips & Hunt N. Y.); "Behaving," delightful papers on Children's Etiquette, by Shirley Dano, author of "Ugly Girl Papers," (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston); and perhaps one other book to be announced later.

Special clubbing rates will be arranged at such low prices as to be greatly to the advantage of members of the C. Y. F. R. U.

The Suggested Readings, in addition to the Required Readings, consist of extracts from various volumes which are to be named in connection with articles in the Supplement, together with such articles in the body of *Wide-Awake* each month as shall be designated in the Supplement for that month.

At stated periods competitive examinations will be held by means of printed questions sent to each member. Upon the answers received will be based the award and rank of certificates.

The first or second Supplement (October or November *Wide-Awake*, 1881) will contain directions for joining the C. Y. F. R. U., together with all rules needful to be observed by members, explanations regarding examinations, and suggestions for the formation of Local Circles, &c.

Meantime, all those wishing to join the Reading Union may send their names and addresses to

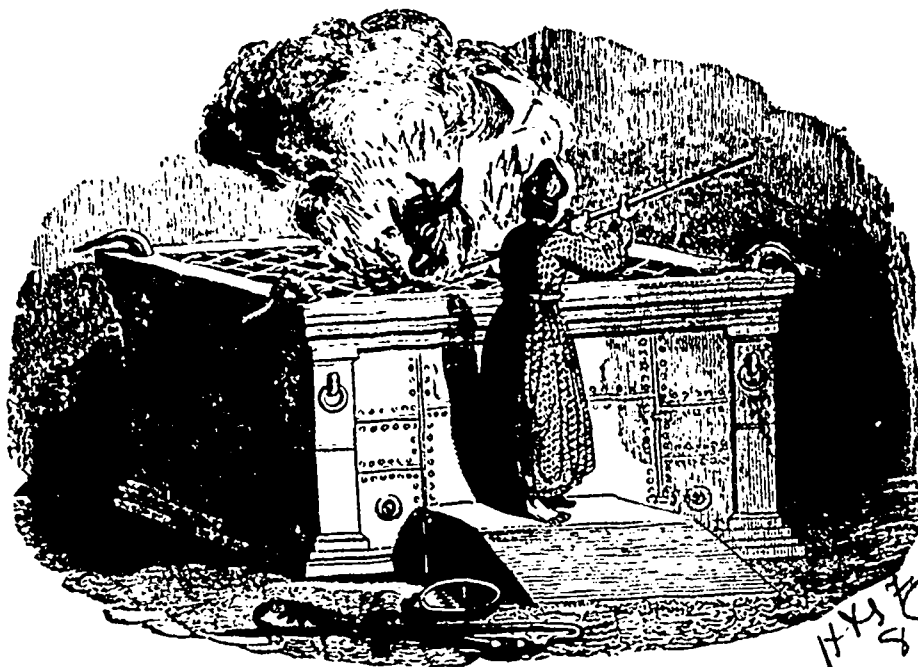
Rev. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.

THE "WIDE-AWAKE."

The attention of our readers is called to the charming magazine known as the "*Wide-Awake*," published in Boston, for the benefit of children and young people. It is equal to the *St Nicholas*; in some respects superior. It has been placed upon the new "Chautauqua Course of Reading for Young People." The price is reasonable; the articles brilliant; the course of study, of which it is a part, beautiful and useful. It will contain "Stories from English History," "Ways to Do Things," Twelve Papers on "Old Ocean;" Papers on Music, Art, Science, and Literature; Health and Strength Papers, etc., etc.; all splendidly illustrated. Each number will contain 80 large pages. The price will be \$2.50 a year. But to persons taking the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, it will be given for \$1.50; that is, the *Magazine* and *Wide-Awake* will be given for \$3.50 (full price, \$4.50); *Magazine*, *Wide-Awake*, and *Guardian*, \$5.00 (full price, \$6.50). Subscriptions should be received by 25th December. Specimen numbers of *Wide-Awake* and *Magazine* sent for 10 cents each (full price, 20 cents each). A 16-page prospectus sent post free.

C. L. S. C.

A HOME "college" for mothers and fathers, and for the grown-up girls and boys who never went to college, and for those who left public school too early. Readings in history, art, science, literature. Forty minutes a day. Four years' course. Diploma. Dull lives brightened. People with "nothing to do" guided in reading. Mothers enabled to "keep up" with the children in study. For a full account of the C. L. S. C., (Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle) address—Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, Toronto.



THE BURNT-OFFERING—THE ALTAR. To illustrate Lesson for October 16. Lev. i. 1-4.

THE BURNT-OFFERING.

The burnt-offering was intended to show how sinners are saved and reconciled to God, through the death of Christ as the offering for sin. Each Israelite was called upon to bring some animal, either an ox, or a sheep, or a goat, as his offering to God. It must be living and perfect, to show that God must have the best and the first for his service. He brought it to the door of the tabernacle, and laid his hands upon its head. This was to show that the animal stood in his place before God, and bore his sins, just as Christ bore our sins upon his cross.

Then the beast was killed, and his blood was sprinkled around the altar. This was to point out that at some time Christ should come, to shed his blood and die for men's sins. Then the offering was cut in pieces, and laid upon the wood on the great altar, and all burned to ashes. This was to show that sins were entirely taken away, and none were left when the offering is given to God.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

As we wish our young readers to take an intelligent interest in the great events of the world around us, we shall from time to time give them the best information in our power on the leading topics of the age. Certainly, no event has so moved the heart of the world in our times as the death of the President of the United States. Not only in his own country, but throughout the world, is the deepest sorrow felt. England's Queen sends a loving message to his widow. In all the English-speaking world the flags at half-mast, and tolling bells, showed the sympathy felt for his death. We give the following account from an American paper of his death:

"At the President's bedside, holding his poor emaciated hand in her own, and watching with anguish unutterable the fast vanishing sands of life, sat the faithful, devoted wife during the closing hours of the President's career. Around him were other weeping friends and physicians, lamenting their powerlessness in the presence of the dark angel of death.

Toward the last the mind of the sufferer wandered. He was once more back in Mentor, amid those scenes where the happiest hours of his life were spent. He sat in the dear old homestead again, with loved ones around him; the aged mother, so proud of her big boy, the faithful wife and beloved children.

It was a blissful dream that robbed death of its terrors, and rendered the dying man for a moment unconscious of the cruel rending of his once vigorous frame that was constantly going on.

The moan of the restless ocean mingled with the sobs of loved ones, as the lamp of life flickered and went out for ever.

Nearly every one around the President clung to hope to the last, and refused to credit the approach of death until the shadow deepened and the destroyer's presence could be no longer unfelt.

Mrs. Garfield bore the trying ordeal with great fortitude, and exhibited unprecedented courage. She gave way to no paroxysms of grief, and after death became evident, she quietly withdrew to her own room. There she sat, a heart-stricken widow, full of grief, but with too much courage to exhibit it to those about her. She was laboring under a terrible strain, and despite her efforts, tears flowed from her eyes and her lips became drawn by her noble attempt to bear the burden with which she had been afflicted.

Miss Mollie was greatly affected, and bursts of tears flowed from the child's eyes, notwithstanding her noble efforts to follow the example of her mother."

The Editor of PLEASANT HOURS was in the city of Cincinnati when the sad event took place. The city was gay with flags and decorations in honour of the great Exhibition in progress. The news came late at night, the bells tolled all night long, and next day the city was draped in mourning, as described in the daily papers:

"The gay colors seen yesterday are being covered with the semblance of mourning. Where the evergreens and flowers were to be seen yesterday, crape will predominate to-day. Rejoicing has been turned to sorrowing, and tears from thousands of eyes take the place of the hearty, happy laugh."

On another page we give a sketch of the life of this good man.

ECONOMY IN YOUTH.

WHILE sensible people put no faith in fortune-telling, we may on general principles predict from a boy's habits whether he is likely to succeed or fail in life. When money burns in his pocket and he is impatient to spend all that comes into his possession; when he spends every cent of his salary, and then falls into debt; when he prefers to invest his earnings in cigars, handsome clothes, and amusements, to putting them at interest, we may safely predict that he will probably never attain wealth without a decided change of habits. It is not so much the amount saved as the habit of saving that is important.—*Faith and Works.*

GOING HOME.

WHEN the end comes, and like a tired child
I fall beside the long highway of time,
Nor strive the last rough, upward range
to climb,
O Father, hold me not unreconciled!
Let me not then remember all the wild
And thorny ways through which my
wounded feet
So long have toiled; but rather what
beguiled [sweet
My way of pain, and made it oftimes
With laughter of glad streams, and pas-
tures green,
And fragrant forest pathways opening wide
On dewy meadows sparkling in the sun,
Like gleams of paradise in dreams fore-
seen!
So shall my slumber be untrifled,
And my awakening find the journey done.
H. S. Cornell.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

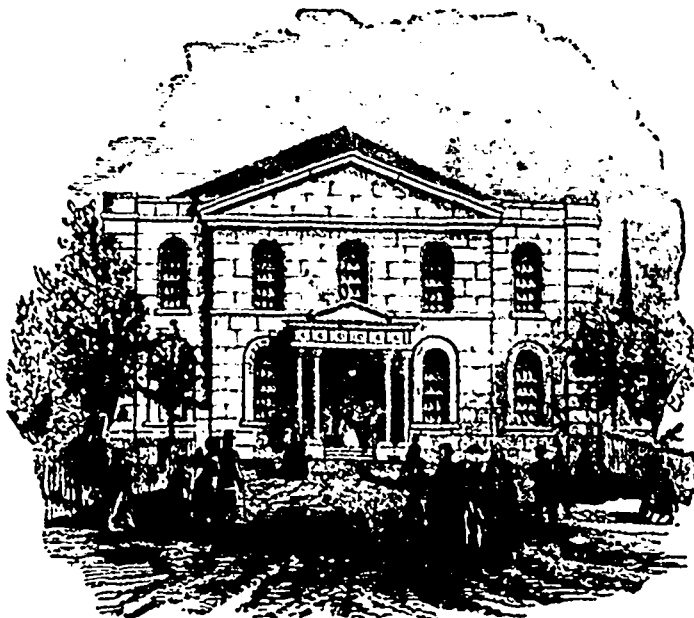
(Sunday School Reading Union.)

THE CRADLE OF METHODISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

AT this time at which we write, when the whole Methodist world is assembled, through its representatives, at the old City Road Chapel, in London, the mother church of Methodism everywhere, our readers will no doubt be interested in an account of those early days when the first society of "people called Methodists" held their worship in an abandoned foundry, and in a description of the first Methodist Chapel in the world.

The first home of Methodism was indeed very humble, suggesting analogies with the humble beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. When the Wesleys and Whitefield, by ecclesiastical intolerance, were excluded from the churches, they took to preaching on moors and commons, and at markets and fairs. Bad weather, and the need of more comfortable accommodation, led them to seek some place of shelter for their services. In 1739 John Wesley was urged to secure the Old Foundry, Moorfields, London, as a place of worship. This was a large, rambling pile of buildings, near the present site of City Road Chapel. It had been used by the Government for casting brass ordnance. Many cannon, captured from the French in Marlborough's wars, were here recast. One day, as a large quantity of molten metal was run into the moulds, the moisture in sand was suddenly converted into steam, and a violent explosion took place; the building was shattered and partly disroofed, and several persons were killed. The royal foundry was removed to Woolwich, and the shattered building was left for some years unoccupied and going to decay. Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year, from his Oxford fellowship. The sum required for the purchase of the Foundry was £115. But full of faith he assumed the debt, and some friends coming to his aid, nearly £700 was expended in fitting it up for worship. Instead of the clang of anvils and roar of furnaces



CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

employed in the manufacture of the deadly enginery of war, its walls were to echo the holy hymns and the glad evangel of the gospel of peace.

The following description of the building, as shown in the cut below, is from *Tyerman's Wesley*.—"There were two front doors, one leading to the chapel, and the other to the preacher's house, school, and band-room. A bell was hung in a plain belfry, and was rung every morning a little before five for early service, and every evening at nine for family worship, as well as at other times. The chapel, which would accommodate about fifteen hundred people, was without pews; but in front of the pulpit were about a dozen seats with back rails for female worshippers. The front gallery was used exclusively by females and the side gallery by males." On this separation of the sexes Mr. Wesley insisted in all his early churches. Above the smoke begrimed rafters could be seen the tile

tions. A dispensary and almshouse for the poor was also part of the establishment, where, in 1748, were nine widows, one blind woman, and two poor children. "I might add," says Wesley, "four or five preachers, for I myself, as well as the other preachers who are in town, diet with the poor, on the same food and at the same table, and we rejoice therein, as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." A savings bank and loan fund were also established.

High up, near the roof, were apartments for Mr. Wesley, in which his mother died. There was also accommodation for the assistant preachers and for domestics. Not a stone of the old building now remains, but the old pulpit is preserved at Richmond College, and is used by the students every week. Some of the old seats are in the basement of City Road Chapel, and the bell and chandelier are in use in other chapels. To this rude and ruinous



THE OLD FOUNDRY, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

roof. A few rough deal boards formed the temporary pulpit.

Part of the building was fitted up with desks for a school. Here, for seven years, Silas Told taught a number of charity children from six in the morning till five in the evening, for the salary of ten shillings a week. Part was also fitted up as a book-room for the sale of Mr. Wesley's publica-

structure, in the dark London mornings and evenings, multitudes of God-fearing Methodists wended their way by the dim light of their candle or oil lanterns, over the ill-paved streets, to the early morning or evening service; and here multitudes of souls were converted to God. The Foundry Society numbered, in 1743, no less than 2,200 members, meeting in sixty-six classes, having

grown in two years from 426 members. As the old Foundry was about to be demolished by the Government, who resumed possession, it was necessary to find a new home for the Methodist of London. In 1776, therefore, Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel." The following year the corner stone was laid, and, standing upon it, Mr. Wesley preached, amid showers of rain, a sermon on the text, "What hath God wrought?" How much more gloriously is that Scripture true after a century's progress! The "New Chapel" was situated near the Foundry, in what was then open fields, but is now a wilderness of brick and stone. The building is a large, plain, and nearly square structure, without much attempt at architectural display. We find no statement of its dimensions, but we read of 1,800 persons being present at a covenant service. The appearance of the interior is much more imposing than that of the outside. Handsome galleries, with an entablature and frieze, are supported by Doric columns. The ceiling has a large centre piece and ornaments of stucco. The pulpit is a high enclosed structure, with a reading-desk beneath, standing in front of a recess in the rear. On one occasion Charles Wesley was preaching with great animation, and Dr. Coke sat in the reading-desk below. During the service the little Doctor was astonished by the descent of the pulpit hymn-book on his head. Soon after, looking up, he observed the ponderous Bible about to follow. Springing up, he caught it in his arms, while the preacher, unconscious of the *contretemps*, rushed on in his strain of impassioned eloquence. On the walls all around are numerous marble tablets in memory of the distinguished preachers who have ministered within these walls—among others, John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, and many others.

In the grave-yard without, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, and of many another whose life and labours were devoted to the glory of God in the service of Methodism. In Bunhill fields burying ground, just opposite, sleeps the dust of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan. Charles Wesley preached in City Road Chapel nearly every Sunday for ten years, but his Churchly notions made him request to be buried in the parish church of Mary lebone. John Wesley regrets that the remains of his brother should not be deposited where his own should lie. "Certainly," he writes, "that ground is as holy as any in England." Aye, truly. From all parts of Christendom come pilgrims to visit that sacred spot. Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree, clippings from which have been transplanted to almost every part of the world—an emblem of the Church which he planted, which has taken root and brought forth its blessed fruit in every clime.

LYING lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

A NOBLE LIFE.



JAMES A. GARFIELD was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831. Before he reached his second year his father died, leaving the widow and her four children without fortune in the backwoods.

Few of the luxuries and many of the hardships of life did this energetic woman and her little band know. But she early resolved to give them as far as she was able an education. Her youngest born, James, before he was out of bed in the morning had a book in his hand; and after dark he would stretch himself upon the naked hearth, and by the light of the fire spell out the big words in "The English Reader," until he had much of the book in his memory.

The boy soon after took the job of chopping twenty-five cords of wood for a farmer of Newburg, Cleveland. For this work he was to receive seven dollars.

When harvest was over he went home to his mother and announced to her his intention to begin life as a sailor. The announcement was a terrible blow to the poor woman, who had centred all her hopes on his becoming a scholar, and rising to a life of usefulness, if not distinction; but, seeing he had set his heart upon it, she forbore to oppose him; for she felt sure that God would, in his own time and way, turn him back from such a course.

He walked the whole way—seventeen miles—and arrived at Cleveland at dark. Night found him weary and footsore, down upon the docks among the shipping, and, after gazing for a while at the waters of the great lake, he boarded a schooner lying at the wharf. His reception was not cordial, but it did not cure him of his longing for the sea.

He left the vessel immediately, and walked up the river along the docks. Soon he heard himself called by name from the deck of a canal boat, and, turning around, recognized a cousin, Amos Letcher, who told him he commanded the craft, and proposed to engage him to drive horses on the tow-path. He accepted the offer and the wages of "ten dollars a month and found."

Through the influence of his mother and a young schoolmaster, James was induced to abandon canal boating. The argument used was, that if he befitted himself for teaching by a few terms in school he could teach winters and sail summers, and thus have employment the year round.

In the month of March, with seventeen dollars in his pocket, got together by his mother and his brother Thomas, James went to Geauga Academy at Chester, ten miles away, with his cousins, William and Henry Boynton. The boys took a stock of provisions along and rented a room with two beds and a cooking-stove in an old unpainted house, where lived a poor widow woman who undertook to prepare their meals and do their washing for an absurdly small sum.

At Chester he first saw his future wife, Lucretia Rodolph, a quiet, studious girl, in her seventeenth year, was among the students. There was no association between the two, however, save in classes. James was awkward

and bashful, and contemplated the girls at a distance as a superior order of beings.

At the end of the term of twelve weeks he went home to Orange, helped his brother to build a barn for their mother, and then worked for day wages at haying and harvesting. With the money he earned, he paid off some arrears of doctors' bills left from a long illness. When he returned to Chester in the fall he had one silver sixpence in his pocket. Going to church next day he dropped the sixpence in the contribution box.

While at this school he worked at carpenter jobs mornings, evenings, and Saturdays.

After three years of work and study, young Garfield left the academy and went to the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Portage County.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing the Board, "I want an education, and would like the privilege of making the fires and sweeping the floors of the building to pay part of my expenses."

"How do we know, young man, that the work will be done as we may want?"

"Try me," was the answer, "try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction, I will retire without a word."

While at Hiram he lived in a room with four other pupils, studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully anchored in his mind, got through his six books of Caesar that term, and made good progress in Greek. In the winter he again taught school at Warrensville, and earned \$18 a month. Next spring he was back at Hiram, and during the summer vacation he helped to build a house in the village, planning all the siding and shingling the roof.

At the beginning of his second year at Hiram, Garfield was made a tutor in place of one of the teachers who fell ill, and thenceforward he taught and studied at the same time, working tremendously to fit himself for college. His future wife recited to him two years in Greek, and when he went to college she went to teach in the Cleveland schools, and to wait patiently the realization of their hopes. In three years' time he fitted himself to enter the junior class, and at the same time earned his own living, thus crowding six years' study into three, and teaching for his support at the same time. To accomplish it, he shut the whole world out from his mind save that little portion of it within the range of his studies, reading no light literature, and engaging in no social recreations that took his time from his books.

To complete his education, he insured his life, and assigned the policy. He became in time president of the college, and a lay preacher of the Christian church. He then studied law, and in course of time was elected to Congress. On the outbreak of the war he entered the army, became colonel, and general, and eventually President of the United States.

"What was the secret of his success?" asked President Lincoln, himself once a poor rail-splitter. "It is because when a boy he had to work for his living." But above and beyond this, it was his honesty, his diligence, his piety. No king, born of a sceptred line of sovereigns, has ever had such sympathy shown him in his illness, nor such honour in his death, as the poor Ohio boy—raised by God, like

Moses, or David, or Daniel, to rule over a great nation.

One of the noblest features in his character was his undying love to the dear old mother who toiled for him during her long widowhood, and to whom, no matter how great he became, he was ever her boy. To her his first kiss was given after his inauguration, in the presence of assembled thousands, and to her the only letter he wrote—with much feebleness and pain, upon his death-bed—was addressed. He has taken his place in history as the good son, the loving husband, the kind father, the pious statesman, the wise ruler. He has gone to his grave amid the tears of a nation, and with the sympathy and sorrow of all mankind.

"The struggle and grief are all past,
The glory and worth live on."

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. BLANKS.—1. Rove, over. 2. Mile, lime. 3. Tub, but. 4. Ear, are. 5. Bad, dab. 6. Pot, top. 7. Tea, eat. 8. Yard, dray.

II. RIDDLE.—Love.

III. ENIGMA.—I would not live away.

IV. HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Canary. 2. Robin. 3. Hen. 4. Goose. 5. Swan. 6. Wren. 7. Oriole.

NEW PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 12, 5, 2, 18, 12, 9, 15, 18, was one of the seven churches of Asia.

My 7, 12, 18, 23, 12, 5, 16, 19, 2, was one of the seven champions of Christendom.

My 17, 19, 21, 13, 18, 14, 10, was one of the seven Archangels.

My 22, 6, 9, 27, 9, 23, 9, 18, 11, was one of the hills of Rome.

My 20, 26, 4, 18, 1, 9, 22, 19, was one of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, My 31, 13, 9, 10, 16, was one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

My 1, 13, 18, 5, 16, 7, was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

My 21, 18, 1, 18, 23, 14, 25, 7, was one of the Seven Against Thebes.

My 12, 9, 8, is a word from which one of the seven days of the week derived its name.

My 17, 14, 4, 21, 25, 15, 2, is one of the seven metals known to the Ancients.

My 2, 26, 10, 11, 16, 8, is one of the seven colours of the rainbow.

My 17, 14, 3, 21, 9, 18, is one of the seven kingdoms of the Saxon Hierarchy.

My whole is a celebrated response of the Delphic Oracle.

TRANSPOSED BLANKS.

1. Many a — is checked by a —
2. The — uttered a — hoot.
3. It is about — for another — about the frisky —.

SYLLABLE WORD SQUARE.

1. A dictionary.
2. Relating to architecture.
3. Cone shaped.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. O ma, have you seen the duck?
2. The word "mad" is on the board.
3. Tell me all about it, Roy.
4. Going on deck, I saw a spar taken and put in place.

WORDS.

KEEP a guard on your words, dear children,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;
Like the bees, have terrible stings.

They can bless like the cheering sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through our lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, O children,
Are always slow to heal.

May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth!

MORNING BIBLE READING.

THE best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business care, the daily toil, and the duties of the household, are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried of taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our own comfort, by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom you profess to serve.—*Church Advocate.*

THE Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins tells us of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them, as he went, a pledge not to use intoxicating drink, profane language, or tobacco, before he was twenty-one years of age. They are now from sixty-five to seventy-five years old: only one of them has had a sick day, all are honored men, and not one of them is worth less than a million of dollars.

A QUAKER had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow, being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend T, I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—" "Suppose you do!" his neighbour angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

MOTHER'S SILK DRESS.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.



INKLE, tinkle, tinkle went the door bell through the little brown house where lived Mr. Howard, the village pastor, and his family, consisting of Mrs. Howard, Henry, Abbie, and Arthur.

"I wonder who's coming so early in the morning," exclaimed Arthur, going to the door.

In a moment he returned with a large package in his hand.

"The expressman brought it and said it was all right, no charges," he exclaimed. "It's for you, mother," laying the bundle in his mother's lap.

"For me? I wonder what it can be," said Mrs. Howard, as she carefully untied the string—"I was not expecting anything."

"Perhaps some one has remembered that it was your birthday," suggested Abbie, peering curiously into the end of the package.

"Oh, Mother Howard!" she exclaimed as she caught sight of the contents of the parcel, "it is splendid!"

"Girls are inquisitive beings," muttered Henry, as Mrs. Howard at length opened the bundle and disclosed an elegant black silk dress, with satin and lovely Brussels lace for trimming.

"It can't be for me," said Mrs. Howard, surveying the silk longingly—for a black silk had always been a cherished wish of the quiet little woman, which as yet had never been fulfilled.

"But it is," shouted Arthur, catching up the wrapper; "who else is Mrs. Arthur A. Howard, care of Rev. A. A. Howard, Brighton, but yourself?"

"I think that settles the matter, dear," said the dominie, with a fond glance at his wife, "do you know who it is from?"

"No," answered Mrs. Howard; "if there was only a note or card to tell, I would be very glad."

"Here's a card!" cried Abbie, picking up one which had fallen unnoticed to the floor, and from it Mrs. Howard read the name of an old family friend of long standing.

"I am so glad you have it, mother, for your old summer silk is getting very shabby," said Abbie, caressing the pretty material.

"So am I; mother will look lovely in it," echoed Arthur.

Meanwhile a new thought was forming itself in Mrs. Howard's busy mind. They had long wished to send Henry to college. Little by little the amount necessary had been raised to within seventy-five dollars; would not this silk, if sold, furnish the needed amount?

Who but a loving mother would have thought of the sacrifice? Perhaps it occurred to her sooner, because of hearing Mrs. Squire Hazelton say that she intended to go to the city soon for a new black silk, her old one was really quite shabby.

One bright morning soon after the arrival of the new dress, Henry started for college in a distant city. He did not know how the money had been raised, and did not care, he said, as long as he got out of Brighton, which he declared was too dull for anything. Henry was a sore trial to his parents.

He was a bright, active lad, could learn rapidly if he chose; but he was what the boys called rather "fast," and he was apt to get into bad company.

Mr. Howard hoped that the restraining influences of the college would be what was needed for Henry.

One year passed away and Henry was home once more. He was changed, however; there was a dissatisfied look on his face which his father and mother hated to see, and his reports showed that his time had much of it been misimproved.

"I say, Abbie," he said one morning, "why don't father have this house painted? It looks as if it came from the ark, and mother still wears her old dress, why don't she wear her silk one sometimes, and not look so shabby?"

"She has no silk one, Henry."

"What has she done with hers, then?" demanded the boy.

Abbie was silent for a moment, and then as Henry repeated his question, she said timidly: "Henry, father and mother have to work very hard to support us. It was a great tax on them to raise money to send you to college. And mother's dress went to help make it up."

Henry was silent for a moment, and then he exclaimed impetuously:

"Oh, Abbie, I would have done better had I known that. I have acted like a fool. I have squandered my time, and not been faithful in my work at all," and Henry walked off.

That evening he had a long talk with his mother, and the next term applied himself so diligently to business as to win the esteem of all his teachers.

"It was the silk dress that did it, mother," he said one day. "If you could afford to sacrifice that, surely I could my laziness. I am going to study with a vim, get through school, and get you another, see if I don't." And as Henry has taken for his motto the words of an old book, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," it is to be hoped that he will succeed.

"THAT BOOK."

"Toss me that book," said a boy to his little sister.

"It isn't a book," said Miss Three-year-old. "It is the Bible; and it isn't to be tossed."

That was a plea of reverence for her older brother to learn. Charlie's Latin grammar, the stories and histories on the centre-table, even that illustrated edition of Longfellow's Poems, all these were books according to the little maiden's idea; but the big volume out of which papa read in the morning, the morocco one with gilt clasps that mamma carried to Sunday-school, were not books—they were Bibles. Sometimes, perhaps, when mamma was not looking, she might venture to toss a book that did not have pretty covers, but the Bible, never.

We like the way this little girl revered the Bible. It is not a common book. It is the Book of books. When we receive little presents from our friends, we value them very much in proportion as we love the givers. So should we value the word of God, his present to us, so highly that no matter how simple the covers that contain it we shall always desire to take the best care of it, and allow it to serve no ignoble purpose.

HOW LITTLE PRINCESSES DRESS.

I HAVE seen the three little daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales with their parents, when, on one occasion, the little one getting sleepy, her mother took her up on her lap, and let her sleep there on her knees all the evening. I have seen them riding, driving, walking, boating, and on none of these occasions, I venture to say, did the wearing apparel of either exceed in cost a ten dollar bill. A simple white muslin frock, undecorated by any lace, unrelieved by any silk slip or expensive sash, formed the costume, the winter and boating dresses are of serge, the summer dresses of washing prints. And all are made in the simplest style—no gossamers, no puckerings, flouncings; no bias bands, no knife plaitings. No feathers in the hats; no furbelows anywhere. Would that the "Mrs. Lofties" of America, those vulgar and tasteless creatures who at the present time at the watering places all over the country are making the bodies of their children a mere means of parading their power to spend money, and who are ruining the moral health of their offspring by inculcating in these impressionable young breasts a mad passion for personal adornment—would that these silly and reprehensible mothers, I say, could be here to see the pattern set in this matter by the Princess of Wales. The example is followed, as all examples are when coming from the fountain heads of social eminence, and the result is seen in the admirable dressing of young English people, universally extolled in every community of taste.

—London Letter to Philadelphia Times.

GIRLS' MANNERS.

The Christian Union utters a wise word to the girls, which we trust may be so heeded by them that the faults which it seeks to correct may never appear in your manners:

If our little girls greet their brothers and sisters, and perhaps even their parents, boisterously,—if, instead of "Good-morning!" they cry, "Halloo, papa! Halloo, mamma!" and call playmates in the streets in the same rough manner,—who will be surprised if this style follows them as they grow up and appear as young ladies?

Referring to this unlady-like manner and mode of address, a gentleman writes that, passing two pretty, well-dressed, stylish-looking young ladies in the public street, he was surprised to hear one meet the other with "Halloo, Sid!" and the other respond, "Halloo, Tudel!" to her friend's greeting; and he remarks that it was just what two lounging young men might have said, or stable-boys for that matter.

It might not have been so much out of the way for the latter, but I confess it sounded very odd and offensive in what I supposed to be two well-bred young ladies—as much as if I had heard two beautiful, gay, and rose-colored birds begin to swear.

It was so unnatural and out of place. It may be the "style" for young girls or ladies to greet each other with a "Halloo;" but I can't like it or get used to it. These things may seem but a trifle, but they make all the difference between nice things and very common things.

GARFIELD.

AT last!
The night hath passed;
The long, dark dream of suffering; hath withdrawn,
And o'er the everlasting hills the dawn
Of day that hath no night hath sudden
flashed
On his glad vision. Lo, he rests—at last!

Oh, strong and tender soul!
Patient beyond belief, nor once com-
plained,
That thus thy sun must needs go down
at noon,
Leaving a nation rest of that rare boon,
A ruler, noted for a life unstained,
An honest record and unchallenged worth,
Of dauntless courage, daring to unearth
The hidden evil, and to set wrong right,
With steadfast purpose and with faith
unfeigned.

Oh, the rare beauty of the strong, pure life!
From the log cabin in primeval grove,
Clearing a path to wealth, and name, and
fame,
Resting awhile with quiet and reverent
love,
To woo the muse, conserving through the
strife,
The fervent poet soul; and yet again
Haunting the halls of learning, so to frame
From all, stout stepping stones, whereby
to climb
To that high place his nation chose for
him.

Yes! it was well he should be crowned so,
The people's chosen servant tried and true;
But yet another crown must press his brow,
With suffering's thorns, e'er we could fully
see

How truly grand and great the man could
be.

Oh! yet the world is wholesome at the
core!

A Czar is killed, and there's but little rue;
But touch the good, and how its great
heart bleeds,

Mourning the loss of one of its great needs;
How every pulse doth quicken into pain,
While o'er the Atlantic comes the muffled
roar,

O' British horror, and a sad low strain,
With love and blessing all the lines be-
tween

The voice of England's and the world's
one Queen.

And we, by virtue of our near neighbour-
hood,

Of common brotherhood alike with all;
But chiefly, by the tender ties of blood,
A triple claim advance to bear the pall,
To share the sorrow, shedding tear for
tear,

With his great nation, and his near and
dear.

—Grip.

"THE day of the Christian's death is better than the day of his birth. It is the day, when, as a weary traveller, he arrives at home; when, as a sea-tossed mariner, he enters his desired haven; when, as a long-enduring patient, he throws off the last feelings of his lingering complaint; when, as an heir of immortality, he comes of age, and obtains the inheritance of the saints in light. Thus, whatever may be the manner of his death, for him to die is gain."—W. Jay.

THERE is nothing lovely in any creature, but what it receives from God; and by how much the more it is like to God, by so much the more it is lovely unto us. Hence it is, that grace is the most lovely-thing in the world, next to God, as being the image of God Himself stamped upon the soul; nay, it is not only the image and representation, but it is the influence and communication of Himself to us, so that the more we have of grace, so much the more we have of God within us.—Bishop Deveridge.

UNDER HIS EYE.

WHEN you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write, when you sing, when you walk, when you seek for delight, To be kept from all evil at home and abroad, Live always under the Eye of the Lord.

Whatever you think both in joy and in woe, Think nothing you would not like Jesus to know. Whatever you say in a whisper or clear, Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear.

Whatever you read though the page may allure, Read nothing of which you are perfectly sure. Contemneration at once would be seen in your look If God should say suddenly, Show me that book.

Whatever you write with haste or with heed, Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read. Whether you sing in the midst of your glee, Sing nothing that God's listening ear could displease.

Whenever you go to bed, where you fear To answer if God asks: Why art thou here? Whatever the pasture in which you engage, For the cheering of youth or the solace of age, Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing, Were God to look down and say, What are you doing?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PENTATEUCH.

B.C. 1400.] LESSON III. [Oct. 16.]

THE BURNT-OFFERING; or, THE ONE OFFERING.

Lev. 1. 1-14. Commit to memory v. 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. Heb. 9. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. A Pure Offering, v. 1-14.
2. A Willing Offering, v. 1-14.
3. An Accepted Offering, v. 1-14.

TIME, PLACE, etc.—See Lesson II.

EXPLANATIONS.—The burnt-offering here described was not the sacrifice offered daily by the priest for the whole nation, but an offering given by any person, at any time, for himself alone. It was to show that sin can be taken away only by blood, and to point to Christ as the great sacrifice. The animal offered might be either a bullock, a sheep, a goat, or a pair of pigeons, or of doves; but it must be a male, without defect or taint, and living, to show that man's best should be given to God. The sacrificer brought his offering alive to the door of the tabernacle, and placed his hands upon it, to show that it stood in his stead before God, as an atonement for his sins. It was then killed, either by the man himself, or in his presence by the priest. The blood was then sprinkled upon and around the altar, to show that life must go to redeem life. Then the animal was cut in pieces, washed, and laid upon the altar, where the fire was always burning, and entirely consumed, showing that all, and not a part only, must be given to God. This was acceptable to God, as showing a sincere giving up of self to God, and as representing the great sacrifice of Christ for the sin of the world.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

[To the Pupil.—Read carefully the foregoing Explanations, and you will find answers to many of the questions.]

1. A Pure Offering, v. 1-14. What was the burnt offering? Who gave this offering? How did it represent Christ? GOLDEN TEXT. From what kinds of animals might the burnt-offering be chosen? What was required respecting the animal chosen for sacrifice? v. 3. Why was it required to be without blemish? What sin is rebuked in Mal. 1. 8? How did the pure offering represent Christ? 1 Pet. 1. 19.
2. A Willing Offering, v. 1-14. In what respect was this a willing offering? How was the offering shown to be willing? v. 3. What should be the character of our offering? Rom. 12. 1. Where was it to be presented? v. 3. Why was it to be offered there? [ANSWER, Because the altar stood there.] How was Christ's offering voluntary? John 10. 18. How should our offering of ourselves be voluntary? Psa. 40. 8.
3. An Accepted Offering, v. 1-14. What did the sacrificer do to his offering? v. 4. What was shown by this act? How was it accepted? v. 4.

What is here meant by "atonement" [ANS. Reconciliation of the sinner with God.] What is necessary for this reconciliation and the forgiveness of sins? Heb. 9. 22. What was next done with the offering? v. 5. What was done with the blood? What did this represent? Col. 1. 13, 14. What was finally done with the offering? v. 9. Who was made our sacrifice? Eph. 5. 2.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That God requires a perfect offering?
2. That God expects a willing offering?
3. That we have an all-sufficient offering?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was shown by the burnt-offering? The atonement for sin. 2. What was required for this sacrifice? A perfect and living animal. 3. How was it presented? As a voluntary offering. 4. What was done with it? It was slain and burned. 2. How did this represent Christ? As the sacrifice for sin.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Atonement for sin.

B.C. 1400.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 23.]

THE PEACE OFFERING; or, THANKSGIVING AND VOWS.

Lev. 7. 11-18. Commit to memory v. 11-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High. Psa. 50. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. Thanksgiving, v. 11-15.
2. Vows, v. 16-18.

EXPLANATIONS.—The peace-offering was so named because it was intended to represent man as in the condition of peace and friendship with God. It was offered as a thanksgiving-service of gratitude for God's mercies, and as a pledge for the fulfillment of a promise or vow made to God. The animals offered at this sacrifice were either oxen, sheep, or goats, and might be either male or female. As with the burnt-offering, it was brought to the door of the tabernacle, the hands of the offerer were laid on its head, and it was slain. But, unlike the burnt-offering, (see last lesson,) the peace offering was divided into three parts. One of these was offered to the Lord, and burned upon the altar. The second was waved to and fro, and lifted up on high as a token of thanksgiving, and then given to the priest. The third part was given back to the sacrificer, who, with his friends, ate it as a feast before the Lord, with thanksgiving. Besides the flesh of the offering, bread, both leavened and unleavened, was eaten at the sacrificial feast. If it were a thanksgiving, the food must all be eaten on the same day, but if it were a vow, a part might be kept until the next day, but in no case longer, lest, in the warm climate of the East, it might spoil. The offering with its feast represented God and his people at peace, sitting down to partake of food together. The feast upon the sacrificial meat taught also the duties of fellowship and generosity.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

[To the Pupil.—Study carefully the Explanations for answers to the questions.]

1. Thanksgiving, v. 11-15. Why was this termed a "peace-offering"? Under what circumstances was it given? What was it especially intended to express? What should we offer to God for his benefits? Heb. 13. 15. What animals were allowed for this offering? Lev. 3. 1. What was to be done with the offering? Lev. 3. 2. What was also to be presented with the sacrifice? v. 12, 13. Into how many parts was the offering divided? What was done with the part given to God? What was done with the second portion? What was done with the rest of the offering? What did this feast express? What are some mercies for which we should thank God? What return for God's mercies should we give? Psa. 116. 12, 13.
2. Vows, v. 16-18. What is a vow? [ANS. A promise to fulfil some service to God.] What vows to God should we make? What was Jacob's vow? Gen. 28. 20, 22. What was Hannah's vow? 1 Sam. 1. 11. What was to be done with the sacrifice of a vow? v. 16. What was to be done with any of the offering left on the third day? v. 17. Why was this rule made? What is the command of the GOLDEN TEXT?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How do we learn in this lesson—

1. The duty of thanking God for his mercy?
2. The duty of remembering our promises to serve God?
3. The privilege of communion with God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the peace-offering represent? Thanksgiving to God. 2. What was offered with the sacrifice? Bread, both leavened and unleavened. 3. What was done with the sacrifice? It was divided into three parts. 4. What was done with one portion? It was burned upon God's altar. 5. What was done with the second part? It was given to the priest. 6. What was done with the third part? It was eaten before the Lord. 7. What did all this show? A condition of peace with God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fellowship with God.

B.C. 1400.] LESSON V. [Oct. 30.]

NADAB AND ABIHU; or, THE HOLY LORD.

Lev. 10. 1-11. Commit to memory verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye shall be holy, for I am holy. Lev. 11. 44.

OUTLINE.

1. God's Wrath, v. 1-7.
2. God's Warning, v. 8-11.

EXPLANATIONS.—Censer—A bowl in which incense was offered. Strange fire—Any fire except that taken from the altar of burnt-offerings, where the incense was commanded to be kindled. Before the Lord—The incense was offered upon the golden altar in the holy place. Fire from the Lord—From the glory of God above the ark of the covenant. They died—As the penalty of disobedience and impiety. I will be sanctified—That is, "hallowed." God's holiness was shown in this event, by the death of those who carelessly came into his presence. Glorified—Held in honor and reverence by the people. Held his peace—Showing submission to God's will. Your brethren—So called as members of the same family. Before the sanctuary—From the holy place before the curtain of the holy of holies. In their coats—Their priestly garments, which were regarded as polluted by their crime. Uncover not—An Eastern sign of mourning is to take off the turban and dishevel the hair. Rend your clothes—In grief often Orientals tear their clothes from their bodies. Lest ye die—They were to respect their vocation as God's priests, and not give way to grief. The anointing oil—Consecrating them to God's service. Not drink wine—Showing that probably the two priests were intoxicated when they committed the crime. Between holy and unholy—That, being sober, they may be able to observe the distinction.

1. God's Wrath, v. 1-7.

Who were Nadab and Abihu? What did they do? What is meant by "strange fire"? What was commanded in Exod. 30. 9? What kind of fire should they have used? Where was the incense offered? What came upon them? Why did they suffer this fate? What may have been their condition at the time? v. 9.

What like event took place in later times?

2 Sam. 6. 7.

What is the warning to us in Heb. 12. 25? In what spirit should we come before God? What did Moses say concerning this event? v. 3.

How was God "sanctified" by this event? What example of submission to God did Aaron show?

What is said in Psa. 39. 2, 9?

What did Moses command concerning the burial? What did he say to Aaron and his remaining sons?

Why were they not to mourn?

2. God's Warning, v. 8-11.

What did God warn Aaron not to do? Why was strong drink forbidden them at this time?

Why should we not drink liquor at any time? What is Paul's exhortation in Eph. 5. 18. Between what were they to make a distinction?

When will that distinction be shown? Matt. 25. 32. On which side would you choose to stand? What were they to teach the Israelites? What is said in Mal. 2. 7?

How is the great duty taught in this lesson summed up in the GOLDEN TEXT?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. The duty of reverence for God?
2. The example of submission to God?
3. The warning against strong drink?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who were Nadab and Abihu? Sons of Aaron the priest. 2. Of what crime were they guilty? Of irreverence toward God. 3. How did they show irreverence? By offering incense with strange fire. 4. What fate befell them? Fire from God killed them. 5. What did their fate show? God's wrath against the unholy.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The holiness of God.

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