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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

No. 24.

## A LADY'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

OF all the circumnavigators of the world since Magellan first ploughed with adventurous keel the lonely waters of the Pacific, few have made the voyage in such a luxurious style as the little company of the yacht *Sunbeam*. Sir Thomas Brassey, a son of the great Railway King, whose firm constructed our Canadian Grand Trunk and many other great railways, is an English

narrative of travel and adventure, is gotten up in a very sumptuous style. Its hundred and eighteen illustrations, of which specimens are herewith given, are of the finest execution. The whole of these engravings, and the substance of the entire book will be given in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1884, running through the year.

The book is written in a very familiar style from a journal regularly kept day by day. It has thus a sparkling freshness. We are quite taken "into the family." We share the sports of the children, down to the

The outlook was superb, but the fatigue of the ascent was very great, and, to make matters worse, in descending they became lost in the darkness.

A long stretch across the Atlantic brought the party to Rio de Janeiro. In crossing the line they had the usual visit from Father Neptune and his train. We get an interesting glimpse of life in Brazil, but our author was painfully impressed with the institution of slavery, and the sale, like cattle, of human flesh and blood. The tropical forest, with its wonderful fauna and flora, butterflies ten inches across,

been smouldering for a week, during which time the crew had been living on deck, with hatches battened down and a volcano slumbering beneath them. Immediately after the providential rescue the flames burst out, illuminating the midnight heavens as the *Sunbeam* sailed away. The tax of fifteen hungry mouths upon the ship's stores put all hands on half-allowance. But, fortunately, in a few days the rescued crew were transferred to a Pacific mail steamer and sent to England.

Sir Thomas Brassey guided his vessel



A NATIVE PICNIC AT TAHITI.  
Specimen of 118 cuts which will appear in the "Methodist Magazine" during 1884.

Member of Parliament, of nautical tastes, and with abundant means for gratifying them. With his accomplished wife, his four children, a select party of friends, a tried crew, and a staunch ship, he set sail for a pleasure cruise around the world. The *Sunbeam* was a luxuriously fitted three-masted steam yacht of 350 horse power. The company consisted of forty-three persons, including crew. Lady Brassey is the graceful historian of the expedition. The Hon. A. I. Dingham, one of the guests, an accomplished amateur, was its artist, although Lady Brassey took a great many photographic pictures herself. The record of the cruise, which is a fascinating

baby, we join the adventures of their elders, and see the world through the intelligent eyes of the fair narrator.

Sir Thomas Brassey is referred to colloquially throughout the book as "Tom," as, for instance, "Poor Tom was up most of the night managing the vessel," "Tom read the Litany and Communion service, and preached a good sermon," a practice which, we are happy to say, he observed throughout the voyage.

The first land made was Madeira, where they ascended the mountain and glided down its side on steel-shod sleds, steered down the zig-zag road, with great skill, by native guides. At Tenerife the party climbed the Peak

and humming birds like living jewels, awoke her enthusiastic admiration.

At Monte Video and Buenos Ayres they remained some time, sailing up the River Platte in a steamboat, thence to the heart of the Pampas by the Argentine Railway. Here they found an English settlement, with neat iron church, sent from England, a Sunday school, and that British institution, a horse-race. Everybody almost lives on horseback on the Pampas. Even beggars ride about with a certificate of mendicancy tied about their necks.

While making for Magellan Straits, the *Sunbeam* was fortunately able to rescue the crew of a Norwegian ship, laden with coal, in which a fire had

with great skill through the intricate navigation of Magellan Straits, stopping awhile at the dreary Chilean penal colony of Sandy Point. They met a few Patagonian and Fuegian natives in crazy boats of planks, tied together with sinews, with a fire smouldering on some green boughs in the bottom. For some tobacco and beads they purchased from them five or six blanks, worth £40 each in London. The glaciers were the finest they ever saw, even those of Norway and Switzerland being insignificant beside them. It added to the charm of travel amid these sublime scenes that, at the wish of the fair mistress of the yacht, the screw would be stopped to permit her

to enjoy the prospect, or to ramble on the shore.

A stay of a fortnight was made in Chili, visiting Concepcion, Santiago and Valparaiso—the Vale of Paradise, as the Spaniards called it, on account of its lovely scenery. In making a railway trip to the Andes, the author met a young Canadian engineer, to whose intelligence she pays a high compliment. She tells of a plucky English engine-driver who, although the tender had run over his foot, still stuck to his engine till it ran off the track. It was forty-two hours before he could receive surgical aid. One of the saddest sights was the ruins of the church at Santiago, in which two thousand persons, mostly women, were burned to death in 1863. The genuine Panama hats, we learn, are very expensive—the best costing as much as \$340; but they will last forever and wash like a pocket-handkerchief.

On the first of November they began their four weeks' sail of four thousand miles across the lonely Pacific to Tahiti. As they reached Clark's Island, a curious circular coral reef, Lady Brassey was hauled high up the mast, in a "boatswain's chair," to enjoy the prospect. "When I got accustomed," she says, "to the smallness of my seat, the airiness of my perch, and the increased roll of the vessel, I found my position by no means an unpleasant one," especially as "Tom climbed up the rigging and joined me shortly afterward."

Our author fell quite in love with the beautiful South Sea Islands. At first she was a little afraid of the natives. The whole party was armed, and even the ladies carried revolvers, at the first island on which they landed. The recent murder of Commodore Goodenough and of Bishop Patterson were fresh in every mind. But they met with nothing but kindness. The coral growths and fish, sea-weeds and shells were of exquisite brilliance and beauty. Our author purchased a quaint, old-fashioned pet pig, which she called "Agag, because he walked so delicately, but the others named him Beau, on account of his elegant manners." Tahiti seemed a fairy scene:

"Like a summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,"

abounding in the loveliest landscapes and exquisite fruits and flowers. The natives, dressed in bright-coloured robes and crowned with garlands, appeared to enjoy a perpetual holiday. But even this paradise had its drawbacks—cockroaches three inches long and ravenous mosquitoes made life miserable at night. (In Ceylon our author found mosquito-proof rooms, like large meat safes.) The native church was crowded on Sunday with an intelligent congregation, many of whom diligently took notes of the sermon. These, the author found, were the Bible-class, whose pride it was to repeat nearly the whole of the discourse. The hymns were sung with much fervour, and the sacrament was administered with the substitution of bread-fruit and coconut milk for bread and wine. Under missionary influence the exports of the island has risen from £8 400 in 1845, to £102,000 in 1874.

On December 22nd they reached Hawaii, and visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron.

"Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids, and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff a hundred feet high into the sea at its base, as shown in one of our pictures. But alas, many of the natives of this lovely land are lepers, and live in isolation on an island by themselves. A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious instruction of those outcasts of mankind, sharing also their irrevocable doom—an act of heroism rarely paralleled in the annals of philanthropy.

On the 4th of January, 1877, the tourists sailed from Honolulu for Japan, a distance of 2700 miles. They reached Yokohama February 2nd, and saw the sunrise behind the snow-covered Fujiyama, or "matchless mountain" of the Japanese. *Jin-riki shas* were summoned, and the wonders of Tokio explored, of which a very graphic account is given. The strange blending of European and Oriental life, costumes, and customs makes Japan one of the most interesting countries in the world. Everything seems reversed; they clothe the cattle, and the men go nearly naked; the carpenter pulls his saw and plane towards him and the tailor thrusts his needle from him. The party visited the great bronze sitting figure of Daibutz, fifty feet high, six hundred years old, on whose thumb a man may sit.

After a visit to Kioto and Osaka, they left with regret the "Sunrise Kingdom." The incorruptible honesty of the Japanese tradesmen is highly commended, as also the beauty and ingenuity of their art and the amiability of the people.

On February 26th they reached Hong Kong, that maze of junks, sampans, and shipping from every port in the world. The pertinacious Chinese so swarmed on the yacht that they had to be dispersed with the cold water hose. The "pidgion English," as spoken by grave merchants, seemed like the silliest of baby talk. "Take piecye mississy one piecye bag top side" seems as hard to understand as "Take the lady's bag upstairs;" but it is easier to a Chinaman's intellect. The crowded towns, the vile odours, disgusting cuisine, squalor, and the seething mass of humanity of the mis-called Flowery Empire, were very distasteful after the neatness and even elegance of Japanese life. A strange superstition is that of sending home for burial the bones of Chinese who have died abroad. Frequently a ship-load of 1,600 bodies arrives. The passage of a live Chinaman costs \$40, as against \$160 for that of his dead body.

Leaving Hong Kong, the *Sunbeam* sailed through the Straits of Malacca, stopping at Singapore and Penang. The passage of the Straits was delightful. The beautiful bright birds and flowers, the snowy turbans, gay silks, and bronze forms of the natives, and

the luscious tropical fruits were full of novelty and attraction.

Long before they reached it the travellers could distinctly smell the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon. The scarlet cranes, crimson-tipped cinnamon trees, purple sunsets, and brilliant gems, all seemed to glow with tropical sunlight. The Cingaleso gem-sellers are sad rogues. They will ask a thousand rupees for a paste gem for which they will take fourpence.

Leaving Colombo, April 5th, in ten days the *Sunbeam* reached Aden, the "hottest place on earth," and, after ten days beating about in the Red Sea, reached Suez on the 25th. The weather became rapidly cool, furs were in request, and the ladies were busy making flannel jackets for their monkeys, who pined for their sunny Southern homes.

While the yacht passed through the canal, the party went by rail to Cairo and the Pyramids, rejoining it at Alexandria. Rapidly steaming up the Mediterranean, they stopped at Malta, and received a visit from H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who had made almost the same cruise in the *Galatea*. After stopping at Gibraltar and Lisbon, and getting a good tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, our tourists at last sighted Old England with rapturous hearts, and reached Hastings, May 25th, after an absence of nearly eleven months. During this time they had travelled 35,375 miles, of which 20,396 was made by sail alone, not over 350 tons of coal being used during the voyage of forty-six weeks.

The trip was a most enjoyable one, though not without sundry mishaps. More than once the head gear was carried away and heavy seas deluged the cabin. Twice the ship caught fire, to the great consternation of the passengers, but the use of chemical *extincteurs* promptly extinguished the flames. The small-pox broke out in the fore-castle, causing much anxiety, but providentially no life was lost during the entire voyage. The narrative is one of great interest, and conveys in pleasant form much valuable information about out-of-the-way places and people. It will prove one of the great attractions of the *Methodist Magazine* for the coming year, as month after month the reader will follow the accomplished authoress through her many strange experiences. The 118 graphic engravings will add greatly to the interest of the narrative.

#### DANGER EQUALLY SHARED.

A FRENCH officer, General Cherin, was once conducting a detachment through a deep and dangerous glen. Seeing that his men rather flagged, he spoke to them encouragingly, counselling them to bear the fatigues of the march patiently. A soldier near him muttered angrily, "It is all very well for you to talk of patience—you who are mounted on a fine horse; but for us poor wretches it is a different matter." The quick ear of the general heard the words; perhaps the narrow anks that hemmed in the road, concentrating the sound, conveyed them. He felt that it was unjust that his men should think he would not willingly share all their dangers, so he reined in his horse at once and, dismounting, said to the murmuring soldier, "Here, take my place awhile." Scarcely had the latter

mounted, his face covered with confusion, when a shot from the adjacent heights struck the poor fellow, and he fell badly wounded. The general turned to his troop and said, as some were told off to carry their comrade, "You see, my men, that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous." Life is in this like a battlefield, and it should make the lowly contented with their lot. The most elevated places are by no means the least dangerous.

#### THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

IN the best chamber of the house,  
Shut up in dim uncertain light,  
There stood an antique chest of drawers,  
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.  
One morn, a woman frail and gray  
Stepped tottlingly across the floor:  
"Let in," said she, "the light of day;  
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer!"

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,  
Kneelt down with eager, curious face;  
Perchance the dreamt of Indian silks,  
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.  
But when the summer sunshine fell  
Upon the treasures hoarded there,  
The tears rushed to her tender eyes;  
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear Grandmamma" she softly sighed,  
Lifting a withered rose and palm;  
But on the elder face was naught  
But sweet content and peaceful calm.  
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed  
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe;  
A little frock of finest lawn—  
A hat with tiny bows of blue;

A ball, made fifty years ago;  
A little glove; a tassled cap;  
A half-done, long-division sum;  
Some school-books fastened with a strap.  
She touched them all with trembling lips;  
"How much," she said, "the heart can  
bear!  
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die  
The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know  
That all throughout these weary years  
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,  
Their eyes have been unstained by tears!  
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight,  
When earthly love is almost o'er;  
Those children wait me in the skies,  
For whom I locked that sacred drawer."  
—Mary A. Barr.

#### MOTHER'S TURN.

IT is mother's turn to be taken care of now." The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon, but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.

THE MISSIONARY HYMN.

"NOW let us sing," the preacher said,  
And as the book he lifted,  
Across his patient, careful face  
A bright expression drifted,  
Stood listening the forest trees,  
Around that cabin lowly,  
Halted the wolf and snuffed the breeze,  
On which came faintly, slowly,—  
"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain."

"Now let us sing;" and at the word  
From pulpit uttered,  
Like rustling leaves before a shower,  
The white-winged pages fluttered.  
Then burst the hymn, the long grass waved,  
The grouse stirred in its cover;  
Still stood the deer with head erect,  
Up sprang the startled plover.  
"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone."

"Now let us sing;" the city throng  
Crowding around the preacher,  
The tale of heathen woe or woe  
Had heard from earnest teacher  
The breath of organ, chant of choir,  
In grand reverberation,  
Shook transept, nave, and vaulted roof.  
With fervent deprecation:  
"Shall we whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,—  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! Oh salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name."

Where'er is heard our English tongue,  
From continent to ocean,  
The wondrous hymn, whose burning lines,  
Are sung with deep emotion;  
From distant isles, from China seas,  
Resolve and courage bringing;  
From Saxon, Indian, African,  
To-day the words are ringing:  
"Wait, wait, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters roll;  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole,  
Till e'er our ransomed nature  
The lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

Oh lyric grand! thy noble words,  
All noble deeds suggesting,  
Have ever stirred the Christian heart,  
To work and toil unceasing.  
And 'til the Church's fight is fought,  
Thine utterances glorious,  
A battle cry, a trumpet call,  
Shall lead the host victorious.

—Sunday Magazine.

THE CHRIST CHILD'S MESSAGE.

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

"If you come into the church  
Christmas Eve with your  
heart full of peace and  
good-will toward men,  
then to you shall the  
Christ-child appear; but  
if you bring one unkind  
thought toward any one, then you will  
not see him, though you wait so many  
hours."

Frau Stroebel said this in a monotonous tone, as if she were repeating the multiplication table. It was her usual way of speaking, and, as he listened, Stephen Burnette thought within himself, it was no wonder this emotionless creature could talk about forgiveness, for to her, life was but the dead calm of a Saragossa Sea.

Not such, however, was the little Bertha. She climbed into his lap with

affectionate eagerness, and, clasping both arms tightly around his neck, whispered persuasively: "You'll come with me to church and see the Christ-child. Won't you?"

The man smiled bitterly at the thought of his seeking such a vision. Then he looked down into the clear blue eyes of the little German girl, as she repeated, with the unquestioning faith of childhood: "You'll come with me and see the little Christmas Jesus."

"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Who spoke? Was it Frau Stroebel, who sat at her sewing, with half-closed lips, or had the room grown voiceful with an unseen Presence?

A tide of bitter memories swept through the mind of Stephen Burnette. He saw a young lad working with his elder brother, year after year, tilling the farm and caring for the invalid father at home. They grew to manhood—the younger, honest and industrious, labouring faithfully from earliest dawn; the elder, scheming and unscrupulous, trading a little, working less. He remembered how that younger son had been sent away on some trivial pretext, when, unknown to him, the father was nearing his end; and had returned to meet, unwarned and unprepared, the funeral-bier. He recalled the indifferent way in which his brother told him they did not know where to send to him, and the exultant look of the elder when the will was produced. During that last week it had been signed and sealed by the dead father, giving the property all but a scanty pittance, to his first-born; a will won from him by false promises and base insinuations against the absent. It might not have been, it was not merely the loss of money that was justly his—the father's wrong touched deeper soundings than such disappointed hopes; but at that hour the younger man hardened till his heart was like the nether mill-stone. Never again would he speak that brother's name; never again should there be word or sign betwixt them. And the vow had been fulfilled. For years not a word had been exchanged between them, though they still lived in the same village—the one rich, the other poor.

A few months since, and a great change had come to the elder brother. It was whispered among the mothers in Israel that "Fordyce Burnette had experienced religion." He had sent a letter to his brother, asking forgiveness, and offering to make restitution of the property; and it had been returned, unopened. He had sought an interview, and repeated the same words; but received neither word nor look in reply. The cold, stern man, whose heart had been ossified many years before, pursued inflexibly the path he had marked out for himself so long ago; and now here was a little child, whose golden hair had "caught and held the sunshine" of but half a dozen summers, trying to turn him aside into a new way.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

It was not Frau Stroebel who spoke, for she was sitting motionless, with folded hands and drooping eyelids. He glanced down at his feet, and behold! the little Bertha, startled at the look upon his face, had slipped to the floor, and, kneeling at his chair, was softly repeating the Lord's Prayer. When she had finished, he lifted her gently to her feet, stooped and kissed her—a

thing he had never been known to do before—and went quietly to his room. What passed there no one ever knew, but when, at last, he came out, there was a new, strange look in his face; a look of brightness like the clear shining after rain.

"Say not to him any more of going, till the time is come for the church to be open," whispered Frau Stroebel to her daughter, and the wise little Bertha nodded and smiled, and on this subject preserved a silence more potent than words; for at the appointed hour, when she came, all cloaked and hooded, and held out her little hand so coaxingly, he suffered himself to be led over the crisp snow, that crackled loudly beneath their feet, until, at last, she brought him safely into the church. And he smiled faintly as he saw into what a pleasant harbor his little steersman had guided him, for the church was all ablaze with light and echoing with Christmas carols. Wax tapers flamed into added brightness, as if they shared the gladness of the hour, as the anthem pealed forth in stirring measures "Glory to God in the highest," while the choir caught up the sweet refrain, till the very rafters rang with the exultant chorus: "And on earth peace, good will toward men."

A giant Christmas tree, whose branches bent beneath the weight of loving gifts, stood in the transept; and parents and children were crowded there, in holiday attire, the little ones on tiptoes with expectation, waiting for the time when the presents should be distributed. A little later, and behind an arch of evergreens, Stephen Burnette found the man who had embittered and darkened his life. For an instant his face looked white, and stern, and motionless, as if carved in marble. Then he shook off the clinging touch of little Bertha and stepped forward, holding out his hand.

"My brother, forgive me!" That was all he said. Only four words; but they heralded a grander victory, after a fiercer conflict, than ever Crusader knew. Earth has its battlefields elsewhere than on grassy plains or at the rocky pass.

A thunderbolt could scarce have startled the elder brother more; but, grasping the extended hand, he said, huskily: "It is I that have sinned against you, and ask your pardon."

Then came a moment's pause. A choking sensation held both silent; but the warm pressure of hand to hand spoke from heart to heart louder than any words, and in the silence, clear and sweet above them, the joy-bells began to ring. Then came a rush of little feet and an eager cry for Mr. Fordyce Burnette. He was wanted at the tree. Slowly the hands unclasped, and the strong man's lips trembled, as he turned. "I will see you later," he said, as the children dragged him away.

A half hour passed and Stephen Burnette stood gazing upward, just above the holly boughs in the organ-corner. Was it fancy, or did he see a sudden glory shine forth above the evergreens—a strange brightness, that took upon itself the form of a child; a child, too, with such divine beauty in his face as never painter limned nor sculptor wrought, save in some fleeting dream? and see! It was coming nearer, nearer, with hands held out, the beautiful Babe in the Manger, and the face of the man was transfigured as he gazed.

Bertha touched his arm excitedly.

"Do you see the Christ-child?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, softly, "and I think I heard him saying 'Come!'"

There was a dull, heavy sound, as of something falling, but no one stopped to notice. It was probably the wooden frame of the evergreen arch, they thought, and they turned again to the tree, anxiously watching to see who should be the fortunate possessor of the glittering bracelets that swung from one of the highest boughs. But the cries of little Bertha soon brought them to her side, and they lifted the lifeless body tenderly, vainly trying to bring back the barque that had slipped its moorings and drifted out on the unknown sea.

"It is heart disease," said the doctor. "I have noticed the symptoms for some time. The excitement of the evening was too much for him."

But little Bertha heeded not his words. She had crept timidly to the side of her old friend with a sprig of holly, which she wanted to place in the pale, cold hand; and a neighbour who had marked the little tear-stained face and lifted her up for a last look, heard her murmuring softly to herself: "He has followed the Christ-child home."

THE SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swans' down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden furies of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood,  
How the flakes were falling it gently,  
As d d robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Ma'el,  
Saying: "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the laden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow  
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud-like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father,  
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,  
And she kissing back could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

AN anecdote of Mr. Lincoln: "Old Abe" once replied to a question early in the war as to how the Union reverses affected him, by saying: "I feel very much like a great, stalwart Illinois neighbor of mine who was out logging in his bare feet. A log rolled over and crushed one of his big toes before he could escape. All drawn up with pain, he replied to a question of how he was, with: 'Well, I'm too big to cry, but it hurts too bad to laugh.'"

THE WAY IT STRUCK HER.

A LITTLE ragged orphan girl, who ne'er  
Had had a home nor known a parent's  
care,  
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,  
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,  
Was taken from the city far away,  
With others of her kind, one Summer day,  
To look upon the ocean—At the sight  
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave  
delight.

And some one said: "I wonder what can be  
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty  
sea."  
She heard the words and quickly turned her  
head,  
And in low tones, "I's thinkin', ma'am," she  
said,  
"I's glad I comed, because I never saw  
Enough of any thing at wunst before."  
—Harper's Young People

OUR PERIODICALS.

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Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
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The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
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Under 5 copies, 66c.; over 5 copies	0 60
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Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
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Over 20 copies	0 22
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Less than 20 copies	0 25
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Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PERI-  
ODICALS FOR 1884.

AS a result of Methodist Union,  
the Sunday-school periodicals  
of the United Methodist  
Church shall be adapted to  
meet, to the fullest degree, the highest  
requirements of every Methodist school.  
Neither money nor labour shall be  
spared in making them the best, the  
most attractive, and the cheapest  
Lesson Helps and Sunday-school papers  
in the world. The last year has been  
the best in their history. It is deter-  
mined that the next year shall be  
better still.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANNER

was never so popular and so useful as  
it is now. We shall adopt every  
possible improvement to keep it in the  
very foremost rank of Lesson Helps.  
In order that every teacher in every  
school of the Methodist Church may  
have the aid of this unsurpassed  
*Teacher's Monthly*,

ITS PRICE WILL BE LOWERED

from seventy-five to sixty-five cents for  
single copies, and from sixty-five to  
sixty cents on all copies more than one  
to any address. This gives the school  
which can take only two or three  
copies an equal advantage with the  
school which can take a large number.  
Thus

FIVE CENTS A MONTH

will place in the hands of a teacher

twelve times thirty-two pages—384  
pages a year—of rich, full, concise,  
practical Lesson Notes and Teacher's  
Hints, adapted for the several grades  
of the Sabbath-school, and well printed  
in clear type on good paper. What,  
so-called, "cheap" Lesson Helps pro-  
vide all that is required for all grades  
in one volume of 384 pages for the  
small sum of sixty cents a year, only  
five cents a month!

PLEASANT HOURS

has nearly doubled its circulation dur-  
ing the past year, and has everywhere  
been received with the greatest favour.  
It is even being ordered from the  
United States and Australia, as  
superior to anything that can be pro-  
duced for the price in those countries.  
During the coming year special pro-  
minence shall be given to Christian  
Missions, especially those of our Church  
in Japan and among the Indian tribes  
of the North-West and the Pacific  
Coast. Numerous illustrated articles  
on these subjects, together with letters  
from the missionaries in "the high  
places of the field," will be a conspic-  
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Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., every fort- night, single copies	\$0 30
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HOME AND SCHOOL,

begun last January, has leaped at once  
to popularity and success, having  
reached already a circulation nearly as  
great as that of *Pleasant Hours* a year  
ago. They are twin papers—alike in  
size, in price, and in character. Issued  
on alternate Saturdays, they furnish a  
paper for every Sunday in the year.  
They both abound in choice pictures,  
poems, stories, and sketches, in Tem-  
perance and Missionary sentiment, in  
loyalty to Queen and Country, and  
in wit and humour; and both have  
copious Lesson Notes. Many schools  
circulate these papers instead of library  
books—finding them fresher, brighter,  
more attractive, and much cheaper.

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will be brighter, better, and more  
beautiful than ever, with a superior  
grade of pictures; and will be issued  
every fortnight, instead of twice a  
month, so that at no time will the  
schools be three weeks without its  
shining presence, as now happens four  
times a year. It is just what the little  
folk of the Primary Classes need—full  
of pretty pictures, short stories, poems,  
and easy Lesson Notes.

Sunbeam, every fortnight, when less than twenty copies	\$0 15
Twenty copies and upwards	0 12

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has been enlarged from twenty to  
twenty-four pages a quarter—*ninety-  
six pages a year—for eight cents!* It  
will give full text of the Lessons for  
every Sunday in the quarter, Golden  
Text, Home Readings, Connecting  
Links, Outlines and Questions, Brief  
Explanations, Questions from the  
Methodist Catechism, Opening and  
Closing Exercises, The Creed, Ten  
Commandments, and Form of Temper-  
ance Pledge.

Price, two cents a quarter, or eight cents a  
year.



HIGH LEAP AT HILO.

Specimen of 118 cuts which will appear in the "Methodist Magazine" during 1884.

We cannot send single numbers of  
this, nor less than five, as the postage  
alone on a single number would be  
half the subscription price.

THE BEREAN LESSON LEAVES

contain the substance of the *Scholar's  
Quarterly*, but not quite so fully.  
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one-half cents a year each, or \$5.50  
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gives Review Questions, Responsive  
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Specimens will be sent free to any  
address. Send orders early, that we  
may promptly meet the increased  
demand. Schools sending new orders  
for the year now will receive the num-  
bers for the rest of the year gratis,  
including the special Luther and  
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Rev. S. F. HUESTIS,  
Halifax.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1884.

WE quite agree with the Lon-  
don (Eng.) *Spectator* that  
"St. Nicholas is the best  
of all children's magazines."

It has a large circulation in Great  
Britain and on the Continent, and we  
are told is regularly read to her chil-  
dren by the Queen of Italy. The  
chief reason why it is not more known  
in Canada is its cost—\$3 a year—too  
much, many think, for the entertain-  
ment and instruction of a family of  
young folk for a whole year, though  
thrice the sum is often spent on toys  
or trinkets. We have made an  
arrangement whereby this \$3 magazine  
may be obtained for \$2 25 in connec-  
tion with the *Canadian Methodist  
Magazine*, which costs only \$2 a year.  
We can also club the *Century*, the  
regular price of which is \$4, with the  
*Methodist Magazine* for \$3. The *Cent-  
ury* has given much attention to Can-  
adian subjects. Principal Grant pre-  
pared for it four special articles on  
Canada, and during 1884 a fine set of  
illustrated papers on Coasting on the  
St. Lawrence will be given.

To tell a lie, and then defend it with  
other lies, is like digging a cellar and  
making it large enough to hold all the  
dirt that was displaced.



HOW THE JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN.

CANADA METHODIST MAGAZINE.

ANNOUNCEMENT (IN PART) FOR 1884.

THE past year of this Magazine has been the best it has ever known. No effort shall be spared to make the coming year still better. Its circulation, during '83 increased nearly one third, an increase at least equal to this is expected for '84. This will require over 900 new subscribers. With our enlarged constituency this we believe will be obtained. Our announcement when complete, will be the best we ever made—far ahead of that of last year, excellent as it was. Several of the best writers in the Methodist Church and in other Churches, in this land and in other lands, have already promised contributions; and correspondence is in progress with many others. Our arrangements are only partially completed; but among those who have already promised contributions are the following: Bishop Fuller of the Church

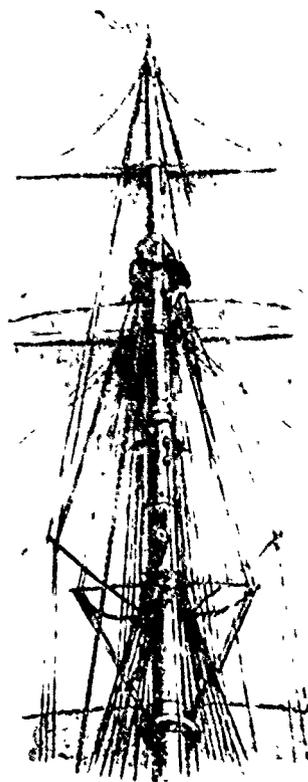
of England,—on "Christian Unity;" Bishop McTyeire of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Bishop Carman of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. Vincent, the King of Chautauqua,—on the C. L. S. C; Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Atlanta, Georgia; President Nelles, of Victoria University; Principal Grant, of Queen's University; Professor Badgley, of Albert University; Professor Reynar and Dr. Burwash, of Victoria University; Professor Shaw, of the Montreal Theological College; Rev. Dr. Stewart of Sackville University, Rev. Dr. Burns, of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton; Rev. Dr. Austin, Alma Ladies' College; Rev. Dr. Clarke, of the McMaster Hall, Toronto; Dr. Daniel Clarke, of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane—on "Hereditry;" Prof. Geo. Foster, M.P.; His Honor Judge Jones—on "Methodist Evangelists;" Dr. J. E. Graham—on "A visit to the Leper Hospital at Tracadie, N. B.;" F. H. Torrington—on "Church Music;" S. P. Robins, LL.D., Principal of McGill Normal School, and J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston—"The Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," illustrated; Rev. Dr. Laing; Rev. J. Cooper Antliff, B.D.; Rev. G. Webber; Rev. Dr. Sutherland; John Cameron, Esq., Editor of Toronto Globe—"Sketches of Italian Travel;" John Reade, of the Montreal Gazette, and others. We expect shortly to announce as contributors others of the foremost writers, clerical and lay, of Canadian, English, and American Methodism. Among them Rev. Wm. Arthur, Rev. Dr. Rigg, Rev. Dr. Antliff, Rev. Dr. Cooke, and Rev. F. W. Bourne, of London, England; articles by Dr. Douglas, Dr. Williams, Dr. Jeffers, Dr. Ryckman, Judge Dean, and many others, and an article by the late Dr. Punshon.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

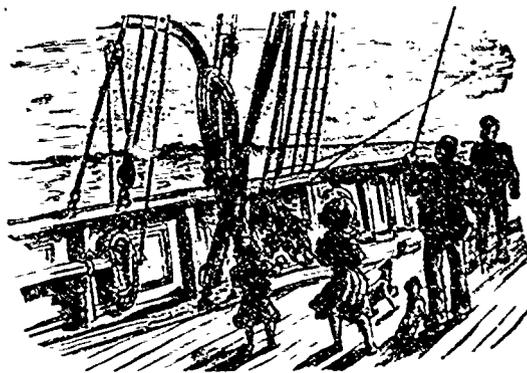
The principal of these will be "Around

the world in the yacht 'Sunbeam,' by Lady Brassey, with the whole of the engravings of the sumptuous English edition—118 in number. This is a delightful record of travel in the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, in South America and through the Straits of Magellan, among the Society and Sandwich Islands, in Japan, China, the Malay Peninsula and Ceylon, and in the Red Sea and Mediterranean. The illustrations are very elegant, and the narrative will run through the entire year. (See all the cuts on this page.)

Among the other illustrated articles will be "Life in the Canadian North West," with first class engravings procured from the Century Co., New York, "The Oil Regions of Canada," "English Cathedrals,"—with engravings of the most famous of these venerable fanes, "Walks about London,"—with pictures of some of the most important structures of the world's greatest city, "A Visit to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky,"—by the Editor, splendidly illustrated, "On the Hudson," "Wonders of the Yellowstone;" "In Bible Lands," "Italian Pictures;" "Sackville College,"—by Dr. Inch; "Distinguished Canadians," and "Living Authors."—with portraits; "In Mission Lands;" "Scenes in Japan;" "The Island of Newfound-



LADY BRASSEY UP ALOFT.



THE CHILDREN WANT TO GO UP, TOO.

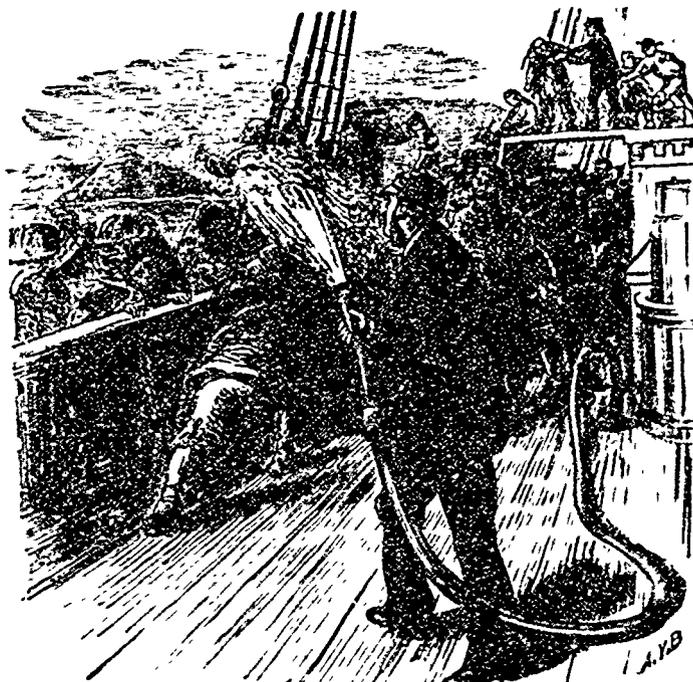
Our Serial Story, the MS. of which is all in hand, will be, "How Methodism Came to Foxea." This is a clever and graphic tale of village life in Newfoundland. The story is written by a Methodist Missionary, abounds in stirring incidents by flood and field, and blends deep pathos and rich humour with intense religious earnestness. A new series of Helen Campbell's Dicken's-like sketches of Mission work in the

land." Negotiations are also in progress which we believe will enable us also to present handsomely illustrated articles on "Picturesque Ireland;" "Old England;" "Through Normandy;" "Holy Russia;" "At the Antipodes,"—by T. Bowman Stephenson, LL.D.; "Recent Art Progress" together with a series of fine views in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

plums of New York, which have attracted so much attention, will be given; and several illustrated papers on Foreign Missions by the Editor. We shall also give a reprint article by James Anthony Froude, on "Great Britain and Her Colonies," one by Phillips Brooks, on "The Pulpit and Skepticism;" and if space will permit, articles by the Right Hon. W. E.



THE YACHT ON FIRE—HOW THE CHILDREN WERE SAVED.



A NOVEL WAY OF WARFARE.

Gladstone, Edward A. Freeman, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Dawson, and other foremost living writers.

Several schools have for several years taken magazines for circulation instead of libraries, as being much cheaper, fresher, and more attractive. Special rates for schools given on application.

#### OUR PREMIUM.

The Premium offered with the *Magazine* for 1884 is, we think the most attractive ever given therewith. The title is, "Anecdotes of the Wesleys," by the Rev. J. B. Wakeley. These are gleaned, the author tells us from all the Lives of the Wesleys, from Wesley's Journals, the Arminian and Wesleyan Magazines, and from hundreds of volumes and pamphlets. Though an American book it has reached a tenth edition in England, and sells at one dollar and a quarter, without the steel portrait. It gives over four hundred pithy and racy anecdotes, that cling like burrs, to the memory of the Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and of John and Charles Wesley. The wisdom and piety, the wit and humour of the Founder of Methodism and of the remarkable family to which he belonged are strikingly set forth. The book contains 391 pages and is handsomely bound in cloth, with stamped and gilt back and side. A special feature, not found in the English Edition, is an admirable steel portrait of the venerable Founder of Methodism, so familiar in the old Wesleyan Hymn-book, which has been specially imported by the Book-Steward, and never before printed in Canada. This of itself is almost worth the price asked for the book. This attractive premium is now ready for delivery, and will be sent, *Postage Paid*, to all subscribers to the *Magazine*, old or new, for the merely nominal sum of *Thirty-five cents*.

This handsome volume is issued below cost as a premium to our subscribers. We hope, therefore, that all the ministers will kindly send their order for this valuable premium, by post card at once, when it will be promptly sent them and charged to their personal account.

We are anxious that they should be in immediate possession of a copy, as it will greatly help them in their canvass. The price of the *Magazine* is as heretofore \$2 a year, *Magazine* and *Christian Guardian* together \$3.50. The *Century Magazine* and *Harper's Monthly* will be sent to subscriber for \$3 each. The regular price of each of these is \$4. Terms to Agents, same as heretofore.

#### THE REV. DR. NELLES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

At the late Sunday-school Convention, held in Cobourg, the Rev. Principal Nelles, D.D., President of Victoria University, delivered an admirable address on "The Sabbath-school an Authorized and Fruitful Field for the Working Power of the Church." This address has attracted much attention and was made the subject of a leading article in the *Toronto Globe* strongly endorsing the position which he took. The following is a brief outline of the address:

He remarked that he thought it was hardly worth while to discuss the question of authority in the face of the abundant authority there was in every page of the Bible, both by precept and

example, for religious training. As to the fruitfulness of the field, he could not do better than follow the advice of the old philosopher and take the consenting testimony of the wise on the subject. It was only necessary to go about the country and ask the people as to the usefulness of the Sunday-school, and there would be a very hearty expression from all the Protestant Churches in Christendom proclaiming its immeasurable value. Indeed the Sunday-school was their chief reliance just now for systematic religious instruction in any systematic and thorough form. Religious training, it was well known, was sadly neglected in many homes, and this was not the fault of the Sunday-schools, for this evil existed to just as great an extent before Sunday-schools were founded. Religious training was also neglected in the public schools all over the continent. Seeing, then, that there was a great want somewhere, the Sunday-school was almost the only means of supplying that want. In this connection he wished it to be distinctly understood that he thought something more should be done in our public schools than is done for the religious training of the young, and that all that was asked for in that line could be accomplished without doing violence to the conscience of any member of the community. He did not wish to have it thought strange that he touched upon this question with such earnestness. It was a vital matter, not touching any particular Church alone, but the whole nation. To allow any considerable portion of the community to grow up without any religious training was to bring them up in immorality and crime. An important question presented itself here, Whether or not the Sunday-school could be made more fruitful and powerful? In the early history of the Sunday-school it was looked upon only as a school for neglected children. Then it came to be recognized as a means of instruction for those of all grades in the congregation. Why could it not be made a place for young people, not merely the children alone, and for that matter for the mature people as well, and thus the whole congregation would be instructed in the Holy Scriptures? This experiment was being tried in some places in the United States, and he believed in Knox Church, Toronto. To make such a scheme work successfully, one of the present preaching services on the Sabbath would be devoted to a consideration with the whole congregation of some passage of Scripture which had previously been studied at home. In this way there would be a more intelligent piety, a more consistent staple form of religious life, and a wider diffusion of religious intelligence among the people. The learned Doctor pointed out that there is a great revival of interest going on at present in regard to the study of the Scriptures, such as perhaps the Church had never seen before. This was made necessary by new discoveries in the field of science, which opened up a new era of Biblical criticism and research. In this way the efforts of the very men who denied the authenticity and inspiration of the Gospel were being overruled in the good providence of God for good. He paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Martin Luther, who opened the prison house in which the truth had hitherto been imprisoned, and proclaimed a free

Gospel to all, and in closing he again drew attention to the important point of how the Sunday-school can be made more productive of good in the future. The learned Doctor delivered an eloquent and powerful address, occupying upwards of an hour, and his remarks were listened to with the deepest attention. The session was dismissed with the benediction.

#### "THIS IS MY MOTHER."

THE following incident, related in the *Burlington Hawkeye*, illustrates both the tenderness of the German heart and the familiar lines of Coleridge:

"A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing a live"

We were at a railroad junction one night, says the writer, waiting a few hours for the train, in the waiting room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake.

Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German.

They talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage-check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken.

The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen.

The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said,—

"Papa, it is his mother!"

We knew it was, but how could a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said,—

"Oh the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said,—

"This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right train, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and tell the conductor she's my mother."

"And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, and grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know that the old woman was well treated.

Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German.

He talked of horse trading, buying and selling and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley

and that his life was a busy one, and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads.

But with all this hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little.

When after a few minutes' talk about business, he said, "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat, red hand and kissing it.

Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

"FAREWELL! farewell to thee," Victoria's daughter,  
We bid thee a kindly, a loving farewell!  
Smooth be thy passage across the blue water—  
Calm be its bosom, and gentle its swell.  
Not from conventional matter of form,  
We offer the fondest, best wish of our heart,  
With sincerity true, and with earnestness warm,  
We bid thee good bye and regret we must part.

Son of MacCallum More,  
Shall we ne'er see thee more?  
Friend of our northern shore  
Here is our hand,  
Over Atlantic's swell  
Safe may'st thou journey well,  
And our true story tell  
In thine own land.

Tell our beloved Queen,  
Canada fields are green,  
And her fair forests green,—  
Scarlet and gold;  
Charms both the sense and eye,  
While her blue arching sky—  
Earth's starlit canopy,  
Beauties unfold.

Tell her that fond and true  
Men bid you now adieu—  
Men who would fight for you  
In danger's van!  
Tell her that all revere  
Britain's old Banner here;  
That its each fold is dear  
To every man!

Tell her that freedom reigns  
Over our hills and plains;  
And progress onward strains  
From shore to shore.  
Tell her our happy land  
Boasts of a gallant band,  
True round that flag to stand  
To the heart's core.

WHO KILLED HIM?—This question was asked in an energetic way by a preacher not long since concerning a man of the town who had been brought to his death by liquor. The preacher answered it: "We, the Methodists and Baptists of this community who allow liquor to be sold in our town." The preacher was not far wrong, if wrong at all. Nearly every community could stop the sale of liquor if the members of the Church would exert themselves to have it voted down.

*Home and School* will contain many hints on teaching and other S. S. items that will make it especially useful for teachers. In addition to the large amount of reading attraction to all ages, every school should take enough to supply each teacher, even if it took no more.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS will please send in their orders for all S. S. papers as soon as possible, that there may be no interruption in sending them, and that we may prepare to meet the anticipated largely increased demand.

MARTIN LUTHER'S PRAYER.

OUR God, our Father! with us stay,  
And make us keep Thy narrow way;  
Free us from sin, and all its power;  
Give us a joyful dying hour;  
Protect us from Satan's arts,  
And let us hold our hopes on Thee;  
Down in our very heart of hearts,  
O God, may we true servants be;  
And serve Thee ever perfectly!  
Help us, with all Thy children here,  
To fight and flee with holy fear;  
Free from temptation, and to fight  
With Thine own weapons for the right.  
Amen! amen! so let it be,  
So shall we ever sing to Thee,  
Hallelujah!

BACKBONE AND GRIT.



THE stage has gone, sir, but there's a widow lives here, and she's got a boy, and he'll drive you over. He's a nice little fellow, and Deacon Ball lets him have his team for a trifle, and we like to get him a job when we can."

It was a hot day in July. Away up among the hills that make the lower slope of the Monadnock Mountain a friend lay very ill. In order to reach his temporary home one must take an early train to the nearest station, and trust to the lumbering old coach that made a daily trip to K—. The train was late; the stage, after waiting some time, was gone. The landlord of the little white hotel appeared in his shirt sleeves, and leaning his elbows on the balcony rail, dropped down on the hot and thirsty traveller what comfort could be extracted from the opening sentence of my sketch.

"Would we not come in and have some dinner?" "Yes." "Would he send for the deacon's team?" "Yes." "And the boy?" "Yes."

And the dinner was eaten and the team came round—an open buggy and an old white horse, and just as we were seated the door of the little brown house across the way opened and out rushed the "widow's boy."

In his mouth was the last morsel of his dinner, he had evidently learned how to "eat and run." His feet were clad in last winter's much-worn boots, whose wrinkled legs refused to stay within the limits of his narrow and faded trousers. As his legs flew forward his arms flew backward in an ineffectual struggle to get himself inside a jacket much too short in the sleeves.

"There he is," said the hostler, "that's the Widow Beebe's boy. I told him I'd hold the horse while he went home to get a bite."

The horse did not look as if he needed to be held, but the hostler got his d.me, and the boy approached him in time to relieve my mind as to whether he would conquer the jacket or the jacket would conquer him and turn him wrong side out.

He was sun-burned and freckled, large-mouthed and red-haired—a homely, plain wretched little Yankee boy; and yet, as we rode through the deep summer bloom and fragrance of the shaded road, winding up the long hills in the glow of the afternoon sun, I learned such a lesson from the little fellow as I shall not soon forget.

He did not look much like a preacher

as he sat stooping forward a little, whisking the flies from the deacon's horse, but his sermon was one which I wish might have been heard by all the boys in the land. As it was I had to spur him on now and then by questions to get him to tell all about himself.

"My father died, you see, and left my mother the little brown house opposite the 'ern. You saw it, didn't you, sir—the one with the lilac bushes under the window? Father was sick a long time, and when he could not work he had to raise money on the house. Deacon Bill let him have it, a little at a time, and when father was gone mother found the money owed was almost three hundred dollars. At first she thought she would have to give up the house, but the Deacon said, 'Let it wait awhile,' and he turned and patted me on the head, and, 'when Johnny gets big enough to earn something I shall expect him to pay it.' I was only nine then, and I am thirteen now; I remember it, and I remember, mother cried, and said, 'Yes, Deacon, Johnny is my only hope now,' and I wondered and wondered what work I could do. I really felt as I ought to begin at once, but I couldn't think of anything to do."

"Well, what did you do?" I asked quickly, for I was afraid he would stop, and I wanted to hear the rest.

"Well, at first, I did very funny things for a boy. Mother used to knit socks to sell, and she sewed the rags to make rag-carpets and I helped."

"How? What could you do?" "Well, the people who would like a carpet could not always get the time to make it. So I went to the houses among the farmers and took home their rags, old coats, and everything they had, and out in the woodshed I ripped and cut them up. Then mother sewed them, and sometimes I sewed some, too, and then I rolled them into balls and took them back to the owners, all ready to be woven into rugs."

"But did they pay for your work?" "Oh, yes, we got so much per pound, and I felt quite like a young merchant when I weighed them out with our own steelyards. But that was only one way; we've two or three old apple trees out in the back yard by the wall, and we dried the apples and sold them. Then some of the farmers who had a good many apples began to send them to us to dry, and we paid them so many pounds all dry, and had the rest to sell."

"But you surely could not do much in ways like these?"

"No, not much, but something; and we had the knitting."

"Did you knit?"

"Not at first, but after a while mother began to have the rheumatism in her hands, and the joints became swollen and the fingers twisted, and it hurt her to move them. Then I learned to knit; before that I wound the yarn for her. I had to learn to sew a little, too, for mother didn't like to see the holes without patches."

And he looked half smilingly at the specimens on his knees.

"But you did not mend those?" said I.

"Yes, sir; but I was in a hurry, and mother said it was not done as it ought to be. They had just been washed, and I couldn't wait for them to dry."

"Who washed them?"

"I did, and ironed them, too. I can wash and iron almost as well as mother can. She don't mean to let me, but how is she going to help it? She can hardly use her hands at all, and some days she cannot leave her chair, so I had to learn to make the beds and to scrub the floor and wash the dishes, and I can cook almost as well as a girl."

"Is it possible? I shall have to take supper with you on my way back to the city and test your skill."

Johnny blushed, and I added:

"It's a pity, my boy, that you haven't a sister."

"I had on," he said, gently, "but she died, and—if she had lived, I shouldn't have wished her to lift and bring wood and water, and scrub as poor mother always did. Sometimes I wish I could have sprung all the way from a baby to a man. It's such slow work growing up, and it was while mother was waiting for us to grow up that she worked so hard."

"But, my boy, you cannot expect to be son and daughter and mother all in one. You cannot do the work for a whole family."

"Yes, I can; it isn't much, and I'm going to do it and the work my father left undone. I'm going to pay that mortgage, if I live."

"Heaven grant you may," I said, fervently, under my breath, "for not many mothers have such a son."

"Mother don't know I mean to do it, and she is very anxious I should go to school, and I mean to, some time; but I know just where the boys in my class are studying, and I get the lessons at home. Mother reads them to me out of the book, when I am washing the dishes or doing her work, and we have great fun. I try to remember and repeat it, and if we come to anything we can't make out, I take it over to the teacher in the evening; she is very kind, she tells me."

Very kind! Who wouldn't be kind to such a boy? I felt the tears coming to my eyes at such a vision of this son doing girl's work, while the poor old mother held the book in her twisted hands and tried to help him to learn.

"But all this does not earn money, my boy. How do you expect to save if you spend your time indoors?"

"Oh, I don't do girl's work all day, no indeed! I have worked out our taxes on the road. It wasn't much, but I helped the men build a stone wall down by the river; and Deacon Ball lets me do a great deal of work for him, and when I get a chance to take anybody from the hotel to ride, he lets me have his team for almost nothing, and I pay to him whatever I make. And I work on the farm with the men in summer; and I have a cow of my own and sell the milk at the tavern; and we have some hens, too, and sell the eggs. And in the fall I cut and pile the winter's wood in the sheds for the people who haven't any boys—and there's a good many people about here who haven't any boys," he added, brushing a fly from the old horse with the tip of his whip.

After this we fell into silence and rode through the sweet New England roads, with Monadnock rising before us ever nearer and more majestic. It impressed me with a sense of his rugged strength—one of the hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," but I glanced from the mountain to the little red-headed morsel of humanity at my side, with a sort of recognition

of their kinship. Somehow they seemed to belong together. I felt as if the same sturdy stuff were in them both. It was only a fancy, but it was confirmed the next day, for when I came back to town after seeing my invalid friend, I called on Deacon Ball. I found him white-haired and kindly-faced. He kept the village store and owned a pretty house, and was evidently very well to do. Naturally we talked of John, and the deacon said to me with tears in his old watery blue eyes:

"Why, bless your heart, sir, you don't think I'm going to take his money, do you? The only son of his mother, and she a widow, and all tied up into double bow knots with rheumatics, besides! True enough, I let his father have the money, and my wife she says, says she to me, 'Well deacon, my dear, we've not got a child, and shall be just as well off a hundred years from now if the widow never pays a cent, but according to my calculations it's better to let the boy think he's payin'. She says I might as well try to keep a barrel of vinegar from workin' as to keep that boy from workin'. It's the mother in him and its got to work. We think a good deal of the widow, Mandy and me. I did before I ever saw Mandy, but for all that we hold the mortgage, and Johnny wants to work it out. Mandy and me, we are going to let him work."

I turned away, for I was going to sup at Johnny's house, but before I went I asked the deacon how much Johnny had already paid.

"Well, I don't know, Mandy knows—I pass it to her, she keeps the book. Drop in before you go to the train and I'll show it to you."

I dropped in and the deacon showed me the account. It was the book of a savings bank in a neighbouring town, and on its pages were credits of all the little sums the boy had earned or paid, and I saw they were standing in widow Beebe's name. I grasped the deacon's hand. He was looking away over the house-tops to where Monadnock was smiling under the good-night kiss of the sun.

"Good-bye, sir, good-bye," he said, returning my squeeze with interest. "Much obliged, I am sure, Mandy and me too; but don't you be worried about Johnny. When we see it we know the real stuff it takes to make a real man, and Johnny has got it, Johnny is like that mountain over there—choke full of grit and lots of backbone."

HOW TO LENGTHEN LIFE.

**M**EDEA was a famous witch in the old witch in the old days of lie and fable. It is said that she lengthened out the life of an old man by a mixture in her boiler, putting in herbs, roots, seeds, and various kinds of nonsensical things, including part of a wolf, a stag, and a crow that had seen seven generations! To have a long life we don't need any pretended help from a witch. If we take care of the body, cultivate habits of temperance, honesty, industry, and obey God, that will bring "length of days."

"Money is round, and made to roll," said the spendthrift to the miser. "That's your way of looking at it," said the latter, "I say that money is flat and made to pile up."

OUR MOTHER

How many lips are saying this,  
Mid falling tears to-day,  
And many hearts are aching sore—  
Our mother's passed away,  
We watched her fading year by year,  
As they went slowly by,  
But cast far from us on the fear  
That she could ever die

She seemed so good, so pure, so true  
To our admiring eyes,  
We never dreamed this glorious fruit  
Was ripening for the skies,  
And when at last the death stroke came,  
So swift, so sure, so true,  
The hearts that held her here so fast  
Were almost broken too.

We robed her in familiar dress,  
We smoothed her gray hair down,  
Gave one last kiss, then laid her 'mid  
The autumn leaves so brown;  
Then each took up the broken thread  
Of life and all its cares;  
How sad the heart 'mid daily tasks—  
We miss our mother's prayers.

We ne'er shall know from what dark paths  
They may have kept our feet,  
Yet holy will their influence be,  
While each fond heart shall beat;  
And as we tread the thorny way,  
Which her dear feet have trod,  
Ever shall feel our mother's prayers  
Leading us up to God.

And for the one still left to us—  
Our father, old and lone,  
Who hears perhaps by night and day,  
The old familiar tone—  
We'll gather closer round him now  
To guard from every ill,  
As near the darksome riverside  
He waits a higher will.

And when the storms of sorrow come  
To each bereaved heart,  
Let faith glance upward to the home  
Where we shall never part:  
Where one awaits with loving eyes,  
To see her children come,  
As one by one we cross the flood,  
And reach the heavenly home.

—Miss Anne Merritt.

TEN GOOD FRIENDS.

"I WISH I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried idle Dennis with a yawn. "Good friends! why, you have ten," replied his master. "I'm sure I haven't half so many! and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said his master. Dennis looked at his large, strong hands. "Count thumbs and all," added the master. "I have; there are ten," said the lad. "Then never say you have not got ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

VARIETIES.

"NEVER would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones, of Huntsville, Ala., "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-hawk—all been took up for stealin'."

A GOOD book, is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book. —Anna Warner.

DR. JOHN HALL, speaking recently, thus eulogized Protestantism. He was dealing with the assertion that "Protestantism is a failure": "How," asks the Doctor, "can that be a failure

which in A.D. 1500 did not exist, and in A.D. 1883 controls populations to the extent of 408,000,000; while its rivals, the Roman and Greek Churches, combined, control 280,000,000!"

THE name of the forget-me-not is derived from a German tradition full of melancholy romance. It is related that a young couple on the eve of marriage, while walking along the banks of the Danube, saw a cluster of the forget-me-not, floating on the stream which was bearing it away. The affianced bride admired the beauty of the flower, and lamented its fatal destiny. The lover plunged into the water to secure it. No sooner had he caught it than he found himself sinking; but making a last effort, he threw it on the bank, at the feet of the maiden and at the moment of disappearing forever, exclaimed, "*Ver-giss mein nicht!*" Since this occurrence, the flower has been made emblematical of the sentiment, forget-me-not. We have seen this flower growing in great profusion on the banks of the rivers and streams of France, Germany and Switzerland.

A CHINESE leper girl was brought to Miss Houston by her friends, on foot, for nearly a hundred miles, that she might take her to Jesus, for Him to lay his hands upon her and cure her of her leprosy. She had heard a native catechist preach on the Scripture narrative, and thought that the missionary lady at Foochow could lead her to that powerful Healer. Miss Houston stated that she should never forget the poor girl's look of bitter disappointment when she explained to her that the Lord Jesus was no longer upon earth, but she hastened to tell her of His power still to heal the worst leprosy—that of the soul—and set before her "the old, old story." The leper girl remained for a short time in Foochow before returning home, and Miss Houston had cause to rejoice over her having really found the Saviour, whom, with such a simple trust, although in ignorance, she had come to that city to seek.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1062.] LESSON X. [Dec. 9.

DAVID'S FRIEND, JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 32-42. Commit to memory. vs. 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Peril. v. 32-34.
2. The Token. v. 35-40.
3. The Vow. v. 41-42.

TIME.—B.C. 1062.

PLACE.—Probably near Gibeah in the tribe of Benjamin.

EXPLANATION.—Answered Saul—See the conversation in the verses preceding. Wherefore shall he be slain—Saul had said that David must be put to death. Saul cast a javelin—His anger was so great that he would have slain his own son. Fierce anger—Not for himself, but for his friend. Done him shame—Wronged him. In the morning—On the next morning, as had been agreed with David, who was hiding near by. See verses 18-22. A little lad—To pick up his arrows. Beyond him—This was a warning to David. Make speed, haste—Words which would have a meaning for David. Artillery—Weapons, here meaning bows and arrows. Toward the south—Behind a store. Ver 19. Bowed himself—Showing honour to the prince. David exceeded—Because his trouble was the deepest, as he was going forth into exile.

We have sworn—Vows of faithfulness to each other. Between me and thee—As a witness to the pledge and its fulfilment. My seed and thy seed—Children and descendants. He arose (David) and departed—To have no home, no safety for the years until Saul's death.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. A tender friendship!
2. A self-sacrificing friendship!
3. A lasting friendship!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was David's friend? Jonathan, the son of Saul. 2. What did he do for David? He pleaded for him with Saul. 3. What did he do when he found Saul was determined to kill him? He gave him warning of danger! 4. What did Jonathan and David make? A covenant of faithfulness. 5. Who is our friend more faithful and greater than Jonathan? Jesus Christ.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's covenant with his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

48. What success had their preaching? The apostles on the day of Pentecost preached the gospel to the people with great success; for three thousand were converted and baptized in that day, and a great multitude afterwards.

B.C. 1061.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 16.

DAVID SPARING HIS ENEMY.

1 Sam. 24. 1-17. Commit to memory vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. Matt. 5. 44.

OUTLINE.

1. Love Forbearing. v. 1-7.
2. Love Pleading. v. 8-15.
3. Love Conquering. v. 16, 17.

TIME.—B.C. 1061.

PLACE.—Engedi, west of the Dead Sea.

EXPLANATIONS.—When Saul was returned—He had been pursuing David before, but was called off by an attack of the Philistines. Wilderness of Engedi—A wild region near the Dead Sea. Upon the rocks—Places so wild that wild goats found refuge in them. A cave—Great caves abound in that region. Saul went in—He could not see David and his men within, but they could see him. Behold the day—David's men thought that he would slay his enemy. Do... as it shall seem good—So David did as it seemed good to him, and treated Saul kindly. Skirt of Saul's robe—The end of his flowing mantle, as he lay asleep. Smote him—Feeling that he had not been respectful to the king. The Lord's anointed—The kings were anointed with sacred oil, and were regarded as sacred persons. Suffered them not—They would have killed Saul if he had not prevented them. David stooped—Bowed in reverence to the king of Israel. Men's words—Saul's jealousy had been increased by false reports about David. Know thou and see—The piece of Saul's robe was a proof that Saul's life had been in David's hand. The Lord avenge—David left his case in God's hand, conscious that he was innocent. Dead dog—David assured Saul that it was unworthy of a king to pursue one so lowly. Rewarded me good—Given kindness when revenge was in his power.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find in this lesson—

1. How to treat those who do us evil?
2. How to conquer our enemies?
3. How to show trust in God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Saul pursue David? In the wilderness of Engedi. 2. In what place did David and his men find refuge? In a cave. 3. Who came into the cave? Saul. 4. What did David's men urge him to do? To kill Saul. 5. What did David do to Saul? He cut off the skirt of his robe. 6. What did David say to Saul after he had left the cave? That he had done no harm.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord our Judge.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

49. What miracles did they work to confirm their doctrine?

The miracles wrought by the Apostles to confirm their doctrine were,—some that were cripples had the use of their limbs given them, multitudes of sick were healed by them; some persons were struck dead, and others raised to life.

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