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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

[No. 42.]

How Falsehood Grows.

"First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside;
Then the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
Till it grew long and wide.

"This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers,
A terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried
The people they hurried
And troubled and worried
As lies always do."

KITES OLD AND NEW.

Kite-flying in this country used to be an amusement for boys only. The boy who enjoyed making kites attempted to make his kite larger than the kites of his playmates, or gayer perhaps, but the foundation of all kites was about the same—an upright and a cross stick, with cord wound around the upright and cross sticks to hold them in place, a second cord was attached in turn to each of the four ends; this cord was very tightly drawn, and on it the paper cover was turned and pasted.

As people travelled about, they discovered that kite-flying was a national pastime in Japan and China, that in China a kite was sometimes considered a protector against evil spirits, and there kite-flying was a religious rite. Kites in those countries were really beautiful. Native artists decorated them. They were of many forms, as well as beautiful. In the Malay peninsula the kites were suggestive of a bird; evidently the shape of a bird suggested the best model for a kite to these people. These kites did not have tails. The history of kite-flying tells that the Malays and Japanese were the first kite-flyers, and that the Chinese and Japanese learned from these peoples. In China the frame of the kite is made of bamboo. Sometimes a piece of the bamboo is pierced with holes. Through these holes the wind blows, making soft, sweet music that can be heard a great distance as the kite flies or hovers in the air. Sometimes pieces of reed, through which the wind passes, are attached to the kite, making music like the Aeolian harp. The strings of these kites are fastened, and the kite hangs high above the house. The families who fly these kites believe they are safe from evil spirits while the kites are above their homes; that the music drives the evil spirits away. The dragon kite is also believed by the Chinese to be a protection against evil.

A writer in the "Popular Science Monthly," who has studied kite-flying in all lands, tells us that in China they have kite fights. The aim is to cut the cord or slash the kite with a long wooden knife attached to the assailant's kite; the sawing of the string by the assailant's string coated with glass and glue is another means of attack. In Japan kites convey messages. They are made to resemble all kinds of animals. Some families have a particular kite recognized by friends; when they see it they understand its message. It is said now that many, many hundreds of years ago the Japanese used kites in wars. They carried up observers, who, far above the enemy's camps, could discover the position and the plans of the enemy. This writer tells us of the great use made of kites in our country, where for years men have been experimenting in flying kites. Kites in this country are carried to great heights by flying them tandem, that is, several kites on one string, at distances apart. Instead of a rope of vegetable fibre, wire is used to fly these scientific kites, the forms of which are often bor-

rowed from the older kite-flying nations. Now instruments are sent up, very fine and delicate, that record the temperature, the velocity of the wind, the quality of the atmosphere at varying heights; and an instrument that records the length of the string, gives the height, but not perfectly, because the string is always slack on the spool of wire. These kites also carry up cameras which are adjusted to take pictures of the earth immediately under them, and the cloud-world into which they sometimes go.

Kite-flying, you see, is a useful employment, as well as a delightful game. To know all about temperature and atmosphere enables scientists to make life easier. The boy who can use a knife well has the opportunity to experiment, not only in kite-flying, but kite-making, for he has many models his father never knew existed.

and goes to meet the giant with only a sling and five smooth pebbles out of the brook. He put no faith in himself, but in his God, and, though the giant despised him, exclaiming, "Am I a dog that thou shouldst come against me with stones?" yet the first stone that David slung hit Goliath in the forehead and slew him.

Thus the glory was to God who gave him the victory.

SOME RAILWAY INCIDENTS.

BY ESTELLE MENDELL.

Boys and girls, and especially you boys, I want to tell you about a short journey I took recently, or, rather, some things connected with it.

On the cars, a few seats back of me, sat a young fellow, very dirty and wretchedly drunk. He was stretched

In the meantime the poor young fellow had drunk himself quiet, but, shame to fallen humanity, at this point one of the passengers went and sat down by him, and pilled him with questions to hear his disgusting nonsense and fearful oaths.

Now, boys, it seems to me if the gentlemen in that car had been as sensitive to drunkenness and profanity as they ought, they would have had that fellow removed from their sight and hearing, and at least from the ladies. And we cannot have a very high regard for railway employees who will permit such things in a passenger-car.

And now I want to tell you about one of our most civilized conveniences for travelling—the "smoking-car!"

The next stop after I had spoken to the brakeman he shouted: "Take the second car back for B—."

It was "pitch dark," and raining in torrents; and so, taking my satchel, I followed my fellow-passengers through the two said cars for the one going to B—; one was a smoking-car.

"Oh, boys! I never saw such a filthy disgusting place! A thousand times better had I gone out in the clean sweet rain of heaven than felt my way through the thick smoke and waded the black slimy puddles, no, the river of tobacco-juice! This was my first inside view, and what a delightful convenience, I thought! How can a well-dressed gentleman go into such nastiness for the sake of a smoke? It puzzles me.

But this was not the end of my disgust. Going into a crowded car, the only seat vacant was also swimming with tobacco-juice. I had to keep my feet on the seat, and look out for my skirts, while I heartily longed for the satisfaction of rubbing some man's nose in the odorous pool.

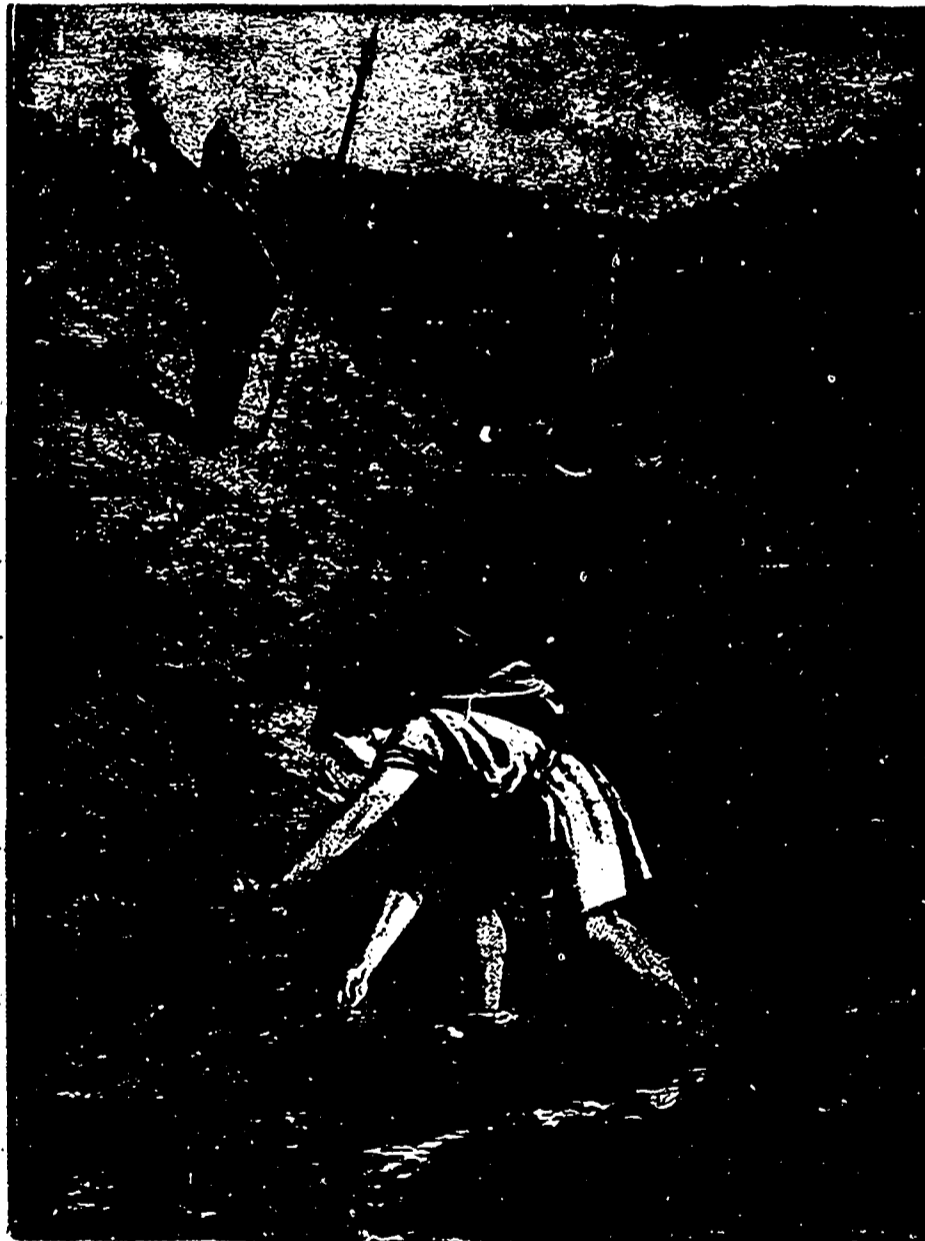
"No spitting tobacco-juice allowed," I would have placarded in every coach, cabin, and public place."

Boys! I trust you will never grow up to be such gentlemen as those described—I say "gentlemen," for, doubtless, those guilty of these indecencies were well-dressed and thought themselves such—but I do not, do you?—Temperance Banner.

A VALUABLE TESTIMONY

Does alcohol help one to better endure intense heat, cold or exposure? Let the testimony of a noted traveller, Sir John Ross, give the answer to this question:

In 1852 he said: "I went to Greenock and was bound apprentice for four years, during which time I made three voyages to the West Indies and three to the Baltic. I had therefore a good opportunity of observing the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors in both climates. My first voyage was to Jamaica, where the captain and several of the crew died. Excepting that I never drank spirits, I took no care of myself. I exposed myself to the burning sun, slept on the deck in the dew, and ate fruit without feeling any bad effect. (The climate in this part of the world is very hot and very trying.) I soon lost my hat and shoes, and ran about bare-headed and bare-footed; but I never tasted spirits, and to this alone do I attribute the extraordinarily good health I enjoyed. My next voyage was to St. Petersburg, where I spent the winter in like manner. I was running about bare-headed and bare-footed on the ice, but I never tasted spirits. My next voyage was to the Bay of Honduras, and alternately to the Baltic. On the last voyage to Honduras all the common sailors—twelve in number—died, and I was the only person that went out in the ship that came home alive, which I attributed entirely to my abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors. I will now say a few words on my voyage to the Arctic regions, which occupied the space of four years. I was twenty years older than any of the officers and crew, and thirty years older than all except three, yet I could stand the cold and endure fatigue better than any of them, who all made use of tobacco and spirits."



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

The subject of this picture is an excellent illustration of the text, "If God is for us who shall be against us?"

The Israelites and the Philistines are about to fight a battle, when from the ranks of the latter steps forth a giant, full of boasting, and trusting in his huge spear and heavy armour and shield. This giant, Goliath by name, challenges any Israelite to fight him, and thus to decide the issue of the battle. But Israel is afraid; and has no match for him. We all know well how, at length, David the shepherd boy offered himself as their champion, how he was laughed at by his brethren, then armed by King Saul, and how he refused the armour

out on two seats, and using a bottle freely; and seemed to amuse many of the passengers by his shouting. "I'm bound for California and the West." Then would follow a volley of most horrible oaths, that made my blood run cold, but, from the way some laughed, the effect upon them must have been different.

I whispered to the well-dressed stranger in front of me that I wished he might be removed to the smoking-car, but he did not volunteer to speak to the authorities. The distance between stops was quite long, and no brakeman appeared until passing through to announce the next station. I then spoke to him, but he indifferently replied "that we changed cars soon, and he would, doubtless, get off then."

Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No!"

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life:
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—

Each city with evil is rife
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But, if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
Your trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow.
But if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Be careful in choosing companions—
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted
The taste of the wine-cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 23, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW

Seed time and harvest.—Psalm 126.

For their unfaithfulness and forgetfulness of God's word, the tribes of Israel were carried away captive into Babylon, and were held in captivity for seventy years. At last they were permitted to return, to rebuild Jerusalem, to restore the holy temple, and to worship again the God of Israel in the land of their fathers. Under these circumstances this Psalm was written. We can imagine it as chanted by the band of pilgrims returning from the land of their captivity, rejoicing as they climbed the hills or trod the valleys of the Lord's land, the land promised to their fathers. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

It is said of the late Dr. Rice, a General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, that after his conversion, as a boy working in a store in New Brunswick, the joy of the Lord so abounded in his soul that literally his mouth was filled with laughter, and bubbled over in songs of praise and thanksgiving.

So also Dr. Ryerson, the first General Superintendent of this Church, and one of the greatest men Canada ever produced. When recalled from school at his father's command to work upon the farm, though persecuted because he joined the Methodists, yet the joy of the Lord was his strength and he was able to say,

"Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song."

When God turns away our captivity and releases us from the bondage of Satan and of sin, he puts a new song into our mouth even praise unto our God.

GOD AND THE BOY IN KNEE-PANTS.

"Why, that was thousands of years ago," exclaimed Fred, in amazement.

"Well the sun shows thousands of years ago, and the same sun is shining to-day," replied his mother.

"But see here; I'm just a boy in knee-pants."

"That is nothing dreadful. There are probably a hundred millions of you in the world, and knee-pants are no farther from God than long pants."

Fred went out of the room, and pretty soon his father found him staring straight up into the sky "Hunting for stars?" he asked, laughingly.

"No sir," Fred stammered, confused. And then he, too, laughed and asked, "How much nearer to heaven are you than I papa?"

"If you mean the blue heavens above, the top of my head is probably two feet nearer than yours. But if you mean the heart of God, there is not even that much difference, I am sure; for he loves a boy as well as a man."

"That's what mother said, but I couldn't understand what he could want with a boy in knee-pants yet."

Fred's father pointed him to where the workmen were building the stone walls of a house, and said: "You see the mason is just fitting a small stone in the wall. A large one would not fit there. So there are hundreds of places where a boy fits into God's plan of the world, but a man would not. Time and again he has used boys, thousands of whom we have never heard. So if you see any good that a boy can do—making another boy see the meanness of a mean act or the glory of an unselfish one, protecting a dog or other creature, lightening life's burdens a little here and there for wearied ones, and getting ready for the work of a man by-and-by—remember that is one of God's calls to you to serve him, and that he wants all the boys in knee-pants to stand in close to him, ready for his commands."

A BREACH OF TRUST.

BY MARY MAXWELL RYAN.

Top season had passed; marbles had been all the rage, had reached the zenith of their glory, and were now at a discount. Billy Sluncan, who played "keeps," and had won seventy-three white alleys and eleven moss agates, was no longer looked upon as a Gould or a Rockefeller by his associates. Billy realized this, and had, with lavish hand, distributed his best taws among his smaller companions.

It was kite-flying time in the town of Camden, and when the conditions were favourable, kites of all shapes and sizes could be seen in various directions, floating gracefully in the balmy spring air.

The very little boys, whose mechanical ideas could not yet comprehend the whole scheme of a regular kite, tied pieces of string to cardboard or thick brown paper, which they eagerly watched over one shoulder as, holding the string, they ran down the street, in the vain hope that if they could get them started they would be all right. They always held the firm belief that a little more wind or a little faster dragging would develop the spasmodic flutter into a birdlike flight.

"Our crowd" had decided to make a kite that in regard to size and flying qualities should surpass anything so far produced in Camden. Sylvester Hart had agreed to engineer the job, and as we considered his capability along such lines unlimited, we felt that success was assured from the start.

There was a workbench in our barn, so it was decided that this would be the best place to make the kite. Jim Catron had a good knife, and was an able second to Sylvester in the work; the rest of us stood around offering useless suggestions and speculating on the number of balls of twine we could let out on it, how hard it would pull, etc.; but aside from running after paste, paper, and other materials, we were not actively concerned in the manufacture.

It took all the afternoon to make the famous kite, which was a beauty of the six-cornered variety, about three feet long and nearly two feet wide; below each corner was a gilt star; in the centre a silver moon. We gazed upon it in justifiable pride, and if a breath of air had encouraged us, we might have ignored the warning supper bells heard from various points; but not a leaf trembled that still May evening, and so the kite was left in my care, and the boys agreed to come the next afternoon to fly it if the wind was right.

I put it away very carefully, in a safe place, fully expecting to leave it there until the whole committee met to try it.

Had I done so I might have given my story a more cheerful tittle.

I dreamed of the kite that night, and woke up next morning thinking about it. It was a beautiful morning, but as the day grew older the wind rose and I began to be afraid it would blow too hard by afternoon for our kite to make its trial trip. The idea came to me to get the kite out, not to fly it, but just to see how it would take the wind.

Very carefully I carried it to the open street, grasped the string about three feet from the bridle, and turned the kite toward the wind. It was balanced perfectly and hung just right, as soon as the breeze struck it, it shot out and up, like a thoroughbred race-horse that starts into a run at a touch of the rein.

One need not run himself out of breath to get that kite up to where it would carry itself; all that seemed necessary was to let out the string. I let out fifteen or twenty feet more; it pulled like a team of horses. I was so excited that I thought I would let out the few feet more and then draw it in and wait for the boys, when—whish! came an extra puff of air; the kite pulled harder and the tail was not sufficient for ballast. It veered suddenly to one side, made a graceful swoop and struck the ground fairly on the end of one of the long sticks of the frame. With a feeling of dread I walked up to look at it, it was broken.

That afternoon the boys came, I explained and apologized and regretted. They said very little, but looked a great deal. I had betrayed their trust. I had lost more in their consideration than they had lost in the kite. Sylvester took the kite home to see if it could be repaired, but said nothing to me about accompanying him. The day that had promised so much of triumph and pleasure was spoiled by one boy's faithlessness.

I wandered forlornly about the orchard and garden until almost supper-time, when I went in the house to be met by my elder sister, who had, of course, heard of the wonderful kite on the previous day, and who, with kindly interest, inquired of our success. My heart was too full for any evasion; the story came out. How gently, yet how earnestly, she impressed upon me the magnitude of my fault; showed me how a boy must be true to others in trifles, in order to deserve confidence in great things; how, indeed, when truth and honour were concerned there were no trifles.

The following week the boys made another kite without saying anything to me. Their coldness and just feeling of resentment toward me, added to Mary's wise and loving words, indelibly impressed me with the terrible and irremediable nature of a breach of trust. I have never needed another such lesson.

HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS.

"How will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and these two were keeping house while mother was at church.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee and pointing. Then she read it out: "And His name shall be in their foreheads." "It's out of the Bible," added she; "and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it?" exclaimed Eve in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Some things write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated. "Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

Father nodded.

"Right," said he. "Day by day and year by year, the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother

had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

Eve laughed.

"What a funny sort of writing?" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father. "Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it"—F. E. B., in Children's Paper.

Captain Phillip.

BY CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

When the yellow and red flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo, the commander of the Texas gave the order to his men: "Don't cheer, the poor fellows are dying."

The victor looks over the shot-churned wave

At the riven ship of his foeman brave,

And the men in their life-blood lying;
And the joy of conquest leaves his eyes,
The lust of fame and of battle dies,
And he says: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave—

Passed since Sidney the water gave,

On Zutphen's red sod lying,

But the knightly echo has lingered far—
It rang in the words of the Yankee tar
When he said: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Why leap our hearts at our Hobson's name,

Or at his who battled his way to fame,

Our flag in the far East flying?

The nation's spirit these deeds reveal—
But none the less does that spirit peal
In the words: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

—New York Sun

A RULER'S DESK.

The desk used at the White House by the President of the United States is interesting in itself, apart from its connection with the ruler of a nation, for it is a token of the good-will existing between two peoples. Although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of America's chosen governor, it is not of American manufacture.

It was fashioned in England, and was a present from the Queen to a former President. It was made from the timbers of H. M. S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice, and had to be abandoned. It was not destined to go to pieces in frozen waters, however. An American whaler discovered and extricated it in 1855, and it was subsequently purchased and sent to her Majesty by the President and people of the United States as a token of good-will and friendship.

In an English dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was sent by her Majesty "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

At this desk, itself a representative of the kindly feeling of both nations, the President does the greater part of his writing.—Youth's Companion.

WHY HE QUIT THE BUSINESS.

A man who keeps a restaurant has his two children wait on the table.

One of them is a boy about ten years of age.

A customer was attracted by the quickness of the little fellow, and said:

"You have a splendid waiter."

"Yes," said the proprietor, "he is my son. I used to sell liquor, but he made me quit it."

"How?" asked the visitor.

The father told the story. The boy had come home one day and said:

"Papa, we boys at school had a talk to-day about the business of our parents. Each fellow we asked, 'What does your father do?' One said, 'My father works.' Another said, 'My father keeps a store.' I said, 'My father sells liquor.' 'That is the meanest business on earth,' said one of the boys. 'Father, is that so?'"

And the father said, "Yes, John, it is; and God helping me, I will get out of it."

And so he did.—Young People's Paper.

A Boy's King.

BY S. E. KISER.

My papa, he's the bestest man
Whatever lived, I bet,
And I ain't never seen no one
As smart as he is yet.
Why, he knows everything, almost,
But mamma says that he
Ain't never been the President,
And that surprises me.

And often papa talks about
How he must work away—
He's got to toil for other folks,
And do what others say;
And that's a thing that bothers me—
When he's so good and great,
He ought, I think, at least to be
The Gov'nor of the State!

He knows the names of lots of stars,
And he knows all the trees,
And he can tell the different kinds
Of all the birds he sees,
And he can multiply and add
And figure in his head—
They might have been some smarter men,
But I bet you they are dead.

Once when he thought I wasn't near,
He talked to mamma then,
And told her how he hates to be
The slave of other men.
And how he wished that he was rich,
For her and me—and I
Don't know what made me do it, but
I had to go and cry!

And so when I sat on his knee,
I ast him: "Is it true
That you're a slave and have to toil
When others tell you to?
You are so big and good and wise,
You surely ought to be
The President, instead of just
A slave, it seems to me."

And then the tears came in his eyes,
And he hugged me tight and said:
"Why, no, my dear, I'm not a slave—
What put that in your head?
I am a king—the happiest king
That ever yet held sway,
And only God can take my throne,
And my little realm away!"
—Cleveland Leader.

AT THE AUCTION.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It was only a sale of household furniture, and as the day was in midsummer, the auction was held in the front yard of the dismantled home. The house was an old-fashioned square brick. Probably it was once the great house of the village. Now the bricks were weather-stained, the blinds had many broken slats, here and there hinges were lacking. There was a mournful air of decadence about it. The great house had reached the last disgrace. It was "sold on a mortgage."

Groups of country women stood about, discussing in low tones the merits of each article. Various country vehicles were outside the fence, the horses expending their surplus energies in lashing flies with their tails. Fortunately these appendages had never been shortened in obedience to fashion's demands.

The men talked over their crops. Now and then a man elbowed his way to a point where he could nudge his women folks, and whisper a caution about bidding "too high." On the sidewalk several amused spectators loitered—people who were in the country for the summer, and seized upon anything to vary the monotony.

The auctioneer, a burly, middle-aged man, was sufficiently witty for his business, and doubtless helped the sales somewhat by the absurdity of his claims. "Here's this couch—must have cost twenty-five dollars, worth fifteen to-day if it is a cent."

The last words might constitute a saving clause, a saving of the truth. For the poor old couch was upholstered with the coarsest carpeting, its gaudy flowers now worn off to the gray background, while the humps so plainly visible showed that the springs were topsyturvy. Everything sells at an auction, and this twenty-five-dollar piece found a place in some humble home, at the humble price of two dollars and fifty cents.

The bids didn't take long jumps, but crept up by five, ten, twenty-five cent steps. When the auctioneer held up a breadth of old rag carpet so skillfully as to hide the holes, his audience shouted in glee, and when he named the battered, two-tined forks, "the latest thing in oyster-forks," it was considered the last achievement of humour.

All this was very amusing, if it had not been pathetic. Pathetic, because one old man stood there and saw his home demolished, saw his household

gods cheapened, ridiculed, sold for a song.

To him, every article was sacred. Each one held some memory of wife or child. Wife and children were all gone now. The old man was left to spend his few remaining years in loneliness and poverty.

Evidently he had merved himself for the occasion. He stood in the background, chatting by fits and starts with a neighbour, trying to take things with a careless air.

This was in the earlier part of the afternoon. But when the auctioneer laid his hand upon a plain wooden desk, and called for bids with the usual remarks on "this elegant piece of furniture," the old man's manner changed. He came forward and touched it with tenderness. He scanned eagerly the faces of the possible buyers. He lowered the lid, disclosing drawers and pigeon-holes.

It was a rude affair, standing on a small, four-legged table. Perhaps he made it himself in his younger days. Any one with a little skill at tools could easily have done so.

But this old man had been a power in his time; he had occupied various positions of village trust. This desk had held public documents, it had seen government service. Here his signature had been written, when that signature meant something. Now, alas! it would scarcely pass muster even on a promise to pay. To part with this desk was to relinquish the last vestige of former greatness, to sink to the level of common men. No wonder his face was keen and haggard.

Desks did not seem to be at a premium in that crowd. The bids were few and feeble. The auctioneer, a compassionate man, and mindful of his own per cent. withal, delayed the final stroke.

In the gathering were three lad-country boys. They were great friends and generally pulled together. Some man who read books once named them "the three musketeers." Had they heard it, they wouldn't have known that this phrase was a synonym for loyal friendship. They had had much fun at this auction, slipping in bids where they dared, inciting others to bid, rollicking around generally, though not in a noisy way.

When the old man approached the desk, the oldest of these boys noticed him, and the laughing face became sober with unwonted sympathy. He sought the other two and they whispered together. An eavesdropper might have heard words like these: "Hard on the old fellow." "That's immense!" "Don't believe it'll go higher than a five." "I've got a dollar sixty." "And you said two twenty-five—a dollar sixty and two twenty-five, and I've got two fifty. I guess 'twill do it. Now, scatter!"

By this time the slow bidding had reached "one seventy-five." The auctioneer held his hammer poised to strike the word "Gone!" when a voice called "Two dollars!"

"Two, two, two," roared the auctioneer, "going at two." But the new bid acted as a stimulus. If some one really wanted the ancient article, it might be worth striving for. The old man's face visibly brightened. At least his heart's treasure wouldn't go for a mere nothing.

Such a strife couldn't last, however, there being a bottom to the country purse, and no lack of good sense in the country brain. The last bid came—"Five dollars, ten." No one seemed inclined to raise it, and the name of the buyer was handed very carefully to the auctioneer.

That night the old man went to a lowly home, in one room of which he was to be sheltered in the future. It was all he could afford now. He went with many sad thoughts of former joys and comforts, yet trying bravely, submissively, to take his reverses like a Christian.

As he entered the room, almost dreading its bare aspect, the first object he saw was the dear, prized desk. A slip of paper was shut part-way within the lid. He pulled it out, his fingers trembling, and read these words, "From three boys, who wish it may make you happy."

The old man knelt by the desk, and the tears which fell were not altogether grievous. Surely heaven had been kind!—Christian Endeavour World.

HOW FRED'S TASTE WAS FORMED.

BY HARRIET LUMDIS.

At the sound of his wife's light step on the well-worn study carpet, the Reverend Andrew Dillingham shut up his Hebrew lexicon, his preoccupation vanishing in a moment. He would have been sadly lacking in penetration if fifteen years of married life had not

given him a key by which to translate Mrs. Dillingham's hesitating movements into an intelligible statement that something was wrong.

"Well, dear," he said, with an inquiring upward glance which confirmed his previous impression, "how can I help you?" which, by the way, was a favourite question of the Rev. Andrew Dillingham, taking the place of that other query which does such faithful service in many households, "Well, what's the matter, now?"

Mrs. Dillingham placed a collection of cheaply printed periodicals on the study table, and her husband noticed the trembling of her hand. "I found these in Fred's room," she said, simply. "I thought you ought to know."

The minister selected the uppermost of the pile for inspection, and spread it open upon his knees. "The Weekly Treasure-House," he repeated, musingly. "Nothing compromising about the name. In fact, it has a distinct suggestion of sanctity."

"And the illustrations convey quite different impressions," returned Mrs. Dillingham, smiling wanly.

"Yes, the illustrations certainly leave something to be desired," admitted Mr. Dillingham, studying critically a cut representing a spirited youth, apparently in his teens, defying a band of bearded outlaws, while a maiden in high-heeled slippers and with disheveled hair, gazed rapturously upon her preserver. "Sit down, Annie, while I look over these things."

After fifteen minutes, which seemed much longer to the waiting mother, Mr. Dillingham gave his verdict. "Silly, trashy, and demoralizing because so utterly worthless, but not actually vicious as far as I have found."

"But shouldn't we do something?" asked Mrs. Dillingham, with a mother's quick anxiety.

"Do something!" repeated her husband in a tone which set her heart at rest, "indeed we should and will. But meanwhile put these back in Fred's room and say nothing to him until I have had time to think the matter over."

That afternoon Fred and his father had an errand at the clothing-store of a nature familiar to the parents of growing boys, and on their way they stopped for a moment at the principal news-stand in town. "I suppose, Mr. Gavin," said the minister pleasantly, "that I can leave my subscription here for The Weekly Treasure-House?"

Fred jumped. The proprietor, a fat, rosy little man, gasped as if his surprise were an assailant, and had taken him by the throat. "The Weekly Treasure-House!" he repeated. "Why, yes, sir. And do I understand that you wish to subscribe for the paper?"

"A year's subscription," returned the minister, briskly. "Beginning with this month, please."

"And may I ask, Mr. Dillingham," said Mr. Gavin, his voice husky with emotion, "if you're familiar with the paper?"

"I've looked over several copies," replied Mr. Dillingham, depositing a dollar upon the counter. "I believe that's right, isn't it? Good-afternoon."

Mr. Gavin's natural surprise at this unexpected betrayal of the minister's literary taste was trifling in comparison with that which Fred experienced, and close on the heels of his bewilderment followed the keenest mortification he had ever known. He blushed till it seemed as if all the blood in his body was in his burning cheeks and tingling ears. What did Mr. Gavin think of his father, the boy wondered, casting an indignant side-glance at the little man's apoplectic face. What would the postman think when he delivered copies of The Weekly Treasure-House addressed to the Rev. Andrew Dillingham? With his mind full of these perplexities poor Fred had little thought to give to the selection of his new suit, and the salesman and the minister settled it between them.

Yet worse was to come. It was the custom of the Dillinghams to read aloud on the evenings they were at home together, and only the week before they had finished a classic volume which all three had enjoyed equally. It is not easy to describe Fred's feelings when that evening, as they gathered about the shaded lamp, his mother took from her sewing-basket a copy of the already detested Weekly Treasure-House, confiscated from the pile upstairs, and quietly began the harrowing tale, the first instalment of which appeared in that number. As the reading progressed Fred writhed in his chair. It was one thing to follow the fortunes of "Hank, the Avenger," when concealed behind the cover of a cheap geography, stored away in the loft of somebody's barn, but quite another to hear his mother's sweet voice describing the Avenger's bloody deeds. If Mr. Dillingham found anything incongruous in the combination of his

wife's lady-like accents and cow-boy slang, his tranquil face betrayed nothing of his sentiments. Fred's feelings were not under such control. It was easy to see the keenness of his mortification.

For a fortnight the readings continued faithfully. Besides making "Hank's" acquaintance, Fred's father and mother had become familiar with the doings of a talented amateur detective, young only in years, who, stumbling upon a clue to a mystery which had long baffled the police, followed it up so skillfully as to expose a gang of criminals, and lift the incubus of suspicion from the shoulders of the innocent. To the list of their fictitious heroes they also were privileged to add the name of "Klondike Karl," a spoiled favourite of fortune if one ever lived, as well as that of a warlike youth from New York, who having allied himself with the Cuban insurgents, performed deeds of valour such as history fails to chronicle. By the time one Treasure-House was exhausted, another was on hand with a fresh story of valuables.

Fred came home one afternoon in a state of pleasurable excitement. "There's going to be a stereopticon lecture at our school to-morrow night," he told his father during supper. "It's about Japan, and there'll be lots of pictures. I can go, can't I?"

Mr. Dillingham reflected. "Why, I've no objection to your going if you really think you'd enjoy it. But the Treasure-House comes to-morrow afternoon, and if you'd prefer to hear the next chapter about that boy who ran away from home to go to the Klondike—"

Fred choked over his milk toast, and his eyes filled. "O father! I don't want to hear any more of that story."

"Not to-morrow evening, I suppose you mean," said his father looking at him. "Well, it will keep till Friday."

"I don't want it on Friday either," cried the boy. "I don't want to hear that silly kind of story ever again, as long as I live. They ain't true, and they ain't funny, and they ain't nothing," said Fred, hurling out the negatives recklessly. "I'd rather hear anything. I'd rather hear that big history of Greece you've got in your study."

Mr. Dillingham smoothed away a smile. "Well, my boy," he said, "from certain signs I imagined this might be your favourite sort of literature, and I'm rather glad to find I was mistaken. I think, myself, you could use your time better than in reading such stories."

"I've had enough of 'em to last me," the boy answered, and then he devoted himself to his milk toast, and ate rather fast to make up for lost time.

Two duties remained to be disposed of before Fred could be satisfied. One was to write to the office of The Weekly Treasure-House and order the paper discontinued. The other was to volunteer an explanation to the proprietor of the news-stand.

"You see, Mr. Gavin, my father wouldn't want a paper like that in his house."

"No, indeed," assented Mr. Gavin, "I was sure there must be some mistake that day he stopped in and subscribed. It ain't a paper for ministers, though it's pretty good for boys."

Fred sniffed. "Well," he returned with decision, "I don't think much of a boy who gets any fun from reading that sort of stuff." And the best thing about the superior sentiment was the fact that it was not a mere echo of a father's opinion, but the sincere conviction of the boy's own heart.—Interior.

"O-u-g-h;" or, the Cross Farmer.

A farmer's boy, starting to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
But the farmer came out,
With a furious shout,
And told him he didn't know hough.

In a manner exceedingly rough,
He proceeded to bluster and blough.
He scolded and scowled,
He raved and he howled,
And declared he'd have none of such stough.

At length, with a groan and a cough
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in
Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.

And now my short story is through—
And I will not assert that it's trougl.
But it's chiefly designed
To impress on your mind
What wonders our spelling can dough

And I hope you will grant that although
It may not be the smoothest in slough,
It has answered its end
If it only shall tend
To prove what I meant it to shough.
—St. Nicholas.

The Union Jack.

It's only a small piece of bunting,
It's only an old coloured rag,
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led,
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these is our old English ensign,
St. George's red cross on white field,
Round which from King Richard to Wolsey,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the winds and the waves,
And bondsmen from shackles unloosened,
'Neath its shadow no longer are slaves.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong,
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion,
To our Queen, to our country, and laws;
It's the outward and visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting,
You may call it an old coloured rag,
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23.

ISAIAH CALLED TO SERVICE

Isa. 6. 1-13. Memory verses, ¶ 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying
Whom shall I send, and who will go
for us? Then said I, Here am I; send
me.—Isa. 6. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Vision of God, v. 1-4.
2. The Call of Isaiah, v. 5-8.
3. The Message, v. 9-13.

Time.—Written about 735 or 725 B.C.
The event narrated dates back as far as
758 or 759 B.C.

Place.—Probably Jerusalem; perhaps
the temple.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Isaiah called to service.—Isa. 6. 1-13
- Tu. Call of Moses.—Exod. 3. 7-15.
- W. Ezekiel commissioned.—Ezek. 2. 1-8.
- Th. Jonah's mission.—Jonah 3.
- F. Messengers of Christ.—Luke 10. 1-16.
- S. The harvest waiting.—John 4. 31-38.
- Su. Labourers with God.—1 Cor. 3. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Vision of God, v. 1-4.
What does Isaiah say about the throne
on which he saw the Lord seated?
What was the Lord's throne?
Describe the seraphim from verse 2.
What did they chant to each other?
In what sense is the whole world full
of the glory of the Lord?
What was the effect of the voice of
the singer?
What was the effect of the flaming
angels themselves?
2. The Call of Isaiah, v. 5-8.
Into what lament did Isaiah break
forth?
What did he complain of about him-
self?
What did he complain of about his
fellows?
Why was he so afraid?
What did one of the seraphs take from
the altar?
What did he do with it?
What did he say?
Explain the meaning of this symbolic
act?
What was then said? Golden Text.
3. The Message, v. 9-13.
What strange message did Isaiah re-
ceive?
Was this intended to be a message or
a prophecy?
Does God make it hard for any one to
be good?
What did God say should befall the
cities?
What about the land?
What about the tenth that might pos-
sibly remain?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The holiness of God?
 2. The justice of God?
 3. The sinfulness of man?

THE RESCUE.

BY JULIA F. HALLARD.

"I shall name it the Rescue," said Tom, as he had finally used the last of the adjectives at his command in praising the beautiful ship Uncle Robert had made for him. "And that's because you've been such a rescuer, Uncle Robert! I shall enjoy sailing this on the lake, but I'm not going to cross the ocean blue, for all that!"

Tom had a keen eye for his own safety, and Uncle Robert's twinkling eye showed that he appreciated this fully. No one listened to stories of the sea with more interest than Tom, but the bravery and heroism was more to his mind than the storm and shipwreck which brought them out, and made heroes like Uncle Robert.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Tom. No one but 'born sailors' have any business among breakers, and there is plenty of room on land for those who want to 'come to the rescue' of their fellowmen. While there are dangers peculiar to a life on the ocean wave, there are more cruel storms often to be met where storms have nothing to do with them. It is sadder to see men rolling, and pitching, and going down, overcome by an enemy they had chosen as a friend, than to see the noblest vessel go down in a storm-tossed sea. So, while you amuse yourself with your mimic ship, let the name you have given it keep you in mind of many chances that you will find all along your way in life, to help those in need of aid by your own example, first, and a heart always ready, when you see others struggling with temptation, with kind words and deeds to 'Come to the rescue.'"

IN A HAY-FIELD. ALL ON A SUMMER DAY.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"Which will you take—ale or toddy? All cool and comfortable; here goes—"

Neddy stopped short, and, as say the highest Latin authorities, "his voice stuck in his jaws," owing to the not merely stern, but absolutely furious, expression of his Uncle Brown's usually jolly countenance.

"Ale! Toddy! Turn it out! turn it out! Who has dared send that to my hay-field? Once let me catch—"

"Why, Uncle Brown! I was only joking! Here's water—Adam's ale, you know; and here's buttermilk."

"You gave me a powerful turn," said Uncle Brown, wiping his forehead.

"Wait a bit. Pour me out a tin of buttermilk, and sit by me while I rest. Mind you, I don't take to practical jokes, and if you'd slung a hissing-hot coal, or a lively rattle-snake, in my face, you couldn't have startled me more than by mention of ale and toddy. Now, here's a story, and then you can pass the milk and water to the rest."

"I'll run with it first, so that they can get it cool."

"Right, my boy."

"Now, here goes for a story," said Neddy, returning from his rounds.

"Ten years ago, instead of all this wheat and barley, I grew my crops—mostly barley—for the brewer in C—, and rye for the distiller in B—. I thought it no harm. I did not think at all, except to get a good price for the crops. I did not drink a drop; but my harvesters liked liquor, and I let them

capt for two loads, ate all that crop up, and my fences too. When I came to myself I was in bed, and the doctor was setting my broken leg. I cried out for Phil, and they showed him to me in a bed, alive, but his right leg was badly burnt—and my Phil will limp some all his life.

"A friend, who had always reproved me for dealing liquor to my men, and for the way I sold my crops, passing on the road on a fine horse, had seen Phil, and saved him at the last minute. Owing to Phil's trouble and mine, and the loss of barley, tools, fences, and so on, I had that fall to go to B— bank to borrow some money—my first and last borrowing. My friend went with me to aid me, and while at B— he took me to see other fires burning from ale and whiskey. He took me to grog-shops, bars, dens—where bodies and souls were being burned up with strong drink. Since then, Neddy, if any one has asked after a 'rabid teetotaler' as a natural curiosity, folks most generally send the inquirer to take a view of your Uncle Brown, who was 'saved so as by fire.'"

WHAT A BILLION MEANS.

The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would take a person to count 1,000,000,000,000 recently appeared in an issue of an English periodical: What is a billion? The reply is very simple. In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced. No man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose you go as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and is counting still. Had such a thing been possible, he would not yet have finished the task of counting a billion! To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 542 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter 12 hours a day for rest, eating, and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours, and 45 minutes in which to complete the task.—St. Louis Republic.



WOOD-BORING BEETLE.

WOOD-BORING BEETLE.

Who has not noticed with interest, on stripping a portion of the bark from a forest tree, how certain insects have eaten into the slowly decaying wood, and have bored for themselves channels and tunnels which cross and re-cross each other in every direction and often assume patterns as quaint and curious as they are unsymmetrical and ill-defined? These depredations on the exterior of our forest giants are effected by certain species of the wood-boring beetle, such, for instance, as the one we see depicted here. The mother beetle, having sought out a spot where the wood is particularly soft and decaying, deposits her eggs, and then, her last duty to her race performed, lies down and dies. The eggs soon develop into the grubs or larvae, which are responsible for the various channels in the wood referred to above. They eat their way slowly in the direction in which they chanced to emerge from the egg, leaving behind them a pathway filled with woody matter of the consistency of dust, until they at length form for themselves a hollow space where they undergo the chrysalis state. When, eventually, the perfect beetle emerges from this it has no difficulty in crawling out of its loose cage and, for the first time, drying and spreading its crumpled wings preparatory to its final development as a flying insect.

have it. I served them out two or three rations a day of pretty strong whiskey-toddy, or flip, and they and I thought I was generous in so doing. Ten years ago this summer, your cousin Phil was three years old. One extra hot day the harvesters drank more than common at noon, and I think some of them were stupid from drink. The grain was in shocks, and some lying down along in rows all over the dry stubble of the field. I was yonder at the barn, directing the unloading of a great wain, and two of the best men were with me. It seems one of the hands was really drunk, so much so that, having smoked, he knocked his burning ashes out on a wisp of dry grain and stubble, and did not even tramp it out when it blazed up. I heard a yell. I looked. A smoke rose up. A great sheet of flame was sweeping down my twenty-five acre field. The men were standing helpless—the flames licking up my fortunes! But that was not all. The wind lifted the smoke, and I saw—right in the track of the flames, running to it, in his little straw hat and cotton dress—Phil, my only child, and no one near enough nor sober enough to help him! At that same minute I saw a horse leap the nearest fence and dash down toward little Phil; and I knew nothing more, for I fell senseless from the top of the wain.

"That fire, Neddy, burnt on straight across my noble barley-field, and, ex-

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