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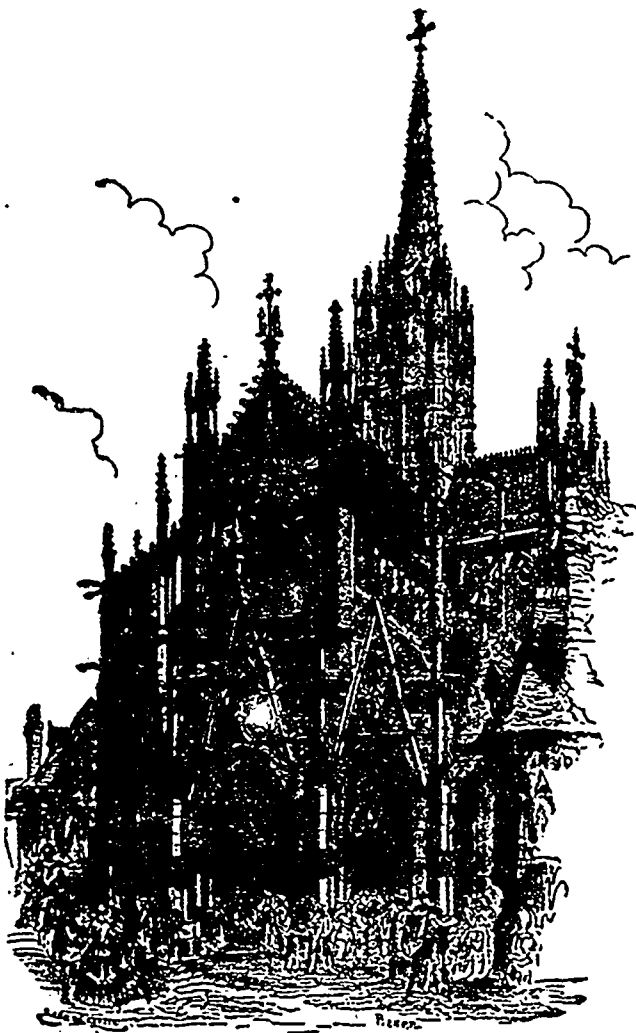
# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

No. 9.



OLD CHURCH AT ROUEN.

ing before the various altars and shrines, the half-seen figures kneeling in the gloom, all tended to produce a strangely weird impression far more profound than that felt in the garish light of day. It dates from 1207, and contains the tombs of Rollo of Normandy and of our English William Longue Epée, and the heart of Cœur de Lion.

The architectural gem of the city, however, is the Church of St. Ouen, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence. Its sculptured arch and niche and column; its great rose windows, stained with the brightest hues; its carved effigies of saint and martyr, and of knights and kings and noble dames praying on their tombs; and the deep-toned organ pealing through the vault-

At Notre Dame at Paris, for instance, Christ sits upon His throne, the Archangel sounds a trumpet, the dead burst from their tombs, and Satan is weighing their souls in a balance. Devils drive the lost to the left and torture them in flames, while angels lead the saved to the joys of Paradise. In the arch of a single door are no less than two hundred separate figures—one of them St. Denis, carrying his head in his hands—a symbol of the mode of his martyrdom.

In those early days art was religion, and the churches were a great stone Bible, often the only Bible the people had or could read. Over and over again is told the story of a man from his creation and fall to his final resurrection. But most frequently and most fully is rehearsed the story of the life and sufferings of our Lord, and of the seven joys and seven sorrows of Mary. I was not prepared, however, to find the presence of the comic element in this church decoration—the grinning and grimacing monkeys, the grotesque conflicts of saints and demons, in which the latter are sorely discomfited, and similar scenes.

The cut on the lower part of this page shows the interior of one of these grand old gothic churches. Everything, you will observe, is stone—the floor, the columns, the vaulted roof, the pulpit, and even the tracery of the windows. But you observe there are no seats. The worshippers kneel on the stone floor. Sometimes I have seen a pile of cheap chairs stacked up in the corner, one of which you can have by paying a penny. Sermons are rarely preached. The worship consists chiefly of the superstitious mummeries of the mass.

In France and Belgium, gothic architecture is largely employed in the ancient town halls and other public buildings, as well as churches. Some of the halls are very magnificent, as those at Brussels, Bruges, Louvain, and Oudenarde. The latter is shown on page 4. The exquisite tracery of the front and tower is all carved in stone.

These engravings are specimens of a series of eighteen on "Early Art and Architecture," which appear in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*—[See Advertisement of last page]

## OLD GOTHIC CHURCHES.

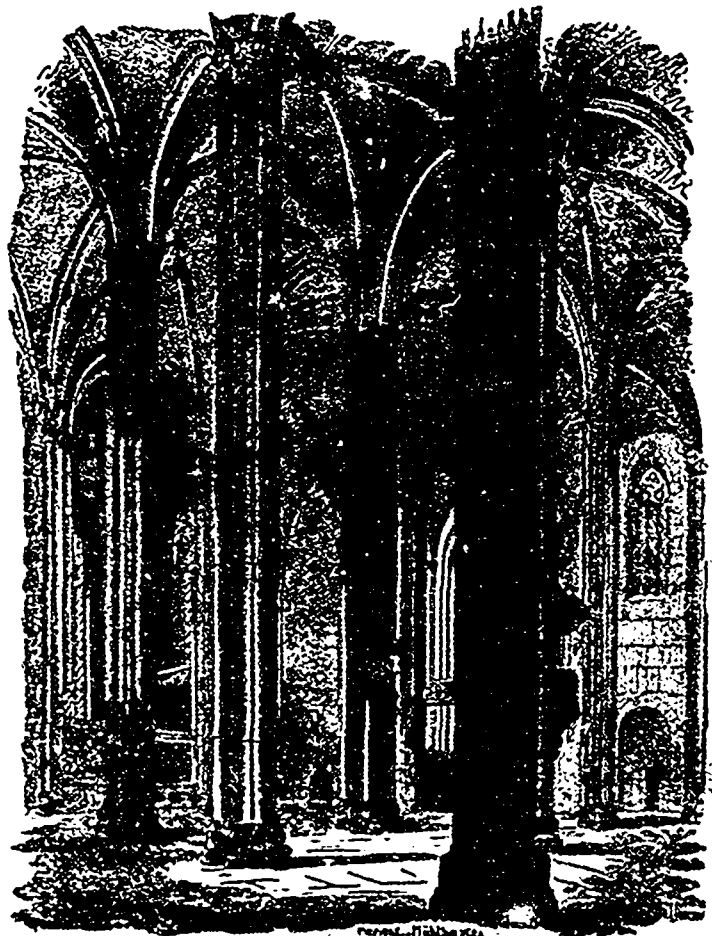
BY THE EDITOR.

Objects with which I am acquainted so carry one back into the Middle Ages as the old Gothic churches of Europe. The very first day I was in France I found my way to one of these old churches. I had left London in the morning, and reached Rouen about six o'clock. After dinner I sallied forth to see the town. It was like stepping back five hundred years. Even the little children playing in the streets seemed almost that old. The ancient timbered houses, with quaintly-carved and high-pitched gables, lean over the narrow, crooked streets till they almost meet overhead.

It was in the dim twilight that I entered the cathedral, and the deep shadows filling the vast and solemn nave and aisles, the tapers faintly burn-

ed aisles, and the sweet singing of the choir-boys and chanting of the priests gave me my first vivid impression of the grandeur and strange fascination to its adherents of the old historic Romish ritual, which for hundreds of years cast its spell over mediæval Christendom.

One can walk completely around the roof of the church and thus get a near view of the grinning gargoyles through which the water is poured out. The monkish imagination seems to have run riot in carving quaint and grotesque devices—dragons, griffins, strange twi-formed creatures with the head of a goat or monkey or bird, and the body of a man, or vice versa, in every possible combination. One door is called the "Portail des Marmousets," from the little animals that gambol over its arches. Over the central door of many of these old churches are carved with admirable skill and infinite patience, elaborate groups representing scenes from the life of Christ and frequently the awful scene of the Last Judgment.



INTERIOR OF GOTHIC CHURCH.

## SNOW IN TOWN AND IN THE COUNTRY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.,

ALL night the snow came down, all night,  
Silent, and soft, and silvery white;  
Gentle robing in spotless folds  
Town, and tower, and treeless woods;  
On homes of the living and graves of the dead,  
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed,  
On the city's roof, on the marts of trade;  
On rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,  
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air;  
The world, transfigured, and glorified,  
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride;  
The fair, new earth, made free from sin,  
All pure without and pure within—  
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,  
For the Heavenly Bridegroom, in glory dight,

But, ah! not yet hath that blessed morn  
Dawned on our weary world, forlorn,  
When clothed in her bridal garments white  
She shall stand redeemed in Heaven's  
pure light;  
For, trampled upon by a thousand feet,  
Hurrying to and fro in the street;  
In the crowded mart, mid the city's din,  
In the haunts of shame, the abodes of sin,

All marred and soiled is that whiteness  
pure,  
Beyond retrieving and past all cure;  
The virgin snow is befouled and stained,  
Its purity all besmirched, profaned;  
Save in some quiet, sequestered spot,  
Where the rush and strife of life are not;  
Screened from polluting dust and soot,  
And defiling tread of vagrant foot

The snow in the country lieth white,  
Dazzling and pure in the morning light;  
Softly flushing with sunset's gold,  
Spectral and ghastly 'neath moonlight  
cold;  
A scarce-stained path from house to barn  
Save this, untrodden is the broad farm;  
A single track leads o'er the hill,  
All sounds of life are hushed and still.

So, human nature, amid the strife  
Of the crowded city's tollful life,  
Is marred and stained by the subtle spell  
Of keen temptations, fierce and fell,  
That trample beneath their soiling feet  
Its virgin purity, fair and sweet,  
Till, oft defiled by sin and shame,  
Its virtue is gone beyond reclaim.

Yet some there are who keep unstained.  
Their heart's pure treasure, their lives  
unshamed;  
Although temptation and sin abound  
On every side, and hem them round.  
Amid the country's sequestered life,  
Remote from the city's din and strife,  
Temptation doth less assail the truth,  
And virgin innocence of youth.

Yet, no condition is wholly blest;  
Not upon earth find we perfect rest;  
Neither in town or country life  
Is wholly free from sin and strife;  
Neither wholly pure, nor wholly vile,  
In crowded city or lonely isle;  
Only in Heaven, home of the soul,  
Is respite found from sorrow and dole.

TORONTO, Ont.

A MISSIONARY in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty and the next morning he looked out of his window, and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshipping permit us to steal, but according to what you said yesterday, the God of Heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong."

## THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D.D.



BETWEEN the *Mer de Glace* and the *Chapeau*, the foot-path lies for a considerable distance upon a narrow ledge of rock, along the face of a smooth and almost perpendicular cliff overhanging the glacier. This part of the way is very appropriately called the *Mauvais Pas*, though its perilousness has been greatly diminished of late years by attaching to the face of the cliff a line of iron rods, which the tourist may grasp with his hand and thus steady himself above the abyss of rock and glacier beneath.

What gives to this difficult pass its chief interest is that it commands so full a view of the lower extremity of the glacier, that unspeakably rugged and chaotic mass, seamed in every direction by yawning crevasses, broken by glacial action into every conceivable form of outline and shape; from beneath which, through its wondrously arched tunnel, rushes the chalky, impetuous torrent of the Arveiron.

As we paused to look over the dreary waste, the guide pointed to one of the wildest and deepest of the crevasses whose lips were distinctly visible to us, as the place where thirty years before a tourist and guide had met with a most wonderful preservation from death. In attempting to cross the glacier they had slipped and fallen over the edge of this crevasse. Catching themselves by the projections of ice and stone along the slippery face, and thus breaking from time to time the momentum of their fall, they reached the bottom of the crevasse in safety only to find themselves shut in by walls that no human power could scale. One only hope of escape remained. A little rivulet at their feet formed by the melting ice had cut a channel for itself under the great mountain of ice. This dark and difficult passage might possibly lead to some aperture through which they could reach the outer world.

Silently, the guide leading the way often upon hands and knees, along the cold streamlet and under the dim, weird light through the ice above, they made their way down the mountain side, making at each downward step an advance from which there could be no retreat, until at length all farther progress was prevented by a great mass of rock in front, and a sheer precipice at their feet over which the little rivulet leaped into a sub-glacial river that was heard rushing and roaring in the darkness below. What shall they do now? To make that awful plunge is to leap as it were into the jaws of death. But there is no alternative. A moment's pause and then the voice of the guide is heard as he makes the ominous leap, saying, "Follow me." A moment more and the tourist has followed. Then ensue a few moments of awful suspense as they are whirled down through the darkness, benumbed by the icy waters and deafened by the roar of the torrent. Then comes a faint glimmer of light. A moment more and they have reached the source of the Arveiron at the foot of the glacier, and are swept out into the summer air, and are safe amid the green fields of the Val of Chamouni.

Could anything picture more truthfully the entrance of the Christian into life? The pathway which leads down to death is a rugged and cheerless one.

The moment comes for every one of us when he stands on the brink of the precipice and must make the fatal plunge. Happy is he who at such a moment hears the voice of the Divine Guide who has gone before us, saying, "Follow me." The waters may be cold and chilling, the darkness may be profound, but through those dark portals shall soon gleam a light from the land that is beyond, and the child of God shall soon be safe amid the fair fields and summer skies of the paradise of God.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

## THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

FAMILIAR as this migration of birds is to us, there is, perhaps, no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, arriving and departing at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as they are interesting. We know that most migrants fly after sundown, though many of them select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flight over the Atlantic and other oceans. Northern Africa and western Asia are selected as winter-quarters by most of them, and they may be often noticed, on their way thither, to hang over towns at night, puzzled in spite of their experience, by the shifting lights of the streets and houses. The swallow or the nightingale may sometimes be delayed by unexpected circumstances. Yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days sooner or later one year with another. Prof. Newton considered that were sea-fowls satellites revolving round the earth their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffins repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The common black swift can fly two hundred and seventy-six miles an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney-swallow is slower—ninety miles an hour being about the limit of its power; but the passenger-pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of one thousand miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmen has attempted to show, that migrants during their long flights may be directed by an experience partly inherited and partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast-line of continents, and invariably take on their passage over the Mediterranean one of three routes. But this theory will not explain how they pilot themselves across broad oceans, and is invalidated by the fact, familiar to every ornithologist, that the old and the young birds do not journey in company. Invariably the young birds travel together; then come, after an interval, the parents; and finally the rear is brought up by the weakly, infirm, molting, broken-winged. This is the rule in autumn.

The return journey is accomplished in the reverse order. The distance travelled seems, moreover, to have no relation to the size of the traveller. The Swedish blue-throat performs its maternal functions among the Laps and enjoys its winter-holidays among the negroes of Soudan, while the tiny ruby-throated humming bird proceeds annually from Mexico to Newfoundland, and back again, though one would imagine that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the cactuses and agaves of the Tierra Caliente than among the firs and fogs of the North.—*London Standard.*

## YOUTHFUL ECONOMY.

HERE is no harm in a certain moderate occasional amount of innocent pleasure. But a young man who has his own way to carve in life can spare neither the time, the strength, nor the expense of much social pleasure. In the country, where the style of living is simple, one can get all the gaiety he needs without spending much. We recommend to every young man who is starting in life the most rigorous economy in expenses—in clothes, food, and equipment. Young men usually do not take their measures of economy from what they can actually forego, but from what society around them is accustomed to demand.

By far the greater number of young men have only their hands, their good character, and their mother-wit, for capital. Success will require industry, industry, and rigorous economy. The practice of these qualities for ten years ought to put a sensible man on a good foundation on which he can build an enduring prosperity. But if a young man must have three or four "outings" a year, if he must join various societies which tax his slender resources severely, if he must be counted upon for parties, balls, suppers, or drinking bouts, if he must pay for billiards and prime cigars, he will find it uphill work to save enough to make his mid-life and old age comfortable. Youth may be the time for pleasure, but there is no reason why a man should squander the best part of his life. Youth is good for pleasure; but it is the very time, too, for learning, for work, for self-discipline. And pleasure itself does not need to be peculiarly expensive. Do not be ashamed to economize, no matter what the girls think nor what the boys think. Build yourselves up in intelligence and sound morals. Acquire an honorable competence, and you will have a chance to lend money to the fools who ridicule your rigid economy and your scrupulous employment of time.

NELSON had one eye blind; and on a certain day he wished to take his own way, and fight on, feeling sure of victory. What did he do? He put the telescope to his blind eye, and said he could not see the admiral's signal. Of course not; he didn't want to see it; he wished to disobey it. Oh! there are many people who, when warned or forbidden, always put the glass to the blind eye; they do not like to be forbidden; they like to please themselves and take their own way.

THE slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment; the greatest is insufficient, if it do not.—*Volton.*

"WHAT MADE THE PEOPLE MOURN HIM SO?"

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE President is dead, you know. They buried him the other day; The whole world watched the funeral, For miles along the crowded way The mourners marched with looks of woe And tramping footsteps, silent all.

A Queen laid flowers upon his tomb; Strong men and little children cried, And all the land was bowed in prayer. There seemed no other thought beside, Nor could a heart that day find room For common joy or common care.

What made the people mourn him so? Far mightier folk than he have died, Great kings and queens have buried been With pomp and circumstance and pride; But no one really cried, you know, Or grieved for the dead king or queen.

The lords and ladies wore black clothes; But laughed and gossiped just the same, And talked of the new king to be, And few spoke praise and many blame; But over Garfield's still repose All voices hushed to tender key.

And no voice but found words to say Words full of praise and love and grief For the lost friend, the brave, kind man, The trusted leader, and wise chief, Who set the battle in array, And fell just as the fight began.

What made the people mourn him so? Because he was so good, so strong, So true to God, so true to men, So sweet and patient in that long, Long pain, still knowing as we know He never could be well again.

Because he did not feign or lie; Simple and true was all he did, And brave and manly to the end; Cheerily he smiled the fires amid, Content to live, content to die, Still trusting all to God, his friend.

Would you not like to be mourned so? Not many men, not any man Has had such burial as this, Since the first day the world began; It cannot often be, you know, There are not many lives like his.

But this is left for me, for you; We can be brave as he was brave, And love our country and our friends, And give ourselves, as once he gave, To keep along the good, the true, Forgetting self and selfish ends.

Then, though no queenly hands may strew Our graves with flowers, or nations weep, Though few may mourn us or may miss, Lying down for our last, long sleep. The Lord will keep his promise true, And guard our dust and mark it his.

LOVE TO GOD GIVES PEACE.

A POOR wounded boy was dying in the hospital. He was a soldier, but a more boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand on his head she said to him, "If this is death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready my dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," questioned the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the dark valley and shadow of death.

And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier's soul had gone up to its God.

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS.



WORDS, words! The commonest of all things! The baby is beginning to make them his own, the street-boy has an abundant supply; the lively school-girl never tires of using them; and the college youth flounders in a sea of words!

What are they, and where did they come from? is a question we may well ask when we consider their importance, for important they are, little as we may think of their worth. Perhaps you have seen the man, or woman, or child, who cannot speak. Silent in a world of sound, they can make known but few of the thoughts, and hopes, and desires, that fill their minds, for words fly before them, and they can never make one of the ready little messengers their own!

We owe so much of our happiness to words, that we can well spend a little time in getting better acquainted with them, and we may be sure that they will well repay our efforts, for many of the words that fall from our lips every day have a family history that is full of interest, and that is sometimes very amusing too.

Let us glance at a few of our common words, and perhaps our interest may be awakened in the study, and we may be led to an acquaintance with the great family that will be of real pleasure and profit to us.

Boys and girls who are studying geography hurry over the long name "Newfoundland," with, perhaps, never a thought of whence or why. But take it apart, or pronounce it slowly, and you will find what was true of it when it was first discovered, it is *new-found-land*. To be sure there was plenty more land that was equally *new-found*, but this name, which the discoverer, who was, we presume, a man of few words, gave to this island, stands as its name to-day.

Every child learns at an early age what the *butterfly* and the *buttercup* are. But why are they so called? The most common species of either is yellow, and because butter is, or ought to be, yellow, our ancestors gave the names, dear to every lover of beauty and grace, to the insect and wild flower.

There is a class of compound words which would mean far more to us if we would but stop to think of them. You say, "I am thankful." Are you full of thanks? or are you only using a common expression? If you are a Christian boy or girl, you have often said, no doubt, "I am trying to be faithful." Never say it again without asking yourself the question, "Am I trying to be *full of faith*; not to have a little faith, or to have faith for some thing, but to be *full of it*?"

These are only a few examples of compound words which may be taken apart and looked at, but if they set us to thinking and inquiring about others they have served their purpose, and we may pass them by.

The moon is as old as the world, at least, and it is interesting to know where it found a name. Our ancestors looked upon this heavenly body as a time-measurer, and named it accordingly. The root from which *moon* is derived means to measure, and the name answers every purpose, though we do not count time by moons, as did

our forefathers. The Latin name, *luna*, however, is an exception to this popular understanding of the peculiar work belonging to the moon, as this means "the shining one," and our word *lunatic*, which comes from this, is a reminder of the old belief that wandering wits depended upon the motions of the moon.

The word *slave* takes us back to the Slavonians of eastern and western Europe, who were held in such contempt by the more cultivated Germans, and often held in bondage by them. Who would expect a short word to open a whole chapter of history to us? But it may, as in this case and in many others.

A great many words are no longer used in their own proper sense. Thus, to forgive, is to "give up." One may forgive a debt, when he gives up a claim; or he may forgive an offence when he gives up unkind feeling on account of it, but in the original sense of the word he could not forgive an offender.

We have called attention to a very small number out of the great army of words that have each their own story to tell, but our object is only to direct our young student friends to this charming study, which is really more pastime than study.

We are quite sure that one who begins to study words will also begin to watch his own words. Where there are several words to express the same idea, how shall we know which to choose? It is quite natural to use the one that we have been accustomed to hear. But that may not be the best. We must learn to listen to the words of educated people, and especially to observe the use that the best writers make of words. Do not let your vocabulary be made up in any degree from the sensational stories that abound in these days, and the only way to prevent this will be to let them entirely alone! Our use of words is very largely affected by what we read, and if we want to cultivate the true, and right, and beautiful use of words, we must go to the best source of supply—the best books.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S GRIT.



HERE were nine hundred wounded, who were at once sent to the hospital at Scutari. Miss Nightingale had arrived there with her bevy of lady nurses. Her first act showed her wonderful energy and determination. The steamers laden with the wounded had cast anchor at Constantinople. There were not yet any mattresses or bed-clothes on the camp beds in the hospital, and the latter were not nearly sufficient in number for the wounded coming. Miss Nightingale went to the quartermaster-sergeant in charge of the stores, and asked him for the stores which she required. He told her there was everything she could desire in the magazines, but that she must get the Inspector-General of Hospitals to write an official letter to the Quartermaster-General, who would send him an authority to draw the stores, and that she might then receive them on showing this authority. Miss Nightingale asked how long this would take. On being told that three days would be the shortest time necessary

for the correspondence, she answered that nine hundred wounded officers and men would be in the hospital in three hours, and that she must have what they required immediately. She then went to the magazines, and, telling the sergeant of the guard there who she was, asked him if he would take an order from her. He said he would, and she ordered him to drive in the door. This was done, and the wounded were provided for in time.

Her firmness at surgical operations was something marvellous. Her appreciation of her mission was grand. She stood one day with spirits, instruments, and lit in hand, during the performing of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young lady nurses were beside her, holding basins, towels, and other things surgeons might want. A harrowing groan from the patient suddenly put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who, turning calmly round, called to them "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! Shame on you as women!" They returned holding each other's trembling hands, and some of them almost ready to faint. But they got over their nervous weakness as their novice advanced, and did an amount of good that yet lives in the memory of many a man rescued from death and pain by their gentle ministrations.

Miss Nightingale's work was duly appreciated. At a large dinner party given by Lord Stratford, when peace had been made, to the superior officers of the army and navy, Miss Nightingale also was among the guests. When the ladies had withdrawn, the Ambassador made a speech recording the services rendered by those present, and gracefully alluded to the important part played by her. Where I was sitting, flattering remarks were made on the conduct of those whom Lord Stratford had so warmly praised. It was at last proposed that every one should write on a slip of paper the name which appeared to him most likely to descend to posterity with renown. The names were written and given to the proposer of this benevolent form of ostracism. Every one of them contained the name of Miss Nightingale. An enthusiastic cheer was raised, in which the two commanders in chief, Sir William Codrington of the army and Lord Lyons of the navy, were among the most clamorous in their applause, Lord Stratford leading the hurrah.—*Temple Bar.*

AUSTRIAN WOMEN.

WOMEN in Austria work as bricklayers and as borers, and may be seen carrying loads of mortar and buckets of bricks up high ladders. They dig and wheel barrows of "ballast" as nimbly as their lords. They chop wood, carry water and offer to black your boots in the streets; and they perform many other little offices which, according to our notions, hardly come under the denomination of women's work." Perhaps this state of things is unavoidable in a country where it is considered necessary to keep a standing army of 800,000 men. The women work inordinately hard, while hundreds of idle men are constantly sauntering about in various uniforms, doing nothing at all, except perhaps blowing a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

Why cannot men begin to glorify God with a yard-stick, a pair of shears, a hand saw, and a goose quill in their hands, and not wait for golden harps?

**THE TURNING LEAF.**

The elm is turning yellow,  
The woodbine steth with stain,  
The frost hath fringed the maple  
With crimson fire again.  
I hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered  
Into sheaves,  
And my heart stands still a moment to  
think of what it leaves.

I pick the honeyed-clover  
That blossoms at my feet;  
Ah! me, long years are over  
Since first I found it sweet.  
I hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered  
Into sheaves,  
And my heart stands still a moment to  
think of what it leaves.

The sadness and the sweetness  
I ponder o'er and o'er;  
Nor sighing and the gladness  
Is as it was before.  
I hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered  
Into sheaves,  
And my heart stands still a moment to  
think of all it leaves.

**OUR PERIODICALS.**

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Less than 20 copies	.....	0 25
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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

**Announcements for 1882.**

**PLEASANT HOURS.**

The enlarged size and reduced price of PLEASANT HOURS have given very great satisfaction, and have resulted in a large increase of circulation. We think we can now confidently affirm that for the quantity and quality of reading matter, it is the cheapest Sunday-School paper in the world. It is now only one cent per number, or in quantities of twenty and over cheaper still. It contains more reading in the year than will be found in four ordinary library books of 250 pages each, and all this is given for 22, or even for 20 cents. It is only by a very large circulation that it can pay its way at this cheap rate. We confidently appeal to all our schools to support this effort to furnish good reading at the lowest possible rate. A correspondent recently remarked that the time has passed when Canadian Schools need look away from home for Sunday-school papers, for those of their own Church are as good as the best, and they are cheaper than any. If we receive the increased patronage that we expect, we hope to improve every number in character and interest, and should our reduced rates pay the increased cost of production, we will still further improve in quality of paper, of presswork, and of cuts.

The numbers for 1882 will contain short stories of Early Methodism—stirring tales of Canadian History—Choice Poetry—ingenious Puzzles—Notes on the Lessons for every Sunday

—Temperance—Methodist Missions—and everything that is good.  
The Revs. George Cochran, E. R. Young, and other missionary writers, will contribute to PLEASANT HOURS.

**THE SUNBEAM.**

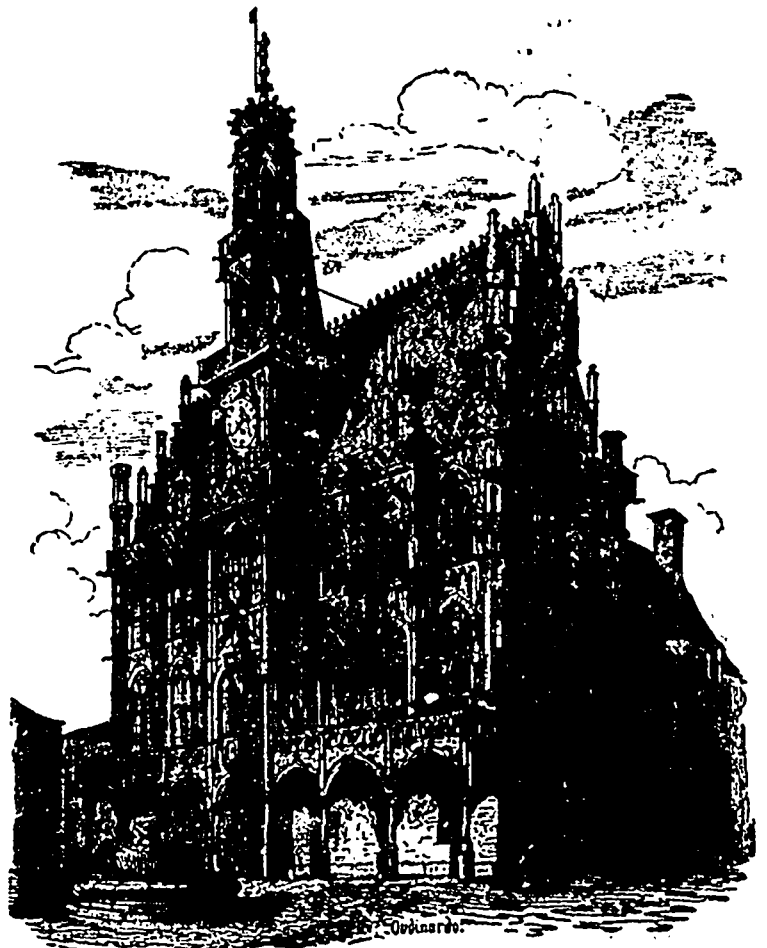
It will be seen that we have about doubled the size of the Sunbeam, and still offer it at half a cent per number, or 12 cents a year for 20 copies and over. We challenge the world to produce anything as good for the price. The Sunbeam is especially adapted for the little folks. It is printed in clear, bold type, has plenty of attractive pictures, and will give both questions and answers, and explanations on each lesson, which will be a great help to the little ones in understanding its meaning. Price—Under 20 copies, 15 cents a year; 25 copies and over, 12 cents a year.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANNER.**

NEVER was the Banner received with such favour, and never has its circulation increased so rapidly as during the past year. Never did it enter upon a new volume with such flattering prospects as at present. No effort shall be spared to make it increasingly helpful—and, indeed, indispensable to every teacher who would be thoroughly equipped for his work. It contains the best LESSON NOTES published—ENGLISH TEACHERS' NOTES—PRIMARY and INTERMEDIATE NOTES—BLACK BOARD Engravings—Three LESSON HYMNS for each Sunday—QUESTIONS ON LESSON, and METHODIST CATECHISM Reduction in Price.—It will be seen from our price list above, that the Banner is offered at a lower price than ever before, viz., 60 cents a year; or only 5 cents a month for six copies and over; and for single copies, only 65 cents, instead of 75 cents as heretofore. We anticipate a largely increased circulation in consequence of this reduction.

**THE CANADIAN SCHOLARS QUARTERLY.**

THIS new periodical has at once reached a circulation far beyond our anticipation. It will still possess the same general features, viz.: The full text of the Lessons for every Sunday of the quarter, Golden Text, Home Readings, Connecting Links, Outlines and Questions, Brief Explanations, one or two Questions from the Methodist Catechism, and three Hymns adapted for the Lessons of each Sunday, selected from the New Hymn Book or S. S. Hymnal. It will also contain an Engraved Map of the country treated of in the Lessons, Responsive Opening and Closing Exercises, the Apostles' Creed, Ten Commandments, and Music of the Gloria Patri. This Quarterly may be used instead of the Berean Leaves. It will, however, contain considerably more than these. It will be sent, post free, in quantities of ten or more, to one address, at the low price of Two cents a quarter each, or Eight cents a year. It meets a want felt and expressed by many of our best Sunday-school workers. It will be enlarged four pages in size and printed with coloured cover, and at the suggestion of an experienced S. S. worker, will contain more explanations of the lessons instead of some of the questions at present given.



TOWN HALL, OUDENARDE.

**THE BEREAN LESSON LEAVES**

WILL also be modified in the same direction as the Scholars' Quarterly so as to be increasingly useful, and will be sent as heretofore, post free, in quantities of ten and upward, to any address, for 5½ cents a year each, or \$5.50 per 100.

**QUARTERLY REVIEW SERVICE**

Gives Review Questions, Responsive Readings, Hymns, etc. Very popular. Six Cents a dozen; Fifty Cents per 100. By the year, \$2.60.

N.B.—We have made arrangements to meet our increased circulation, so that all these periodicals will be mailed in time to meet the most remote subscriber in ample time for distribution the Sunday before they are to be used.

These papers are not published to make money, but to supply our Schools with good reading at as near cost price as possible. But if any money is made, it is appropriated to the help of the old and worn-out members of our Church, or to their widows and orphans.

The profits of Cook's and other foreign periodicals which are published by private individuals to make money, go into the pockets of themselves and their agents. Which class will Methodist parents and Methodist schools give their money to support?

THE Canadian Methodist Magazine has recently had a number of very valuable articles. Every Methodist ought to read those by Principal Grant, on Methodist Missions in the North-West; by President Nelles, on Christianity, Ideal and Actual; John Macdonald's Ecumenical Paper on Home Missions among Degraded Populations, and the Editor's Series of Men Worth Knowing, and Story of the Catacombs. [See Announcement for next year on last page.]

**THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.**

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of one dollar from Mrs. Sarah Kerr, Bathurst, for the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children. We had the pleasure, a few Sundays since, of conducting a religious service at the Hospital, and we are sure it would have greatly gratified all the patrons of this deserving charity to see how much benefit their kind donations confer. In the large room were about a dozen cots in which lay little sufferers, too weak to sit up. The others, together with a number of visitors, occupied chairs. The dear little creatures sang the hymns very sweetly to the accompaniment of a cabinet organ. They all looked bright and clean and happy, and I heard not a murmur of complaint, although several of those suffering from hip-disease had a weight attached by a pulley to their legs to keep them stretched out. Some of the cots are maintained by Sunday Schools, or by bereaved parents in memory of little children who have died. The Hospital is supported on the "Faith principle." No one is ever asked for a copper for it. The lady managers have a prayer meeting every week, when they ask God for what they want, and He always rewards their faith by sending from many unknown sources help to carry on this good work.

If any parents or children in their happy homes, wish to contribute anything to the poor sick little ones in the Children's Hospital, the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS will be happy to receive and acknowledge on its behalf any such donations.

"RISE! for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armour,  
And forth to the fight are gone:  
A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The Past and the Future are nothing  
In the face of the stern To-day."

Proctor.



VICTOR THE CRIPPLE.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

At a late meeting of the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society, the Rev. W. H. Withrow, vice-president, gave an address, full of interest, and calculated to cheer and encourage temperance men. He referred to the work done for temperance in connection with his department of work as editor of seven different Methodist publications, all of which he took care to saturate with temperance truths, and the aggregate issue of these publications during the year was eleven millions. He also joined heartily in the crusade against tobacco, and tried to get boys to eschew—not chew it. Of the 40,000 adherents to the Methodist body in Newfoundland not one was a dealer in intoxicating liquors; the principles of the Church was that no members should either sell it or use it, except as a medicine, and he who did it, violated the rules of Methodism. The same holds good throughout the whole Dominion.—*Toronto Citizen.*

We regret that the large engraving on the first page of the last number of PLEASANT HOURS did not print as well as we expected. It was rather too finely engraved for newspaper printing, and did not appear to as good advantage as in the high-priced magazine in which it was first printed. But it must be remembered that the price of *Wide Awake* is \$2.50 a year, and the price of PLEASANT HOURS, which contains almost as much reading during the year, is only 25 cents.

Our friends will please send their orders for renewals of PLEASANT HOURS and *Sunbeam* as early as possible, so

that we may know how many to print, and that there may be no interruption in the arrival of those papers.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The verses on a Life-boat exhibit much poetic talent, but are hardly up to the mark.

We have had numerous inquiries about the C. L. S. C., showing that a deep interest is felt in the subject. The following is a sample of the letters received:

"Sir,—Having read a good deal about the C. L. S. C., I have been filled with a desire to know more about it. I am a young man about twenty-one. As my education has been limited, I want to improve myself. I read a great deal, but then I have never followed any course; just read whatever came to hand. Please send me the full account of Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

We shall be happy to send Circulars to all inquirers.

"CHAUTAUQUAN" NOTES.

THE Superintendent of a Sunday-school says: "Having read somewhat during the progress of an active business life, I now find the course of reading of the C. L. S. C., for what ought to be my ripening years, superb, and just what I need. It is not only refreshing to memories of past work, but greatly beneficial in directing thought and act for the future. Success for the enterprise is no doubt secured. That its projector may have continued prosperity in this vast field of labour, is my highest hope."

A lady member writes from Canada: "I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have taken during the past nine months while studying the different books and papers of this course. It is some years—five or six—since I left school, and consequently I was quite out of the way of reading systematically. I fear my report will be very poor this year, but I am sure the reading has been a very great benefit to me, and I would not give it up under any consideration."

THE full history of the C. L. S. C. will never be written. There are struggles, and defeats, and victories that do not find a record in the archives of the C. L. S. C. The achievements are none the less glorious because the world does not stand by to listen and applaud. One of these heroes is thus alluded to by a correspondent: "You have a member of 1882 here whose history as a student, in the midst of debt, all the care of a farmer, with many dependent upon him, sickness and death in his family, and manifold duties in church, Sunday-school, choir, and community, would rival 'The Chautauquan Story' of Pansy."

Two short letters before us show the persevering spirit which characterizes many who are pursuing the C. L. S. C. course. One member writes: "I feel very much benefitted by this one year of study. I have felt the need of some systematic course of study, as I could not go to college, and this is just the thing. I am thankful that you were prompted to originate course."

A LADY member writes from Nevada, as follows: "For six years I have been away from all society, and my only amusement has been novel reading. It is difficult for me to apply myself to anything that requires study. I will not give up. I am losing taste for the light reading, and am very much pleased with the Circle." The writer's experience is the repetition of that of many others. Good reading takes away the taste for the trashy novel. History, science, art, and literature, cultivate the higher faculties, ennoble the student, and render distasteful all that does not tend to elevate. Memory strengthens with the effort to remember, and holds more firmly to that which is worthy of being retained.

At the New England Assembly, which held its meetings for the year 1881, at Farmingham, Mass., Dr. Vincent spoke of the religious side of the C. L. S. C. The objection has been made that the literary work of the C. L. S. C. would interfere with the study of the Bible. He believed the contrary would be true, and that the reading of history and science would increase Bible study. The C. L. S. C. is a school for the school-less. It is for the child of seven, as well as for that large class of young people and older people who are no longer afforded the advantages of school training. Instead of competing with colleges, it inspires for college. A book is valuable, he said, for the quickening it gives one. It is not important to remember everything. What we take to, we remember. It is better to grapple a thought and express it in one's own language than to give the exact words of the author. The C. L. S. C. saves much weak or wicked gossip. It guides conversation into better channels. Will power is a grand

help in self-culture. Fifteen minutes of concentration is better than two hours of listless study. The Circle is fulfilling a beautiful ministry in linking manual with mental labour.

MR. SMITH writes: "My only time for reading is the early morning, from five to half-past six. The most of the young ladies of our circle are obliged to work in shops and other places. Some go quite a distance and work ten hours. All are busy and hard-working people." [Write to Editor of PLEASANT HOURS for C. L. S. C. Circular.]

"COME UNTO ME."

SAVIOUR, I come to Thee  
A weary child, with pain and care oppress;  
Oh! let me lean this aching burdened heart  
Upon Thy loving breast!

The way is very dark:  
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my tears,  
Take thou my hand, and draw me up to Thee  
Through all the lonely years.

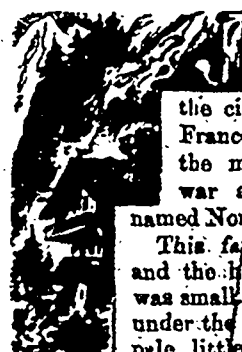
And come, O come to me,  
And raise me to Thine arms and teach me there  
The strange, deep secrets of Thy love,  
and bend  
To listen this my prayer!

Speak to me, soft and low!  
My spirit yearneth for one little word  
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life  
One word from Thee, my Lord!

Speak to me, O my God,  
There are sweet voices falling on my ear,  
Long known, long loved, but in my inmost soul  
Their tones I cannot hear.

But Thou wilt speak to me;  
And, as the river falls into the sea  
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart  
Shall find its rest in Thee.

VICTOR THE CRIPPLE.



JUST outside of the huge moss-grown gate of the city of S—, in France, there dwelt in the midst of the last war a dyer's family named Noren.

This family was poor, and the house it occupied was small. The only child under the tiled roof was a pale little cripple named Victor, who, in spite of his bodily pain, was bright and wise.

He nearly always sat in a little arbour beneath some vines, with his crutches by his side, and watched the people passing by.

Victor had heard that there was a war going on away off to the north of them, and he knew that Pierre Dumas, the waggoner, and Jacques Blanc, the wine-merchant, and Armand Dubec, the charcoal-dealer, had all marched off with guns in their hands, and blue caps on their heads, and that there were terrible stories from the places where they were.

Now, Victor's parents tried to keep their child in ignorance of the awful battles, because they thought him too sensitive and too delicate to hear such tales.

But Victor, pale and fragile as he was, had the soul of a lion, and this is how it showed itself:

One afternoon, while he was sitting in his usual place, with his crooked legs bent up under him, looking forth on the hot little square in front of the house, he suddenly heard a great noise of drums that called the long roll. He raised his head.

He saw the people who were going by stop and stare at each other. Presently a lancer on horseback came galloping down the paved street. He was covered with dust, and his horse's sides and neck were slicked with foam. Society had he gone by when Victor's father came running in from his work with his hands all red, just as he had taken them from the dye pot, and crying:

"The Germans are coming! the Germans are coming!"

His wife said:

"What, then? they will not kill us, we are safe enough."

"Indeed, we are not, mother," cried the dyer. "They will seize us as prisoners, steal all our food and furniture, and perhaps burn our house over our heads. We are ordered by the mayor to go instantly within the city gates, and I am commanded to join the soldiers."

Without Victor beheld the people hastening with all speed through the city gate, carrying in their arms their most valuable things, such as trunks, vases, clocks, and old chairs, and he could not help laughing at their haste and fright.

"Come, Victor," said his mother, you had better climb upon your father's back, and he will take you to Aunt Therese's house, where you will be entirely safe."

"No, no," cried Victor; "I can walk with my crutches. Each of you take something that you would not like to lose, and I will follow behind."

The dyer and his wife were accustomed to obey the cool-headed child, and they accordingly did as he directed.

In ten minutes more they were in the street, and the little cottage-door was locked, and the shutters closed.

Victor bade adieu to his blooming roses, and hobbled away between his father and mother toward the city gate. But all this tumult was useless; there were very few soldiers in the place, and defence was out of the question.

The mayor had been advised that a regiment of Germans were within three hours' ride of the town, and at first he thought of resisting them, but now he determined to surrender the city if he were asked to do so.

Meanwhile he sent despatches by messenger and telegraph to the nearest portions of the French army, begging them to come to his assistance.

In a little while Victor was safely placed in his aunt's house, and he took a position where he could see all that went on.

Everything and everybody was in a bustle. Men and women ran hither and thither. The shutters of the shops were being put up; drums were beating, bells were ringing, and soldiers were marching to and fro.

But great things took place in another hour.

Victor beheld, to his intense astonishment, half-a-dozen men in blue coats, and with blue cloth caps on their heads, ride at a rapid gallop down the street with their lances glistening in the sun. They had brown faces, yellow beards, and they looked strong and vigorous.

These were the advance of the much-dreaded Germans.

People fled shrieking before them, and the Germans broke out into shouts of laughter to see them run to their houses like rabbits.

But by-and-by there was heard the roll of drums, and the ground trembled under a heavy tread, and Victor soon beheld a regiment of foot-soldiers come down the street. They were not very neat looking men. They all had blankets slung over their shoulders, and they were all splattered with mud.

The regiment halted a little way off, and the men stacked their arms, making them rattle on the pavement. Then they began to build camp fires in the street, and to light their long pipes.

Pretty soon they began to set guards all about the streets, and in a little while three tall officers came around, and knocked at all the doors, and forbade the using of lights in the house at night, and ordered that no one go abroad after eight o'clock. If lights were found in a house everybody would be arrested and severely punished.

"What does that mean, mother?" asked Victor, with burning cheeks.

"Why can't we have lights?"

"Because they will suspect us of making signals to our army in the distance," said the mother; while Victor's little fist shut up tight with rage.

Everything was so strange when it became dark! Not a window showed a candle. In the streets a few embers were burning, and by their light Victor could see the soldiers, with their long coats down to their heels, and their shining helmets, walking to and fro, and hear their strange talk, and loud, hoarse laughter.

There seemed to be soldiers everywhere. Drums were heard on all hands, and the rattle of wheels came from all quarters.

People began to ask: "Where are our soldiers? Why don't they come and fight these invaders? Are they afraid of them?"

In a little while some more soldiers knocked at the door, and said that they wanted two mattresses, a quart of milk, and an armful of fire-wood. They had a cart at the door, and they had made collections from every house.

The dyer protested, but it was no good. Besides taking the bedding and the wood and the milk, they made the dyer go with them.

Victor cried out from his dark corner:

"How dare you take my father away, you cowards! If I were strong I'd shoot you!"

At this the soldiers raised their lanterns above their heads, and beheld Victor sitting upright in his chair, looking very furious. They saw that he was a cripple, and therefore they went on with their work as if he were not there, and had said nothing.

This made him more enraged than ever, and he resolved to do what he could to hurt them.

He beheld them take away the goods, and he heard his mother weeping in the silent room after they were gone.

Now, the mayor was not a dull man. He had had his power taken out of his hands; his town had been overrun, and he had devised a plan to capture these intruders.

A short time after the soldiers had gone, a soft knock came to the door, and it was cautiously opened by Aunt Therese.

In walked two gentlemen. Said one of them:

"I am the mayor. I want to speak to this gentleman in private, and we cannot talk in the street in safety, and I should like to sit in your room for a moment, if there is no one here."

"No," said Aunt Therese, forgetting Victor for the moment, "there is no one here but me, and you are welcome. I will go away."

"Thank you," said the mayor. The two gentlemen immediately began to discuss something.

It appeared that there had approached on the south side of the town two regiments of French soldiers, and they were hidden in the woods about two miles off. On the other side of the town were two more regiments, about the same distance off. Now, when all was ready for both parties to advance, it had been agreed that some signal should be given.

Therefore it was arranged that a single light should be displayed in two windows, one on the north side of the city, and one on the south side. It had been arranged how to show the light on the north side; but the question was, how was it to be shown on the south side?

This was the puzzle.

"I'll do it," said Victor in a whisper. The two gentlemen uttered exclamations of surprise, and asked Victor if he had heard all.

"Yes," said Victor, "I have, and I know just what to do. My father's house is just outside of the south gate, and it has a dormer-window in the garret that is very high. I can go there and make the signal, and no one will be the wiser."

"But the guards!" said the mayor. "Oh! I can get past them," said Victor. "I can be as silent as I choose."

"And it will be dangerous." "I don't mind that. All that I want to know is, when is the light to be shown?"

"Directly," responded the mayor; "as soon as possible. The light on the northern side is already shining. I suppose the soldiers are marching now."

Then he began to whisper to his friend.

They quickly agreed that it would be wrong to trust such an errand to a child, and they both arose, and went to the next room to find if there was any one present who was fit to undertake the task. They closed the door.

"They won't let me go," said Victor. "They think I am too small. We'll see about that."

He crept out of his chair, and noiselessly took his crutches and his cap, and crossed the room.

He got to the entry. He opened the front door, and peered out. It was very dark. He saw no one. He emerged carefully upon the step, closed the door, and hobbled cautiously away.

Victor made his way very cautiously. He knew if he was caught he would be detained as a prisoner at once. Now he hid behind a flight of steps, now behind a statue, now behind a cart, and a barber's pole. He dodged here and there, always with his eyes open.

He came to the gate. There were three sentinels here. There was one on each side, and one in the very centre. The gate was open. Here was a perplexity. How could he pass these guards? He reflected. If he could only get them all on one side, then he might succeed in escaping. How was he to do this?

He suddenly lit upon an idea. He felt around on the ground for a stone.

He found one. He then silently stood up, and threw it with all his force against a window in a grocer's shop on the other side of the street.

There was a great crash. Instantly the three soldiers cocked their muskets, and ran thither.

The coast was clear. Victor sprang along with his crutches, passed the critical spot, and in another moment he was before his own house.

He had been given the key by his father when they had left the place in the afternoon, and he now drew it from his pocket and entered the little door.

He stopped a moment to smell the sweet air, and then went in and locked the door behind him. Then he breathed freely.

He felt his way to the cupboards, and took from them four candlesticks. Then he went up the first flight of stairs. These stairs had a door at the top, and Victor, with great difficulty, pushed several pieces of furniture against it, so that it could not be opened. Then he proceeded to the garret. He barricaded this door also.

He was now alone in the top of the house. Far, far above him was the roof, which came to a point forty feet over his head. Seventy feet over his head was the dormer window he had told the mayor of. Any one could reach this window by going up a ladder. Victor laid his crutches down, and began to work himself up this awkward pair of steps.

He had to toil, for his weak limbs could scarcely support him; but he finally succeeded, and rested on the platform beside the window.

Then he produced his tallow candles and the candlesticks and a box of lucifer matches. He arranged the candles in a row. Then he thought he would look out of the window before he lit them. He cautiously raised the sash.

The air was cool. In the daytime one could see from here a most beautiful valley filled with villages, and watered with beautiful streams, but now Victor could see nothing. He heard, however, many things. First, the sound of voices in the street, then the sound of rattling waggons, then the trampling of horses and the calls of the drivers. Now and then there would come a drum beat, and now and then the ring of some musket butt, as it came down upon the pavement.

"Ah," said Victor, "these Germans are away out there, are they? I shouldn't wonder if they fired at me." He looked around. No, not a light was to be seen. It was a critical moment. Victor well might have quailed. When he lighted his candles the soldiers would rush into the house (if they could) and he would be terribly treated. Perhaps they would shoot him.

Still, he trembled. He felt a cold perspiration come out of his skin. He shut down the window. Then he took a match in his shaking hand, and tried to strike it. It broke. Then he tried another, but it went out. He tried a third. It burned well.

He lit the first candle, then the second, then the third. He could not light the fourth because the wick was cut off close. There was now a bright glare of light streaming out of the window. Victor heard his heart go thump! thump! He drew back as far as he could. He was waiting. All was silent.

A few seconds passed. Then the light was discovered. A crash of the

glass in the window took place, and this was followed by the report of a musket.

"They have fired at me," said Victor; and he calmly proceeded to light one of the three candles that had been blown out. Then the fierce shouts arose from the street; but Victor did not understand them. Then there was another shot and another.

"They don't like it," said Victor. One shot struck a rafter, another broke a second pane. All at once a roar filled the air, and the next instant a cannon-ball from a field-piece struck the roof and knocked over a part of the chimney. At the same moment Victor heard loud blows upon the doors below him, and a multitude of voices full of anger and fury.

The shots flew thick and fast. The cannon boomed for the second time, and another ball penetrated the garret. One of the candles was knocked over.

"I suppose my turn will come pretty soon," said Victor.

And it did. From some musket there travelled a swift bullet that burst through the thin boarding and struck the boy's shoulder. He cried out, but he did not fall. He saw one of the candles totter; he seized it, lighted it by the next, and set it up again, and then sank down with his white face upon the rough boards, and knew no more.

An hour after, there was a fierce battle in the very streets, for the French came up from the north and south, and the Germans found themselves surrounded, and they surrendered after a desperate struggle.

\* \* \* \* \* They discovered Victor after it was all over. The mayor took him to his own house, and every day, until he was able to go out again, a crowd of people waited in front of the mansion to see the pale and wasted child when he was wheeled up to the window at noon.

"Long live Victor!" they cried, and he would smile and raise his hand gently, and then they would wheel him away again.

But it was when he got back among his roses and marigolds that he was happiest, and never did boy have more friends than he.

The story of his bravery went all over the country, and people came in carriages to visit him, until the war surged around the town again, when Victor's father and mother fled and came to America.

When Victor speaks of that night in the garret, his cheeks grow red, and he shows you laughingly a flattened piece of lead that makes you shudder.

**HINTS TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.**

Don't be afraid to "show your colors." A cowardly Christian is a misnomer. Shrink from no declaration, from no duty that Christ desires of you. The timid, vacillating course is the hardest and most barren. The brave, outspoken, faithful life is the happiest and most effective.

There are many things you do not understand as yet. But let no doubts or uncertainties prevent you from acting on what you do know. There are some spiritual facts clear enough, plenty of Christian duties plain enough to you, act immediately on these. Do faithfully all you know you ought to do, and the larger knowledge will follow in due time.

**PUZZLEDOM.**

ANSWERS for last Number:

CROSS-WORD.—Bible.  
ENIGMA.—James Abram Garfield.

**NEW PUZZLES.**

**I.—CHARADE.**

My first's a city grand and fair,  
Its walls with costly pictures hung,  
Its nooks with sculptured marble filled,  
Its praises by a world are sung.

A strain of music wondrous sweet,  
Bursts on the restless sleeper's ear;  
And thus awakened from their dreams,  
My second's joyous song they hear.

Many lonely hearts were cheered,  
Many suffered without a sigh,  
For when my whole drew near they felt  
"An angel's wing was rustling by."

**II.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.**

My first is in ark, but not in ship;  
My second is in run, but not in skip;  
My third is in truth, but not in lie;  
My fourth is in bay, but not in rye;  
My fifth is in Exodus, but not in Psalms;  
My sixth is in pears, but not in palms;  
My seventh is in Reuben, but not in Ham;  
My eighth is in ox, but not in lamb;  
My ninth is in error, but not in right;  
My tenth is in darkness, but not in light;  
My whole, when solved, to light will bring  
The name of an ancient Persian king.

**III.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.**

Composed of 69 letters.  
My 20, 2, 38, 52, 67, 21, 57, 54, 66, 41, 68, was a friend of St. Paul.  
My 21, 44, 32, 69, 46, 61, 65, is a division in Asia Minor.  
My 30, 27, 23, 36, 27, 63, 41, 62, is an amanuensis.  
My 35, 64, 69, 1, 42, 67, 26, 49, a church to which a message and rebuke were sent.  
My 31, 22, 8, 66, 34, 6, 59, is a book in the New Testament.  
My 63, 47, 48, 50, 16, 65, 4, 33, a people in bad repute.  
My 18, 49, 2, 4, 65, 24, the mother of a prophet.  
My 33, 1, 26, 7, 13, the wife of a patriarch.  
My 21, 11, 28, 32, 37, an apostle.  
My 12, 19, 17, 41, 59, a bishop.  
My 9, 52, 15, 25, 23, a patriarch.  
My 25, 25, 19, a celebrated man mentioned in the Bible.  
My 40, 39, 43, 57, 7, 4, 29, a town mentioned in the New Testament.  
My 35, 10, 54, one of David's mighty men.  
My 55, 51, 45, 68, parts of the human body.  
My 56, 5, 20, 53, 24, once destroyed is never restored.  
My 14, 58, 25, 47, 60, 3, signifies dread.  
My whole is what all ought to live in the exercise of.

**IV.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

1. To stop.  
2. The name of a river.  
3. An eastern ruler.  
4. An outer coating.  
5. Very cold water.  
6. A woman's name.  
Primals, a country in Asia.  
Finals, a country in Europe.

**WHAT KILLED THE OYSTER.**

LOOK at that oyster shell. Do you see a little hole in the hard roof of the oyster's house? That explains why there is a shell but no oyster. A little creature called the whelk, living in a spiral shell, dropped one day on the roof of the oyster's house. "The little innocents," some one has called the whelks. "The little villains," an oyster would call them, for the whelk has an auger, and bores and bores and bores until he reaches the oyster itself, and the poor oyster finds he is going up through his own roof. He goes up, but he never comes down.

A writer speaks of noticing on the shores of Brittany the holes in the oyster bored by its enemy, both burglar and murderer we should call him. "A little sin, a little sin!" cries a boy who may have been caught saying a profane word, or strolling with a bad associate, or reading a bad book, or sipping a glass of beer. "Don't make too much of it!" he says.

Young friend, that's the whelk on the oyster's back. You have given the tempter a chance to use his auger, and he will bore and bore till he reaches the centre of all moral worth in the soul, and draws your very life away.

**THE EMPRESS VICTORIA.**

HE will always be affectionately known as Queen Victoria, but she is officially the Empress of India, and also the Queen of American hearts, so far as honest admiration goes. Her pathetic messages to Mrs. Garfield in which she royally overruled the stilted formalities of court etiquette, have won her a warm place in our affections. But what she overruled she intensified. International courtesy demanded some formal letters of condolence between the United States and all the nations with which we have diplomatic relations, and in due time they will come as State papers. But these tender messages from one woman to another are sublime in their sincerity and purpose. They come close to the national heart and are as beautiful as they are wise and statesmanlike. The beautiful floral tribute which the Queen, almost as with her own hands, laid upon the coffin of our departed President, the intenueness with which she has followed all the mutations of the struggle will never be forgotten. As a woman, she has fifty millions of loyal subjects in the United States.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

**THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT**

Two farmers of the Canton of Schweiz had a difference about a piece of meadow which they could not settle. One day Franz came to Gaspard and said, "I have got the judges to meet here to-morrow and decide between us. Be ready to go before them with me, and present your side of the case." "Well, Franz," said Gaspard, "I have mowed all this hay, you see. I must get it in to-morrow. I can not possibly leave it. You go before the judges to-morrow, and tell them both your reasons and mine, and then there'll be no need of my going." Franz actually did so, and pleaded faithfully both for himself and against himself—and lost his case. Returning to Gaspard, he said, "The meadow is yours. I am glad the affair is finished." And the two men were firm friends ever after ward.

**GEN. GARFIELD'S POEM.**

THE following poem was written by President Garfield in 1854, while a student at Williams' College.

Old Autumn, thou art here! Upon the earth  
And in the heavens the signs of death are hung;  
For o'er the earth's brown breast stalks pale decay,  
And 'mong the lowering clouds the wild winds wail,  
And sighing, sadly, shout the solemn dirge  
O'er Summer's fairest flowers, all faded now.  
The winter god, descending from the skies,  
Has reached the mountain tops, and decked their brows  
With glittering frosty crowns, and breathed his breath  
Among the trumpet pines, that herald forth  
His coming.

Before the driving blast  
The mountain oak bows down his hoary head,  
And flings his withered locks to the rough gales  
That fiercely roar among his branches bare,  
Uplifted to the dark unpeering heavens.  
The skies have put their mourning garments on,  
And hung their funeral drapery on the clouds.  
Dead Nature soon will wear her shrouds of snow,  
And lie entombed in Winter's icy grave.

Thus passes life. As heavy age comes on,  
The joys of youth—bright beauties of the Spring—  
Grow dim and faded, and the long dark night  
Of death's chill winter comes. But as the Spring  
Rebuilds the ruined wrecks of winter's waste,  
And cheers the gloomy earth with joyous light,  
Soon o'er the tomb the star of hope shall rise  
And usher in an ever-during day.

**EVERY DAY A LITTLE.**

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years!

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes. "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy Him forever."—*Thomas Carlyle.*



### THE LORD'S PRAYER, IN EASY VERSE.

(Author unknown.)

Our Father in Heaven, we  
Hallow Thy name;  
May Thy Kingdom holy  
On earth be the same;  
Oh! give to us daily our  
Portion of Bread.  
It is from Thy Bounty we  
All must be fed;  
Keep us from transgression,  
And teach us to know  
That boundless compassion  
Which pardons each foe.  
Oh! save us from error, from  
Fratry and sin;  
And Thine be the glory for  
Ever. Amen.

### LESSON NOTES.

#### FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

December 18.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee. Deut. 8. 2.

#### REVIEW SCHEME.

I. Repeat the TOPICAL TITLES, GOLDEN TEXTS, and OUTLINES of the lessons for the past quarter.

II. Give the answers to the LESSON CATECHISM of each lesson.

III. Give account of the following EVENTS in Israelite history.—

1. The building of the tabernacle.
2. The death of Aaron's sons.
3. The fiery serpents.
4. The prophecy of Balaam.
5. The last days of Moses.

IV. Give account of the following INSTITUTIONS of Israelite religion.—

1. The tabernacle: its divisions and its furniture.
2. The burnt-offering: what was offered, and in what manner.
3. The peace-offering: how it was given, and for what purpose.
4. The day of atonement: what was done, and what it showed.
5. The feast of tabernacles: how it was kept, and what it celebrated.
6. The year of jubilee: how often it was kept; in what way.

V. State the following PRACTICAL TEACHINGS:—

1. How liberality was shown in the building of the tabernacle.
2. How consecration to God was shown in the burnt-offering.
3. How the holiness of God was shown in the death of two priests.
4. How the taking away of sin was shown on the day of atonement.
5. How thanksgiving to God was shown in the feast of tabernacles.

### CHRISTMAS LESSON.

December 25.

THE BARE AND THE KING; or, JESUS IN PROPHECY.

Isa. 9. 6, 7. Commit to memory verses 6, 7.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth. John 1. 45.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The King, v. 6.
2. The Kingdom, v. 7.

**TIME, etc.**—This prophecy was written by Isaiah, who lived about 700 years before Christ.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—Unto us—The prophet speaking in the name of the whole people. Child is born—He speaks in the present form, referring to a future event. The government—Rule or authority. Upon his shoulder—An expression meaning, that all power belongs to him. Wonderful—The only being to whom this description applies is Jesus Christ. Counsellor—That is, one entitled to give counsel. Mighty God—Strange that "a child" should be spoken of as "the mighty God," a sentence showing that Christ is divine. Everlasting Father—Properly translated, "the Father of eternity," meaning that Christ was before all things. Col. 1. 17. Prince of Peace—a prince bringing peace into the world, to the hearts of men. No end—Christ's is an ever growing kingdom.

The throne of David—As David a greater successor. Judgment—That is, with just rule. Zeal of the Lord—The warrant for the prophecy is the fixedness of the divine purpose.

#### QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. The King, v. 6.  
What king is here spoken of? [GOLDEN TEXT]  
How long before Christ's birth was this prophecy given? [ANS. About seven hundred years.]  
What is the first statement here made about Christ?  
When and where was this prophecy fulfilled? [Matt. 2. 1.]  
What was to be upon "the shoulder" of Christ?  
What does this show concerning Christ? [Rev. 17. 14.]  
What should his name be called?  
Wherein was Jesus Christ wonderful? [Phil. 2. 9, 10.]  
What sentence here declares that Christ is God?  
What is here meant by "the everlasting Father?"  
How is this explained by Col. 1. 17?  
How is Christ the Prince of Peace? [Luke 2. 14.]

2. The Kingdom, v. 7.  
What is said of the growth of Christ's government?  
Upon whose throne was Christ to reign?  
Why is Jesus called the Son of David? [Matt. 1. 1.]  
With what is Christ's kingdom established?  
How is this predicted in Isa. 32. 1, 2?  
What is the assurance that these promises shall be performed?  
Why should we seek to belong to Christ's kingdom?  
How may we become members of his kingdom?

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where does this lesson teach—
1. That Christ is a King?
  2. That Christ's kingdom is eternal?
  3. That Christ's kingdom is righteous?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How is Christ promised in this lesson? As a king. 2. By what name is he called? By the name Wonderful. 3. What is said concerning the length of his reign? His government shall have no end. 4. With what shall Christ rule? With justice and judgment.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The kingdom of Christ.

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