

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

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Hundred Years to Come.

Don't press for gold this crowded street,

A hundred years to come? He'll tread this church with willing feet,

A hundred years to come? He, trembling age and fiery youth, and childhood with its heart of truth, to rob, the poor, on land and sea, where will the mighty millions be,

A hundred years to come?

All within our graves shall sleep,

A hundred years to come; A loving soul for us will weep,

A hundred years to come. At other men our lands will till, and others then our streets will fill; That other birds will sing as gay, and bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come.

Feeding the Multitude.

This picture illustrates our last Sunday's lesson. Jesus and his disciples had gone away to rest upon the quiet green hillsides—for "desert" then meant lonely, not barren and sandy, as we use it. But crowds of people followed Jesus even then—people who wanted to be healed, or helped in some way—and all day long Jesus talked to them about their sin-sick souls, that needed healing far more than their bodies. Then, instead of sending them away hungry, as his disciples wanted to, he showed them how surely he could take care of both soul and body, by giving them this wonderful supper. Think of those thousands of people sitting down on the green grass, and of Jesus—after he had asked a blessing—breaking five loaves of bread into piece after piece till every one had eaten all they wanted. Who brought the loaves and fishes there? John wrote that down, I think, because he loved children, and wanted to teach them how much good only a penny may do, if given to Jesus. He wrote also what Jesus said about the "pieces" that were left.

For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.



FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Extra Expenses Exemplified.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work, seems to think it is

all right when the bar-keeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The labourer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Wasn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and

society as the bar-tender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad?

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn-whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you're mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little one to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre, and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, and baggy as to the knee, for the Michigan sufferers; the race-horse scoops in the \$2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt.

Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself.

Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy; and when the money it does get is flung into its face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and should not be grateful. It is insulted. —Robert J. Burdette.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.