

BEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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INSIDE THE GATE.

I SAT inside the gate,
No more a wandering child;
No more the loathsome weight
Of sin my heart defiled;
Sweet peace was in my soul,
Love in the place of hate;
And yet I tremble oft,
Praying inside the gate.

"Saviour!" I loudly cried,
"Give others rest from sin."
"Go, then," His voice replied,
"Bring them the gate within;
Show them the narrow way,
Lead them the cross beside;
I'll meet them at the gate,
It shall be opened wide."

"I go, my Lord," I said,
"I would not idly rest,
But would perform the work
For Thy own glory best.
Help me that work to do
Before it is too late,
Help me some soul to bring
To thee inside the gate."

And now inside the gate
I kneel in joyful prayer,
For Jesus helped me lead
Another pilgrim there;
Together now we call
To all oppressed with sin,
"Come, knock at mercy's gate,
Jesus will let you in."
—Sunday-school Times.

INNOCENCE.

WHAT is more beautiful than the pure, trustful look of a little child? How frank, how earnest, how utterly innocent is the look of the child in the picture. Who could deceive, who could betray the confidence of such a child! 'Tis a beautiful fancy that of Wordsworth:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

What a duty, what a privilege, to train the little feet for heaven, to lead them early to the fount of cleansing, to keep the child's soul undefiled! Teachers, parents seek grace and wisdom from on high that hereafter you may stand before the great white throne and say, "Lo, here are we and the children whom thou hast given us!"

A man may mistake the love of virtue for the practice of it.

GOD'S JEWELS.

WHILE in London, I stayed with a brother who was a diamond setter. One day he took me into his workshop, where he showed me a little box which contained a number of diamonds, and he asked me how much I thought

They point the finger of scorn at us, and call us fools and fanatics. But, thank high heaven, though they may point the finger of scorn at us, the Almighty says we are of much value, for we are his jewels.

I next began to ask my diamond friend about these jewels, where they were found, and how polished. He

are saved from the horrible pit, and cleansed from the miry clay of sensuality. God puts down his great scraper, pulls us out of the dirt, and takes us to his cleansing fountain.

Then, there is another thing that is to be done to the gems; they need polishing. I dare say most of you know more about this and other things than I do; but I know that my Saviour is the great Jeweller who has polished me, and he can polish thee. The Lord help you to think about it.

The natives are very quick at finding these gems, even when travelling. What you would think to be only a little rough stone, and would kick it before you as of no value, a native would pick up and put it in his bag. Its worth could not be seen from the outside. So it is with many a sinner. The poor old drunkard is all encrusted over with the dirt of his slavish habit and the stony shell of his sensuality. Most people think him a worthless, lost soul. But let the great Artist come and take him in hand, and he will make a new man of him, till he becomes a gem for the everlasting diadem. Blessed be God, there is help for all, even the poor besotted drunkard need not despair.

But there is a great deal of profession in religion as well as in daily life, and there are counterfeit jewels that look very much like the real article, at least to those who don't know the difference. Some jewels are of almost priceless value, and their counterfeits are but bits of glass. The Lord teach you, dear reader, to cry to him, "Search me and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see what evil way there is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—R. Weaver.

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FIFTY years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. After being sold and resold, now for sugar and again for rum, he was finally carried away in a slave ship. A British cruiser captured the slaver. The boy is now Bishop Crowther, England's black bishop of Africa.



INNOCENCE.

they were worth. So, I began to calculate, and made a rough guess, beginning low enough. But he said, "Man, I would not take fifteen times that sum for this little box of gems." That was all I knew of the value of those little jewels. So there are people who undervalue the jewels of heaven, and make light of God's gems.

told me they were found in rivers and mines, amongst mud and stones; that the negroes and Indians went into the rivers with rakes, with which they raked up the soil, and then washed away the dirt, picking out the little gems, and separating them from all dirt and dross. So it is with the origin and reclamation of sinners, who

were saved from the horrible pit, and cleansed from the miry clay of sensuality. God puts down his great scraper, pulls us out of the dirt, and takes us to his cleansing fountain.