

In God We Trust.

The Rev G J Bishop pastor of the Methodist church Brampton who was in Orillia, and a member of the Company Street, Toronto in the various is the author of the following verses in the metre of the National Anthem written on hearing the news of the relief of Kimberley by the conquest of the Boers gladiators at Sunday morning's service.

God bless the noble man Who from our shores have gone To serve the Queen. Help them defend the right, For God and Empire fight, And in thy holy might Freedom maintain

Praise God for Kimberley, First of beleaguered three, To be relieved, Will thou our Leader be, Till each in turn is free, And let the nations see, Thou art our God?

Praise God, our heavenly King, Bringing all ye creatures bring, Your praise to him, O ye angels, ye saints, ye holy Ghost, I praise him, the nations trust, Praise ye the Lord?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.
TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1890.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

India is once again overshadowed by famine in many of her provinces. Owing to the failure of the crops the continual drought the wheat and cotton crops will be very short, especially in Northern India; the Southern and Western provinces will also be seriously affected. How great the dangers may prove cannot yet be ascertained, but the evidence in the shortage is of a serious character. While the Indian Empire as a whole, produces sufficient food each year or its aggregate surplus may prove cannot yet be ascertained, but the evidence in the shortage is of a serious character. While the Indian Empire as a whole, produces sufficient food each year or its aggregate surplus may prove cannot yet be ascertained, but the evidence in the shortage is of a serious character.

If they lived. A few questions by the English officer, a sudden exclamation, and then drawing his sword, he ripped the rice bags open one after another and scattered the precious food in the direction of the wretched natives. The natives were horror stricken, and explained that their names were not on the list and now they would be fed twice!

Better feed them a dozen times than have them die here, was the impetuous answer. This famine seems to be very likely to threaten the country lying between Madras, Bangalore and Bellary in the north. The people inhabiting this portion are largely agriculturists and cotton-weavers. For several seasons suffering has been on the increase, and a few months ago the rivers overflowed and washed out all the fields that had been planted chiefly with rice. There was practically no rain during the last four months.

The people are largely vegetarians," said Mr. Hutman, the young Hindu lecturer, to the writer, "and when they are deprived of the natural products of the land, they will necessarily look forward to the government officials or the missionaries for help. In the year 1876, when they had one of the worst famines India ever saw, the Government took up the relief work, and the people were provided with one scanty meal a day, and the only alternative left for the poor was to go into the jungles and feed on the noxious weeds. Many people who had not even these weeds to eat, went to the lakes, and took wet clay and swallowed it. A great many died in that way. More than a hundred thousand perished during this famine. My brother-in-law said that he went and found all the servants who were in charge of the relief work looking well.

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him."

"Good-bye, my boy; God bless you!" I heard her say. "No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face."

"Good-bye, Dave," she said gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard, I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, "I can hear her now, even after all these years. I was going to say good-bye to Dan's mother? Aren't you, Dave?" I turned and took her hands; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she drew her arms around me.

"Good-bye, Dave," she said; "I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you!" The gentleman's lip quivered. "The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. Good-bye, Dave; I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you!"

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend. "Dan died six years ago; that is his



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fed, while the people who were supposed to have received relief looked thin and sickly. I hear that the ambassador at St. Petersburg is arranging to send wheat to Northern India through Tibet. A large part of the population lives on the great deal of rice. In Northern India they live on wheat. When deprived of rain, everything stops short. They do not eat meat; those who live on wheat could manage to get along on rice, and I likely to spread over Northern and Central India, and that the Government is already making preparations to start relief work in Rajputana, Punjab, and Ouch.

DAVID'S GOOD-BYE.

BY MRS. HELEN M. PARLEY.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers. "What a minute," said the latter, he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said; "they're for gran'ma." "Yes," assented the giver, "with my love." "Well, I do declare!" observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprised me. I had no idea you were around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies." "Just with one old lady," laughing. "You see, it is this way. When I was a boy this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. With a heavy heart I left the house where I had been boarding. No one cared that I was going away, no one would miss me."

little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I think God that I am able to do so."—New York Observer.

ROMANCE OF TWO HAP-PENCE.

A starving lad wandered ragged and forlorn in the streets of Liverpool. Newly fainting with hunger, he espied a barefooted girl almost as ragged and forlorn as himself, selling matches. Knowing that the poor are more inclined to respond to the voice of charity than the rich, he turned to her and asked the loan of a penny to buy a loaf of bread. "I have not got it now," was her simple reply, "but I'll try and get you one. Stay here." A few minutes afterward she succeeded in selling a couple of her boxes of matches, and ran to the lad and handed him the two half-pennies. "I'll marry that girl," was the vow registered by the grateful boy. And he kept his word. In after years, poor was any couple ever more devoted than this once beggar boy and Liverpool match girl, who died possessed of enormous wealth, leaving a name honoured and respected throughout the industrial and financial world, the good English name of Brassy. This charming, old couple, whose lack of aspirates in their speech was more than atoned for by their kindness of heart, their freedom from all pence and affection, were the father and mother of Lord Brassy, who recently passed through Canada on his way to Australia.

THE HOUSE OF BRASSY. Lord Brassy would have the world, be-

Heve that he can trace his lineage to some ancestors of the name of De Bree, he recommended the man to the Consular agent, the Channel and fought under his banner at the battle of Hastings nine hundred years ago.

Lord Brassy did not rail his father's fondly remembered name, the man in which he had first formed the acquaintance of his wife. Old Brassy began his career as a "navy" or day labourer on railroads, entered Parliament, contributed largely by step until he became the greatest railroad contractor of his day, leaving each of his three sons at his death an income of \$400,000 a year, in addition to a profitable real-estate contract and ship-building business.

The eldest of the sons, Tom Brassy, turned his attention to politics, married an extremely ambitious and clever wife, entered Parliament, contributed largely (it is said nearly half a million dollars) to the campaign fund of the Liberal party—and in due course received the customary rewards in the shape, first of all, of a Lordship, and was at last a Knight of the Bath, and lastly a peerage.

HIS OFFICE A DOUTFUL COMPLIMENT.

To-day he is Governor of the Australian Colony of Victoria, with which he was invested by the Queen in order to enable her to dispense with his services as a Lord of the Realm. She is somewhat old-fashioned, and does not relish the new trick among her entourage, especially when they put forward pretensions to lineage.

Her present Lady Brassy is the second wife of Lord Brassy. It was his first wife who achieved distinction as a yachtswoman and as an author, her best known book being the popular "Voyage of the Sunbeam" and was at least in the English ladies of title to qualify herself as a sailing-master, and repeatedly navigated her yacht, the Sunbeam, through long and tempestuous voyages, and finally met with a death that was at least in keeping with her career. For it was a death in the waves.

While on the way from Ceylon to Australia, being on the Sunbeam, and when a thousand miles from any land, she mysteriously vanished, leaving no trace. In fact, the only way by which it was possible to account for her disappearance was that she must have quietly slipped overboard and popped up in the sea with out even a splash to attract the notice of her children or her husband.

What her motive can have been for this act of self-destruction it is impossible to imagine.

For if ever there was a level-headed, shrewd and clever woman, opposed to nonsense and humbug in every manner and form, it was the first Lady Brassy.

CERTAINLY.

"Mother, I believe God always hears who we scrape the bottom of the meat barrel, don't you?" said a little boy whose home was one of very limited supplies; but their heavenly Father never allowed them to suffer seriously for common necessities. Does God hear? "Without shadow of doubt. Does he not always honour the confiding soul?" Mungo Park was in the centre of Africa, five hundred miles from any European settlement. He had been robbed and left to die. Overcome by despair, he fell to the ground and there epied a tiny mouse. It attracted his attention. "How fragile! How delicate! How exquisite! Who made it? The stars for it? If God protects that helpless little plant, will he not much more care for me?" These reflections created courage. Trust awakes and clings. He rises to find deliverance at hand. Wonderful is God, and wonderful is the whole universe to the welfare of his dear children! For the timid and weak and lowly he has a tender care. Lowell's world charmingly tells the story:

"I feel as weak as a violet, Alone 'neath the awful sky, As weak, yet as trustful also; For the whole long year I see You there, and God protects that helpless Still worked for the love of me. Winds wander and dew's drip earthward, Rains fall, sun's rise and set, I'm there, and all but to prosper As a poor little violet."

Teacher—"Your recitation was extremely good, Johnny. The gestures were rather natural. Where did you get them?" Johnny—"Git 'em?" Teacher—"The gestures." Johnny—"I ain't got the gesture. It's hiles?"