



A HEATHEN IDOL.

## SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed;  
 Somebody proved a friend in need;  
 Somebody sang a beautiful song;  
 Somebody smiled the whole day long;  
 Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"  
 Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"  
 Somebody fought a valiant fight;  
 Somebody lived to shield the right,  
 Was that somebody you?

## KINDLY SPEAKING.

A young lady had gone out for a walk, but forgot to take her purse with her. Presently she met a girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" showing a variety of bookmarks, watch cases, needlebooks, etc.

"I am sorry that I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady; "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl, and then as she passed she said again: "I am very sorry that I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"O miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most people whom I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel much better."

This was "considering the poor."

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The whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji Islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000; and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture above shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the South-Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The light of life deny?  
 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!  
 And you, ye waters, roll!  
 Till like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole!

## A TRAFFIC THAT CURSES.

The horrors of the drink traffic have never been fully portrayed. No pencil is black enough to paint the picture and do it full justice. No tongue is eloquent enough to tell the sad story in all its dreadful details. The use of alcoholic beverages is of all scourges the most wide and withering.

It is a physical curse: Blurring the eyes, blistering the tongue, deranging the stomach, paralyzing the nerves, hardening the liver, poisoning the blood, coagu-

lating the brain, inducing and aggravating many diseases, and digging many premature graves.

It is a financial curse: Draining the pocket, producing poverty, diminishing comfort, multiplying miseries, filling almshouses, increasing taxes, and creating hard times.

It is a mental curse: Clouding the judgment and dethroning the reason, promoting ignorance, producing imbecility, and transforming its unhappy victims into maniacs and fools.

It is a moral curse: Weakening the will, inflaming the passions, hushing the voice of conscience, and preparing the way for every vice and crime. And yet, strange to say, there are those who advocate the removal of this curse by legalizing it. But the colossal curse of drunkenness will continue so long as drunkard factories are permitted, protected, and perpetuated by law.—*National Advocate*.

## NEVER BEGIN.

BY DR. J. J. RIDGE.

What thousands who now drink or smoke  
 Wish they had ne'er begun!  
 But who, of those who never touched,  
 Regrets it? Never one.

Not long ago a man was to be hung for having committed murder. He wrote a letter to his friends, imploring them not to take any intoxicating drink. "If it were not for the drink," he said, "I should not be here. I implore you to give it up."

Drink is a big tree with a bitter fruit. Thousands have cursed the day that they ever began.

So with the smokers. Many a man calls himself a fool for having begun this wretched habit, and becoming a slave to the pipe or cigar. This habit is even more difficult to break than that of drinking. The longer I live the more glad I am that I did not like the taste of my first cigar, and said I would not be so foolish as to make such a nasty taste in my mouth just to swagger about like other young men.

A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there will be no discount on his word; and there are such noble Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king-boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth. Dear boys, do be truthful; keep your appointments at the house of God; be true in every friendship; help others to be and do good.

Praying for others is as much a duty as praying for ourselves.