

CHOOSE THOU FOR ME.

CHOOSE Thou for me, Oh, God !
Thy way I know is best ;
Though dark and thorny be the road,
It leadeth to Thy rest.

Choose Thou for me, Oh, God,
Trials I would not shun,
But mid the darkest, say in faith,
Thy will, not mine, is done.

My strength but weakness is,
I own my frailty, Lord ;
My faltering feet so often stray,
Oh, lead me by Thy word.

My wisdom is not wise,
But foolishness, I claim ;
I cling to Thy kind promises,
And trust in Thy dear name.

The path that I must walk
Do Thou Oh, Lord point out ;
And let Thy loving tenderness
Encircle me about.

So shall I walk secure,
Though tempests gather round,
And in the way my God appoints
My soul be ever found.

Then choose for me, Oh, God,
And help me to submit ;
Assured the way is just and right
Since 'tis God chooseth it.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1882.

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY MRS. J. F. WILLING.

How it came to be organized.

[This organization has already become a mighty auxiliary to the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. In view of the formation of a branch society in connection with the Methodist churches of Canada it will be interesting to know what led to their first organization. Ed.]

HE home is the Sebastopol of civilization. The homes of heathendom must be captured for Christ before any change for the better can be complete or permanent.

This stronghold can be taken only by Christian women. Homes are made by women as certainly in Hindustan as in America. Heathen women must be evangelized before their homes can be improved. Pagan women are slaves, so hedged in by jealousy and caste that they may not be taught by Christian men. If the men of the Church were sent to

heathen countries by the regiment, they could not give the women direct religious instruction. That work must be done by women.

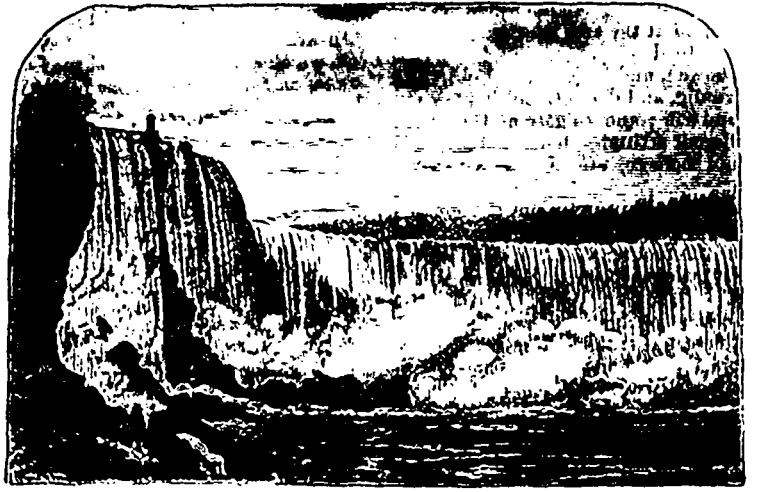
The wives of missionaries are among the noblest and most self-sacrificing of Christian workers, yet their hands are full of the care of their own children. The heart of the married missionary lady may be as full of zeal as was that of St. Paul, yet her duty to those whom God gives her in the home must greatly hinder her efforts for the conversion of heathen women. She has converted or unconverted pagan servants to whose care she may not leave her little ones. She cannot go from house to house to teach the imprisoned women, nor from town to town to superintend Bible women and day-school teachers; neither can she take charge of an orphanage or boarding-school. She may do some of this work for a while, but her duties to herself and her children demand that she lay these burdens upon single women who are sent out and supported for this service. If all teaching of women and girls, even in America, had to be done by young mothers, what chance would ninety-nine in a hundred have to know anything about books or religion? Yet that would be a much better opportunity than the millions of pagan women can have, unless young women are sent to teach them—women whose one care is this work.

Political and civil changes, the fall of the East India Company, hostile as it was to missionaries, the increasing power of Great Britain over her Asiatic dependencies, and international treaties, have made it possible and safe for single women to go about unattended in heathen cities.

Single women can, and they must, do this work, and they must be sent by the women at home. The general missionary societies have their hands so full of work already planned and undertaken that they cannot enter this broad, newly-opened field.

According to the German myth, it was the kiss of a warlike prince that wakened the sleeping beauty. When the United States was under the stress of civil strife, the touch of the rough lip of war called an immense force into action. It was found that in sanitary and Christian Commission work women could mightily reinforce the army, and yet be all the better fitted for their blessed, beautiful home-life. Those imperative benevolent duties made possible the missionary, temperance, and eleemosynary efforts that have followed. Colleges and universities have been opened to women, and knowledge is always power. Two-thirds of the Church are women. This gives them the preponderance of moral energy. In home-making their attention is held to minute details, so they are specially fitted for the gathering up of small sums that make the immense amounts, and the investment of each dollar with the least possible waste. Not being eligible to office, they are not so liable to selfishness and ambition as others may be. God trusts them with the best work he places in this world at all—the care of the little children. Their sensibilities are kept sweet and tender beside cradles and death-beds.

These facts led the wisdom of the Church to organize the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.



NIAGARA FALLS—FROM BELOW.

News from Ireland is not encouraging. That most dismal of all statistical reports, the monthly statement of agrarian outrages, marks May as one of the least pacific months; the number of assaults more or less violent was nearly four hundred. This state of things indicates no radical change of feeling brought about by the recent assassinations and the change of government policy. Assaults have occurred in the first two weeks of June also with the usual frequency, and among the rest is the savage murder of a prominent landlord of Galway, together with his escort, a soldier. The threats against Mr. Gladstone's life have aroused in England a sterner spirit in favour of repression and this will, perhaps, be sufficient to prevent a modification of the severe bill now under discussion by the Commons. Very slow progress has been made upon the bill thus far, and it is daily rumoured that a serious disagreement in the cabinet itself is the cause of this, and that two or three resignations may be expected soon.

THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

HARDER, deadlier, more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued—fierce, because meek, unobtrusive, spiritual, as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xyotus or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who would die rather than fling into the altar flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favourite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; these Christians, with their unpolished barbarism, their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable

purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicæa stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of Pagan Emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Viciisti Galilee!" "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"—F. W. Farrar.

WESLEY AS A PREACHER.

ON a certain occasion when Wesley was to preach to a wealthy and elegant congregation, he chose for his text, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" After the sermon one of his hearers said to him: "Sir, such a sermon would have been suitable in Billingsgate, but it was highly improper here." "If I had been in Billingsgate," said Wesley, "my text would have been, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" Perhaps, there is no single incident in the life of this preacher of righteousness which more fully opens up the secret of his wonderful power. His eye was keen enough to pierce through all the outward show of wealth, rank, and pride, and take a searching look into the souls of his congregation, who were none the less a company of miserable sinners than an equal number of ignorant, vicious fishwomen, costermongers, and old-clothes venders down in Drury Lane. He was absolutely insensible to the restraints and embarrassments which are wont to oppress the hearts and control the manners of those ministers of the Gospel who never can forget themselves, whatever they are saying or doing; he was an ambassador of Christ, and cared only to please his Master by faithfully delivering his message.