

The Loom of Life.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the jar Of the loom of life, and neat and far It thrills with its deep and muffled sound, As tireless the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom, In the light of day and midnight gloom, The wheels are turning early and late, And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in; Click, clack! another of wrong and sin. What a checkered thing this life will be When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery, And hands as busy as hands can be, Sits at the loom with hands outspread To catch in its meshes each silken thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps in one, Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I? But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weavers! the years are slow, But each one is nearer to the end, I know; And some day the last thread shall be woven in— God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool in this life-wed— say, Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day? It were better, then, O my friend, to spin A beautiful thread than a thread of sin!

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices and frequencies.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS, 1 Henry Street, Montreal, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1893.

GOOD SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

It is always a pleasure to get a parcel of the Sunday-school books issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union, London, England. They are sure to be handsomely printed and well bound and illustrated, and what is more important, they are sure to be instinct with an intensely religious spirit, and with loyalty to the doctrines and usages of Methodism.

One of these books is "For John's Sake," and other stories, by Annie Frances Perrin. The longer story which gives its name to the book, a shorter one entitled, "How the Foe Crept In," and others, show the evils of so-called "moderate" drinking, and the good results reached by Bands of Hope and other means of reformation. Some of these sketches are very graphic and even tragic, yet the author assures us that the darkest pictures are minutely faithful to life, and that the saddest incidents related occurred under the personal observation of within the knowledge of the writer.

"Beyond the Boundary," by Jenny

Perrett, author of "Ben Owen," and other stories, also deals with the drink demon in some of his most dreadful manifestations. We have more than enough of drunkenness in this country, but there it one scene pictured in one of the striking engravings of this book that we seldom see, that is, a respectably dressed woman come, with staggering gait, out of the public house. Over and over again we have been shocked at seeing mothers with their children, sometimes with babes in their arms, drinking at the public bars in London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The tale is not all sad. It is one of trial and temptation, but also of victory won. The happy result is told in these words—

"I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad, I found in him a resting-place And he has made me glad."

"Searamotich, and Other Stories," by Annie M. Young, is a series of short stories by an accomplished writer for children. The one on "Herald Angels," has quite a Christmas flavour, suitable for this season.

"The Sixpence that Multiplied," has its important lessons about money and its right uses.

"In the Shepherd's Arms," is one of touching pathos, and all of them give interesting sketches of child life.

The following are smaller books suitable for primary classes:—

"That Odd Little Pair; or, the Sayings and Doings of Molly and Larry;" "The Wonderful Half-Crown, and Other Stories for Boys and Girls," by William A. Foster. Mr. Foster is well known in connection with Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home and its publications. This charming little book with its striking pictures of the talking and walking half-crown, and other clever sketches will be read with interest by the young folk.

The story of "The Baby's Hand," and how it led to the reformation of the baby's father, is a splendid illustration of the Scripture, "and a little child shall lead them."

"Ned's Helper," and other short temperance stories, will be most helpful in cultivating temperance sentiments.

"Our Boys and Girls," for 1892. This is the annual volume of the young folk's paper of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Union, whose visits have been received with such pleasure by many thousands of boys and girls during the year. It abounds in instructive pictures and wholesome reading. A striking feature of the year has been the Hindoo fables, prepared for English readers by the late W. O. Simpson, and a series of very artistic pictures illustrating the Sunday-School Lessons for the year. The drawing is of very superior merit.

We cordially recommend the publications of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Union to all our schools as unquestionable in their character.

ONLY A CABIN BOY.

A big battle was being fought between the English and Dutch navies, Sir John Northborough was the English Admiral, and the masts of his ship had been shot away almost directly when the fighting began. In spite of the greatest care and the most splendid bravery, Sir John saw that the English sailors must be beaten unless he could get help. There were a few ships some distance off to the right, but they were to act as a reserve, and would not enter into the battle without a message from him. Sir John stood a moment and wondered how the message could be sent. It was not possible to signal; there was only one way—the message must be carried.

Sir John wrote his order telling the captain of the reserve to come and help him at once; then he called aloud for any one who was willing to be the messenger.

Think of the scene a moment and then you will understand what a brave heart was needed to carry that note. Below was the sea; above, around, in it there rained a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim would be trying enough, but to swim with the chance of being shot every second seemed terrible. Yet many sailors came

forward at their admiral's call, ready to risk their lives for their country's good.

They were all grown up men, and they must have stared in wonder as one of the cabin boys, Cloudesley Shovel, said:

"I can swim, sir; and if I am shot I shall be missed less than anyone else."

After a moment's hesitation the paper was handed to the boy, who put it between his teeth and sprang overboard. How the men watched him as long as he could be seen! He reached the reserve ship in safety, and, as they went into action at once, a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting Cloudesley Shovel stood once more upon the deck of the Admiral's ship, and received his heartiest thanks.

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own," he said.

The Admiral's words came true, for the brave cabin boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.

A FATAL ERROR.

DR. N. S. DAVIS, an ex-president of an International Medical Congress, and for forty years an active practitioner of Chicago, says:

"There is no greater or more destructive error existing in the public mind than the belief that the use of fermented and distilled drinks does no harm so long as they do not intoxicate. It is not the temperate use, but the abuse of alcoholic drinks that does harm, is the often repeated popular phrase that embodies the error which helps to rob more than 100,000 persons of from five to twenty years of life in the United States, through the gradual development of chronic structural diseases, induced by the daily use of beer, ale, wine, or distilled spirits in quantities so moderate as at no time to produce intoxication. No more true or important remark was made in the noted discussion in the London Pathological Society than the one by Dr. George Harley, that 'for every drunkard there are fifty others who suffer from the effects of alcohol in one form and another.'"

DR. CUYLER'S VIEW.

THAT veteran in the cause, whose heart is as young and head as clear and wise as when he commenced an irrepressible conflict against the saloon, Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, has just written a message to the advocates of Temperance, which appeared in the Christian at Work, that should be prayerfully heeded:

"After forty years of hard work in the good cause I have reached the following conclusions:

"1. Stringent law for the suppression of all dram shops—when backed up by the majority of the people in any locality—is the most effectual method of dealing with the drink curse.

"2. I agree with D. L. Moody's late declaration at Edinburgh that 'a dead law is worse than no law.'

"3. There is too much reliance on legislation to remove the terrible cause. And there is too little moral and educational effort to break up the drinking usages. We need more of the old-fashioned total abstinence organizations, and more station work in the pulpits, Sunday-schools, press and platform. There is not enough moral steam to drive our machinery.

"4. We must fight the battle in social life as well as the accursed saloons.

"5. Our 'third party' brethren must stop denouncing all temperance men and women who prefer to fight the drink-curser outside their regiments.

"6. Millions of dollars are being made by medicines and nostrums for 'curing drunkenness,' but very little money is spent in teaching people not to drink at all. Total abstinence as a prevention is worth all the nostrums yet invented.

"7. God's voice to his Church now is to grapple with the monster, with the weapons of pledge and prayer, arguments and votes."

"ONWARD"—the gem of Sabbath-school papers—is increasing in brilliancy and beauty. No school superintendent can do without it. Send to the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and get a sample copy.—Algoma Pioneer.

THE BLUES.

IT once knew a little girl who was troubled a great deal with a complaint called "the blues." When things did not go to suit her she would often steal away into the fields or woods, and brood over her little troubles and disappointments until her round, laughing face looked the very picture of despair. Now this is a very unhappy state of mind to be in, and should not be encouraged by old or young. Let me tell you how she overcame one very severe attack.

One very pleasant summer morning her mother said: "I must go to the village to-day, and as it is going to be very warm, I must start early and leave my work until I get back."

"Oh let me go? Mayn't I go, too?" exclaimed Ella and Etta, in the same breath.

"No, I cannot take you both," said their mother. "If any one goes it must be Etta, for I want Ella to wash the dishes and be my nice little house-keeper."

Ella began to scold, but did not succeed in changing her mother's mind. As her mother got into the carriage, she said:

"I am going to buy you something to-day, Ella; now be a good girl and obey me if you wish to please me."

"I think it is real mean!" whined Ella. "I wish I was forty miles from this old place;" and then she turned and ran to one of her old retreats to enjoy a "fit of the blues." She thought that her parents were unkind, her home unpleasant, and that she had nothing to be thankful for. She even felt vexed with the little birds, because they were singing so sweetly, but, as they were happy and did not stop their warbling, she was obliged to listen until her better nature triumphed and she thought: "I ought to be ashamed of myself for acting so when everything is so happy and gay. I guess I will get the work all done up nice, and show them what a little girl can do." Away she ran to the house, and soon commenced a lively rattling among the breakfast dishes, while she sang:

"These are the farmer's girls: Washing the breakfast dishes, Making the beds up stairs, Tra la la la la, These are the farmer's girls."

It was a long, hard job to sweep, dust, and put things to rights, but she persevered and had just finished when one of her schoolmates came running in saying:

"Oh, I am so glad you are at home. I am going to stay all the afternoon."

They had a merry time, and when the mother and sister came home, two happy faces greeted them at the door. When Ella saw the approving smile of her mother and the nice things she had brought her, she was very happy; and thought she would never murmur again—no never! But she did!

"WE HAVEN'T GOT A GOD AT MY PAPA'S HOUSE."

A LITTLE boy, three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a godly family, where he was taught the simple elements of divine truth.

The good seed fell into good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and a Christian dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great and good God, the child said: "We haven't got any God at papa's house."

Alas! how many such houses there are in our world and land—houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship, no God! And what homes they are for children; aye, and for men and women too. How much better is the pure atmosphere of Christian love than the cold, selfish worldliness of a godless home.

Said an ungodly man, "I never was so near to heaven, and probably never shall be again, as when I spent a day in the house of Ebenezer Brown," a godly Scotchman, who guided his household in the fear of the Lord.

To such homes the weary come for rest, and the troubled for consolation. The Son of Peace is there. Blessed be such homes and may ours ever be of this number.