

The Old Saw.

BY M. R. S.

I hang on the wall in the tool-house.
My teeth are broken and few.
They say that my work is now ended,
There's nothing that I can do.

Brother Bill lies over in the corner,
All rusted—not happy as I,
For he never would work, so they left him
To waste and slowly to die.

Many years has he lain there so idly,
No good has he done, or will do,
While I have been used by my master
To bring comfort to more than a few

All day rang my song through the forest.
With the snow-birds happy and free,
I cut wood to bring food to the hungry,
And smiled as I shared in their glee.

I sawed logs to bring clothes to the children,
And peace to the toil-worn wife,
I was grasped with the hand of affection,
In my master's struggle for life.

I built houses to shelter the needy,
And couched the weary to rest,
My lips sped the solidities of history,
Or my coffin covered their breast.

And, oh, Brother Bill in the corner,
What thoughts and good wishes I've had,
"It is better to wear out than rust out."
No wonder you are gloomy and sad
Cape Croker, Ont.

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Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1900.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

The people known as Indians are the original inhabitants of America, and were so designated. It is believed, by Columbus, who was impressed with the idea that the land he touched on his first voyage westward was a part of Asiatic India. There are various opinions as to the origin of the Indians, but very little—if any reliable knowledge is obtainable concerning it. The Indian population of America—North and South—is estimated at about ten millions. Of these, a little over a hundred thousand belong to Canada.

The early white settlers of America found many traits of noble character among them, though cunning and a spirit of revenge were commonly evidenced by them. The introduction of the white traders, with their frowner, was the forerunner of much degradation and degeneration of Indian character, and it is painfully true that the "pale faces" not only helped to degrade them, but, in their thirst for gain, took advantage of their ignorance of values in trade.

Reliable historical records show that the Indians received the early settlers with kindness and confidence, but this treatment was not honestly reciprocated. Each colony sought them as allies, but every one defrauded them of their lands, until they were gradually driven from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, as civilization travelled westward. Unfortunately, what is termed Christian

civilization bears in its train many vices and wrongs. Not always does it regard "of one blood all the nations of the earth," not always does it recognize the brotherhood of man with a common Father God, much less does it practically show that "man is his brother a keeper." To satisfy the ambition and greed of unprincipled traders, the poor Indians were cheated, massacred sometimes, or left to starvation, with the result that haired of whites was born in them. The vices of civilization fastened upon them also to an extent which has greatly decimated their numbers.

To the honour of our beloved Canada, it is generally acknowledged that her methods of treating the Indians have been far superior to any other, and it is frequently noted, with a commendable gratification, that during the troublous times in the Northwest, our Indian population were loyal throughout, especially the Methodists.

While all this is so, does it not seem that their civilization and development into useful citizens might have been more thoroughly and speedily effected, if they had not been herded in reservations, which excluded them from the higher and better influences of our Christian civilization, and been kept as wards of the Government in a state of servile dependence and comparative

fruits, and nearly all of them have been converted.

In connection with the consideration of our Indian work, which, in the space of our disposal, can be only slightly suggestive, we feel that one important factor calls for more than passing attention—the Christian home—as illustrated by the missionary and his wife.

Reports are important. They are nearly always interesting to the lover of missions. They are, when printed, from necessity brief; but how little they say to us of the chief factor or instrument in the prosecution of the work recorded—the missionary, or his wife! These hard-worked, self-denying agents of the church—our substitutes, in fact—how little we hear of them! Bearing burdens with heroic faith, suffering trial and disappointments; often amid uncongenial environments, and separation from loved ones, with but little diversion, if any, and deprived of the resources of society, how much they are contributing of that which costs so the work of God, and how quietly and unobtrusively they push on their work! They are God's heroes and heroines! Let us consider them and remember them in our prayers, and especially the dear women whose lives are spent in this service. How much we owe to them of love, esteem, and womanly, sisterly sympathy, because of their

death of her sons; here Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz, who so loved and loved her and made her his wife; here David, the king, was born, and here it was that the wise men were led by the star in the East which came and stood over the manger where the Christ-child lay.

There is now in Bethlehem the Church of the Nativity, built by Constantine only the hundred, and thirty years after Christ was born. The story is that the church is built over the grotto where the little Babe opened his eyes, and the spot in it where the manger stood is marked by a silver star in the pavement. Whether this is really the exact spot or not cannot be proved, but that it was not far away we know, and, indeed, all about the little town is holy ground.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND MISSIONS.

The Sunday-school is the church of to-morrow. Everything we do for it and in it should be done with this obvious fact in mind. We are educating the future church. Let us recognize more constantly and fully its world-wide relation to the Master in possession of every land and all the kingdoms of the earth owning his mild away. The opportunity is ours to complete the work of the world for Christ. We ought promptly and wisely to plan the decisive campaign.

Practically, all that seems to be lacking is the material means. Men and women are ready by scores and hundreds to go to heathen lands; there is little lack of devotion at this point; and were the means adequate, the contagion of personal consecration to this work would spread a next generation should see the recovery of this world to its rightful Lord would inspire all Christendom. We must educate the coming generation in the Christian duty of giving for missions.—Rev. Elijah Herr, D.D.

A Man Who Knows a Lot.

He can tell you what the time is at the Sunday Islands when
The clock is striking nine at Liverpool;
He can give you all the facts concerning Cortez and his men,
He was always taking medals when at school.

But
His clothes are old and torn,
And his manner is forlorn;
He says that life's a failure at the best,
Once the brightest boy in town,
He is ragged now and down,
And a hopeless heart is beating in his breast.

He can quote you scenes from "Timon,"
He is full of ancient lore,
He can name the constellations in the sky;
He can tell you just how far it is from here to Singapore,
How all the wars were waged and when and why,
But

In spite of all he knows,
He is full of wants and woes,
He finds the world a cold and cruel place,
And he drags along the street
As if weights were on his feet,
And something more than time has marred his face.

He can talk on any subject with a glibness that is fine;
Ask for dates, and he will tell them right away,
His memory is marvellous—in fact, it is "a mine
Of useful information," so they say,

His clothes are old and torn,
And his manner is forlorn;
There's a blossom brightly blooming on his cheek!
Once the brightest boy in town,
He is ragged now and down,
With a dirty growth of stubble on his cheek.

On the corner of one of the business streets of the city, the other morning, a shoe-black had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentlemanly appearing man. The latter was unfortunately in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with a specially thick sole, thus encouraging to make up for what nature for what nature had denied him. "How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy. "Five cents, sir." "Oh, but you should have asked for five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane. "No, sir," said the boy, "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."



REV. E. R. YOUNG IN INDIAN COSTUME.

pauperism? The agencies which the church has put in operation for their uplift, viz., the preaching of the Gospel and industrial education, must be recognized as of the highest value; but it is the Christian experience of workers and students of the question, that the more the Indians can be brought into contact with Christian home life, whether on farms or in villages, the more rapidly will they become valuable as citizens.

America owes a vast debt to the Indians, which the Christian churches are not slow to declare and to acknowledge. As a people they have claims upon us which cannot be ignored. The "heathen on our own door" may not perhaps, appeal to all with the same interest which clothes the heathen afar off, but our responsibility before God for their condition will be none the less. "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" involves a duty to our own country, where at least two races—the Indian and the French—need the Gospel.

The Woman's Missionary Society of our church has two Indian Homes in British Columbia, one at Port Simpson, and one at Chilliwack. A remarkable revival has cheered the workers at Port Simpson, and its blessed influences have extended throughout the district. The girls of the Home were among the first-

living demonstration of woman's power and will to labour for God in a cause so noble! The wives of our Indian missionaries—God bless them every one!—Outlook.

BETHELEHEM.

High up in the hill country, about five miles south of Jerusalem, the little town of Bethlehem lies among the mountains of Judah. The country round is most beautiful. In the spring of the year, the hills, covered with vines, with fig and olive trees, are gay with the beautiful wild flowers for which Palestine is so noted. In spots, the ground will be all ablaze with great masses of brilliant, scarlet poppies; in another place, the white blossoms, touched with red, will look like a field of snow upon which great drops of blood have fallen.

There has been a town here for more than four thousand years, though the village has been destroyed three or four times.

The women of Bethlehem are said to be unusually beautiful, as indeed they ought to be, living in a place rich in hallowed associations of the noble woman of long ago. For here it was that Rachel was buried—here it was that Naomi lived, returning with Ruth after the