

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
You.

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Land's End.

THE engraving shows the remarkable cape at the extreme south-west of England, known as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea shore, and in the little boat. The clouds of scabrous which make the lonely rock their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags with the surges of the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines

Lo on a narrow neck of land,
Twist two unbounded seas I stand
Secure insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place
Or shuts me up in hell.
O God my inmost soul convert
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

These reflections will be very appropriate as we have just crossed the "narrow neck" between the old and new year, and indeed every day and hour of our lives.

Troubles are hard to take, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

Mother and Son.

AN incident occurred recently in one of the police courts of Chicago, in which a little street boy's devotion to his drunken mother was touchingly shown. A woman had been picked up in a

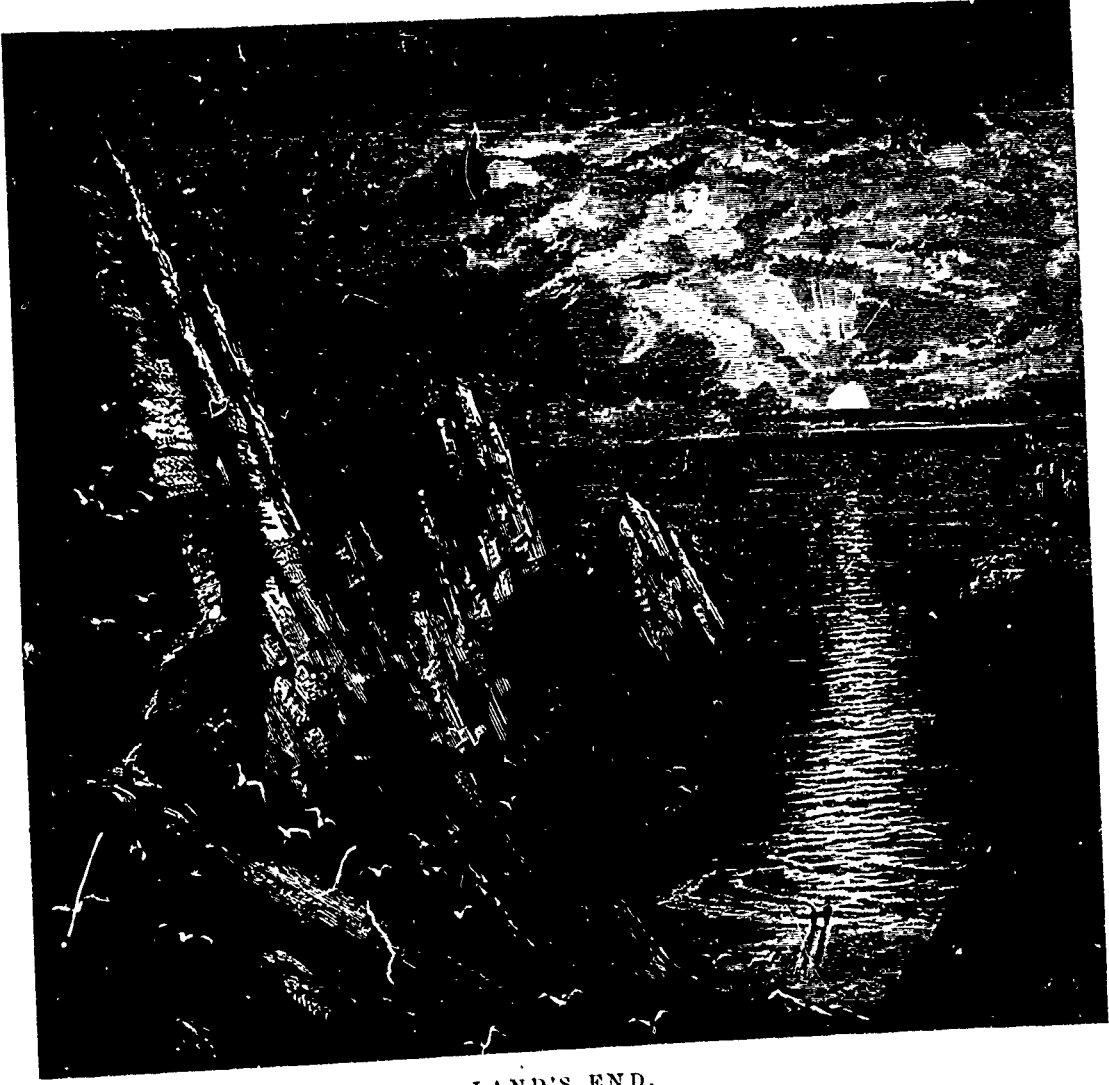
judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out: "Come on; we's got to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to jail. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to jail, stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed: "Your mother sha'n't go to jail, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life and try to be worthy of such a son as that.— *Winslow's Monthly.*



LAND'S END.

Clear Through.

A LITTLE boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian." "What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.— *Chris. Observer.*

THE unselfish leader becomes the popular one.

state of intoxication and carried to a police station, where she spent the night. The next morning she was arraigned before the magistrate. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life. "Five dollars and costs," said the

The children hurried out of the court room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to jail," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed: