



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

## Beautiful Hands

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!  
They are neither white nor small,  
And you I know would scarcely think  
That they were fair at all.  
I've looked on hands whose form and hue  
A sculptor's dream might be,  
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands  
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
Though heart was weary and sad,  
These patient hands kept toiling on,  
That children might be glad.  
I almost weep, as looking back  
To childhood's distant day,  
I think how those hands have rested not  
While mine were still at play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
They are growing feeble now:  
For time and pain have left their mark  
On hand and heart and brow.  
Alas! alas! the nearing time,  
And that sad, sad day to me,  
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,  
These hands will folded be.

But O, beyond this shadowy land,  
Where all is bright and fair,  
I know full well those dear old hands  
Will palms of victory bear;  
When crystal streams through endless years  
Flow over golden sands,  
And when the old grow young again,  
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

## Bristol Cathedral.

THIS is the famous cathedral of which Sidney Smith was canon, after his heroic struggle with poverty in Yorkshire and elsewhere. Among the names of men who have lived beneath the shadows of this ancient pile, and who have worshipped within its sacred inclosure, are the poets Southey and Chatterton; the artists Lawrence and Barry; Robert Hall, Coleridge, and Hannah More; the Misses Porter; Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Pritchard. Its fame, however, is owing most to the wonderful boy poet, Chatterton; and thousands go each year to see the cathedral in which he said, that while accidentally locked in, he found the remarkable Rowley Manuscript.

## Sam Jones on Joining the Church.

I NEVER shall cease praising the Lord for giving me a church to join. If they were to turn me out of the Church to-morrow, the first time they opened the doors I would go in again. Some people don't want to join a Church because they think it will cost them something. Why, it costs less to join a first-class

Methodists in Toronto than one old red-nosed drunkard. If it's better to be sober than drunk, and better to be good than bad, and better to go to heaven than to go to hell, let us pay our little bills and go along and shut our mouths. A man said to me in Cincinnati, "I wouldn't have missed that sermon for ten dollars," and when the collection plate came round he put a copper cent in. (Laughter.) There's many a fellow round meeting-house paying in the widow's mite. A great big, old, long-whiskered fellow paying in the widow's mite. Are you a widow? How long has your husband been dead, old fellow? (Laughter.) How can anyone but a widow put in a widow's mite? That's the way I look at it. Brethren, we have not appreciated the Church enough. A man will sit in his pew and say, "I will give so-and-so." Never say what you will give to the Church, but say, "I will pay my dues to God." "That's it, Oh! brethren you owe a debt to the Church which you will never pay." Just say after this: "I will pay as much as I can on the debt I owe God and the Church." And I will say another thing, the Church has never lived a day without praying God to help sinners. And when you come into the Church and try it a while, you will think we have done pretty well. I hear people say, "I am not worthy to join the Church." Well, I have been in the Church fourteen years, and I have never felt fit to be in the Church. I am not running on my fitness, but glory to God, I am running on my unfitness; for the fitness He requires is, that I feel my need of Him.

## We Move in Strata.

BY SAM JONES.

SOME of you good women know there is a certain strata you run with. There may be thirty or forty ladies in the Metropolitan Church, about a dozen of whom you call upon, and about half a dozen you are really intimate with. Take the Metropolitan Church with all her history, and if we were all called up to heaven to-morrow it would take the angels two or three weeks to get you all introduced to each other. It would just keep the angels busy a while. In his natural voice he continued:—"This is Miss So-and-so from Toronto, a

member of the Metropolitan Church." Imitating the high female voice, he continued:—"Why, was you a member of the Metropolitan? When?" Natural voice, "Why, in the year 1886." High female voice, again, "Law, me! I was a member at that time, but I never knew you." (Laughter.) Now what sort of religion do you call that when two or three hundred members get off to themselves? "I can tell you why I never met her. She was a cook with Mrs. So-and-so, and we never associate with this sort." Sister, what are you going to do in heaven? Won't you hate to run with your cook in glory. Is it not true?

## Woolly Bear or Tiger Caterpillar.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

THIS is a rather large name for so small a creature as a caterpillar. I can easily understand why the caterpillar should be called woolly, but why he should also be called bear or tiger I do not know. I do not know that he has ever been known to eat anybody alive. Indeed, I do not think he could if he wanted to. But that he is a most interesting creature is certainly true. He is rich in colouring. Those brilliant brown and black dyes are worthy of the highest imitation in art. His movements are quiet and unobtrusive. He will not attempt to thrust himself in anybody's way; and just as soon as he thinks his presence is not entirely agreeable to his larger companions of the human species he tries to get out of the way. He is not at all unpleasant to handle. You can take him up in your hand if you wish and he will not make himself offensive. A little squirming expression of his love for liberty is about all that you will get from him. But do not by any means hurt the poor fellow. Take him up kindly, look into his shining dark eyes, examine the rich colouring of his hairs, handle him any way you wish, only be very gentle with him, and lay him down softly again on the ground.

But one of the very interesting facts about this caterpillar is that he shall by and by become a most brilliant butterfly. When the autumn days become colder, and he begins to feel that winter is not far away, he will hide himself in some secluded place, and wrap himself up in a shroud made of the coverings of his own body. While the long winter lasts he will never stir, and will seem as though he were dead. In fact, however, he will be alive, and when the warm days come again he will complete his wonderful transformation and come forth a large, brilliantly-coloured butterfly. To complete this strange circle of life, so wonderfully arranged by the wise and good Creator, the butterfly in due time will deposit its eggs from which again the caterpillar is hatched. Thus from year to year the marvellous process is continued.

There is a beautiful lesson in this transformation of the caterpillar into the brilliant butterfly. It suggests the resurrection and transformation of our own perishable bodies. In the order

of the Lord's arrangement we shall be hidden away in the earth. But the Bible tells us that after awhile our bodies shall come forth again to a glorious resurrection. The power of what we call death shall be overcome, and we shall live in a glorified state forever.

## Alexander the Great.

A YOUNG and ever-active king, handsome, brave, and famous, was Alexander, son of Philip. What more? After twelve bright years of glory he went down to the grave, killed, at the age of thirty-two, by strong drink. Soon after he became king he crossed into Asia, and beat the Persians at the river Granicus. After this battle the hero visited the wounded soldiers, and cared for the widows and orphans of the dead. Then came another dreadful battle, in the Plain of Issus, near the sea-side. The numbers killed were countless. The king of Persia fled, and his kingdom was broken up. Alexander next took the great, rich city of Tyre, which was the London of those days. Tyre was situated on an island, about half a mile from the shore. Alexander made a causeway across the channel, which work still remains. After seven months Tyre was taken, and eight thousand of the citizens were killed; besides this, thirty thousand were sold as slaves. The conqueror then marched toward Jerusalem. He was angry with the citizens of Zion, for they had refused to help him, and he meant to punish them. But the Jews found a road to Alexander's heart. They melted his anger into kindness. The high-priest Jaddus, warned by God, adorned the city with banners and flowers, and flung open the gates. By his advice, too, all the people put on white robes, and the priests their peculiar dresses; and then they went in a long procession to meet the terrible young soldier who was conquering the world so fast. When Alexander saw the multitude in their white garments, and the priests in fine linen, and the high-priest in purple and scarlet, with his mitre on his head and God's holy name on a gold plate in the front of it, the young conqueror saluted the high-priest, and made a sign of worship before the name. When some one asked Alexander why he did so, he said, "I do not adore that man, but the God who made him a high-priest; for I saw this same man in a dream, when I was wondering how to conquer Asia. He told me to pass the sea boldly, and he would lead my army and help me to beat the Persians."

Giving his right hand to the high-priest, Alexander came into the city, and visited the temple, where he offered sacrifice; and when the Book of Daniel was unrolled and shown to him, he was much surprised while he read in the eighth chapter about a he-goat coming from the west, and running at a ram and breaking his two horns and casting him to the ground and stamping on him, and how the he-goat waxed very strong. The he-goat was the king of Greece, Alexander himself; and the ram with two horns was the king of Media and Persia, whom Alexander had overthrown.

The young conqueror was greatly surprised and delighted with this eighth chapter of Daniel, which showed things to come; and he gave the Jews all they wished to have, and left their city much happier than it was before his visit.—*The Prince.*