

## MARCH OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

W R come, we come, an army true,  
Our banners proudly bringing  
With a shield of gold and a badge of blue,  
And a song of victory singing,  
A song of victory singing.

We come, we come, a joyous band,  
In the freshness of life a morning;  
We are growing up with a purpose grand,  
And a glad new day is dawning,  
A glad new day is dawning.

We march, we march, with prayer and song,  
On the field you're sure to find us;  
In a fight for right and a war with wrong  
We'll cast all fear behind us,  
We'll cast all fear behind us.

A "Loyal Legion" may we stand,  
Met the storm of earth a temptation,  
That in days to come, joining hand in hand,  
We may help to save the nation,  
May help to save the nation.

## READING TO AUNT KATE.

The girls in our picture are having a joyous day. Their kind mamma gave them each a book, full of nice pictures and instructive stories, and when a dear little playmate called to see them, they asked to visit Aunt Katy who lives in a room in the third story of a large house not many blocks away. Mamma said they might go and read Aunt Katy a story out of one of the new books; and she gave them a basket of buns and jelly and a baked chicken to carry for Aunt Katy's dinner. The girls had a grand time. Aunt Katy has a young heart if she is nearly seventy five years old. She has not forgotten when she was a little girl herself.

When the girls left her room they were really glad they had been there. Aunt Katy was very thankful for the nice things in the basket, but more thankful to know that she was remembered and loved by the children.

The girls in our picture look as though they delight to make others happy. We hope they have learned to love Jesus who came from heaven down to this world, to make all who will love him truly happy all the years they live on earth and then happy to all eternity, because Jesus lives in the hearts of his children, and all who have Jesus in their hearts are happy.

Those who have not yet begun to love Jesus may begin right away. Now is the best time to begin. The promises are for now. We are sure of the present time because we have it.

Many of you have nice presents and grand dinners, and perhaps many other things intended to please you. But remember, dear children, those without God's love cannot make you happy. If you share your good things with the Lord's poor little ones, in that you will be like Jesus; but you want pure hearts, and with this great blessing you cannot help being happy.

## TEMPERANCE.

I don't know that any judge can better discharge his duty, than by again and again calling the attention to the fact that the great bulk, I might almost say the most of the offences of violence which take place in the counties of this land, are directly ascribable to the habit of drinking to excess.—*Mr Justice Dinman, of Surrey Assizes, England, August, 1862.*

Drink is at the bottom of almost every crime committed in Dublin.—*Mr. Baron Dowse in a charge to a jury, 1881.*

I have been for a whole week trying cases such as no Christian judge ought to have to try—cases of outrage and violence in this city. It is the drink system, and the drink alone that leads to all this misery and crime and sorrow.—*Hon. Frederick R. Fulker, Q. C., and Recorder of Dublin, 1881.*

Judges are weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but I cannot refrain from saying that if they could make England sober, they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons.—*Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England.*

An experience of more than twenty years of judicial life has taught me that more than seven-eighths of the crimes committed in this country— which involve personal violence—were traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors . . . that of all the causes of sin and misery, of pauperism and wretchedness, intoxicating liquor stands forth the unapproachable chief.—*Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court.*

We should not at this moment have been put to the necessity of erecting a new gaol, if it were not for the existence of the licensed public houses and beer houses. I believe they are at the source of all the mischief.—*Robertson Gladstone, Magistrate, Liverpool.*

We can trace four-fifths of the crimes that are committed to the influence of rum. There is not one case in twenty where a man is tried for his life in which rum is not the direct or indirect cause of the murder. Rum and blood—I mean the shedding of blood—go hand in hand.—*Judge Allison, of Philadelphia.*

## METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL TEMPERANCE WORK.

From the report for the Dominion of the Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist Church we clip the following interesting item of information:—

The important subject of temperance is more and more attracting public attention. It is cause for congratulation that the Methodist Church is in the forefront of this temperance agitation. And Methodist schools are not a whit behind in the deep interest manifested in this great reform. Our statistical tables present a record of 34,107 who, during the year, have taken the pledge against the twin evils, liquor and tobacco. This number added to those previously recorded makes a great army of pledged abstainers, who in a very few years will exert a strong influence in public and private life—at the polls and in the homes—against the national evil and crime, the liquor traffic.

## A THREE-LEAVED BOOK.

A MINISTER used to carry about with him a little book, with only three leaves in it, and it did not contain a single word. The first was a leaf of black paper, black as jet; the next was a leaf of scarlet; the last was a leaf of white, without spot. Day by day he would look upon this singular book; and at last he told the secret of what it meant. Here is the black leaf—that is my sin, and the wrath of God which my sin deserves. I look, and look, and think it is not black enough to represent my guilt, though it is as black as black can be. The

red leaf reminds me of the atoning sacrifice and the precious blood; and I delight to look to it and weep, and look again. The white leaf represents my soul as it is washed in Jesus' blood and made white as snow.

Who is saying, "I should like to be washed—I should like my sins to be taken away?" Then use David's prayer, and the Lord will do it.—*Ex.*

## THE BRITISH CROWN.

The British crown is not the property of Queen Victoria, but of the nation. All the crown jewels are kept in the Tower of London. The room in which they are kept is a ground-floor apartment, with sombre stone walls eight feet in thickness. It is small, and in its centre stands a huge, iron-barred cage, oblong in shape, and rising nearly to the ceiling. Within this cage is a stand, terrace-topped and covered with velvet, which was at one time white. At the extreme top is a crown made for Victoria. Below it, on one side, is the crown of the Prince of Wales, and on the other that of the last of the Stuarts, the four Georges and William IV. One crown had served very well for all these men, but when, in 1837, the royal head-gear had to be put upon a woman's head, it was, of course, much too large, and a new one had to be made. Besides the crowns, there are in the collection the royal wand, a solid gold stick three feet seven inches in length, the royal communion service, three large fonts, all of gold, out of which the royal children are baptized, besides numerous other valuable presents that have in time past been presented to the State by friendly sovereigns. The entire collection is valued at fifteen million dollars, much of which sum is represented in the rare stones that grace the crowns and sceptre, the famous Kohinoor, the second largest diamond in the world, being one of them.—*Independent.*

## JIMMIE'S FIRST MONEY.

JIMMIE KAY had acted as a clerk in a shop for one week, and received five shillings for his pay—the first money he had ever really worked for. These shillings made Jimmie a very happy lad, and he wanted to do the best he could with them. So, like a good son, he asked his mother about it.

"Mother, how much do you think I ought to give the missionary collection to-day?"

"Well, Jimmie, I think your father's rule of giving one-tenth a very good one for you to follow. You know we are told to cast our grain upon the waters, and that we shall find it again, though it may be many days after."

Jimmie had a twinkle in his eye as he said—

"Well, mother, I've seen a good deal of casting done, and now I'm waiting to see some of it coming back again."

This made his mother feel anxious, fearing that Jimmie, after all, might not want to give any of his money. Then she spoke of the widow's two mites—that she was not content to give a portion of her money, but had to give—even "all her living."

As they walked home from church Jimmie said, "Well, mother, how much do you suppose I gave this morning to the missionary collection?"

"Why, sixpence," said his mother. "More than that," said Jimmie.

So his mother went on guessing, adding a little each guess, till she reached one shilling and sixpence, when she stopped, saying he must tell her.

"Well, then, mother, I did as the widow did. I cast in all that I had—I gave the five shillings!"

You may be sure his mother was very glad and happy indeed to find him so willing to consecrate the "first fruits" of his labour to the service of the Lord, who loveth the cheerful giver.

## "LITTLE CREASES," AND HOW SHE CLIMBED THE MONUMENT.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY

## II.

LITTLE CREASES' costume, although it attracted little attention to herself, was likely to make a clerical companion stared at, even in London's crowded streets, where men brush past each other never heeding,—frowning, and laughing, and even talking, as if they were in a dark, double-locked room alone, instead of publishing their secrets of character, at any rate, in broad noon, to the one in ten thousand who may have leisure or inclination to notice them. I thought, however, that it would be a bad beginning with Bessie, if I wished to secure her confidence, to seem to be ashamed of her clothes. So I got my hat, and proposed that we should start at once. When I took hold of her hand outside the front door, I could see that she thought that in my case, as in that of her Parliamentary friend in the Mall, wit was not equal to good-will. We were chaffed a little as we walked along. A policeman asked me if I wanted to give the little girl in charge, and when I answered that the little girl was taking a walk with me, looked more than half inclined to take me into custody myself. "Oh, he's adoptin' the good Samaritan dodge in public, Bobby," explained a sneering on-looker; "lettin' 'is light shine afore men. He don't mean no more mischief than that. I know the ways 'o them parsons. They'd be precious deep, if they knew how." I must confess that this gloss upon my behaviour did annoy me, because I felt that I had laid myself open to it. But is it not a satire on our Christianity that we should think it "very odd" to see a person in whole clothes talking to one in rags, unless the continuously clad person be either bullying or benefitting the intermittently clad from the top of a high cliff of universally admitted social superiority?

I do not know who takes the money at the Monument now. At the time of which I write the money-taker was a very morose old fellow, who seemed to regret that the gallery had been caged in. "You can't fling her over," he growled, as we began to mount the weary, winding stairs.

"Did you hear what he said, Bessie?" I asked with a laugh.

"Oh yes, I 'eared 'im," Little Creases answered gravely; "but I ain't afeared. I'd scratch so as ye couldn't, if ye wanted to, an' it ain't sich as you does thinx to git put in the papers. It's chaps as can fight as does them kind o' thinx."

For a wonder, the day being so fine, we had the gallery at first to ourselves. "That's a buster," said Bessie, as she mounted the last step, "I'll 'ave a blow