

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Canadian', 'The Western Mail', 'The Sun', etc., with their respective prices and frequencies.

and towns to Methodism will be the thrilling heart of our beloved Church to this great century offering of thanksgiving to God

THE TEXT ON THE SUNDIAL.

Shadows we are and like shadows, depart," read Bobby. "Well, that's funny!" The new sun-dial had just been put in its place on the Aylum wall, and all the school children were standing in a row looking up at it.

Like shadows we depart," repeated Bobby. "That's what it says, you know, up there on the Aylum. They just kind of go away all of a sudden, when the sun sets. They are all long and black, and then they melt away. They are like this, and there's nothing to 'em—we ain't a bit like that."

"Miss Emily sat thinking for a few minutes, and then she said, "Bobby, what makes the shadows?" "The trees," answered Bobby, promptly. "And horses and houses and men."

"Then I suppose if they make the shadows, when the shadows go away it is because there are no trees or houses or men to make them?" said Miss Emily, smiling.

"Oh, yes, there are; the trees and houses are always there," said Bobby. "Then you must be something else to make the shadows," said Miss Emily, "something that goes away and then all the shadows go too."

"Oh, the sun," cried Bobby. "Yes," said Miss Emily, "it is the sun. Now, Bobby, God is the great and glorious Sun whose shining makes us. If God were not, we could not be. If God went away, we should fade away in a moment like the shadows. But, sometimes, you know, the shadows grow faint before the sun sets, and that is because clouds come between the earth and the sun. Now, the clouds that come between us and our glorious Sun are our sins. You have seen a great many little clouds gather in the sky, and roll all together, and make a great thunder-cloud that hides the sun and makes the world dark. If our sins all gathered together like that, and were not rolled away, they would quite hide the face of God from us and we should die. But a ray of God's light pierces through the cloud, just as you have seen the sun steal

the carriage skimming by him. Unlike the children, he made no attempt to overtake it by a direct chase, but dashing across three or four lawns, he came out at a curve of the road ahead of the little vehicle, and planting himself firmly in its track, stopped it, and held it safely until some of the neighbours, who had been roused by the cries, hurried to the spot.

Then he walked up the hill again, apparently unmoved by the praise and petting which were surely his due, and resumed his nap with the air of a dog that had done his duty and best he knew how, and was content.—The Sunday Companion.

THE SKY TELEGRAM.

A gentleman while buying a paper from a newsboy one day said to him: "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?"

"No, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I. How do you find out how to get help; do you want to know how?"

"Yes, sir." "Then just send a telegram." The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger and said: "What do you do in there?"

"Think," said the boy. "Well, can God see what you think?" "I suppose he can." "Yes, he can see and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, just send a sky telegram this way. Just think this thought quickly: 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it and send the help."

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said:

"Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks, and I've sold more papers since I've been doing' that than I ever did before."—Evangelist.

Easter.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. That day, when Christ, our Lord, was slain,

I wailed for the children hid, and wept in grief and pain; Dear little ones, on whose fair brows his tender touch had been, Whose infant forms had nestled close his loving arms within

I think that very soberly went mournful little feet, When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in Jesus' garden sweet, And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dimpled cheeks grew white, When he who suffered babes to come was prisoned from the light.

But haply, ere the sleeping world on Easter dawn had stirred, Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked the earliest bird, Some little child, whose Jesus loved in slumber may have smiled, By fanning of an angel's wing to happy dreams beguiled.

For, hasting down from heaven above while still the east was gray, The joyful Easter angels came to pause where Jesus lay; So shining, strong, and beautiful they swept along the skies, But veiled their faces in the hour that saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and scarce for tears can see, The angels of the Easter-time are sent our help to be; And oh, how true the task it is to roll the stone away.

Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a presence sweet to-day. With beaming looks and eager words the glad surprise he gave To those who sought their buried Lord, and sought in vain his grave; For truly Christ had conquered death, himself the Prince of Life, And none of all his followers shall fail in any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter garlands twine, And bring your precious Easter gifts to him who has so loved you; And chant with voices fresh and clear—the seraphs singing too—In homage to the Mighty One who died and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to mounds of green and low, Your Easter gifts are sent; And snow flowers, in blithe processions go; And, better still, let offerings of pure young hearts be given On Easter Day to Him who reigns the King of earth and heaven.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Her, W. H. Whitlow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO APRIL 7 1900

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

We borrow from The Guardian the accompanying cut of the Hon. Mr. Roll certificate.

The following is abridged from the stirring appeal of the Rev. Dr. Potts, General Secretary of the Fund:

While we have abundant reason to thank God and take courage, we have reached a point where we must realize that the hardest work is still to be done. Unless there is a thorough organization and aggressive work, which shall mean teaching every new adherent of League and Sunday-school scholar, the million thank offering will not be realized, and failure to reach it would be a great humiliation to our church.

It is refreshing to see how our Sunday-schools are taking it up, but this will be made successful. The Leagues and Sunday-schools are the most interested in the movement. Many schools are reaching to the officer, teacher and scholar on the

HISTORIC ROLL.

Indeed, the aim should be to have every person connected with Canadian Methodism, either directly or indirectly, on the Historic Roll. The Roll will be in two volumes, and every person whose name is on it will receive a beautiful Souvenir Card, bearing the same number as is connected with his name on the Roll. The terms of enrollment are simple and easy. Persons of sixteen years and under, one dollar and upwards, persons over sixteen, five dollars and upwards. The Roll will be very democratic—there will be no records of money, but simply the name and address and number. Due credit will be given to each subscriber in the books of the office, but on the Roll a full dollar subscriber of a one dollar sum will not be before us next to a \$2.50 subscriber.

When the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund is complete, and the million thank offering laid on God's altar, we hope and pray that all who refer to it will be compelled to add that with it the church enjoyed the most glorious revival in all the history of our beloved Zion. This is the plan of the pulpits, and of the pages of the Leagues and Sunday-schools, as we doing our share to make the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund a grand success? This is something that will be repeated year after year, for a hundred years from now, will be similarly engaged, but on a much larger scale. There will not be a better spirit pervading the church of that day than that which is kindling in us. Our ranks to-day. The thank-offering may be ten millions, but the heart of love to God

Advertisement for The Methodist Church of the City of Toronto, featuring a large illustration of a church building and a roll of parchment. The text reads: 'The Methodist Church of the City of Toronto. This certifies that the name of [Name] has been inscribed upon the historic roll of the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund deposited in the library of Victoria College Toronto.' It is signed by John Potts, General Superintendent.

At noon, as he went home, they had again a very short and lay close at the foot of the trees. In the late afternoon they fell again, long and dark, across the street, pointing now toward the east, while, as the sun set, they faded quite away. Home they watched with great interest, and wondered about them as he wondered about the strange words on the new sun-dial.

"Shadows we are. We make shadows," Bobby used to think, looking at his own shadow, long and thin, early and late in the day, and at noon, short and wide. We make shadows, but how are we to be them? It was a great puzzle to Bobby, and he wished very much that he dared ask Miss Emily what it could mean.

But day after day went by without his speaking of the words, until, at last, an old lady came into the school-room one morning to speak to Miss Emily.

Just as Bobby finished writing the last word, he heard the old lady say, "And did you know, my dear, that Mr. Jenkins had departed?"

"Ah poor man," said Miss Emily; "he has been a great sufferer." And then the old lady, who had done her errand, went away.

"Miss Emily," said Bobby, "what is departed?"

"Mrs. Belknap meant that Mr. Jenkins has died," said Miss Emily.

through a little opening in the thunder-cloud, and it touches our hearts and makes us sorry, and we repent of our sins, and God forgives us for Christ's sake, and all our sky is clear again. Do you understand, dear?"

Miss Emily had spoken very slowly, and Bobby had listened so attentively that he understood her meaning very well, and he told her so.

HE SAVED THE BABY.

An old resident of a Nova Scotia town was the proud owner of a Newfoundland dog for which he has been offered large sums. The dog's intelligence has always been rated high, but two years ago he added to his reputation by an act which seemed to indicate a power of rapid reasoning equal to that possessed by many human beings.

His master lives on the side of a hill, the street sloping rather abruptly down to the water's edge. One day a little girl, left in charge of her baby sister sleeping in its small carriage, turned away to talk to schoolmate, and forgot the baby for a moment.

In that moment a sudden gust of wind took the little carriage, and bore it rapidly along down the hill towards the water. The two children ran shrieking after it, but the wind was too fleet for them.

The big Newfoundland, lying at the end of his master's walk, as usual, raised his head when he heard the cries and saw