

AN EASTER EVENING THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER.

HERE is a thought to charm me,
Till the race of life be run
Tis the thought of a quiet household,
And the battle of life well won.

And the thought of a quiet evening
At home, and the evening song,
And the thought of the gentle Spirit
That watches the household throng.

Better than distant Ophir,
Or its gifts from golden sands,
Is the blessing of the full heart
And the clasping of the hands.

And the free and the bountiful giving
Of the gifts we shed abroad,
Is the joy of the truest living
In the beautiful life of God.

There is nothing like the serving
Of life to its golden ends;
And no such pleasant music
As that from the hearts of friends!

There is never a glorious Spirit,
But it crowns us all to see;
There is in it the gentlest whisper
Of a beautiful world to be.

Tis in the earth's pure household
That endless lives are born,
And out of our Lord's own childhood,
Creation's Easter morn!

A YOUTHFUL DISCIPLE.

DURING last summer a beautiful little boy, the son of the Rev. Francis Moon, Wesleyan Missionary at the Bahamas Islands, West Indies, attended the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school in Toronto, and was a member of the infant-class. His mamma was visiting Canada for her health, and the members of the school will remember being addressed one Sunday by the Rev. F. W. Moon, an older brother of little Willie, who was also a Missionary in the West Indies. The dear little boy became a great favourite, but he was not destined to remain long in this world, yet long enough to illustrate the words of Scripture, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise." The following is the touching account by the sorrowing father of the last days of little Willie:—

"William James Werch Moon, was born in Nassau, New Providence, Bahamas, on July 26th, 1875. He was a bright and active child—a general favourite with old and young, and intelligent beyond his years. When very young, he was taken by his sister to the Sabbath-school, and throughout life evinced the greatest attachment to it. His greatest pleasure during the last year of his life, was to distribute tracts amongst the families residing in the neighbourhood of the Mission House, and this he continued to do until the last. During the year 1881 he spent a few months in Canada with his mamma who had gone thither in search of health. He returned home in November, and at once resumed his attendance upon the Sabbath-school and his loved work of distributing tracts. His childish years gave promise of life-long devotion to the service of the Master, and we cherished the hope that a career of much usefulness lay before him.

"It is not for us to eulogize the dead or to make unwarrantable statements about the young and beautiful life of which we have been bereft. We would not convey the idea that Willie

was altogether perfect. He was, like other children, full of life and fun, but there were traits in his character and conduct which gave promise that some Divine influence which beautified his child-life would—had he been spared—have adorned his riper years. He was blessed with a most amiable and loving disposition. His conscience was very tender. He abhorred anything like dishonesty. He cherished great regard for the Sabbath, and his custom was, on the Saturday to put away his playthings with the remark:—'To-morrow will be Sunday.'

"His love for the Sabbath-school was strong and ardent. Never was he to be absent when it was possible for him to attend. His delight was to hear of the Saviour and His love. On December 25th he said to his mamma:—'Mamma, I do wish I had a Christmas present for Jesus.' She replied: 'The best present my little boy can give the Saviour is himself, his whole heart.' He said, 'I try to do so, mamma. I do want to be good like Jesus.' The Holy Spirit had rendered his heart very soft and tender, and for the last two or three weeks of his life his spirit was eminently devout and thoughtful. We seemed to be justified in anticipating in his case a course of long and loving service in the Master's cause, but the Lord decided otherwise and early removed him to the better world.

"On January 1st, the last Sabbath he spent on earth, he attended school twice, was present at the public service in the morning, and the annual Covenant service in the afternoon. His young heart was deeply interested in and affected by these services, and he joined heartily in the singing. All day Monday he seemed to be in perfect health, and full of life and spirit, but on going to bed at night he complained of feeling sick, and very early next morning we called in the doctor. The disease proved to be yellow fever of the severest type, and baffled all the means used to subdue it. On the second day of his illness his mamma asked him if she should sing for him. He said, 'Yes, mamma.' She then asked him if it should be—

'Jesus loves me, this I know.'

'No,' said he, 'let us sing':—

'To the work' to the work' we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path our Master has trod:
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.'

Of this hymn he was very fond, and though the fever was draining away his life, and his voice was weak and trembling he joined most heartily in the chorus:

'Toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope and trust,
Let us watch and pray,
And labour till the Master comes.'

The dear child had not long to toil. His working day was short. The voyage of life was soon over, and he was 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' On Thursday he became much worse, scarcely recognizing his parents, but on the Saviour's name being mentioned a smile of great sweetness passed over his countenance. That name possessed a charm for him though sinking beneath the power of disease. Notwithstanding all the efforts made to

save him, he grew worse, and on Friday afternoon about three o'clock, expired. On Saturday morning his remains were interred in the Wesley Chapel Yard. He died January 6th, 1882, aged six years and six months. The following verses on his death were written by his little sister, Mamie, who is herself only twelve years old.

One little boy was wanting
To swell the choir above;
So Jesus took our Willie,
Dear object of our love.

We can't tell how we miss him,
Our sorrow is so great;
Our darling little angel
Awaits us at the gate.

Our home is very lonely,
Without our precious boy,
The merry, laughing Willie,
Full of life, and love, and joy.

His little chair is vacant,
How empty seems his room,
The voice that used to cheer us,
Lies silent in the tomb.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



HO named them! Our forefathers ever so far back, before the missionaries brought the knowledge of God and his Son Jesus Christ to England. England was once pagan, she worshipped several Gods. The days of the week are named after the old English gods and goddesses; for the people kept time by weeks, as the Jews did. Let us see how the names came about.

They saw the sun. What is more beautiful than the sun? The sun gives light and heat. All living things grow and thrive under his brightness and warmth. The sun must surely be a god. So they worshipped the sun, and called the first day of the week Sunday.

Next the moon. Nothing except the sun is so beautiful as the moon; and so they worshipped the moon, and Monday was named in honour of her.

Tuesday was named after Tuisco, their god of strife and war.

Then the wind, what mighty things it did, and yet nobody saw it. It was always moving and nobody knew how. They said it was a spirit, and they called him Woden, the Mover, the Inspirer, and named Wednesday after him.

There was thunder. Thunder must be a god too, and they called him Thor. The dark thunder-cloud was Thor's frowning eyebrow, and the lightning was Thor's hammer splitting the trees and rocks. They said, too, that he drove away the winter cold and melted the ice. They loved him for doing so, and Thursday was named after him.

Spring was a goddess; for does she not make everything beautiful after the dreary winter? The flowers blossom and the birds build their nests, and everybody is happy. She was called Frigga, the Free One, the Cheerful One, and Friday was named after her.

Then came the harvest. How wonderful was it, and is it, that the corn, and the wheat, which are put into the ground and die, should rise again and grow and ripen into golden corn and waving harvests? This must surely be the work of some kind spirit who loves people, they thought, and they called him Sater, the Setter, the Planter, the God of the seed-field and

the harvest, and after him Saturday is named.

How much more do we know! We can look up to the great creator of them all, and exclaim, "The sun and the moon, the wind and the thunder, spring and autumn, are thy works, O Lord God Almighty." And, best of all, Jesus tells us that he is our Father in heaven, loving us very much, and caring for us every moment of our lives.

TOO HIGH.

THE Church and School, contains an illustration with the following letter:—

"DEAR MR. PREACHER,—Was you ever a little boy? Don't you remember how your feet didn't touch the floor, and how tired you were in church? Won't you please say something little boys can understand. Then I can keep awake. The pulpit is too far above little boys' heads.—Yours truly,
"JOHNNY."

Whether "Johnny" wrote the letter or not, we believe there are hundreds of boys, and girls too, that think about the preachers just what "Johnny's" letter says. They talk too high. Their words and their flowery sentences are too big for young folks. We wonder how many of our young readers have been wishing that the preacher would talk so that they might understand him, and be kept awake. If any of you have ever wished so, won't you please write to us about it.

It may be, too, that your Sunday-school superintendent, or your teacher talks too high for you. They may be looking away above your heads, and talking to people that are taller than you. Ask them to come down a little with their talk and make it so plain that you can understand them.—S. S. Messenger.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A BOY about eleven years of age, a cripple by paralysis from infancy, was being carried by his mother from the cars to the ferry at Jersey City. Just as they were leaving the train, a quiet, unassuming gentleman came to them, saying, "That boy seems too heavy a burden for you, will you allow me to carry him?" The mother assented, and the little fellow put his arm about the stranger's neck, and was carried to the boat and placed carefully in a good seat, and there left with his mother until the boat had crossed, when the gentleman returned to his charge, and with a smile that lingers still upon the memory, and kind words that soothed and comforted, carried the boy to the waiting-room in the New York depot, where, on being assured he could be of no further assistance, he bade the boy good bye and left him, speaking cordially as he passed out to an elderly gentleman, who was just entering. The grateful boy beckoned to this elderly gentleman and asked, "Can you give me the name of the gentleman to whom you just spoke?" "That is Bishop Jones, of the Methodist Episcopal Church." That boy had never been taught to venerate Methodists or Methodism, but from that hour was often heard to say he knew at least one good man who was a Methodist. His limbs never received the coveted strength, but God converted his soul, and gave him abundant grace to bear his affliction.—From "Life of Bishop Jones," by Dr. H. B. Ridgway.