

PUT HEART IN IT, DEAR.

Is the lesson so hard, are the problems so deep,
Is the old hill of learning so thorny and steep,
That the frown on your forehead is coming again,
A frown, Willie darling, that gives mother pain?
Let me whisper a charm, Willie boy, in your ear,
To conquer hard lessons, put heart in them, dear.

You hate the piano, this weary strum, tum,
Though you're over so happy out-doors with a drum,
But practising daily, and taking such care
That each little note is struck fully and fair,
Makes you cross and discouraged. My Willie, come here,
Let me give you my secret; put heart in it, dear.

That temper which tips you and gives you a fall
When you mean to be gentle and loving to all,
That sends naughty words to the gate of the lips,
And shadows your face with an ugly eclipse,
Ask Jesus to help you, and, Willie, don't fear,
You will win in the conflict, put heart in it, dear.

A thing done by half, child, is always half done,
A shame to be seen, under God's faithful sun,
That sets up its beautiful pattern of work,
Without loiter or hurry or stopping to shirk,
While sunshine reminds you, so brave and so clear,
Whatever your task be, put heart in it, dear.

If you weed in the garden or go for the mail,
Feed Ponto or Brindle, let none see you fail
In any small duty, but loyal and true,
Let father and mother depend upon you.
And this is my counsel, worth stopping to hear,
Worth treasuring, Willie, put heart in it, dear.

Put heart in the work and put heart in the play,
Step on, like a soldier, though rough be the way,
Laugh gaily at trials, and never retreat,
If your cause be a right one, disdain a defeat
Pray always, and then marching forth, full of cheer,
In strife or in labour, put heart in it, dear
—M. E. Sangster.

JOHN WESLEY ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The following is a letter in the Toronto Globe:—

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th Mr. Thorpe Holmes, writing of the prohibition contest, says:—"Methodists are to the front in this crusade. What is there in Wesley to prompt them?" In reply to this inquiry I beg to quote from a published letter of Rev. John Wesley, addressed to Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6th, 1784. The excise on spirits, that year, amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," says Wesley, "cost 20,000 lives of His Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the king a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue, be it considered dead men pay no taxes, so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains." In his views on the liquor traffic, John Wesley showed himself a hundred years in advance of his age.

W. H. WITHROW.

To this may be added the following:—It is a cause of devout congratulation that the Methodist Church, in all its branches, has from its beginning been a Temperance Church. By the very terms of its constitution, the "Rules of Society," its members are forbidden the buying, selling, or drinking intoxicating liquors "unless in cases of extreme necessity." In solemn condemnation of the liquor traffic Wesley rids us into unwonted vehemence of denunciation. "All who sell these liquors to any that will buy are poisoners-general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither do they ever pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen and farest sumptuously every day,'—canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'Thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

"Ye have done it unto me, ye have done it unto me," sung Jenny one Monday morning. "There! I'll remember it this time, sure. But, dear me! I'm forgetting, after all. The teacher said we must not only learn the words, but think of what they mean, and try to do them."

"Let me see, now," and she pressed her chubby hands to her forehead; "teacher said: 'If we give a cup of cold water to one of his little ones, for the Saviour's sake, he would say, 'Ye have done it unto me.' I don't s'pose I know any of his little ones, but I'll try if I can find 'em.'"

She ran into the kitchen, where, on the dresser, she spied a large bowl, which was used to mix cake in.

"Ah!" thought she, "the Saviour is pleased if we give his little ones a cupful of water; he'll like a bowlful better still. Bridget, may I take this bowl awhile?"

Bridget, who was busy with her washing, did not turn her head, but said,

"Oh, yes; take what you like."

Jenny lifted the bowl down very carefully; but how to fill it was the question. She did not want to trouble Bridget; besides, she had an idea that she ought to do it all herself.

A bright thought struck her; taking the cup that always hung on the pump, she filled it several times, and poured it into the bowl.

"It's cupfuls, after all," she thought.

It was almost more than she could carry without spilling; but she walked slowly to the front gate. There was no one in sight, and Jenny set her burden on the grass, and swung on the gate while she waited. Presently, along came two little girls on their way to school.

"Want a drink?" called Jenny.

"Yes, indeed; it's so hot, and I'm dreadful thirsty. I always am. But how are we to get at it?" laughing as she saw the great bowl.

"Oh, I'll soon fix that!" and Jenny ran for the tin cup with which they dipped out the water.

"It tastes real good," they said, and kissed her as they ran off to school. The next that appeared was a short, red-faced Irishman, wiping his face with the sleeve of his flannel shirt, while an ugly dog trotted at his side.

"He don't look much like 'one of the little ones,' thought Jenny, doubtfully; but she timidly held out her tin cup. He eagerly drained it, filling it again, and drinking.

"And it must be a blessed angel we are, for it's looking for a tavern I was, and now I won't nade to go nigh one at all. And shure, after all, water's better nor whiskey. Might I give some to the poor basto?" pointing to his dog.

Jenny hesitated; she did not like the idea of having the dog drink from her cup or bowl. But the man settled it by pouring the remnant of the water into his dirty old hat, the dog instantly lapping it up.

After they were gone, Jenny filled her bowl again. But I can't tell you now of all to whom she gave cups of cold water that hot day. But when she laid her tired head on the pillow that night, she thought,

"I wonder whether, after all, any of 'em were his 'little ones?'"

And the dear Saviour, looking down, and seeing that the little girl had done all that she could for his sake, wrote after her day's work, "Ye have done it unto me."—Selected.

TROUBLE FROM DISOBEDIENCE.

Did our young readers ever think of the trouble that sometimes comes from one disobedient act? Perhaps they have not learned to look at trouble as the result of disobedience. Perhaps some of them will see in the following story something that has happened not far from their homes.

A little girl was allowed to visit one of her little friends on a certain evening for a few minutes, but she became interested in play, and forgot to return until a late hour. It was not long until she again stayed beyond the time allowed by her folks. The time had come for trouble about her disobedience. Her folks wanted to know all the time where she was. They had a perfect right to require this, as they did not feel that it was safe for their child to be out without their knowledge of her whereabouts. Many children rove away from home, and their parents do not know where to find them when they want them.

The little girl of whom we write was reproved for her disobedience and punished. Then they all knelt in prayer, and tears were shed quite freely over her sin. Her little friend came in after a little while and told how badly she and her mamma felt about it. When the husband came home for dinner, he said, "This has been the bluest half day I have spent in a long while." The wife asked, "What was wrong?" He said, "Well, it began with that act of disobedience by our little girl this morning, and I suppose that threw a gloom over me all day."

The little girl felt ashamed and sorry, but the deed had been done. She was to blame for it all. She prayed the Lord to forgive her, and to help her to do better. We hope she will not soon forget the lesson of that day.

"HERE WE ARE."

A JOLLY little army—
I seem to hear their feet,
Patter, patter, tread, tread,
Beat, beat, beat!
Here they come, there they come,
From happy hour of play—
Down hill, across dale,
"Here we are!" they say.

A jolly little army—
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
From the seaside cottage,
From the mountain camp;
From the dear old homestead,
Hidden far away—
Down hill, across dale,
"Here we are!" they say.

A jolly little army,
Many thousand strong.
Wild roses on their cheeks,
On their lips a song;
Coming back to school again,
Bright with rest and play—
Down hill, across dale,
"Here we are!" they say.

—Youth's Companion.

FORTS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

THE Rev. E. A. Stafford, LL.B., pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, is contributing a couple of very interesting articles to the Methodist Magazine on his experiences in the North-west, from which we make the following extract: In the old days, when the agents of the Hudson Bay Company were marking the vast and yet trackless prairies with their lines of travel, this Company was the dominant power in the land. In exercising its high privileges among a savage people, it found it necessary to build a fort at every post which it established. As these forts have, some of them, been recently the scene of active war it may be interesting, while at the same time it will be disappointing to the boy who has read some history, to know something of their character. To this history-reading boy a fort means a space enclosed by a solid wall of stone. He thinks of Calais, and Rochelle, and Sebastopol. But he must understand that these Hudson Bay Company's forts are nothing of this kind. They are simply a stockade, made by setting poles about eight inches in thickness upright in the earth, and rising about as high as the ceiling of a good house. With this idea of a fort in our minds, we can readily understand the news we read in April last of the burning of Fort Carlton. The fort itself was an inconsiderable loss, for it was so situated as to be almost useless as a defence against such weapons as were in the hands of some of the Indians. It lay in such a hollow as to enable persons on the high ground in the vicinity to command a full view, at close range, of all that was going on within. In this nook it was sheltered from the wintry winds, and such defences were quite sufficient against the weapons possessed by the Indians when these places were built. The disaster in the burning of such a fort was the loss of houses and other property within. In the case of Carlton this loss was not great, as the men had already removed the stores.