

the Hospital in PLEASANT HOURS. The Secretary wrote to Mr. Hills, acknowledging the money, and asking to be allowed to name a Cot in memory of his little girl. The following letter is from Mrs. Hills:

"Dear Madam,— * * * I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you have so kindly offered to keep a Cot in memory of my daughter. It will seem that in that way we may yet do something for her sweet sake. I should be glad if we could afford to support the "Cot" entirely; but this is quite beyond our means. Still our warmest sympathies and deep interest will impel us to do gladly all we can. Will you accept from time to time such small donations as we may be able to send for 'Mamie's Cot.' I could tell you much of the precious little daughter, whose heart was so full of love and sympathy for all who suffered; but in a special way she was interested in your Hospital, from reading accounts of it in PLEASANT HOURS, and it seemed a real pleasure for her to share her little fortune with the 'Hospital' and 'Indian Girls' Home;' only she used to say, 'I wish I had more money for the 'Hospital,' but I hope to give myself to the 'Indian Mission.' When she knew that her life work was done, she left these two interests in charge of her little brothers, Pierson and Aubrey, telling them that they must try to do the work which she had hoped to do for the dear Saviour, and I am sure they will not forget. They hope in a few days to send some 'scrap books,' which they have been interested in preparing, as Christmas gifts, for any of the dear children in your charge. I know, however, that in future the occupant of 'Mamie's Cot' will be sure of a special interest, and will be the object of our united care, a sort of loving duty for Mamie's sake. * * * Let me assure you, that in our distant home your 'work and labour of love' is often remembered, and my heart fills with loving gratitude to God, who has made it possible that one little sufferer shall have tender care and comfort in the Hospital for Mamie's sake." * * *

The Secretary adds: We put poor little Bessie in this cot as being one of the most deplorable cases in our Hospital, and a motherless child.

The picture on the first page shows one of these cots.

We have received from Miss Gussie Parkinson, Norway House, one of the most northern missions of Methodism in the North-West Territory, the sum of \$2 for the relief of some little "Dot." The allusion is to the charming story of "Dot" published in this paper. We have pleasure in forwarding the amount to the Children's Hospital.—ED. PLEASANT HOURS.

"I 'hev allus noticed," observes Aunt Tabitha, "that the boy who lets his mother bring in all the kindlin'-wood and build the kitchen fire is the mourner that bellers loudest at her funeral." And then she added thoughtfully: "Mebbe as not it is because he misses her the most."

As a part of the marriage ceremony in Servia the Bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. It might be well to introduce some such custom in this country.

TO THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

YE dark, mysterious wires — which, changeless, cast
Your slender outlines 'gainst the clear blue sky,

Why are ye potent all our lives to blast,
And fill our souls with fiercest agony!
Ye are the bars, on which the chords of woe
Wait out their mournful tones upon the ear,
Ye waft the stern, sad messages, which go
To desolate households in their swift career.
To rend our bosoms with a mortal smart,
Thy winged shaft a gentle hand controls;
Then the barbed lightning pierceth to our heart

The cold, hard iron, entereth our souls,
Death's swift, stern chronicler! On fiery wing
Space lies before thee like a thing of nought:
As each new victim feels the mortal sting,
Bear'st record of the woe and misery wrought.
Mothers, wives, children, husbands, fathers
—all,

In their drear turn must listen to the tale
Which o'er life's brightness throws its sombre pall,

And turns its music to the mourner's wail
One wire bears on the messages of woe,
Another swift responds to pleasure's call,
The lights and shadows shift, and come and go
Like magic pictures cast upon the wall.
This marvellous "singing-wire," in mid-air hung,

Echoes the sighing zephyrs wandering by,
While strains Eolian on the breeze are hung,
As the winds' pinions move mysteriously.
When Franklin drew the lightning from the sky,

Bowed this erratic wanderer to his will,
Little he presaged Morse's victory,
Or the grand climax of man's Heaven-born skill.

But Job knew, in the hoary days of yore,
The lightnings swift would answer, "Here we are;"

Saw, in prophetic vision, long before,
Proud Science ride on her triumphal car,
'Round earth, engirdled with a zone of wire,
Whose whispers thunder in the nation's ears;
When one small spark of the electric fire,
By one light stroke achieves the work of years!

ADDRESS OF MR. JUSTICE ROSE TO THE RENFREW GRAND JURY.

CRIME AND THE TRADE IN STRONG DRINK.

AT the Pembroke Assizes the Grand Jury made their presentment. They congratulated Mr. Justice Rose on his elevation to the bench. In the course of his reply Mr. Justice Rose, referring to the cause of crime, said, "I was not a very strong temperance man until I assumed my official duties; and in consideration of the position in which I have been placed I feel it is my duty to endeavour to lessen the temptation which is thrown in the way of our weaker fellow-men. I would be glad to see all saloons done away with. I see no reason why they should exist. They are simply a temptation to drink, without any resulting benefit. If a man wishes to have liquor in his own house, I would not advocate restraining him of his personal private license; but why we should have temptation placed at every corner of the street to tempt the weaker ones into the dens of iniquity, to take away their reason and their property, to destroy their homes and their families, I have not yet been able to understand. I have passed up and down Church-street, in Toronto, for fourteen or fifteen years, and it has been a painful thing to see young men on their way down to business stop and turn into a saloon, and the same thing on their way back at night. How much trouble and sorrow this brings to their families God only knows, and why this state of things should be allowed to continue in a community calling itself Christian I am unable to understand."

His Lordship went on to speak approvingly of the recent action in Toronto, with regard to grocers' liquor licenses, and expressed a hope that similar action would be taken in other places.

RECRUITS FOR JAPAN.

THE appointment of the Rev. Dr. Cochran as Principal of the proposed College in Japan, is in accordance not only with the judgment of the Committee, but also with the judgment of the brethren now in the field, and the native converts as well. It is the Doctor's purpose (D. V.) to give to this grand enterprise the remainder of his working days.

RECRUITS.

Of the two young men who go for the evangelistic work, we entertain high hopes. Bro. Freeman has spent long years in preparation, desiring to qualify himself, as far as study could do it, for the widest usefulness. He will take his B.D. degree at the approaching convocation, and having finished his probation as a candidate for the ministry, is eligible for ordination. Bro. Cocking is the son of a foreign missionary, who spent his life in India. He was educated at the famous Kingwood School, and feeling strongly drawn to the foreign work, has offered for Japan. Bro. Whittington, whose work will be in the College, has special fitness for the post. A graduate of some years' standing, with experience in teaching and a fondness for metaphysical studies, he will be in his element in the Japan College. We need hardly bespeak for the mission party the fervent prayers of the entire Church. The present is a critical hour for Japan, and the next few years must determine whether the drift of her civilization shall be Christian or infidel. "Japan," lately wrote a veteran Missionary from China, "is the weak point in Satan's empire, and now is the time to throw in reinforcements." —*Missionary Outlook.*

VENTILATING ROOMS.

IT is possible to meet with people who will nail up all the windows in winter; fire up the stove to a red heat; sit by it in hopeless terror of the cold without, and so lead a miserable life enough. But a free passage of air is as necessary in winter as in summer, and to do without ventilation in your room means not to heighten but to lower the temperature of your body.

Vitiated air absorbs the necessary material for the lungs to breathe; these do not transmit so much burning material, or oxygen, into the body, the burning process cannot go on so well, and heat is not evolved. No dwelling can possibly be healthy unless fresh atmospheric air is admitted now and then, and the particles which are not required are ejected, while fresh oxygen is admitted. If you wish really to create healthy warmth in your dwelling, ventilate it daily in the middle of the day for a short time, and never allow the exhausted air to remain in it from day to day.

Both for living and sleeping rooms this is a necessity, and especially for children and growing persons. It is of the highest importance that work-rooms, school-rooms, public places and churches should be well ventilated in

winter, for only by warming pure air can we enjoy real warmth.

Our forefathers admitted air in their wide, large rooms, and met it more boldly without; windows and doors were not so faultless as ours and were natural ventilators. In our day we can no longer bear this, as our habits are changed; but we should thoroughly understand that no amount of "codling" can help us. Warm air, to do good, must be as pure as possible, for only then will it communicate vitality and fresh burning material to our blood and keep up the temperature of our body.—*Mrs. A. Lewis.*

THE CONCEITED GRASSHOPPER.

HERE was a little grasshopper
Forever on the jump;
And as he never looked ahead,
He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day,
As they were in the stubble,
"If you don't look before you leap,
You'll get yourself in trouble."

The silly little grasshopper
Despised his wise old mother,
And said he knew what best to do,
And bade her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields—
An unknown path he took—
When, oh! he gave a heedless jump,
And landed in a brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank—
A floating straw he seized—
When quick a hungry trout darts out,
And tears him all to pieces.

Good little boys and girls, heed well
Your mother's wise advice;
Before you move, look carefully,
Before you speak, think twice.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IN a railway car a man, about 60 years old, came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "and have just returned from my fifteenth voyage across the Atlantic. About 30 years ago I was a sot; shipped, while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, when I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. 'My boy,' she said, 'I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said, 'I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kinds of life and men—they laughed at me as a milk-sop and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he. My companion took it, and he added, 'It has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife, and children at home, and I have helped others.'

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more He who sees all can alone tell.