

of much interest will be given, as "THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND," "AT HOME IN FIJI," "ITALIAN PICTURES," etc., and six concluding papers by Stanley on "THE DARK CONTINENT." Also papers of fresh and living interest, which we cannot now enumerate. We want six hundred new subscribers to take a "trial trip" for six months for One Dollar—in the confident anticipation that those who do so will become permanent patrons of the Magazine.

We are happy to announce that at no period since the Magazine was established has it exhibited such progress as during the present year. During the last six months the increase of subscribers has been over six hundred; and this is in addition to a steady increase for several years past. The list of contributors for the present year is the strongest, we think, ever announced for any Canadian Magazine. They embrace such distinguished writers as Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Presidents of Toronto, Victoria, Albert, McGill, Sackville, and Princeton Universities, and Professors of several of these institutions; Drs. Douglas, Jeffers, Williams, Sutherland, Burwash, Burns, Stevenson, Bishop Carman, J. C. Antliff, H. J. Nott, and several others of the foremost writers of the different branches of the Methodist Church in Canada.

#### THE MOTHER HEART.

I AM cutting papers to-day, mother,  
(Papers to cover a shelf),  
And saving out bits for my scrap book;  
But unlike my former self,  
With the thoughts that are grand and noble,  
And the lines the poet sings,  
I am saving some very simple  
And decided childlike things.

For throned in her chair beside me,  
Sits the wee one, dainty and sweet,  
And I trust in the days that are coming  
She will care these lines to repeat.  
I think that, in planning her life-work,  
The same fair future I see  
Which you saw in the long ago, mother,  
When you planned and prayed about me.

I long to come home at the twilight,  
And sitting down at your feet,  
Listen again to the Bible tales  
You used long ago to repeat—  
Of Adam, and Eve, and Abel;  
Of Noah, who heard and obeyed;  
Of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,  
With the faith and the love they displayed.

There was Joseph sold into Egypt,  
And Moses before the king,  
And David, who slew Goliath,  
With a little stone in his sling;  
There was Samuel called at night-time,  
And Jotham cast in the deep,  
And many a dream and vision  
Of prophets and kings asleep.

Then there was the wonderful story  
Of the Child in a manger bed,  
Who marked the pathway to glory  
With tears and blood that He shed.  
Dear mother, that "old, old story"  
Is the light of my life to me,  
And I want to train up my children  
To be all He would have them be.

—Selected.

**SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS.**—The new barracks of the Salvation Army, Toronto, are near completion. The building is a peculiar looking structure, and it is evident, from the embossed front of the building, that the designer has been at considerable pains to give it a military appearance. No windows are placed in the sides, light being admitted by two skylights in the roof. The barracks will have accommodation for 1,400 persons, and when completed will cost \$2,500.

#### LITTLE FRANK'S GOSPEL.

ONE sunny autumn day little Frank was sauntering back from school, when, as he neared his home, he saw Eliza, the wife of one of his father's servants, dragging along a large branch of a tree, which the wind a few days before had blown off.

"Let me help you, Eliza," said the kind-hearted boy; and thereupon he lifted up the other end of the bough thus lightening the burden for her.

"Thank you, Master Frank," said the woman. "Ah! if you could help me to bear my burden of sins, that would be a comfort. But here I go dragging them about day after day, and every day they grow heavier."

"But, Eliza," said the child, "mamma says we don't need to carry any of the burdens of our sins. Jesus Christ has carried it all for us, if we believe on Him."

"Ah!" said Eliza, as she related the story, "that minute I saw it all. I had been trying to bear my own sins, when the Bible says: 'Who Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' I went home just believing this, and I have been happy ever since."

#### TEXT, SERMON, AND APPLICATION.

"HALLOO, old man, what are you holding up that tree for?" shouted the leader of a band of young students to a worn-looking, trembling man, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of collegians, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the animal kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—I've got just sense enough left to know that, yet. I'm holding up the tree!"

"Good! Didn't I tell you so?" cried one of the collegians.

"No; I mean—I mean—it's the other way; the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor miserable fellow-student! For I know you to be college-born and college-bred. Hold on to your hammers, young men; crack out the crystals, run over your quartz, and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifications; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's slipper, and Indian turnips. I never cared much for such trifling articles; but the other kind of roots, now—why, they stick to me yet. Have you got a Homer aboard, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could indeed render quite as fluently and with as much correctness as the best of them. They all gathered about him, when another of their number produced a Virgil, from which he immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin as in Greek.

"Don't be mistaken boys, don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are able to be out, and 'high rents' in overcoats, and a low-crowned hat being always to a brainless man. No! I've made my scientific expedi-

tions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old tree, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business." And here he put his handkerchief to his face, and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued: "It's a serious business! I'm ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but by God's mercy to a poor sinner, I've saved a part. I don't expect to save myself, but I'll try whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text, and heads, and whole sermon, and application is this.

#### 'KEEP TEMPERANCE MEN TEMPERATE!'

Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're not safe. Just as sure as you see me, who was once a 'fellow-student,' just so sure, ten years from now, some of you may be 'holding up a tree' by the wayside, the jest of a rabble of boys—excuse me, the wonder of a company of young gentlemen!—if you don't take a firm stand on the side of temperance. A glass of wine is more tempting to a scholar than to a wood-cutter or a farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say, 'keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's safety for you. The little boys. Yes, and the girls; for, did you never hear it, women will sometimes drink; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—keep them so. I tell you it is not every poor, miserable, idle, brainless fellow that goes to make up the list of drunkards. No; some of them have been cared for by the tenderest mothers; they have slept on beds of down, and sat at rich men's tables, and sipped their first draughts of the choicest wines from cut-glass goblets, in rich men's luxurious parlors; the tempter likes such best."

"My friend, you said you had saved a part of your family," said one, as the man seemed lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

"Ruined—yes, I said ruined a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my eldest—my first-born—I taught in my own way until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys—noble boys (and they would go through college with the best of you, with a tithe of the money I've squandered)—I have, I hope, saved from following my sad example, by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—heavenly Father keep them so! And now, as you are going to leave me, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practice. Touch not, taste not the drink. Sign the pledge, do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. Never scorn the idea of taking a child's name, be it boy or girl. Give the 'Band of Hope' workers your helping hand. Consider the world richer for every name you add to the list; for I fully believe the greatest hope of ever ridding the world of the curse of drunkenness lies in the secret of my text to-day—Keep temperance men temperate! Take it for your motto. Act upon it. Let it be an incentive to your earnest work in the name of humanity. I haven't much hope for the poor drunkard—do what you have a mind to for him. Laugh at him, pray for him, try to save him,

if you have faith enough, but begin where your work is easy, and where it is sure—keep temperance men temperate!"—*J. P. B., Band of Hope Review.*

#### ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE hundred years ago there were no stoves or furnaces to warm the churches—there were no steamboats, or railroads, or telegraphs, or telephones, or any of the various kinds of machinery that now lighten the toil of the farmer and the mechanic. It is wonderful to see the progress in almost everything that can promote the ease and comfort of man that has been made within the past hundred years. And who can tell what progress will be made in the century to come?

One hundred years ago the first Sunday-school was established, and now they are found in almost every land on the globe.—*Well-Spring.*

#### TRUSTING PROVIDENCE.

IN one of our Northern harbours in Newfoundland, a number of fishing boats were anchored. One of H. M. ships of war was there also.

On the Sabbath morning, the ship of war was about to leave. An honest and pious Methodist fisherman went aboard, and meeting one of the officers said, "Mister, I wonder you English folk don't set us a better example, by keeping the Sabbath instead of sailing." "Oh," said the officer, "but our business is urgent, and tomorrow may not be favourable."

"But you should trust in Providence."

"Providence?" replied the officer; "why there are a pair of boots one of the men has had out all morning expecting Providence to clean them."

"But where be the brushes and blacking?" asked the fisherman.

"Down below I suppose," was the answer.

"Well what a stupid the fellow must be, to think Providence would clean his boots without brushes and blacking," said our friend with a laugh.

The officer said he was clean beaten, and confessed it was right that men should "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

#### THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A GENTLEMAN called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" said the gentleman.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend.

"How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"Give me, then, your check for thirty-five thousand dollars. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

People often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite; but her example rightly interpreted would fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.—*Sunday School Weekly.*

THE poorest school is not too poor to do something for missions.