

Gathering Them In.

'Twas nigh to a bar that had long been made
Leaned a rumeller old in the liquor-trade;
His work was done, and he paused to count
The receipts of the day—a large amount.
A rello of jolly old topera was he,
And his hair was as white as the foam of
the sea;

And these words came forth with the fumes
of gin:

"I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, both old and young;
To my den of death they go and come—
Some to the scaffold, some to the grave,
Some to the prison; but none I save.

Come father, mother, daughter, son—
All I will ruin, one by one.

With my rum or whiskey, brandy, or gin;
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in to a life of shame;
I blast the fairest honoured name;
Make widows and orphans to cry and moan
At the foot of old King Alcohol's throne.
The highest or lowest I don't care, I leave.
Will soon find their level in a common
ditch;

The law protects me, and it is no sin;
I gather them in, I gather them in."

The old man ceased as he closed his till;
Soon all was dark and gloomy and still;
And I said to myself, as he went to his rest,
"Can it be that humanity dwells in your
breast?"

Man may forgive you, but God never will,
Though your ill-gotten gains foot the minis-
ter's bill,
And his voice will be heard o'er the last
trumpet's din,
Hell gathers you in, hell gathers you in."

—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. As to whom we should love?
2. As to who is our neighbour?
3. As to our duty to our neighbour?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who asked about eternal life? A law-
yer. 2. Where did Jesus send him for his
answer? To the Scriptures. 3. What com-
mand did the lawyer find there? To love
God and men with all his heart. 4. What
question did he ask Jesus? Who is my neigh-
bour? 5. Which did the lawyer say was
neighbour? The merciful man. 6. What
did Jesus say to him? Go, and do thou like-
wise. 7. What is the Golden Text? "Thou
shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

SCENE 1.—A lovely autumn day in 1861.
Place—Durham County, Canada West
(now Ontario).

An interesting party of young people,
full of life and cheerfulness, drive out into
the country to pick blackberries, armed

west stopped over in the village of — in
one of the western states of the American
Union.

"Do you know Mr. —?"

"Oh, yes; I know him well. He lives
in our village."

"Ah, indeed. How is he doing?"

"We call him Tom Fickelind. He is
a sober man, an honest, good-natured sort
of fellow, not lazy, any amount of vim,
quite a genius in his way, but he never
gets along. He is very poor, and his
family have a hard struggle to make a
living. He is so whimsical, always build-
ing castles in the air. He learnt the
jewellery business, but afterwards thought
that shoemaking would pay better, so he
spent two years more in learning it, and
was beginning to prosper, when he dropped
it and went into the book agency, quite
sure he could make ten dollars a day, but
he soon tired of this money-making em-
ployment. Went to the academy, was a
brilliant student, took a good position as a
teacher, and stayed three years as a prin-
cipal of our school, wooed and married a
lovely young girl, one of his pupils. He was
very popular, but grew discontented, and
thought he was hiding his light under a

Onward, Youthful Heroes.

BY E. A. GIBVIN.

Air—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Onward, youthful heroes,
N'er to Satan yield;
Jesus now will help you
On life's battlefield.
Read his marching orders,
In God's Holy Word,
Practice now the wielding
Of the Spirit's sword.

CHORUS.

Onward, youthful heroes,
In the Boys' Brigade;
With our Saviour leading,
We are not afraid.

Prayer and consecration,
Trust in Jesu's blood,
Shelter us in safety
From the rushing flood;
We are ever happy
As we march along,
And our Saviour's presence
Makes our spirits strong.

Other hosts advancing,
Fast our numbers swell,
Helping us to vanquish
All the hordes of hell;
And a mighty army
We are soon to be;
Thousands are enlisting,
Millions more we see.

Forward, youthful heroes,
Toward the dawning day,
When our Christ shall conquer
Darkness and decay;
Then shall evil perish,
Death shall lose its sting,
And we'll shout forever
Praises to our King.

—Nedders: What's a bon mot? Slowitz:
Something you always think of after it's too
late to say it.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29 or 30.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10, 25-37. Memory verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—
Lev. 19. 18.

OBTAIN.

1. The Law, v. 25-28.
2. The Example, v. 29-37.

TIME.—A. D. 29 or 30.

PLACE.—Some village in Perea.

ROLES.—Pontius Pilate, of Judaea; Herod Antipas, of Galilee &c.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10, 25-37.
L. Old Testament lessons.—Lev. 19. 11-18.
W. Recognition of service.—Matt. 25. 31-40.
Th. Overcoming by love.—Rom. 12. 10-21.
F. God's love and example.—Matt. 5. 43-48.
S. The fact of mercy.—Isa. 53. 6-42.
Su. The royal law.—James 2. 1-9.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Law*, v. 25-28.
Who sought to test Jesus' wisdom?
What question did the lawyer ask?
What two questions did Jesus ask in reply?
What duty toward God does the law require?
What duty toward man? (Golden Text.)
What does James call this law? James 2. 8.
What did Jesus then reply?
What says Paul about love and law? Rom. 13. 10.
2. *The Example*, v. 29-37.
What question did the lawyer next ask?
Why did he ask this question?
What did Jesus say about a traveller and his trouble?
What about a priest and his conduct?
What did a Levite do?
Who next saw the wounded man?
How was the Samaritan affected?
What did he do for the man?
What did he do the next day?
What question did Jesus then ask?
What was the lawyer's reply?
What was he hidden to do?
What is Paul's rule about helping others? Gal. 6. 10.
What ought to be our rule? Matt. 7. 12.
Whom did Jesus send out?
What report did the seventy make? Verses 17-16.

with pails, baskets, and tin cups, with an ample supply of sandwiches, cakes, pies, tarts, and pickles. It would be hard to guess who was the most happy of the group.

Arrived at the berry-patch in the woods, all were busy gathering the rich fruit. Tom—shouted, "Oh, come here! I have found the best bush in the patch." Some went and were somewhat disappointed.

A few minutes afterwards Tom cried, "Oh, come here, and you will soon fill your pails!" A few went, and they found nothing uncommon as to the quantity of berries. Again from another point Tom shouted, "The bushes here are just toppling over with berries." Every one worked away, no one heading him.

After a little while the same familiar voice, from another point of the compass, yelled out, "Oh, come here! the bushes are fairly black with berries." Every one stayed where they were, patiently picked away, and as they cleared the bushes of berries moved on to another place.

SCENE 2.—Nearly sundown—nine miles from home. All gathered around the provision basket, eat, drink, and merrily chat, as they regale themselves with the good cheer they brought with them. This done, they "take stock." Every basket and pail and tin cup full, excepting Tom's pail, which contained only a few stony berries away down near the bottom—not more than a quarter full. Tom, who had kept on the move, travelling from place to place in search of better bushes, looked kind of chop-fallen. We all went to our homes. I never saw some of companions of that day since.

SCENE 3.—A gentleman travelling out

with the hum-drum work of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot.' Medicine is more honourable and a more lucrative profession. Once a doctor, he would soon grow rich. He accordingly spent three years at college, and obtained an M.D., hung out his shingle, and waited for business. Finding it difficult to obtain a paying practice at once, he grew disheartened, dropped it, saw thousands of dollars in selling patent rights of a new invention which every farmer in America would be glad to take hold of. He spent what little he had, wasted his time, caught cold, lost his health, and came home a sadder, not a wiser man. He now sometimes does a little conveying and book-keeping for the merchants of the place, sometimes drives a dray-cart, and does any little job that comes in his way, often out of employment, and sometimes not able to work."

"Is he a religious man?"

"Yes—no—yes. He was a Methodist when he came here. Changing his views on baptism, he was immersed. He left the Baptists and joined the Presbyterians, afterwards took a great interest in the Second Adventists, and sometimes preached for them; then he saw a divine beauty in the New Jerusalem Church, but his zeal for them seems to have died out, and I don't know where you would find his theological whereabouts just now."

Alas, poor Tom! You are deficient in stick-to-it-iveness, and this narrative must end with a moral, "Stick to your bush" if you want to succeed in life.

The first step toward virtue is to abstain from vice and to love virtue in others.