

Lines in Memory of Dear Johnnie Flock,

A SCHOLAR IN QUEEN'S AVENUE METHODIST SABBATH-SCHOOL, LONDON, ONT.

Who fell asleep in Jesus, June 22nd, 1889.

"And he was not, for God took him."—Genesis v. 24.

STRICKEN Mother! sore distressed,
Of thy darling dispossessed,
Thinkest thou he's gone from thee,
Never more his face to see?
Not so, dear one! 'Tis not far—
See, by faith, the gates ajar,
And the loved ones, gone before,
Greet thy precious child once more;
Bid him welcome to the rest
That remaineth to the blest;
Lead him to the Saviour's side,
There forever to abide!

Dost thou ask, in doubting mood,
If the loving Lord is good
Thus to rob the parent nest
Of its brightest and its best?
Take the father's pride and joy—
Take the mother's only boy—
Blight their bud of promise rare,
(Nurtured with such tender care),
Till it wither, day by day,
Slowly ebbing life away?
Then, in silence of the night,
Angels speed the upward flight;
While the watchers scarce can tell
When he breathed his last farewell—
Snapped the fetters clay had given,
Burst his bonds, and entered heaven.

Mourning parents, God is nigh,
Heeds thy anguish, hears thy sigh;
Sees thee in the furnace heat,
Notes thy heart with trembling beat,
Longs to whisper, "Peace, be still,
'Tis according to my will
That thy cherished lamb should come
Early to his heavenly home;
Sparkle as a precious gem
In the Saviour's diadem,
Wondrous beauty to unfold,
Garnered in the upper fold."

Be it thine to follow on,
Till thy last great victory won,
Both thy spirits, glad and free,
Shall thy boy in glory see!

E. H. G.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act, that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

MOTTO:

BAND OF MERCY—GLORY TO GOD—PEACE ON EARTH.

KINDNESS: JUSTICE: MERCY TO ALL.

We have given much prominence in this paper to the work of the Humane Society, and have pleasure in printing the accompanying offer of Geo. T. Angell, Esq.—Ed.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.—"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes, can cross out the word "harmless" from his or her pledge. M.S.P.C.A. on our badges, mean "Merciful Society. Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send, without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information, and other publications.

Also, without cost, to every person who writes

that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signature of thirty adults, or children, or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge; also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address of the president:—

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, full of interesting stories and pictures.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Information.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on *Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures, and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers, and Sunday-school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band, with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are: For badges—gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn-books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The Twelve Lessons on *Kindness to Animals*, cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody—old or young—who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

THE WORK OF A TRACT.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A FEW evenings since I was in a little country prayer-meeting where, in response to the pastor's request for testimony, a bright-faced boy of ten, who was on a visit to his grandmother in the vicinity, arose and said,

"We don't have prayer-meetings at home; we go to a church that don't have them; but I want to be a Christian, and I will tell you how I first happened to think about it. One Sunday afternoon last winter a little boy opened our kitchen door and threw a tract in. He lived on our street, and is a good little boy, not a bit selfish, but and is a good little boy, not a bit selfish, but awfully bashful, and I suppose he didn't dare to come in; but he wanted us to read the tract, and so he threw it in that way. It was a nice little story about Jesus being a friend always ready to help us in trouble, and was real interesting, and made me long to have Christ for my friend.

"A few days after that a girl in our school lost her hood; and because I had passed through the girls' entry that forenoon she said I stole it. But I didn't know anything about it. There was a great time over it, and I tell you it was a pretty hard thing to be accused of stealing before a large school like that, and I felt bad. Then all at once I thought of what it said in that tract, and I prayed for all I was worth that it would all come out right. And it did; for the girl went home, and when she took off her cloak, there was the hood in the cloak sleeve where she had dropped it. She came straight back and owned up. Some girls would have been ashamed to do it after making such a fuss, and perhaps she might not have come if I hadn't prayed. That made me believe as I

never had before that Jesus is my friend, and I always mean to trust in him and serve him."

I have told the simple, straightforward little story in the child's own words, as nearly as I can remember them. When, a week later, his father heard that he had been speaking in meeting—for he had both spoken and prayed at other times—he said, "That is all nonsense; that child has never been taught anything about conversion. I don't approve of his taking part in such meetings or even in his going to them."

"The child is ahead of you, my son," said the grandmother. "The seed of truth in the little tract has taken root in his heart and nothing can eradicate it."

DOWN STREAM.

THE stream was not a very wide or a very swift one. It was a lazy, easy-going sort of stream that sung its way along through happy fields down to the wide, hurrying river.

The pretty little pleasure-boat, set adrift that summer day by a careless hand, went dancing gayly on. The pleasant breezes played with it; bees and butterflies hummed and fluttered around it; the long arms of the drooping willows touched it gently, and it rocked and idled and sported on its winding way.

And all the time it was moving a little faster and a little faster.

A strong, firm hand now might easily seize and pull it to the shore. But let it drift a little farther down stream, and it will be too late! For—can you not see it?—the stream is growing broader and swifter, and not many miles away are the rapids and the falls!

Must the gay little boat go drifting on to its fate? Must it be tossed about in rapids, and go to pieces in the mad rush of waters as they fall from the rocks? Yes, it must be so; for there is no one to reach out a helping hand!

Thank God, it is only a boat that is going to its doom! It might be a life, bright and fair and gay. It might be a dear girl, the darling of some sweet home. She greatly loves the taste of pleasure; the moonlight strolls are delightful; so are the gay little parties; the foolish nothings spoken in her ear; the glances full of meaning. O, it is all childish nonsense, you say. But wait. It may be the story of the singing stream over again.

The stream of pleasure grows always broader and swifter, and there are rocks and rapids and deadly falls as it goes down its course. It might be a manly boy, the pride and hope of fond hearts. He finds it so easy to drift down stream. The "other boys" lounge about the street corners. The words which he would not speak in mother's presence become familiar to his ears. The cigarette seems a very harmless little thing.

Is there not some friendly hand to stop the downward course of the bright little pleasure-boat? Alas! for the wrecks strewn all along the shores of the swift-flowing stream of self-indulgence! It looks a safe and beautiful stream at first. But rocks and rapids are surely waiting for the bark that suffers itself to go with the tide.

The publishers of *St. Nicholas* announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1889, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted. Four important serial stories by four well-known American authors will be given during the coming year.

TEARS, like raindrops, have a thousand times fallen to the ground, and come up in flowers.