The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.			L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une inodification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.						
Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur			Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur						
Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée			Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées						
Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/o/1 pelliculée				Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées					
Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque				Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées					
Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur			Pages detached/ Pages détachées						
Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)				Showthrough/ Transparence					
Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur				Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression					
Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents					uous pagina tion continu				
Tight binding may cause shadows or along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'om distorsion le long de la marge intérie	bre ou de la			Comp	es index(es), rend un (des in header tak e de l'en-tête) index ken from:/			
Blank leaves added during restoration within the text. Whenever possible, been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanch	these have			Title p	age of issue/ e titre de la	,			
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.				Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison					
				Mastho Généri		ques) de la li	vraison		
Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.									
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio c Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction		sous.							
10X 14X	18X		22X		26X	7 7	30×		
12X 16X		XIX		247		202			

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1895.

[No. 25.

MISSIONS FOR BOYS.

Nor very long ago, in a Consumptives' Home which I sometimes visit, a boy of nineteen was dying. Week by week life was slipping away from him, and one by one all the bright hopes of his youth, and young manhood were departing. He was a lad who had looked poverty in the face since he was a little child. He had never known in all his life what it was to be thoroughly well clothed and fed. While but a child he had been obliged to work, and his scanty wages had always been Nor very long ago, in a Consumptives'

the excellent nursing which he received and the neurishing food which he ate began and the nourishing food which he ate began to teil upon his exhausted system, and he hegan to revive, he missed his former busy lie and his old friends and companions desperately. He missed their boyish talk, their fun and laughter above all. This quiet, monotonous life was something he was utterly unused to, and he became very lonely. The ladies who managed the home came often to see him, and he was very lonely. The ladies who managed the home came often to see him, and he was very grateful to them and learned to love them. His mother and sisters came, sorrowful and anxious, so their visits could not cheer

about his sufferings, but that he did like very much to know all about their plans, their work and play, and all the details of that dear every day life which he had left for ever behind him; so they talked to him about what they were doing, and many a hearty laugh rang out from Frank's room at the relation of some droll anecdote or bit of nonsense from one of the boys. On Sunday mornings they always used to go over the Sunday-school lesson together, and then they would read aloud from some good paper.

These boys kept, besides their regular

yet, as Frank said, they all went to the spot. yet, as Frank said, they all went to the spot. Towards the last Frank could only see his kind friends for a few minutes at a time; they used to go in and sit quietly by his bed, and when they left they would give his hand a gentle clasp and say warmly, "Keep up your courage, old boy," or "Keep up your courage, old boy," or "Don't give in: we fellows remember you in class and prayer-meeting every time."
And so, helped and encouraged by his friends, Frank passed through the dark valley, brave and faithful to the last, and reached his home in that happy country whose inhabitants never say, "I am sick."



IN SCHOOL.

Poor tired boys! What though the day is warm and fine? What though they can hear the birds singing and chirping in the play-ground, and the trees moving and sighing in the soft wind? They are compelled to stay in that old school, away from it all. It is really too bad. So thinks Dick, as he whistles defiance to it all. So thinks all. It is really too bad. So thinks Dick, as he whistles defiance to it all. So thinks Ben too, who is always plodding, but never seems to get along, he thinks, like the other boys. Poor Jerry isn't thinking anything, but has forgotten his trouble in sleep.

cheerfully divided with his mother and cheerfully divided with his mother all little sisters; and then, just as the future began to grow brighter before him, the effect of his long years of toil and privation, was made manifest and he was stricken with consumption.

Friends procured for him a pleasant and sunny room at the "Home," where, surround by every comfort, he was free and welcome to room to he lived. welcome to remain as long as he lived. At first the peace and quiet of his little room, the rest and freedom from anxiety, were all he craved. But afterward, when

him, and as he said to his Sunday-school teacher, he wanted "the boys." So she told his old class about it, and they agreed, as they expressed it, "to stand by Frank as long as he lived." So they went to see him regularly every visiting day in turn and spent every Sunday morning with him besides. They were all working boys, and it was sometimes a real sacrifice for them to spend the scanty time they had for recreation with Frank, but they never missed him once for nearly a year. They soon discovered that Frank did not cars to talk



KEPT IN.

This is Dick again. He doesn't seem so defiant now, you will notice. This is the hardest stroke of all; he is in disgrace and has to stay in for three-quarters after the rest have gone. This is almost more than he can bear, and he is sulking his time away. We are sorry for Dick, but we know how he could have saved himself all this misery, don't you? And even now it is not too late to prevent the same thing tomorrow, if he would only turn around and get at those books behind him, instead of thinking how ill-used he is. This is a German school and that is a big porcelain tile stove on which Dick is scrawling.

envelope for Sunday collections, a horn which was tipped with silver and which had this inscription around its edge:

"Once I was the horn of an ox, Now I am a missionary box.

And in this they used to take up collections for whatever object they chose, and during Frank's illness he had frequent presents which were bought with this money. Rather amusing were the purchases, and

NELLIE'S MISSIONARY GARDEN.

Nellie has a missionary garden. She is going to raise vegetables to sell, so that she can make her missionary money. Every morning she gets up early, puts on her gloves, apron, and big sun hat, and goes out into her garden to plant seed, or to weed and hoe the tiny green things that are coming up. Will not several of our boys and girls try this way of making their boys and girls try this way of making their missionary money?

A Thought for the Last Days of the Year.

WERE this the last of earth. This very day,
How should I think and act? What should I say? Would not I guard my heart With earnest prayer?
Would not I serve my friends
With loving care?

And yet this fleeting life Is one last day;
How long soe'er its hours,
They will not stay.
O heart, be soft and true While thou dost beat; O hands, be swift to do; O lips, be sweet!

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR-POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

| 1 00 | Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated 2 00 | Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated 3 50 | Magazine, Guardian and Onward together. 3 50 | The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly. 1 00 | Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly. 0 60 | Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies. 0 6 0 | 5 copies and over. 0 60 | 5 copies and over. 0 60 | East than 20 copies. 0 22 | Over 20 copies. 0 24 | Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies. 0 15 | 10 copies and upwards. 0 12 | Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies. 0 15 | 10 copies and upwards. 0 12 | Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies. 0 15 | 10 copies and upwards. 0 12 | Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies. 0 15 | Grean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month. 5 50 | Berean Leaf, quarterly. 0 16 | Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a | dozen; 52c. per 100; per quarter, 6c. a | dozen; 50c. per 100. | WHILLAM BRIGGS.

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

S. F. Hussis, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1895.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

BY M. B. SLRIGHT.

NELLIE and Harry were having a merry time one Saturday afternoon playing "keep All went very smoothly until some little accident occurred that stirred up Harry's temper, and then their pleasant play was changed to angry strife. In the midst of it the door suddenly opened, and their father looked in upon them with a

"What! quarrelling, my children?" he said. "The good Jesus says, 'Little children, love one another."

He did not need to add more, for the brother and sister were standing silent and ashamed; Nellie with the corner of her white apron in her mouth, and Harry writing with the toe of his boot illegible letters on the play-room floor. In a moment they both ran to their father, and, In a climbing into his arms, acknowledged their fault and begged his pardon. The good father sat down and talked with them a little while on the duty of exercising brotherly love, and then, after receiving his kiss of forgiveness, they went on playing as pleasantly as before the angry storm

Not many days after, their father came to tea one evening with a disturbed look on his face. Nellie and Harry saw that he was troubled, so they did not laugh and talk as usual, but ate their supper in silence, while their mother, though wondering much at her husband's moodiness, like a sensible woman refrained from asking questions.

Presently he said to her, "Margaret, I den't wish you or the children to make any more purchases at Mr. Stanton's store. He and I have had a falling out. He has been the cause of my losing over a hundred dollars to-day and I'll have no more deal-ings with him."

Now Mr. Stanton was a deacon in the church, and perhaps that was why Nellie opened her eyes in such wide amazement.

Mrs. Hadley simply said "Very well"

not thinking not thinking it a proper time to inquire into the particulars of the case, and then the subject was dropped.

there looking very thoughtful for a little while, then she asked, turning her serious face to his:

"Papa, are all Christians brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, somewhat wondering at the question, "all who love

Jesus are brothers and sisters."

"And papa," went on the little questioner, "didn't you tell us that brothers

and sisters ought to love each other very much, and never quarrel, and all that?"
"Certainly, my child," he answered, not seeing the drift of her query, "It is not right for brothers and sisters to quarrel, is it?"

is it?"
"Well, papa," and Nellie hesitated and well, papa," and Nellie hesitated and lowered her voice that no one else might hear, "isn't Deacon Stanton your brother, papa?" She did not wait for an answer, but stealing another kiss, slimed down ?" She did not wait for an answer, stealing another kiss, slipped down from his knee and went upstairs; but her wise little words had entered her father's heart like arrows of truth and he could not

rest.

"Wife," he said, after a half-hour's earnest thought, "I must see Deacon Stanton this very night. It's a wrong state of affairs when two brothers in the church are scarcely on speaking terms." So Mr. Hadley went at once to see Deacon Stanton, and when he returned it was with a and when he returned it was with a lightened heart and the consciousness of

being at peace with his brother.

Little Nellie knew nothing of all this, Little Neilie knew nothing of all this, and she wondered much when her mother sent her to Mr. Stanton's store the following morning for a dollar's worth of sugar; and when Mr. Stanton patted her on the and when Mr. Stanton patted her on the head and gave her a great golden orange she wondered still more. But the old deacon knew all about the little girl's goodnight talk with her father, and he guessed that God's angel in his book of records had written under her name, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF SIAM.

THE kingdom of Siam is in the southeastern part of Asia, immediately east of Burma, and has about 6,000,000 inhabit-Burma, and has about 6,000,000 inhabitants. The present king is Chulalongkorn I. He was born September 21, 1853, and succeeded to the throne on the death of succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, October 1, 1868. The principal religion is Buddhism. The king has for one of his titles "The Lord of the White Elephant." The national flag has on it a white elephant on a red ground, and when the significant religious and there is great religious, and one is found there is great rejoicing, and he is brought to the capital in great state, and the king and court go out to meet

A missionary writes from Siam: "The Siamese, with all other Buddhists, believe that at death their spirits pass into the body of some man or animal, of more or less importance according to the amount of marit made while living, and that they may merit made while living, and that they may be thus born thousands of times. If they be thus born thousands of times. If they find an elephant of a lighter complexion than usual they think the spirit of some distinguished person dwells in it, possibly that of some future Buddha, sure to bring a blessing on the country which possesses so great a treasure. Time was when these beasts were duly worshipped by king and beasts were duly worshipped by king and people; their stables were palaces; they were fed from golden dishes, and wore heavy gold rings upon their tusks, and were fettered with golden chains. Even now the populace fall with their heads to the ground as they are led out rishly the ground as they are led out richly caparisoned on state occasions, while the royal officers, and even the king himself, always make them obeisance in passing."

always make them obeisance in passing."
Probably the largest idol in the world is
the "Sleeping Idol" in Bangkok. It is at
least one hundred and sixty feet long, and
is made of brick and heavily gilded. The
feet are five feet long, and the soles are
beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl.
Every February multitudes of the
Siamese visit Prabat. The word means

"sacred foot," and it is supposed that Buddha left a clear imprint of his foot in a rock on the mountain. This mountain is rock on the mountain. This mountain is covered with many white-spired pagodas, and a splendid shrine is built over the sacred footprint. The rocky platform on which it stands is reached by fifty steps, which devout Ruddhists ascend on their which devout Buddhists ascend on their knees. On the walls inside hangs what is said to be a representation of the footprint, made of beaten gold and set with jewels. of what is worshipped as the footprint itself one can see only a dark oblong opening in the floor, like a small open grave. It is inclosed in a railing about a foot high, said to be of solid silver and over it is an experiment. said to be of solid silver, and over it is one elegant gilt canopy, with curtains of close of gold. How different are those footprints of which Bunyan writes: "I I we loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth there I have coveted to set my foot also."

If you should throw a silver coin to a beggar in Siam you would receive some such blessing as this: "May you dourish in this state of being and the next; have elephants, horses and servants; nave elephants, horses and servants; silver, gold, rice, salt and every good thing. May you have sons who shall be priests, and may you live in a well-built house."

Superstition and the worship of idols enter not only into the holidays of the enter not only into the nondays of the Siamese, but into everything they do. "They praise the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, and the God in whose hand their breath is have they not glorified."

There are thousands of yellow-robed priests in Siam who live on the charity of the people, as they go from house to house with a bowl for rice and bags for fruit.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

THE growing literature of animal autobiography, which by such remarkable books as "Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe" has come to have an importance far beyond the mere number of its class of books, is to the mere number of its class of books, is to be augmented very soon by what is said to be a clever thing from the pen of a Toronto lady, already known to the world of letters, Mrs. Annie G. Savigny, author of "A Romance of Toronto," "Three Wedding Rings," etc. "Lion: the Story of a Mastiff," is the book in question, which is now Rings," etc. Lion: the Story of a Mastiff," is the book in question, which is now going through the press of William Briggs, and will be issued about the first of June. An ingenious and clever chapter in the book An ingenious and clever chapter in the book is the report of a convention of animals held in a romantic glen in the vicinity of Scarboro' Heights. Lion, a young but very decorous puppy, is privileged to be present with his mother, who (such the advance in feminine rights) presides over the somewhat motley gathering. Bob, the worn-out wreck of a once spirited carriage horse, unfolds a tale of woe that harrows the feelings of the audience to an alarming degree. ings of the audience to an alarming degree. A cow, a cat, a fox terrier, a frisky squirrel A cow, a cat, a fox terrier, a trisky squirrel, and even a gay and voluble parrot, also tell of their humane or cruel masters. The book will, as a story, be greatly enjoyed by the young, and its lessons cannot fail of good. The author has contrived to work into the story a great many useful hints by good. The author has contrived to work into the story a great many useful hints by which, if practised, we can add much to the common stock of comfort and happiness of the dumb animals about us. The Committee of the Toronto Humane Society appointed to read the MS. of "Lion" very justly reported it as "an exceedingly useful and valuable book, and a good companion to Black Beauty."

DON'T SMOKE, BOYS.

No man or boy is free who is tied to his cigar or cigarette. He is so much less a man as he is a slave to this indulgence. Anything that makes a man less a man, or Anything that makes a man less a man, or a boy less a boy, must be nipped in the bud, though it be dear as a right hand or a right eye. God has given us our bodies and our souls in trust; and we must return them to him in as good a condition as a result. them to him in as good a condition as we received them, with the increase of talents which he requires of his faithful children. Character-building, next to service to God and man, is our chief business in this world; and we must steer clear of every taste, habit, or desire that stands in the

way of making ourselves noble and true human beings.

But enough. Don't smoke, boys. pure, clean, sweet from all such habits. Have wholesome breaths, mouth underfiled Call filed. God by his laws has put up this notice in his universe, "No smoking here. We ought to rejoice in all his laws, for they are for currently the signs, the signs We ought to rejoice in all his laws, for they are for our good. Throw the cigar, the cigarette, into the fire, and never light another. It will be a hard thing to do, but a victory over a bad habit is one of the noblest things we can achieve in this world. May our heavenly Father help you in your efforts! in your efforts!



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

June 30, 1895.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

PARDONED AND ACCEPTED. — Galatians 2.16.

Justification means acquittal; it has a re-Justification means acquittal; it has a reference to all the sins that a man has committed during his past life. It is a legal term, and means the same thing as pardon or forgiveness. The passage under consideration describes how men are forgiven or receive the blessing of justification. The blessing does not come by the law. By the deeds of the law no man can be justified. He may attend to all the ceremonies as laid down in the cere-him. The name Jesus means Saviour and was him. The name Jesus means Saviour and wifirst given by the angel who appeared unto Mary. (Matthew I. 21.) The word Christ means anointed, and is the same as Messiah, only one is Greek and the other is Hebrew. He has become the Saviour of the world and all who believe in him are justified from all things from which they could not be free by the law of Moses. Here then we see the importance of faith or believing.

"To him that in thy name believes Eternal life to him is given, Into himself he all receives Pardon and holiness and heaven."

See to it that ye believe in him. Believe see to it that ye believe in him. Believe that he died for you, and that because of his death God forgives you, and believe that he forgives you now. He has promised to do so and he is faithful to his word. Now then receive him as your Saviour.

EUCLID AVENUE JUNIOR LEAGUE

For this branch of the work we have, I think, the best man in the country for superintendent, particularly adapted for the work, and he is making it a grand success. Easter Sunday morning they took charge of the service in the church. Every charge of the service in the church. person appeared thoroughly delighted. They had singing, and the president gave a short report short report of their objects and what they were doing. One boy gave the sermon, others explained what Easter was, and why they obscured it then flowers and why they observed it: then flowers were carried in and laid at the foot of the cross, and so are the cross are the cross and so are the cross are cross, and so on: and this interspersed with the singing of the children made the most beautiful, touching and impressive service I have ever been in any others. have ever been in, and very many others expressed themselves in the same way. So much has been said the same way. much has been said of the knowledge our Juniors have of the Bible that someone sent a request that they be asked some questions, so the superint asked questions, so the superintendent asked them a few, and it was marvellous how quickly they told him the books of the Bible, divisions, history, languages, althors, etc. They ran them off like A. B. C. I feel sure there was I feel sure there was not a person in the church could tell half as much as they could about it half as much as they could about it, but I fear I am making my report too long, so must close, and will be glad to have for glad to hear from others of the good work being done. The President.

The Oldest Christian Hymn.

(From the third book of Clement of Alexandria, said to be the earlies. known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church.—Reformed thurch Messenger.)

Shepherd of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth, Through devious ways: Christ our triumphant King, Join we thy name to sing, And our dear children bring, Shouting thy praise!

Most high and holy Lord,
Glorious, revealing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst thyself shase,
That from sun's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
Giving us life Giving un life.

Thou art our great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:
In all our sin and pain
None call ou thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be near our side, All-wise and in ghty Guide, Our Staff and one. Jesus, thou Christ of God, Taught by thy living Word, Lead us where thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.

Thus now, and till we die, Sound we thy praises high, And joyful sing With all the holy throng Who to thy Church belong, Join we to swell the song To Christ our King!

The Wurst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER L MAYPLOWERS.

"I love the season well When forest glades are teeming with

bright forms,

Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell

The coming on of storms."—Longfellow.

Along the shores of Lake Ontario, in the county of Durham, lies the beautiful town of Port Hope. So beautiful and picturesque is this little town that a stranger, being borne swiftly through in a railway carriage cannot refrain from glancing eagerly out of the window charined with the brief glimpse he has of it, and filled with a desire to see more.

It is exceptionally beautiful on the after-noon of which I write, for it is the gladsome season of spring.

"The birds sing in the thickets, And the streamlets laugh and glisten, And the air is full of fragrance."

The surrounding hills were beginning to assume a tinge of green, and the trees in neighbouring forests were shooting forth assume a tinge of green, and the trees in neighbouring forests were shooting forth thousands of fresh, green leaves; while under-neath their graceful branches, on many a mossy bank, might be found clusters of violets and sweet may flowers.

Rambling through one of these forests might be seen a handsome lad of some eighteen years of ago, with head bent down searching for these woodland treasures.

"These dark blue ones are beauties!" he "These dark blue ones are beauties!" he said to himself, as he gathered a cluster of them, and placed them in his already well-filled hand. "How pleased Miss Grey will be!" and gathering some ferns and dainty moss he arranged a border around the flowers with delicate taste and skill. Then slinging his gun over his shoulder—for he had been out for an afternoon's sport—he hastened towards the town.

wards the town.

But perhaps the reader would like a more formal introduction to my here. His name is formal introduction to my here. His name is Mr. Jack Harding, but a large number of people call him "the worst boy in ... a town." But his figure is upright and manly, his forehead broad and high, his eyes quick and intelligent, and as I watch him handle with centle fingers and careful touch those dainty flowers, I feel supe that there many be a great deal of good in him, if or a only had the power to call it out.

The atternoon sun was slowly sinking to rest when he emerged from the woods; the quiet twilight, with its hush and peace, rested over hill and vale; the warble of birds had almost ceased; one dear thrush was softly pouring out his song; and down over the pretty town the shades of night were falling, draping every tining in a quiet robe of twilight gray. Away to the south stretched the blue waters of lake Ontario, so calm, so peaceful; gray. Away to the south stretched the blue waters of lake Ontario, so calm, so peaceful; no restless waves were visible; only now and then a low, broken murmur could be heard, as the water washed sleepily back and forth on the beach.

Jack took in the beauty of the scene before

Jack took in the beauty of the scene before him, and appreciated it too, for his was an appreciative nature. He drew a deep breath as he said to himself:

"I don't see why a fellow can't be good all the time! Perhaps I could if I always tried; but I don't always feel so much like trying as I do to night."

Through down South Street he middenly

Turning down South Street he suddenly confronted Bob Pierce, the hotel keeper's son, a lad for whom he had no great regard, and

who returned that feeling with interest.
"So you've got some posies for your Sunday-school teacher, have you?" said Bob, sneeringly. "How pleased she will be!"
Had it not been for fear of losing the flowers and spoiling them, Jack felt sure that

the hotel keeper's son would have measured his length on the ground just then, but as it was he drew himself proudly erect and walked

silently on.
Presently he reached Miss Grey's home, in answer to his knock she opened the door

I would like to describe this Mildred Grev I would like to describe this Mildred Grey, Jack's Sunday-school teacher, if I can. She is about three-and-twenty years of age, tall and graceful in appearance, with fair complexion, earnest, tender blue eyes, and mouth firm and sweet.

She is not atrikingly beautiful; no! a careless observer would call her only ordinary perhaps, and yet I call her beautiful, for the peace of God which passeth understanding is written on every leature of hor face. Certain I am that the plainest face is made mor; than beautiful in that way.

"True religion beautifies and adorns its possessor." Who has not looked into tender, patient eyes, which the world would not cail beautiful, but to us they are more than that, because they roveal to us the noble, self-sscrifteing soul within—the great capacity to suffer for others, even for us, without complaint! "Suffer and love, love much and saffer long." Their lives are beautiful, hence to us they can never be ordinary or common-

to us they can never be ordinary or commonplace even though the world may call them so.

Jack Harding liked Miss Grey, because she
was so good, so carnest and true, so ready to
help him always. Lideed there were times help him always. Lideed there were times when the only friend be had in the town was Miss Gray—times when the people called him "drunk and disorderly," and gathering up their dainty skirts, would keep as far away from him as possible for a number of days after. But Miss Grey never did that; she was always the same kind, true friend, no matter how he acted.

Oh, how sad that this noble, manly-looking lad, only eighteen years of age, should ever heve tasted liquor!

But how could we expect it to be otherwise.

But how could we expect it to be otherwise when his father spends more than half his time in the bar-room, and his step-mother, instead of trying to make home autracure, scolds and fumes from morning until nigh, and is in every respect a coarse, uncultured

Foor boy! It might be almost said that he had no home or friend in all that town ex-

copting Miss Grey!

But while we have been relating all this, Jack has been presenting the flowers to Miss

I wish you could have seen the tender, joyons light that crept into her eyes as she said:
"Oh, thank you, Jack! How very kind and thoughtful of you! I shall wear a bunch of them to Sunday-school to-morrow. Come in and have some tea. do! I am sure you are

tired and hungry after your long tramp!"

Jack made a faint attempt to refuse, but Jack made a faint attempt to refuse, but Miss Grey would not listen. She told him it would not take any longer to eat his support there in an at home. Jack, knowing full well that the table would be cleared by that time, and if he got any suppor it would be seasoned with too many harsh words to be palatable, wisely consented to remain.

He was shown into the cozy sitting-room, where a scholarly looking man, with scant

He was shown into the cory sitting room, where a scholarly looking man, with scant gray locks, and kind, blue eyes—so like his daughter's—rose to meet him, and gave him such a cordial handshake that Jack felt himself quite a gentleman, and certainly he was one at that moment. If people could only always be what they are when they are in good company, how much better it would be! If they would only always abstain from all ap-

pearance of evil and cleave only to that which is good?

is go at 1

If Jack Harding could only always associate with such people as this minister and his daughter—for this gentleman is a Methodist minister retired from active service—I think he would always be noble and true. How true are the words someone has said on this subject: "Be noble, and the nobleness that have mathers, not dead but sleeping, shall rise hes in others, not dead but sleeping, shall rise

in inajesty to meet thine own."

But Jack must go out of this peaceful home into the great world, where there are saloons

into the great world, where there are salous in abundance of the greatous boys.

"Do you know, Mist Grey," said Jack, as he watched her handle the pretty chins and pour the tea, "that one reason why I like to come here is because you put me so much in mind of my mother. You don't look like her either, for her eyes were dark, but the expenses in the same abundant. either, for her eyes were dark, but the expression is so much the same—she had that same gentle, parient look."

Midred Grey did not blush at this compliment, as many a society girl would have done; she only said in a low, carnest voice:

"Come often, Jack; our home is open to you at any time."

"Yes, indeed!" said the minister, "you are always welcome here."

He knew all about this class of boys his daughter was so interested in, and in the true Christian sourt he was vearning to holy her

Christian spirit he was yearning to help her lead them heavenward.

lead them heavenward.

When Jack arose to go, Mildred stepped out with him into the porch, while she gently said: "I was upstairs, Jack, by the open were coming down the said: "I was upstairs, Jack, by the open window, when you were coming down the atreet, and I heard the unkind words Bob Pierce said to you about the flowers. I am so gled that you did not answer his ungentlemanly remark."

"But, Miss Grey," said Jack, his eyes flashing, "I just ached to lay him on his back. He is the torment of my life; if it were not for him I almost think I could be good."

"God does not place us in a rootten where

"God does not place us in a position where it is uttorly impossible for us to serve him," answered Miss Grey, earnestly.

"No, I suppose not," said Jack, slowly;

"but really you can't imagine how much that fellow annoys me! It's all because he is jealous of me at school. The teacher has offered a prize to the one writing the best essay, and if I happen to get it I'll hardly be able to live in the same town with him, I

"They tell me you are very clover at school," (aid Mildred, proudly. "I am so glad to hear it: I expect you will be a great man and fill an able position some day."

"I shall be more ant to get into some racket

"I shall be more apt to get into some racket and run away to sea," said Jack, with a care-less laugh, as he bade her good-night and ran

down the steps.

Mildred Grey stood listening to the sound of his retreating footsteps until it died away, and naught was heard but the low murmur of

and naught was heard but the low murmur of the waves.

There, to the south of the little town, stretched the beautiful lake, looking word and picturesque with the pale moonbeams resting upon it. How dearly she loved that lake, for it seemed to speak to her of the unchangeableness of God. The One "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

(To be continued.)

HOW JOHN GRANT GOT TO MEADOW BROOK

JOHN GRANT leans over the railing of the bridge that spans Meadow Brook.
John is a good-natured boy. No one dislikes him. He is the friend of everybody
save J hn Grant. He lacks "stick." He is very ready to take up with a project, and still more ready to take up with a project, and still more ready to drop it. He won-ders why it is that other young people go ahead of him. However, he is talking to himself as he leans, in the warm April sunshine, over the railing, and we will not disturb his collicence.

disturb his soliloquy:
"Meadow Brook! Meadow Brook! April

"Meadow Brook; Meadow Brook! April fills you up and makes you stronger, but still I don't see how you ever get down to the big civer. It is real rocky between here and the woods. Then in the woods the trees have fallen and almost choke you the trees have fallen and almost choke you the Thom them is From Pond beyond. up. Then there is Frog Pond beyond. How you ever get through Frog Pond I don't see. I should think you would be lost in it. Then there are the rapids. where the stones atick out every foot of your way. I should think you would be tired to death after your journey and bumping over the rocks. Dear me! how is it you ever get to the big river? Do tell us, Meadow Brook!"

Now he leans harder against the railing and looks persuasively at the sparkling

water:
"Tell us, Meadow Brook! I have a lot
of wood to pile, and it is such slow work!
Dear me! it is so hard to get through with
things! Hun do you get to the river!"
Hark! Is that a noisy swirl under the
bridge or a voice? Think of it as a voice
to John Grant:
"How do I get to the river! I start

"How do I got to the river ! I start.

John, and then I keep at it. I pash t. I push And Frog John, and then I keep at it. I push through the woods senichow. And Frog Pond stop me? I am like a beaver when he cuts through a tree: he thinks of two things beginning with the tree and tooth. So there are two things before me beginning with period and push. Well, I come to the rapids, and I keep at it there and come out all right. Got a lot of wood to pile? Think of two things be ginning with we wood and work and go at it and keep at it."

"Don't know; don't want to hurry," groans John.

groans John.

Hark! Another voice !—a warning crack-k-k! Hurry to your word-pile. John

He lingers.
Crash-sh-sh ! Then it i. a splash-sh-sh!
The railing has broken; and if it were a mystery to John Grant how Meadow Brook could get to the river, it was no mystery how John Grant get to Meadow Brook. Brook.

The Rain.

BY A. SIMONS.

On! for the patter of the rain
The drouth makes everyone complain;
See! even now the clouds o'erspread the sky, And we must seek a shelter nigh !

Patter, patter, comes the rain Over vale, and hill, and plain, Drenching now the thirsty earth Bringeth buds and flowers to birth.

Patter, patter, comes the rain, Soaking fields of corn and grain; Flowers aspire to look more gay.

Patter, patter, comes the rain. Reaching o'er a wide domain, Making harvests full for store, Bringing food to every door.

Hardly now the clouds refrain Sending down their precious drops On the waving, growing crops.

The patter of the rain is stided, Nature with gladness now is filled, Insect, beast, and birds on wing, Worship to their Maker bring.

"FOR ME"

LITTLE CARRIE was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight neat form. A little while after she began to go to school the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.
"My dear," said she, "why do you look so sad?"

Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about, Carrie?" "Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"My dear, did Jesus ever invite little children to come unto him?

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carno clapped her hands with joy, and sard, "It is not for you, teacher, is it for you are not a child. No, it is for you are not a child. No, it is for me, for me.

From that hour Carrie know that Jeaus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and ocheve his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not were as soon as they near them, cognit how we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for mo!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.



ARCH! EACON FARRAR ON LC J-DON WAIF-LIFE.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in a sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey, in May, 1888, thus refers to the increase

of waif-life in London:
"London has 7,400 streets, extending to 260 miles. Its area is swept by a radius of fifteen miles. It has 4,500,000 of souls in its crowded space. The common lodging houses have 27,000 inhabitants, and into them drift the social wreckage of

every class.
"There is an army of 100,000 paupers. There are hundreds of deserted children, who live by prowling about in the markets the slums, and the railway arches. The increase of population means the increase mainly of its squalor, its wretchedness, and its guilt. The increase is mainly among the destitute—an increase ten per cent. more rapid in the slums and rook-eries than in the parks and squares! It is an increase of a pauper class, living on alms and rates and odd jobs, in the misery of a chronic indigence and the sensuality of a godless despair! . . .

"I. is the gin-shops and the streets, which, through our fault and our callous which, through our fault and our callous indifference and worldliness, have made them what they are, and have wrecked all that splendid immortality. . When God returns to judgment, will he not ask us questions about these things? Will Christ smile approval at this wholesale ruin of those for whom he died?"

This state of things has its counterpart in New York and other large cities on this continent. Even in Teronto, the class described by Archdeacon Farrar has largely increased—and may continue to increase—

described by Archdeacon Farrar has largely increased—and may continue to increase—with the growth of the city, in spite of the generous efforts and increase of our private charities to keep it in check. Other institutions of a remedial and preventive character are required to meet these special needs of the city.

HOW TO WINTER A BOY WELL.

A writer in the Colporteur gives some protty good advice upon how to "winter a boy," we are inclined to believe that most of the advice is about as applicable for summer as for winter, and that the boy might take some of it himself as well as

Start him to school early in the fall, and see that he has something to keep him busy a part of every morning, afternoon and evening.

Encourage him to eat three square meals, passing up his plate as often as he ple and then set the cooky pan and raisin box out of his reach between

One pair of gum boots and three of mit-tens or gloves ought to carry him dry-shod carry him dry-shod and unfrosted to April.

and unfrosted to April.

Four sleds, a good pair of skates, and several base-balls are very important for keeping him in good condition.

Fence him away

from a gun in all regions remote from the Alleghany or Rocky mountains or the or the northern prairies.

A boy and dog fit each other pretty well, but two wide-awake boys devetail together. Give him nine hours

of sleep, seven to study, four of work, and four of play every

day.
Sprinkle everything

well with praise.
Stretch him once in

a while on a high ideal of manhood.

A pinch of giving up to others and a dime savings bank are wholesome.

Let him kick up

his Leeds, but teach him not to kick any-

thing but an.

If he is in love with his mother, his grandmother, and several other good women you need not worry lest he runs to girl nonsense.

An excellent exercise is for him to plant both knees on the carpet and bury his face in the bed covers just before jumping in. God will take care of what he says.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE 30.

GOLDEN TRXT.

Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. 12. 2.

HOME READINGS.

HOME READINGS.

M. The triumphal entry.—Mark 11. 1-11.

Tu. The wicked husbandmen.—Mark 12 1-12.

W. Gethsemane.—Mark 14.32-42.

Th. Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15. 1-15.

F. Jesus on the cross.—Mark 15. 22-37.

S. The resurrection.—Mark 16. 1-8.

Su. Peter and the risen Lord.—John 21. 4-17.

I. THE INVARIABLE ELEMENTS [Commit these titles and texts. They are indispensable to a review.]

TITLES. GOLDEN TEXTS. 1. The T. E. 2. The E. L. 3. W. Hosanna; Blessed is ho Now is Christ risen— Now is Christ risen—
Take ye heed, watch—
The L. S.
The A. in G.
J. B. the H. B.
J. B. P
J. O the C.
The R. of J 6. 7 8. The Lord is risen— 9. The R. of J.
10. The W. to E.
11. P. and the R. L.
12. The S. P. W.
Go ye therefore—

IL THE NECESSARY ADJUNCTS.

II. THE NECESSARY ADJUNCTS.

[A skeleton is of value, but is most useful when properly clothed. Put flesh on the bones of this quarter's lesson preading the facts.]

1 Whose triumphalentry: Into what city? How borne? By whom welcomed? With what at of homage? With what words of welcome? (Golden Text.)

2 Three facts to which Paul testified? What witnesses saw the risen Jesus on eix occasions? If Christ did not rise what four things follow? What is our Easter song of victory? (Golden Text.)

things follow? What is our Faster song of victory? (Golden Text.)

3. What duty is enjoined? What reason is given? Who knows when Jesus will come? Who is called a good servant? Who is called an evil servant? What ought we all to do? (Golden Text.)

4. On what feast day was the passover eaten? On what errand were two men sent? erand were two men sent? What crime was foretold at suppor? What new feast was instituted? What command has Jesus loft for us? (Golden

has Jesus loft for us? (Golden Text.)

5. Who witnessed the agony of Jesus? What was his prayer? How many times did he pray? In what condition did he find the disciples each time? How did he declare his obedicince? (Golden Text.)

6. Who was the high prest? What also witness was given? What false witness was given? What answer? What testimony by the true witness? What sentence by the council? How was Jesus treated? (Golden Text.)

7. Pilate's first question? Jesus' answer? Pilate's second question? The answer? The people's demand? Pilate's third question? The people's

people's demand? Pilate's third question? The people's answer? Pilate's fourth question? The reply? Pilate's fifth question? What answer? The ruler's decision? What surprised Pilate? (Golden Text.)

8. Where was Jesus and Golden.

Text.)
8. Where was Jesus crucified? Who with hm? At what hour? His accusation? What heceme of his clothing? What three classes reviled him? What occurred at the sixth hour? At the ninth hour? What great act of love was thus complete? (Golden Text.)
9. What disciples first sought the temb of Jesus? Whom did they find? What was said about Jesus? What message was given the women? What is the message of life to us? (Golden Text.)
10. What journey? What stranger? What

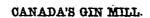
us? (Golden Text.)

10. What journey? What stranger? What sad story? What instruction? What act of hospitality? What occasion of recognition? What sudden disappearance? What glad remembrance? (Golden Text.)

remembrance? (Golden Text.)

11. What fishing party? What success? What early greeting? What command? What result? What recognition? What invitation when at land? What threefold question? What answers? What command can you answer as did Peter? (Golden Text.)

12. What writings were explained? What suffering and triumph necessary. What preaching required? What power promised? What vision of glory followed? What experience of joy? What great commission? (Golden Text.)



MR. BENGOUGH has given us in a nutshell a description of one of our national industries. This is the sort of thing we have to fight against. It is nothing to be very proud of, is it? See the spruce young wory proud or, is it? See the spruce young man going into the mill, and the manufactured article coming out on the other side, while the bloated personification of the guilty traffic gathers in the shekels by the bushel.

The Rev. Dr. Lucas told us the other The Rev. Dr. Lucas told us the other day the story of a rumseller who, when confronted with the results of his traffic, said, "Yes! it's a damnable business; but there's money in it!" The worst of it is, that every voter in Ontario and in the Dominion, who does not do his utmost to abolish this traffic in the bodies and souls of men, is a partner in the crime. Let us, as a Province, roll away this reproach. Let us insist that there shall no longer come into the municipal and provincial treasury this ill-gotten money, every coin of which is stained with blood, often of the

innocent victims of this guilty traffic.

And those interested in the liquor traffic demand compensation! Compensation, forsooth! for what? For bringsation, forsount for what, for bring-ing bright, intelligent young men into staggering wretches, as shown in our pic-ture, for blighting happy homes; for wrecking character; for damaging souls? In that higher civilization of the future, to which the world is advancing it will be which the world is advancing, it will be like a hideous nightmare, to think that so long a so-called Christian and civilized people tolerated such an organized crime against man and sin against God.

Norr.—Stereotype copies of this picture, ready for printing, will be mailed to any newspaper willing to use it, for the nominal sum of sweaty-five series.



CANADA'S GIN MILL

SHE KNEW AN CATH'S NATURE.

In the Superior Court in New York City In the Superior Court in New York City a girl of cleven years was asked if she knew what an eath was. Her reply, in effect, was that God would be displeased if she did not tell the truth. The girl was Lottie Goldberg. She was a witness before Chief Justice Sedgwick. She was asked: "Do you understand the nature of an eath?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.
"What is it?"

"It is a swear."

"What do you mean when you say it is

"Well, it is that I have to tell the truth.'

"If you don't tell the truth, what then?"
"That would be a sin," replied the

little one gravely.
"And what is a sin?"

"A bad mark from God, sir," she said. The venerable Chief Justice was visibly touched at this answer of the child, and remarked:

"This is a very intelligent child, and perfectly understands the obligations of an

A ROUSING BOOK FOR CANADIAN YOUTH.

FOREST, LAKE AND PRAIRIE.

TWENTY YEARS OF FRONTIER LIFE IN WESTERN CANADA—1842—1862.

Rev. John McDougall

With 27 full-page original illustrations by J. E. Laughlin.

Handsomely bound, with original design in ink and gold.

Only \$1.00.

Here, in a book of 267 pages, our veteran missionary—a veritable "here of the plains"—has given us the experiences of the first twenty years of his life, all of which has been spent on the mission fields of Ontario and the far Northwest. What atories of travel, and hunting, and fishing, and canoeing, adventures with Indians, and the wild, free life of the Western plains—we cannot half describe the thrilling pages; the loops must have the book for themselves. The illustrations are very fine and add very much to the interest.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House,

Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTRAL S. F. HUESTIS, HALLTAR.