

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

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[No. 6.

THE DANGEROUS FOUNTAIN.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

ONCE upon a time, as a man was travelling along a dusty highway, he came to a bright fountain. "Good," said he, "I'll take a drink."

"No," said a voice at his side; "it is not good, it is very bad, do not touch it!"

The speaker was a plain countryman, with a kind, honest face. "What's wrong with the fountain?" asked the traveller; it looks good enough."

"It is a deadly poison," answered the countryman. "It does not kill at once, more's the pity; but it destroys you by degrees; soul first, and then the body."

"But why do you allow such a nuisance in your country?" asked the first, incredulously. "Alas!" replied the other, "there are more people bewitched by it than those who fear it."

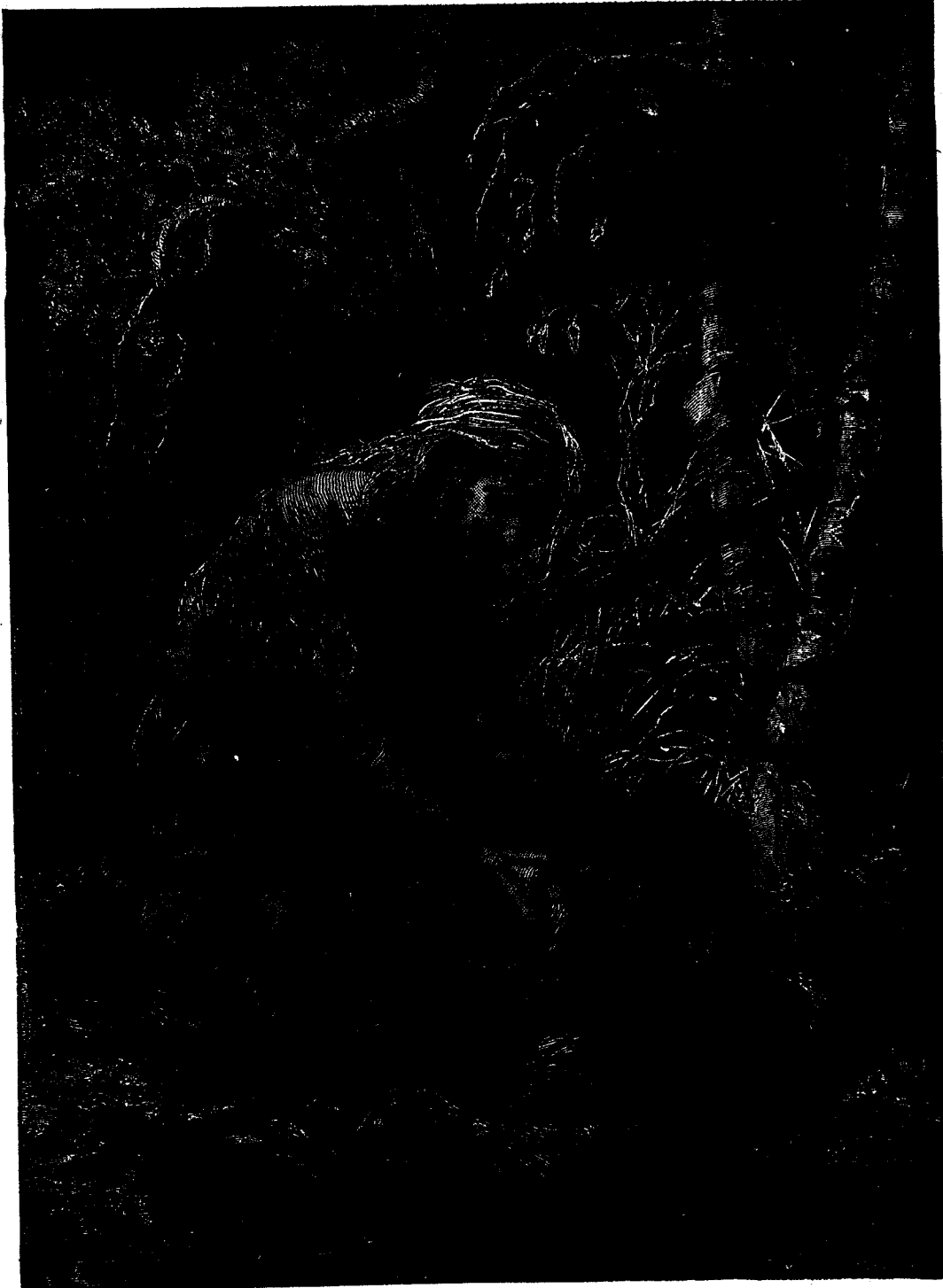
"Tut tut," said the traveller, "I don't believe your bugaboo story; I shall try for myself, since you say it does not kill at once."

"Stop!" cried the countryman, as the stranger put his lips to the fountain. "Let me give you one more warning; even the first drink, if you take enough to satisfy thirst, will change you for a time into a beast."

The traveller laughed aloud. "Now I know you are lying," he said. "Off with you," and he stooped and drank.

But, sure enough, he found himself immediately changed into a pig, and obliged to root and grunt and wallow, after the manner of that beast. The effect of his draught soon passed away, and then he felt inclined to laugh at his experience, and even made a joke of it among his friends.

Some of them laughed with him; but the wiser



THE INDIAN SCOUT AND HIS DYING HOUND.

From "Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society."

ones shook their heads and advised him not to repeat his experiment.

Nor did he think of doing so, but his work now took him past the fountain every day, and every time he passed it, he felt more and more inclined to stop.

"Pshaw!" he said to himself, "it does not hurt a man to find out occasionally how a pig feels;"

and he stopped and drank, not once, but twice, and three times, and by and by every day, each time losing his own nature for that of a pig.

And the character of the beast seemed to grow fiercer as time went on; for, while he was a pig, the man would ravage gardens and do much damage, so that his neighbours began to hate and fear him.

His friends besought him to stay away from the fountain. Alas! now he could not; a raging thirst which nothing could allay drove him to the cursed waters, to drink more and more deeply.

And, lo! instead of a pig, he was presently turned into a wild boar, a terror to all. One fatal day, while he had on the nature of the fierce beast, he turned upon his wife and children and slew them, and afterwards died at the gallows, amidst howls of execration, as a murderer!

What does my dark little story mean? It means to show you in a glass the picture of one who tampers with strong drink, his folly, his oncoming helplessness, and the wretched end threatening him, that you, dear, clean, pure young folks may turn with horror from the first drink.—*Selected.*

ALCOHOL acts injuriously upon the nerve tissues in three different ways: First, through its chemical action

upon the blood; second, by disordering the liver's functions, and causing the bile to accumulate in the circulation, and thereby poison the brain and nerves; and third, by its accelerating the heart's action, and thus sending an increased supply of blood to the brain, every increase in an organ's blood-supply being associated with a corresponding increase in the functional activity of the organ.

True Victory.

He stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den,
Here waits you a royal welcome
From lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought, in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent test baby.

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's naught to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink."

He heard the words with a shudder—
"It's only a game and a drink."
And his lips made bold to answer,
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a haunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away! in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God!

What though he was branded "coward"
In the blazoned halls of vice,
And banned by the baffled tempter,
Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth
The records of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight—
All guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field.

—New York Observer.

A HUMBLE HERO:

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY EDWARD B. HEATON.

THE prairies on the head-waters of the Hundred-and-Two's, in Southern Iowa, are very fertile, even for so fertile a State. In the year of which we write, they were mainly as Nature made them. The blue stem—the most nutritious of prairie grasses—grew thick and rank, and was still fed upon by the dun deer and mighty-antlered elk. It was late spring. The phlox—or wild sweet-william—was in full bloom over all the prairie, except where, here and there, the point of a hill was blue with the cut-leaved violet. As far as the eye could see, earth's lap was checkered with spring-time green and purple and azure.

One unaccustomed to this land, as he should cast his eye over the scene, would be led to conclude that the expanse was treeless. He would see nothing larger than the resin-weed, or, as it is frequently called, the compass-plant, because of its broad leaves being set north and south upon the stalk. But suddenly he would come to where the prairie halted, abutting against a depression not unfrequently of considerable width and depth. Through the midst of this a little stream wound its devious way, generally bordered by a fringe of forest. Sometimes, too, the bluffs, sloping from the prairie to the creek bottom, were covered with a thick growth of hazel and jack-oak. Along the rocks and among the bluffs were many a wild-cat

and many a wolf—the howlings of the latter often making night hideous with savage serenade.

The edge of the prairie next the groves was first settled. Men and women brought up in the tall timber of Ohio and Indiana were afraid of the prairies' wideness, and prophesied they would never be entirely settled. In this their forecast was not what it would have been ten years later.

These natural gardens were not likely to be left unoccupied for any great length of time. "First come, first served," was the squatter's motto. Hence it was, that some half-dozen years before our narrative, scattering cabins might be found along the prairie's verge, handy to the groves. The trails led along the divides, without reference to the cardinal points, and the cabins were generally at right angles with them. Several families, frequently related to one another, squatted together, dividing the timber and contiguous prairie between them.

At the door of one of these cabins, upon a beautiful May afternoon, sat a couple of women, one of whom was evidently a visitor. They were both engaged in knitting, and were manifestly enjoying each other's company. In the yard before them were some young broods of chickens. A couple of little maids, anywhere between nine and thirteen years of age, were busy feeding them. A huge dog lay at the door, his head upon the step, dozing in the sun.

"My Sam," said the visitor, "was over to the timber yesterday after a load of rails. Coming back he came across Roger Clayton, running down the trail, half scared to death. 'What on airth's up, Roger?' said Sam. Roger climbed up on to the rails, and said, out of breath like, 'I was treed by a mad wolf, down in the bottom, and just saved myself!'"

"'Sho!' says Sam. 'Whoever hearn tell of a mad wolf? I never did,' says he.

"Says Roger, says he, 'I don't see why a wolf won't go mad 's well 's a dog. They're the same nater.'

"'Sho, Rog! You're jest scared; that's all the matter with ye. 'Twa'n't no mad wolf.'

"'Well, they was froth hangin' outen both corners of his mouth. His eyes was red, and his upper lip was drawn away from his teeth. His tongue hung out terrible like. I don't scare at no ornery, common wolf. I've killed lots on 'em. But I had nothin' nor an ax to fend myself, so I skinned up a jack-oak, and the beast went on. You'd better keep your eyes peeled, and look out. Watch your dogs, too. He's a big un.'

"Sam wouldn't believe him. He just larked. Roger rode out on to the perrarie, and went on home. Did you ever hear the like, Givena?"

"Deed and in truth I have, Nancy. Squire was reading only t'other night about the wolves in a land called Roosha, and it said they often went mad and bit people. The preacher, too, t'other night, after meeting at our house, said there was a rumour at the settlement up the creek, that there was a mad wolf over on the middle Hundred-n-Two, and they were talking of making a big hunt for it."

"Sure enough! How do you like our new preacher, Givena?"

"He's just the man we all needed. Squire says he puts him a deal in mind of Elder Jimmy Haven, back in Indiana. Just such a voice, 'n' 'bout his size. Squire says he'll do a power o' good in the settlements."

"That's what Sam says, too. Meetin's at our house next time. I'm real glad of it, 'cause—

"'I belong to the band, hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
I belong to the band, hallelujah!'"

The dog at the step rose, and went toward the fence, wagging his tail.

"I declare," said Mrs. Givena, "if there isn't Simple Simon Ulm! He's allers singin' that hymn. I sometimes think he really do belong to the band."

Her name was Givena, Tullis, wife of Squire Tullis, and her visitor was Nancy Tullis, a cousin by marriage. Both of them were ardent members of a pioneer Methodist Church that met, from house to house, once every three weeks.

"It's my opinion Simple Simon 'll be hungry. He 'most allus is. But I allus think of Scripter: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' If Simple Simon isn't one of the least, I don't know who is."

The singer by this time had approached the women. He was a large, roughly-built man, and he carried a bundle tied together with bark. He wore an indigo-coloured suit of homespun. His broad-brimmed straw hat was also home-made, as were the clumsy shoes upon his feet. His face, which was garnished with a thin sprinkle of yellow hair, was plainly that of an imbecile, but yet with an expression of invincible good nature. He was never wont to stay long in a place, rotating between the Ulm and Tullis settlements, making himself useful by doing chores for the good housewives from whom he received hospitality. He was always welcome, and possessed the entire sympathy of both settlements. Mrs. Givena Tullis was one to whom he was partial. He seemed never to become weary of her presence, and would play with her two little girls for hours together.

After a hearty lunch, a chair was set for him, and he sat down, mopping his face with some calico, which he drew forth from a capacious pocket.

"Dreadful hot, Mis' Givena," said he.

"Powerful warm," replied Mrs. Tullis. "How is all the folks?"

"Pretty well. Old Dannel Ulm's got the rheumatiz, 'n' 's as stiff 's a poker, thank ye."

"Do say!" said Mrs. Nancy. "That's what killed my Aunt Sally, back yonder on the Wabash. Sam declared it was the milksick; but Aunt Sally said nothing ailed her, but her bone a-aching. So I allow 'twas only rheumatics."

"Say, Mis' Givena," said Simple Simon, "I have done learned a new hymn. Preacher sung it. Like to hear it?"

"If it's good, yes. Sing it."

The imbecile had naturally a fine voice. He evidently essayed his best. The first notes brought the children, who leaned against his knees. The dog, whose head rested again upon the step, opened his eyes, and lazily wagged his tail. Sang Simple Simon:—

"'I'm a pilgrim, an' I'm a stranger,
I can tarry—I can tarry but a night.'

"It's called the 'White Pilgrim,' Mis' Givena," said he.

"Go on!" said she. "It's just splendid."

"'Deed an' it is!' said Mrs. Nancy. "Sing all of it."

Thus adjured, Simple Simon sung the whole hymn, holding his little audience spell-bound to the last note.

Said Nancy: "I allow you learned that right easy, Simon. It's as good, if not better, than 'I belong to the band.'"

"It sounds better now," said her cousin; "though it may not wear like the other. We'll know in a month or two."

The dog lying at the door rose to his feet, snuffed the air, uttered a low growl, and, with hair erect, ran out to the road, followed by the girls.

"I expect it's Sam coming after me. I told him not to be late," said Mrs. Nancy.

"It may be my Andy, coming from Cousin Riley's corn-planting," said Mrs. Givena; "though he allowed it would take till night. Says I to him, when he started this mornin', 'Andy,' says I, 'we must plant our truck-patch to-morrow—change work or no change work.' So I 'low it's not him."

Nancy rose to take a look. Just at this moment the dog shot like a bolt in the cabin, and darted under the bed. At the same moment the children set up a piercing scream. The women and Simple Simon ran out into the yard in time to see a monstrous wolf spring towards the children.

The frantic mother uttered a heart-breaking cry, "It's the mad wolf! It's the mad wolf!"

Sad indeed would it have been for that household had not the love Simple Simon bore the children overcome all fear. With an astonishing quickness he bounded toward the beast, shouting at the top of his voice. The shout distracted the aim of the wolf, and gave time for Simple Simon to rush between it and the girls. Barely time—for the mad animal sprang at the imbecile, and fastened his fangs in the arm. It was now that the great strength of Simple Simon was displayed. With his free arm he seized the furious beast by the throat, until the cruel fangs relaxed. Then he held him with both hands until Mrs. Nancy beat his brains out with the axe. The mother lay in a dead faint, from which she was not recovered until the animal was killed.

The poor imbecile's arm was sorely lacerated. While the women were busy dressing it, Nancy's husband drove up to the fence. He stopped as he passed through the yard, astonished to see a dead wolf, which he carefully examined. His wife explained; and they both agreed, after another searching scrutiny of the dead beast, that it was really rabid. They looked at each other.

"Poor Simon!" said Nancy, bursting into tears. "I'll go for the Squire," said Sam, running to his team. "Squire" was the title by which Givena's husband was known in the settlement. "He knows more than all the settlement put together," said Sam. And he drove furiously away across the prairie.

By ten o'clock that night nearly the entire population of the two settlements had been to Squire Tullis', and, with awe-stricken looks, had gazed at Simple Simon. A doctor had been sent for from a great distance. Inquiries were made for a mad-stone, but none had ever heard of any in the country. The early settler had great faith in the mad-stone. All was done for the wounded man that could be, with the appliances at hand.

It was only by spells that Simple Simon seemed to realize his situation. His mind was filled with his new hymn. After the pain was assuaged, when the house was fullest of visitors, he sang it for them.

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger."

So rose the homely strain, firmly and clearly:

"I can tarry—I can tarry but a night."

There was not a dry eye in the house, and strong men wept aloud.

Simple Simon had no near relatives, although the upper settlement were nearly all distantly connected. These offered no objection to his remaining at Squire Tullis', as that was his desire. He was the subject of every attention. The wound healed rapidly; and Mrs. Tullis hoped, despite her reason, that they were all mistaken in the character of the wolf. But before the month was over, the imbecile was laid away to rest in the new graveyard overlooking a placid reach in the Hundred-

and-Two. Not long after the funeral, at which the entire country-side was present, Mrs. Givena was visiting at Nancy's, and related the final scenes.

"It was real pitiful, and our hearts bled to see his suffering. But through all his punishment ran a tangled thread of his two hymns. Between the spasms it was first—

'I belong to the band, hallelujah!'

Then he would seem to collect his thoughts, and he would break out—

'I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry—I can tarry but a night.'

When the spasm would seize him, he would rise from the bed, and Andy would take him by the arm, and they would walk rapidly back and forth across the room. That was all there was of madness in him. But he must have suffered terribly. He grew weak incredibly fast. He lived but two days and nights after the first attack. When he passed away, it was so gently that the Squire, who was watching, was not quite sure when he ceased to breathe. His last words were scraps from his hymns. There was no simple look about him as he lay in his coffin. He looked wise and happy. All agreed to that. Andy can hardly get over it. He bursts out every time his name is mentioned. Andy says every day, says he, 'Givena, if we all die as close to the pearly gates as Simple Simon did, it will be but a short step within.' That's my opinion, too."

In the pleasant cemetery overlooking that quiet prairie stream, is a marble monument. The grave to which it belongs is tended with scrupulous and affectionate care. Upon it this text is engraved: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Above the verse is the name: "Simple Simon Um, aged 37."

The stranger, puzzled by the name and epitaph, is told the artless tale, and so the story is kept as fresh to-day as when Simple Simon offered himself in sacrifice.—*Our Youth.*

DOGS IN THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

The pews were eight feet square, roomy enough almost to keep house in, though not provided with fire-places—as is sometimes the case in old parish churches in England. There were seats on the four sides of the pews, with chairs in the centre for the grandfather and grandmother, or the elderly aunt. All the family went to meeting, including the dog. Knowledge of this last custom has always been pleasant to me. Why should not the faithful dog go to church!

I remember being one day at Trinity Church, Boston, and as the vast congregation moved slowly in I saw among them a beautiful Scotch collie. He walked gravely on, thrusting his nose inquiringly into each pew, evidently searching for his master or mistress. Nobody molested him, and I trust he found the one for whom he was seeking, and heard the choir as they sung:

"O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever."

The Scotch shepherd takes his dog with him to Sunday services.

But one Sunday there was a disturbance. In the early Town Records is recorded an annual vote which decrees that hogs shall be suffered to run at large "yoked and ringed according to law." On this particular Sunday one or two of these strayed into the precincts of the meeting-house and began to root around one of the door stones, accompanying their rooting with grunts of unctuous satisfaction. The dogs heard them and could not be restrained. They leaped the high pews with their carved railings, and in a body rushed out and drove

the intruders away, afterward returning and decorously re-taking their places. How delightful, how refreshing must such an episode have been to the boys and girls! For weary times they have had sitting out the long service—not only with the eye of the tithing-man upon them, but those of three other grave and reverend seniors, chosen expressly to keep them in order, and to "have inspection over the young people on Sabbath days to prevent their profanation thereof."—*Wide Awake.*

A Sign-Board.

I WILL paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it above your door:
A truer and better sign-board
Than you ever had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint you yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller:
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Holding in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him;
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I will next paint a drunkard;
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side;
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of the coffin
Labelled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime, and want, and woe,
That are born there in your rum-shop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

"HATE EVIL"

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp look-out for the boys. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win them.

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them. Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better."

Now the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It is his duty. He cannot afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys; but be sure and use the Lord's weapons.

Jesus is Waiting.

BY ARTHUR E. HARRIS.

ARE you halting between two opinions?

'Tis danger, dear friend, to delay
Your decision for Jesus, or Satan;
Decide—just now—while you may.

Oh, trust in the Father, dear sinner,
Just come—and believe on his Son;
He may call for you any moment;
He gathers us—all—one by one.

And should your turn be now, dear sinner,
Are you ready to meet him to-night?

Have you trusted on Jesus—your Saviour?
Have you come out of darkness to light?

Unsaved one, why trifle thus longer?
The time is too precious to lose;
Accept your dear Saviour's Redemption;
You may have but one moment to choose;

Come now—and receive this dear Saviour,
Just now—he waits to receive;

Oh, will you not trust on his promise?
He'll keep thee—brother, sister, believe.

May the Spirit so strive with you, sinner,
That down at his feet you may fall,
Saying Jesus—my Saviour—I give thee,
My love—Lord, myself and my all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.O., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1889.

SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS in Sabbath-school was asked one day: "What is intercession?" A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us, now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor, and mixed with much of sin, but if they come really from the heart, he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian who had done the state great service, in which he lost a hand. His brother, for some offence, was tried and condemned, and about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced, the other came into court, and, without speaking a word, held up his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven and made dear children of that blessed household above.—*Selected.*

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

THE whole Psalm is a spiritual song about sheep and their shepherd. David no doubt had in his mind his own early experiences. Perhaps he wrote it and first sung it when a shepherd. East of Bethlehem and beyond the corn-fields of his ancestor Boaz, the country grows rough and barren, with tremendous gullies a thousand feet deep, and sometimes only a few yards wide. Now here is David with his few sheep in the wilderness; and he has made up his mind that there is better grass on the other side of one of those profound ravines or gullies, and he will take his sheep across. There are sure to be wild beasts in such places. And I think I see him casting down great stones, and making all the noise he can to frighten lions and other wild beasts away, and then carefully guiding his flock down some dangerous zigzag path, carrying some weak lamb in his arms, and getting quickly across the miry bottom through the gloom of the place, and clambering up the other side, glad to have got safely through.

And then he thinks that is the way God takes care of him. In the terrible risk of being devoured by spiritual enemies; in the death-like shade and gloom of doubt and failing faith; in death itself, his Shepherd will protect him and bring him safely through to pastures green and fair on the other side. Thank God for such a hope and confidence.

KIND WORDS.

KIND thoughts will leads to kind words. An ounce of praise is worth a pound of blame, any day. Yet in many families we hear more of the latter than we do of the former. I have seen children who could truly say, as one said to me once, when I asked him how he was brought up. "I was not brought up," he said; "I was kicked up." Not only are parents sinful in this regard, but older brothers and sisters are too often culpable as well. Many a young heart has bled because of the lack of some word of kindly encouragement. There are some of the teachers who can easily remember the longing which they had as little children, for that praise which would have cost very little, but would have gone a great way in helping them to bear the burdens of childhood. Kind words are like oil, but harsh words are like sand. The one oils the machinery of life, and makes it run smoothly; while the other causes friction, and may even bring the whole machine to a stand still. Besides this, kind words are so cheap; they cost absolutely nothing. Yet I have seen persons who seldom used them that their lips moved as reluctantly for a kindly word as a door that has not been opened for years swings on its hinges. "Say so" is a good text from which to preach to such people. If you feel kindly toward any one, say so. If they have done anything that really merits praise, say so. You say so if they are worthy of any blame, do you not? Well, then, why not do as well by them when they have deserved an encomium? There is a great difference between flattery and well merited praise. The one is harmful and disgusting; the other is very helpful. Many a son has said kind things about his mother after she was dead, which if said before she died, would have prolonged her life for years. Kind words are tonics better than any doctor can administer. Out with them, then, and, as you go, try in this way to bear the burdens of others.



STAY AND SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY.

"STAY AND SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY."

THE accompanying engraving illustrates a touching story in the early career of Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York. It is given in one of the early numbers of the magazine now published by the Century Company of New York.

In its account of "Mr. Henry Bergh and his work," the article states that one day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able to draw a rickety waggon. The poverty-stricken driver walked behind it. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said to the driver:

"You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition."

"I know that," answered the man; "but," said he, "look at the horse and the harness and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched." Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: "Look at this shrunken arm, past use; and, besides that, I have a wife and two children at home as wretched as we are here, and just as hungry. Come and see them."

So they went, both together, and saw the wife and children.

After a brief conversation, the wife, with the natural and untutored eloquence of grief and want, put the case even more touchingly to Mr. Bergh than did her husband, who stood by while she told their whole pitiful story.

"Come with me," said Mr. Bergh to the man, "I have a stable down the street. Come and let me give one good square meal to your horse, and something to yourself and family."

So they went, and Mr. Bergh placed hay and oats before "the stay of the family," and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so always finding something to do!"

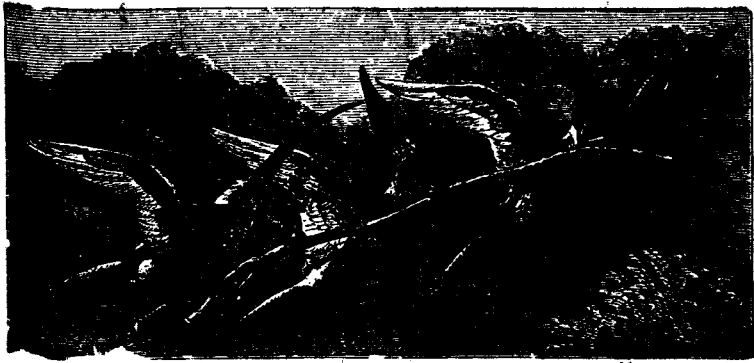
"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"O, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself ever had any idea of; more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it.

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.



THE SICK SPARROW.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ANIMALS.

A poor sparrow, being unable to fly, clung to a twig which two others bore, as shown in the cut. The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred miles homeward by eye-sight, viz., from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but, with a dash, reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun—the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are.

A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows.

A young student of Natural History conveys to the *N. H. Farmer* some of his observations in the stock-yard. He noticed that a horse in rising from a recumbent position, employed his fore legs as a fulcrum to raise his body, but that with the bovine tribe the system is reversed. It was noticed, too, that fowls, in flying from one place to another, unless frightened or hardly pressed, light upon the top of the fence or wall and take a brief survey of the new field before dropping into it. There is another characteristic of the hen family not readily explained, and that is a propensity to steal away to some blind place where an egg is to be deposited, but making a terrible cackling when leaving, thus betraying what she seemed so anxious to conceal. A dog, in seeking a place of repose, is very apt to circle around two or three times before dropping down, even though no bedding is there requiring this preparation. A bird, in seeking rest upon the limb of a tree, almost invariably drops below the point selected, and rises to it by a gentle upward curve.

Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at, and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens I saw a baboon that always got into a furious rage when its keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him, and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own

legs until the blood flowed out. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter quality affording opportunity for the hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy their game into their power. The faculty of imitation, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is a peculiarity of monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to go out of the room, jumps at the

handle of the door and grasps it with his paws, although he cannot himself turn the handle. Parrots also reproduce with wonderful fidelity the tones of voice of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the manner of their foster-mothers. Attention and memory are also present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the dreams of dogs and horses show the presence of imagination, or that a certain sort of reason is also present. Animals also profit by experience, as any man realizes who has closely observed their actions.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

REMEMBER
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
MARCH 31st.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. Some schools neglected to do this. They will please take the collection on the Review Sunday in March 31st, that they may not be reported as delinquent at the May District Meeting. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall in line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over 400 new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

LITTLE love can perform great actions; but it requires great love to present, like little children, small offerings.

TWO GREAT GATHERINGS.

THE World's International Sunday-school Convention, to be held in London, England, next July, promises to be an occasion of very great interest. The foremost Sunday-school workers of Great Britain and the United States will be present, and many from continental countries. The discussions will be masterly, the public addresses soul-stirring and inspiring, and the practical outcome, it is hoped, exceedingly profitable. Sunday-school workers in both countries may learn much from each other as to the improvement of their respective methods of instruction, school management, and the like. But most of all will the coming together of consecrated souls and the mutual kindling of warm and loving hearts bring a rich blessing on the Convention, and, let us pray, on the Sunday-school work throughout the world. What a change since Robert Raikes and John Wesley and his helpers went through the alleys of Bristol and London, gathering in the little neglected waifs of humanity for whose souls it seemed as if no man cared. Now in every land beneath the sun loving hearts are gathering the children to train them up in the love and fear of God. We trust that prayers will go up in every school in Canada and throughout the world that the Divine blessing may rest with signal power upon the International Sunday-school Convention.

It is probable that a considerable number of Canadians will wish to make the trip to the Old World under the double attraction of this notable gathering and of the great World's Exposition at Paris, during the coming summer. This promises to surpass anything of the sort ever attempted in the history of such industrial and artistic exhibitions. One remarkable feature will be a lofty tower, now approaching completion, nearly twice as high as any other structure of man on the earth, from whose summit a magnificent view of the pleasure city of Paris may be seen. Another instructive feature will be a series of groups of buildings, showing the progress of civilization from the earliest to the latest times; the art exhibit will probably surpass anything that the world has ever seen, and the many other departments will be very instructive.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow, Editor of this periodical, has, in response to a request of a number of friends, organized an excursion to Europe, which will give an opportunity of visiting both of these great international gatherings. Many advantages result from making up a party and securing passage and accommodation in advance at much more reasonable rates than can be secured by the individual tourist. Dr. Withrow has had much experience in foreign travel, and will place his experience at the service of all who may join this party, relieving them of all care and from the many perplexities of travel which beset the inexperienced tourist amid the confusion arising from unfamiliar customs and languages. His illustrated programme of travel will be sent free to any one applying for it. Dr. Withrow's address is 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto. The cost of a seven weeks' trip from Toronto to London and Paris, and back to Toronto, will be \$325. This covers all necessary expenses of first-class travel and entertainment in every respect, including twelve carriage drives to see everything best worth seeing in both London and Paris. If a person wishes, however, to forego these drives, and to economise otherwise, his expenses may be reduced about \$60 or \$65. Full information will be furnished to anyone writing to Dr. Withrow at the address above given. Special arrangements will be made for persons wishing to visit Switzerland, Italy and Austria, Germany and Belgium.

Longfellow.

At the Poet's Grave with the Children.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

BECAUSE that he loved the children,
If for nothing else, we would say
This is a grand old poet
Who is sleeping here to-day.

Awake, he loved their voices,
And wove them into his rhyme,
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time.

Kindly and warm and tender,
He nestled each childish palm
So close to his own that his touch was a prayer,
And his voice a blessed psalm.

Though he knew the tongues of nations,
And their meanings all were dear,
The prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

He has turned from the marvellous pages
Of many an alien tome—
Haply come down from Olivet,
Or out through the gates of Rome;

Set sail o'er the seas between him
And each little beckoning hand
That fluttered about in the meadows
And groves of his native land—

Fluttered and flashed on his vision,
As in the glimmering light
Of the orchard lands of his childhood,
The blossoms of pink and white,

And there have been smiles of rapture
Lighting his face as he came,
Hailing the children hailing him,
And calling them each by name.

And there have been sobs in his bosom,
As out on the shores he stepped;
And many a little welcomer
Has wondered why he wept.

*That was because, O Children—
(In fancy the words came slow
And solemn and sweet through the roses
You have heaped o'er the heart below) —*

*That was because, O Children,
Ye might not always be
The same that the Saviour's arms were wound
About in Galilee!*

So because that he loved the Children,
If for nothing else, we would say
This is a grand old poet
Who is sleeping here to-day.

PILGRIM STREET.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER V.

THE FEAST IN PILGRIM STREET.

TOM was very sparing of speech as they walked along the street, for the sovereign in his mouth made it difficult to talk; but Alice, who knew nothing about it, was disappointed at his silence, and soon left off speaking herself. Presently they reached the corner of the street leading to Tom's old home, and here he came to a dead stop. He had heard Handforth's wife screaming and crying loudly in the court, when the judge sentenced her husband to seven years' imprisonment, and he scarcely knew whether it would be safe to show himself at her house. Alice saw the doubt and hesitation which troubled him, and she spoke heartily and eagerly.

"You're to come on home with me," she said; "you and Phil; father said so. Phil and me are going to buy something for tea with the lady's sixpence. You go on, Tom, and tell the little ones we're coming. We won't be long after you."

Tom was not sorry to be alone for a little while, but he did not hurry on to Pilgrim Street. He turned up a quiet road by the cathedral, and crouching down under the palisades round the cathedral yard, he took the glittering coin out of his mouth, and rubbed it dry upon the sleeve of his jacket, while he kept a jealous and wary look out lest anybody should come within sight of it. It was very bright and beautiful. He held it deep in the hollow of his hand, and let the sun shine upon it. His fingers tingled at the touch of it. He had a vague recollection of the words Mr. Hope had spoken to him, but they awoke very faint emotions compared to the delight of feeling and handling this real piece of gold. Play at pitch-and-toss with it! He caught his breath at the very thought of such a thing, for he could not even venture to hold it lightly in his fingers, and it lay in one palm covered with the other, while he only indulged himself with frequent glimpses at it. How could he ever bring himself to change it? And yet it would have to come to that, he supposed. He almost wished he had not let Alice and Phil go away to waste the sixpence; he might have started with that, and it would have lasted over a day. But he felt a little pinch of shame at the thought; and rousing himself from his solitary pleasure, he replaced the sovereign in his mouth, and ran off towards Pilgrim Street.

When Tom opened the door, after a loud single knock at it—for he had never before been there as a friend and visitor—he found that Alice and Phil had reached home before him. Half of Phil's sixpence had bought half-a-dozen herrings, for it was a plentiful herring season, and as it was getting near the evening, Alice had been able to get them for a halfpenny apiece. The other threepence had been spent in tea—Alice saying there was plenty of bread at home.

When Tom made his appearance, Phil and the four little Pendleburys were hovering with delight round the plate of beautiful fish, longing for tea-time to arrive. Tea was not to be thought of before six o'clock, when the father would come in, and the mill be "loosed" where Kitty Pendlebury was at work; but until then there was the pleasure of looking at the silvery scales of the fish glistening in the scanty light which visited the cellar. In spite of the general joy, Tom was quite still, and sat by the handful of fire as if he were cold, though it was a warm day in August, and Alice only kindled the fire to boil the kettle and fry the herrings. Tom began to feel embarrassed with his riches, for there were many things he would have said to Alice and Phil, but for the difficulty he felt in speaking freely.

"Tom," said Alice, almost in a whisper, while the little ones were busy near the door, "Tom, aren't you glad to be set free? Father and me were so glad, we couldn't tell you." And Tom saw her wipe her eyes with her apron, as she stooped down over the fire.

"Miss Alice," he said, in a thick voice, "I don't mind telling you—you're safe, anyhow. Look here!"—and he gave her a sudden vision of the sovereign, flashing for an instant in the light of the blazing chips.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried. "How ever did you come by it? Oh, Tom!"

"It's all right," said Tom. "That gentleman, he gave it me—him who got me off. It's to begin life with, and I'm to make my fortune—mine and little Phil's. Did you ever have as much?"

"No," answered Alice; "but father had one once."

The sovereign made Alice quite as serious as Tom, and she sat in sober thought until the cathedral

clock struck six, and the children crowded round her and the fire to watch the hissing and spluttering of the fish in the frying-pan, while each one held a plate to warm by the brief heat of the chips. The tea had been made some time ago, in a tin tea-pot, which was kept warm on the hob, and the tea and the fish filled Nat Pendlebury's cellar with a pleasant fragrance.

It was, without doubt, a noble feast to celebrate Tom's escape from imprisonment, and, now that he had shared his secret with Alice, he was sufficiently at ease to take some interest in the meal. By some means or other the children knew at once when their father had turned into Pilgrim Street, and they ran to meet him, and to bring him in with a tumult of gladness.

"Bless thee, Tom!" cried Nat, stretching out both his hands to him. "Welcome out of jail a hundred times. I wish I'd only known thee was there before, and a word or two from me and Alice could get thee out. But it's done thee no harm, my lad, I'll be bound. Alice, my lass, we'll treat ourselves to a table-cloth this night. There now, I'll lay it all right and straight. Kitty's mill is loosed, and she'll be here to the minute. Now then, children, for the table-cloth and the crocks."

Nat was not still for a moment while he was speaking. He prepared the table-cloth by selecting and unfolding two large posting-bills—one blue and one red—and spread them neatly on the table, with the printed sides downward, upon which he laid all the knives and forks which the house contained, and the plates that had been warming at the fire. Before all his arrangements were completed, Kitty came, and every one was listening and looking at the last hiss of taking the last herring from the pan, which Alice accomplished with great dexterity and composure.

"Just like her poor mother!" said Nat to himself. "Why, my dears," he added, rubbing his wiry hair with sudden excitement, "which of us can remember the chapter Alice read out of the Testament last night, all about the great multitude of people whom the Lord Jesus fed with bread and fishes? Just the same as us, Joey, wasn't it? And they sat down on the grass, didn't they, Suey? Well, we can't sit on the grass, but Phil and the three smallest shall have the little bench, and Suey must come on my knee; and Tom, you bring up that old box to the table; and Alice, have mother's rocking-chair; and Kitty, sit on the stool. There! Now, we're all ready and comfortable."

They were all more than ready, devouring with their eyes the plate of fish which Alice had placed before her father. The largest was picked out to be divided between Alice and Kitty, who declared, both of them, that they could not possibly eat a whole herring at once; the next largest was allotted to Tom, because he had so narrowly escaped being sent to jail; and the third, everybody said, must be for father. After that, the very smallest was given to Phil, who had a whole one to himself, as being both a guest and the giver of the feast; and the remaining two were divided among the four little ones.

Never had finer or better flavoured herrings been caught in the Irish Sea, and they took a very long time to be eaten, especially by Alice, who was kept busy with the tin tea-pot and the brown mugs. But the feast came to an end at last, like all other feasts, and the children had their hands and faces wiped by Alice; and as soon as the tea-things had been cleared away, they took their seats again quietly, and Alice brought out of a drawer a small Bible, which Tom at once knew was the strange book he had seen before.

"Now, little ones," said Nat, looking round him.

with a beaming smile, and hugging Suey in his arms. "As it's a feast-night, and Tom hasn't been sent to jail, you shall choose the place for Alice to read. Is there anything Tom 'ud choose, particular?"

"I don't know," answered Tom; "it's all fresh to me."

"Let's have little Samuel," whispered Suey in her father's ear.

"Suey chooses little Samuel," said Nat. "Who else speaks for him?"

There was a division of opinion for two or three minutes, but at length it was decided that little Samuel was the best choice that could be made. Alice read about the Lord calling the child while he was asleep, and Phil listened with all his heart to get upon it; but Tom's thoughts were divided between the new story and the sovereign, which had been the only hindrance to his complete enjoyment of the feast. When the chapter was ended, they all melted down, and Nat prayed in a voice which was a little tremulous, as if he was going to cry.

"O Lord," he said, "please to call every one of these children, like little Samuel; and me and Tom too, and all of us. Lord, make us very thankful for the bread and fishes thou has fed us with, like the great multitude, when they sat down on the green grass. O Lord, make Tom very thankful he isn't in jail to-night. Take care of Kitty, when she's at work in the mill; and bless Alice, and all the little ones, specially Phil. Joey wants some new clogs, Lord, and so does Phil; they're both barefoot, and I'd be very thankful if thee will think about it, and send them some; only, to be sure, thou knows what is best, Lord. We pray thee to forgive us all our sins, and keep us safe all night; for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, who died to save us. Amen."

Then Nat and the children repeated "Our Father," slowly and solemnly; and Tom could hear the voice of Phil join in, whenever he could remember a word or two.

As soon as prayers were over, Alice and the four youngest children and Phil withdrew behind a partition which screened off one end of the cellar, and which was covered with posters of many colours. Those who were left—Nat, Kitty, and Tom—drew their seats nearer to the open door, for the evening was warm, and the only air that entered the cellar came from the close little street above. They were very quiet, for Kitty was half asleep, and Tom was pondering in his own mind whether he could trust Nat enough to ask his advice about the sovereign, when a shadow fell upon them from the pavement above, and, looking up, they saw Banner preparing to descend the steps to Nat's door.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

A school-girl misses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school, morning and afternoon, without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which, in a few years, she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit, once begun, grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school-girls can not walk with ease and grace.

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, and a clear complexion, must work on them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house, done with diligence and carefulness.

The City Above.

It's true there's a beautiful city,
That its streets are paved with gold;
No earthly tongue can describe it,
Its glories can never be told.

THE WAY TO THE CITY.

"Jesus saith, I am the way."—St. John xiv. 6.

Shall I show you the way to the city
Where Jesus in glory now lives!
Shall I tell of the peace of salvation
The Saviour to sinners now gives?
Shall I tell you how real are the pleasures?
How full are the wells on the road?
And with joy we may draw from these well-springs
On our way to the city of God.

In the Bible, God's book, it is written,
That Jesus saith, I am the Way,
The Truth, and the Life; and the sinner
That cometh I'll ne'er cast away.
In the Book, in the Book it is written
So plain "he that readeth may run,"
Whosoever now trusteth in Jesus
An entrance to Glory hath won.

Raise your eyes to the dear Friend of sinners,
Salvation is yours through his blood,
For "look unto me and be saved,"
Is the way to the city of God.

WONDERS OF THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

The Eiffel Tower has reached more than two-thirds of its intended height of about a thousand feet, and the day of scepticism is over. M. Eiffel has already sold the Tower to a company, and for a long time to come it will remain one of the standing sights of Paris. The French Government granted him \$300,000 for the building fund. It is difficult to convey in a written description a clear idea of the Eiffel Tower. The first thought of the spectator is that he is looking at a strange and gigantic pagoda. The entire structure is of iron, painted chocolate colour; it rests upon four feet, which spring upwards to a central platform, similar to the claws which ornament the leg of a round table. On account of its huge size at the base, the tower does not look as high as it really is, and most people will be surprised to learn that the aerial cafe upon the first platform will be as far above the ground as the towers of Notre Dame. From this point the structure tapers off like a pyramid to a second platform; but from there to the top it does not taper so much. The tower is a bewildering network of iron rods, girders, bars, and plates. It looks from a distance like a delicate piece of lattice work.

During the Exhibition the public will, for five francs, have the privilege of being hoisted to the top of the tower, and surveying the surroundings from an elevation of 1,000 feet. They will also be able to reach the top by the captive balloon; but the ascent will be made by most people in a series of lifts.

The Palais des Machines is one of the most remarkable things in the Exhibition. Londoners think a great deal of the span of the roof at St. Pancras station and of the size of Olympia. Neither will bear comparison with this vast rectangular building in which the machinery in motion will be placed. You might carry the London Monument or the Vendome Column about in it any way you choose—perpendicularly or horizontally. It is an interior which seems big enough even for a military review and sham fight. The Palace of Machinery is 1,490 feet long, 150 feet high, and has a roof of iron, glass, and wood of one magnificent span of 360 feet. Of its kind it is the biggest thing hitherto accomplished in the world. There are 6,000 tons of iron on it, and it cost \$600,000.

INDIANS AND THE BIBLE.

At the Thousand Islands meeting the first to speak was the Rev. Egerton R. Young, of Canada, for nine years a missionary amongst the Indians of the far North-land. His home was at Norway House, 400 miles north of Winnipeg, and on the lake of that name. His circuit was 350 by 550 miles, the temperature falling sometimes as low as 55° below zero. Mr. Young told the following story:

"At Norway House, on a certain occasion, a number of Indians came into my room noiselessly, after their fashion, so that the room was filled with them before I knew it. When I became aware of their presence I asked whence they were. 'From a journey of fourteen nights,' they replied; for they reckon distance by the number of nights they are delayed to sleep. 'We have got the *Keesenaychen* (the Great Book), but we don't understand it, although we can read it.' I thought they were joking, for the Indians cannot read unless some one has taught them, and I knew from their account that they must live far away from any missionary; but I asked them, 'From what missionary did you learn?' 'We never saw a missionary nor a teacher!' I took down from our shelf our Bible, printed in the beautiful syllabic character for the Cree language, and opened at Genesis; they read it with ease and correctness. I turned the pages, and they read in many places. I was amazed, and asked them again where they lived. They described it to me; it was far away north of Hudson's Bay, hundreds of miles from any missionary. Their hunting grounds, it seems, adjoin those of some Christian Indians—they cover great distances in hunting—and, continued my visitors, 'We visited your Indians and found that they had the *Keesenaychen*. We got them to read it, and then to teach it to us; and we were so pleased with it that we all learned to read it during the winter.' Every soul in a village of three hundred population had thus actually learned to read the Bible without ever having seen any white teacher; and having providentially come into possession of some copies that happened to be in the hands of the Hudson Bay Company's agent, these Indians had journeyed through the snow fourteen nights' distance that to them might be given instruction in the Book they had thus learned to love."—*Record of Christian Work.*

STANLEY'S LABOURS ON THE CONGO.

A RAILROAD has been planned to carry freight around the cataracts. Soon, trading-stations will be scattered along the five thousand miles of navigable waters of the great river. Stanley found a vast country that had no owner. The river drains a region containing more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The Congo Free State, founded by Stanley's friend, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, lies chiefly south of the great bend of the river, and contains an area of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles; its population is more than forty-two millions. The articles collected from the African trade are ivory, palm-oil, gum-copal, rubber, bees-wax, cabinet-woods, hippopotamus' teeth and hides, monkey-skins, and divers other things. These are bought with goods, such as coloured beads, brass and copper wire, cotton cloth, cutlery, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of articles known as "notions" or "trade-goods." The basis of all buying and selling in the Congo Free State is free trade: all nations that participated in the Berlin Congo Conference have right to trade and barter and establish posts within the boundaries of that territory, vast and rich, made accessible through the labours of Stanley.—*St. Nicholas.*

Words of Cheer.

TEMPERANCE workers, toil away!
The field is wide and short the day;
Plough and dig and scatter the seed,
Stooping to pluck each noxious weed.
Your tireless toil the Master sees,
And fans you with a balmy breeze;
He'll give you strength to labour on,
And cheer with gracious words, "Well done!"

Who work for God can never fail.
Angels their "harvest home" shall hail;
The precious seed they sow in tears
A golden sheaf of joy appears.

Temperance warriors, fight away
Until ye win the well-fought day.
Before you all your foes shall flee,
And leave you crowned with victory!
The cause you strive for is divine,
Truth, mercy, goodness from it shine;
It seeks, like God's abounding grace,
To raise and bless a fallen race!
Then let us earnestly contend,
And 'gainst all foes this cause defend;
Our Captain leads us through the fray,
And by his help we'll win the day.

Temperance voters firmly stand,
In one united, earnest band;
Wield your vast electoral might
To aid the cause of truth and right,
Nor care for class nor party ties,
Nor selfish ease nor specious lies—
Nor aught your courage e'er restrain,
For faith and truth the victory gain!

Workers, warriors, voters all,
Now listen to the Master's call:
"Press forward! for the prize is sure
To all who to the end endure."
Make this the year of jubilee,
Fruitful of work from sea to sea!
So shall the cause triumphant stand,
And scatter blessings through the land.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] LESSON XII. [Mar. 24

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mark 10. 46-52. Memory verses, 51, 52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.
Mark 10. 48.

OUTLINE.

1. A Beggar, v. 46.
2. A Believer, v. 47-50.
3. A Blessing, v. 51, 52.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Near Jericho.

EXPLANATIONS.—A great number of people—This was the concourse of which the little company of the twelve and the Master formed part, that was going to the Passover at Jerusalem. *The highway-side begging*—Beggars by the side of the main lines of travel are still frequent in Palestine, and as clamorous as of old. *Casting away his garment*—Laying aside his outer mantle, that he might not be at all hindered in going.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How do we find in this lesson—

1. The picture of a sinner in need of Christ?
2. The picture of a seeker after Christ?
3. The picture of the way that Christ saves men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When did the story told in our lesson happen? As Jesus went out of Jericho.
2. Who was the chief actor of the story? A beggar named Bartimeus.
3. What did he believe concerning Jesus? That he was the promised Messiah.
4. What word of his shows this belief? "Thou Son of David, have mercy," etc.
5. What blessing crowned his belief? He received his sight.
6. To what did his gratitude then lead him? He followed Jesus in the way.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Son of David.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. How does the Old Testament teach Christianity?
The Scriptures of the Old Testament were written by many holy men, who prophesied that the Christ was coming, and foretold also what he would suffer and do and teach. 1 Peter. i. 10, 11.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A.D. 64] [March 31
Eph. 5. 15-21. Memory verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit. Eph. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Wise, v. 15-17.
2. Temperate, v. 18, 19.
3. Thankful, v. 20, 21.

TIME.—64 A.D.

PLACE.—Written at Rome.

EXPLANATIONS.—Walk circumspectly—Conduct yourselves with scrupulous care as far as personal example and influence go. *Redeeming the time*—Better "buying up the opportunity," or taking advantage of every circumstance to do good. *Speaking to yourselves, etc.*—Read this verse differently: put a comma after yourselves, then change the next comma, taking it out from between "songs," and "singing," and placing it after "singing."

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we told in this lesson—

1. How to live?
2. What to avoid?
3. What to give?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Self-control.

"WET THE ROPES."

IN the city of Rome there stands a pillar which for many long years was lying almost buried in the earth. Princes had tried to raise it, but in vain. No workman could do it. In the year 1584 the pope of that time sent a builder to make one more trial. It was no easy matter to free the great pillar from the deep soil in which it was sunk, and then to drag so huge a size and weight of stone to the place where it was to stand. When this was done, Fontana, the builder, asked the pope to fix a day for raising it. The pope did so, and said he would be there with all his court, and that this would bring out all the people in the city.

"That is what I have to dread," said Fontana; "for if they shout and make a noise, it may startle some of the men in the midst of their work, and my voice will not be heard."

"Never fear," said the pope; "I will take care of that."

He wrote an edict—which means a law for the time—to make it known that any one should be put to death who dared to utter a sound while the work of raising the great pillar went on. This edict was posted up all over the city.

On the day fixed Fontana mounted the high scaffold from which he was to direct the men by means of bells and flags as signals. The whole space of a wide square was full of people; it seemed to be paved with heads, all still as death and as if spellbound. At last the signal was given, and the pillar began to rise. Cables and ropes strained and creaked. Up, slowly, rose the giant block of stone. Fontana waved his flags, the pope leaned for-

ward, the people held their breath; one moment more, and the work would be done! All at once a crack was heard. The heavy mass would not move again, and soon it began to sink, for the ropes would not bear upon it. Fontana was at a loss, with a sense of despair in his soul. But a shout was heard from amidst the crowd, "Water! water! wet the ropes!" This was soon done; the slack hempen rope shrunk back tight to its place; once more each man bent down for a last pull with a right good will. The pillar was set up for the gaze of the world then and for ages yet to come. He who spoke the word in season was a poor sailor, who had long known the use of ropes made of hemp; but in spite of his good service he was taken and brought bound before the pope, and all men stood in fear for his life, as the law had been broken. Fortunately, the pope was not then in a cruel mood, and instead of punishing the man he gave him a reward.—Selected.

HEATHEN NOTION OF AN ECLIPSE.

AN eclipse of the sun which was visible in Central Africa a while since was declared to be the work of the missionaries, because it was discovered that they had known that it was to take place. The cause of the eclipse was explained and the children credited it, but the older people were very hard to convince.

Very queer ideas have some of these people of the starry heavens above us. Some of the people in India believe that the constellation of the Pleiades is formed by seven wise men who have died and are set up in the skies. Orino is supposed to be a constellation of "bedbugs," and is called by a name which signifies this.

They have their own way of explaining an eclipse. They believe that a great dragon extends across the sky, and that he occasionally swallows the moon. In times of partial eclipse they think he has only a part of the moon in his mouth. So in seasons of eclipse the anxious people go out with drums and other noisy instruments and make a terrific noise in order to frighten the dragon and cause him to spit out the moon.

These poor people are full of just such wild notions, and very wretched they make themselves over them. Is it not pleasant to think there are those who are trying to reach them and to teach them the precious truth?

PETER THE GREAT, whether at work in the docks of London as a ship's carpenter, or on the throne of Russia, always rose before daylight. "I am," said he, "for making my life as long as I can; so sleep as little as possible."

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