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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1889.

[No. 5.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

Those who say that our winter climate in Canada is bleak and cheerless do not know what they are talking about. Ask those boys in our upper cut if there is not lots of fun in a friendly snowball match at the village school-house with some other neighbouring teamsters; or ask those boys in the lower cut, who are having a torchlight snow-shoe tramp over the mountain in Montreal, if there is anything more healthful and invigorating than the winter sports of our beloved Canada, and they would tell

you they would not exchange their winter sports for any other kind the world over. If not carried to excess, our sports are certainly both pleasurable and health-giving.

MONKEYS.

The following story will show that even monkeys can behave well when they try:

Two missionaries, Dr. Chamberlain and Mr. Scudder, were once on a tour of a certain portion of India, preaching at the small villages through which they passed. They would attract the attention of the natives by singing a hymn, and then would talk to them, generally using some simple theme from the Scriptures. One day, when they had stopped in a large village, they had collected the people about them. In the rear was a sacred grove, the branches of trees hanging down over the huts that stood in the background. The Scripture lesson had been finished, the hymn sung, and Mr.

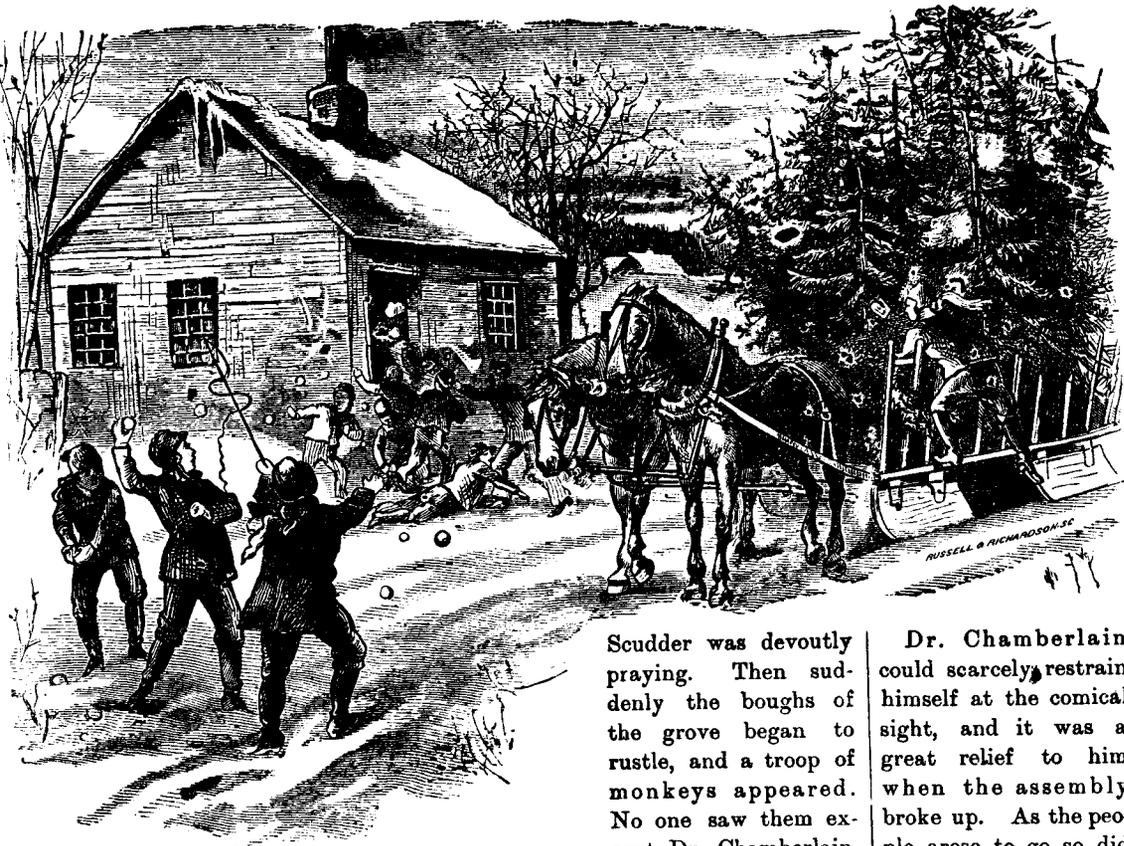
Old monkeys and young, gray whiskered and bald-headed mothers, with their baby monkeys, all descended and seated themselves in a semi-circle. They paid the strictest attention to the prayer. Should any mischievous youngster begin his monkeyshines, one of the dignified old-men monkeys would twist his ear until the little one ceased his pranks; and if one of the babies began to snivel, a few maternal pats quieted him.

Scudder was devoutly praying. Then suddenly the boughs of the grove began to rustle, and a troop of monkeys appeared. No one saw them except Dr. Chamberlain.

Dr. Chamberlain could scarcely restrain himself at the comical sight, and it was a great relief to him when the assembly broke up. As the people arose to go so did the monkeys, and they silently disappeared in the branches, evidently much impressed with the service.

Certainly, boys and girls ought to behave as well as these monkeys when attending public worship. Perhaps some of them would do better if they could see themselves in a glass while misbehaving. They would be ashamed of the ridiculous figure they cut.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts there were a great many parents who reported no children in their families; and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters and writing down their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children home from school; and the monkeys and brass band brought about two hundred little boys and girls to school, which was pretty well done for two monkeys.—*Selected.*

Soldier and Servant.

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch to the camp-fire light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.
But who is this with a wan, white face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find;
Never his wallet with gold is lined;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain:
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against the storm.
He snatches it off without a word;
One downward pass of his gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart—
"And half for me;" and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer-time:
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzling sight.
"I was the beggar," the Lord Christ said,
As he stood by the soldier's lowly bed.
"Half of thy garment thou gavest me;
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."
And Martin rose from the hallowed trust,
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

HOW SHALL WE SPEND OUR TIME?

TIME—when shall we learn its true value? Only a few learn it in youth; some, by a long and sad experience; and some, never. How true are the words of the Psalmist: "We spend our years as a tale that is told!" Life is to many like a dreamy sleep; and only when it is too late do they awake to find that its best opportunities have forever passed by.

Who can estimate the blessings of a well-spent, self-denying life—the sorrows it has soothed, and the blessed sunshine of peace it has shed on humanity? Of such persons it may be said that, though dead, their works do not die; for their influence lives long after they themselves are gone. We cherish the memory of our loved ones who have helped to make life brighter for us.

But the lives of the selfish, the reckless, or the wicked, make no pleasant picture to look back upon. The spiteful acts, the unkind looks, the cutting words, leave wounds that may never heal. And there are others whose lives are nearly a blank. While they are careful to do no evil, they also do no good; they add nothing to the joy or

comfort of others. Their lives are empty and wasted.

What lesson can we who are young learn from the lives of others? Our time will pass away as rapidly as did theirs. What use will we make of it in this our morning? Should we like to sit down at its eve to lament time ill-spent and wasted? Now is the time to settle this question. There are responsible places needing faithful service. Opportunities come to us never to return. Shall we improve them?

The only true happiness lies in doing others good. A selfish life is the most miserable under the sun. Mr. Moody says, "I would rather die than live for self, or for the sake of living, if I could not be a blessing to others." Let us remember life is short, that it comes to us but once, and that its greatest happiness lies in doing good. Let us not forget life's highest aim, to so spend our time that we shall be fit to enjoy a glorious eternity of day

THE FALL OF THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

DR. J. M. HODGE, of Niagara Falls, was the last man to cross the Suspension Bridge before it fell by the recent storm. He crossed from the American side to see a patient about ten o'clock, and returned about midnight. His story of his return is singularly thrilling. He says: The lights were out, and the worst gale I ever experienced was howling through the chasm. I had not advanced far beyond the Canadian tower before I realized from the nature of the swaying that something was wrong; but I was exceedingly anxious to reach home, and so kept on. As I neared the centre the swinging of the bridge from side to side was something terrific, and to add to the horror of the situation there was likewise a heavy motion like the rising and falling of a ship in the waves, as though the cables above were elastic. Sometimes the bridge would seem to tip up, as though one side was raised by the wind while the other side hung from the suspenders, and whenever this occurred I dropped on my hands and knees for fear that I should be thrown over. The rest of the time I clung to the railing as though it were the only straw between me and certain death, and worked my way along a few steps at a time, whenever there would come a slight lull in the gale. In several places this railing was bent inward, and I was in constant fear of reaching some break. To add to the discomfort and difficulties of the trip, great volumes of spray from the Falls, mingled with snow and sleet, were dashed at intervals into my face, blinding me and drenching my clothing. At one point a gust of wind more powerful than the rest seemed to come swelling up from the water, and getting under my overcoat, literally tore it open. Had I not been holding on to the railing with both hands I believe that garment would have been carried away. Mingled with the whistling of the wind through the wires when near the centre of the bridge, I heard a sound like the flapping of a broken cable against the railing, and I believe that it was here that the bridge first began to give way. When I finally reached the American tower, being half-an-hour after I begun the trip across, I was wet to the skin, almost blinded, and breathless. Nothing would tempt me to go through the ordeal again.

A ZEALOUS preacher, who loved smoking as well as he ought, in a heated discourse, exclaimed, aiming his rifle at some of his hearers: "Brethren, there is no *sleeping-car* on the road to glory." One of the party whom he aimed to hit, responded: "No, brother, nor *smoking-car* either."

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE Church very properly warns youth against the temptations that beset them on every side; implores them to avoid the "gilded palaces of sin;" inveighs against "street education," and says don't do this and don't do that; but the Church has not provided in the past for the development of a full-orbed man, nor, might we add, for places where youth may find a refuge from the dangers which, the Church says, assail the young.

The Young People's Christian Association of Bridge Street Church, Belleville, with an enterprise that does them infinite credit, proposed to try and provide a place where youth can at all times find a pleasant, attractive, cosy, and happy home; and on New Year's Day, this new departure in church work was inaugurated under the most auspicious circumstances.

The plan is to set apart three of the beautiful and elegantly furnished Sunday-school rooms—one for a reading-room, another for a parlour, and another for a library; these to be open every weekday from nine in the morning to ten in the evening, to every citizen of Belleville, and "the strangers within her gates," the only payments required being to pay attention to the rules—few, but wise ones—which govern. The reading-room is furnished with handsome desks and tables, manufactured by Messrs. Harris and Walton; is supplied already with over fifty of the best and most popular newspapers and periodicals; and is made further more attractive by having the walls adorned by many chaste and beautifully-framed mottoes, and is brilliantly lighted. The parlour is none the less attractive, and is supplied with a piano. And here it is proposed to have strangers received, made welcome, and entertained from evening to evening with sacred songs and instrumental music. The library will furnish reading matter which, it is needless to say, will be pure as well as winning.

Fully convinced that the success or otherwise of the scheme depended greatly upon the person who would be the executive of the association, great care and thought were taken in the selection of the permanent secretary; and it is the opinion of all who know the young lady who has been selected—Miss Clara Craig—that she is eminently fitted for the position to which she has been appointed.

At three o'clock the reception committee commenced receiving the stream of visitors who, from that hour until ten o'clock, kept pouring in—in all nearly twelve hundred persons—representing every church in the city, and every phase of our social life, visited the rooms during the day.

In addition to the rooms already mentioned, Mr. Ray's class of young men had provided an art gallery, where well-known, and in some cases obscure, works of noted painters were exhibited. This room was a great source of amusement, and was thronged until after eleven o'clock.

Another room had hundreds of stereoscopic views, etchings, and illustrated works on exhibition.

Coffee and cake were offered to each visitor during the afternoon and evening, and as both were of excellent quality, and served by charming young ladies, many partook.

We congratulate the Bridge Street Church on the successful inauguration of these rooms, and believe that this practical way of showing interest in those who have not the privileges which other enjoy, will stimulate churches in other places "to go and do likewise."—*Intelligencer.*

The Metropolitan Church, Toronto, has opened a reading-room in its parlours, and holds a free reception-evening weekly, which is attended by many strangers, with very happy results.—*Ed.*

The Drunkard's Dream.

BY REV. C. W. DENNISON.

THE Drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed in his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain,
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam!
Farewell to work and a mopy home!
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roam!"

Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died!
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched the glass with her little wand!
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the covey sick, or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad! quick, the bumper quaff!"
And he glanced around with a fiendish laugh.
The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths as of before;
But started to see, on its pictured foam,
The face of his dead little child at home;
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eyes grew dim.
But the wand struck harder than before—
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor;
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard awoke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He aroze, and that seraph was near him still;
It checked his passion, it swayed his will;
It dashed from his lips the flowing bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul!
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed
Our hero has been a man redeemed;
And this is the prayer that he prays away,
And this is the prayer let us help to pray—
That angels may come in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

SOLD HIMSELF.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

FOR several years old Dr. Fielding had procured a supply of coal from William Lenox, a farmer limited means, who depended for a livelihood ore on his little bank of "candle" coal than on e amount of wheat and corn which he raised on his hilly farm. Generally the coal was livered by the owner himself, although, when the red man was forward in his work, he sometimes ove the horses to town, and occasionally, in the ry busy season, one of the farmer's boys was isted to haul the coal over the rough road and to ing back the groceries which were received in ex-ange for the merchandise.

One pleasant morning, when the spring was well vanced, the old doctor from his office window erved a waggon heavily laden with coal stop on the scales on the opposite side of the street. ere was nothing new in that—every day waggons uring heavy weights paused there, and then drove again—but the doctor's keen glance did not fail catch a vision of a bright-faced lad who evidently got to stop down during the weighing process.

"I'll keep my eye on you, my boy," said the old

man to himself, as he watched the team cross the street and walk up the drive-way in the direction of his own coal-house. "Bless me! if that isn't my own coal! And those horses belong to William Lenox. I do wonder if the lad is his son! Surely he is not a chip off the old block."

After the coal was all under cover, the empty waggon went rattling over the stones until it stood once more upon the town scales. This time the boy leaped from his high seat and took a place at the head of the horses.

"Much danger of a runaway now!" muttered the old doctor, with a grave shake of the head. "I am sorry that your memory is so much more retentive now than it was fifteen minutes ago."

The furrows in the old man's forehead deepened, and there was a look of real pity on his honest face, as he turned away from the window. For some minutes he sat as if in a brown study, and then, rubbing his hands together gleefully, he chuckled,

"I'll fix him! He'll not want to play any more such tricks soon."

The next moment the clouds had all cleared away from the doctor's sunny brow, and he was ready to speak pleasantly to the lad, who came in for his pay. After counting out the price of the coal the doctor insisted upon the boy being seated, and then proceeded to ply him with questions concerning his parents, brothers, sisters and associates. Several times the youth attempted to break away, but his new friend seemed desirous to continue the acquaintance, and at any move of the boy toward going, he would say, "And so you are Frank Lenox, son of my *homst* friend William Lenox?" and then he would go on in a new strain about the beauties of a country life, and other kindred topics.

At last Frank arose and insisted that he must be off at once, or night would overtake him long before he could reach home.

"But you belong to me, and I do not choose to let you run away," argued his tormentor.

"What do you mean by saying that I belong to you?" asked Frank, beginning to fear that he was in the power of a madman.

"Why, I bought you with that load of coal, you see," was the reply. "I thought at the time that you were selling yourself cheap, but I paid the price you demanded; and if you cheated yourself, it is no affair of mine."

Seeing that the boy understood his meaning, the old doctor rose from his seat, and, laying one hand upon his shoulder, took the frightened lad's right hand in his own, saying,

"My dear boy, I cannot tell you how sad your conduct of this afternoon made me feel. I thought of your good, honest father and mother, and of how they would grieve over the wrong-doing of one in whose veins their own blood runs. Your weight in coal amounted to but a trifle, but the self-respect you bartered away cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. If you persist in following the path you entered to-day, nothing but ignominy and defeat is before you. The prisons are full of criminals whose first step in crime was of no more consequence than the little fraud practised by yourself half an hour ago. King David's advice to his son Solomon—'Show thyself a man'—is worthy of the attention of every young man who wishes to prosper. Never since the world began was there more need for earnest, active men than now. All departments of life are calling for men—men of heart and brain, men of nerve and self-sacrifice. If we are to have men—noble, wise and energetic men—who will show themselves men at all times and under all circumstances, we must have honest, upright, self-reliant boys from which to make them.

I have heard that you are a bright, active boy, well advanced in your studies, and I could not let this breach of trust go by without sounding a note of warning. Go home now, and never forget how near you came to selling your birthright of honesty for even less than a mess of pottage."

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

MY DEAR DR. WITHROW,—As I am to be in Ontario for some time, and I hope to meet with many of the readers of the PLEASANT HOURS, I thought it would be as well to say to them that the mission ship is undergoing repairs. She has run for four years on an average of nine thousand miles a year, so that the journals, pipes (and soon the boiler), need renewing, and a good deal of work to be done, which will cost us many hundreds of dollars. And I shall be pleased to hear from any of our young friends who are interested in fitting up the *Glad Tidings* in good shape for her work for years to come.

I had kind words from some little friends, saying, "Enclosed please find twelve dollars to aid in speeding on *Glad Tidings*. My mamma said the boat had a large hungry mouth, and would need some food in the shape of wood and coal. We pray that God will bless the mission ship." This was from Lottie, Tulce, Maggie and Francie Evans.

Another writes: "Please accept from me two dollars for your little steamer, it is a little—but it will help you, and I shall always feel that I have an interest in the Gospel ships, hoping more boys will send you help. R. M. Gunn."

I trust we shall get the good ship in shape for her work for years to come, and may God bless the dear children who have been so good in helping in the past.

NOT ONE!

TORONTO, with her population of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand—with her hundred and fifty licensed saloons, besides fifty licensed liquor-shops—with her strong force of watchful police, had not a single drunk in her police court on Tuesday, January 8th. Why? One would naturally expect an increase over the daily average of about fourteen, for the previous day was election day, there was an unusual amount of excitement, and a good number of men were off work. Yes, but our license-law prohibits the sale of liquor on election days. That was the reason. The hundred and fifty bar rooms were closed, and there were no drunks before the magistrate next day.

"Prohibition does not prohibit!" Does it not? Here is a big city. It is full of men who are accustomed to drink. It has a lot of saloon-keepers who are accustomed to sell liquor. It had all these saloons with their stocks of liquors, a standing temptation to law violation. The penalty for violation was light compared with the penalties ordinarily provided for the violation of prohibitory law. But the law worked. No doubt liquor was sold. Men broke the law. But law-breaking was so far restrained, and drunkenness was so far diminished, that none of its victims came into the custody of the police.

A thorough-going law is far easier of enforcement than a temporizing law. It is easier to carry out a law that prohibits evil and temptation to evil, than it is to carry out a law that prohibits an act, but permits, sanctions, legalizes, temptation to its violation. Prohibition is the only kind of liquor law that is really easy of enforcement, comparatively speaking. The poorer kind of Prohibition does prohibit. The better kind of Prohibition would prohibit.—*Canada Citizen*.

Cinquefoil.

BY MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

In other days, the story goes,
A carver wrought an oaken rose;
And piercing through the slender line
That held the sculptured form in place,
He saw the light, a glow divine,
Fall shining through the empty space,
And lo! the labour of an hour
Was fairer than the carven flower.

Unnoted in the shadowed aisle,
A score of oaken roses smile;
But through the cinquefoil, placed on high,
The form from which the rose was wrought,
There falls the radiance of the sky
With many a rainbow glory fraught.
It had no beauty to the view,
But for the sunlight shining through.

Oh, lesson to the doubting heart,
That faith and love are more than art!
What mimic forms we fashion forth,
With patient hands, our lives to grace,
And find them rude and little worth!
While yonder symbol's empty space,
With God's own blessing shining through,
Is more than all our hands can do.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1889.

IN THE TREASURY.

THE Lord sat in the treasury and saw what the worshippers gave; and his estimate was sometimes different from theirs. He sits in the treasury still, and "weighs the gold against the giver's thought," as of old.

The people came to the temple not only to offer sacrifices and pray and receive instruction, but also to give money for the service of God; and Jesus looked on. The rich men dropped in their gold coins or their handfuls of silver, with a flourish and a jingle. But a poor widow put in two mites; it was all she had, and she gave it all. And the Lord Jesus was better pleased with her offering than with all the gold of the rich men.

A very few years ago, in Montreal, a poor young man, far gone in consumption, lay in the hospital. He had no friends. Somebody put a few words in *The Witness*, asking assistance for him. Two days passed, and only a dollar or two came in. But a poor Scotch woman, living alone and supporting herself by her own work, saw the notice and went to the hospital to see him. She had no money to

give him; but what he needed was not so much money as care and love and tender nursing; and she took the young man home to her poor hired room and nursed him tenderly till he died.

The treasury is open still, and the widows and the poor still cast in "all that they have."—*Selected.*

THE TRUST OF CHILDHOOD.

ONE of our present recollections of childhood is that it was a time when we were confident of being taken care of. We took no thought for raiment but to wear it when it was provided. We went to sleep without anxiety; no distraction came into our dreams: we did not spend our dream hours in carrying impossible burdens up interminable hills. It was but a moment from "good-night" to "good-morning," and the new days always blossomed out in original freshness and sparkle.

The quietude of our young years was due, more than we thought of them, to the fact that we had a father and mother to go to when in trouble. They used always to help us out of our little difficulties. When the child comes in from outside the first question he is likely to ask is, "Where's mother?" He may not want her for anything particular, but he wants to know she is there. Having father and mother under the same roof makes the child sleep more quiet at night. And so among the larger difficulties that throng and swarm around us as we move along into older years, there is nothing we need so much as to feel that there is some one that stands to us in just the same relation now as father and mother used to stand to us years ago. That is the first idea of God we want to have formed in us when we are little, and the last idea we want to have of him as we move out and up into the place prepared for us in the Father's house on high. The first recorded sentence that Jesus spoke called God his Father, and his last recorded sentence on the cross called God his Father.

THE WAVE OF PROHIBITION.

GENERAL FISK, one of the Christian noblemen of Methodism, never spoke grander or more eloquent words than these in a recent address at Woodstock: "The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the demand of the people, and politicians and statesmen who fail to heed it are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Prohibition is in the air. The nation's heart is beginning to throb to its music. Its coming is whispered on every breeze. The rising tide breaks all along the shore, and each succeeding white-fringed billow washes farther up the strand.

"Tis weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build like corals, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We are beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

"Nothing can resist the onward march of a genuine reform. Every such movement enters into and becomes a part of the Messianic purpose to set judgment in the earth. Agitation on this question is the duty of the hour. Let it go on from press, platform and pulpit, in the prayer-meetings, and at the ballot-box, until every patriot who loves his country, every Christian who loves his God, every philanthropist who loves his race, every father who loves his child, every son of the Republic will, a marshalled host, uplift the Constitution as a banner of reform, and under its folds march to the ballot-boxes of the land, and under an avalanche of freemen's ballots bury beyond resurrection the American saloon."



THE BELL OF ATRI.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

A BEAUTIFUL story is told that in one of the cities of Italy the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city to ask and receive justice.

And when in course of time, the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to wander into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food, and drink, and stable.

The poet Longfellow thus tells the story of the Knight of Atri and his steed in verse:

He sold his horse, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear!
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half articulate jargon, the old song;
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or he thought he saw beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the beast."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast



THE HORSE PULLING THE BELL OF JUSTICE AT ATRI.

In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.

The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny it;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs, but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honour what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute;
He who serves well and speaks not merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door?
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not into mass; my bell doth more;
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The bell of Atri famous for all time,

—Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

THE innocence of the intention abates nothing
the mischief of the example.

REV. DR. HUNTER ON DRUNKARD-MAKING

ON Sunday evening, January 6th, the Rev. Dr. Hunter, pastor of the Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, delivered a powerful and eloquent sermon from the passage in the 119th Psalm, in which the Psalmist compares himself to a "bottle in the smoke." The treatment of one branch of the subject led him to the consideration of the liquor-traffic, and the recent proposal to establish a dipsomania hospital. On this question he delivered himself somewhat as follows:—

"I take this opportunity to say what I want to say, with all the emphasis at my command. The attention of our citizens has been called to the necessity of an inebriate hospital, for the treatment of chronic alcoholism. Such an institution appeals to the tenderest feelings of every Christian heart, and yet I confess that I stand perplexed and humiliated before the proposal. Shall we license saloons and hotels to sell that which produces a disease of the brain and nervous system, and then take the poor victims off their hands and cure them, and turn them out to be caught and ruined again by the licensed hells all around us? Look at it for a moment. We have high medical authority testifying that drunkenness is a disease of the brain and nervous system, and yet we license houses to generate and propagate this disease! Would we license houses to generate smallpox, or diphtheria, or any other form of disease? The very thought of such a thing horrifies us. But the Government of this country enacts a law to legalize the manufacture and sale of a beverage which produces a disease that destroys thousands of human beings

every year, and the citizens of Toronto say, 'Let us have a limited number of these disease-generating and death-producing houses in our midst.' I say, shame on the Government, shame on the country, shame on the citizens!

"The story books used to tell of fairies who changed beggars into princes, and hungry hovels into enchanted palaces; but strong drink is a demon that changes beauty to deformity, home to exile, and heaven to hell. And we license this demon to walk our streets and do his work of death; license him to push down homes and schools and churches, and to build gaols and prisons and lunatic asylums; license him as a butcher, whose victims are the white throats of women and the soft flesh of children. Don't tell me that my language is too strong; don't tell me that I know nothing about it; don't tell me that I do not feel anger, hate, love, pity—all battling in my soul when I talk about it. By the gulf that sunders weeds and flowers, home and exile, heaven and hell, I join the crusade, and swear eternal war against strong drink. It burlesques my manhood, and rolls its crown into the mire. It rends the sacred tie of marriage, and brings divorce from hallowed union. It drowns the hallelujah in the brawl, and mocks the prayer with oaths. It would blight the blue in my child's laughing eye, and send it through the streets naked and homeless to a death of sorrow or a life of shame. In this very city of Toronto I have heard fair lips recall the bloom of childhood, and wail beneath the cross where chastity was crucified through rum; and when she yielded up her soul to God, as she lay on a bed of straw in a dirty garret, I thought I would rather be the sleeper there than the man who sold the drink that ruined her.

"I am not preaching to a congregation of drunkards, but, perhaps, I am preaching to men who take a glass occasionally; and I plead with you, in the name of wife and children—in the name of home and country—in the name of God and heaven—swear off for ever!"

THE LAZY MAN.

It is always the laziest man who shirks most from any expenditure of time. He who is a hard worker, and who is hard worked, is readiest to take whatever time is necessary for that which he has to do—and he will find the time. This shows itself in little things as in larger. A lazy man finds a few lines quoted as from Tennyson or Whittier in an editorial he is reading. If he is unfamiliar with those lines, and would like to locate them, he is quite likely to write a letter to the editor asking him to inform by mail, or through the columns of his paper, in which of the poet's writings those lines are to be found. A busy man, on the other hand, especially if he have the scholarly instinct, will, under such circumstances, go through the entire writings of the poet named, line by line, if need be, in order to locate the quotation. And a similar difference will show itself in the lazy man and the busy one in every direction of research, or of other activity. A lazy man is too lazy to use his time, even when he wants to use it. A busy man is too busy to neglect the right use of his time for whatever that time is needed.

ANY money sent to the Rev. Thos. Crosby, care of Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Society, Toronto, will reach him safely. We hope that many of our young readers will hear Bro. Crosby, and catch his spirit of consecrated enthusiasm for the cause of God. Bro. Crosby, assisted by his noble wife, is carrying on also a grand boys' school for young Indian lads at Fort Simpson. He will be glad if any help any schools can send for it.

The Artist's Tale.

THE artist's tale perchance you know,
Who from the children long ago

That round his windows played,
Sought out a sweet Italian child,
So pure, so beautiful and mild
That his face portrayed.
This picture of the innocent,
On which his earnest eye was bent,
He hung upon his wall,
And mused full many a silent hour
On one whose sweetness had the power
A bright day to recall.

You who with love and hope have smiled
While thinking of some favourite child
Who played about your home.
May weep; how sadly time and care
Or sin and vice their lines may wear
On features innocent and fair
When evil days shall come.

The picture of the modest child
Still from the artist's canvas smiled,
Though many years had flown,
And seemed as sweet as on the day
When with the children at their play,
Rung out among the glad and gay
His voice's merry tone.
You, too, may fondly dream to-night
Of one with brow so pure, so white,
So free from every stain,
That you may truly hope that he
His early peace and purity
In manhood may retain.

In after years the artist found
In prison cell a felon bound
For crimes of deepest dye.
And deemed that in no earthly place
So hideous, so vile a face
Would ever meet his eye.
And then he traced with faithful hand
This leader of some desperate band,
Whose bloated cheeks and eyeballs wild
Might contrast with the lovely child
Whose picture graced his room.

The demon's fierce and horrid glare,
The angel's smile, serene and fair,
Hung in the light and gloom;
And as from this to that we turn
After the painter's work is done,
We soon with pain and sadness learn
The child we love, the wretch we spurn,
Are but too truly one!

PILGRIM STREET.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO IS YOUR FATHER?

THE first prisoners brought to the bar the next morning were Handforth and his accomplice, and Tom. The two first pleaded "Guilty" as before; but Tom's voice, which rang clearly and hopefully through the court, cried "Not guilty!" He had caught sight of Nat Pendlebury and Alice and little Phil, waiting near to the witness-box, and for the first few minutes his heart beat gladly at the thought of soon joining them and being free again. Nat gave his evidence in an honest, simple, and straightforward manner, which at once gained the belief of both judge and jury, and Alice confirmed his testimony with quiet and gentle composure. They had brought with them a neighbour, who had seen Tom leave Pilgrim Street in company with Nat Pendlebury, and the three witnesses satisfactorily proved his innocence of any share in the housebreaking.

The jury did not ask to leave the court, but gave their verdict to acquit Tom in a very few minutes; and the judge pronounced the words which set him free, at the same time warning him solemnly of the danger of bad companionship.

Nat and Alice listened earnestly to the judge, and then they left the court. Nat went to his daily work, while Alice and Phil waited in the grand entrance-hall for Tom to come to them.

Phil had been well washed, as Alice had said, and his fair curls shone in the bright light of the morning; for the clouds had been blown away to the west during the night, and the sunshine was streaming down upon the tessellated pavement through the coloured windows. The child's heart was full of quiet happiness, and his face—small and thin though it was, with hollow cheeks and starved mouth—looked bright with gladness, as he held fast by Alice's hand, and kept watching for Tom's appearance. A lady who was passing by glanced at him, half smiling and half sighing, and was about to stop to speak to him, but a carriage was waiting for her on the broad terrace below, and she had only time to slip a sixpence into his hand and pass on, looking back upon his surprise with a pleased but pitiful smile upon her face.

But Tom was a long time in coming. When he was removed from the bar, and told that he was at liberty to go where he pleased, he was about to hurry off to Alice and Phil, when Banner tapped him on the shoulder, and bade him follow him to speak to Mr. Hope. There could be no disobedience to a policeman's order; but Tom followed Banner with heavy and reluctant feet, as he conducted him along the beautiful corridors to a room of great grandeur. It was a large room, with arched casements and deep recesses, and at first sight it seemed as if it were empty; but Banner marched boldly forward over a carpet upon which even Tom's thick boots made no sound, until they reached the upper end, where they found Mr. Hope sitting at a table, with several books before him. He looked pleasantly at Tom, as he stood with mingled dread and boldness at the end of the table, and he told Banner to leave them alone, and wait at the door until he had had some talk with the boy. Tom felt frightened, and looked round the room uneasily.

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, heartily, "I'm right glad we have got you off this time."

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, and for once in his life the tears started to his eyes, he could not tell why. "It's you that's done it, sir. I haven't got anything to pay, sir; and I haven't got any friends, save little Phil. But if ever I'm had up again, sir, and I can pay, I'll be sure to do it. And if there's anything I can do now——"

Tom stopped, for what could he do for a gentleman like Mr. Hope—a gentleman who was sure to have many servants and friends? No; there was nothing in the world he could do for him.

"I hope you will never be had up again, Tom," said Mr. Hope, gravely. "But there is something you shall do for me, and I will tell you what it is by-and-by. Now, you must answer some questions first. Have you no father or mother?"

"As good as none," said Tom, his face flushing into deep red. "Father and mother were sent to jail when I was about as old as little Phil—that's nigh upon seven years ago now; and mother died before the first twelve months was up, and father has three years to be in jail yet. It wasn't much good getting me off this time. I'm bound to go, sooner or later."

"Nothing of the sort," answered Mr. Hope; "you are bound to be something better than a thief, Tom. Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, my boy. Did you ever steal anything?"

Tom hesitated before he spoke again, and gazed earnestly into the face of his friend; and his head sank a little, as if he were ashamed to make his confession.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I didn't want to do it and I was afraid of the police finding me out, and parting me from poor little Phil. He was only a year old when mother went to jail, and I'd the care of him, so that we could not bear being parted. Poor little lad! It's been harder work to get along anyhow than you gentlefolks can tell—specially since grandmother died, two years ago. I've tried matches, and chips, and rags, and tumbling by the 'busses; but there's been times when I was forced to steal a little for Phil and me. I wasn't ever found out; but I'm afeared I shall be some day, and be put into the jail along with father. I'd rather drown myself than have to live with father. You don't know what he's like. Do you think I should have been put along with father in the jail, sir?"

There was an expression of the deepest anxiety, mingled with a terrible dread, in the boy's manner, as he gazed earnestly into Mr. Hope's face for an answer.

"You would not have been put with your father," he said. "Was that what you were most afraid of?"

"Aye," answered Tom, with a deep sigh; "but for that, and leaving little Phil, I should like to go to jail. You've a bed there, and plenty to eat. And they teach you to read. It's not being in jail, to such a one as me, sir. I'd like to learn to read as well as Alice Pendlebury. Did you ever hear of a book all about God, and somebody called Jesus? It's a strange book."

"It is a strange book," repeated Mr. Hope, thoughtfully.

"Alice were reading out of it that night I was took up," continued Tom, all his alarm and shyness vanishing. "I never heard tell of it till then, and I can't remember much of it, only it sounded strange. And I shouldn't mind going to jail, and learning to read, save for little Phil, and for fear of being put with father. I wish father was dead."

Tom spoke earnestly and simply, as if he were giving utterance to the deepest wish of his heart; but Mr. Hope did not reply for some minutes. He leaned his head upon his hand, and seemed to be thinking within himself, until Tom grew alarmed, and looked hard at the distant door, as if he would have made a run, and have escaped through it, but for Mr. Banner on the other side.

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, looking up at last, "suppose I should tell you that, instead of that father of yours who is in jail, you had another Father, who was caring for you every minute; who is richer, and greater, and better than any king in the world, what would you say?"

"It isn't true," answered Tom, with a short laugh. "I haven't got any Father but him in jail. Everybody knows that as knows ought about me and little Phil."

"But it is true," said Mr. Hope, "that strange book tell us so. You are worse off than if you had no father, you think. But we have another Father—God, who is our Father—yours and mine, Tom. Every day he gives us food, and forgives us our sins, and keeps us, and delivers us from evil. You don't understand it yet, my boy; but God loves you, and he will make you fit to go to his own home in heaven, if you will try to love him in return."

"I don't know anything about it," said Tom. "I haven't got any one to love me, save little Phil. How do you know that God loves us?"

"It is written in that strange book that Alice read," answered Mr. Hope, earnestly. "None of us could have known it, or found it out for ourselves, but God sent his Son into the world—the Lord Jesus Christ—who became a man just like us, Tom, only he never sinned; and Jesus said,

that as many as believed on him, to them he gave the right to become the sons of God. Jesus told us also to call God our Heavenly Father. We could never have found this out for ourselves; we could never have called God our Father but for Jesus Christ. Should you have known that you could have become one of the sons of God, Tom?"

The boy glanced at his ragged clothes and his bare toes showing through the sides of his heavy boots; and he thought of the miserable hole under the steps of the cellar, which he called his home—and he shook his head with a very positive shake.

"But you may, Tom," continued Mr. Hope, laying his hand upon the lad's shoulder; "as sure as you are hearkening to me this minute, so sure the Lord Jesus is now ready to give you the right to become one of God's sons, and his own brother—for he is not ashamed to call us brothers. You have only to trust in him, just the same as you are trusting and believing in me. If you become the son of God, and the brother of the Lord Jesus Christ, there would be no more stealing or lying then, my boy, and no more fear of the police; only good, honest, hard work, with God's blessing upon it; and, by-and-by, warm clothes and good food, and a better home to live in; and at the last, when you die, a happy home for ever in heaven. Tom, should you like it?"

Tom stood silent for a minute or two, with his eyes cast down and his hands clenched, pondering over the strange things his new friend had been saying to him. He had but a vague idea of their meaning yet, but there was a bright comfort in the thought of another Father than the one who was in jail. After a while he lifted up his eyes, dim with tears, which could not altogether hide the anxiety dwelling within them.

"I hope it's true," he said. "And please, sir, I should like it very much—but I don't seem to know nothing about it."

"Now, then, this is what you shall do for me, said Mr. Hope: "Instead of you paying me any money for getting you off this time, you shall do your best to learn to read before I come again. You are a sharp lad, I know; and if you set your mind upon it, you will know how to read a little before I am in Manchester again. I've spoken to Banner, and he promises me he will find a night-school where they will teach you well. Will you do this for me, Tom?"

"Aye, will I!" said the boy.

"And little Phil as well," said Mr. Hope, smiling. "Banner will tell you when I am coming again, and I shall expect to see you quite a different fellow. How do you mean to get your living, Tom?"

"I'll try not to steal," answered Tom, earnestly; "indeed, I never took to it much, sir. I'll go out with Phil, selling chips or salt. There's many folks 'll buy from Phil when they won't from me."

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, "I'll trust you with some money to start upon. Look me right in the face, and promise me you'll not spend it in drink, or lose it at pitch-and-toss, or waste it in any way, but you'll try to make an honest living by it."

"I will, sir," said Tom, with a sob.

Mr. Hope put a golden sovereign into his hand, and Tom gazed at it in speechless amazement. Such a sum of money had never been in his possession, scarcely in his thoughts, before. He tried to mutter some thanks, but Mr. Hope told him it was time for him to go now; and he made his way, with a heavy and shambling tread, down the long room, feeling rich beyond the most extravagant dreams that could have entered into his head. He had no pocket he could trust the precious coin to, and his hand was not safe enough, but, before

opening the door, he stowed it carefully into his mouth, between his cheek and his teeth.

Banner had only time enough to lead to the entrance-hall, where Alice and Phil were waiting for him, and to dismiss them with a friendly glance. Tom trod quietly down the great staircase into the busy street, already subdued by his wealth, and the cares enkindled by it; while Alice on one side, and Phil on the other, were both telling eagerly of the good fortune that had befallen Phil, in the shape of the lady's sixpence.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE EASY PLAY.

"THIS is my sister Lulu and my brother Fred," said Bertha Watkins as she joined her playmates on the green. "I promised mamma I'd take care of them for an hour."

"All right! all right!" cried the others; "take right hold of hands with us, and have a merry-go-round."

"But we mustn't play hard, for Fred is so little and Lulu is bashful," said careful Bertha.

"She's a real mother, isn't she?" pouted Maud Perth, as she pulled away, eager to be off. "Let's give them a good race; Nick and I know how."

"Don't be rude, Maud," whispered Edna, the oldest of the group; "we must be kind to the little ones. We mustn't run so fast or pull so hard as if we were alone."

"Oh, pshaw! and spoil all our fun!"

"You forget our lesson last Sunday;" and Edna repeated, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.' You know our teacher said we must be kind and gentle with the little ones who can't do as we can. Come let's change and play house; you be mamma, and Nick be papa, and I'll be auntie, and they'll be our company."

Maud consented and they had an hour's nice play, and Bertha took her brother and sister home quite happy.

"I knew you have taken good care of them, they look so bright," said mamma.

"Yes, Edna Clark is such a nice girl, mamma. She played a little easy play just on purpose for them; wasn't she good? And she said a pretty verse she had learned about it too."—*Christian Observer*

A JAPANESE BOY AT BREAKFAST.

IT is breakfast time, and Hidesabo sits down together with father, mother and two little sisters on a thick mat spread before a low table. Do not suppose there is hot coffee, beefsteak and eggs for a meal. They have what they like much better. A good-sized bowl of cold boiled rice is set before each person and then a dipperful of steaming tea is brought in, and the rice heated by having the tea poured over it.

Hidesabo begins to eat this now palatable dish with two long straight ivory sticks, holding one between the first and second finger and the other between the second and third, carrying the food to his mouth with them. After the rice the Kuku family have another course, consisting of slices of very large and coarse pickled radishes which are considered a delicacy. These are followed by more tea, and then the meal is ended. Sometimes stewed sweet potatoes are added, but the Japanese family do not care for much variety.—*Christian Union*.

A DEAR little girl of three years was being taken to bed by her mother. On the dark staircase she she stopped, and whispered: "Take my hand, mother, and then the dark will be all light."

THE BABY'S FIRST WORD.

IN a heathen land many thousand miles from America a young Hindoo and his bride had just come to know the dear Saviour who died for the sins of the world. Their hearts were full of love, and they could talk of nothing but their new-found friend. They had one child, a babe just old enough to begin to talk, and in the earnestness of their love to the Redeemer they desired that the first word this little one should utter should be his name—Jesus Christ.

"Not 'father' or 'mother,'" they said, "but 'Jesus.' It is the dearest name on earth. May it be the first word our baby shall speak!"

In a dark heathen country, O far, far away,
Where the servants of Jesus for the love of him stay
To tell the poor people God's wonderful love,
And point them the pathway to heaven above.

A youth and the wife he had chosen had heard
And received in their hearts the life-giving word,
They went on their way their neighbours to tell,
Of him who had died to redeem them from hell.

They could think, they could talk of nothing beside,
But the great love of Jesus, who for them had died;
The story so wondrous, so new, and so sweet,
From morning till evening they fain would repeat.

A bright, welcome gift with their new life had come,
A fair little flower had bloomed in their home—
A babe to be cherished and nurtured with care;
For God, not for idols, their child they would rear.

The treasure unfolded in beauty each day;
With cooings and lisps the tiny lips play;
Shall "papa" and "mamma" the little tongue frame?
"No, no! It shall speak first the heavenly name—"

"'Jesus,' dear 'Jesus,' the best name on earth,
The name from us hidden until our new birth;
He came to redeem us, he on us has smiled:
His name shall be first on the lips of our child."

A GOOD WISH GRATIFIED.

FIVE little girls were spending a pleasant evening together, and fell to discussion what they would most like to have.

"I wish I lived in a beautiful palace, with nothing to do but act as I pleased," said little Susie Blake.

"Oh! I wish I was very, very pretty, so that people would look at me and say, 'She's the prettiest girl I ever saw!'" exclaimed Ella Dudley.

"And I do wish more than anything else that I had lots and lots of money," said Dora Kyle.

"I would like to be very smart and write beautiful story books," said Margie Wilkins.

"Your turn now, Katie, what do you wish for?" asked Margie, seeing that Katie hesitated.

"I wished to be good—so good," she said slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly, and miss me when I am absent from them," timidly said little Katie Otis.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not be half so pleasant if you had not come," said Margie, drawing Katie's hand in her own.

"And we each wished we were like you, because everybody loves you so," said Susie.

Katie actually cried for joy to think her wish had so soon been granted.

"Oh! girls, let's make a good wish next time, and maybe it will be gratified," said Dora; to which they all agreed.

Now, it is in the power of every child to be good—so good that they will be missed and wished for when absent. Don't you think it much wiser to desire what is possible than to make life disagreeable by wishing for what is impossible?—*Selected*.

The Empty Nest.

BY MARY A. BARR.

A GRAVE old man and a maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes up in the clear cool air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And, oh, how sweet was the fresh-turned
mould!

And, oh, how fair were the budding trees!
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold
Where full of the happy honey-bees.

"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she said,
"And I wonder where sing the last year's
birds?"

Then the old man quickly raised his head,
Though scarcely he noted her musing
words:

He tore the nest from the swaying tree;
He flung to the winds its moss and hay,
And said, "When an empty nest you see,
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing
face—

"Why may not the pretty home abide?"
"Because," he answered, "'twill be a place
In which the worm and the slug will hide.
Last year 'twas fair enough in its way—

It was full of love, and merry with song;
But days that are gone must not spoil to-day,
Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong."

The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—
Her first false love had gone away—
And she thought, is my heart become a
place

For anger and grief and hate to stay?
Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!
Fling far thy selfish and idle pain;
The love that is ours is always the best;
And she went with a smile to her work
again.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.**A.D. 29.] **LESSON X.** [March 10**THE CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT.**

Mark. 9. 33-42. Memory verses 36, 37

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom
of God as a little child, he shall not enter
therein. Mark 10. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. True Greatness. v. 33-37.
2. True Loyalty, v. 38-40.
3. True Service, v. 41, 42.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In the house*—Probably his own home as heretofore explained. *Disputed among yourselves*—Discussed or argued as they journeyed homeward. *The greatest*—That is, prime minister in the new kingdom—they discussed this again the night before the crucifixion. *Take a child*—Greek, "A little boy." *Casting out devils in thy name*—He must have been a true believer, and John's conscience smote him now, for they had done exactly opposite to what Christ taught in ver. 37.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here to learn—

1. To seek to do good rather than to be great?
2. To take an interest in children?
3. To help all who are working for Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the question which made the disciples ashamed? Who of them should be greatest. 2. What did Jesus teach concerning this question? That humble service was true nobility. 3. How little a service did he say would be accepted? Giving a cup of cold water. 4. Who did he say would be received as having paid true service? One who receives a little child. 5. Who did he teach would be rejected? "Whosoever shall not receive," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Humility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What blessing does he pronounce on believers?

To Peter he gave it thus:

Matthew xvi. 17. And Jesus answered and said unto him. Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jonah: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven.

A.D. 30] **LESSON XI.** [Mar. 17**CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.**

Mark 10. 13-22; Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark 10. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Young Children, v. 13-16.
2. The Young Man, v. 17-22.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—In Perea.

EXPLANATIONS.—*That he should touch them*—That is, that he might lay his hands on them to bless. *Of such is the kingdom*—That is, of those of such spirit and innocence. Some think that here is a promise that children are saved. *Inherit eternal life*—Or have eternal life; the idea of eternal life seems to have been a slow growth in the mind of the Jew. *Sell whatsoever thou hast*—The command was to test his willingness. It was the spirit Jesus wanted, and not the actual sale. *Take up the cross*—There was as yet no cross of Christ, so this must mean the willingness to be considered as humble and abject as one who bears a cross, if thereby you can help a mortal.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find in this lesson—

1. Whom Jesus loves?
2. How we may enter his kingdom?
3. What he requires of his followers?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why were young children brought to Jesus? That he might bless them. 2. What did Jesus say about children being brought to him? "Suffer the little children," etc. 3. Who next came into his presence? A rich young ruler. 4. What test did Jesus prescribe for him? Absolute surrender to his will? 5. What did his sad departure prove concerning the human heart? "Except a man be born," etc. John 3. 3.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Regeneration.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

13. How does our Lord teach us his religion?
By his word and by his Spirit.
14. What is his word?
The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which are the sacred books of the Christian faith.

HE WENT BACK.

HE was a little fellow not over twelve years old, and he was sitting behind a box over at the Omaha depot the other morning, softly crying and looking very dirty and forlorn.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"Hain't nothin' the matter," he said defiantly, sitting up straight, hastily brushing back his jacket a little so as to display the handle of an old revolver in his pocket. Then he looked off across the river at the strange buildings, and lost his bravery, and buried his head again and sobbed through his tears:

"Oh, mister, I've been runnin' away, an' I want to go home."

"What made you run away?"

"I thought it would be nice, but it hain't, no it hain't," and he rested his face in his hands and looked the picture of woe. "Dick Dagger had a heap of fun, but I hain't had a bit."

"Who was Dick Dagger?"

"Didn't you ever hear of him? He was the boy scout of the Rockies, an' I wanted to be like him. There

hain't no Indians what'll hurt a fellow 'round here, is there?"

"No."

"I wouldn't shoot 'em if there was. Dick shot 'em, but I don't want to. I want to get back home, but mebbey I never will again," and once more his tears flowed.

"Where did you live?"

"Oh, I lived down at Marion, in Illinois, and it just about killed me riding on that old freight-car, an' I hurt my knee, an' I'm cold and hain't had no supper, neither. I wish I'd never heard of Dick—I don't see how he got along so well—and if I ever get home again and see my—my—my—ma—" but the thought of his mother was too much for him.

"I don't want to hunt Indians or bears or nothin', nor rescue no maidens, an' I'm tired of that old thing!" and he pulled a rusty revolver out of his pocket that hadn't been fired for ten years, and threw it across the track. "Please, mister, get me something to eat, an' I'll work all day for you," and he looked up pitifully, and straightened his little cap on his curly head.

We took him along, and he ate three or four meals in one, but even after that he didn't say a word about exterminating the Indians. The next day a grave-looking father arrived looking for a very home-sick boy, and they went back together. So the Government lost another scout, but an anxious mother got back a boy who will never run away again.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

A BOY who had been brought to the Lord Jesus at a mission Sunday-school was anxious that his father should know his Saviour too. His father was a wicked man, who kept a drinking saloon, and thus not only got drunk himself, but caused others to do so. The lad asked his Sunday-school teacher what he should do, for his father made him wait on the customers, handing out the poison to them; and if he had not better leave home.

His teacher told him not to leave home, but to begin at once to pray for his father, and she would also pray for him, and for his father too; and they both commenced to pray for that father.

In a few weeks he left off drinking, and soon also left off selling, and went to work to earn an honest living. "For," said he, with tears running down his face, "something has been the matter with my dear boy for some time; and the other day I heard a noise in the room where he sleeps; it was a mournful noise, and I listened; and he was praying for me! He prayed that I would leave off selling—for I had given up drinking some little time before. I felt I was doing wrong, and I have quit it all; and the next time you have a meeting I am coming with the boy.

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