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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

No. 3.

## CHILDREN.

"GOD bless the little children,  
We meet them everywhere;  
We hear their voices round the  
hearth;  
Their footsteps on the stair;  
Their kindly hearts are swelling  
o'er  
With mirthfulness and glee;  
God bless the little children,  
Wherever they may be."  
*Anonymous.*

Oh, the ripple of childish laughter,  
And the touch of the velvety  
hand!  
The charm of the little features,  
And the wee feet to patter the  
sand.

These chasten the beautiful sun-  
shine  
That floods all the house with  
its light!  
And the vanished shadows before  
Are recalled but as dreams of  
the night.

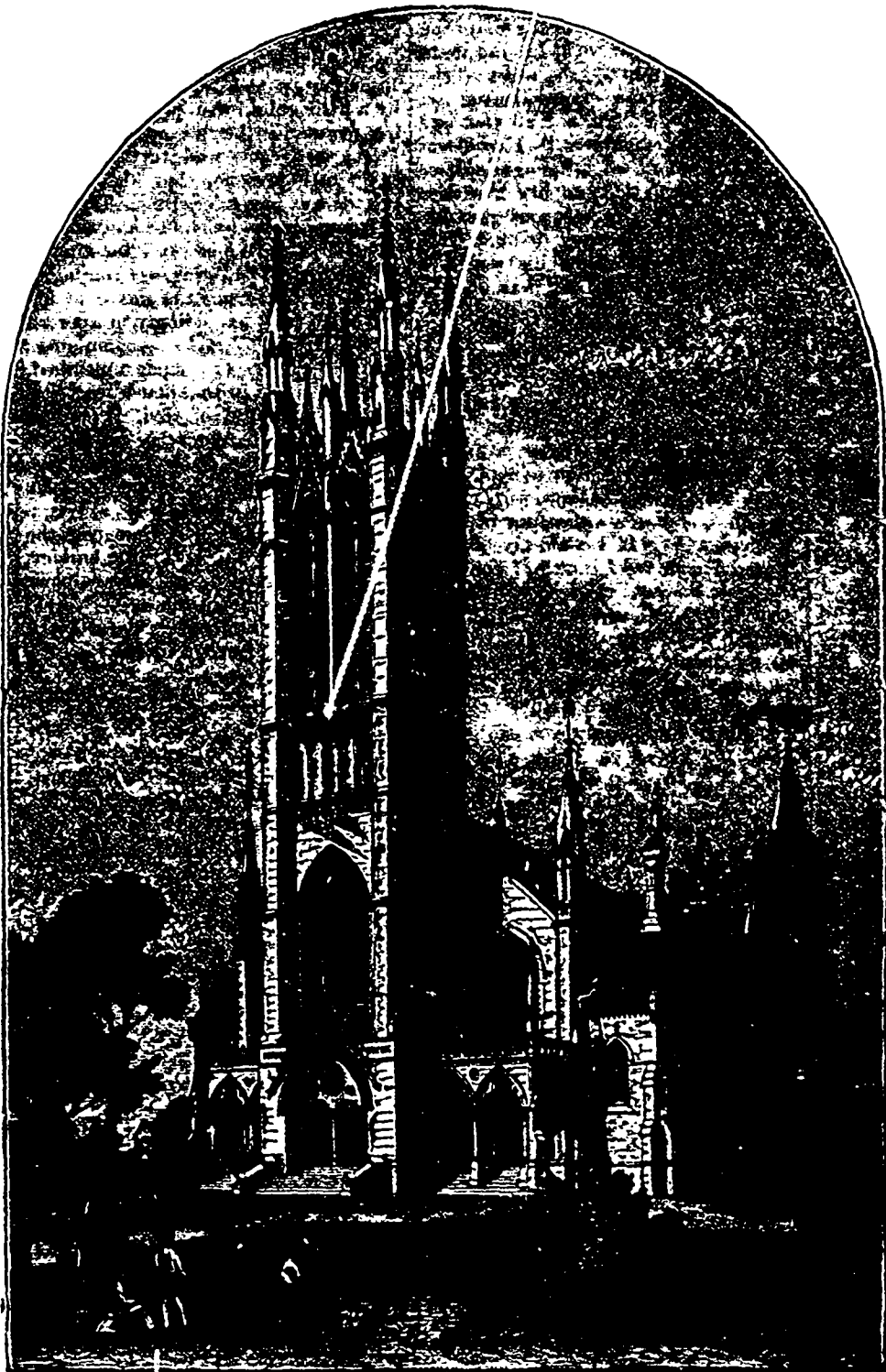
## METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

BY THE RECTOR.

MOST of our young  
readers have  
heard of this  
famous church,  
and many of them  
have seen it. We  
have pleasure in  
giving, for the  
benefit of both classes an en-  
graving of it, and competent  
judges, who have travelled  
around the Globe, say that it  
is the handsomest Methodist  
church in the world. None of  
the great cathedrals or churches  
which we have seen abroad are  
so grandly situated as it is, in  
a noble square of two acres, in  
which it is the only building.  
Broad greenswards, paths, &c.,  
flowers, and shrubbery, present  
a scene of beauty as we ap-  
proach.

We think the church looks  
most beautiful of all on a bright  
moonlight Sunday night, when  
the light shines through the  
stained glass windows, and the  
rolling of the organ and sing-  
ing of the vast congregation  
are heard on the street, and  
the walls and towers seem in the bright  
moonlight transfigured to marble or  
alabaster.

This beautiful church may be con-  
sidered to a great extent a monument



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

to the energy and zeal and good taste  
of the late Rev. Dr. Punahon. It was  
he, we believe, who suggested its erec-  
tion, and actively promoted its progress,  
and gave his counsel as to its design.

One of its windows is a memorial to  
his beloved wife, who died in Canada,  
and another is to be made a memorial  
of himself. It is a wonderful sight to  
see it crowded full of people, as it often

is, and when they rise to sing  
some of our grand old hymns  
the effect is sublime. It is a  
favourite place of meeting for  
the Bible and Tract Societies,  
and the like; and many famous  
preachers—Bishop Peck, Dr.  
Peck, Dr. Vincent, Dr. Pun-  
ahon, Dr. Douglas, Dr. Nelles,  
Rev. J. H. Robinson, and  
others have preached within  
its walls. The Rev. George  
Cochran, Dr. Potts, and Rev.  
Wm. Briggs, have been its  
pastors. But its most solemn  
associations are those of the  
memorial services held here  
on the death of Dr. Green,  
Dr. Punahon, Dr. Taylor, and  
others who have passed away.  
Here the first General Confer-  
ence was held, and here the  
late Anniversary and Break-  
fast Meeting of the Missionary  
Society took place. It will hold  
when crowded nearly 3,000  
persons. Its hundred and fifty  
lights, or more, can all be lit  
in a moment by a spark of  
electricity. It cost, with the  
ground, about \$150,000. Yet  
the Gospel in its simplicity  
and purity is preached here as  
plainly as in the humblest  
country school-house. In the  
rear of the church is a beautiful  
school room, and here is a very  
successful Sunday school, un-  
der the superintendence of  
Alderman Bonstead, one of  
the most energetic of Sunday-  
school workers. The porches  
shown at the corners were  
part of the architect's original  
design, but they have been  
omitted in the construction.

Mr. Moody tells the following  
story: "In one of our Western  
States, a good many years ago,  
a little girl heard who could do  
something for her Saviour; and  
her teacher told her she could  
bring her father to the Sunday-  
school. At first, she could not  
get him to come; but at length  
she brought him to the door of  
the little log house, where the  
Sunday-school was kept. He  
had never been at a Sunday-  
school a day in his life. He  
was a great drunkard and blas-  
phemer. But that little girl  
succeeded in getting her father to that  
school; and what is the result to-day?  
He has succeeded in planting eleven  
hundred and eighty Sunday-schools  
throughout the Western States."

## SAVE THE BOYS.

"It's too late for me," said a poor old drunkard when urged to reform. "It's too late for me, but, oh! for God's sake save the boys!"

"'Tis too late for me," was the poor drunkard's cry;

"I've fallen too low for forgiveness or peace,

For the Demon of Drink holds my soul o'er the brink,

And never can I gain reprieve or release. I've a ruined frame and a crime-blackened name,

A sunless old age and a desolate even. In exchange for my life, my home, and my wife,

My childhood's deep trust and my soul's hope of heaven

If some one had only warned me to beware Of the first fatal glass that tempts and destroys,

I'd have taken a vow. It's too late for me now—

Too late, but, oh! for God's sake save the boys!"

'Tis a grand, God-like mission to rescue the souls

That are wandering in mazes of darkness and sin,

To lead them up higher, with courage inspired

Each faint-hearted, struggling one victory to win.

But by far 'tis a higher, a holier work To protect the dear children while yet they are pure—

To bid them beware of the Drink Demon's snare,

Whose glittering meshes their young feet allure.

O mothers and fathers! keep vigilant guard;

The black wolf's abroad, cruel, treacherous, and bold,

And its fangs may devour in one careless hour

Some innocent lamb of your precious home-fold.

## WHAT SHE COULD.

A washerwoman had finished her day's work, and I had given her her money, and seen her tie it up in the corner of her coarse cotton handkerchief, and still she lingered. She rolled and unrolled the little bundle containing her apron, and looked with a dissatisfied air at the paper I had given her to wrap it in. I wondered what could be the matter.

"That was a wonderful good paper you gave me last week," said she, at length. "My father used to take that paper when I was a girl and lived to home. I can't never get out to meetin' in the forenoon, what with the dinner and the baby, and my man ain't no one to go. But he read the paper out loud to me all the forenoon last Sunday, and though I couldn't hear it quite all, being so lousy, I heard enough to know it was wonderful improvin'; 'most as good as a sermon.

"I prayed in my heart that the Lord would make it a means of good to Sam, and I am sure if it only just kept him to home, 't would be worth while. If 't isn't askin' too much, could you give me another.

We had all finished reading the last religious weekly, and as I had that very morning had occasion to use some papers in packing away furs and woolens to keep from moths, I rather thoughtlessly appropriated that. A twinge of conscience was felt at the time, for I generally try to put good newspapers in the way of somebody's reading after I have done with them.

It was some trouble to get it for Mrs. O'Hare, but I went up to the attic, opened the great cedar-chest, and substituting a daily for it, brought it down to the poor woman.

"I'm afraid I've made you a heap of trouble," she said, looking disturbed and uncomfortable as she took it. "I wouldn't have asked, but I thought like enough you'd just as soon I had that as the other, if you knew I wanted it."

"To be sure I had!" said I. "You shall have it every week in future."

She smiled as she wrapped it around her apron, and said in a meek way:

"I aint able, you know, to take it myself, with all I have on my shoulders beside, or I would and not trouble nobody."

She went away satisfied, and I took care afterwards to save my paper for her every week. Often in the intervals of her work we talked over some of the subjects of interest we had found there for, though illiterate, she was a Christian, and a woman of excellent sense.

Well enough I know "all that she had upon her shoulders." Her eldest daughter was an idiot, horaged mother a partial paralytic, and her husband, though trained by religious parents, was addicted to strong drink. The money that went out of his wages to indulge his appetite, she was obliged to make up by washing. To do this and care for the feeble and little ones in her home, she toiled early and late.

One day I spoke to her of the work of the missionaries in Africa, and the great opportunities for doing good which that new field offers.

"It just harrers me up to read about the missionaries, and how the fields is all white, and so few a reapin' of 'em," she replied. "If I could give even a little, but you see I can't. I don't see how Sam can read it so cool. I 'most wish he'd skip it, sometimes. If I only had money, do you suppose I'd tighten up my purse strings, and turn away my face? I'd jest rejoice to send them a good round sum."

"There is something you can give," I said. "Never you wish that Sam would skip any, but when you are longing to give, lift up your heart to the Lord, and ask him to bless the missionaries, and help on their work. If you give a prayer, it may do more good than some people's money. I would put in a penny if I did no more whenever I got the chance. One leaf of the Bible, with the Holy Spirit's blessing on it, might lead a soul to God, and that soul might lead others, and a penny will pay for more than one leaf."

"So it will; cheap as books are now-a-days!" said she, with a happy smile. "I'm glad I had this little talk with you, I have my health and earn my own money, and I know I can spare one cent now and then."

She went away smiling and grateful. One day, weeks afterward, I had occasion to go to her house.

"I want you to look in here a minute," she said, motioning me away from the family into the bit of a bedroom where she slept. When we were alone, she drew out from a hidden corner a small bag made of striped ticking.

"That's my missionary bag," said she. "I've saved five cents out of every washing, and put it in there. So little we never missed it, but you see it counts up to quite a sum. Thirty-five cents! I shouldn't have thought I could give that much, but here it is and nobody the worse off. Thank the Lord

that I've got it to give. I want you to take it to the meetin' for I can't go to-morrow, and I hear there is to be a collection."

I took the money, and as I dropped in those five-cent pieces into the collection next day, I wondered if any like sum was given at anything like the same cost.—Joy Allison, in the Watchman.

"BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

ABOUT forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia.

Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbed into his lap, snatched away the paper, exclaiming: "No, no, papa! Bible first—Bible first, papa!" That lesson taught by a little child, was probably a turning point in the life of that man.

Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ.

"Bible first, papa," was over ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in business. Wealth accumulated; business increased; friends multiplied.

But uppermost in that man's heart was the precious word of God. He read and studied it. As teacher and Superintendent in the Sabbath-School, he taught it. He did more than this—he practised its precepts.

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive engine builder, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Would not the child's cry, "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for every Sunday-School teacher in the land?—S.S. Times.

GOVERNING A BOY.

GET hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on.

But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea in spite of adverse winds or current.

That sensitive and soft spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride.

And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little service of trust for you; love him; love him practically. Any way rule him through his heart.

RUB OR RUST.

RUBBER, why lie down to die? Better rub than rust, Hark! the lark sings in the sky— Die when die thou must! Day is waking, leaves are shaking. Better rub than rust.

In the grave there's sleep enough— Better rub than rust. Death, perhaps, is hunger proof, Die when die thou must; Men are mowing, breezes blowing, Better rub than rust.

He who will not work shall want; Naught for naught is just— Won't do, must do, when he can't, Better rub than rust. Bees are flying, sloth is dying. Better rub than rust.

GUNPOWDER AND GOSPEL.

IT is estimated that the United States, in fourteen years, from 1865 to 1879, expended \$22,680,000 in fighting a few poor Indian savages; in nearly or quite every instance the wars being caused by the rascality of United States officials, the violation of solemn treaties made by the United States government, and the evil conduct of the whites who came in contact with the Indian tribes. These influences, combined with white men's whiskey, roused all the devilishness in the Indian nature, and brought upon the helpless and unfortunate frontiers men all the horrors and savagery of Indian wars. This system of oppression and treachery, with its consequent indiscriminate slaughter and revenge, has gone on for more than half a century, and untold millions have been expended in the prosecution of Indian wars.

In 1870, two millions of dollars were appropriated for the civilization of the Indians, and for ten years this fund has been drawn upon to assist in civilizing the Indian tribes and teaching them the way of peace. Many of them have thus become peaceable and industrious citizens, and not a few of them have learned the way of salvation as revealed in the Gospel.

Statistics show that it probably costs more to kill an Indian on the frontier, than it would to civilize him, clothe him, educate him, and board him all his days in a first-class hotel in New York. So much for the gunpowder policy.

There is just one thing that will make men righteous, peaceable, and decent, whether they be white, black, red, or yellow, and that one thing is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the cheapest remedy that was ever applied to heal the woes and sorrows of humanity. Without the gospel, a white man will become a savage, as were our ancestors in ages gone by; and with the Gospel the wildest lion of the forest becomes like a lamb, and can be led by a little child.

The blind spirit of fierce revenge, which is based upon an innate though perverted sense of right and wrong, when enlightened, cultured, and brought under the sway of divine grace, becomes a foundation among the great principles of truth and righteousness, without which society itself could not well exist. The Gospel is the best remedy for wars and fightings among you, which are conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—The Armory.

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SONG OF THE "EARNEST WORKERS" MISSION BAND.

BY REV. A. S. GARDINER.

TUNE—"John Brown."  
I.

WE'RE a Band of Mission Workers  
in the service of our King,  
Our hearts, our hands, our voices, our pen-  
nies, too, we bring;  
And we'll make the earth beneath us and  
the heaven above us ring,  
While we go marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
While we go marching on.

II.

We hear the tramp of millions, like the  
rising tempest's roar,  
Like the sound of many waters as they  
break upon the shore;  
They come from distant nations, and are  
coming more and more,  
While we go marching on.

Glory, etc.

III.

"Our native land for Jesus!" This is our  
battle cry.  
"Our native land for Jesus!" All children  
shall reply;  
And we'll help the Gospel heralds in regions  
far and nigh,  
As they go marching on.

Glory, etc.

IV.

Yes, "ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS!" For  
all the world He died,  
And He loves the heathen children, and  
we'll bring them to His side;  
So He'll lay his hands upon them, and in  
columns deep and wide  
We'll ALL go marching on.

Glory, etc.

WHISKEY!

THE CURSE OF THE OLD COUNTRY  
AND THE NEW.

BY E. M. MORPHY, ESQ., TORONTO.

WHISKEY—MY FIRST TASTE OF IT.



IN my early days  
in the Emerald  
Isle teetotalers  
were few and far  
between; whiskey  
was the luxury  
of the rich and  
poor, and giving  
it, or treating, the acme of hospitality.  
When the babe gave its first cry, the  
nurse appeased it with a little whiskey  
and sugar in a teaspoon. I believe  
the first thing I tasted in this world of  
joy and sorrow, was whiskey. I have  
no doubt there was a big spree at my  
birth and another at my baptism, and  
that every pain and ache I was sup-  
posed to have had until I could an-  
swer for myself, was attempted to be  
cured by whiskey. The tailor who  
made my first suit of clothes drank the  
beverage and said, "Well to wear, my  
boy," and I was taught to drink his  
health with about three thimblefuls  
of whiskey in a wineglass.

At festivals, harvesting, markets  
and hunts, meeting of old friends; at  
births, baptisms, weddings and funerals;  
in sickness and in health, in joy and  
grief, in journeyings and in perils, in  
sunshine and in shade, whiskey was  
freely used and looked upon by old  
and young of all classes, and both  
sexes, as a panacea for all the joys and  
sorrows of life from the cradle to the  
grave. When warm we took it to cool  
us; when cool we took it to warm us;  
when it sickened us we took it to cure  
us; when low-spirited we took it to

cheer us. We took it to form friend-  
ships, and where it made us enemies  
we took it to make up friends. Those  
who were afraid of injuring their busi-  
ness or reputation by excessive drink-  
ing, saved themselves by swearing  
against drinking more than a certain  
quantity during each day of twenty-  
four hours, for longer or shorter periods  
—the limit as to time and quantity be-  
ing regulated more in reference to  
pecuniary loss than moral principle;  
thus few who took such oaths would  
not have done so had they had  
plenty of money to carry on the swip-  
ing. Various were the provisos put  
in such affidavits as "barring christen-  
ings, weddings, funerals, when ordered  
by the doctor," &c, and various were  
the devices resorted to to get the  
liquor and keep clear of the oath.  
The doctor was often resorted to, and  
funerals, christenings, and weddings,  
religiously attended, and *big horns*  
taken. Sympathizing friends drow-  
ned their grief at the wake and funeral of  
their old friends and relatives with  
whiskey.

A story is told of old Tim Gleeson,  
who put a clause in his will that £5  
was to be spent at his funeral, as he  
wanted to have a "dacent" one. "Is it  
to be spent going or coming home?" en-  
quired one of the executors. "Going,  
av coorse," said Tim, "as I want to be  
there myself."

WHISKEY—ITS EVIL EFFECTS,

Many a bargain was struck when the  
intellect was bewildered with whiskey,  
to be repudiated on sober reflection.  
Many an agent and trustee while soft-  
ened with whiskey disposed of the prop-  
erty of his principal below its value.  
By it many a law suit was instituted  
and compromised; many a marriage  
entered upon which was followed by a  
divorce or separation; many a petti-  
fogger and pawnbroker enriched; many  
a row raised; many a vagabond made;  
many a man got free lodgings and a  
free passage to Botany Bay, and others  
were hurried out of existence as a terror  
to evil-doers.

I have on a list the names of over  
forty young men with whom I was ac-  
quainted. They were once the hope  
and joy of their parents. Confident in  
themselves, they ridiculed teetotalism  
and tampered with whiskey. Some  
had entered the legal, some the med-  
ical professions, and some mercantile  
and other avocations. Two at least  
took holy orders. Had they been tee-  
totalers they might have been alive and  
influential citizens to-day, but whiskey  
drinking killed every one of them.  
Some lingered and dragged out mis-  
erable existences, and some came to  
sudden and tragic ends.

But whiskey drinking is not con-  
fined to the Emerald Isle; England  
and Scotland do their share of the imbib-  
ing, especially "the land o' cakes,"  
who, according to population use more  
whiskey than Ireland, and although  
the English are not generally fond of  
that beverage the amount of ale, gin,  
and imported liquors consumed is en-  
ormous. Only think of \$750,000,000  
spent in one year, and one-seventh of  
all the grain raised in Britain destroyed  
in the manufacture of intoxicating  
liquors, while thousands of the inhabi-  
tants are starving for bread. On com-  
ing to Canada the writer was under  
the impression that a new country  
would avoid the evil habits of the old  
land, but what was his surprise to find  
that whiskey of an inferior kind was

manufactured largely, and that distill-  
eries or "devil's tea kettles, (as Uncle  
Sam calls them) were dotted all over  
the land, having their "head centre" in  
Toronto. Here as elsewhere, the "old,  
old story" was repeated by grand juries  
and others that "drink was the cause  
of three-fourths of all the disease, crime,  
and pauperism amongst us." The  
liquor traffic costs this country about fifty  
millions of dollars annually. It has  
often occurred to the writer that if a  
double pointing finger post with the  
words CAUSE painted on one end point-  
ing to the mammoth distillery, and  
EFFECT with a number of fingers point-  
ing to the jail, hospital, police court,  
central prison, houses of refuge, and  
lunatic asylum it would be a practical  
demonstration of *cause and effect* in  
Toronto.

'A WORD TO THE BOYS.



NCE, as I stood musing at the  
window, I saw a fly upon  
it, and made a brush with  
my hand to catch it. When  
I opened my hand the fly  
was not inside, but still on  
the same pane of glass.  
Scarcely thinking what I  
did, I made another brush with my  
hand, and thought I had captured the  
insect, but with the same result. There  
was the victim quietly retaining his  
place in spite of me. It was on the  
other side of the glass! And when I  
saw that it was so, I smiled at my  
own folly.

Those who attempt to find pleasure  
out of Christ will experience a like  
failure, for they are seeking on the  
wrong side of the glass. When we are  
on the side of Jesus, and having  
believed in Him, are cleansed and for-  
given, then our pursuit of joy will be  
successful; but till then we shall labour  
in vain, and spend our strength for  
naught. It is no use digging for coal  
where the strata shows there cannot  
be any, and equally useless is it to try  
for happiness where God's Word and  
the experience of those who have gone  
before us assure us that happiness  
cannot be found. But then it is all  
the more needful that we should seek  
it where it can be had, and give our  
selves at once to the search. He who  
believes in the Lord Jesus is blessed  
in the deed.

What hinders you from believing?  
Boys, why should you not, while yet  
you are boys, believe in the Lord  
Jesus unto salvation? May the Spirit  
of God lead you to do so!

Do not imagine that you cannot now  
be Christians; the gifts of our Heavenly  
Father's love are not reserved for a  
certain age. Boys may be saved, boys  
may be workers for Jesus, boys may  
bring great glory to God. Hence it is  
not just now, at this particular turn-  
ing-point in your lives, we are anxious  
to see you resolute for the right way.  
May the Holy Spirit incline you to re-  
solve to be the Lord's! Others may  
disparage your conscientious choice and  
make mirth of your holy carefulness,  
but what matters it? Some of us have  
been laughed at for these twenty years,  
and are none the worse for it, we have  
had all manner of evil spoken falsely  
of us for Christ's name's sake, but we  
are all the happier for it. Oh! boys,  
if you are renewed in heart, and be-  
come for life and death the Redeemer's,  
none can really harm you. All must  
be right with him who is right with  
God.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

THE TEMPERANCE ECHO.

IT WAS a lovely night at Grimaby  
Camp;

The sun hung like a signal lamp  
Behind a cloud of white and gold,  
While its reflections, bright and bold,  
Upon the painted lake were seen  
In crimson, yellow, white, and green.  
The camp-fires just begun to show,  
And here and there their orange glow  
Were seen, amid the shadowy gloom  
Fast settling o'er the grove, and soon  
To deepen into shades of night  
And hide the beauty from our sight.  
As there, not very far from shore,  
I lay, while resting from the oar,  
By soft and gentle breezes fanned,  
I thought no tale of fairy-land  
Was ever told to wandering child  
Surpassing in its beauty wild.  
Familiar sounds came from the shore,  
Yet never sounded so before.  
The children, laughing at the well,  
The ringing of the chapel bell,  
The mother (baby on her knee),  
Singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee."  
Each note seemed little wings to take,  
And flutter miles out, o'er the lake.  
Then, from the shore I heard a shout,  
And saw so many boats were putting out.  
A fair young girl came on before,  
Who pulled a swift and practiced oar;  
The others followed in the wake  
Of her, this lady of the lake.  
"Fall in," she cried, "and you will see  
We'll find the echo; follow me!"

It seems that somewhere up the shore,  
From camp, perhaps, a mile or more,  
An echo in some cove or dell  
By residents is known to dwell.  
A woman, for she has the knack  
Of almost always answering back.  
Well, on we went, with laughter loud,  
And songs, and shoutings, such a crowd  
Of parsons, speakers, poets, wits,  
Enough to frighten into fits  
A common echo; but this maid  
We found at least was not afraid.  
For very soon from shore we heard  
Miss Echo mocking every word.  
One asked: "Is drinking whisky  
wrong?"

"Wrong, wrong," came answer clear  
and strong.  
"Water's the drink when you are dry!"  
"When you are dry—dry," the quick  
reply.  
"And when not dry, you need no  
drink!"  
"No drink," cried echo, and I think  
The answer this time from the shore  
Came quicker than the one before.  
"Shall temperance sometime win the  
day?"

"Win the day—day," we heard her say.  
"And prohibition by and by?"  
"By and by," the quick reply.  
"Then our duty? tell us, pray!"  
"Pray—pray," was all we heard her say.  
"But there is also work to do!"  
"Work to do—do," so clear, that you  
Had thought a human being spoke.  
It seemed more than a passing joke,  
For we to stem this tide of sin  
Must work as if we meant to win.  
And pray—believing firm and sure  
That God is righteous, just and pure,  
And that He'll help us in the fight,  
If we but use the means aright.  
For e'en an echo, when we pause,  
If rightly used, can aid our cause.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

"With minds of childish innocence,  
Unsulled and unbenighted:  
Though living in a world of sin,  
They knew not what sin meant."

Eliza Cook.

"Days of my childhood, hail!  
Whose gentle spirits wandering here,  
Down in the visionary vale,  
Before mine eyes appear,  
Benevolently pensive, beautifully pale;  
Oh! days for ever fled, for ever dear,  
Days of my childhood, hail!"

James Montgomery.

OUR PERIODICALS.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE COLLEGE.

ANY Sunday-school scholars are poor, driven to the necessity of manual labor, discouraged from undertaking a college course by the thought of the time and expense it would require. Indeed, to the majority of boys, the treasure seems as far beyond their grasp as does proprietorship in the elegant mansion by which they walk day after day on their way to school or shop. They think that educational facilities of the highest order are reserved for the sons of the wealthy, and for boys of remarkable ability, who by the achievement of precocious genius earn the money to carry them through the college curriculum.

To these pupils we call the attention of the Sunday-school teacher. The poor boy in your class may become a college graduate. The poorest boy in your class may attain this honor and source of power. There is every thing in faith and purpose. Let the dull-eyed and half-discouraged boy who sits before you once believe that the prize is within his grasp, and that by economy, industry, patience, and persistency, he may have it, and the dull eye would brighten, irresolution and discouragement disappear, and the new awakening of right ambition would render your pupil all the more susceptible to the religious impressions which it is your special province to make upon him.

Labor to keep the boys or girls of your class in the public school. Talk to them about it. Find out their difficulties. Find out their standing in school, and the reason for partial or entire discouragement. Inspire them to diligence. Plead with them. Tell them what other men and women have done. Tell them about the stupid boys and girls who have become brilliant men and women. Tell them about the summits that are to be climbed by the humblest in the land; and talk so often and earnestly on these subjects that they will associate you and the Sunday-

school with the idea of advanced education, and feel that they, to some extent, owe it to you to do their best in the matter of intellectual improvement.

Remember how economically a boy may go through the preparatory school and the college; how easily he can earn money to do this work. Send for the catalogue of your nearest denominational college or university, put this catalogue into the hand of the boy you are trying to impress, and by visitation at his home, conversation with his parents, appeals to his own ambition, you may be able to send from one to five boys and girls to college every year.

The Sunday-school has a great work to do in the department of collegiate education. Inspirations and practical directions may come to indifferent and disheartened pupils from loving Sunday-school teachers.—S. S. Journal.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND HOME MISSIONS.

THE tide is rising. We acknowledge the hand of the Lord in the uplifting. Superintendents and teachers write: "How shall we guide the children into systematic effort to spread the Gospel in our own country."

It is important to have all the children trained into effort for Home Missions in view of the future of our land, as well as to the glory of Christ. The boys of to-day will soon have the ballot in their hands, and need careful attention that they may use it in a way befitting those whose citizenship should be in heaven.

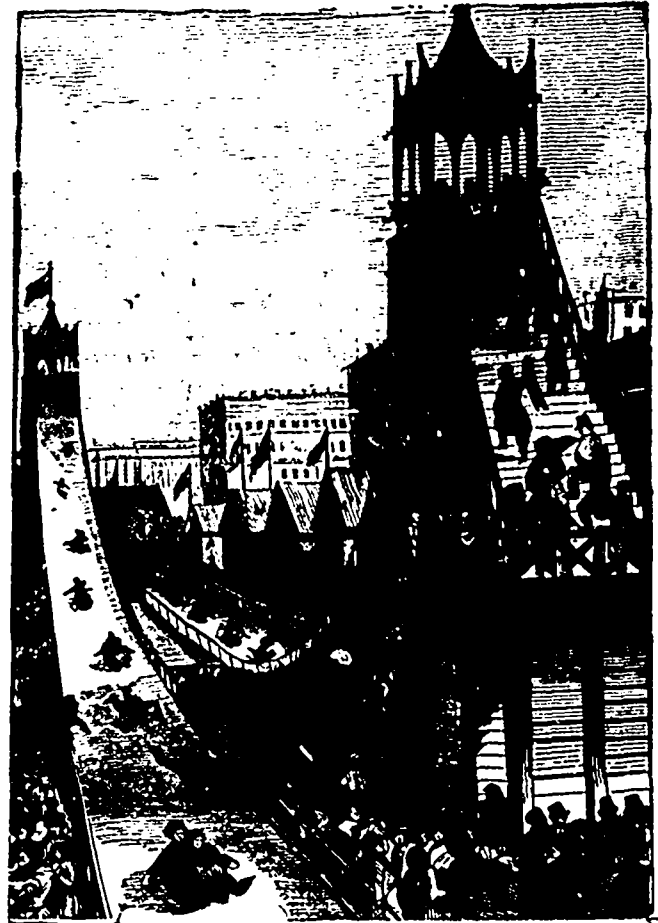
Therefore, all the members of our Sunday-schools should be instructed as to the great needs in many parts of our country of missionaries, schools, and teachers, and be led to make regular contributions to their support, not leaving this privilege to the few who may be collected here and there into mission bands and circles.

Write to Dr. Sutherland, at the Mission Rooms, Toronto, for plans to help mission work in the Schools.

In a letter to the publisher of PLEASANT HOURS, containing a handsome remittance in payment for Sunday-school papers, a Sunday-school official, who is also a medical man, writes as follows:

"I have examined a great deal of Sabbath-school literature in the past few years, and I have found none that at all equals our own published at the Book Room. Especially in the matter of periodicals, we are a long way ahead of anything I have examined, when we consider character of reading matter, style, finish, price, etc. Take the Banner for teachers, and the PLEASANT Hours for the scholars, and I think it will be difficult to find anything to compare with them. I think the thanks of all our Sabbath Schools are due to the efforts put forth to bring our S. S. literature to such a high standard. I would myself not only desire to thank the management for their success, but also give a special word of praise \* \* [We omit here a personal compliment to the Editor, who only has done his duty in the work assigned him by the Church.] May success attend all your efforts, and God will surely bless your labours of love, and the youth of this country will rise up to bless you."

We purpose, by God's blessing, to make this paper, and all our Sunday-school publications, increasingly instructive and profitable, and hope that the sphere of their usefulness may be very widely increased.



FAMOUS COASTING.

FAMOUS COASTING.—

FOR some days before the Easter holidays, Admiralty Square, St. Petersburg, is covered with sledges, bringing and piling upon its open space, logs and plank and great pieces of ice. Soon a long row of booths and swings and other places for amusement and games are erected right in front of the Admiralty building. In front of these booths, holes are dug in the earth and posts put in them, which are made firm as a rock, in a cake of ice, by pouring water into the holes and leaving it to be frozen by a Russian winter. Upon these posts is erected a structure of from forty to sixty feet high, the summit of which is covered by a roof, and reached by a flight of steps. The opposite side of it slopes down at first steeply, then more gradually, until it reaches an extensive level.

Upon this long slope, blocks of ice are laid, and water poured over them, which, freezing, binds them together in a solid mass, and gives a perfectly smooth and solid surface. This is the famous ice mountain of Russia. Usually two of them stand side by side, with their slopes fronting each other, as seen in our picture.

Crowds of people gather around these mountains; some on blocks of ice suitably cut for a sled, and more upon sleds that will hold two or three persons, dash merrily down their slopes at a tremendous velocity, to return again with like speed and glee upon the slope of the mountain opposite. At noon, when the carnival among the people is the highest, all the vacant space of the square is filled with carriages of the nobles, who seem to enjoy the sport equally with those engaged in it.

Lord Dufferin had a similar "ice mountain" made at Ottawa, and with his family highly enjoyed this exhilarating sport.

BOOK NOTICES.

"WINE"—A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT EXERCISE.

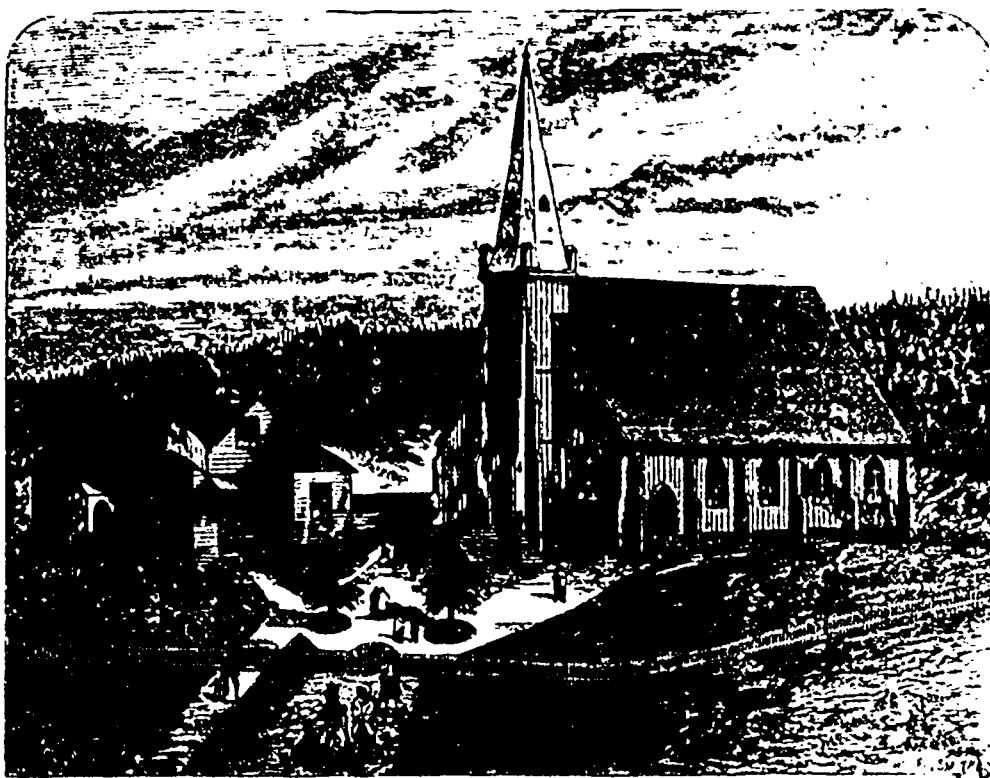
The National Temperance Society has recently published a new Concert Exercise in four parts, by Hope Hazel, entitled "Wine." It contains a Scripture responsive service by the superintendent and scholars, individual recitations, and a selection for eight voices, together with appropriate selections for singing at intervals. It is a very impressive service, and should have a wide circulation in Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and juvenile temperance organizations. Price 5 cents, 60 cents per dozen. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York; or Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

NEW BOOK OF DIALOGUES. "Rescue the Drunkard," and other Dialogues. By Rev. A. J. Davis. Price only 15 cents.

This is a new book, just published, containing Seven new Temperance Dialogues, adapted to Sunday and Day-School Exhibitions, and Temperance Organization. The following is the list of Dialogues:—Rescue the Drunkard. 8 characters; 24 pp. The Mother's Grave. 4 characters; 5 pages. The Landlord's Wife. 2 characters; 5 pp. Caring for the Liquor-seller's Victims. 4 characters; 5 pages. The Drunkard. 6 boys; 7 pages. Why they smoked. 10 boys; 4 pages. Anything for Party. 5 characters; 6 pages. Benefits of the Liquor Traffic. 2 characters; 8 pages. J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade st., New York. Toronto: WM. BRIGGS.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT. A Collection of Twenty-five Concert Exercises and Dialogues for Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and other Juvenile Temperance and Religious Organizations. 16mo., 224 pages; cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25c. By the Rev. W. F. CRAFTS, and other popular Authors.

These Dialogues and Concert Exercises are among the best offered for Sabbath-schools and Temperance Organizations, and the volume will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. Address, J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade street, New York; or WM. BRIGGS, Toronto.



METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, FORT SIMPSON.

THE COLD WATER ARMY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.  
(For Recitation.)

H! not with the sife and the murder-  
ous knife, [drum,  
And the rolling sound of the battle-  
And the dreadful waste of human life,  
Do the glowing ranks of our army come.

With glad voice of song we are moving  
along, [blow ;  
While the breezes soft on our banners  
Tis the children's army, brave and strong,  
And we march where the clear running  
waters flow.

Ho! boys, and ye girls with the soft  
sunny curls,  
Come and join the band of the  
brave and fair ;  
See our banner—look ! how bright it  
unfurls, [air.  
Perfumed by the kias of the fragrant  
Unite with us to fight with us,  
And smite with us the foe ;  
Then, wondering and thundering,  
He'll tumble at the blow.

There's no one so young but can bat-  
tle with wrong, [mend ;  
There is no one living too old to  
Come and help to stay the monster  
strong, [end :  
And the reign of King Alcohol shall  
We'll water him and slaughter  
hin,  
And bury him full low,  
Beyond the reach of all who teach  
The drunkard's way to go.

A TEMPERANCE SCHOOL is better than  
a Band of Hope, because it is the proper  
place for children to be learners. They  
have not resources to conduct a society,  
and there is no real advantage in set-  
ting them to play at it. They are quite  
content without office in the Sunday-  
school and in day-school, and they will  
be in the temperance school if it is not  
put into their heads.

The Rev. MANLY BENSON writes :  
"Having examined with care our Sab-  
bath School periodicals, I feel free to say  
we certainly stand abreast, if not ahead of  
all American publications in that line.  
The Sunday School has now the least  
excuse to go further than the "Methodist  
Book and Publishing House," Toronto,  
for the best (in every respect) Sunday  
School papers on this continent."

HOME-HELP IN STUDY.

UNLESS there is some kind of  
help in lesson-study at home,  
there will be little of lesson-  
study either at home or anywhere else.  
And, as a matter of fact, there is a  
great deal of home-help given to the  
study of Sunday-school lessons, take  
our country through, while, of course,  
there is room for a great deal more.

A gentleman from Wisconsin writes  
in suggestion of the value of "table-  
talk" at home, in help of the prepar-  
ation of the Sunday-school lesson. He  
says :

"Why may not the table-talk be on  
theology as well as on physiology ?  
On the geography of Palestine as well  
as on the geography of Africa ? On  
the travels of St Paul, as well as on  
the travels of Stanley or Taylor ? On  
the dress of the ancient Hebrews, as  
well as on the dress of the modern  
Parisian ? On the types of the Taber-  
nacle or on the Temple architecture,  
as well as on modern houses, and how  
our neighbors live ? On the coming  
triumphant kingdom of King Jesus,  
as well as on the probable administra-  
tion of next president ?"

"No time to study a Sunday school  
lesson !" Why how much time do you  
waste at the table each day on idle  
table-talk ? Parents, teachers, think  
of this. Watch your words, and see  
if table-talk, properly conducted, will  
not better prepare you for the lesson  
hour of the Sunday-school, and give a  
better direction to the thoughts of your  
children."

Just such home table-talk as here  
suggested has been the practice in  
many a Christian home for years.  
There was never so much of it as at  
the present time—in spite of senseless  
croakings about the good old days when  
children were taught in the family in-  
stead of in the Sunday-school. Just in  
proportion as the Sunday-school comes  
into prominence in any home, is  
home Bible-study and home religious  
teaching uplifted and promoted. There  
is absolutely no exception to this rule.

He is rich who saves a penny a year,  
and he poor who runs behind that much.

STUDENT LIFE.

WE are proud of the  
noble band of fifteen  
hundred young men  
gathered together in  
Toronto for one of the  
noblest of all purposes,  
that of intellectual cul-  
ture. We look to them  
as the hope of our  
country. The Canada  
of fifty years hence  
will be largely what  
the students of to-day  
in Toronto and other  
cities and towns over  
the land make it. For  
this and other reasons  
their position is a re-  
sponsible one. They  
are enjoying privileges  
which are denied to  
the multitudes—priv-  
ileges of the very high-  
est order which can be  
enjoyed by a thinking  
being; privileges which  
hundreds of young men  
in various spheres of  
lowlier toil would give  
their right hands to  
possess. To purchase these privileges  
for them many noble-minded parents  
have toiled hard and long and denied  
themselves much, and are doing so to-  
day. Every student, then, who suffers  
himself to forget the claims of his high  
calling, and to devote to childish tricks  
or nonsense of any kind the hours which  
should be given to manly toil of brain,  
is recreant to a very high trust.—*To-  
ronto Globe.*

METHODIST MISSIONS AT  
FORT SIMPSON.

(See Cut.)



EVER, we think, have the  
triumphs of mission work  
been more marked and mar-  
vellous than in the case of  
the Indian missions on the  
North Pacific coast.

It was not till the year  
1864 that the Canadian Methodist  
Church fairly entered upon the work  
of Indian evangelization in British  
Columbia. In that year the Rev.  
Thomas Crosby began his great life-  
work as a lay teacher at Nanaimo. He  
rapidly learned the native dialect, and  
was soon able to preach to the Indians  
in their own tongue. Here and among  
the pagan tribes on the banks of the  
majestic Frazer, he proclaimed the mes-  
sage of the Cross, and many converts  
to the Christian faith, by their changed  
lives and happy deaths, attested the  
power of the message.

In the neighbourhood of Victoria,  
Vancouver's Island, at this time, were  
a number of Indians, who had acquired,  
by contact, the white man's vices rather  
than his virtues. Their degraded con-  
dition awoke the pity of the Methodist  
community of the place, and in 1869 it  
was resolved, at a meeting held in the  
house of Mr. William McKay, to or-  
ganize a Sunday-school for the religious  
instruction of these moral wails. It  
was with difficulty that their native  
apathy was overcome, and any degree  
of interest aroused. Their teachers were  
unable to speak the native language,  
or even the Chinook jargon, and the  
Indians had but a very imperfect  
acquaintance with English. Through  
this imperfect medium, however, a  
knowledge of the glorious Gospel of

Christ found its way, and soon Amos  
Sahat son, and two others of the same  
tribe, were rejoicing in the great sal-  
vation.

For two years the school was regu-  
larly held, although the attendance  
was never more than ten or twelve,  
and often only three or four. Now,  
however, a wonderful revival took  
place, whose far-reaching results only  
the great day shall declare. Upwards  
of forty natives were converted to God,  
among them Elizabeth Deix, an Indian  
chieftess, of great energy of character.  
In her new-born zeal she prayed ear-  
nestly for the conversion of her son  
Alfred, a pagan Indian living at Fort  
Simpson, six hundred miles north of  
Victoria, and within fifteen miles of  
the Alaska frontier. At this very  
time—was it not in answer to that  
mother's earnest prayers!—her son and  
his wife arrived at Victoria, and were  
soon sharers of the like precious faith.

FORT SIMPSON.

Alfred and his wife Kato spoke  
English well, and after ten months left  
Victoria with a few Bibles and Wes-  
leyan Catechisms, as the pioneer mis-  
sionaries to their pagan tribesmen at  
Fort Simpson. The former desperado,  
who a few months before was the terror  
of the whole surrounding country, had  
all at once become a meek and quiet  
citizen and zealous working Christian.  
With his wife he established a day-  
school, which soon had 200 pupils, and  
organized prayer and experience meet-  
ings and religious classes. Before a  
single white missionary visited the  
Fort, every family had renounced  
paganism, five hundred persons were  
attending these religious services, and  
several were hopefully converted to  
God. In answer to their earnest  
prayers for a missionary, the Rev. Mr.  
Crosby and his devoted wife were sent  
to take charge of this promising station.  
The Indians promptly contributed to-  
wards the erection of a church, several  
hundred dollars in money and money's  
worth, and soon they had the com-  
modious and elegant church shown in the  
cut, forty by fifty feet, with a spire  
110 feet high, capable of seating 800  
persons—indeed the most commodious  
Methodist church in the province.  
During its erection a storm blew off  
the roof and threatened its destruction.  
The walls were firmly lashed with  
ropes and the people repaired to the  
school-house.

AN INDIAN MISSIONARY MEETING.

There the following scene took place :  
A chief arose and called out that it  
was not a time for long speeches, but  
for action. Instantly twenty or thirty  
men left the house ; others followed  
them, but soon they returned with  
rolls of blankets—the currency of that  
region—on their shoulders and laid  
them in front of the teacher's desk, as  
their offering to the Lord. Blankets,  
coats, shirts, shawls, guns, finger and  
ear-rings, bracelets, furs, and almost  
everything that could be turned into  
money, were laid upon the table, to  
the value of \$400.

The parsonage, shown beside the  
church, has recently been enlarged, and  
a school-house has also been erected.

As at Fort Simpson, so also in the  
vast territory of Alaska, converted  
Indians were the pioneers of evangeli-  
cal Protestant Christianity. The influx  
of American miners—a reckless and  
wicked lot of men—and the estab-  
lishment of a military post at Fort  
Wrangel, far from the restraints of

civilization, had introduced all the vices of the white race, and greatly degraded the Indian population. The place was almost wholly given up to drunkenness, and debauchery.

#### PORT WRANGEL.

In 1876 a number of Christian Indians from Fort Simpson arrived at Fort Wrangel to cut wood for the American Government. Among them was an Indian named Chah, or Philip McKay, a man of superior intelligence and piety. These faithful Indians, amid the abounding wickedness on every side, resolved to make an effort for the conversion of their countrymen. They obtained the use of an old dance-house—the scene of the foulest pagan orgies—as a place of worship, and induced a few of the natives to attend. Though mocked and jeered and opposed by wicked white men, they persevered till the place became too small for the crowds of those benighted pagans who thronged to the meetings, some forty of whom were converted to Christianity by this strange agency, among them the head chief of the place. For weeks and months the voice of praise and prayer was daily heard at Fort Wrangel, the services being conducted wholly by these Christian Indians.

#### A HEROIC LADY MISSIONARY.

Mrs. A. R. McFarland, a lady born in Virginia, educated in Ohio, and the now widowed wife of the first Presbyterian missionary in New Mexico, was induced to go to Alaska to take charge of the young mission. Mrs. McFarland was the only Christian white woman in a territory as large as France. For seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and for a year the only one at Fort Wrangel. All the perplexities of the people were brought to her for solution. If any were sick they came to her as a physician, if any were dead, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to bring them together. If difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer and jury. If feuds arose among tribes or families, she was arbitress. When the Indians called a convention, she was elected "chairman." She was called upon to interpose in cases of witchcraft; and when a white man was hanged for murder, she became his spiritual adviser. Her fame went far and wide among the tribes. Great chiefs came long distances to enter the school of "the woman that loved their people."

The Presbyterian Church has grandly sustained this mission, contributing in two years \$12,000. They have now a church, school, hospital, and industrial home—the latter an imperious necessity to rescue girls who would otherwise fall victims to the vice of wicked white men. For the same purpose Mrs. Crosby has opened a Home for Indian girls at Fort Simpson, which has been supported hitherto by the contributions of a few friends. Its maintenance is fitting work for the Women's Missionary Society, now being organized in Canada. The need for such a home may be inferred from the following pathetic appeal for that at Fort Wrangel: "O you mothers of dear young girls—every one whose home is made fairer by a daughter's face—give something to save these other girls from shame and anguish—something to help us teach those other mothers how great a boon a maiden may be at their own fireside."

#### RESULTS OF THE MISSION.

The results of our Methodist mission at Fort Simpson have been most marked. The converted Indians have exhibited a high Christian character. They carry their religion with them wherever they go. They travel thousands of miles, but neither wind, tide, hunger, nor the urgency of their white employers can induce them to travel on the Lord's day. They yearn to tell their countrymen the story of the Cross. They sorrow over the ravages made by the white man's vices, the white man's diseases, and the white man's fire-water. "We see no difference," said one, "between killing men with whiskey and killing them with a gun." Our own heroic Crosby has imperilled his own life by his determined opposition to the liquor traffic, leading sometimes to the forcible destruction of the casks of liquor in a drunken Indian camp.

The day-school at Fort Simpson numbers about 120, and a large Sunday-school, in three sections, is taught by Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and Miss Knott. In two years sixty new houses have been built by the Indians, and the whole tribe are being raised to a higher plane of civilization. The Church has a membership of 258. Mr. Crosby has established an annual industrial fair, at which prizes are given for the best carving in wood and silver, the best gardens and vegetables, the best sashes and doors, best cured salmon, etc.

#### NAAS RIVER.

As at Fort Simpson and Fort Wrangel, so at Naas River, it was converted Indians who became the pioneer missionaries to their pagan countrymen. The mission authorities of our Church were unable, when an appeal was made them for this station, to incur any further expense. But at a prayer-meeting held in the house of Mr. McKay, in the same room in which the first meeting was held in 1869 to promote the spiritual welfare of the Indians of Victoria, spontaneous contributions of \$236 were given, and the Rev. A. E. Greene was sent as a missionary to Naas River. He and Mr. Crosby held a five days' meeting, and a glorious revival began. Soon a congregation of 500 attended the services and 100 met in class. The work spread throughout the surrounding country, and from the forks of the Skeena to Kit-a-mat and Bella-Bella and Queen Charlotte's Island—all the result, together with the flourishing missions in Alaska, (may we not say?) of that memorable prayer-meeting held in the house of a God-fearing Methodist at Victoria—thirteen years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are now in this country, and we hope that many of our readers, young and old, will hear them and become more deeply interested in their grand mission.

#### A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE hills make wider streamlets,  
Streamlets swell the river's flow,  
Rivers join the ocean billows,  
Onward, onward, as they go,  
Life is made of smallest fragments,  
Shade and sunshine, work and play;  
So may we with greatest profit,  
Learn a little every day.

"BEAUTIFUL the children's faces!  
Spite of all that maids and fears;  
To my inmost heart appealing;  
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;  
Steeping all my soul with tears."

Mary Howitt.

#### TWO CENTS A WEEK AND A PRAYER.

BY HATTIE E. BUELL.

"TWO cents a week and a prayer"  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

"Two cents a week and a prayer"  
From out abundant store  
It was never missed, for its place was filled  
By a Father's gift of more.

"Two cents a week and a prayer":  
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice,  
But treasure came from the storehouse  
above,  
Outweighing by far the price.

"Two cents a week and a prayer":  
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,  
That the work has done, and a blessing  
brought  
The gift was so very small.

"Two cents a week and a prayer,"  
Freely and heartily given:  
The treasures of earth will melt away,—  
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

"Two cents a week and a prayer"  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do such a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea!

#### REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

#### DR. COKE, THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

#### III.

#### INDIAN MISSIONS.

R. COKE was now about to begin his last and greatest missionary enterprise. For many years the spiritual want of India had lain very heavy on his heart. On the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk had conquered an empire. With three thousand troops, on the plains of Plassey, he routed an army of sixty thousand, with the loss of only two and twenty men, and laid the foundations of our Indian Empire of 200,000,000 souls. But though open to English commerce, India, was closed to Christ's Gospel. But "India," wrote Dr. Coke, "still cleaved to his heart; he could give up all for India."

Friends remonstrated against a man in his sixty-sixth year, worn with toil and heavy cares, braving the perils of a long sea voyage and residence in the torrid zone; but it was in vain. "I am now dead to Europe," he wrote, "and alive to India. God Himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon.' I am so fully convinced of the will of God, that methinks I had rather be set naked on the coast of Ceylon, without clothes and without a friend, than not go there—I shall bear all my own expenses, of course," he adds. He eagerly began the study of Portuguese, which was largely spoken in Ceylon.

Dr. Coke sought the sanction of the English Conference. Unmoved by their fears for his health, he declared that "their consent, he believed, would add years to his life; while their refusal would infallibly shorten his days." Many rose to oppose it. Coke, leaning on the arm of one of his missionaries, returned to his lodgings in deep anguish, the tears flowing down his face in the streets. He was not at

the early session the next day. The missionary hastened to his chamber, and found that he had not been in bed; his dishevelled silvery locks showed he had passed the night in deep distress. He had spent the hours in prayer, prostrate on the floor. They went to the Conference, and Coke made a thrilling speech. He not only offered to lay himself on the altar of this great sacrifice, but, if the Conference could not meet the expense of the mission, he offered to lay down thirty thousand dollars toward it. The Conference could not resist longer. It voted him authority to go and take with him seven men. Coke immediately called out from the session Clough, the missionary who had sympathized with him in his defeat the day before, and walking down the street, not now with tears, but with joy beaming in his eye, and with a full heart, exclaimed, "Did I not tell you that God would answer prayer?"

Among the missionaries who accompanied him was William Martin Harvard, who, after five years' residence in India and Ceylon, became subsequently superintendent of missions in Canada, residing for ten years at Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and other important Connexional centres.

Soon the missionary band assembled at Portsmouth for embarkation, Dr. Coke having first made his will and bequeathed all his property to the fund for aged and worn-out ministers. The Sunday before sailing, he preached his last sermon in England, from the text, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." With prophetic faith he exclaimed, "It is of little consequence whether we take our flight to glory from the land of our nativity, from the trackless ocean, or from the shores of Ceylon.

I cannot go  
Where universal Love not shines around;  
And where He vital breathes there must be joy!"

#### LAST VOYAGE.

"On the 30th of December, 1813," continues the narrative of Dr. Stevens, "they departed in a fleet of six Indiamen and more than twenty other merchant vessels, convoyed by three ships of war. Coke and two of the missionaries were on board of one of the Indiamen, and the rest of the party on board of another. All were treated with marked respect by the officers and the hundreds of troops and other passengers who crowded the vessels. In about a week a terrific gale overtook them in the Bay of Biscay, and a ship full of people, in which Coke had first designed to embark, was lost. On the tenth of February one of the Indiamen hoisted her flag at half-mast; all the fleet responded to the sad signal; the wife of one of the missionaries was dead, and that evening was buried in the sea. She died 'triumphant in the faith.'

"Severe gales still swept over them, especially at the Cape of Good Hope. Several sailors were lost overboard, and the missionaries suffered much. In the Indian Ocean Coke's health rapidly declined. On the morning of the third of May his servant knocked at his cabin door to awake him at the usual time of half-past five o'clock. He heard no response. Opening the door he beheld the lifeless body of the missionary extended on the floor. A 'placid smile was on his countenance.' He was cold and stiff, and must have died before midnight. It was supposed

that he had risen to call for help, and fell by apoplexy.

BURIED AT SEA.

A coffin was made, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the corpse was solemnly borne up to the leeward gangway, where it was covered with signal flags; the soldiers were drawn up in rank on the deck; the bell of the ship tolled, and the crew and passengers, deeply affected, crowded around the scene. One of the missionaries read the burial service, and the moment that the sun sunk below the Indian Ocean the coffin was cast into the depths."

The missionaries with heavy hearts proceeded on their voyage and after a passage of twenty weeks reached Bombay. But God raised them up friends and opened the way before them. On reaching Ceylon they were hospitably lodged in the Government House. Lord Molesworth, the commandant, who, with his troops, attended the first service, was so deeply impressed by the sermon that he left a dinner party to kneel in prayer with the missionaries till he found peace in believing. Soon after, returning to England, his ship was lost with all on board save two or three. While it was sinking, he walked the deck, pointing the terrified passengers to the Saviour of men. Embracing Lady Molesworth in his arms, they sank into the waves, locked in each other's arms, and thus folded together in death they were washed ashore. Such were the first-fruits of the Methodist mission in Ceylon. Another trophy of that first sermon became the first native missionary to Asia. Many of the priests also believed. One of these introduced Mr. Harvard, afterward our Canadian superintendent, into a temple, where, in front of a great idol, he preached from the text, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one." The good work rapidly spread, till there are now in Ceylon 58 missionaries and assistants, 200 preaching-places, and over 3,000 Church members.

RESULTS.

The death of Dr. Coke was the beginning of a new era in the history of Wesleyan missions. On many a field of sacred toil have the ministers of the Methodist Church vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary Church—amid the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in sunny islands of the Southern Seas, in the Zulu's hut and the Kaffir's kraal, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own North-West. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet, they may exclaim, "What place now, what region in the world is not full of our labour?" In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns engirdles the earth with an anthem of praise, and the sheen of her spires rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning. And this glorious result is in large part the monument and memorial of the life and labours of DOCTOR THOMAS COKE, THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

- I. CHARADE.—Oasis.
- II. ENIGMA.—Brevity is the soul of wit.
- III. HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Fawn. 2. Mastiff. 3. Stoth. 4. Saki. 5. Suslik.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.—CHARADE.

My first is to plot, my second is a road; my whole is a part of a ship.

II. DECAPITATION.

- 1. Behead to skin, and leave a song.
- 2. Behead veracity, and leave a woman's name.
- 3. Behead a jaunt, and leave a tear.
- 4. Behead composed, and leave the repetition of words by memory.

III. WORD-SQUARE.

Across.

- 1. An affirmative.
- 2. A body of water.
- 3. The darkie's word for Mister.

Down.

- 1. An animal.
- 2. An affirmative.
- 3. Part of the body.

✓ "HOME, SWEET HOME."

In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other dressed in gray. As twilight fell the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial music, "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag;" and that challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of these bands of music to begin a sweeter and a more tender air, and slowly as he played it they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers cheeks washed off the stains of powder."—*Frances Willard.*

EVERY real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility; for we can not move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

It is not always the most brilliant man who does most good. An old merchant, whose two sons had just finished their studies, when questioned as to their respective ability, said quaintly, but pleasantly: "George has a better show in his shop-window than John; but John has a larger stock in his warehouse."

INCIDENTS IN THE GIRL-LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY REV. HENRY CLEBY.



THUS brought into daily intercourse with each other notwithstanding the great difference in their social position a considerable degree of confidence and intimacy grew

up between the two young people, resulting in conversations upon various subjects, but especially upon topics bearing upon and connected with religion. The Princess had not unnaturally in a child of her quick intelligence felt her curiosity aroused by the references which the girl had made in the presence of the Duchess to religious services and to places of worship different from those she herself was accustomed to, and of which hitherto she had never been in the way of receiving any information, and now she eagerly availed herself of opportunities to obtain the information she desired while her young attendant was occupied about her in the services pertaining to her vocation.

On these occasions numerous inquiries were addressed to the Methodist girl by her young mistress, which in all duty and respect she felt bound to answer, concerning the ministry exercised at the chapel she attended, the preachers and the subjects of their discourses from week to week, the thoughts expressed and the duties enforced in the pulpit concerning spiritual and eternal things. Then the experiences related at the class-meeting and the utterances at the love-feasts and society meetings would often become a matter of inquiry and remark for these conversations extended over a considerable period of time, and when, as was sometimes the case incidents of more than ordinary interest were related in connection with the experiences at the class-meetings and love-feasts the questioning would become more minute and particular. Not unfrequently these conversations became seasons of deep emotion, both examiner and examinant having their feelings powerfully wrought upon until tears of tenderness filled their eyes and testified to what an extent some of the best and holiest sympathies, of which human nature is susceptible, had been stirred within them. In this purely incidental manner, without a thought having reference to any possible results, subjects relating to revealed truth and to religious experience were presented to the child-mind of the Princess and a class of feelings were awakened in her young unsophisticated heart to which in all human probability in the ordinary course of her strictly guarded life she would have remained an utter stranger. But it was thus divine Providence ordered it that the young, pure heart, whose thoughts and emotions were linked with the destinies of millions should be early brought under influences spiritual, healthy, elevating which have doubtless contributed in no small degree to the production of a public character whose sweetness, purity, and manifold excellencies combine to render it one of the noblest that will adorn the pages of the world's uninspired history.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

FEW have had such vast experience as King Solomon of old. Few such rich and varied treasures, few such palaces of gold. He had searched the depths of knowledge, he had climbed to wisdom's height. He had all of mirth and laughter, all that could afford delight. Yet, when late towards its evening, drew with cloudy sunset near, Earthly vanities beholding with an eye undimmed and clear, Looking back upon his glory, looking forward to the end; When the years should yield no pleasure, and the men of strength should bend; When the keepers of the house should tremble, and the grinders cease, And the fat melodious daughters of sweet music should decrease, When the almond tree should flourish, and the rose should begin to grow cold, And be loos'd the cord of silver, broken be the bowl of gold, And the wheel and pitcher, broken at the fountain-shattered lie, And the dust to dust should crumble, and to God the spirit fly. Gave to children and young people, these most precious words of truth. Now remember thy Creator in the morning of thy youth.

R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Garafraxa, Jan. 1852

SILENT COMPANION.

TWO passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morning. It was dark as pitch, and one of them not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. "A very dark morning, sir?" "Shocking cold weather for travelling?" "Slow going in these heavy roads, sir?" None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed, "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got to travel in!" No answer was made, and the inquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the tacturnity of his comrade, by presenting to him an astonished view a large bear (luckily for him muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

In preaching, the children must not be forgotten. A western minister, staying at a house over the Sabbath, won the heart of a child, and promised that she should hear him preach next day. Sunday morning came, and, when the hour for service arrived, the little one was not yet awake. Leaving her asleep, the whole family repaired to the church. In the middle of the sermon, they were greatly surprised to see her toddle down the aisle, in her white night-dress. Stopping before the pulpit, and looking up into the face of the minister, she said, in a grievous voice, "I guess you forgot me." Are not many preachers forgetting the lambs of their flocks? One-third or one-half the average audience is composed of children. How much thought in the study or pulpit does that ordinarily get? It is the part most impressive, and with the longest time to live and work, and yet it is frequently as much ignored in the sermon as the lifeless cushions and seats.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.



## "ETERNITY"—WHERE?"

"ETERNITY"—where? It floats in the air; Amid clamour or silence it ever is there! The question so solemn—"Eternity"—where?"

"Eternity"—where? Oh! "Eternity"—where? With redeemed ones in glory; or fiends in despair! With one or the other—"Eternity"—where?"

"Eternity"—where? Oh! how can you share The world's giddy pleasures, or heedlessly dare Do aught till you settle—"Eternity"—where?"

"Eternity"—where? Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no longer His judgment forbear; This day may decide your—"Eternity"—where?"

"Eternity"—where? Oh! "Eternity"—where? Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world any share, Till you answer this question—"Eternity"—where?"

—Selected.

## THE DEAD CZAR.

ALEXANDER II. was a thoroughly progressive monarch. No sovereign in modern or ancient times ever ventured to undertake so much reform-work for his subjects. Twice during the reign which was brought to so disastrous a close he placed himself at the head of a national movement and directed it with a master hand. The reform agitation which he had to face upon his accession to the throne was little short of political frenzy. The nation had been humiliated in the Crimea; its military system, which had been looked upon as invincible, had broken down; and the popular demand was that every department of internal administration should be reformed from the bottom. The monarch became the sturdiest liberal in his own realm. He not only introduced sweeping changes in the administration and the judiciary, but he planned and executed a social and agrarian revolution. He emancipated twenty million serfs, invested them with the rights of communal citizenship, and enabled them with state aid to become peasant proprietors. Twenty years after, when his enthusiasm for social and political reform had been chilled, he allowed himself to be swayed a second time by a national impulse, and gave direction to the great Pan Slavist movement, by which the rights of the southern Slavs were vindicated on the Balkan Peninsula. Alexander the liberator it is who was foully murdered in his own capital. It is the sovereign who shared, twenty-five years ago, that abhorrence of militarism and that yearning for internal development which found expression in the rising literature of the nation and in the debates of university students. It was the czar who, after giving liberty and land to millions of serfs, restored the territory and prestige which had been lost in the Crimea, and extended his frontiers in Armenia and central Asia. Why did the closing years of such a reign end in gloom and despair? Why was there an outburst of reactionary

zeal? Why did the son of the haughty Nicholas entrust his supreme authority to an Armenian adventurer? Mainly because he attempted to do in twenty-five years the work of a hundred. Unhappy monarch! Americans have no cause to revile him, for he was a good friend to them in the hour of need. He did not break up his father's infamous system of police surveillance and arbitrary arrests, but he did enough—more than enough—to entitle him to the respect and compassion of the world. As for the crime itself, and the nefarious plots which preceded it, there can be only one feeling here and in Europe—utter abhorrence and detestation.

THE FIRST MAN.—When a youthful genius was asked by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, "Who was the first man?" he at once showed that he had been trained in a political, rather than a religious, direction by answering: "George Washington, sir, who was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." "No, no," cried the impatient superintendent; "Adam was the first man of course." "Well," replied the thoughtful youth, very slowly, as if unwilling to make the admission, "if you are speaking of foreigners, I suppose he was."—*Sabbath Visitor.*

A FATHER was once describing to his boy the wonderful ladder of Jacob's vision,—"as high as the sky." After he had vividly pictured its great height, he asked his little son: "Wouldn't you be afraid to climb a ladder as high as that?" He replied: "No, I wouldn't, if God held it."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK. A.D. 27.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19.

## PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mark 4. 1-20. Commit to memory v. 3-5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. Rev. 2. 29

## OUTLINE.

1. The Teacher, v. 1, 2.
2. The Lesson, v. 3-9.
3. The Application, v. 10-20.

TIME.—A.D. 29, soon after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 13. 1-23. Luke 8. 4-18.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A ship*—Rather a small boat. *Sat in the sea*—Jewish teachers always sat while teaching. *Parables*—Stories illustrating spiritual truths. Jesus used parables so that all would be interested, and those who really wished to learn the truth would seek to find out the hidden meaning of the story. *Doctrine*—Instruction. *Way-side*—The path along the side of the field. *Fowls*—rather, birds. *Stony ground*—Places where the soil is thin with rock beneath. *Choked*—Gave the plants no room for growth. *Ears to hear*—This means that people should not only listen, but search for the true meaning of the parable. *Mystery*—That which is concealed from most people. *See, and not perceive*—Because not willing to perceive. *Not understand*—Not willing to know the truth because not ready to be converted to his power. *The sower*—Whoever delivers God's message of truth to men. *Satan cometh*—Filling the mind with worldly thoughts, and causing it to forget the truth. *Stony ground*—Those who are quick to serve Christ but not persevering in his service. *Offended*—Discouraged, and led to give up Christ's cause. *Thorns*—Those who are full of worldly aims. *Lusts*—Sinful desires. *Good ground*—Of a good heart. *Fruit*—In life, character, and good works.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That we should hear the Word of God?
2. That we should keep the Word as well as hear it?
3. That we should make the Word fruitful in our lives?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Jesus teach the people by the sea? In parables. 2. What is shown by the parable of the sower? How men hear God's word. 3. What are those by the way-side? Those who neglect and lose the truth. 4. Who are those in the stony ground? Those having no root in themselves. 5. Who are those among thorns? Those full of worldly cares. 6. Who are those on the good ground? Those who keep the word.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The value of opportunities.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

25. Did not he then revenge himself upon his brethren?

When Joseph became ruler of the land of Egypt, under Pharaoh the king, he did not revenge himself upon his brethren for selling him into Egypt; but he sent for them and their families, together with his father, in the time of famine, and fed them all in the land of Egypt.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IX. [Feb. 26.

## THE GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

Mark 4. 21-34. Commit to memory v. 30-32.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

There shall be a handful of corn in the ear upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon. Psa. 72. 16.

## OUTLINE.

1. A Kingdom of Truth, v. 21-25.
2. A Kingdom of Growth, v. 26-34.

TIME.—A.D. 27, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—The shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 5. 15, 16; Matt. 13. 31, 32; Luke 13. 18, 19.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A candle*—Any kind of a lamp, here named to illustrate the truth of Gospel, which is a light to men. *Bushel*—"A measure;" that is, "we should not hide the truth, but hold it up, and teach it to others." *Candlestick*—A lamp-stand. *Hidden*—manifested—Christ's teaching, though hidden in parables, were to be shown to the world by his apostles. *Let him hear*—Not only listen but understand and instruct others. *Measure ye out*—As we give God's truth to others, so will it be given to us. *More be given*—Those who tell others what they have learned, gain more knowledge. *He that hath*—This, as shown elsewhere, means "he that makes a right use of what he has." *Hath not*—He that does no good with what he has shall lose the benefit of it. *The kingdom of God*—The Gospel in the hearts of men. *Seed*—The truth of the Gospel. *Sleep, and rise*—That is, go on with the usual affairs of life. *Fruit*—When the Gospel wrought its full result. *Mustard seed*—Very small, but growing very large. *Greater than all herbs*—So large as to be almost a tree. *Fowls*—Birds. *Without a parable*—Christ always used parables in order to both interest the people and quicken their thought. *Expounded*—Explained, so that the disciples could teach them to others when he should leave them.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That Christ's coming, brings light to men?
2. That Christ's word must be heeded as well as heard?
3. That Christ's kingdom is one of quiet growth?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what did Christ liken the kingdom of God? To seed cast in the ground. 2. What becomes of the seed of God's kingdom? It grows by its own power. 3. What are the stages of its growth? The blade, the ear, and the fruit. 4. Wherein is God's kingdom like the mustard-seed? In great growth from small beginnings.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The spiritual kingdom of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. Did the families of Israel continue to dwell in Egypt?

The families of Israel continued to dwell in Egypt, till another Pharaoh, king of Egypt, made slaves of them, and drowned their male children; and then God delivered them by the hand of Moses.

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