

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

[No. 4.



THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Two Orphans.

BY AUNT MARY.

The wintry winds were blowing,
And through the snow and sleet
Two little waifs were wandering
Along the frozen street.

Their garments torn and tattered,
Their feet were cold and bare;
Their faces mud-bespattered,
And frowzied was their hair.

They trudged along, still hoping
Some sheltering nook to find,
Where they might shield their bodies
From cold and piercing wind.

They saw a pretty mansion,
Where lights were streaming out;
And from the happy children
They heard the merry shout.

They rang the shining door-bell
And heard the inmates say:
"It's nothing but some beggars;
Go bid them go their way."

They waited long, in sadness,
Till stars began to peep;
Then, underneath the door-step,
They laid them down to sleep.

The elder brother, striving
The little one to cheer,
Said, "Tommy, do not cry so,
For Jesus knows we're here.

"If we should die, dear brother,
Before the morning's dawn,
He'll take us up to heaven,
Where ma and pa have gone.

"Then, Tommy, let us pray, 'Now
I lay me down to sleep';
And thank the Lord for door-steps,
Where such as we may sleep."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

CAN you conceive of anything more pitiful than the lot of the poor creature in our picture! A few years ago she was a happy bride, full of hope and joy. But through the curse of strong drink her happy home has been made desolate. The husband who promised to protect and cherish her, has become a besotted drunkard, and wastes on his wicked thirst for strong drink his meagre earnings instead of toiling like a man to feed and clothe his wife and children. And when she goes to remonstrate with the liquor seller, he tells her he has license and is protected by the law. O the heart-ache and the heart-break that this wretched traffic costs! Let us vow eternal enmity to it. Let us invoke the help of God and of man to protect the broken-hearted wives, and worse than fatherless children, from the winter's cold, and storm, and hunger, and want, and wretchedness. Let every one read San Jones' sermon on this page, and let every scholar in the school sign the pledge against the accursed cause of so much wretchedness and woe.

The following verses fully describe the sad condition of these poor lost wanderers:

The last red splendour fades from out the west;
A lone star trembles on the verge of night;
And from the bare, bleak hills, like some belated guest,
Footsore and sad, hastens along the wild

And trackless way, a mother with her child.

The shadows deepen, and the fitful light
Of that one star pales in the gloomy skies;

A low wind sweeps along the pathless woods,
And yet past marshy pools, that in these solitudes

Like yawning pitfalls wait, an unsoen hand
Beckons the wanderers toward the distant land

That far beyond the storm and darkness lies.

As when in dreams, the sound of falling rain

Pulsing its music through the shadowy aisles,

Comes like the broken notes of some refrain
Dimly remembered, when the heart beguiles

Long, lonely hours of bitter, sleepless pain
With thoughts of olden days.

So o'er the bare, bleak hills and barren ways,

Haunted by melodies of lost delights,

With kisses soft, close to her warm, pure heart

The mother holds her child and soothes its cries.

Though cold against her face the winds that pass

Sweep the fierce raindrops and the drifting leaves,

Though the deep gloom a darkling mantle weaves,

And from the tangled sedge a thousand phantoms start;

Yet on, with sadness moaning in her heart,
She threads her way across the dark morass.

SAM JONES ON TEMPERANCE.

I SAY to you people of Toronto, don't you eat hearty at any one meal until you have settled this liquor problem and driven it out of your midst forever, when you can say, "Children, I will leave you little or much of this world's goods, but I will leave you where you will live and die sober men and boys," and it is the best heritage we can leave our boys. I believe if I live two years longer I will live to see this, that the last drop of whiskey is put out of my State; and when my wife dies and goes to heaven she can say, "Children, stay in Georgia. I hope you will live and die in this grand old State, where you can stay sober all your life." And I hope that every mother in the Dominion of Canada, as she passes out of this world will be able to say, "Children, stay here, and you will live and die sober. No intoxicant is sold here, nothing to drag you down; but you will be blest upon all sides." Oh! if we just had such a country to leave our children. I have only got one thing against Toronto, and that is the 226 hell-holes in your town that are drowning souls every day. God help you to say that you will never be satisfied or hush your mouths until your city is redeemed from this curse. Then let your light so shine before the world that we can come to you and say, "Let's be like that city. Emulate that city; follow that city; and let us in all things imitate her in her life and character."

I want this city just in this shape. Your Sabbath is a quiet, peaceful Sabbath. I have told the States about it. I have said, "No street cars run. The streets are just lined with people on the way to the house of God. Perhaps every Sabbath sees two-fifths of her population in the churches worshipping God, and it shows that the Good Lord in his mercy has almost redeemed the city. I have told them that your bar-rooms are closed up on Sunday. I have told them that Sabbath is Sabbath here in this city, and I would that I could just tell them that you keep every day in the week as you keep your Sunday, because there is no liquor sold or bought, and nothing is done except what is for the best interest of humanity and the glory of God in your midst." When you get on a plan like that you will be like a city on a hill. We can see you from Florida. We can see you from South Carolina. We can see you from California. We can see you from New York city. We can see you from Texas, and when we see this city we can fall down and say, "Good Lord, show us how that city got to that altitude. Let us be there and we will enjoy the same altitude, which will be heaven begun on earth." God grant you such freedom from this curse, and such earnestness to work, that you will have for yourselves the very richest rewards on earth and the greatest reward in eternity. God help you and God bless you.

WHAT DRINK WILL DO.

I tell you when whiskey gets its hold upon a community, brethren, it is astonishing where it gets men. Down in Macon, Georgia, the question opened some years ago. A poor husband had drunk until he had broken his wife's heart, and she died, and he knelt by the bedside and promised her, "I will never touch another drop while I live in this world," and in less than six weeks after the death of his wife, that man was drinking harder than ever. A few days after he began his spree his eldest daughter, in charge of the little ones at home, lay down broken-hearted, and when she was dying she called her drunken father and said, "O father! I am leaving you and the helpless little ones. Promise your daughter that you will never drink another drop," and he said, "Daughter, I'll never drink another drop unless I take it from your hands; I promise you that." And that night, after she died, the company had gone into the dining-room to get some coffee, and left him in the room with his child. He took the bottle out of his pocket, and clenched the hand of the corpse on it and turned it to his lips. My God! the distance downward that whiskey will carry a man, and yet, you and I, in this nineteenth century, will perpetuate a traffic that will bring about such a scene as that around the corpse of a precious innocent, daughter.

DON'T NEED BLOOD-MONEY.

The honest, industrious poor people, the noble, good and wealthy people, the honest, industrious middle class of this city, don't need a dollar that whiskey brings to this city. You don't need a dollar of that money in your business; and brethren, I say again, if the putting whiskey out will kill the town and demoralize trade, can you and I afford to prosper upon the blood-money of your orphan children and the poor destitute women of our town? I would rather go and lie down at a rich man's gate, and be fed by the crumbs from his table, than be clothed in purple and fine linen earned in the whiskey business. I feel that way about it. I know what I am talking about. I believe if every preacher in this country had been burned and hurt by whiskey as I have been, they would all speak out in unmistakable terms upon a question like this. I know the desolation it brings to a man's home. I know the sadness it brings to his home, and, as I have said to the bar-keepers, "When I paid you my money I was a clever fellow, and there was not a man of you that had anything to say against me, but, since I have learned to love God and be a good husband and father, you don't think I am doing right." But, if God will help me, we will put you out of that business, and bring you to Christ, and show you that there is a better and nobler way of getting along than making drunkards for a living.

IT IS TIME TO SPEAK OUT.

It is said that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and we are about run out of this seed, ain't we? Haven't got enough to sow a crop to-morrow. My mouth will not be hushed by any power in this world, when the poor women and children of this country stand at my back and cry, "Oh! defend us! defend us! We're going down in blood and death. Thank God for one man that will stand up for us." If you could just overhaul my mail, weekly, and see the letters baptized in the tears of poor women in America, begging me never to let up against whiskey. "It has been the curse of my boy, my husband and home, and my heart blood just drips out every day because of this fearful traffic. Mr. Jones, please sir, wherever you go let your voice and power go against this fearful traffic that is desolating our homes." And I have made up my mind fully and deliberately that if I am the only man in the world to do it, I will speak out. If I have to die from it in a pool of blood before my front door, I will speak for every poor woman in this country as long as the liquor snatches, not only the bread from the children, but the clothes from the back of that poor desolate family.

LICENSED TO RUIN BOYS.

I have said it everywhere and almost every day since I left this city.

that Toronto is the best city I ever saw. I never saw a city stand out in such bold moral life as this city does—and if this city, with all its church members, would proclaim itself as on God's side on every question, what an easy task it would be to put this traffic out of your land, and it would not only be the best moral city in the world, but the city in which no man could get liquor to debauch himself and his family. Who is the liquor interest run in favour of? We will say the 226 men in this city of Toronto want to sell liquor. What for? To make money. Now if you will take these two hundred and twenty-six men and pension them out of your treasury at \$1,000 a year, and not drink a drop of liquor for twelve months, you will be in the best financial state you have ever been in, and, if we want to be kind to those fellows, let's say, "We will pension you \$1,000 a year and take care of you for the balance of your lives." I wish we could get this city to do that. I have nothing against bar-keepers, but I will say this much to the mayor and aldermen of this city, if one of those liquor men were to go up and say, "Gentlemen, I want to get a license to sell whiskey, and I am going to have two of your boys drunkards before ten years from to-day," the board that grants licenses in this city would say, "Get out of my presence; you have no right to come here. I'll kick you out of my office." And yet every time they come in they get a license to debauch somebody's boys. They might as well debauch the alderman's boys as any one else's. I don't know who grants these licenses. I don't know your law upon the subject, but this much I do know, that, whenever sentiment and conscience is right, law will be right and you will do with this question just as you please. This is a free country; this is a democratic country; the majority rules in everything. And when the majority of this town says, "We don't want whiskey," then, if the minority want it, let them emigrate. Whenever the majority of the voters of this city says, "We don't want whiskey," whenever a majority of the voters of this city says, "We want prohibition men in office in this city," they will have them. When a majority of the voters of this city says that whiskey shall not be sold in this city, then there will be no whiskey sold in this city. I wish you could see it. With your noble Queen of England you still have a democratic country, and the majority of voters can carry things anyway they like. I wish you could see it.

EVERYBODY MUST HELP.

The leading temperance man in St. Louis went to the leading merchant, who was a Methodist, and said: "Sir, we are hard at work in the temperance cause and we need money. Won't you contribute?" He said: "No, sir, I am no fanatic. It is none of

my business. What is it to me if they want to drink it? I won't give you a dollar. It is none of my business so long as me and mine don't touch it." The next day he walked down to the leading depot. He was expecting his wife and daughter, and in a few minutes he looked at his watch. The train was due and he walked into the telegraph office and said: "I see the train is due from the east and it has not come. Is there any trouble?" "Yes, sir," they said. "There has been a wreck up the road some forty miles; have got no particulars." He hurried to the superintendent's office and he said: "My wife and daughter are aboard of that train. What's the trouble?" "We have had a fearful wreck; many are killed on the incoming train. We are going to run a train out there to meet the train that is wrecked." He rushed out of the depot and got on board of that train. And when he reached there, lying on the ground mangled and dead, was his wife and daughter among others, and then he turned around and there sat the drunken, besotted engineer under a tree, so drunk that he didn't know his own name. Running into a station, a freight train was pulling on a switch, and he ran his engine ahead of time, and ran into the freight train and killed several passengers. That man brought the corpses of his wife and daughter home, and he hunted up that temperance worker and he said, "I told you I didn't care who should drink whiskey, but I want to come to you now to tell you it does make a difference to me. My precious wife and daughter are in their graves now. Just draw on me whenever you want money to run this cause and I will be a friend of temperance and its work as long as I live in this world."

And I tell you, brethren, when that question is brought face to face with us in a shape like that it makes a difference to every preacher in this town who drinks whiskey and who does not. When this question is brought home to fathers and mothers like this, practically in many cases, I can always show you prohibitionists. When a man's boy has been debauched, I will show you a man that can be called on for money and help. When a young man's father has been ruined by whiskey he says, "I will do all I can to help put this cursed stuff out of our community." When you and I look around to-night, there is not one of us but must admit that some member of our family has been cursed by this fearful stuff. God has given me enough warnings that it is my duty to do as much as I can to put this curse out of our community forever.

FOOLS AND SCOUNDRELS.

They have said to me that I have said very hard things about this question. When preaching in Chattanooga, Tenn., I said, "Nobody but an infernal fool will drink whiskey." Well, sir,

the old, red-nosed fellows got awful mad with me about that, and I do not blame them much. They cussed around next day and said I called them the worst kind of fools. Well the next night I took them up on it, and said, "You are mad with me up here about what I said about drinking last night. There was a poor fellow waked up in jail one morning—and he waked up just as the jailor came into the room—and he jumped up and looked around and said, 'Where am I?' The jailor said, 'You are in jail, sir.' 'In jail?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In jail for what?' 'In jail for murder.' 'In jail for murder?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Whom have I killed?' 'You have killed your wife, sir.' And the man just staggered back and fell perfectly unconscious on the floor. In an hour he aroused himself and called aloud for the jailor, and when the jailor came to the door, he said, 'Sir, go and get a mob of men and a rope, and take me out of this jail and hang me to the first tree you can find, for I have killed the best wife a man can ever find in this world.'" What man will drink whiskey? Will anybody but an infernal fool drink that which will make him butcher his wife? If you are drinking that stuff just now, if you are imbibing that liquor day after day, it may be in less than twelve months from to-day you will butcher your wife in cold blood. If I had told that man three weeks before, "That stuff is going to make you butcher your wife," my! he would have knocked me down in my tracks, and yet, in the last six months, I have counted with my own eyes, in newspapers in America, cases in which twenty men have butchered their wives while they were drunk, and yet they will drink it!

INFERNAL SCOUNDRELS.

Well, I said another thing which was mighty strong, but some things that I will tell you—I cannot say without saying them with a vengeance—I cannot. I said, "Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell it." The liquor fellows got mad. They met on the streets and they gave it to me lively. "I'll take you up, old fellow. You're a liquor seller. Now I'll deal fair with you. I have nothing against you. I simply stated facts! That was all. Now listen. If every liquor dealer in this city to-morrow, will meet in the parlor of Market Street Church, and after we all meet there, we will march down Market Street, and then turn up 9th Street, and we will turn into a poor hovel where a poor ruined woman lives; we will look at the lonely, pale, ragged, desolate wife and we will get her to tell her history; where she was born, and how she was raised, and how she married an industrious man twelve years ago, and how they moved here to Chattanooga, and how he got to drinking. He would go to this bar-room and that, and drink, drink, until

the deepest poverty seized upon his home. Last year he committed a fearful crime while drunk and he is now working out a ten years' sentence in the Tennessee penitentiary. And we will just walk up and put our ear to her side, and just hear the blood drip, drip, drip, from her broken heart, and after we have listened to the blood drip, drip, drip, if you say that anybody but an infernal scoundrel will do business like that then I'll take back what I said!"

Why, bless your soul, honey, they never came. They never met me. Well, in another place I said, "I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal before I'll sell whiskey!" Well that made them mad. It looks like as if everything I'd say would make them mad. One fellow tackled me. I didn't say anybody that would sell whiskey would steal! but said I, "You will agree with me when the facts are brought before you." "What facts?" said he. "Up yonder lives a poor widowed woman, and her husband died and left her about \$10,000. That woman has been indulgent with her boys, and those boys have spent their money with you, and you know that last year one of her sons was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, and the other one is a poor wretch now, a curse to his mother. His mother sits up yonder now all broken hearted."

"Which would have been the best, for you to have crept up there and stolen that \$10,000, and left her boys poor, or, to take that money and debauch her boys and break her heart?" He said he didn't believe in any such logic, and just walked off and left me.

Put that question right. My congregation! When I look at a thing like that, I declare to you I cannot see how sensible men can license a traffic that can only bring woe and misery to the poor women and children of the country. I can't see it to save my life. And I believe in less than fifty years from to-day, that our children will look back upon our age as the barbaric age—the age that licensed people to sell whiskey. Our children will look back at the havoc caused by whiskey under the administration of their forefathers. Good Lord, raise us to the point at which we will wake up and put this accursed stuff out before any more of our children are ruined.

THE power that supports the destroying traffic is not in the dramshop. If left to themselves and not protected by law, they would quickly perish as common nuisances. The power, and hence the awful responsibility of their continuance with all their malign evils, is in our Christian churches and Christian homes. It is in the hands and upon the souls of our Christian voters. They could crush this monstrous crime with a blow, if they dared to stand out together before God.—G. T. Stewart.

Make a Beginning.

If you never make a beginning, lad,
You will never come to the end.
Why stand at the foot of the mountain, lad,
When you can to its brow ascend?

The way is weary, and steep, and long—
A toilsome journey, and slow.
But you cannot jump to a summit, lad;
Up step by step you must go.

There are many weeds in your garden, lad;
You must pull them, one by one.
In the time we waste, only dreading work,
Half life's labour can be done.

Just begin, my lad; and in years to come
That day you will surely thank
That you put your first seed in the earth,
Your first dollar in the bank.

A beginning is a promise, lad,
A foundation for vast store;
For we have sweet assurance, lad,
He who hath can hope for more.

Therefore, hesitate no longer, lad;
Hold your head up, and begin;
If you make a start, and then persevere,
Life's stern battles you will win.
—Mary E. Lambert.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 67
Bureau Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Bureau Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
3 Bligny street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

PRAYER.

WHEN you have prayed, does not your heart feel lighter, your soul more content? Prayer renders affliction less grievous, makes joy more pure. It gives to the one fortitude; to the other a celestial perfume. What are you doing in the world? And have you nothing to ask of him who has placed you here? You are a traveller who seeks his country. Do not walk with head bowed down. Raise your eyes heavenward that you may see the way. Heaven is your home; and when you look above, do you return no thanks? Have you no petition to make, or do you ever remain mute?

It has been said, "Of what good is prayer? God is too high above us to listen to such worthless creatures!" And who, then, has made these worthless creatures? Who has given them feeling, thought, and speech, if not God? And if he has been so good toward them, was it to forsake them afterward, and repulse them far from him? Truly, he who says this in his heart, that God despises his works, he blasphemes God.

Others have said: "Of what good is prayer? Does not God know better than we of what things we have need?" Yes! God knows better than we of our necessities, for God is himself our own first need, and prayer to God is the beginning of love in our heart. The father knows the needs of his child. For that reason should the son never return, by word or action, gratitude to his kind parent? When animals suffer, are in fear, or hunger, they utter pitiful cries. These are the prayers which they address to God, and he bows down a listening ear. Should man, then, alone of all creation, be the only being whose voice never reaches the ear of his Creator? Over the plains sometimes passes a violent hot wind, and the withered branches of the shrubs and flowers bend to the earth; but moistened by the dew they regain their freshness and raise their drooping heads. So there are burning winds which pass over the soul to wither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes the sad and weary spirit.

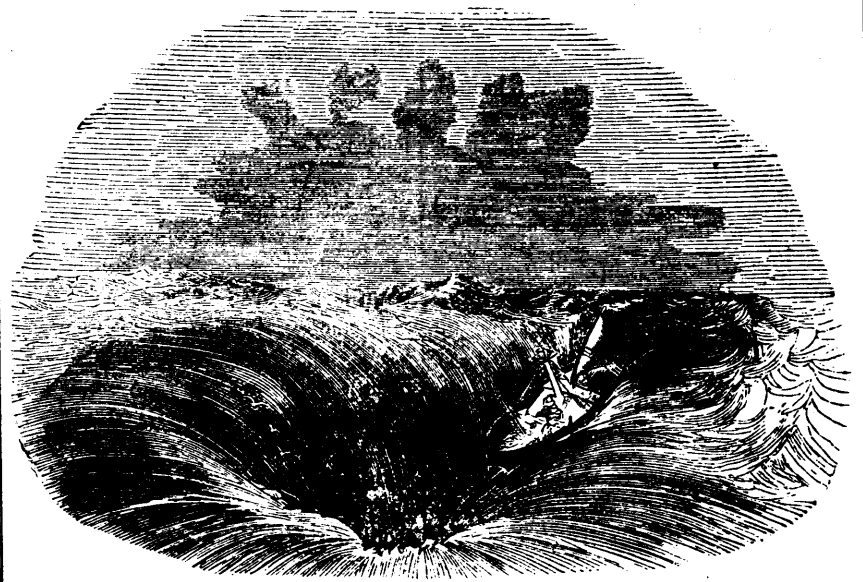
THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A KAFFIR girl, in southern Africa, who had come under the happy influence of Christian missions, went cheerfully to the missionary one day and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money." "You do not owe me anything," replied the teacher.

"I do," she answered; "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to any one in the class who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zaccheus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

"GOD BE WITH THEE."

It is related by travellers, as an instance of how little the customs of Eastern nations have changed during many hundreds of years, that in the fields of Palestine the very same words may be heard now as in the days of Boaz and Ruth. When the master enters the harvest-field he salutes his reapers, just as Boaz did, "The Lord be with you!" and the peasants



THE NORWEGIAN MAELSTROM.

respond always in the words, "God bless thee!" It is a happy custom that may well see no change. We should all do well to use from the heart this ancient salutation, "The Lord be with thee!"

THE NORWEGIAN MAELSTROM.

OFF the coast of Norway, southwest of the Loffoden Islands, is the wonderful Norwegian maelstrom. It is a grinding or whirling stream, as we see in this picture of it. Various stories have been told about it. An old account of it represents it as being so terrific as to swallow down ships and whales, but this is not the case. This whirlpool was examined closely by Major Vibe, superintendent of the Norwegian surveys of water. In his report he stated that in summer, when the tide is at its highest and lowest points, and if there is no storm, boats may venture to pass it. But in winter, and in storms, it would be very dangerous to attempt it. When the tide is about half-way between its highest and lowest points the waters are very violent. In winter they flow constantly toward the east at the rate of six knots (or miles) an hour. At certain times the wind drives the waters into such a commotion that they boil and whirl so fiercely that the largest steamer could not safely venture on them. Instead of drawing vessels to the bottom, however, they would be hurled against the rocks and thus ruined. Smaller vessels would be sunken by filling them with water. This maelstrom runs between the islands of Vaer and Moskenes, or rather between Moskenes and a large solitary rock which lies in the middle of the strait between Moskenes and Vaer. It is caused by the currents of the Great West fiord.

AND O Lord! grant that we may not despise our rulers; and grant that they may not act so that we can't help it.—*Dr. Lyman Beecher in a public prayer.*

UNDER the present system, the State can make drunkards faster than we can hope to reform them.—*A. M. Collins, M.D.*

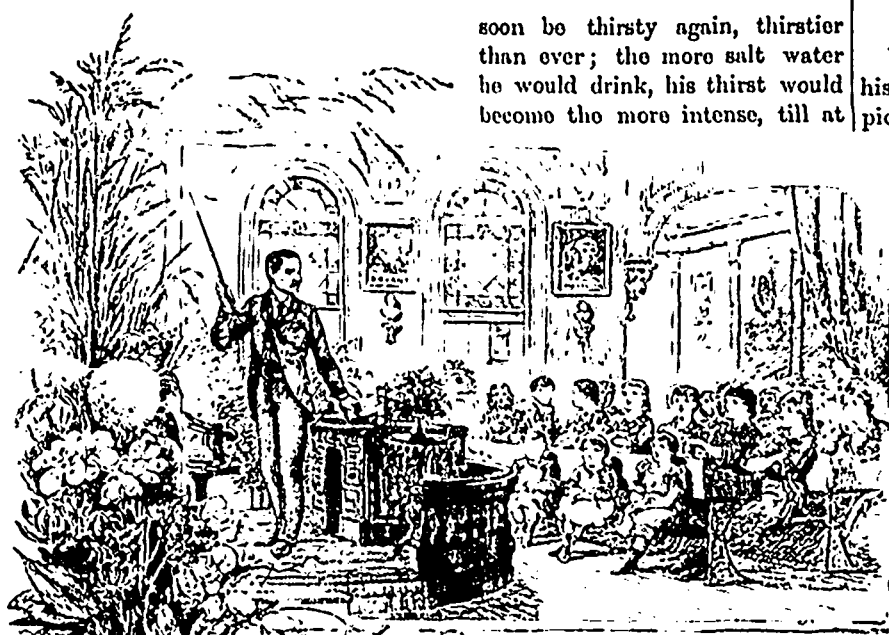
ECONOMY IN YOUTH.

WHILE sensible people put no faith in fortune-telling, we may on general principles predict from a boy's habits whether he is likely to succeed or fail in life. When money burns in his pocket and he is impatient to spend all that comes into his possession; when he spends every cent of his salary, and even falls into debt; when he prefers to invest his earnings in cigars, handsome clothes, and amusements to putting them at interest, we may safely predict that he will probably never attain wealth without a decided change of habits. Fifty cents a week saved in youth is often the nucleus of a large fortune. It is not so much the amount saved as the habit of saving that is important.—*Faith and Works.*

KING ALCOHOL.

BY BISHOP C. H. FOWLER, D.D.

IN dark rooms and dingy cellars, in secret conclave, he devises his plans and mixes his drugs. By night and by day he draws out the catalogues of crime. With hands polluted with blood, and locks that wriggle and crawl and hiss; with purpose fixed for slaughter, and with heart un pitying and unrelenting, he presses his infernal work. With the gold his crimes have brought him, he seeks to secure friends in the halls of legislation; to put his judges upon the bench, his advocates at the bar, his witnesses on the stand, and, to make surety doubly sure, his views in the public mind. He would control, if he could, not only our alm-houses and prisons, but also our legislative halls and our public presses. He would fill not only our cells and graveyards, but also our judgment-seats and our police commissions. This is our foe—cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger, remorseless as a hyena, fierce as a pestilence, deadly as a plague. To condemn and correct such a criminal is not the pastime of an hour, but the manly, hero-born, martyr-bred work of a lifetime.



SCHOOL-ROOM DECORATION.

SCHOOL-ROOM DECORATION

Too little attention is often paid in the public schools of this country to beautifying school-rooms and making them pleasant and attractive to the pupils. There are thousands of school-rooms that have no more decorations than the old barn where I fed the cattle when a boy, and the teachers in such rooms seem to care little more for their surroundings than the cattle that fed in the stalls.

"All high art," says Emerson, "is moral," and, adds a New York artist, "Whatever refines any part of man's nature refines his moral perceptions."

On the subject of school-room decorations, a man of taste and refinement truthfully says, "Let the window-sills of the school-rooms be beautified by living plants and blooming flowers, contributing alike to the good health and the good morals of the pupils, and let the ugly monotonous blackness of the slated board be enlivened by good crayon sketches, be they ever so simple, and by ornamentations in bright, but harmoniously arranged and judiciously grouped colours. Let the sayings of the masters of prose and poetry be emblazoned as 'Memory Gems,' and thus kept before the eyes and minds of the pupil."

The same remark applies especially to Sunday-school rooms. Let them be bright and beautiful as the means and taste of the church may make them. The ministry of beauty will help the ministry of brothers.

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

The boys and girls must remember that we have good authority for the adoption of temperance principles. We go to God's Word for direction, and see that it declares against drunkenness. The Bible tells us that strong drink creates an unnatural thirst for itself. Anything that does this is not good. If a person were thirsty and were to drink salt water, he would

soon be thirsty again, thirstier than ever; the more salt water he would drink, his thirst would become the more intense, till at

last it would kill him. So the Bible says that the language of the drinker of strong drink is, "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again" (Prov. xxiii. 35). In this way, by the unnatural thirst created, the drunkard is led on to ruin.

The Bible tells us that great sorrow and trouble come to those who indulge in strong drink. They think that by drinking they will be jolly and merry, but they have to suffer for it afterwards. What does Solomon say? "Who hath woe! who hath sorrow! They that tarry long at the wine."

The Bible tells us strong drink is so ensnaring that it has led even good men to commit great sin. The very first reference to strong drink in the Bible is unfavourable; it led Noah astray. Strong drink not only leads to drunkenness, and "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God," but it leads to other grievous sins. The Bible gives several cases of this. Let us heed the warning, for it says, "Look not thou upon the wine."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

DR. BOWMAN STEPHENSON ON CANADA.

In a Sunday-school address at Winnipeg the Rev. Dr. Stephenson narrated some anecdotes of child life in London, England. He told of his having had to care for more than 2,000 boys and girls during the twenty years of his experience with the Children's Home movement. He had between 800 and 900 children in Canada, hence he felt as if he were something of a Canadian himself; besides he had visited Canada several times, and had been in most of the towns of Ontario. He spoke of the poverty in the old country, and was glad to say that he had only seen one beggar boy in Canada, and that one he had not considered in need of charity. He described his experience in hunting boys at night in the streets of London, and said that hunting buffaloes was nothing in comparison.

DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.

WHEN a young fellow has made up his mind to walk on the edge of precipices for the sake of seeing prospects, he always finds plenty of company.

There are abundance of people with strong heads, who having walked these paths till they are quite certain of their foothold, are ready to go out with giddy new beginners. If they accidentally lose their heads and fall over, whose fault is that? Not theirs, of course. They never fall. They look where they step, and their heads do not turn. It is not drunkards and thieves who are dangerous companions to the green boys just from the city—oh, dear, no! It is your respectable young men that have learned to sip discreetly in all

sorts of forbidden fountains, and nibble at and there carefully of the forbidden fruit. They are held up as patterns. They drink, but are never drunk. They have exactly the knack of seeing and knowing all that there is to be seen and known in the way of wickedness, and yet keeping even step with the righteous. Some of them are church members and Sunday-school teachers; some are shrewd, regular business men. They are never going to hurt themselves, they tell you, but they believe in a certain freedom. They never could see the sense of temperance pledges. For their part, they don't need them; and if there is anything they do abominate, it's your radical, strait-laced people, who keep always in the dusty turnpike for fear of the precipice.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

I WANT to say a word to the young men. It is a grand thing to be a young man; to have life before you. Life is behind me. My record is nearly made; yours is to make. I can't change my record to save my life. I can't undo a deed I have done, or unsay a word I have spoken, to save my soul. No more can you. You are making your record. We old men have our record nearly made, and can't change it. It is an awful thing when a man is sixty-five years of age to look out upon a stained, smeared, smudged record, and know he can't change it. Thank God, there is a man who can wipe out the iniquity sufficient to save us, as a school-boy wipes his sum off the slate. Even if a man is forgiven, it leaves a mark upon him he will never recover from—never.

Young men, you have life before you, and you will have to map out which direction you will take. They tell us that eight miles above us no animal can exist. It is death to all animal life eight miles in that

direction. It don't depend on the distance you travel, but on the direction; and when a man takes a wrong direction he knows it. Young men, you need not tell me when you are doing wrong you don't know it. You do. There is not a young man that is breaking his mother's heart by dissipation, but knows it; knows that every glass he drinks will be a thorn in the way of him.

I would say, then, to young men, stop drinking and help us fight it. Fight this awful evil; it rests with the young men of our country to fight it, and to win the victory. Fight it! Fight it!

The Giant.

A GIANT goes hunting without hound or pack,
Before you, behind you. Ah! woe and slack
For the boy that is found in this wicked one's track!

When you're out with the boys at recess to play,
He follows, and tempts you the first oath to say;
Then stop, and resolve you are not going that way.

Again, he will come with the dazzling wine,
And press you, though often you bow and decline,
To taste "only once," it is so charmingly fine.

Now these are the things that I bid you beware,
For you are the bird for the hunter to snare,
And "Once" is the giant; so, my boy, have a care.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

"It's nobody's business but mine; I hurt no one but myself," said Alfred Dana, a young man, when reproved for intemperate habits.

Was it nobody's business? What of the lad of fourteen, employed in the same store, who began to smoke cigars just because "Alf Dana did?" or a few months later drank his first glass of liquor at the request of this same friend? Was it nobody's business when this lad continued to accept the proffered drinks until an insatiable thirst fastened upon him and bound him in the destroyer's grasp? Alfred had been strong; but he is weak. Was it nobody's business that at twenty-five this same young man died a horrible and sad death, with drink the cause of it; and his mother, an accomplished and lovely woman, was bending in awful agony of soul above the pale, dead face? Was no one hurt but Alfred Dana?

It is true of liquor-drinking that it loves company. Therein consists its greatest snare. Hence the danger of the saloon, with all its appointments for sociability.

There is not a drinker, moderate or immoderate, but has an influence in leading some other soul toward destruction. He cannot say in truth, "It is nobody's business."—*Royal Road.*

The Heartless Tyrant.

V. R. W. HOUYON.

BENEATH our free flag's swelling folds
A heartless tyrant reigns,
Who loves to torture captive souls
And bind with galling chains.

'Neath burdens that he lays on men,
They stagger in the street,
He bruised in foul, fiend-haunted den,
And loathsome, dark retreat.

In dram-shop vile and grand saloon,
Behind guilt-hiding screen,
As smiling host and low buffoon,
His agents may be seen.

Their eyes with eagerness intense,
Watch to destroy men,
Like tigers in a jungle dense,
And serpents in a fen.

His poisoned weapons in their hands,
More cruel deeds have done
Than scalping-knife in savage lands,
War club, or deadly gun.

If into fair account we take
His victims seen and hid,
Their blood would make a crimson lake,
Their bones a pyramid!

O, that his cruelties in naught
But murder we might find!
His most Satanic work is wrought
In ruined heart and mind.

We see his baleful influence blight
The brightest hopes of earth,
And like a plague, behold him smite
Great genius, fortune, worth.

Dear home, where light of love and peace
Like summer morning shone,
He enters—joy and comfort cease—
The loving hearts are stone.

His agents law and right defy,
In tainted purses keep
Base bribes, and into stations high,
By foul corruption, creep;

In courts and legislatures hide,
And ply their wicked trade,
That justice may be turned aside
And laws unequal made.

It is no ghost political,
No shadowy fear, I see;
A despot is King Alcohol,
And foe to you and me;

To all who hate the false and wrong,
Who love the right and true;
Hence, one should be our battle song,
And one our banner, too.

In union strong, with purpose staunch,
We shall to victory go.
And hurl a crushing avalanche
Upon our common foe.

THE NEW GIRL'S EXPERIMENT.

"You couldn't spare me a little money, could you, father?" Janet leaned over his arm as he counted some bills.

"If it is for something absolutely necessary, my daughter."

"I can't say it is exactly for that, but I never get a cent of pocket money now, father."

He sighed as he answered, "I know it, and I am sorry, but the pressure seems harder every year. Wants seem to increase faster than means of supplying them. Hand this to your mother, Janet."

"Forgive me for worrying you, dear father. I ought to be making my own spending money, but there are so few ways of doing that, unless I go away from home."

"We can't let you do that. There's enough for all if we are careful."

"Take it out to Bridget," said her mother, as Janet gave her the money from her father.

"Twelve dollars. Dear me!" said Janet to herself, rather fretfully, as she slowly walked towards the kitchen. "Bridget has earned it, and I don't grudge it to her, but I wish I could earn twelve dollars."

"Wirra, wirra!" Bridget sat on the floor, holding an open letter, and rocking herself backward and forward with dismal groans. Pots, pans and kettles were around in their usual confusion. "Its meself must be lavin' yez, the day, Miss Janet."

Servants were hard to find, and Janet's face wore the accustomed expression of dismay with which such notices were always received, as she asked, "What's the matter, Bridget?"

"It's me sister's got a favor bad, an' it's meself must be goin' to her, an' it's six weeks intiroly I'll be sthavin' when it's so far to be goin'."

As Janet handed her the money, a sudden thought came to her.

"I am sorry for you, Bridget. Of course you must go, if you must. Perhaps we can get along without you until you are ready to come back."

"Mother," she said, turning to her, "Bridget's going away for a few weeks." Mother's face grew as dismayed as Janet's had, for she was not strong, and there were four boys.

"An' plase ye, ma'am, it's after comin' to try to get the place I am."

"What do you mean, Janet?" said her mother, laughing, as the girl curt-sied low.

"I mean, mother, will you pay me the same you pay Bridget, if I will do her work?"

"You can't do it all, Janet."

"What I can't do I'll hire. I want to do something. I want to get some money I can feel is my own, and that I have a right to spend it if I want a new book or a bit of music, or anything else. I can't get a school—there are forty applications where there is one vacancy. I can't get more than two music scholars. I can't dispose of fancy work, or painting, and if I could, I might dabble over them for a month, and then not clear more than Bridget does in a week; there are so many doing that kind of work. Kitchen work is the only work there seems to be plenty of for girls."

"You may try it, but I think you'll get very tired of it."

Janet spent a good part of her first week's wages in buying gingham aprons, rubber gloves, and paying a stout woman to come and scrub and scour until the last traces of good-natured, slovenly Bridget's presence were removed. Then, with clean kitchen, clean utensils and clean towels Janet took hold of her work with a right good will.

"We'll all co-operate," said her father, when he heard of her intention.

"We'll co-operate," cried the boys, and they kept their word well in bringing in wood and water, and sweeping the walks. And after the first morning she found that Tom had made the fire and ground the coffee before she came down. "There's a great satisfaction in doing things thoroughly," said Janet to her mother, after the first day or two. "Before, when we have been without a girl, I always hated it because I tried how little I could get along with doing, and how much I could shove out of the way. And, mother, you would be astonished to see how little cleaning there is to be done when nobody makes any unnecessary dirt, or how much work can be saved by using your wits to save it."

She never told her mother how her back ached during those first days of unusual exercise. This wore off as she became accustomed to it. Every day she learned more and more to simplify her work. A few minutes in the kitchen just before bed-time arranged things so exactly to her hand that there was no hurry or crowding at the busy time in the morning. Careful handling of the table linen and other things made the wash smaller, so that the stout woman could do two weeks wash in one. Janet found that there were few days in which she could not sit down when the dinner work was over. Other surprising things came to light.

"What's the matter that you don't burn any wood nowadays?" said Tom; "I have so little splitting to do."

Bridget, like so many of her sisterhood, had always seemed to consider it her duty to keep a roaring fire all day, regardless of whether it was needed or not, and father always looked blank over the fuel bills. One-half the quantity was now amply sufficient, and a difference was soon apparent in many other things. The food for one person is always noticeable in a small family, where a rigid hand must be kept upon expenses, besides which, Janet was not slow in perceiving how many things went further than before. Odds and ends were utilized which had been thrown away or counted for nothing, but no one felt afraid of scraps done over by Janet's hand.

"We never were so comfortable before," said father.

"We never had such good things to eat," declared the boys, who highly appreciated the dainty, though plain cookery, as contrasted with Bridget's greasy preparations; for Janet, full of honest determination to earn her wages, had given much attention to the getting up of palatable, inexpensive dishes, seeking a variety, while Bridget had moved almost in one groove.

"I almost dread having Bridget come back," said mother.

But the time came when she was hourly expected. Mother sighed as she took note of the spotless kitchen, in which it was now pleasant to come and lend a hand at the cooking, or sit

with her knitting, with Janet moving briskly about.

"It's time I was settling with you, Janet," she said. "Six weeks—I owe you eighteen dollars."

"No; six off for hiring Mrs. Burt, and a few other things."

"Not a bit off, dear; I've been looking over the bills for the month, and I find quite a difference, more than paying for all your extras. Not only in meat, groceries and fuel, but I notice it in the wear and tear and breakage. Dear me! I don't believe five dollars a week covers the expenses of Bridget's being here."

"You don't, mother, dear," said Janet, in great delight. "Then you are not tired of your new girl, and wish to have Bridget back?"

"No, indeed," said mother fervently.

"Then she isn't coming back! I've found my way of earning, and I'm going to stick to it for awhile; it isn't all pleasant, to be sure, but I don't know any kind of business that is. Only," she said, laughing, "I shall insist on having my wages paid as regularly as if I were Bridget. I shall clothe myself out of them, and be saving dear old father about five dollars a week, if you are right in your calculations, mother."

"What will you do with Bridget when she comes?"

"Mrs. Whitcomb wants a girl, so she can go there. O, mother, it's a real comfort to feel as if I were supporting myself. And I wonder why I never thought how pleasant it is, this doing for you all."

And Janet worked on, feeling sure she had found the best way of securing her pocket money in thus expending her energies for those she loved. How many daughters, restless and fretful for want of something to do, might find the same way blessed to themselves and to others, in their homes made bright and sweet by their faithful ministrations.

DOING.

Doing, not dreaming, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will not amount to anything unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute.

Not the faithful talker, but the faithful toiler, leaves the broad mark of work accomplished.

"Not he that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth my Father's will."

Not the son that promised, but he that went, was the one who received the reward.

"This one thing I do," not "this one thing I think," made a Paul.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

Going about continually doing good was the example left by Christ; and the promise is given, "To them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour and immortality, eternal life."

VIRTUE is a garment of honour, but wickedness is a robe of shame.

The District School.

THE birds sung in its sheltering trees;
The school-house door was left ajar
To catch the summer-scented breeze
That wandered from its home afar.
The children rough and rosy came,
Their smiling faces peeping out;
Each answered to the roll-call name,
Then stared shame-facedly about.

Cling! cling! the master rings the bell;
Clack! clack! the noisy voices go;
"If you don't give me some I'll tell."
"Who was it pulled my hair? Oh! oh!"
"Tom Nelson pinched me black and blue!"
"Twas Jimmy Owens dropped that slate."
"I didn't throw them wads—'A-cho-oo!"
"I'll lam you, Harvey Smith—jes' wait!"

And from the other side the girls,
Though "making believe" on books
intent,
Peep slyly from their tumbled curls,
Less noisy, yet on mischief bent.
Across the room, above the noise,
Coquettish smiles fly to and fro—
For girls were girls, and boys were boys,
In district school rooms years ago.

"Silence!" the master rapped in vain;
They would not heed that idle day.
"I will not speak," he cried, "again!
First class in spelling, come this way;
Begin the lesson—S-e-p-a-r-a-t-e.
Wrong, wrong again! next one," said
he—

And all misspelled, save little Kate,
By making the fourth letter "e."

Well pleased with her the master said:
Come, Katie, my faithful little lass,
And take position at the head—
Head of our vaunted spelling-class."
The blushes on her bonny face
Gave way to tears of joy and pride;
For when she reached that honoured place
She stood there, by the master's side.

'Twas but a yesterday ago
I saw the district school let out,
And in the welcome sunset's glow
We romped and played with cheer and
shout.

And was it yesterday?—ah, no!—
I stood beside a hillock green,
And carved her name upon a tree;
Or do long centuries roll between?

Ah! by the master's side to-day
She stands—the pupil of his love—
A learner in that school away;
Head of the training class above.
And when my wearied head I bow,
So tired of life's perplexing rule,
I dream of those, evanished now;
And of the dear old district school!

—Journal of Education.

THE LESSON OF THE BATH.

ONE of the most valuable discoveries made by Archimedes, the famous scholar of Syracuse, in Sicily, relates to the weight of bodies immersed in water. Hiero, king of Syracuse, had given a lump of gold to be made into a crown, and when it came back he suspected that the workmen had kept some of the gold and had made up the weight by adding more than the right quantity of silver; but he had no means of proving this, because they had made it weigh as much as the gold which had been sent. Archimedes puzzling over this problem went to his bath. As he stepped in he saw the water, which his body displaced, rise to a higher level in the bath; and to the astonishment of the attendants he sprang out of the water and ran home through the streets of Syracuse, almost

naked, crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" ("I have found it! I have found it!")

What had he found? He had discovered that any solid body put into a vessel of water displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk; and therefore that equal weights of two substances, one light and bulky and the other heavy and small, will displace different quantities of water. This discovery enabled him to solve his problem. He procured one lump of gold and another of silver, each weighing exactly the same as the crown. Of course the lumps were not the same size, because silver is lighter than gold, and so it takes more of it to make up the same weight. He first put the gold into a basin of water, and marked on the side of the vessel the height to which the water rose. Next, taking out the gold, he put in the silver, which, though it weighed the same, yet, being larger, made the water rise higher; and this height he also marked. Lastly, he took out the silver and put in the crown. Now, if the crown had been pure gold the water would have risen only up to the mark of the gold; but it rose higher, and stood between the gold and the silver mark, showing that silver had been mixed with it, making it more bulky; and by calculating how much water was displaced, Archimedes could estimate roughly how much silver had been added. This was the first attempt to measure the specific gravity of different substances; that is, the weight of any particular substance compared to an equal bulk of some other substance taken as a standard. In weighing solids or liquids, water is the usual standard.—*Harper's Young People.*

"YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL DO."

A YOUNG man recently was graduated from one of our scientific schools. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brothers, and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow travellers said to him—

"Come, let us off for a drive and the sights."

"No," said the young man. "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said—

"Right, my boy. I began in that

way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honour to him, in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of secret obligation. Already success was smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.

We predict for him the most promising results as the months fly and the years wax and wane. His is the stuff of which the Puritans were made: sturdy, tough, puissant in the best manhood. God bless him as he builds his early fortune! God help him to sow broadcast his conscientious convictions. Such young men are in need for the foundations of our new homes and our Western civilization. We thank God when such "go west," and bear with them, without a blush, the religion of our blessed Lord: Ah, how much better for hundreds of Western pioneers if they had not broken faith with their God. The young men that go into the mines and into the new places with a godly atmosphere about them "will do." They will build themselves into the rising States as strong, living powers.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"A SOLDIER, BY HIS WALK."

THESE words attracted my attention as, waiting the arrival of my own train, I watched a third-class carriage and its passengers just ready to start for London.

The remark, "He has been a soldier, by his walk," was in reference to an erect, firm-treading man who had alighted from the train, and had evidently been an object of intense interest to his fellow-passengers.

"Ay, and he has been a soldier, by the way he carries his pack," said another.

"Ay, and by his politeness," observed a third. "Did you see how he touched his cap, only because you gentlemen looked at him? Most of us would have said, 'What are you staring at?'"

The train started off, the man left the station, and I followed, saying to him, "Did you hear the remarks of your fellow-travellers, my friend?"

He smiled as I repeated them, and said, "Just as it should be, sir—just as it should be. A soldier in plain clothes should be the same as a soldier in uniform. A true soldier ought to walk so as to be known as such wherever he is."

He gave me a military salute, and we separated. He left me full of serious thoughts that came to me in the form of the following questions:

"Is my walk such as to elicit from all with whom I associate the remark, 'He is a soldier, by his walk?'"

"As a soldier of the Lord Jesus, I

have a character to sustain. Do I sustain it, even in the small kindnesses and courtesies of life, so as to make the remark of me true, 'He must be a soldier, by the way he behaves toward all—taking affront at nothing, but supposing the best of our actions?'"

As the walk of a soldier is precise and dignified, so let all your course of living give proof of Christian carefulness and correctness.

It is Well.

THE air has borne some tender words,
As sweet as melodies of birds,
And benedictions soft and clear
Have trembled on the waiting ear;
But never sweeter accents fell
Than Faith has uttered: "It is well."

Hope sits through each to-day and waits
The opening of to-morrow's gates;
And Patience wearily abides
The veil that each to-morrow hides;
But whether good or ill foretell,
Faith sweetly whispers, "It is well."

Alas! for him who never hears
The words that quiet doubts and fears;
Who, bent with burdens, plods along
With never any heart for song;
Who murmurs, come whatever will,
To bless or chasten, "It is well."

How dark the night when shine no stars!
How dull and heavy being's bars
When through them Faith can never see
Green fields beyond and liberty!
How sad the day when wailing knell
Is louder than the "It is well."

As soothing as a soothing balm,
A grand and yet a tender psalm
Is floating over on the air,
Is blending with the mourner's prayer;
And saddest plaints that ever fell
Find answer in the "It is well."

—Rural Home.

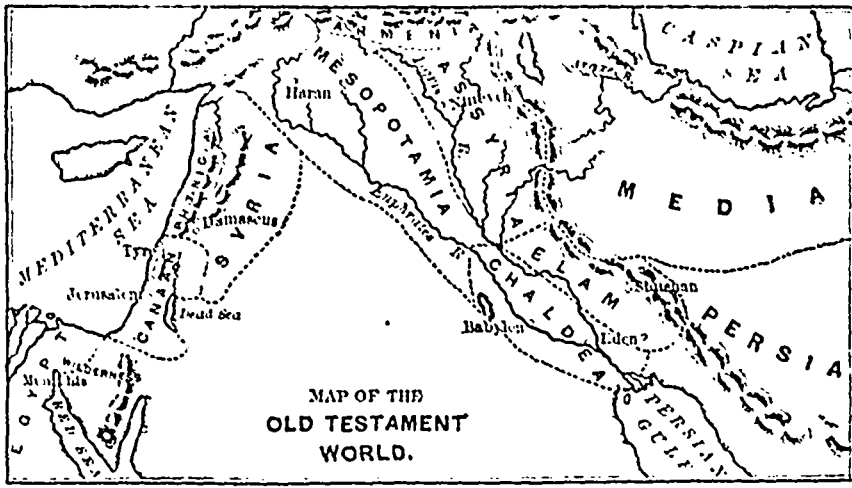
"CLEAN INSIDE."

WHEN the first missionaries at Madagascar had converted some of the islanders there, a Christian sea-captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard or book which you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him which makes him different; so I became a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me to keep me from being bad."

Now, that old chief had the right idea of Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him. He had a new motive; it was the desire to be true and pure.

At one of the ragged-schools in Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?—*W. W. Newton.*



MAP OF THE OLD TESTAMENT WORLD.

The above map will be useful for reference, as it shows the position and relations of the countries mentioned in Old Testament history.

"Only."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—St. Matthew xxv. 40.

ONLY a word for the Master, Lovingly quietly said; Only a word! Yet the Master heard; And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance, Sorrowful, gentle, and deep; Only a look! Yet the strong man shook; And he went alone to weep!

Only one cry from the sinner, Bitterly earnest and wild:—"Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in agony; And the Saviour saved his child.

Only some act of devotion, Willingly, joyfully done: "Surely 'twas nought," (So the proud world thought); But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children, Pleasantly, cheerfully given; Still seed was sown In that hour alone, Which would bring forth fruit for Heaven!

"Only"—but Jesus is looking Constantly, tenderly down To earth, and sees Those who strive to please; And their love he loves to crown. —Charlotte Murray.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1898.] LESSON IX. [Feb. 27.

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

Gen. 19. 15-26. Commit to mem. vs. 15-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Escape for thy life. Gen. 19. 17.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Righteous Lot.
- 2. Wicked Sodom.

TIME.—1898 B.C. Immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Sodom. Gomorrah. Zoar.

EXPLANATIONS.—Daughters which are here—Some think Lot had other daughters married living in Sodom. The Lord being merciful—The mercy is shown by God's angels taking by their hands each of the reluctant four and leading them forth. That he said—One of the angels said. City... is a little one—Lot pleads that God will not destroy Zoar, because, as it has but few inhabitants, it cannot be so terribly wicked. The Lord rained... from the Lord—A poetic expression, probably to make the assertion

strong, that the destruction was from the Lord Jehovah himself. Brimstone and fire—What is meant is not surely known. The country is now and was abundant with bitumen, and God may have kindled it to burning in any of many ways: some think by lightning, and others by volcanic eruption. Of the destruction there can be no question. Pillar of salt—Overwhelmed in her delaying by the noxious vapors, she falls and is covered by the storm with the incrustation which made the pillar of salt.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

- 1. God's care for the righteous?
- 2. God's tenderness with the wayward?
- 3. God's anger with the wicked?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to Sodom to warn Lot and his family? Two angels of God. 2. How did they show God's mercy to Lot and his family? By dragging them out of the city. 3. What did they say to Lot in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Escape," etc. 4. What took place after Lot went out of Sodom? God rained fire upon it. 5. What came upon Lot's wife when she stopped and looked back? She became a pillar of salt. 6. What are we taught in this lesson? To escape from wicked companions.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The mercy of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. Did God create you? Yes; he made me, both body and soul. Psalm c. 3. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is he that hath made us. [Job x. 11; Numbers xvi. 22; Hebrews xii. 9.]

B.C. 1872.] LESSON X. [March. 6. ABRAHAM OFFERING ISAAC.

Gen. 22. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 10-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering. Gen. 22. 8.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Offered.
- 2. Delivered.

TIME.—1872 B.C. This date is based upon Josephus's statement as to Isaac's age at the time of the trial.

PLACE.—The land of Moriah. Many think this was the same as Mount Moriah, where, centuries after, Solomon built the temple. The place was then called Jebus, or Salem.

EXPLANATIONS.—God did tempt—Better, God did test or prove Abraham. Thine only son—Isaac was the only son by Sarah, the only son of promise, and now really the only son left in his father's house. Two of his young men—simply servants of his family. I and the last will go... and come—Abraham had the promise that Isaac should be the father of a mighty nation. He knew the sacrifice was death, but he also knew or believed, as in Heb. xi. 17. The place which God had told him of—This was, not improbably, the mountain in which afterward the temple was reared for God's worship. Bound... his son—After the manner of all Oriental sacrifice. Angel of the Lord—The covenant Jehovah, the Eternal Word, in the after ages our incarnate Lord, Jesus, the Son of God. Jehovah-jireh—The Lord will provide. The whole scene is full of prophetic

suggestion and many see pictures of the suffering and death and resurrection of Jesus here foreshadowed.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught— 1. That God requires obedience? 2. That God loves to be trusted? 3. That God will provide help in need!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God command Abraham? To offer up his son Isaac. 2. What was the purpose of this command? To try the faith of Abraham. 3. How did Abraham receive God's command? He prepared to obey the command. 4. How was Isaac saved from death? By a voice from heaven. 2. What did Abraham say to Isaac on the way to the altar in the GOLDEN TEXT? "God will," etc. 6. Of what was this prophecy? Of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lamb of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

11. Does God care for you? I know that He cares for me, and watches over me always by his Providence. 12. What is the Providence of God? The Providence of God is his preservation of all His creatures, His care for all their wants, and His rule over all their actions.

THE CARE OF CLOTHING.

THE care of clothing is an important matter, and is thus discoursed upon by the Golden Rule:

"It makes a great difference in the looks and wear of a hat or coat whether it is thrown down on the lounge or chair when taken off, or carefully hung up. With two boys the expense of their clothing is often nearly one half in difference, mainly, as we think, because one of them will always hang up his clothes carefully, while the others may be found anywhere—when they can be found at all! Properly brushing and cleaning clothes, and mending them as soon as required rather than waiting until the thread ravel out or the tear has grown too large to be neatly repaired, add greatly to their durability. When they get a little seedy have some tailor, who does the work cheaply and well, give them a good cleansing and pressing. This may be done several times to a good suit, and each time it will 'look as good as new.' Here is where true economy comes in, in the care of clothing and proper attention to repairing and cleansing. More than half the expenses can be saved in the bill for the year if pains are taken to secure material worthy of such care."

MONEY WELL SPENT.

"THE first piece of money," said a gentleman, "that I ever had I spent for a book. It was the Pilgrim's Progress. I well remember how pleased I was. The pictures, the reading, the blank leaves, were mine, and my name was written on one of the blank leaves at the beginning. That book laid the foundation of my library. All the pence my uncle gave me I saved for books. Every book I bought I longed to read, and that prevented my time as well as money from being wasted, for the books which I bought I consulted older friends about, and they were worth reading; and I would say to every boy and girl, 'Do not foolishly spend all your pocket-money in other things, but lay the foundation of a good library with it. Good books are wise and useful companions.'"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Reward Cards

EXTRAORDINARY!

We have just opened up the most elegant line of

Sunday-School Reward Cards

ever shown in Canada for the money. The average size of the card is 5 x 6 inches. Each package contains 10 cards, with Scripture texts and verses by Miss Havergal.

Please order by numbers.

- No. 251. Landscape and Floral designs.
- 258. Floral designs.
- 249. Landscape and Floral designs.
- 281. Landscape designs.
- 274. Floral designs.
- 277. Floral designs.
- 286. Floral designs.
- 283. Floral designs.
- 285. Floral and Landscape designs.
- 271. Floral designs.
- 12. Floral designs.
- 253. Floral designs.
- 298. Floral designs.
- 258. Floral designs.
- 303. Floral designs.
- 252. Floral designs.
- 300. Landscape designs.
- 301. Landscape designs.
- 247. Landscape and Floral designs.
- 240. Landscape and Floral designs.

Send for a sample package and examine them.

Price per package—30 Cents.

Mailed post free on receipt of price.

ANNUALS FOR 1886.

Our Stock of these Annuals is almost Exhausted. Order quickly if you wish to secure them.

- Adviser, Boards \$0 35
- " Cloth 0 70
- British Workman 0 50
- British Workwoman 0 50
- Children's Treasure; Boards 0 35
- Cottager and Artist 0 50
- Chatterbox, Boards 1 00
- " Cloth 1 75
- Children's Friend, Boards 0 50
- " " Cloth 0 70
- " " Gilt edges.. 0 90
- Child's Companion, Boards 0 50
- Every Girl's Annual, Cloth 2 00
- Every Boy's Annual, " 2 00
- Family Friend, Boards 0 50
- Friendly Visitor, Cloth 0 70
- " " Gilt edges.. 0 90
- Friendly Greetings, Cloth 0 75
- Infants' Magazine 0 50
- " " Cloth 0 70
- " " Gilt edges.. 0 90
- Little Folks, Boards 1 25
- " " Cloth 1 75
- Little Wide Awake, Boards 1 25
- " " Cloth 1 75
- Leisure Hour, Cloth 2 00
- " " Gilt edges 2 50
- Sunday, Boards 1 00
- The Prize, Boards 0 50
- " " Cloth 0 70
- The Pansy, Boards 1 25
- Worthington's Annual 1 50
- Wide Awake 1 50
- Young England, Cloth 2 00

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,

78 and 80 King St. East, Toronto;

G. W. COATES, 3 Biscary St., Montreal, S. F. HUENTIS, Halifax, N.S.