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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

## Children's Crusade—A Fragment.\*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### I.

What is this I read in history,  
Of marvel, full of mystery,  
So hard to understand?  
Fiction? Is it truth?  
Children in the flower of youth,  
Heart in hand and hand in hand,  
Without what helps or arms,  
Without armour, without arms,  
Marching to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?  
Ever since the world was made  
Such a wonderful crusade  
Started forth for Palestine.  
Ever while the world shall last,  
Will it reproduce the past;  
Ever will it see again  
Such an army, such a band,  
Over mountain, over main,  
Marching to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
From the parent trees were they;  
Like a flock of birds that fly  
Through the unfrequented sky,  
Holding nothing as their own,  
Led them into lands unknown,  
Led to suffer and to die.

Oh the simple, child-like trust!  
Oh the faith that could believe  
That the harnesses, iron-mailed  
Knights of Christendom had failed  
By their prowess to achieve,  
That they, the children, could and must!

Little thought the hermit, preaching  
To yon wars to knight and baron,  
That the words dropped in his teaching,  
In entreaty, his beseeching,  
Could by children's hands be gleaned  
And the staff on which he leaned  
Be as useless as the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves  
The innumerable leaves  
From the bosom of a wood—  
Not as separate leaves, but massed  
All together by the blast—  
So for evil or for good  
His resistless breath upheaved  
All at once the many-leaved,  
Many-thoughted multitude.

The crusade of the children in the  
Middle Ages—from which very few of them  
returned, and which never reached the Holy  
Land—is but a type of the new crusade to  
which our boys and girls are summoned—  
a crusade not for the rescue of Christ's  
sepulchre, but for the rescue of men  
and women made in his image: a crusade  
which is destined to be crowned with  
victory. We want to enlist every boy and  
girl in Canada in this crusade against the  
evil traffic—the greatest evil which despoils  
our country. So in our boys and girls  
to men and women, and by their votes  
in the polls and the influence in the homes,  
able to sweep from the land this great  
evil and crime.

In the tumult of the air  
Rock the boughs with all the nests  
Cradled on their tossing crests;  
By the fervour of his prayer  
Troubled hearts were everywhere  
Rocked and tossed in human breasts.

For a century, at least,  
His prophetic voice had ceased;  
But the air was heated still  
By his lurid words and will.

As from fires in far off woods,  
In the autumn of the year,  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

### II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine,  
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,

And the thronging streets were loud  
With the voices of the crowd;  
Underneath the city walls  
Silent flowed the river Rhine.

From the gates, that summer day,  
Clad in robes of hooden gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young crusaders fared,  
While above the band devoted  
Consecrated banners floated,  
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,  
And the cross over all the rest:  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,  
"Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer!"  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens.

### III.

Ah! what master hand shall paint  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint!  
Ever swifter day by day  
Flowed the homeward river; ever  
More and more its whitening current  
Broke and scattered into spray,  
Till the calmly flowing river  
Changed into a mountain torrent,  
Rushing from its glacier green  
Down through chasms and black gorges  
Like a phoenix in its nest,  
Burned the red sun in the west,  
Sinking in an ashen cloud,  
In the east, above the crest  
Of the sea like mountain chain,  
Like a phoenix from its shroud,  
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,  
Closed the mountain peaks below  
Headlong, from the precipice  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Plunged the cataract, white with foam,  
And it said, or seemed to say:  
"Oh, return, while yet you may,  
Foolish children, to your home,  
There the Holy City is!"

But the dauntless leader said  
Faint not, though your bleeding feet  
O'er these slippery paths of snow  
Move but painfully and slowly,  
Other feet than yours have bled,  
Other tears than yours been shed.  
Courage! lose not heart or hope.  
On the mountain's southern slope  
Lies Jerusalem the holy!"  
As a white rose in its pride,  
By the wind in summer tide  
Tossed and tossed from the branch,  
Shower its petals o'er the ground,  
From the distant mountain's side,  
Scattering all its snows around,  
With mysterious muffled sound,  
Loosened, fell the avalanche.  
Voices, a low far and near,  
Roar of wind and waters blending,  
Mists uprising, clouds impending,  
Filled them with a sense of fear,  
Formless, nameless, never ending.



NATIVE CHINESE MISSIONARY.

ONE of the most striking triumphs  
of the Gospel is when a worshipper of  
a false god becomes not merely a  
worshipper of the true God, but also  
a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus.  
This moral miracle has many times  
been repeated in the history of Chris-  
tian missions. We give a portrait  
here of a native Chinese preacher,  
brought up in the dark tenets of the

religion of Buddha, who renounced  
that vain philosophy, became a disciple  
of Jesus, and then went forth to  
preach to his countrymen the precious  
faith which he had learned. Many of  
these Chinamen are just the material  
to make first rate Methodist preachers  
of—they are shrewd, intelligent,  
pious and devoted to God and to his  
cause.

February

Now who would guess in this wild, but silent,  
That the birds were warm under our feet?  
Of who would guess, in such a storm as this,  
That the snow was as yet in the hearts of the trees?

Would any one think do you suppose,  
These brown stocks would ever produce a rose—  
Brown and fretted, tossed to and fro,  
Coated with snow and whitened by snow?

Plank and bare is the meadow side;  
Dreary the woods, the distances wide;  
Yet the looms of God, unheard, unseen,  
Are weaving their draperies of green.

The tender may still ever wait for a command,  
The violet purple he holds in his hand  
Thousands of servants are working his will,  
In the underground spaces vast and still.

Farther and louder the wild winds blow,  
But we who are in the secret know  
That short is the time of their savage power—  
The sun comes nearer hour by hour.

And what of the heart that is beaten and tossed,  
Chilled by sorrow till hope is lost?  
Can there be life in the frozen earth,  
And for human hearts no summer birth?

Is there a sun for the elm and the rose,  
Shining and winning till life overflows;  
While the soul lies desolate, waiting in vain,  
With no power in the heaven to loosen its chain?

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1892.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

THE famous Eddystone lighthouse, off the coast of Cornwall, was first built in a fanciful way, by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from his lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storm, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one fearful night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder.

The lighthouse was built a second time of wood and stone by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames.

Next the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built, and riveted it to the rock, as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscriptions like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it;" and on its keystone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "Laus Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding its beacon light to storm-tossed mariners.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men, Christ, the light, must be held up before them or they will perish. Let us, then, place him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone. But taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble inscription, that we may be sure that the lighthouse will stand.

SCENES IN CHINA.

A SCENE on the street where the peddler is offering something for sale and the barber is shaving the head of a customer. But what strange scene is this where men are running through the fire? It is a festival of fire, and occurs in China on the reputed birthday of the Taou gods, and is observed by the running of the men barefooted through a heap of burning charcoal that is generally twelve feet square.

A large number of people assembled to witness it. When all is ready the heathen priests rush wildly through the fire followed by others, while deafening sounds of horns and gongs drown the shrieks and groans of the men whose feet are burning, and who sometimes fall down in the fire and are burned to death.

A missionary in China writes about some Chinese children. She says: "I saw a poor little girl the other day sitting under an arch on a dirty bit of matting, and holding a basin in her hand begging money from people who went past. When I went close up I saw that she was quite blind. Her cruel father had put out her eyes so that people might pity her and give her money. She looked a dear, bright little thing, and told me her name—just four years old. When I passed again she was singing to herself. I felt so sorry to see her all alone, with no one to love her or take care of her, and that she did not even know that her Father in heaven was watching over her as she sat in the crowded street.

"I saw some little girls to-day in our school here, who were much happier. They had bright eyes, and were busy reading, and writing, and sewing. Two of the little girls were helping to get dinner ready, great big jars of boiled rice, snowy white, and little saucers of green peas and pods. One of them went to a cupboard and got out a great many little basins, more than thirty, and laid them neatly out on the long tables in the girls' dining-room, and beside each she laid two long, thin sticks, instead of a spoon, for them to eat with.

"One little girl did not want any dinner, because she was sick. I went up to see her. She was lying on a mat on her bed. At first I could not see anything but a big bundle on the bed, because she was frightened, and hid under the thick quilt, which was blanket and sheets to her all in one. However, I poked in my hand where I thought her head should be, and out it popped—such a little black, untidy mop of hair. Her eyes said she was pleased, and soon she found her voice. Her name is Kau; in English it would be Monkey. If you were sick you would not like to lie on Monkey's bed. It is so hard, and instead of a pillow she has a little round wooden stool for her head. She does not seem to mind, and will soon be well, I hope, and able to play with the others. They do enjoy a game, and they skip very nicely."

Another missionary writes of a pupil that came to the girls' school: "She was a little girl robed in bright scarlet, with green trousers and a gorgeous bespangled head-dress. Her father, Yao, is an inquirer, and a very interesting man. He has four sons, the second of whom is at our school, and this little daughter, who is dreadfully spoiled. I gave her a little bit of hemming to do, and she put in three or four stitches for her day's work, and took it home for her mother to finish. Next day I ripped out the sewing, and told her she must do it herself, as I wanted her to learn. She calmly told me she would not, that she should take it home again for her mother to do! She is a day scholar, and goes home with her brother for meals, so costs us nothing. She won't read, and at every chance runs away home, and, if brought back, throws herself on the floor and howls."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

ABOUT a mile beyond the Beech Hill stood Squire Macdonald's store, and one dreary night in late autumn there came thither first Rory O'More, and then Sandy Big John, and finally Alec Gillies, all in a high state of excitement, and asserting with much positiveness that they had seen the ghost on Beech Hill. Now the squire was a shrewd, hard-headed, and unsuperstitious a Scotchman as ever traded tea for butter or sugar for eggs, and he had no more faith in the Beech Hill ghost than in the man in the moon.

But this time the testimony of the terrified witnesses happened to agree remarkably. The ghost had appeared to all in precisely the same form, namely, as a white, shapeless thing that rolled along the ground, uttering shrill and threatening shrieks. The matter was surely worth looking into.

"Hark ye, now," said the squire at last, "I believe you are nothing better than a parcel of foolish boys; and to prove it, I'll go up to the Beech Hill myself and see what it is that has come so nigh scaring the life out of you."

Thus speaking, he got his coat and hat, and calling upon them to follow, set off for the scene of the ghost's walk. Rory, and Sandy, and Alec would much rather have been excused, but pride overcame their timidity, and they followed in their leader's track. Hardly had they reached the foot of the hill than the shrieks they had heard before came to their ears.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Rory, with trembling lips. "Can ye no hear it, squire?"

"To be sure I can," responded the squire, stoutly, "and I'm going to see what it is. Come along."

The distance between the doughty squire and his followers increased as he went on, while the shrieks grew stronger with each forward step.

When about the middle of the ascent he saw the ghost. It was as the men had reported, a white shapeless thing rolling upon the ground, and from it undoubtedly came the piercing cries which had proved so alarming.

Going straight up to the thing, the squire touched it with his foot, then bent down to feel it with his hand, and then burst out into a roar of laughter that at first startled the three farmers almost as much as the ghost's shrieks.

"Come here, you fools!" he shouted. "Come and see what your ghost is."

In a hesitating way they drew near, and examined the cause of their affright. It was a white meal bag containing two very lively young pigs, which had in some way fallen off a farmer's waggon into the middle of the road, there to prove a source of terror to the superstitious and perhaps not altogether sober passers-by.—J. M. Oxley, in Harper's Young People.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE principal peculiarity of the elephant is his trunk. It consists of thousands of small muscles interlaced, so that by means of these the animal can either stretch it out or draw it in, and turn it round in any way that it likes. It has two holes in it something like nostrils. It has also two little projections at the tip, like a thumb and small finger.

The elephant is the biggest four-footed animal that lives upon land—in fact he looks quite a mountain of flesh; yet he generally obeys his keeper as quietly as if he were a spaniel. He looks rather larger than he actually is. It is not often that he is more than nine feet high.

In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, an elephant had been turned out of his house to allow of a chase of the rats that devoured his food. The rats ran about in all directions, and while the elephant was stooping to pick up a morsel of bread which one of the crowd had thrown to him, a rat, fancying he saw a means of escape, took refuge in the interior of his trunk. The elephant made frantic efforts to relieve himself of his unwelcome visitor, but in vain. Suddenly he paused, and seemed to reflect; then he went to his basin, filled his trunk with water, and amidst the great excitement of the lookers-on, ejected the water and the unfortunate rat with one sublime effort.



THE TOY DID NOT SELL FOR MUCH AT THE PAWN-SHOP.

## NELLY'S DARK DAYS

By the Author of "Lost in London."

### CHAPTER III.

#### ONLY A DOLL.

As the night drew on, and the time at which he was accustomed to seek the excitement of the spirit-vaults or beer-shops, a sore conflict began with Rodney's soul. With the darkness came a cold, thick fog from the river, which penetrated into the ill-built houses, and wrapped freezingly about their poorly clad inmates. What few pence he had saved from the scanty wages of the previous week, he had spent earlier in the day in buying a little food for Nelly, and some medicine to lull his wife's racking cough. There was no light in his house, and the fire was sparingly fed with tiny lumps of coal or cinder, which gave little warmth, and no brightness to his hearth. The sick woman had stayed in bed all day, and had only strength enough to speak to him from time to time; while Nelly, who was also suffering from cold, and hunger but half-satisfied, grew dull as the darkness deepened, and rocked her doll silently to and fro, as she sat on the floor in front of the fire, where the gleams of red light from the embers fell upon her. Not far away was the brilliant ginpallace, where the light fell in rainbow colours on the glittering prisms of the gas pendants, to which his dim and drunken eyes were so often lifted in stupid admiration.

A chilly depression hung about Rodney, which by-and-by gave place to an intense, unutterable craving for the excitement of drink, which fastened upon him, and which he felt no power to shake off. As the dreary minutes dragged by, he pictured to himself the warmth and comfort that were within a stone's-throw of him. But there was no money now in his pocket, and nothing that was worth pawning in the house. He almost repented of having spent the poor sum that had been his in food and medicine—for Nelly was still hungry, and her mother's cough had not ceased. That cough irritated him almost to frenzy; and he felt that he should die, perish that night, of cold and misery if he could not buy one dram to warm and comfort him.

He peered anxiously around, in the gloom, upon

the few beggarly possessions remaining to him, and groaned aloud as he confessed to himself that they were worthless. His wandering glance fell upon Nelly, curled up sleepily on the hearth, with her doll lying on her arm. That looked gay and attractive in the red light, its blue dress and scarlet sash showing up brightly against Nelly's dingy rags. Rodney's conscience smote him for a moment as he thought that the toy, fresh and unsoiled still, might fetch enough, if sold, to satisfy his more immediate craving this evening, but the idea once in his mind, he could not banish it. To-morrow he would work, and earn money enough to buy Nelly another quite as good as this one. If he had not spent his money for her and her mother, he would not now be driven to taking her plaything from her; and it was only a toy—nothing necessary to her—as it was necessary to get warmth, and what was more to him than food. She would not be any colder or hungrier without her doll; and she would not mind it much, as it was for him. He did not mean to take it from her against her will; but she would give it up, he knew. Leaning forward, he laid his shaking hand upon her cheek.

"Nelly," he said, in his kindest tones; "Nelly, you've got a pretty plaything there."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, opening her eyes wide, and hugging the doll closer to her. "but it isn't a plaything, father. It's a lady that has come to live with me."

"A lady, is it?" said Rodney, laughing; "why, it's a queer place for a lady to live in. Would you mind lending her to me for a little while, Nelly?"

"What for?" asked Nelly, her eyes growing large with terror, and her hands fastening more closely around her treasure.

"No harm," he answered softly, "no harm at all, my little woman. I only want to show it to a friend of mine that's got a little girl like you that's fond of dolls. I'll bring it back very soon, all right."

"Oh, I cannot let her go!" cried Nelly, bursting into tears, and creeping away from him towards the bed where her mother lay.

"John," murmured the mother, in feeble and tremulous tones, "let the child keep her doll. It's the only comfort she's got."

Rodney sat still for another half-hour, the numbness and depression gaining upon him every minute. Nelly had sought refuge by her mother's side, and the dreary room was awfully silent. At last he could endure it no longer; and, with a hard resolution in his heart, he stirred the fire till a flickering light played about the bare walls, and then he strode across to the bedside.

"Look here, Nelly," he said, in a harsh voice, "I promised that friend of mine to show his little girl your doll; so you'd better give it up quietly, or I must take it off you. What are you afraid of? I'm not going to do you any harm, but have the doll I must. I'll bring it back again with me, if you'll only lend it me without any more words."

"Nelly," said the mother, tenderly, "you must let him take it, my darling."

Nelly sat up in bed, rocking herself to and fro in a passion of grief and dread. Yet her father had promised to bring it back, and she had still some childish faith in him. The doll lay upon the ragged pillow, but she could not muster courage enough to give it herself into her father's hands, and, with a bitter sob, she pushed it towards her mother. "You give it him," she said.

For a minute or two Rodney's wife looked up steadily into his face for some sign of relenting; but, though his eyes fell and his head sank, he still held out his hand for the toy, which she gave to him, murmuring: "God have mercy upon you."

For a second Rodney stood irresolute, but the flickering flame died out, and darkness hid him from his wife and Nelly. Without speaking again he groped his way to the door, and passed out into the street.

It proved a very paltry, insufficient satisfaction after all. The toy, handsome as it seemed to him, did not sell for as much as he expected at the pawnshop, where they refused altogether to take

it in pledge. He could only drink enough to stupefy him for a little while, but not sufficient to give him the savage courage to go back and meet Nelly without her doll. What he had taken only served to quicken the stings of his conscience, which made it a difficult thing to return home at all. The night was even keener than the last when Nelly watched for him at the door of the ginpallace, yet he dare not go back till she was fast asleep, and in the morning he could readily pacify her by promising to buy another doll. He hung about the entrances of the spirit-vaults with a listless hope that some liberal comrade might offer him a glass, and as long as there was any chance of it he loitered in the streets. But they were closed at last, the brilliant lights extinguished, and the shutters put up, and Rodney was forced to return home tenfold more miserable than when he left it.

His hope that Nelly would be asleep was ill-founded. He could not see her, but the instant his foot struck against the door-sill he heard her eager voice calling to him to bring the doll back to her. His own voice, when he answered her, was broken by a whimper and a sob, which he could not control.

"Father could not bring it home," he answered "My friend's little girl wouldn't part with it to-night; but it will come home to-morrow, Nelly."

"Oh! I know it never will," wailed the child. "I shall never see my lady any more—never any more! They have stolen her off me, and I shall never, never have her again!"

He could hear her sobbing far into the night; and after she had cried herself to sleep, her breath came in long and troubled sighs. He cursed himself bitterly, vowing a hundred times that Nelly should have a doll again to-morrow. But when the day came, the daily temptation came with it; and though he found work, and borrowed a shilling from a fellow workman, the money went where his money had gone for many a past month and year.

For some days his child was dull and quiet—bearing malice, Rodney called it, when she gave no response to his fits of fondness. But neither she nor his wife spoke to him of the lost plaything, and before long it had passed away altogether from his weakened memory.

(To be continued.)

## HOW SHALL I KNOW THAT I AM SAVED?

BY DR. A. T. PIERSON.

ONE afternoon some years since, a little girl, then only about eight years old, came into my study during the hours habitually given to conversation with those who were seeking salvation. To my question she frankly replied she came to talk with me about herself. I said to her:

"Anna, are you a disciple of the Lord Jesus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know yourself to be a child of God?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how do you know it?"

"Why, sir, because God says so."

"Where does he say so?"

"He says," she confidently replied, "in that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"But," I rejoined, "that does not say anything about your being a child of God. How, then, do you know that you are?"

"I know it because I know that I have come to him, and he says he will not cast out those who come."

"Then," said I, "you know you are his because you know what you have done, and you know and believe what God has said?"

"Yes, sir; that is it."

And I said within myself, what disciple of three-score years can give any better reason for his faith than this simple little child, who knows her saved state because she rests on God's word?

So deeply did this interview impress me that in the pulpit, the prayer meeting, and the enquiry-room I have frequently made use of this incident. It has been so helpful to others in awakening and strengthening faith in God's word of testimony that I was led to write a little tract or leaflet about it.



THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A GREAT ship was about to set sail for America, from a foreign port. Passengers were hurrying to and fro, either embarking or taking leave of those who were going away, porters staggering under huge loads of baggage, and sailors everywhere, hauling away at the ropes and cordage, and making all taut and trim for the voyage.

Among the passengers was a lady who had been abroad for her health, and was now returning to her native land. She was quietly walking about, while her husband attended to certain formalities for making her voyage pleasant; a little bird flying and hopping on the canvas covering of one of the boats attracted her attention, and when he flew off to the shrouds and rigging, the lady followed, keeping him in sight, anxious to discover whether or not he meant to start on the long journey with them.

But presently she forgot the tiny bird in a sight far more interesting. Almost under the shadow of the deck house stood a pile of luggage, the lowest piece of which was an old-fashioned chest, securely locked and corded, upon which sat two little children.

The oldest was a bright-eyed, manly boy, and the other a sweet little girl of eight or nine years. Both were plainly dressed, but perfectly neat and clean. The boy stood with his arm around his little sister's neck, as if to be her protector, and both looked so innocent and forlorn, that the kind lady stopped and asked them where their friends were.

The two little things shook their heads, and made no answer, when the good lady, judging that they had not

understood her, addressed them in the German tongue, with which she was familiar. Instantly the childish faces began to brighten, and the boy replied to her eagerly. She learned that they were going on the long voyage alone, hoping to find friends in the land of America. The boy took from his pocket a well-worn German Testament, and opening it to the fly-leaf, the lady read these words: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And underneath was added, in the same hand: "These children, Johann and Gretchen Schrimmer, have lost both father and mother. Their old grandmother, feeling that she has not much longer to stay in this world, sends them to the home of the free, in the care of the good Lord, asking any of his friends who may meet them to be kind to the orphans, for his sake. And may the blessing of the old woman rest upon any such forever."

The writing had this signature, "Barbara Schrimmer, aged eighty-one."

The lady who read these touching words of faith was an ardent Christian, always ready to do the Master's work. Perhaps it was by his special will the little Testament fell first into her hands. She at once showed it to her husband, and they agreed together that the little German orphans should be their own charge while they were at sea. From the captain they learned that their passage money had been paid to New York by the grandmother. Further than that, she had, indeed, left them to the Lord. Her faith and trust were not disappointed. By the time the ship reached the American shore, the lady and her husband had grown too attached to the children to wish to part with them. They

adopted them into their own family, and there they are growing up, intelligent, Christian young people.

Verily, the promise was made good. "when father and mother forsook them, the Lord took them up."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 585.] LESSON XI. [March 13.

## PROMISE OF A NEW HEART.

Ezek. 36. 25-38. Mem. verses, 25-27

## GOLDEN TEXT.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.—Ezek. 36. 26.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

A new heart and a new life are the need and the hope of the world.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Then—When God would restore Israel to their own land. *Clean water*—As a symbol of cleansing from sin. *Filthiness*—Sin is filthy, vile, unclean. *All your idols*—After their return, the Israelites never again fell into idolatry. *A new heart*—The heart is the centre and source of life, sending the life blood to every part of the body. New heart here is a new disposition, new character, new love. *Stony heart*—A sinful heart is cold, hard, and dead, like a stone. *My Spirit*—The Holy Spirit; fulfilled at Pentecost and ever since. The source of life. *Judgments*—Laws. Things God judges to be right. *Save you, etc.*—He repeats that only by being saved from sin can they enjoy their land. *Remember your own evil ways*—God's goodness and love will make them to see the vileness of their sins. *Loathe yourselves*—Sin is not merely wicked—it is vile, loathsome, hateful. *Not for your sakes*—Not because you deserve it. Salvation is God's free gift. *As the holy flock*—The inhabitants shall be many, like the sacred flocks driven in great numbers to the sacrifice of the passover.

The fulfilment of these prophecies was partly on the return from exile; still more when Christ came, and the complete fulfilment will be in the new Jerusalem and the redeemed world.

## Find in this lesson—

The way to be saved.  
A very great blessing.  
A proof of God's forgiving love.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Ezekiel? "A prophet of Judah, carried captive to Babylon, B.C. 598." 2. When did he prophesy? "For twenty-two years B.C. 593-571, just before and after the destruction of Jerusalem." 3. What did God promise the exiles? "That they should be restored to their land and be prospered." 4. On what condition? "That they should forsake their sins and receive a new heart and a new spirit."

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What is faith in Jesus Christ?

Faith in Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive him, trust in him, and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel.

John 1. 12; Galatians 2. 20; Philippians 3. 9.

## LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THERE was a poor man in Ireland who listened for the first time to the story you know so well, of how the Lord Jesus came to save us, and of his exceeding great love. And, instead of waiting to hear it over and over again, as some of you do, he believed it at once and said, "Glory be to God!" And then, with his ragged hat off, he went to the preacher and said, "Thank you, sir; you have taken the hunger off us to-day." You see it came true,

what Jesus said so long ago—"He that cometh to me shall never hunger." And it will come true for you directly you come to him; he will "take the hunger off you."

You may thank God at once if he has made you "want Jesus" at all. For it is only the Holy Spirit that ever makes any one hungry for him. I never heard a sadder answer than a young lady gave me the other day. She said, "No, I don't want Jesus; at least not yet." She wanted all sorts of other things, but not Jesus. Are any of you saying that in your hearts? Oh, what will you do without him? What will you do when the day, not of wintry snow, but of fiery terror, is come? You will want him then, when "the great day of his wrath is come," but it will be too late. Will you not pray, "Lord Jesus, make me want thee now"?

Why should you do without him?

It is not yet too late;  
He has not closed the day of grace,  
He has not shut the gate,  
He calls you! hush! he calls you!  
He would not have you go  
Another step without him,  
Because he loves you so.

Why will you do without him?

He calls and calls again—  
"Come unto me! Come unto me!"  
Oh, shall he call in vain?  
He wants to have you with him;  
Do you not want him too?  
You cannot do without him,  
And he wants—even you.

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