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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

[No. 18.



AN EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS.

The Reapers.

WHEN the tired reapers with fragrant sheaves,

Come out of the corn, as the sun goes down,

And the sky is rich as the falling leaves
In crimson and purple and golden brown,
I sit in the mellow and marvellous eyes
And watch, as the loom of the sunset weaves

Its cloth of gold over country and town.

And I think how the summers have come and gone

Since we saw the shuttle across the blue
That wove the colours of dusk and dawn

When the musk of sleeping roses flew
On the wings of the south wind over the lawn,

And the evening shadows were longer drawn,
And the sun was low, and the stars were few;

When Love was sweet in the lives we led
As the leaven that lives in the latter spring

To grow in the flowers, the books we read,
The romp and rush of the grape-vine swing,

In the words and work, to be filled and fed
On brooks of honey and wasted bread,

And sung in the songs that we used to sing.

And out of the shadows they come to me,
As flowers of the spring come, year by year,

The lovers we had when to love was free,
The stars were few and the skies were clear,

And we knew it was happiness just to be,
Through the sheaves of the cloud-land fair to see,

While the weary reapers are drawing near.

Though the red and white roses have lost their leaves

In the ashes of summers of long ago,
They come, through the mellow and marvellous eyes,

With the harvest of love that we used to sow,

As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves
When the tired reapers with fragrant sheaves

Come out of the corn and the sun is low.

WILL W. HARNEY.

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER IX.**THE TURNING OF THE WAY.**

JACK returned to his Bible study and his Sunday employments with a listless heart. He knew he was not as clean of soul as he had been. Though he had not done anything to disturb a spirit like Lewis Denning's, he had an educated conscience, which was as sensitive to anything wrong as an educated ear is to bad grammar or mispronounced words.

He began to wish earnestly for some new help within him, some fresh impulse toward a noble and manly living, but was depressed by this very need. There was at this time some interest in religion more than was ordinarily manifested in the church he attended; no excitement or great fervour, but the evening meetings were gradually filled, the congregation more crowded on Sundays, and more earnest in their attention. Gradually several young people whom Jack knew declared themselves on the Lord's side and professed their

faith publicly. He began to have a feeling of isolation creep over him; not that his friends were less cordial or kind than before, but he could not help feeling that they had new interests of which he was no part, new aims in life to which he did not aspire. He thought of his mother's faith in prayer, of her wisdom and goodness; he began to wish he were a Christian, but he did not know how to begin.

People of greater age often find themselves in just Jack's position. The preaching they hear is convincing, they even feel a desire to be converted to God, but when they hear from the pulpit repeated urging to "come to Christ," "believe in Jesus," "have faith," they don't know how to. This seems perhaps impossible to those who have served the Lord for so long that they have forgotten their alienated days, and wonder why every one cannot understand the simplicity of entrance into the kingdom; yet it is a fact that many a seeking heart is delayed if not daunted by this misunderstanding. They think if Christ stood visibly at their doors how gladly they would let him in to share their homes and hearts; they cannot understand that to close their eyes wherever they are, and say honestly, "Lord, save or I perish!" is opening the door, is believing on him to salvation.

One evening a clergyman from another church, of another denomination, came to the church where Jack had fixed himself, to preach for Mr. Craik, who had a cold.

The text was, "While I was musing the fire burned." The preacher was thin, sallow, angular, with a broad, full forehead, and deep-set eyes with the flash of a diamond when they kindled. His gestures were very awkward, his voice nasal and harsh, but he had not preached five minutes before every ear was held, every eye arrested, every mind following with eager attention the sermon that had in it such deep earnestness, such wonderful knowledge of the human heart. The rough voice softened into persuasive tenderness, the deep eyes glowed, the dark, sallow face was lit with the divine expression of one who pleaded with dying men for eternal life. Yet it was not an emotional or an exciting sermon; its theme was the necessity of giving personal attention to anything one wished to accomplish, fixing their thoughts voluntarily and persistently on the end they wished to attain, whether it were worldly gain, intellectual advancement, or spiritual blessing. He ended by advising any of his hearers who really thought that it was needful or desirable for them to become Christians to go home and write down on a paper these words:

"I promise from this day forth to give my earnest attention to the subject of religion."

Jack did not feel that he had made much progress in knowledge after hearing this sermon. He still wished that the way was plainer; but at least here

was something to do, and the old hymn with which the service closed seemed to him the very voice of his own soul—

"O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face
And tell my woes abroad."

A little tired, a little dispirited, but firm in purpose, Jack went home to his lonely room and wrote the words on the fly-leaf of his Bible that pledged him to do all he could toward seeking and finding the way to God.

A strange quiet and peace stole over him after he had set his name to the promise. He did not know it, but his soul had in that act turned heavenward and changed his attitude. His conversion, the "turning toward," which the word means, had begun. He asked God to help him to attend to the things of his peace as humbly and simply as a child might.

From that hour the world had a changed aspect to Jack. His Bible was full of new and precious words; the meetings of the church, which he now sedulously attended, interested him deeply; he sung hymns to himself in an undertone as he dressed in the morning, and his own daily prayer seemed to bear him upward to the very feet of a Father. It was not altogether an intelligent or a logical state of feeling, it was the warm mist and the tender rain that greet and forward the germination of every seed in that spring which is symbolized in nature and realized in the soul; the springing blade was blindly making its way from dust and darkness into the light and air. It would have to endure all the evil accidents and tempests of a long season before its full ears should be ripe for the harvest; but now it was the glad beginning, the new life in its first newness.

It was a day of solemn and thankful happiness to Manice when her boy wrote to her that he had found the Lord, that her prayers were answered.

The letter she wrote back to Jack was too sacred to reveal here. He kept it as a saint of old treasured his most holy relic, hidden from sight, only to be gazed at to quicken devotion or strengthen endeavour.

When Jack was nineteen Aunt Maria died very suddenly. The loss was not great to any one, not even to her sister; nobody can mourn for a peevish, selfish, loveless man or woman. There are parents whose children cannot regret them; married men and women who know that the death of a husband or wife will be a welcome release to the living. Here is one of the ways wherein the sting of death is sin, for, with that awful enlightening of the soul death sometimes brings, what a pang must be added to natural terror by the thought that we shall cause joy instead of grief by our departure!

Jack was not able to go home to the funeral, but his mother wrote him that Aunt Sally was very feeble. She missed the sister she could not mourn.

The habit of her life was broken up, and her physician told Mrs. Boyd that her aunt could scarcely live through another winter.

"Well," said Mimy, with pungent comment, "I'd rather wear out than rust out. She's dead an' gone, poor old creatur'! But my! her room's better'n her company; just think o' that! She hasn't toiled nor spun, as Scriptor' says, but then there hasn't been no glorious clothing to her, for all. Miss Sally, now, she's done a lot o' things for poor folks. There'll be cold feet and hungry stomachs thinkin' about her when she's gone; she's done what she could, any way, if she wasn't so terrible lively as some."

It would have been a loss to Manice in a pecuniary sense to lose these two boarders, if Alice had not been for the last year teaching in the Danvers graded school and Anne keeping books in a dry goods store.

Their help and Jack's made life easy for the dear mother, whose dark hair was now mingled with silver very visibly, and who felt the weight of her years more than ever.

She had before long to write again to Jack, for Aunt Sally grew feeble much more rapidly than the doctor had predicted. In two months from her sister's death she slept her life away one autumn night.

"Dear Jack," wrote Manice, "Aunt Sally has gone from us suddenly, at the last, yet not without warning. She has been very patient for the last few months, and quite silent. This morning I found her asleep, her hand under her cheek like a tired child, but asleep forever.

"Mimy has spoken her best epitaph, 'She's done what she could.' May we all of us deserve that record as truly! I wish you could come down. Your Uncle John is in great trouble. Aunt Hannah cannot live but a few days, and they are very poor. I am afraid Will does not help them much. He invests his salary as fast as he saves it, and seems to be fast growing, like his employer, to consider money the one good of life. Poor Uncle John is very dispirited. I think it would do him good to see you. Come if you can.

"Your very loving MOTHER."

Manice had told but little of the real facts of this case. Mr. John Boyd had felt the sharpness of Will's conduct to his very heart. He was not in want of mere food and fire, but the little luxuries that are so necessary to severe illness he could not procure for his dying wife, and Will never offered to provide them. Even when his father appealed to him to lend him a little money for this purpose, Will declared he had not a cent to spare.

"I've invested every dollar, and I've got now to pay assessments on some real estate that will take up all my half year's saving when pay-day comes. But I wouldn't spend money for such things any way; they're useless luxuries, as Mr. Gilbert says, and they can't help her any."

A low groan answered him. Could this be the boy for whom he and his wife had spent time and pains and money with the lavish affection of dotting parents? It seemed to Mr. Boyd that the very laws of nature had failed him. He did not know where to turn. He could have echoed the words of Wolsey:

"O, had I served my God as I have my king, I had not been here!"

But he saw it was useless to remonstrate. Will was already measuring off scant yards of cloth for a customer, and skilfully hiding under the folds, as he threw them aside, certain damages and defects he knew to be there.

It was Manice who brought to her sister-in-law the cool grapes, the fragrant oranges, the delicate jellies and soups that made the last days of feeble, fretful life at least more endurable; Manice, who wore her old cloak all the next winter that poor Hannah might have quails and sweetbreads and hot-house fruit up to the day of her death, though no one but Mimy knew it.

There was very little in that house Mimy did not know. She held in it the honoured and honourable place of a faithful servant, a family friend. Such a position never falls to the share of a shop-girl who makes it her boast that she "won't be nobody's servant," but prefers to serve a dirty machine amid crowds of men who jeer and swear and use, too often, speech no self-respecting girl should ever endure. Do we not all serve some master? Are we not all working for some other human being, often without wages, often with a degradation of soul and body no household service implies? Yet there are crowds of starving women in our cities to-day who would turn with disgust from a good home, good food, and ample remuneration if it implied doing housework. Mimy was not such a fool. "Our folks" were on her lips and in her heart always. She shared with true sympathy in their lives, whatever cloud or sun darkened or rejoiced them. She was at hand to welcome Jack in her own peculiar fashion when he arrived.

"Well, I do declare! It's as good as a pleasant Monday to set eyes on ye. I dunno as I had ought to be as glad as I be, seein' we've got a funeral, but I can't help it. Miss Sally she's better off, I haven't a doubt on 't. She's kept 'doin' it to the least of these,' and the Lord'll remember of it. She wasn't to hold a candle to your ma, I know, but there's few that be. I tell ye that dear woman is fairly feedin' Mrs. John on goodies, and goin' in her old cloak so to do. The girls don't know it; she talks as though she was a-goin' to have it dyed for mournin'; but land! I know, for she'd laid her plans to buy a circ'lar this year—the rheumatiz does plague her so—one o' them squerr'lined ones. Well, she'll get her reward, though she ain't workin' for it! And how you be growed—and if you haven't got a muss-tash! The mercy's

sakes! they're dreadful spry-lookin', now ain't they?"

Jack had to laugh, and ran up stairs to find his mother. Mimy was getting too personal.

(To be continued.)

A BOY'S STORY.

A CHRISTIAN man, meeting a little boy in the country one day, had a conversation with him and among other things, he asked him if he was saved.

"Oh, yes," replied the boy. "I have been saved ever since the bee stung my mother."

"What is that you say, my boy?" said the gentleman.

"I have been saved, sir, ever since the bee stung my mother."

Seeing that the boy looked serious, and as if he were only making a very ordinary remark, he said, "Tell me all about it, then."

"Why, sir, it was like this," said the boy, earnestly: "I was out in the garden one day when a bee came buzzing all round me, and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out, 'Mother! oh, mother!' She quickly came to my help, and led me in-doors; but the bee came in, too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near me."

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron the bee settled on her arm and stung her. But it left its sting behind; and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said that the bee could never sting anyone else, because it had left its sting in mother's arm."

"Then she said that like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; that he had destroyed the power of Satan, our enemy; and that if I believed that he had really done this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am saved."

This was the little boy's story; and the gentleman could not say nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.

"FATHER, DO LET ME BE WITH YOU."

A LADY was once in a dreadful storm at sea. In speaking of it she says: "We were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks. The steam-engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and all around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck."

"While we lay thus at the mercy of the waves, I was comforted and supported by the captain's child, a little girl of eight or nine years old, who was in the cabin with us. Her father came in several times during the lulls of the storm to see his child; and the sight of the captain is always cheering in such a time of danger. As the

storm increased; I saw the little girl rising on her elbows and looking eagerly towards the door, as if longing for her father's coming again. He came at last. He was a big, rough, sailor-looking man. He had an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

"After awhile he asked her if she was afraid. 'Father,' said the child, 'let me be with you, and I will not be afraid.'

"'With me!' he said; 'why, my child, you could not stand on the deck an instant.'

"'Father, do let me be with you,' she replied.

"'My darling, you would be more frightened then,' he said, kissing her, while the tears were rolling down his rough, weather-beaten cheeks.

"'No, father, I will not be afraid if I am only with you. Oh father! do let me be with you;' and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome. He folded her in his arms, and, wrapping his huge coat about her, carried her with him. The storm was howling dreadfully, but, quiet as a lamb, the child knew no fear, because she was nestling in her father's arms."

And when the child had left the cabin, the lady passenger said to herself: "Let me learn a lesson from this child. She is not afraid in her father's arms. And have I no Father? Is not God my heavenly Father? Are not his everlasting arms around me? Then why should I be afraid?"

This thought took away all her fear. She felt that God was with her, and found peace and comfort in the thought till the storm was over.—DR. R. NEWTON'S "Pebbles from the Brook."

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR.

A GENTLEMAN in India once gave a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometimes in an impulse of disgust it would throw the bottle away, out of its own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to it.

At others it would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh and gaze into it. It would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that it could capture it by a surprise, it kept rasping its teeth against the glass in futile bites, and warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump used to tie itself into regular knots around the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy

would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar of olives falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his claws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with much satisfaction.

"BRING PLENTY OF RUM."

A BOSTON sea-captain's wife was one day reading a letter written to her husband by a trader on the coast of Africa, telling him what articles to bring on his next voyage to that country. After naming this, that and the other thing which it would be well to bring, the list concluded with,

"Bring plenty of rum."

This is the Macedonian cry that comes to America, from the conscienceless traders who infest the African coast. "Bring plenty of rum!" Rum is in good demand. Rum will sell any time. Rum will buy anything which the poor ignorant natives have. "Bring plenty of rum!"

How does America answer such requests as this? She is fully equal to the occasion. A single vessel sailing from the port of Boston has taken one hundred and thirty-one thousand gallons of rum to Africa, and reports have come of ships carrying a single missionary and a hundred thousand gallons of rum. What will the harvest be if this is the seed sown? and what shall be the doom of the wretches who thus scatter degradation, debauchery, and damnation among the benighted heathen? Surely this is a most solemn question, and a question which merits our most careful consideration.

We send out missionaries to the heathen, but one cargo of rum will ruin more heathen in a year than a missionary could save in a life-time. Is it not high time that something was done to stop this infamous business? Do not the circumstances of the case demand that a little mission work be done nearer home? Is it not high time that civilized nations tie a millstone to the neck of this infernal traffic, and sink it in the nethermost hell? Surely those who boast of their righteousness and their civilization should take some measures to prevent this wholesale poisoning which is going on before their eyes. The whole business is wrong, and the sooner it is blotted out of existence the better. God speed the day when men shall be done with this dire and deadly traffic, and heathen nations shall no more be cursed with these abominations sent out from civilized lands.—Safeguard.

What I Live For.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
Twixt nature's heart and mine
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

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

THEY ALWAYS FIND HIM.

SUPPOSING you could win the world, what would you do with it? Would it be worth as much as Christ? Let everything else be laid aside, and make up your minds that you will not rest until you have sought and found the Lord Jesus. I never knew any one to make up his mind to seek him but he soon found him. At Dublin, a young man found Christ. He went home and lived so godly and so Christlike, that two of his brothers could not understand what had wrought the change in him. They left Dublin and followed us to Sheffield, and found Christ there. They were in earnest. But, thanks be to God, you have not got to go out of this hall. Christ can be found here to-night. I firmly believe

every one here can find Christ to-night if you will seek for him with all your heart. He says, "Call upon me." Did you ever hear of any one calling on Christ with the whole heart, that Christ didn't answer? Look at the thief on the cross! It may have been that he had a praying mother, and that his mother had taught him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. He had heard Christ pray that wonderful prayer, "Father, forgive them." And, as he was hanging on the cross, that text of Scripture came to his mind, "Seek the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." The truth came flashing into his soul, and he says, "He is near me now; I will call on him. Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." No sooner had he called than the Lord said, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." That was his seeking opportunity, his day. My friends, this is your day now. I believe that every man has his day. You have it just now; why not call upon him just now? Say, as the poor thief did, "Lord, remember me." That was his golden opportunity, and the Lord heard and answered, and saved him. Did not Bartimeus call upon him while he was near? Christ was passing by Jericho for the last time, and he cried out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And did not the Lord hear his prayer, and give him his sight? It was a good thing Zaccheus called—or, rather, the Lord called him; but when the Lord called, he came. May the Lord call many here, and may you respond, "Lord, here am I; you have called, and I come." Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner, and then cast him out? No! His word stands forever, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—*D. L. Moody.*

WHITEFIELD AND HIS MOTHER.

WHITEFIELD'S mother early told him that she expected more from him than from the other children. He says, "I tried to make good my mother's expectations, and to follow the example of him who was born in a manger belonging to an inn."

She encouraged him in his education. She prepared the way for his collegiate course. She inquired, "Will you go to Oxford, George?" He replied, "With all my heart."

She made sacrifices for him, but was amply compensated for all in living to see him universally esteemed and honoured far beyond her highest hopes. In the midst of his popularity, when his name was crowned with a garland of imperishable verdure, and crowds were thronging to hear him, he did not forget his aged and worthy mother.

A woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had ordered for her. A week's delay was thus occasioned. The moment he discovered this he wrote, "I should never forgive myself were I, by negligence or any wrong conduct, to give you a

moment's needless pain. Alas, how little I have done for you! Christ's care for his mother excites me to wish I could do anything for you. I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God that I have a house for my honoured mother to come to! You are heartily welcome to anything my house affords as long as you please. If need were, indeed, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself than that you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O may I sit with you in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

I CANNOT UNDO IT.

A LITTLE girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had laboured so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle-holes remained, showing just how the seam had been sewed. With tears in her eyes, she cried:

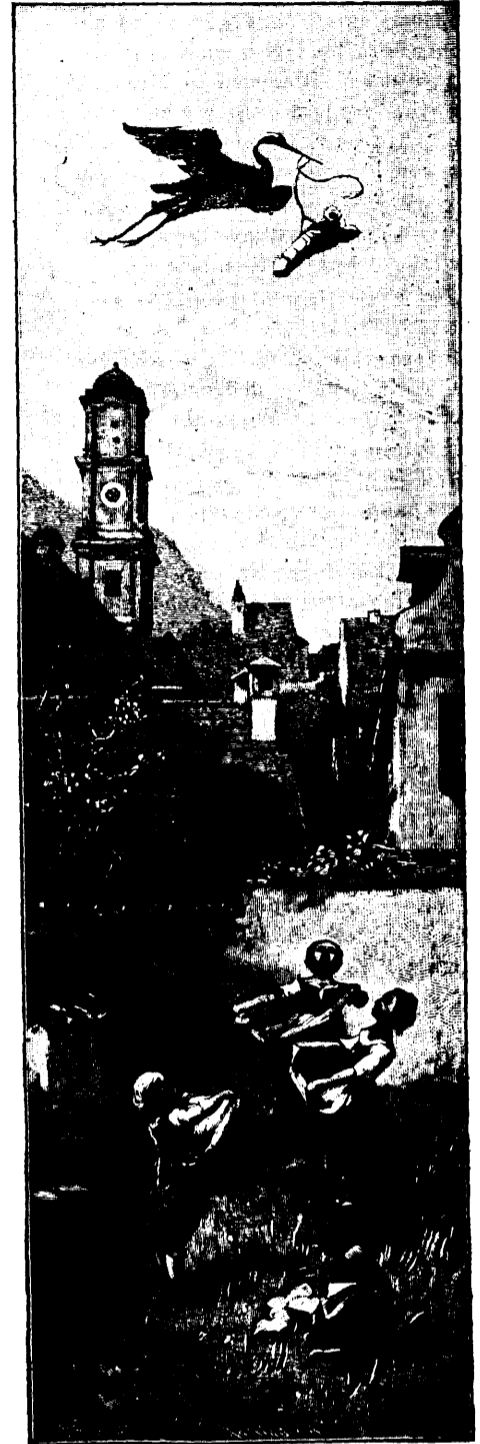
"Oh, mamma, I cannot undo it!"

Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo.

You know something of the desire to undo, and of the sorrow that you cannot. And now, where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time so that we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our Heavenly Father. Anything we do under his guidance we shall never wish to undo.

PULLING THE COAT TAILS.

A YOUNG man in the north of Ireland, who had signed the temperance pledge, was tempted by his old associates to go and have a drop of whiskey. He bravely withstood the temptations and jeers for some time, till one day they said they would force him into the public-house. They got him as far as the door, and had pushed him inside, when he held fast to the door-posts; then, twisting himself round, while they held to his coat, he pulled himself away and ran home, leaving his coat tails in his tormentor's hands.



STORK AND DOLL.

From that time to this, his comrades, seeing he was so firm, have left off tempting him, and now respect him for his adherence to the pledge.

Young men, mind not the jeers and temptations of your companions, but stick to your principles, and let them see that you will, with God's help, be stanch, notwithstanding all they may say and do. You will find they will soon leave off, and respect and admire you the more for being firm in saying "No."

STORK AND DOLL.

THESE children are in great trouble because a stork has carried off their doll. You will notice that the doll is dressed just like the babies in Germany, wrapped in swaddling clothes, till it can hardly move hand or foot. Dolly has evidently been snatched out of its cradle. The stork will soon have to let it go; and, notwithstanding the fall it shall have, dolly will be none the worse.



THE OLD RIGGING LOFT.

IN the latter part of the year 1766, Philip Embury, at the urgent request of Barbara Heck, preached in his own house the first Methodist sermon ever heard in the city of New York. There were only five or six of the neighbours present on that occasion, but the numbers increased until his house would not hold the people, and another more commodious place was rented in the neighbourhood. This soon becoming too small, a rigging loft was hired not far off, in William Street, which, at that time, we believe, was called "Horse and Cart Lane."

This loft, which had been used by riggers and sail-makers, was eighteen feet wide by sixty feet in length. Here it was that Philip Embury and Captain Webb, of the British Army, a brave soldier and a faithful Methodist preacher, preached three times a week to as many people as the place would hold.

The Methodists occupied this place only about a year, or a year and a half, for by that time they had their first church built in John Street, and thither the crowds went.

The writer well remembers the old rigging-loft in William Street, as it appeared in his boyhood. The accompanying engraving is a very accurate representation of it. For a long time it was occupied by a card-engraver, and specimens of his art were exhibited in the windows.

Many years have passed since the venerable building was torn down, but the precious Gospel influences which once were felt there are felt still in their glorious results in shaping the lives of many of the present generation.

No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations, and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting, as they do, an infinite waste, and an unmixed evil.—*London Times.*

TAKE SIDES.

I HAVE in my possession a circular of a brewers' association; a circular sent to all candidates for office. It has been sent, or will be sent, in a form to be filled up, saying whether the candidate is a friend of the liquor traffic or its foe, and if he is an enemy of the business, then the man is doomed, or, if he declines to fill up the circular, and sends it back, his silence is taken as a negative answer. It seems to me it is about time for the seventeen million professors of religion in America to take sides on this question, which will yet be thrust before every Christian man so plainly he cannot eject or reject it. It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety; between heaven and hell; between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further natural decadence. Take sides before your sons are sacrificed, and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an inebriated husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote, may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation.—*Talmage.*

THE LAST DAY.

My friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plough, the merchant will be in the counting-room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be standing at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! the sun hides. Night comes down at midnight. A wave of darkness rolls over the earth. The stars appear at noonday. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would craunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump re-peals it till all the living hear and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying, "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready!

You know how well the Christian will get off in his trial! Will you get off as well in your trial! Will Christ plead on your side, or will he plead against you! Oh, what will you do in the last great assize if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you! Better this day secure an Advocate.—*Talmage.*

A WRONG TURNING.

"I SHALL take my chance!" The two boys had started at early morn to visit a distant village. They were cousins, and their homes lay in the same pleasant valley. At noon they had reached their destination. They were about to return immediately when their attention was attracted by a travelling circus, and in one way or another the time slipped by until the sun was rapidly declining. Then they hastened towards home.

"Let's try another road," said the elder lad. "It will be pleasanter than returning by the way we came."

His younger and wiser companion endeavoured to dissuade him; but he was obstinate, and declared that he knew the road perfectly. On they went; and now the sun had disappeared, night was creeping on quickly. Presently it got quite dark, and the boys halted; for the elder had to admit that they had lost their way. Before them the road branched off to the right and left.

"I shall take my chance!" said the foolish lad, and he went off to the left.

The other waited until a countryman passed, who informed him that the proper way was that to the right. He reached home in safety, while his companion was found next morning, exhausted and weary, lying under a haystack.

Two paths lie before us, dear children—the broad road that Christ tells us leads to destruction, and the narrow road to life eternal. Let us not say, "I will take my chance, and follow my own blind impulses," or take the road that seems pleasantest; but let us rather ask God to lead us, and to be our Guide. The narrow path with Jesus is always the happiest path.

"SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT."

A LADY was walking quietly along a city street not long ago when a door flew open and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement, he danced a sort of double shuffle all around the curbstone, and then raced the street in great haste, for it was evident from the books under his arm that he was going to school. She was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys are, when just a few yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer, she fancied it a pine shaving, and looked

after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he dived and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse-barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do, but that one glance of the boy's clear, gray eyes made the lady's heart warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry it is a great bother to go over the same ground twice; but the "somebody else" might slip, and so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and it may be saved the life or limb of a feeble old man or a tender young child.—*Selected.*

The Girls that are Wanted.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
The fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees,
And kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives,
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But oh! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

—*Selected.*

THE DOG AND THE CHAIR.

A FAMILY left their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call, "Cats!" The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.

A Prayer.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

For the pale and ragged children,
Heavenly Father, we cry to thee!
For our hearts are heavy-laden
Thinking of the curse we see.
Out upon the tossing billows
Of a tempted, weary life,
Guide and guard them, blessed Jesus!
Help them in their bitter strife.

See them wander, cold and hungry,
While the piercing winds go by;
See them crouch on the frozen ground,
Where the midnight shadows lie.
Not a friendly voice to cheer them,
Not a pitying eye to see;
Pity, God, their desolation,
For no other hope have we.

Oh! I see one, wan and weary,
Lying on a tattered bed,
With no bright face bending o'er her,
No fair hand about her head.
Oh! the eyelids, red and heavy,
Sunny hair—but none to love.
Fold her in thine arms of pity,
Take her to thy fold above.

Little, moaning, weary outcasts,
Heavy hearts, where'er they beat;
Whether in a princely mansion,
Or a home (?) in roofless street.
For I saw a lovely maiden,
Clad in raiment rich and rare;
Many envy her possessions—
Outward life seems bright and fair.

But how well do I remember
Faltering lip and throbbing brow,
When, with tears unbidden starting,
She told me and I tell now.
"Oh! how dearly I love father,
But he drinks, oh! oh! he drinks;
I would lay my life down for him,
But he knows his strength, *he thinks!*"

Spread thy guardian wings, dear Saviour!
Lift this cloud from off our land.
Spur on—with goad if need be—
Help the noble "Temperance Band!"
And if many tread life's pathway
With aching hearts, sad, alone,
Soothe with thy heavenly voice; let
Our petition reach thy throne.
—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A PEPPER-CORN RENT.

I HAVE read that, in some portions of Great Britain, tracts of land have been leased at a mere nominal rent—persons sometimes bringing only a single pepper-corn or pepper-pod as their annual due. This may seem quite foolish; but often valuable estates are so rented in this country for certain purposes; and a pepper-corn rent of a dollar or a dime is paid yearly, when, were the property devoted to other purposes, it would yield a handsome income.

But why pay the pepper-corn? It does no good. True; but it shows who owns the land; and, if it was forgotten or neglected for a few years, the occupant would claim it by right of peaceable possession.

The pepper-corn tells who is master, and who is tenant; who owns, and who hires.

The devil holds many a soul by a pepper-corn rent. Many a man pays his tribute to Satan—not yearly, but daily; not once a month, but several times an hour. And what does he pay? He pays oaths, curses, blasphemies, and foolish and filthy words.

Why will men curse and swear, and blaspheme? It does no good, it mends nothing, cures nothing, helps nothing. The oath is cheap, and mean, and useless, and worthless. Why do men thus deal out vileness and abomination all around?

Ah! those oaths are just the devil's pepper-corns. Foolish, vulgar, senseless, brutal, and contemptible; yet, they show who is master. They show who men serve. They show what is inside. They show that the man who utters them is an enemy of God, and a slave to the devil. They show all this even here. What will they show hereafter? "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Little things will seem great then.

Reader, do not pay the devil's pepper-corn rent.

FINDING THE BEGINNING.

R. M. WILBUR.

"WELL, mamma, you say it's all for the best, that God will be sure to bring some good out of this; and I must believe it, of course."

"Not unless you have a good reason to do so, Mertie."

"But I have, mamma. God's Word, certainly, must be believed, and then I ought to trust my wise little mother," and Mertie threw her arms round her mother with an impulsive kiss, and was off.

Away she tripped across the fields to a little vine-covered cottage. Mertie had no need to wrap, for she was almost as much at home there as in her own house.

"I am so glad you have come!" said a cheery voice, as she stepped lightly in at the side door. "I want your wise head to help me this minute."
"All right!" said Mertie, "my wisdom is equal to anything."

"Then let me have the benefit of it at once," said Helen; "here is a chair all ready for you."

"Please tell me," said Mertie, "what you are doing? Have you taken up dress-making for a living?"

"Not exactly," said Helen. "I'm not sure but I shall, though. To tell the truth, Mertie, I'm beginning to think I'm an idle thing at best. But that's not here nor there, now. I've been trying all the morning to make something comely out of this old dress. I'm sure there's enough if I only knew how. Now please give me the benefit of your wits?"

"If first of all you will tell me what you want to make out of it," said Mertie demurely.

"Sure enough!" said Helen. "You see mamma went down yesterday afternoon to see about the children of that poor man who was killed a few weeks ago. She found the mother ill in bed, and the children needing everything. So I thought I'd try and see if for once I could be of some help to somebody. So I've been working

and trying all the morning to cut a dress out of this old one of mine for the eldest girl."

"And I don't see but it's all right, when the tucks are in," said Mertie. "Now give me a needle, and I will sew while we talk. We'll call ourselves busy bees."

"And now I want to tell you, Helen," Mertie went on when her work was ready, "what mamma and I were talking about, just before I came out. We were speaking of these very people, and I couldn't see why the husband and father happened to get killed in this way, when his family needed him so much. It seems as if they couldn't get on without him, when mamma assured me that good was to come out of it somehow. And do you know I begin to see it already?"

"You do!" said Helen, stitching away. "I must confess that as yet I don't see at all, though I do believe."

"Well," said Mertie, eagerly, but speaking in a lower tone of voice, "don't you see, Helen, it's waked both you and me up to the idea that we ought to be about our Master's business, and not living lives of ease and selfishness no longer?" I came over on purpose to talk it over with you, and then go to work. But you had got the start of me. Don't you see it now, Helen?"

"But that is only good to us, Mertie, out of the great evil to them."

"But it's a beginning of good, any how," said Mertie, "and who knows when it will stop!"

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR PARENTS?

How beautiful it was to hear, "Gen. Garfield's mother will come with him to the White House!" Honour and fame were his, and yet amidst it all he did not forget his aged mother. And think you that his glory was half so great as hers? She had seen him grow up from a little child, watched anxiously as he passed through all the temptations and struggles of youth, and then she saw him, step by step, grow strong in the hearts of his countrymen, until God had spared her to witness the crowning glory that the American people could give to one of their sons. We cannot all be Presidents, but we can all be great in our parents' hearts.

And then if we give our mother pure, true love all our life, think of the comfort it will be to her. Her pathway through life will be much smoother, and if adversity comes it will be borne cheerfully, for she feels that her children love her, and will do what they can to aid and comfort her.

O you children who count gold far more valuable than a parent's love, who cannot afford to help your parents in distress, but can afford fine clothes and to have every wish gratified, do you think your parent's last breath will bless you, or that God will let you go unpunished? Soothe your con-

science as long as you can with, "O I have a family of my own; I can't help father or mother—I am not expected to; and if they had done differently, they would have had enough to live on. No one can blame me for their being poor." But just remember that there is a God in heaven who will judge you, and that you may live to feel the same treatment that you give your parents.

Song for the Anti-Tobacco League.

[DEDICATED.]

WE are earnest, we are faithful
To the pledges we have made;
We will never use tobacco,
Or uphold the hateful trade.
We believe it is our duty
By example, word, and deed,
To persuade all men from using
This degrading pois'nous weed.

Since the word of God commandeth,
"Keep your bodies, temples, clean,"
How can those who use tobacco
Have a conscience void of sin?
No! We'll never use tobacco,
Never snuff, or chew, or smoke;
It will hurt both soul and body,
And may the wrath of God provoke.

Every heart and mind be earnest!
Ever to our pledge be true!
Throw our votes against tobacco!
Show what little hands can do.
Then we soon in spreading phalanx
Shall extend throughout the land,
And our numbers and our power
Be an influence strong and grand.
WALLIS.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

An earnest and godly minister relates the following incident, and gives us the lesson that it teaches:

During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near to the top of my cabin, and close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right; he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian workers, never despond, or think there is nothing for you to do, even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it "so shine," "that men may see;" and in the bright resurrection morning, what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have unawares, "saved some soul from death!"

He Loveth Best.

He loveth best within whose breast
The love of Christ is shed ;
His grateful heart doth love impart,
As one gives daily bread.
And for the gracious love distilled,
"An hungered One" his heart hath filled.

He loveth best whose soul hath pressed
The sweet from bitter cup,
In loved accord with his dear Lord,
Who stooped to drink it up.
Grown strong and brave, his heart of need
The Master's tender love doth feed.

He loveth best who with request
Doth wait upon his God,
So all alone, with tear and moan,
His pleading bends the rod.
For love he doth each burden bear
With radiant look as angels wear.

He loveth best with holy zest,
Whom much hath been forgiven ;
The wicked sin that entered in,
Jesus the bond hath riven.
Low kneeling at his sacred feet,
To do his will is joy replete.

Who loveth best doth patient rest,
Through suffering, on God's Word,
And e'er abide, close to his side,
With supplication stirred.
Pain's arrow keen doth lose its sting,
When love, through death, is crowned king.

He loveth best whose cherished Guest
Is Father, Spirit, Son,
God loveth all, both great and small,
His love hath victory won.
Now Hope, with Love's believing eyes,
Beholds the gleam of Paradise.

ALL YOUR NEED.

"MARY, cheer up," said John Lily to his wife ; "the Bible says, God will supply our need."

"I know it does, John, but my faith is very weak. I can't help wishing you hadn't thrown up your place."

John was silent for several minutes before he replied :

"Never say that again, wife ; it is better to be a hungry man than a dishonest one."

He had thrown up a good situation two months previously because he would be no party to fraud. His master was in the coal trade. John had to fill the sacks before he packed them into the cart for delivery, and it was his master who took from each sack two or three pounds of coal before he allowed them to be placed in the cart.

John Lily was strictly honest, and ventured to remonstrate with his master. He had notice to leave for this "impertinent interference," so he had to return home and tell his wife he was out of work. Since then he had sold fruit and vegetables in the street ; but trade was very bad, and on this particular Saturday when our story opens, he had one penny left after paying his rent. Moreover, the cupboard was empty, and there seemed no prospect of a dinner on the morrow.

"I'm off to the prayer-meeting, Mary," continued John. "Get your Bible and turn to Philippians iv. 16. You will read, 'My God shall supply all your need.' I don't know how our Heavenly Father will do it, but I do know we're his children, and he has

promised to take care of us. Put the little ones to bed, and have a quiet read while I go and pray."

John had been absent for half an hour, and weary Mary was about to turn to her Bible reading, when a sharp knock was given at the kitchen door. She opened it. Some one, she knew not who, put a little packet into her hand and went off quickly.

"From a friend," was written on the outside, and Mary found five shillings wrapped up in the paper.

"O God, thou hast supplied all our need," she cried. "Forgive my unbelief."

Her bonnet and shawl were soon put on, and she hastened to the shops to buy provisions.

"John will fetch a few more coals," she thought, as she turned her steps towards home with her well-filled basket.

Her husband was awaiting her coming.

"Been out, wife?" he said. "Don't take off your bonnet ; the Lord has supplied our need. Be off again and buy the Sunday's dinner ; a kind friend gave me this," and he showed her a two-shilling piece.

"God has more than supplied our need," she answered, telling him what had happened. "My basket is full, and I have money left for coals, which I want you to buy. Who can have given us the five shillings?"

"The Lord himself," replied John, reverently. "He has told one of his children to feed us. Mary, we must never doubt the truth written in his own Book—'My God shall supply all your need.'"

HATTIE'S HAT.

HATTIE came in with a bright colour, and eyes which flashed. "Aunt Marjorie," she exclaimed, "is there anything wrong about my dress? I met my Cousin Ed, and he said: 'Good morning, dear. May I ask, when did you arrive from Tonga?' And when I said, 'Please explain, Cousin Ed, I do not understand,' he answered, 'Pardon me ; I was looking at your head-dress, Mademoiselle.'"

On Hattie's hat, nestling daintily among the ribbons, was a tiny wren. On another of her hats, as I remembered, there was a gray wing, the wing of some sea-bird ; and still another was adorned with golden plumes.

"My darling child," I said, "in the Tonga Islands travellers tell us that the ladies wear whole forestsfull of birds on their bonnets, and trim their gowns with feathers. In some of these and in the Malay Islands the men wear garments composed of feathers, and have queer dances, in which they look very grotesque, for each has mounted on his own head the head of a murdered bird.

"It is, you see, a savage fashion, and if our girls thought about it they would hardly like to wear dead song-birds on their pretty heads just as

those fierce islanders do. The Audubon Society, of which your cousin is a member, is trying hard to protect the birds, and the legislature has been invoked to prevent ladies from killing all the little warblers. In the past few seasons the darling things have been swept off by thousands, because fashion has ordered that they should be worn on our bonnets and hats. That tiny wren on your hat, dear, no doubt was torn away from her nest and her fledglings."

"I see," said Hattie, "that I have been a horrid, thoughtless girl." And unpinning the bird from its place with energy : "I, for one, will never wear a dead bird again. It is a hateful fashion !"

Hattie has been as good as her word, and I have written this at her request.—*Harper's Young People.*

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a roaring cry, as though he were half killed, but a little, cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said :

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine ; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle. "I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he ; "My lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie ; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did ; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

TELL HIM FIRST.

FOUR feet trotting along under merry June sunshine, two heads peeping over a low garden paling, four eyes admiring and covetous.

"I say, look at the roses!" says Tom to Ethel.

"The gate is open," whispers Ethel, the tempter.

"No, come away. Mother said we weren't to go into Mr. Giles' garden at all." This from Tom, but with a yearning look at the garden gate.

"Mr. Giles is out ; I saw him go down the avenue. Just let us smell them ; it's no harm," pleads the tempter again.

Tom's resolutions vanish. The looking ends in smelling, and the smelling in picking. Presently the children are going homeward with hands full, but hearts a wee bit heavy.

"We've been awful naughty," says Tom.

"We needn't tell mother—at least, I mean not now," adds Ethel, hastily. "Supposing we were to be very, very good for a week, and then tell her, she mightn't mind so much."

"It doesn't seem right," Tom answers, slowly. "And besides, I don't think I could keep good unless I told her. Let's tell first, and be good afterwards."

Little readers, I want you to apply this in another direction. There may be among you one who would like to come to the Lord Jesus, but all the disobedience, the temper, the untruthfulness, perhaps, of the past rises before you, and you think it's better to try and be good first. But, dear children, you cannot keep on being good until you have told him about these sins, and rest upon his words that forgiveness for them is offered to you through "his name."

Then come to his feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.

After the Storm.

After the storm, a calm ;
After the bruise, a balm ;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,

And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew ;
After the cloud, the blue ;

For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,

And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawn is the child of night ;

And the rolling change of the busy world
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemed oft to sleep,
Blessing so slow to reap,
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,
And the courage is hard to keep !

Nevertheless, I know
Out of the dark must grow
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

A NUMBER of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting-room at Normanton Station, on the Midland Railway, talking about total-abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. Macdonald, a minister of the Gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said :

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied, "Why, all I've got to say is, that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle [prison] in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either."—*Band of Hope Review.*

Saturday Night.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn thro' the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lip forth their soft evening
prayer,

Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the sheep to his fold,
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bowed down her head,
Praying, as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going
astray."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 11.

GOLDEN PRECEPTS.

Matt. 7. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would
that men should do to you, do ye even so
to them. Matt. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Brother.
2. Our Father.

TIME, PLACE.—The same as in last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Judge not*—In a severe
and unkind spirit. *Be judged*—Not only by
others, but by God, who takes account of
our hearts toward men. *Measure*—Or measure
to others. *The mote*—Something very
small. *The beam*—Or "splinter"; some-
thing much greater. *Hypocrite*—A pre-
tender. *Cast out the beam*—Take away your
own evils before you judge severely those of
others. *Holy*—That which is pure and high.
Unto the dogs—In the East the dogs are vile,
homeless, ownerless, and despised; hence
taken as a symbol of the wicked and
worthless. *Pearls before swine*—Truth
given to those who would not understand,
but would despise it. *Render you*—Oppose
and persecute those who try to do them
good. *Every one*—Who asks for the right
things in the right way. *Bread . . . stone*
—No father would so deceive and wrong
his child. *Being evil*—Even the best of
men are evil in comparison with God.
Whatsoever—That is, what you should
justly receive, that give.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That we should be charitable toward
others' faults?
2. That we should be earnest in our
prayers?
3. That the Holy Spirit is the best gift we
can receive?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Christ command concerning
our judgment of others? "Judge not, that
ye be not judged." 2. What is his precept
concerning prayer? "Ask, and it shall be
given you." 3. How will our heavenly
Father answer our prayer? He will give us
good things. 4. What rule is given in the
GOLDEN TEXT with regard to our dealing
with others?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian living.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What do we learn from this? We
learn that temptation is not itself sin, and

also that our Saviour will help us when we
are tempted.

Hebrews iv. 15; Hebrews ii. 18.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 18.

SOLEMN WARNINGS.

Matt. 7. 13-29. Commit to mem. vs. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good
fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.
Matt. 7. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The False.
2. The True.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as in last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Strait gate*—A figura-
tive expression to show how difficult the
entrance to the way of life appears to one
outside. Not "straight," but "strait,"
that is, narrow. *False prophets*—Teachers
of false doctrine. *Sheep's clothing*—With
the appearance of disciples. *Wolves*—
Enemies to the truth. *Fruits*—Actions and
character. *Corrupt tree*—Meaning an evil
man. *Hewn down*—Every wicked life will
come to naught. *Saith unto me*—Professing
to be a disciple. *Doeth*—Religion is shown
more by deeds than by word. *Prophesied*—
Taught or preached in the name of Christ.
Cast out devils—Satan, from the hearts of
men. *Never knew you*—That is, never
knew them as disciples. *Hearth . . .
doeth*—The wise man not only hears, but
does. *House upon a rock*—Meaning a
character and conduct founded on right
principles. *Foolish*—Who heard, but did
not take warning. *Upon the sand*—Where
there was no firm foundation. *It fell*—
Sudden torrents frequently wash away the
sand in the valleys of Palestine. *Doctrine*—
Or, teaching. *Authority*—In his own name.
Not as the scribes—Who simply explain the
Old Testament.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The importance of right beginnings in
life?
2. That doing the truth is the test of
loyalty to the truth?
3. That God's word is a sure foundation
upon which to build character?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How may we know the true from the
false disciples? By their fruits. 2. What
is the good fruit? Doing the will of God.
3. What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT?
"Every tree," etc. 4. To whom does Jesus
compare those who hear and obey his words?
To one building on a rock. 5. To whom
does he compare those who hear, but do not
obey? To one building on the sand.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The danger of
neglect.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. What was the Lord's deepest humili-
ation? He was "reckoned with trans-
gressors" (Luke xxii. 37), and endured the
shameful death of the cross.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

"He's the decentest little chap I've
ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept
the sailor's boarding-house. "As
quiet and mannerly as a grown man,
while most of the other boys keeps up
such a fussing, I'm clean worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been
staying for a short time at her house,
before sailing on his second long
voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my
boy," said the kind-hearted woman,
when he was going. "I'd like to help
such a well-behaved boy as you."

"Ah!" she said, as she lifted the
cover, "is this yours?"

She held a Bible up in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack. "My
mother gave it to me, and I promised
I'd read it. She said it would always
tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray; "was it
this that taught you to bear it when

Jim Pond abused you, and tried to
quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft
answer turneth away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her
packing. She had thought little of
the Bible, and knew as little of what
its pages contained. But the thought-
ful face, good manners, and kindly
disposition of the sailor-boy had drawn
her attention.

"If it's the book makes him so
different from the others it must be a
book worth looking into," she said to
herself.

"Keep it up, Jack," she said, as she
wished him good-bye. "And I'm
going to try it myself. If it's good
for boys, it must be good for older
folks, too."

Jack had never thought of being an
example; but he surely must have
felt glad and thankful in having led
any one to read the pages which point
the way to eternal life.

A QUESTION FOR A LAWYER.

WHILE Hopu, a young Sandwich
Islander, was in this country, he spent
an evening in company, where an
infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him
with difficult questions. At length,
Hopu said:

"I am a poor heathen boy. It is
not strange that my blunders in
English should amuse you. But soon
there will be a larger meeting than
this. We shall all be there. They
will ask us only one question, namely,
'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?'
Now, sir, I think I can say, yes.
What will you say, sir?"

When he had stopped, all present
were silent. At length the lawyer
said, as the evening was far gone, they
had better conclude it with prayer,
and proposed that the native should
pray. He did so; and as he poured
out his heart in supplication to God,
the lawyer could not conceal his
feelings. Tears started from his eyes,
and he sobbed aloud. All present
wept too, and when they had separated,
the words, "What will you say, sir?"
followed the lawyer home, and did
not leave him till they brought him a
penitent to the feet of the Saviour.—
Word of Life.

A THOUGHT FOR THE BOYS.

My lads, if you do not smoke, don't
begin, and if you do smoke, then leave
it off. I will show you why. Few
use a pipe for less than 5 cents a day,
and that means 35 cents a week, \$1.40
a month, and \$16.40 a year. With
the first year's savings you can buy a
dictionary, history of England, geo-
graphy, natural history, and a family
Bible, which would make a capital
library for a youth to start in life
with. But if you spend it on tobacco,
you turn your \$16.40 into smoke!
What a sad waste! and at the same time
you fasten on yourself a slavish habit,
which, when once acquired, few are able
to shake off.



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