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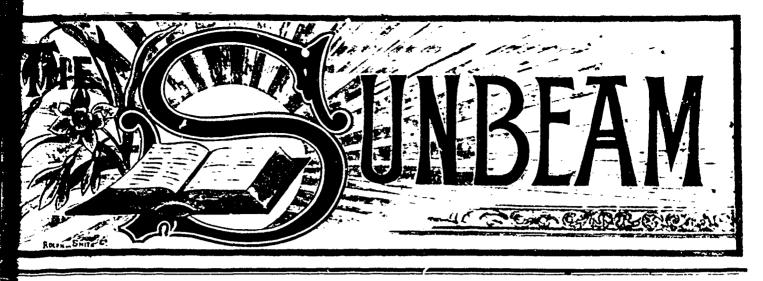
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LARGED SERING-VOL. XV.]

TOBONTO, APRIL 28, 1894.

ING FLOW: ERS.

all the flowthat bloom are 1000e OF TROFF iful than the modert little na that come the early Boys and always seem w junt where are going to through the d by some instinct iar little flowers ery shy, howand have a of hiding h a number noist, dead of the last of growing drooping beneath a protecting leaf to make search for more inter-The chila our pieture had a very sfulhuniand oming home large numbright bunad with one fine wreath. r Canadian are to be many pretty of spring -the little bells of the 's Slipper," and pinkhite violete. as the Tooth Vithe fragrant violets, the marigold wely three-



leaved trillium. Each of these flowers is given a num ter of names ty our boys and girls, who have a happy way of christening there objects f their love to suit themselves

No. 9.

HESALITTIE FELLER.'

Down in Frank fortstreettheother cold day I found a newsboy seated on grating the 8 eidewalk, αp through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had comething besido him covered with a ragged ed and dirty handkerchief, and s-I sat down alorg sido, ha Cau. tioned

"Look out, now, and don't hurt bim!"

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care and there, on one of the iron bars, all huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow.

"Where did you get him ?"

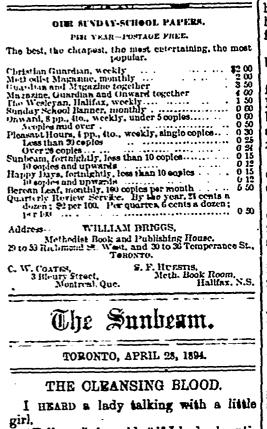
In the street (ut there Got so cold, he was tuckered"

An i what will you do with him?

"Get him good and warm and let him go."

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after fow minutes the bird began moving abou In a lively manner and giving vont to hi satisfaction by a series of chirps. Jack lifted him up and gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a high cornics.

"Boys can got along 'most anyhow," said Jack as he shivered in the cold wind aweeping from the river, " but birds is such little follers that we've got to sort o' boost 'on now and then. He's all right, and we're all right, and good-bye to you.



"To'l me," she said, " if I had a beautiful Bible on my parlour table, and took good care of is, and showed is to all my friends, would that save me so I would go to heaven?"

F" No," said the child.

b, Supposing I should read is good deal, would that save me?"

"No, indeed."

"What must I do then to be saved ?"

"Why you must believe on the Lord Josus Ohrist. He says his blood cleanses from all sin," answered the little girl.

"Then, said the lady, "I must be wached in his atoning blood and be made pure before I can be eaved. How pure shall I be?

"Whiter than snow."

'Is it possible that I can be? You know how white the snow is in winter time.

"It says so in the Bible, ma'am," said the shild.

"Yes, Bessie, you have spoken truly; we may all become whiter than snow. 'Wash mo, and I shall be whiter than snow,' David prayed."

Then the lady said again:

"You remember when our Saviour was soon stopped.

dead they laid him in a tomb. How long did he remain there ?"

"Three days; then he rose again."

"Yes, he ascended to heaven. Is Jesus always there?"

"He may be in heaven all the time, but I think it does not quite hold him, for he he says dwells in our hearts if we are humble and contrite."-Morning Light.

LITTLE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

THERE was great excitement in our house. Somebody was moving into the house next door, which had been shut up for a whole year.

"So we are to have a next-door neighbour at last," said mamma to Auntie May.

Bessie heard her, and watched eagerly for the first sight of the new neighbour. Ever so many loads of furniture went in; but Beasie had to go to bed without seeing anybody go in except the men who carried the furniture.

The maxt morning Bessie ran to the window, and then rushed to the door, calling out. "It's a dear little girl"

In a moment more, Bessle was standing on the fence between our side yard and the next. "Little next-door neighbour!" she called.

The little girl looked up, and then coming slowly towards Bessie said, "My name's Florenco Moore.'

"Well, you're my next-door neighbour, all the same; and I know you're nice, so we must be best friends right away."

And so they were. For both Bessie and Florence were the dearest little girls in the world, and seemed made to love each other. All the summer they played together out-of-doors in the flower gardens and the orchards; and when winter came they made snow men and had much fun.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

BEN WILDER came running home one day, and called his brother Rob.

'Rob, I have found out how we can earn the money to buy our bicycle !

"Good ! ' exclaimed Rob. "How can ₩0?"

"There's a man up at Frost's store, who says he'll pay us ten cents for every quart cf berries we'll pick; and you know the pastures and swamps are full of blackberries."

"Hurrah!" cried Bob, throwing up his "We'll do it." ha 🕫

" Tes. Come up to Frost's with me, and we'll settle where to deliver them."

Away the two went, and were soon deep in the trade with the man from the city. The arrangements were made, and the boys turned away to begin their picking. Ben stopped for a last question : "What'll you do with all those barrles?"

"Make wine of them,-wines and other liquors. I belong to a liquor firm."

"H'm-yes, sir. We just just wanted to know." The boys walked away, but they looked at each other soberly, and

"Rob," said Bon, "we can't do it don't want to help make drunkards. L go back."

They went back and told the munt they could not sell their berries for (purpose. He was very avgry, and ci them names, but the boys stood firm T have not yet saved encugh to buy t bicycle, but they have never regree their decision.

IN SPRINGTIME.

	T DOD W
WATCH the princely flowers	From th
Their rich fregrance spread,	Much I
Load the air with perfumes From their beauty shed;	Taught
Yet their lavish spending	Did the
Leaves them not in dearth,	Whispe
With fresh life replenished	Words
By their mother earth.	Minshe
Gives thy heart's best treasures,-	Did the
From fair nature learn,	Drop is
Give thy love and ask not,	Or the
Wait not, a return;	Of the
And the more thon spendest	
From thy little store,	Have 1
With a double bounty,	Breathl
God will give thes more.	Told y
	Stories

ANTS AT PLAY.

Sing or

WHORVER heard of such a thing ! May ge knew that ants did all kinds of working to all sorts of wonderful ways; we what y not be surprised to hear of their tese school, or prachising gymnastics; play! We would suppose they have L time for that.

They have, though. The little creates are too wise not to know the good prote All work and no play makes Jack 1996 boy." They not only play, they job 0: am sure a little company of ants I water 169(one day were laughing and chaffing they performed the antics I am gob tell you about.

There is in my father's office a 10550.1 window-sill on a level with the ground floor being several fest below. Lilli ings, both strange and familiar, craw The p sun themselves on the bright, while it, the face, and it is the playground obvious c neighbouring ants. One morning alw crew of young fellows mei there sing and simpld old inch-worm. They good-tempered; they would not it it teased him for the world; but fur f; 3 musi have, and he was ioo funny for thing. They would stand in a close PE beside him until he lifted his body is Mon. awkward arch that you all know; 50. they would scamper under him, croi Tices. one another helter skelter, on the a exside, and gather together sgain, brest Wed. with laughter, ono can imagine, for 24 next chance. This they did over un thur. again, until the worm had satisfied E to be as to how much longer than his bold window-sill was, and gone to measure H rest of the world.

I have often wondered whether any idea of what those youngsten i 12 dolag.

ATTLE b

What yo

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Human

Dhan T

lo it BIRDS. ids. L ATTLE bird, could I but know What you say while singing so, 1 man t Ishould have some word for praise, bs for i even in the darkest days. and ci 6rm T When the day is dying slow, buy t And your trills are soft and low, Thave almost thought I heard regre: Human speech from singing bird. When I hear your voice at morn, From the snowy blossoming thorn, ť8 Much I wonder how the night ead, Taught you such a wild delight. Ð ; Did the lilles, in their sleep, Whisper secrets strange and deeprih, Words too sweet for mortal ear, d Minsuel of the blossoming year? asures,- Did the warbling woodland stream Drop its music in your dream ١. Or the fragrant zephyr, born Of the newly-wakened morn? leat Have the violets in the grass, Breathing sweetness as you pass, Told you, trembling 'neath the dew, re. Stories of the heaven's bright blue? ¥. Sing on, bird, forever sing; thing! May good spirits speed your wing ' s of working to all, dear bird, but soo 's; we what you sometimes sing for me. their tes inastics; they have LESSON NOTES. itile crest good prove SECOND QUARTEB. :es Jack Me they job OLD TESTAMENT TEAC ants I water 1690-35.] LESSON VI. chaffing Jos Jos PH'S LAST DA OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS. [May 6. JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS. office u 50. 14-26. Memory verses, 24-26. he ground GOLDEN TEXT. ow. Linu iliar, craw The path of the just is as the shining ght, whitehis, that shineth more and more unto the ground confect day.--Prov. 4. 18. norning a' it there as 4 OUTLINE. They 1. Fear, v. 14-18. ۵. vald roi 😣 2. Forgiveness, v. 19-21. but fur f: 3. Faith, v. 22-26.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

in a close 🚰 his body is Mon. Read about Joseph's last days. all know; mr 50. 14-26.

r him, croiffices. Find what his life was like. Gol-ir, on the append.

again, bres Wed. Read about the burial of Jacob. imagine, for 24. 32.

an his bold. Find how Jesus wants us to repay to measure Matt. 5. 33-48.

youngsten 1 12

funny for 5

whether with. Prov. 10. 7. voungsten die. Learn a good prayer for us. Pealm

DO YOU KNOW-

Where did Jacob die ! Where was he buried? For whose sake did the Egyptians honour him ? For Joseph's sake.

Who began to feel afraid now ? Why? What did this show ? A bad conscience. What was a messenger sent to tell Joseph? Why did Joseph weep when he heard is ?

What dld his brothers say when they saw Joseph ? How did he speak to them ? What spirit did he show them? Tho spirit of love and forgiveness. How should we treat our enemies? (Answer to yourself.)

How old was Joseph when he died? Where did he say his brothers would go some day? What did he ask them to do?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER-

That God can bring good out of evil. Gen. 50, 20,

That God teaches us how to treat enemies. Rom, 12. 20, 21.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is it to believe in Jesus Christ? To believe in Jesus Christ is to receive his words, and to trust in him alone for salvation.

1706-1600.] LESSON VII. [May 13.

ISBAEL IN KOYPT.

Exod. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our help is in the name of the Lor¹.-Pealm 124. 8.

OUTLINE

1. Small Beginnings, v. 1-5

2. Great Increase, v. 6, 7.

3. Sore Affliction, v. 8-14

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the story of bondage. Exod. 1.1-14

Tues. Read about deliverance. Deut. 26. 5-11.

Wed. Learn how God helped his people. Psalm 105. 24.

Thur. Learn how Israel trusted the Lord. Golden Text. Fri. Read about the bondage of sin.

Rom. 7. 14-19.

Sat. Learn where deliverance is found. Eom. 8. 1. 2.

Sun. Find a word of hope for you. Luke 12. 32.

DO YOU KNOW-

Who went with Jacob to live in Egypt? How many of Jacob's family were there now? Who brought them there to save them from death? The good Joseph.

Who died after Joseph did? What did their children grow up to be? What did the new king of Egypt see ? What did he foar? What did ne wans allo anno? do? What was the new king's name? What kind of a man was he ! What did he tell the Egyptians to do? What were the

Israelites forced to do ! What had the Lord promised Jacob ? How was he keeping his promise ? By increasing the numbors and strength of the Israelites.

I WILL TRY TO BEMEMBER-

That sin is a hard bondage. Rom. 7. 24 That God saves those who trust him Luke 1.71.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Oan you do all this of yourself ! I cannot report and believe of myself; but God will help me by his holy Spirit, if I ask it of him.

THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON

Down in the west the sun was sinking and the darkness seemed chanting a lullaby to nature. The birds twittered among the green boughs of the trees, and the barking of a fox on a distant mountain broke in upon the woird stillness of night.

Two children were sitting alone, in a wide field, listening to the sounds, and weeping silently as they crept nearer together on the dew-dampened grass. They had been playing ball throughout the golden hours of the afternoon, and before they realized it, the sunlight had disappeared and they were alone in the dark-Suddenly they heard a great, 11068. friendly volce speaking to them."

"Good evening, children." The children shut their eyes tight, and were as still as mice.

"Good evening," repeated the voice : "and why are you so late upon the field ?

The voice sounded so friendly that the younger whispered to the other, saying,

"Will you not sell him shap we loss our way?"

"I think I will." Then, half opening her eyes to glance around, she cried aloud,

"The night is so dark and gone is the day, And home to mamma we can't find our way."

"Well, well," replied the voice, "we will see if I can guide you."

Then the children looked up and saw a great round face in the heavens that smiled pleasantly at them, and they knew it was the moon that had been speaking to them.

- O moon, dear moon, do guide us, we pray, O'er the hill and the fields to our home far away;
- For our papa and mamma we want to SCO 500D,
- Do guide us, we pray thee, O beantiful moon ?"

"Yes, yes, that I will," replied their good friend, and thereupon he hung out his lantern, which made everything almost as bright as day, and the children rose from the grass and hurried home to their mother, who had been in great fear for their safety. At the door they paused and said,

"We thank you, we thank you, O beautiful moon,

For guiding us home by your light, And now with our fingers we'll throw you a kise,

And wish you a very good night."



JACOB GOING INTO EGYPT.

BE PROMPT.

"WHY is Fred like the cat's tail ?"

The whole family—father and mother, brother and sisters, all except Fred—stood waiting, muffled and gloved, for him to be ready to go with them to the lecture Tardy Fred had been loitering about, doing nothing in particular, in a dreamy aimless fashion, and had yet to brush his hair, don his boots, overcoat, cap, muffler, and mittens, when reguish sister Mary propounded this conundrum, as the sedate old family cut walked across the floor, and took possession of the cushioned chair.

"Don's you see? Because he is always behind."

Fred turned from the glass with cheeks a little flushed by the laugh which Mary had raised, hurried into his outer clothes, and by the time the rost had waited for him full five minutes, he was ready.

"Always behind." Yes, that is his multitudes of liver failing. He is as quick-motioned as other destroyed myriads.

boys; can run as fast, jump as far, and can skate as well; but he is always the late one. He is seldom ever ready to sit down to his meals when the rest are; perhaps will get absorbed in a book, and forget to wash or brush his bair, till the rest are taking their seats. I should be sorry to tell you how often black marks stand against his name on the school register, such a habit he has fallen into of waiting till the last minute before he starts. And on Sunday morning he will sit reading, or dreaming over something, and never seems to think of getting ready for Sundayschool till it is almost time to go. Then he is in a great flutter, and can't find this, that and the other thing; the whole family have to help him.

Well, it is only a habit; but it is a very bad one. Fred must leave off dreaming, and fall to doing instead. Promptness in action has done untold good and saved multitudes of lives, while tardiness has destroyed myriads.

TWENTY TIMES & DAY.

Twenty times a day, my dear. Fwenty times a day, Your mother thinks about you, At school or else at play.

She's busy in the kitchen, Or she's busy up the stair, But like a song her heart within Her love to you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear, She wishes you to do. I'll whisper, 'tis a secret, Now mind, I tell it you.

Twenty times a day, dear, And more, I've heard you say, "I'm coming in a minute," When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant At the motion of command; At once, as sailors seeing The captain's warning hand.

You could make the mother happ By minding in this way, Twenty times a day, dear, Twenty times a day.

THE PANSY PREACHEI:

Ir anything was missing, we laid it the Jenk family that lived around the ner, who would take anything from silver spoon carelessly shaken out for the table-cluth, to the lawn mower or be waggon. The safest way was to ru'e th off the premises with a stern hand; you when a bright little face looked of the fence at me seated on the ground we ing my pansies, I didn't have the hear look stern and order her off. "Say," my unwelcome visitor, "ain's they pret They've all got little faces. Give me of Thinks I, a child that will see a face i flower, there is some hope for; and I'll if they won't be "pansy preachers" a give a little lesson. So I took a pot, in two of my pressiest plants, and g them into the dirty little hand, says "You must look into their lovely fi every day when you are good, but w you are naughty you musn's go near the A few days after, I missed my new soiss and thought they must have been sha out with the table spread; and as P Jenk was hovering around, I suspe her, and thought my pansies didn't " pre a little preach," after alL

That evening I was called down to one of those miserable Jenks that refe to leave the back gate until she had spo with me. Polly held up the scissors said: "I took 'em up off the ground, was goin' to keep 'em; but my par wouldn't look at me, so I brought back." How glad I was that my k lesson was not in vaim! Flowers were key to the child's heart. I occasion gave her plants after that. She didn't good " all at once, but years after w trustworthy woman.