



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1889.

[No. 15.

## THE REFORMER AND THE POPE'S INDULGENCES.

To gain money for the... of the mighty... of St. Peter's, Pope... sent forth indulgences across the... to extort alike from... and peasant, by the... of licenses to sin, the... required for his vain... purpose. One of... most shameless of these... geuce-sellers, the Do... can monk, John Tetzel, ... his way to the quiet... and cities of central... In the pomp... state of an archbishop... versed the country... ng up his great red... and pulpit in the... et-places, he offered... ares wit' the affront... of a mountebank and... ksalver, to which he... d the most frightful... chemies. "This cross,"... could say, pointing to... standard, "has as much... ey as the very cross... rist. There is no sin... eat that an indulg... cannot remit; only... he sinner pay well, ... all will be forgiven... Even the release of... in purgatory could be... ased by money. And... ought to wring the... of his hearers by ap... to their human affec...

Priest! noble! mer... wife! youth!... do you not hear... parents and friends... are dead cry from... ottonless abyss, 'We... suffering horrible tor... s; a trifling alms will... us; you can give it;... you will not!'

As the people shuddered

These words, the brazen impostor went on: "At every instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven." There was a graded price for pardon of every sin, past or future, from the venial to the most heinous—even those of



LUTHER NAILING UP THE THESES.

nameless shame. The honest soul of Luther was roused to indignation by these impieties. "If God permit, I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum," he said. He denied the efficacy of the Pope's indulgences, declaring, "except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." But still the delusion spread.

reach her sooner than if sent through a friend; and perhaps it might save a tear." Would that every boy and girl were equally saving of a mother's tears.

The great duty of life is not to give pain.

The traffic in licenses to sin threw amain. The brave Reformer took his resolve. He would protest in the name of God against the flagrant iniquity. At noon on the day before the Feast of All Saints, when whoso visited the Wittenberg church was promised a plenary pardon, he walked boldly up and nailed upon the door a paper containing the famous ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences. The first of these, which gives the keynote of the whole, reads thus: "When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says 'Repent,' He means that the whole life of believers upon earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance." This 31st of October, 1517, was the epoch of the Reformation. The sounds of the hammer that nailed this bold protest to the church door echoed throughout Europe, and shook the papal throne. Thus was hurled down the gauntlet of defiance to the spiritual tyranny of Rome. The theses created a prodigious sensation.

### SAVE A MOTHER'S TEARS.

Two friends were once sitting together, engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India, and the other's family resided in that far off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in his. This he politely declined, saying, "If it be sent separately, it will

## Under the License Law.

BY E. K. RAUER.

## SCENE I.

Brought me like a vision bright,  
Brim full of mirth and glee,  
Plays a boy whose very loveliness  
Gladdens the heart to see.

His face is fair, his eyes are blue,  
His cheeks are rosy red;  
Long shining curls of golden hue,  
Are clustering round his head.

A father's pride, a mother's joy,  
From the moment of his birth,  
A gentle, loving, noble boy—  
Too innocent for earth.

## SCENE II.

The scene is changed: a mother sad,  
Her lonely vigil keeps,  
Watches and waits with aching heart,  
While all the household sleeps.

Where is my darling boy to-night?  
What keeps him out so late?  
Weeping, she looks and listens,  
When! Hark! Yes, that's the gate.

And voices, too, her mother heart  
Is sinking now with fear,  
Rising, she opens wide the door,  
Oh! bring him quick in here.

Struck by a comrade whom he loved,  
Killed in a drunken row,  
And the mother's reason leaves its throne  
As the colour leaves her brow.

## SCENE III.

In prison cell, a handsome youth  
With grief is stricken low,  
For he, while maddened by the drink,  
Had struck the cruel blow.

Killed him! say you? my dearest friend,  
And drove his mother wild;  
And my poor mother; what of her?  
I am her only child.

Licensed to sell! Licensed to sell!  
We read and thought we'd go  
In there and have a jolly time;  
No fear of law, you know.

Licensed to sell! Licensed to sell!  
To blight, to blast, to kill,  
To erase the brain, and cause a crime,  
The prison cells to fill.

He sells, and all the better lives;  
I drink, and must I die?  
Is this, my father, what you did,  
Voting for License High?

Take care ye men, who make the laws,  
Your boys may be like me,  
You license men to sell the curse,  
Who shall its victims be?

## A CHILD'S SONG.

It was a still midsummer evening, and the glowing tints of the setting sun bent their lingering lustre to the beautiful picture framed in Farmer Raymond's doorway—just the sort of a view that kindles the soul of the artist into some of his most striking impressions. It was only the farmer's child, little Bessie Raymond, that made this glorious picture in her sweet, unconscious innocence.

She felt the evening breeze drifting through her tresses and fanning her forehead, cool and pleasant; she drank in the fragrance it brought to her from the neighbouring fields: she gazed out at the glowing western sky and the deep forest beyond, till her heart became too full to contain its gladness. Yielding to the inspiration of the hour, she imitated the birds in their choral response to nature, and her exuberant spirit found vent in song.

She tossed back the wealth of golden curls from her face, and sung, with all her soul in it:

"There is a happy land, far, far away."

Sweet and clear rose the child-notes on the evening air; and, though Bess knew it not, more than one paused to listen, and more than one heart was touched and softened by the refrain.

John Raymond was a hard, unbelieving man. It was very reluctantly that he had consented to permit Bessie to enter the Sunday-school; yet it was there that she had learned the song which so often of late made him pause in his work and half question, "What if, after all—?"

"Where saints and angels stand."

There was a momentary vision of a sainted mother and an angel sister, and Farmer Raymond found the old question coming up: "What if, after all—?"

So he milked his cows harder and faster than ever, but his thoughts would follow the words of the song. And then, what an old, old song it was! He had sung it himself, many times, with his sister, when they were children. Their mother taught it to them. He believed it all then too. That was before he had become absorbed with the one thought of making money.

"O how they sweetly sing!"

"I wonder if they do? After all, who knows?" But there were others besides this hard, doubting man to whom the influences of that song were directed.

In a neighbouring cottage lay a suffering invalid, whose life was steadily ebbing away. The last frail thread would soon be broken. Through the open casement floated the rich, full music. The song was completed. Another followed, and another; and O how it refreshed and strengthened the soul of the sufferer!

Then came the final and closing one. She drew her pillow nearer to the window.

"O bear me away on your snowy wing,  
To my eternal home!"

Could anything be more appropriate for her than these words which the child had so unconsciously chosen? Was it, indeed, Bessie Raymond singing? or had the angels lent some invisible power of rapture to her song, till that lingering, waiting spirit could almost feel the sweep of their wings around her while she drank it in?

Some one else heard that song, and sent up a glad thanksgiving. It was good, patient mother Brown, bent with age and stone blind, sitting on the porch, feeling a sense of the beauties around her, which she had not looked upon for many years. The storms of life had beat very hard upon her path. She knew it was not far now, for her, to the "peaceful port where wayworn travellers rest." And yet she felt sometimes that it was such a long journey. Would she ever reach it? But heaven seemed very near to her to-night while Bessie sung of the "bright and happy land." Then these words fell upon mother Brown's ear, and they truly did sound to her like a stray echo from some seraphic harp:

"There is a land, a happy land,  
Where tears are wiped away  
From every eye by God's own hand,  
And night is turned to-day."

Her lips moved audibly; a tear trickled down her cheek. O that blessed place of rest! How near it seemed to hear!

The song died away. There was a momentary hush.

Said grandma Brown: "I declare, it is just as good as goin' to meetin' to hear Bessie Raymond sing."

To which some one replied: "If to sing the spirit and with the understanding be the mode of song-worship, so far as that part is concerned, it is a great deal better than going to meetings that we have attended."

John Raymond finished his milking, and on way to the house he repeated, this time aloud: "After all, those words may be true!"

"What do you say, John?"

"Nothing—nothing. But I was just thinking, our Bessie will make quite a good singer; she has the opportunity; and I am determined she shall have all we can give her."

Yes, let your children sing. Sing with the encourage, help, teach them to sing. Explain the import of the words, that they may sing "the spirit and with the understanding." Can any form of worship be more acceptable to the Deity than the hymns of love and praise flowing from the lips of pure and innocent childhood? We of us has not, in some hour of trouble, been refreshed and gladdened by the power of a song, though all unconsciously, perhaps, to the singer. But how doubly melting is the familiar strain we have learned and sung at home!

Yet there are homes, and many of them where the children's songs are not permitted to be heard; where they are silenced by the harsh frequent "Hush!"

Are you nervous? Then silence your nerves, but do not, O do not silence the songs of your children. How many sad thoughts and dull headaches have vanished in song! Then, we repeat the children sing.—*Christian Standard.*

## TOUCHES OF NATURE.

BY WM. C. PRIME, LL.D.

In the Abbott collection of Egyptian antiquities in possession of the New York Historical Society is a bundle of wax tablets, looking not unlike school-boys' slates of our day. They were wax tablets (serving the same purposes with the slates) of the school-boys in an Egyptian school in the Ptolemaic period. How they came to be placed in a tomb we have not time now to conjecture. Perhaps they were an offering to a dead scribe. They are the record of many interesting things, but I am writing now about the perpetuation of records of little things, of small trifling and unimportant mental actions. One of the boys had a copy, a line of Greek, set by the master across the top of the tablet. (Young men may need to be told that the tablet was covered with a black waxen composition, in which the boy could make marks with a sharp stick, a pencil; and he could erase a mark by smoothing down the wax with the blunt or flattened end of his stick.)

This boy had worked along just as modern boys work in their copy-books. Probably he got weary. At all events, he came to a point, as a boy has done, when the pencil would go wrong in spite of him. He misspelled a word. He fully erased it, smoothing down the wax, wrote again, and it was again wrong. He smoothed the wax and wrote the word once more, and once more his wearied brain and his pencil went wrong. What did he do? Just what you, my boy, would have done, I fancy. Some of you would exclaim "Confound it!" Some boys in the upper class might say "Darn it!" The small Egyptian only said, but with his pencil scratched, a Greek word (*phthazesthe*, it seems to be) which means about what one means who says "Deuce take it." And there it is to-day, the record of a school-boy's little quarrel with his own perverse brain, in days before Cleopatra was born.

**The Chimes of Amsterdam.**

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

FAR up above the city,  
 In the gray old belfry tower,  
 The chimes ring out their music  
 Each day at the twilight hour ;  
 Above the din and the tumult,  
 And the rush of the busy street,  
 You can hear their solemn voices  
 In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,  
 And the sunset gates, flung wide,  
 Mark a path of crimson glory  
 Upon the restless tide,  
 As the white-winged ships drop anchor,  
 And furl their snowy sails,  
 While the purple twilight gathers,  
 And the glowing crimson pales.

Then from the old gray belfry  
 The chimes peal out again,  
 And a hush succeeds the tumult,  
 As they ring their sweet refrain :  
 No sound of discordant clangor  
 Mars the perfect melody,  
 But each, attuned by a master hand,  
 Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway  
 That led to the belfry tower,  
 As the sinking sun in the westward  
 Heralded twilight's hour ;  
 For I thought that surely the music  
 Would be clearer and sweeter far  
 Than when through the din of the city  
 It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,  
 No sound of music was there ;  
 Only a brazen clangor  
 Disturbed the quiet air !  
 The ringer stood at a keyboard,  
 Far down beneath the chimes,  
 And patiently struck the noisy keys,  
 As he had uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,  
 Though every day it swept  
 Out over the sea and the city,  
 And in lingering echoes crept.  
 He knew not how many sorrows  
 Were cheered by the evening strain,  
 And how men paused to listen  
 As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,  
 And he did it with patient care ;  
 But he could not hear the music  
 That flooded the quiet air ;  
 Only the jar and the clamor  
 Fell harshly on his ear,  
 And he missed the mellow chiming  
 That everyone else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers  
 May be sending a sweet refrain,  
 And gladdening the lives of the lowly,  
 Though we hear not a single strain.  
 Our work may seem but a discord,  
 Though we do the best we can ;  
 But others will hear the music,  
 If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow,  
 And o'er the eternal sea,  
 It will blend with angelic anthems  
 In sweetest harmony ;  
 It will ring in lingering echoes  
 Through the corridors of the sky,  
 And the strains of earth's minor music  
 Will swell the strains on high.

LITTLE Ina, nearly five years of age, set out to visit school the other day, gay as a lark ; but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression on her countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said : " I did not like it. " " Why not ? " " Oh ! I had to work awful hard. " " What did you have to do ? " " I had to keep still like everything. "

**HOW BENNIE CAME HOME.**

BENNIE'S mother was dead, and his father, a " ne'er-do-well, " was off somewhere, no one knew where, and no one seemed to care. Bennie lived with his grandmother, his maternal grandmother, a dear old lady, whom to know was to love. He and grandma and old Dolly, the coloured servant, had the little cottage all to themselves, and they had a very cosy time of it. Bennie had his pets—a large, beautiful dog, some guinea pigs, and a brood of chickens. One day when he was feeding them he heard a strange voice calling him. Looking up, he saw a man leaning over the fence.

" Does Mrs. Drummond live here ? " asked the man.

" Yes, sir, " answered Bennie ; " Mrs. Drummond is my grandmother. "

" Then you are Bennie Holt, are you ? "

" Yes, sir. "

" Then I am your father. How do you do, my son ? " advancing to the boy and extending his hand.

Bennie, for good reasons, did not seem overjoyed to see his father, whom he could not remember, and gave his hand in a very limp, reluctant way, as he answered :

" I'm very well, sir, " adding, by way of escape, " do you want to see grandma ? "

" Can't say I have a hankerin' to see her, but I want you—I need you. Come, boy, pack up your duds and come along with me. "

Bennie looked distressed. He did not like the looks of this man, even if he was his father.

" I couldn't leave grandma, sir ; she needs me to see to things. "

" And I need you to see to things ; and, what's more, I'm going to have you. "

The result of a talk with the old lady was that Bennie must go with his father. It grieved her sorely, but she felt powerless to prevent the man from " taking his own, " as he expressed it.

The weeks and months " dragged by, " so Dolly said, for they seemed so lonely without sunny-faced Ben. Summer came with its birds and flowers ; its warm, soft winds and glowing sunshine. One lovely day, while grandma sat on her pleasant verandah, knitting and thinking of Bennie, a tired bruised boy staggered up the walk, and threw himself at her feet. It was Bennie.

" Don't think I've been drinking because I stagger so, grandma, " he said, throwing his arms upon her knees with a clinging clasp, " it was because I wouldn't have anything to do with the cursed stuff, that I've been knocked around so. "

" My poor boy ! my little Bennie ! " grandma said compassionately, stroking the boy's head lovingly. " Tell grandma the whole story. Has your father been cruel to you ? "

" Cruel is no name, " he said, his eyes flashing as he threw off his coat and bared his arms. " Look there, grandma. He did that and that, " showing great purple welts. " Why, my body is covered with such marks. "

" My poor boy ! " Grandma could hardly speak ; her voice was heavy with tears, but she held Bennie's hands in a close clasp of love and sympathy.

" Don't cry, grandma, " he said ; " don't worry over the way I've come home, but just know that I am home, and I'll never leave you again. Never mind if that man is my father. I don't have to mind him, when he orders contrary to my Father up there, and that's what he does. He wanted me to tend bar. He said if I didn't he'd break every bone in my body, and I honestly believe he tried to. I wish there was no bar in the wide, wide world. It used to make my heart ache to see the

boys no bigger than I am come in and take a drink. Oh ! I couldn't live with father, grandma—not unless I was willing to sell myself to the devil by tending bar, and I'll never do that—never ! "

" Thank God ! " grandma said.

**WHAT BECAME OF THE STONE JUG.**

A MINISTER in America, who was always hard at it, trying to persuade men to be among those whom God saves by Jesus Christ, was much interested in a farmer who came to his church.

The man seemed much interested, but did not decide to become a Christian. One day, when the minister was out visiting, he met the farmer driving his little cart toward the town, and noticed that he had a big stone jug in the cart. He guessed that he was going to have the jug filled with whiskey, and thought he could see why the man had never decided to yield to the claims of God, and become a pronounced Christian.

" I wonder, " said he, " that you have never become a Christian ? "

" Yes, minister, and I wonder too. "

" You feel a great deal—don't you—when the service is going on ? "

" Yes, sir, and I think I will have to give in, but somehow I don't. "

" You come home feeling sad ? " " Yes. "

" And then you just go to the cupboard, and have a drink of whiskey, don't you ? "

" Yes, sir. "

" And then you feel better ? "

" Yes, minister. "

" And that is how you lose all the good desires. You find comfort out of Christ. "

The farmer lifted up the jug, and then threw it out and smashed it. He turned his horse round, and did not go to the town at all. The result was that the desires which were awakened, were not quenched by the drink, and that led him to go to the One who was slain for his offences, and there he found more than comfort ; he found abiding peace.

**BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE OF A GREAT MAN.**

UPON KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it ; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said : " But ye can mend it, can't ye ? " My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour the next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet with some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath ; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a " pre-engagement, " saying to us : " I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly. "

Memories of Boyhood.

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set,  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to sing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER TRAIL—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 5 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 12
20 copies and upwards.....	0 10
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 12
20 copies and upwards.....	0 10
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

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

O. W. COATES, 3 Henry Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HENNING, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1889.

CAN I BE SAVED?

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

AWAY on the Western Coast of England there stands a steep rock that is known to everybody as the *Lady's Rock*. At high water it is surrounded by the sea; the waves break about it and fling themselves far up its sides, though never covering it. But at low water it stands upon a sandy beach, and is easily reached.

It gets its name from an incident that occurred some years ago. One summer's day a lady had walked along the beach as far as this rock, and there sat down and began to read a book that interested her. She read on, in the pleasant quietness, forgetful of all about her, and never thinking of any danger, when she was suddenly startled by a loud shout from the cliffs, the coast-guard had seen her, and shouted across the bay. She looked

up, and in a moment saw her peril. Between herself and the shore there were the curling waves and the white foam spreading over the sands. Her first look showed her nothing but certain death, for the waves were rising every moment, and as she stood hesitating a huge breaker dashed its spray over her. Above her frowned the steep black rock that even the fisher lads could scarcely climb to get the seabirds' eggs; there seemed to be no way of escape there. She looked across to the crowd that were gathering on the shore, but no boat could live in that tumbling sea. Then as she stood with the waves creeping up after her, like wild beasts that chased their prey, she wrung her hands in agony and burst into tears, crying—"Can I be saved?—Can I be saved?"

A moment before it was nothing to her; now it was everything: wealth, luxury, comfort, pleasure, all thought of these was swept away. Her anxiety was this,—Oh, to be saved! Then across from the shore came the cry of the coast-guard again: "You must climb the rock. Your only chance is to climb the rock." She looked at it hanging over her with jagged sides and steep slippery front. How could she climb it? But as she delayed, a wave swept up and flung itself over the place where she stood, and close below her the waters surged and hissed. Then she grasped the rock desperately and dragged herself up and hung to the face of it, tremblingly feeling for a higher foothold, and rising little by little until she reached a ledge from which she looked shudderingly on the waves below. The tide crept upward until again the spray flew about her. "Climb higher," rang from the shore; this time from a hundred voices, for the tidings of her peril had spread to the adjoining village. Again she gathered her strength, and, hardly knowing how, she crept little by little, hanging on with bleeding fingers, dragging herself through narrow openings, pressing up the steep slippery places until now within her reach lay a tuft of grass, and seizing it she drew herself up and fell fainting upon the top, beyond the reach of the waves, while the excited people cried with a shout, "She's saved!—thank heaven—she's saved!"

A story wild and strange, like the coast. And yet it is true of every life. True of you, reader. Slowly the sea is chasing you from point to point. The tide is rising about you. You can look back and see how it has driven you on from day to day, from year to year. And yet are you unmindful of it? Taken up with a hundred things you do not see it; it is the last thing you think of. You have time for everything else. You can think of business, of pleasure, of politics, of the markets, of friendship; of everything but this. And yet the time is coming when you will see the peril; when your own eyes shall look out upon the threatening danger; and all these things of to-day shall be nothing. Suddenly, all in a moment, you will start up with the cry—

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

CHILDREN'S names in Madagascar are odd enough to be interesting to our little folks. We give the translation of a few: Master Rat, Master Locust, Master Slippery, Miss Little Shrimp, Miss Loves-her-father, Miss Hopes-for-good, Miss Has-a-good-brother.



"Over my shaded doorway five little brown-winged birds. Have chosen to fashion their dwelling, and utter their loving words."

BEAUTIFUL INSTANCE OF MOTHERLY CARE.

A ROBIN'S nest was filled with young ones in sight of a friend's window. The mother-bird flew away, when a violent thunderstorm came up. The heavy drops began to pour down she returned and the little ones greeted her with open mouths expecting the usual food. She pressed them down with her foot and sat on them with extended wings to shed the hard rain, and remained there till the storm was over.

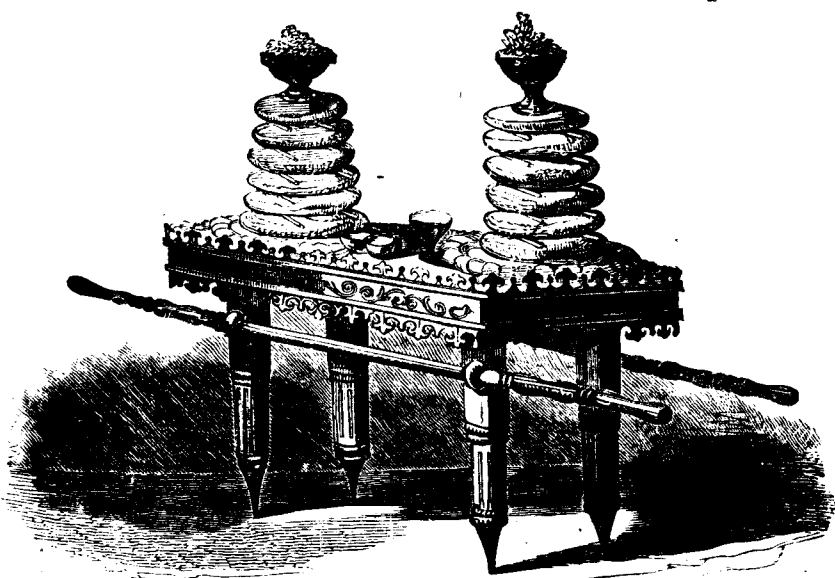
Was there not a process of reason here? She saw the heavy downpour of rain, and thinking of her exposed children, believed they would be killed or drowned without her care; so she hurried back. This is called instinct; but instinct is concentrated reason without the process being made known.

The little birds were sadly disappointed in getting their food, but it carries a lesson to children not to grieve because their wishes are gratified—it is for their good; it may be saving of their lives. —Anon.

MOSAIC WORK.

How many of you have seen mosaics and how they are made? The stores of Rome and Florence are full of them, and there are many to be seen here in our own land. Would you think that they were made out of bits of stone, some bright and sparkling, like the precious stones, others dull and commonplace, if we look at them singly? Yet each has its own place in the picture whole which the artist is copying. We are all of us making a mosaic of our life, and whether it is attractive or not depends on the use we make of the material, the trials, duties, and pleasures of our every-day life. We are to look constantly to Christ, our perfect pattern, as day by day lives go on, and if our bits of life be bright with pleasure or sad with trial, each has its place.





SHEW BREAD.

**Mabel Dines Out Alone.**

PREVIOUS INSTRUCTIONS FROM MAMMA.

I MADE her stand beside me,  
My bonny little girl;  
I arranged each dainty ruffle,  
And smoothed each sunny curl.  
"Now, baby, you'll be careful  
In all you do and say;  
You will not trouble auntie  
While dining there to-day.

"You'll take your place in quiet,  
Nor ask for anything,  
But eat what uncle gives you,  
Or what the waiters bring.  
You won't take too much pudding  
When there's no mamma to check;  
And when it comes to sweetmeats,  
You'll scarcely taste a speck.

RESULT, AS DESCRIBED BY AUNTIE.  
The feast was rich and splendid,  
The board held flowerets rare,  
But yet my rosebud tender  
Was the sweetest blossom there.  
Her eyes were bright as diamonds,  
Her speech a birdie's song;  
She was frugal as a hermit,  
Lest she might eat something wrong.

When asked to take some pudding,  
She answered at her ease;  
When questioned as to ice-cream, said:  
"A little, if you please."  
Alas that such behaviour  
Should end in utter wreck!  
The sweetmeats come; the little tongue  
Lips, "Thankth; I'll take a peck."

**BEHIND THOSE DOORS.**

WE can think of four doors. Open the first. Behind it are all the delightful associations of worship. You see at once the impressive arrangements for prayer and praise. You hear the notes of the organ. You catch the hushed voice of petition or the jubilant praise of the people, while through the window pours the sunshine like the visible and descending blessing of God. Now open this second door. You enter upon the fellowship of a home. You hear its notes of sympathy or congratulation. Its atmosphere of rest and safety is an anticipation of heaven. You open a third door, and as it swings back you also go back. It may have been a gilded door, but you turn away. It is a scene of unhallowed appetite you witness. The sinful revelry, the strife, the brutality disgust you. It has all the repulsiveness of the grog-shop. But here is a fourth door. You do not fancy its grim outside of iron and oak, its gloomy rim of stone. You open the door and you see only a row of cells. Iron-

grated are its windows, and unhappy faces look out of them. This time you come to a prison-door.

Now, what if a door should actually be set down before one, and he should be told that he could determine that which went behind it; that he could have it a church, a home, a saloon-sty, a prison! The announcement would certainly interest every one.

Is this, though, any stranger than the reality? We have now reached the opening of another year, January. This is the door-

month, its name signifying gate. So whatever lies behind the first of January, beyond the door of the new year, remember that you will give it its essential character. Given a door, you build the house behind it. That may be strange carpentering, where the door is set up the very first thing and then the house built back of it. Is not that the reality, though? Now, what shall be found behind this January door? Shall the structure have a reverential, worshipful character—church-like! Shall the coming days be sweet with the notes of home-like love and fellowship? God forbid that your future be some house of sin where you revel, or some house of shame where you suffer. See! It may prove to be a palace-door before which you now stand. You may find, this very day, the presence of the King who will make the new year a house of God. O, admit Christ this day into the fellowship of your soul! Hark! Hear his gentle plea! "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" Receive him, and this first month shall be the gate into a palace called Beautiful, for all the year shall only be the house of the Great King.

**BERTIE'S COMFORT.**

BERTIE'S aunt was sad one day. She seemed to have no power to rise above the gloomy thoughts which, like clouds, hung heavily over her head and heart. The memory of old troubles added to the weight of troubles that were new, and it was as much as the poor discouraged woman could do to hold back the tears and repress the sighs that were swelling in her bosom.

Little Bertie had buttoned his nice warm coat about him, and tied his cap snugly over his ears all ready for a frolic out in the snow. As he passed through the room where his dear auntie was at work preparing dinner, he observed the sadness of her countenance and was troubled. Instead of going to the yard he followed auntie back and forth at her work; but she did not heed him. At last he sighed, and as she started, and looked down at him, he said tenderly, in a low earnest tone:

"Auntie, if anybody in heaven wanted to cry, the dear Lord Jesus would not say a word about it, not even to the angels; but would take his own shining hand and wipe the tears all away."

Was not what was therein implied, as well as the words spoken by this child of six, the perfectness of delicate comforting?

As auntie clasped the dear boy to her bosom she felt that God had indeed spoken peace to her heart through him.

**A SHARP REBUKE.**

A CERTAIN infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit, when a Christian man came to his shop of asking some one of the workmen if they had heard about Brother So-and-So, and what he had done. They would say,

"No, what is it?"

Then he would begin and tell what some Christian brother, or deacon, or minister had done, and then laugh and say, "That is one of the fine Christians we hear so much about."

An old gentleman—an eminent Christian—one day went into the shop, and the infidel soon began about what some Christians had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few moments and listened, and then quickly asked the infidel if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus?

"Yes, many a time; and what of it?"

"Well, you remember about the dogs, how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?"

"Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content to merely lick the Christian's sores."

The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and has not had much to say about failing Christians since.

**OVERCOMING THE LIQUOR BUSINESS BY SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.**

"I AM wrestling 'against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' and I might add in low places too," writes a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in the South-west.

"At one place I found many anxious to have a Sunday-school, as there was no school-house or church there. So I set myself hunting for a place for it, and the only room I could find was over a saloon. I organized a hopeful school in it, and so, in a sense, we overcame the liquor business.

"You have doubtless heard of the 'very picture of despair;' at this place he saw old Despair himself—an aged man weeping over a broken bottle of whiskey. Oh! how terrible is the habit of using strong drink. More cruel than the grave.

"Among my exploits perhaps the most triumphant occurred during my recent visit to Arkansas, among some of the distilleries. In calling on a number of families I found many in favour of a Sunday-school, but the sad obstacle was the minister and the members were divided on the whiskey question, many being in favour of free whiskey. There was no school-house or church in which to organize a Sunday-school. There was one unoccupied house which, for fourteen years, had been used as a saloon, and was about to be used for that purpose again. We got the use of it, and held religious meetings there on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, when a good number were present and among them the owner. God blessed my talk to them. Hearts were touched; the dark cloud from the distillery was rolled back and the light shone out. The owner of the house, though offered eight dollars a month for it to sell whiskey in, gave the use of it to us for so long as we should want. I felt like shouting Hallelujah! over the victory. On Sunday evening we organized a good school, and through benevolent friends furnished it with a good supply of Sunday-school helps, and sung "Hold the Fort" for doxology. At night I lectured in another town, which had neither school-house nor church; but it had six saloons. God helping, we will capture more such places and hold them for Christ and heaven."

### What Father Meant.

Two little lads in the lamplight  
Sat with their tasks to do,  
Bothering brains and finding -  
Oh, how little they knew!

Trouble of school and lessons—  
"Bother it all," they said,  
"Playing at being pirates -  
Better were that instead."

Stories of treasure islands  
Ever they read and told  
Tales of the good ships captured  
Laden with bars of gold;

Ever they dreamed of battles,  
Ever they longed to be  
Chiefs of the ocean rovers,  
Kings of the rolling sea,

But father was fixed and steady—  
"Stick to your tasks," said he;  
Only the man who labours -  
Leader of men can be.

So when the lamp was lighted,  
Over their books they bent,  
Working away, not knowing  
All that their father meant.

Two little lads have laboured,  
Two little lads have grown  
Into a stalwart manhood,  
Making the truth their own.

Faded are boyish fancies—  
Faded and passed away,  
But in that noblest fashion  
Leaders of men are they.

Flashing the lamp of knowledge  
Into the darkest night,  
Boldly they teach the people,  
Standing for truth and right.

So men for the right arising  
To glorious fight are led,  
And people grow bold to follow  
These men of the heart and head.

And now, when the lamp is lighted,  
And heads over books are bent,  
Sometimes they will whisper softly,  
"We've found what our father meant."

## PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

### CHAPTER XIV.

UPSIDE DOWN.

HASLAM met with a room to let down a court in one of the streets lying at the back of the New Bailey—a jail with which he was well acquainted, though his long term of imprisonment had not been spent there. It was a good way from Pilgrim Street, especially while Tom was so weakly; but that was no disadvantage in Haslam's eyes. Still, he was quite desirous to stand well in Nat Pendlebury's opinion, and yet more and more so in Banner's, for he was out of jail with a ticket-of-leave for the two years which still remained of his sentence, and it was prudent to be on good terms with the police-force. On that account he paid Tom's debt to Banner, and gave Alice a sovereign for her care of Tom during his illness. The rest of the money Tom saw nothing of—only he and his father lived upon dainties for a week or two, Haslam being a good cook, and very much inclined to make up for the plain diet of the jail from which he had been set free.

Tom's strength came back very slowly; for the court in which they lived was close and overcrowded, and only the keenness of the east wind made the air at all fit to breathe. But these

biting east winds were too cold for him to venture out, so he sat shivering beside the small fire, and reading his Bible diligently, while his father slept on a mattress in the corner, or smoked a pipe all the day long, going out generally in the evening, for what purpose Tom did not dare to inquire, and coming back at four or five o'clock in the morning.

There was one standing subject of contention between Tom and his father, which threatened every day to break out into a deadly quarrel. Haslam—for some reason or another—was bent upon finding out Phil, and claiming him; and Tom felt that he would sooner die than betray the refuge of his little brother. Nat Pendlebury and Banner were also on their guard; and Haslam found that neither force nor fraud could avail for the discovery of the secret.

He was, as I said, exceedingly anxious to avoid awakening the suspicions of the policeman, and that proved a great restraint upon him in his conduct towards Tom; so that, to the boy's great relief and surprise, his life with his father was not so hard a lot as he had dreaded. As he lost some of his fear, he began to feel a little affection for him, and a hope that, some day or other, he too might learn and believe the truths which he had himself learned about God. Had he not himself been a thief? Yet now, day after day, he could think of God as his Heavenly Father, and of Christ as his Elder Brother—"the first-born among many brethren;" and constantly, with slow but sure progress, he was believing more and more in the infinite love and compassion of God toward all men, however vile their sins might be.

If, then, God loved his father, how much more ought he to love him, and to honour him, according to the commandment of God, by rendering obedience to him in all things lawful! It was only on the one point of telling where little Phil was that Tom opposed his father's will, and he did that meekly, but with great steadfastness.

As soon as he was able to work, Tom started off along his old beat up Ardwick, with a basket of fish or vegetables upon his head—for he could no longer hire a donkey-cart; and though Banner once or twice deliberated whether he should advance him money to start again upon his former footing, he decided that it would be better to wait and see how Haslam conducted himself for a few months, for at present Tom's earnings would go to his father, and he had no intention of helping to keep an idle ticket-of-leave man.

This same ticket-of-leave afforded a great hindrance to Haslam getting any regular employment. He seemed very much in earnest in trying to get work; yet, in some way or other, the secret was certain to ooze out, how, Banner could never quite understand. Twice, when he was pretty sure of a place, Haslam himself told it frankly; and he lost the employment, with a private chuckle of satisfaction, for he had no desire for constant and regular work, though he wished Banner to think so. Now and then he got a few odd jobs to do; and in the meantime he was never short of money to buy himself dainty food to eat, or intoxicating liquors to drink; though he did everything so quietly that even Banner, with all his shrewdness, believed him to be as good a ticket-of-leave man as ever came across his path.

Still, for one reason or another, Banner hesitated about placing Tom in a larger way of business; and the boy toiled along, day after day, with a heavy basket upon his aching head, or upon his stooping shoulders, working bravely for the daily bread which he asked his Heavenly Father to give him. When he said, "Give us this day our daily

bread," it did not enter his mind that he might sit idly by the fireside, and wait and see if it would drop down like the manna from heaven; but shouldered his basket, and started off upon his work, through fair weather and foul weather, still acknowledging that it was God who gave him that which he laboured for.

But though Tom was as wishful as in the time that were gone by to serve his customers well, and to gain their good-will, and though Banner always spoke a good word for him here and there, he had not the same success that had followed his labours before. Partly because his extreme destitution and long illness in the depth of the winter, had made him so weak, that often he had to sit down to rest himself for half an hour at a time, and partly because he could only carry about with him a small quantity of the things which he sold, he could not do more than earn a bare living; for his father always expected him to pay his share of the rent of the close, squalid, dirty room in which they lived. For his food, he could only buy the cheapest and coarsest provisions, which contained very little nourishment; and sometimes, when his father was cooking his savoury supper at the fire, Tom felt even sharper pangs of appetite than he had done when he was almost dying of famine.

It was a hard thing—a bitter, sore temptation to discontent and distrust—to sit aside in the dark corner, where there was not light enough to read his Bible, and with only a hard, dry crust to gnaw, while his father—with a face of enjoyment—devoured his dainty food greedily, without offering him a mouthful of it.

And Tom needed it so much; he felt it more and more every day, as the keen, cold east wind of the early spring stung him through his thin clothing, and made good food more necessary to reviving and keeping up his strength. It was a strange way in which Tom was set to learn the love of God; but still, out of his faintness, and hunger, and raggedness, he looked up to God, and called him "Father."

Once he found time, and words as well, to know Nat Pendlebury see something of the thoughts that were filling his heart with peace. They ran on the broad flagged pavement, before the Redwood Infirmary, where there are benches placed for the use of any one who wishes to sit down and wait out the central noise, and stir, and tumult of the city. Nat had little Suey in his arms, and was trotting up and down the pavement, in the brief sunlight of a March noontide, when Tom came wending like a way-weary back from Ardwick, with his empty basket. He was very glad to see Nat, and to have beside him on the lowest step of a statue of the Duke of Wellington, which stands before the Infirmary; a pale, pinched, stunted lad, neither likely now to make a strong and sturdy man, yet as conqueror as truly as the great soldier above him; and the people who passed by saw him only as a ragged beggar; but the angels in heaven, who had rejoiced over his repentance, knew him as one of the sons of God.

"Mr. Pendlebury," said Tom, hesitatingly, "God is like a father, I wish every father 'ud be more like God."

"Aye, lad," answered Nat, pressing Suey's head down upon his breast, "that's what I'm always asking him. I'd like to be as tender, and careful, and loving for the little ones as he is for us. Bless you, if I ever do have to say a sharp word, it's not at me more nor them; and I can't bear to think of it afterwards. I suppose he feels something like that. He can't bear to have to punish, only we're so fractious and contrary, and he's bound to do so."

"Dost think," said Tom, in a low voice, "that

God really does know what we have to eat and drink, and what clothes we have on?"

"Aye, to be sure!" said Nat, cheerily. "Don't you know that Alice has got a patch on her boot, and Polly wants a new frock, and what we're going to have for dinner to-day? I should be nothing of either if I didn't take note of such like things, and if I didn't cast about in my mind how they are all to be provided for."

"Follow the Lord must cast about to provide for the household. He doesn't rain us down bread from the heaven, of course. We couldn't look to have anything we want in that miraculous way. But the Lord makes our wants fit in one to another. Look at the herring; I want a herring or two, maybe, and the boy wants to sell some horrhings; so we come across one another, and both of us got our wants provided for. Then, there's a girl wants a new gown, and a shopman wants to sell her a gown. And there's a man wanting matches, and a boy selling matches. That's how we fit in."

"Bless you, if the wisest man in the world, with the longest head, had to provide for the folks in Manchester, he'd be certain to forget lots of things. He'd forget matches, or clips, or tennypenny nails, or paste-pots, or something we could not do without."

"But the Lord has ordered it so that we all fit in together, and get along comfortably."

Nat's eyes fell upon Tom's pinched face, and he looked on still more earnestly.

"Some things don't seem plain to understand," Nat said. "When I was a bill-sticker, it was very hard upon me, not knowing how to read—and I never could learn. Tom. There's something wrong inside of my head, I reckon, for R and B always get wrong; and I never could remember which had the little early twist through it—O or Q. So my wife used to tear off the right-hand top corner of all my bills, for fear I should post them upside down, and lose my business. But one night, when she was trusting to the fire-light—and we hadn't much fire—she tore off the wrong corner, the one right opposite to it—in the left-hand corner, she knows. Well, the next morning out I went, and every bill I posted on the walls was upside down; and somehow, I felt uneasy in my mind, and I stood and stared at each one after I'd done it, but I couldn't make it out. The reading didn't look right—but I couldn't tell, for my ignorance; only I was uneasy."

"Ever since then, when things have looked uncomfortable and awkward, I've thought they were like the bills posted upside down. We can't read them; but, maybe, if we were a little bit wiser, we could make out something of their meaning—even if they be posted upside down. But, by-and-by, they'll be turned right, and then we shall read them straight off, from end to end."

"God'll larn us to read then," said Tom, with a faint smile.

"To be sure," answered Nat. "Why, I'd give a pound down now to know how to teach Suey her letters. Our text last Sunday morning was, 'And they shall be taught of God.' Of course he has to do it himself, just as I'd be heart glad to teach Suey. Ah! I shan't be stupid and ignorant any longer, Tom; and thee'll be no more sickly and starved. We'll learn of God, lad—thee and me—the bills won't be upside down there."

"Nat," said Tom, after a pause, "I hanker so much after Phil, as never was. But father watches me, and I'm afeared to go to the school. I gave one of the boys an apple for him, with my love, yesterday; but I've not seen him for six weeks."

"Well," said Nat, sighing, "it's hard upon thee, Tom; but he's safe there. And who knows? Some of thy father may be a good man. Maybe, if we

could make out that bill of thine that's posted upside down, it says somewhere, near the beginning, or in the middle, or at the end, 'Here Tom's father turned good,' or something of that sort. I can't put it into printed words. That 'ud be rare and happy, wouldn't it, Tom?"

"Aye," said Tom, with tears in his eyes. "That 'ud pay for all."

He sat silent and motionless for some minutes, seeing nothing of the crowd passing along before him, while he fancied the happiness of having a good man for his father. He felt more comforted and strengthened by Nat's homely words than if he had been feasted at a plentiful table; and now, as the Infirmary clock struck the hour of two, he shook hands with Nat, and kissed little Suey, and hurried away to the market to fill his basket with cockles, for the tea-tables of the people living in the back streets about Ardwick.

(To be continued.)

### A FATAL DRAM.

It was a small village in Dakota where farmer Pelton went to buy what few groceries his little family required.

He was in the prime of life, and, with his young wife, had but recently sought the far west to make them a home. He was frugal, industrious and honest, a conscientious, God-fearing man.

One cold afternoon with a threatening leaden sky, (it was winter) Pelton was in the village, and having to get some articles at the little drug store, it happened that this was the last errand he had to do before starting for home. Hurrying through this, anxious to be on his way home for it was getting late, he had started for the door when the druggist called to him and said he must take extra precautions to guard against the cold on his ride home as it threatened a blizzard, and so persistently urged that he drink a good stout thimble full of old Bourbon whiskey to heat him up, that, although he was not in the habit of drinking, he took it, thinking that perhaps it might fortify him to better stand the eight miles' ride, with the thought that at all events it could do no harm.

How quickly he felt the warming effects of the liquor. He had gone out half a mile on his journey when he felt that the liquor was having a very happy effect, making him feel that he could stand a hundred blizzards.

The wind arose, and the snow began to thicken, making an impenetrable "white blackness." Onward he pressed, urging his good horse to a brisker pace. Furious the wind blew. Faster came the snow, and he more closely pulled his thick wraps around him and nestled lower in the waggon bed.

His grasp on the driving reins grew more slack, and overcome with drowsiness the reins finally dropped loosely over the dashboard; yet the good horse pressed on, knowing well the road.

At last the home was reached. The loving wife anxiously waiting and watching eagerly, came to the door. She called John but got no response. She found him cold and lifeless. There was grief, but who can describe it?

In the morning he went from her in the strength of his manhood. In the evening shorn of strength, his life, his inanimate clay returns to her; and although the neighbours believed, as the village paper stated, that he was frozen to death, yet science with unerring certainty and absolute truth points to the glass of liquor as the primary cause of the desolation of that prairie home.

How many there are who believe and teach that rum will keep a man warm when the truth is, it only benumbs the sensibilities and aids the cold in stagnating the life current.—*Royal Templar.*

### It Isn't Far to Jesus.

It isn't far to Jesus;  
If you only knew how near,  
You would reach him in a moment,  
And banish all your fear.

He is standing close beside you,  
If only you could see,  
And is saying, could you hear him,  
"Let the children come to me."

For you know he never changes,  
As your little friends do here;  
He is always kind and ready,  
Both to comfort and to cheer;

And the very best about it is,  
He's always close at hand,  
And will always listen to you,  
And always understand.

It matters not how little,  
Or how very young or weak,  
And if you have been sinful,  
It was you he came to seek.

There is nothing that need hinder  
Your coming to him now,  
So you surely will not linger  
Until you older grow.

You really must love Jesus  
When you think of all his love  
In coming down from heaven,  
That happy home above;

And lying in a manger,  
And suffering so much woe,  
That you and all dear children  
To that bright world might go.

### THE MOTHER HEN.

A MAN was telling me that he was used to riding on wagons, which are drawn up and down from a coal pit in the North of England, and that he had been much interested in the conduct of a hen and chickens, which belonged to a cottage near the waggon way.

It seems that these chickens were in danger of being run over by the waggon, and whenever the old hen heard the train coming, she would call the chicks away from the danger. But there was one of the little ones that would stop till the last minute, and one day as the man passed he could hear the mother calling, but the child would not listen, and the train caught it and killed it.

When he was walking back, he saw the hen trying to put life into the dead chicken, she was spreading her wings over it, and trying to entice it to look at her, and stand on its feet, but she was too late. It was dead.

Jesus Christ once said to a wicked city, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!"

Is that chicken slain by the waggon, a picture of what you will ever be?

### HELPING MOTHER.

"HELPING mother" is what most little girls are fond of doing, though there are some who are lazy, and don't do anything except to make work for others by their untidy habits; always leaving their hats, balls, hoops, and books everywhere but in their right places. It must be very nice indeed for mothers who have willing children to run on errands, and do whatever they are told to do, without grumbling. And mother can always find something to do for her little ones, who should ask to be set to work. Never be idle. Remember, that time once lost can never be regained. If you are sent out to play, don't forget to play, but see that you injure no one by any of your games; and when at work, do it well, so as to earn a smile and a kiss from mother.



The Amen of the Stones.

BY S. ALICE BANIFF

AGE BLINDED, journeyed Venerable Bede, To preach the Word to men of every rank, There walked beside, the aged saint to lead, A merry youth, a lad of many a prank.

The boy, middle just, as they, one day, Sat in a vale with mighty stones strewn o'er, Said: "Reverend father, speak to these, I PRAY: For here wait many ready to adore The Lord thou preaches and the blessed Way."

Then, quick uprose the blind and feeble man; Choosing a text, he spoke of God above, And down his cheek tears of compassion ran, The while he earnest taught a Saviour's love

When, at the close, he spoke "Our Father's PRAYER, "Thine is the power and glory evermore!" A cry of thank and praise went up the air, "Amen! Amen! we worship and adore!"

Then, weeping, bent the boy his hunched head, And told his sin, with trembling voice and neck, "Son," said the preacher, "Hast thou never read, When men are still, the very stones do speak?"

And it may'st wike the art is flinty cold, Deal stones take hearts of flesh - Child, need make light Of sacred truth? 'Tis miracle behold, And know God's boy Word a living might!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1095 LESSON IV. (July 28)

SAUL'S REIGN OVER A KING.

1 SAM. 8: 1-29. MEMORY VERSES, 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us. 1 Sam. 8: 19.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The People's Demand, v. 4-6.
2. The Lord's Consent, v. 7-9.
3. The Prophet's Protest, v. 10-20.

TIME: 1095 B.C.

PLACE: Ramoth.

EXPLANATIONS.

The Jews of Israel They were probably the successors of that body which Moses had established to form a court to relieve him. They were doubtless the heads of families in the tribes. Make us a king - They put the choice into the prophet's hands, without fear. The manner of the law. The power and privileges which he will exercise. To do his word. That is, to do all his agricultural work.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson which shows: 1. The evil influence of wicked rulers? 2. The downward course of wrong doers? 3. The patience of God with the wayward?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who demanded from Samuel the appointment of a king? "All the elders of Israel." 2. Like what did they wish to become? "Like all the nations." 3. What did Samuel do when they had made this request? "He prayed unto the Lord." 4. What did God answer Samuel? Grant their request, but protest. 5. After the long protest, did the people hearken? "Nevertheless, the people refused," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. - Divine forbearance.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

33. What do you mean by the attributes of God?

All the perfections of his nature. 34. What do the Scriptures teach concerning God's attributes? That he is omnipresent and almighty, that he is omniscient and all wise.

B.C. 1095 LESSON V. (Aug. 4)

SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.

1 SAM. 9: 15-27. MEMORY VERSES 15, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

By me kings reign and princes decree justice. Prov. 8: 15.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Saul's Calling, v. 15, 16.
2. Saul's Visit, v. 17-25.
3. Saul's Departure, v. 26, 27.

TIME: 1095 B.C.

PLACE: Ramoth, (?) or some city in the land of Zuph.

EXPLANATIONS. - Tell Samuel in his car - That is, revealed it so plainly that it was as if he heard it. Captain over my people. That is, head man, or king. In the gate - The gate of all Oriental cities was the place of judgment. The desire of Israel. The desire of the people was for a king. The palace. Not such a room as we mean by palace, but the banquetting room where Samuel and his guests feasted. The high place. Some place without the city, where sacrifice was offered. The top of the house. Herow houses were flat roofed, and the top was a favorite place for conversation. Spoke at the day. At sunrise.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

From what in this lesson may we learn - 1. That government is ordained of God? 2. That all rulers are his servants? 3. That we ought to honour those in authority?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the cause of Saul's coming to Samuel? The Lord sent him. 2. How did Samuel know that Saul was to be king? "The Lord said, Behold the man." 3. What did Samuel tell him of his future? "I will anoint thee king." 4. What did Samuel do to Saul before they parted? Anointed him and kissed him. 5. What is the doctrine concerning kings which our Golden Text teaches? "By me kings reign," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. God's government.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

35. What more do we learn concerning God? That he is holy and righteous, faithful and true, gracious and merciful. 36. What do you mean by the omnipresence of God? That God is everywhere.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

BY DR. HEPWORTH.

SOME years ago I stood by the grave of a scoundrel. Men do not kill themselves for nothing. A bullet in the brain is not like the precious jewel in the toad's head. When a man wants to get rid of life, it is generally because he is afraid to live longer. A rose-wood cradle in his babyhood, and a coarse pinewood coffin at forty. These are impressive facts. What was the matter? Logic - stern, awful logic. Two and two make four; that was the trouble. That man might have slept under a monument, instead of having a nightmare in Potter's field. His father gave him everything but moral principle, and he did not give him that because he had none to spare. The boy had money, and horses and wine and fiery impulses and no restraints, and temptations by the score. That father lived long enough to see that there was a mistake somewhere,

but exactly where it had been made in the education of his son he could never tell. He only shook his head sadly, grew a little more gray, and probably a little more peevish than could be attributed to the passage of time merely, and then went to bed one night and never woke. The boy - but why follow him along the slimy path? He slipped from filth to filth, until the patrolman found him in a gutter and carried him to the morgue with an ounce of lead in his brain. Money and no manliness to begin with, and neither money nor manliness to end with. As I came home from that doleful service little Jack's question rang in my ears, "Does two and two always make four?" and men and houses and clouds and sky seem to answer "Always!"

THE TOBACCO FIEND.

"WHAT! Slaves now?" inquired little Harry. "Yes, Harry, there are slaves now. I saw one yesterday who was completely under the control of his master." "Not in Canada?" "Yes! in the cars. His master kept him away from the rest of the company, in a car provided for slaves. Although not an old man, his face had a sallow, dried-up look, with sleepy, watery eyes." "He wasn't black, then?" "No. He would have been as white as you are, if he hadn't such a smoky look." "Oh! I think I know what you mean. Was he a slave to smoking?" "Yes, Harry, that is what I mean. His master is a little, black, dirty cigar. And he is as much under its control as the vilest slave down South was ever under the control of his master." "He is lively, social, and likes society; but he is not admitted into the company of refined ladies and gentlemen. If his master is with him he prefers lower associates, where he can enjoy his master's presence in smoke rooms and dram shops." "Is it not a kind of slavery that is enjoyable, then?" "It is only that kind of enjoyment, when the lowest animal part of his nature says to the higher, or heavenly part: 'Get down here, and let me trample on you, and crush you under my feet.'" "No boy is born a slave to smoking and drinking, or any of these bad masters. Every man who is steeping his brain in tobacco smoke or liquor, walks right straight into slavery himself, and is a slave." "It does make a man look so foolish, to go along through the world puffing tobacco smoke into people's faces, and poisoning the sweet air, that I think, when I see one, of the old saying: 'A cigar is a roll of tobacco, with fire at one end and a fool at the other.'" - Selected.

BOOKS

WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

"Books are the Windows through which the Soul looks out: a Home without Books is like a Room without Windows. It is One's Duty to have Books."

STANDARD LIBRARY.

The books of the "Standard Library" are designed for popular reading in biography, travel, hygiene, self-culture, fiction, science, philosophy, political economy, general literature and criticism. There are stories and tales, and some popular explanations of the Bible.

ORDER BY NUMBER AND TITLE.

PRICES OF PAPER EDITION.

WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

- No. 80. Life of Cromwell. Paxton Hood.
81. Science in Short Chapters. Williams.
82. American Humorists. Haweis.
83. Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers. Winks.
85. Highways of Literature. Pryde.
87. Essays of George Eliot. Sheppard.
88. Charlotte Bronte. Holloway.
90. Successful Men of To-day. Crafts.
91. Nature Studies. Proctor.
92. India: What Can It Teach Us? Muller.
93. A Winter in India. Baxter.
94. Scottish Characteristics. Paxton Hood.
95. Historical and Other Sketches. Fronds.
96. Jewish Artisan Life. Delitzsch.
97. Scientific Sophisms. Wainwright.
98. Illustrations and Meditations. Spurgeon.
100. By-ways of Literature. Wheeler.
101. Life of Martin Luther. Kostlin.
103. Christmas in a Palace. Hale.
104. With the Poets. Canon Farrar.
105. Life of Zwingli. Grob.
106. Story of the Merv. O'Donovan.
108. Memory and Rime. Joaquin Miller.
109. Christianity Triumphant. Newman.
111. My Musical Memories. Haweis.
113. In the Heart of Africa. Baker.
114. The Crew of the M. Ze. Spurgeon.
115. The Fortunes of Roderic. Hale.
116. Chinese Gordon. F. Les.
117. Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy. Richter.
119. The Home in Poetry. Holloway.
120. Number One: How to Take Care of Him.
123. '49 Gold Seeker of the Sierras. Miller.
124. A Yankee School Teacher. Baldwin.
126. Life of Wycliffe. Wilson.
130. Christmas in Narragansett. Hale.
131. Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer.
134. Howard, the Christian Hero. Holloway.
138. The Timid Brave. Harsha.
144. Finch's Speeches.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher

78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.