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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1889.

[No. 9.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

In the Alps there are a number of noble dogs trained to look for travellers who are lost in the snow. Our cut shows one of these. The poor man, whose hand we see, would soon be frozen to death but for the noble dog which has found him, and will soon bring him help.



LOST IN THE SNOW.

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.

MANY years ago a young officer serving in Canada was enjoying some of the wild sports of the far West. He had two Indians with him, and they were highly successful; but on their way back to city-life the young officer met with a very disagreeable adventure. Winter was setting in and the weather was wild and inclement; but the three men had got on board a fur-trader's boat bound for the lower end of Lake Superior, and in this manner made good progress. At the close of each day's voyage the boat was brought to land and tied to a tree, then a fire was lit, and the coffee-pot and the frying-pan were well used, after which all hands retired to the boat to sleep, except the young officer, who preferred to lie by the fire wrapped in his blanket.

On the fourth night, however, a sudden storm arose, which swept the boat from her moorings, and when morning dawned he found himself enveloped in snow and alone in a mighty wilderness. It was a terrible position for one ignorant of forest lore, but, with the pluck of an Englishman, he resolved to make the best of his position. Fortunately, he had his rifle, also a stout knife belonging to one of the Indians, and with these and his blanket he travelled on, following the path which he believed would lead him to safety if he could only hold out long enough. But, alas! Before the third day was over his feet were miserably frost-bitten, and, except one

hare which he had shot, he was destitute of food. In these circumstances he rejoiced one day to find a cave, which a mass of brushwood at the entrance had kept free from snow. Here he resolved to rest awhile in order to recruit his fast-failing strength; therefore, kindling a fire, he skinned his hare and laid it among the hot embers. Scarcely had he done so when something between a grunt and a groan caused him to look behind him and then to leap in horror to his feet. He was closely confronted by a grizzly bear, one of the

most dangerous animals of the American wilds. Ere he had time to snatch his rifle the monster was upon him, and together they rolled over upon the ground. Weak and exhausted as he was the unfortunate man felt himself quite unequal to cope with such an adversary, but the instinct of self-preservation was strong within him, and he contrived to stab it in the shoulder with his knife. This, of course, only infuriated the animal, which would have quickly destroyed him had it not entangled itself with his blanket, which it got into its mouth and began to worry. But it was only a question of time; the strength of excitement was quickly passing, a strange, murmuring sound was in his ears, as consciousness and life were being pressed out of him, when suddenly a sound echoed through the cave, and the bear fell.

The first sensations of the young officer as he returned to life were of burning pains all over his body, and opening his eyes he found a young Indian bending over him and rubbing him with snow. Passing near the cave the Indian had seen the fire and heard the struggle, and, hastening on to see what was the matter, he arrived just in time to save the stranger's life. The rest of the winter the Englishman spent with the Indians, who cared for him with the utmost tenderness.

who cared for him with the utmost tenderness.

NOTHING shows so clearly the thoroughly refined, unselfish, and sensible young girl as simple, unassuming attire in harmony with her family's position.

UNCLE MOSE, entering the house of Judge Pennybunker, was astonished on hearing the parrot exclaim, "Take off your hat!" He complied at once, ejaculating with chattering teeth: "Scuse me, boss. I mistuk ye for a bird, I did, suah."

The King's Daughters.

"Whose child are you?" a stranger asked
Of a little girl by the way.
"My papa and mamma are dead," she said,
"And have been many a day;
But if you'll hear the song I sing,
You'll see that I'm the child of a King!"

"'Tis strange, my little one," he said,
"How can your story be?
But sing your song and I will hear
Your line of royalty."

And then she sang, with trembling voice,
And accents sweetly mild,
Of him who says to the orphaned one:
"I'll be your Father, child;
Henceforth let those who trust in me
The children of the Highest be!"

And in her song were sweetly blent
Both confidence and love,
Which made you think less of her
And more of the King above;
And the stranger said: "'Tis as you sing;
You are the daughter of a King."

Then child and stranger went their ways,
And months ran into years;
The lass grew into womanhood
Of common toil and cares.

No lordly mansion calls her "queen";
No knights in homage bowed;
No tongue of flame proclaimed her deeds;
Before the wondering crowd.

But as she went her quiet round
Of duties, one by one,
Each day some weary heart thanked God
For what her hands had done;
She helped the poor, the blind, the lame,
And gave the cup of water "in his name."

The children loved her as a friend,
And sometimes crowned her "queen";
The sick and poor rejoiced where'er
Her gentle face was seen;
And some spoke out, with honest tongue:
"She is a daughter of a King."

One day 'twas whispered she was dead;
And then from far and near
Came tokens from the hearts she'd helped,
To deck her humble bier.
No royal catafalque e'er bore
Of gifts of love a richer store.

The flowers are blooming on her grave,
And have been many a year.
And some of those who planted them
Are with her "over there";
They see that, as she used to sing,
She is "the daughter of the King."

DIVIDING OUR TIME.

MANY a young convert is troubled over this question: "How much time must I give to religion, and how much may I use for the world?" He would, with his present feelings, give all his waking hours to God, but he has duties and necessities that compel him to spend many hours every day in work or business, and he seems to himself thus robbing God.

Now the question he asks, nobody can answer except by saying, "Give God all your time." And it seems to him, when his friends tell him that, that they are mocking him; and when the Scriptures tell him the same, that is a riddle he cannot solve.

Let us have a Socratic conversation upon this matter.

"Does God appoint us any work—actual bodily labour—to do?"

"Yes."

"Then, is there any sin in doing what God appoints?"

"No."

"Then we have reached the conclusion that all

labour is not sin. Is God always present with his children?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you are a child of God, will God be always present with you?"

"Yes."

"In your hours of labour, as well as in your hours of worship?"

"It must be."

"And is he not always pleased when we do what he commands us?"

"Yes."

"Then, when we are enjoined always to have the Lord with us, and when God promises to be always with us, must it not follow that we do not need to divide our time between God and the world, but have God with us all the time? If we can make him, as it were, the senior partner in our business, or the overseer of our labour, shall we not feel that we must do honest business, and do reliable work? Then we need not, and must not, toil so as to unfit ourselves for converse with him who goes with us to our daily duties, and is greatly interested in our worldly affairs."

Thus, if we set rightly about it, we do not need to divide our time: we can give it all to God.—*Sol.*

"KEEP OFF THE DOWN GRADE."

PROPRIETY and impropriety stand diametrically opposed the one to the other, to one of the twain all thought and its outcome action tends. We may, therefore, judge of the propriety or impropriety of the indulgence in tobacco, alcoholic drinks, dancing, card playing, theatre going, etc.

The use of tobacco, especially in the young, exercises a disturbing, weakening influence. To whatever heights of excellence any one may attain, it will never be as high as it would have been without its use. The tendency of the continued use of tobacco is to enslave and weaken the will; self-control is frequently lost thereby, so that it becomes impossible to resist the temptation to indulgence if it is within reach, the craving therefore being painful to endure.

The smoker carries with him a consciousness that the habit renders him offensive, as revealed by the efforts made to sweeten his breath, to get out into the pure air, to freshen his clothes, and purge away his offensiveness. Railway companies build smoking cars to abate the nuisance and street railway relegate the smokers to the back seats, or prohibit smoking because of its offensiveness, and even taverns provide smoking rooms to give the house an air of decency. Self-respect is lessened; no one but a smoker will entertain the same esteem for a man after he has discovered him to be the victim of the smoking or chewing habit. What respect is it possible to have for any one, man, woman, boy or girl whose clothes, as they approach or pass you, exhale the stale, offensive fumes of tobacco; what right has any one who has rendered himself as offensive to enter any place of public accommodation? If any one was to sprinkle himself with benzine or carbolic acid and then enter a street or railway car or public hall the cry would go forth, "Put him out! Put him out! The tobacco user should receive a like ovation, because he has wilfully rendered himself offensive and revealed no respect or consideration for the feelings of others. With much greater force do the preceding words apply to the use of alcoholic liquors. Wrecks! Wrecks! On! On! reeling along with accelerating speed, down, down, the down grade to the final plunge. Began in moderation, with the positive determination never to exceed that limit, and now hell opens wide its ponderous jaws to receive the victims. Yet men, women, boys and girls

thoughtlessly step on to the toboggan, alcohol, at the start; but wait a little, the smash will come and who will be the victims?

The tendency of dancing is never towards increased morality, but, on the contrary, towards decreased morality. The whole history of the dance between the sexes reveals that tendency downwards, not upwards. In like manner the tendency of card playing is not towards honesty and upright character; no one would ever recommend card playing to develop honesty and upright character. "It won't work that way." Theatre going is most usually among the first steps of a downward course; no one ever ascends in the scale of morality by witnessing a play, a scene or recitation of even a latent immoral character. When the minds or passions absorb they impart to the surroundings. "Plays" are usually more or less impregnated with vice, and gather together the worst of the earth. True, others may go there, and it tends to increase the evil, by giving it an air of respectability, enticing, inviting by their presence those who would shrink from the unmodest area of the place.

The common expression is "tobacco," "drinking cards," "dancing," and "theatres," wreck a man mighty quick.

What would you think of a man or woman who, if asked by any one, "What must I do to attain the highest degree of morality?" (and no one should stop short of that) who would answer, "Smoke, chew, drink a few glasses of wine, beer, brandy, a little whiskey, turn about, take a hand at cards, attend 'theatres,' 'balls,' 'dancing parties,' etc., that will lead you out into and maintain you in the highest state of morality. Would any right-minded person tell any one who desired to retrace his steps from a downward path, to pursue the course indicated? If not, why not? Would it not be like pouring oil on the fire of their inflamed appetites and passions? Would it not plunge them deeper and deeper into the mire and misery of mental and physical corruption?

There is startling impropriety in all these things because the tendency of them is downward and never upward.—*The Northerner.*

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

LYING is supposed to be counted a virtue rather than a vice by Orientals; and exaggeration of language is a characteristic of all their conversation. But the ancient records of the East would show that this was not always so. An Egyptian tablet, that dates back to some four thousand years ago, even prior to the days of Abraham, gives departed worthy's record of his claims to acquaintance with the powers of the heavenly world. Among those things that he affirms to his credit is this:

"I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth."

"I have perceived the advantage to conform to this practice upon the earth from the first action of my life) even to the tomb.

"My sure defence shall be to speak it (the truth) in the day when

"I reach the divine judges, the skilful interpreters, discoverers of all actions, the chastisers of sins."

And again he declares for himself:

"My mouth has always been opened to speak true things, not to foment quarrels. I have repeated what I have heard just as it was told to me."

That is a good record for an ancient Oriental. It would be a good record for a nineteenth-century Christian.

The Boy Next Door.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

YELLS that brought to mind the savage
In his war-paint, all alert!
Raids that oft recalled the ravage
Of some border-land expert!
Hangings on to trees and fences,
In his effort to explore:
Startling to a body's senses
Was the little boy next door!

If a window-pane was shattered,
Or a missile cleaved the air;
If the street's repose was scattered—
Heads out-peeping, everywhere—
Little need for explanation,
All had happened oft before:
Mite of terror and vexation
Was that little boy next door!

Cats and dogs, by intuition,
Knew of his approach, and fled;
Jaunty was the hat's position
On his roguish, curly head,
As with bearing independent
He would bound the crossings o'er;
With good nature all resplendent
Was the little boy next door!

Brave, chivalric and respectful
To the old who came his way,
With a sympathy regretful
Toward each beggar, day by day:
How the wild and tame were mingled
In his nature's bounteous store!
How my nerves were hourly tingled
By that little boy next door!

When, at sunset, homeward walking,
Once I missed the children's noise,
Marked their groups, in whispers talking,
Leaving all their romping joys,
Saw the snow-white ribbons streaming
From the house I stopped before—
Tear-drops on my cheeks were gleaming
For the little boy next door!

SUCCESS BY PERSEVERANCE.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

MANY young people who have to work for a living, and who possess few educational advantages, imagine that if their parents were rich and famous, their own prospects for life would be much better. But this would by no means follow. The great majority of those who are now renowned, or wealthy, commenced life very poor.

Martin Luther was the child of a poor miner. Melancthon was an armourer. Carey, one of the first missionaries to India, commenced life as a shoemaker. Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a lastmaker. Adam Clarke was the son of Irish cotters. What boy or girl in America has not heard of Lincoln, the rail-splitter, and Garfield, the canal-boy; or of Andrew Johnson, the tailor? Pluck and perseverance carried these men from such humble beginnings to the Presidential chair. The very obstacles they had to overcome helped to make them what they were. Young people born and reared in wealth and luxury, incur many temptations and perils from which others are exempt. Do not wait for great opportunities.

The great artist, Titian, when a boy, used to crush flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage, in the Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat. A prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard, enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of colours. Stothard, a great artist, learned the art of combining colours by closely studying butterflies' wings. Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

A kite and a silk handkerchief were the objects employed by Franklin in his first experiments with electricity. Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses upon his plough handle.

Had all these waited for "learned leisure" and costly apparatus, they would never have accomplished any such grand results. It has been well said, that "never yet had poor workmen good tools."

Some one, "once upon a time," as the story-writers say, with many apologies, handed Ole Bull a violin with a broken string. "The music is in me," replied the world-renowned player. Boys and girls, the music of success must be in you.

"There is no royal road to learning," and there is none to success in life. Labour and self-denial are the prices that must be paid for victory in the battle of life. Above all, ask God's help and blessing. Be even more careful to deserve success than to attain it. Character is more important than reputation; for character is what we are, and reputation what people think we are. Only to the honest and truthful is real and permanent success possible. The pretender in knowledge, and the proud in business, must sooner or later come to grief. As you climb up the ladder of success, extend a helping hand to those who are lower down. No plan of life is complete that leaves the great future out of sight. We must build for eternity. God wants us to be happy here and hereafter.

PAYING BACK.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"PLEASE, mother, call Jessie in; we want to go down to the mill, and home by the race, and we don't want to be bothered with Jessie."

Netta Wallace stood at her mother's open window, holding the little five-year-old by the hand; Virginia waited at a little distance.

"But I wants to go too," sobbed the little one; "I has walked to the mills osten and ozer, and I wants to go too."

"Why don't you take her, Netta?" asked her mother, stopping the whirl of her busy machine-wheel to settle this little trouble.

"O, she is such a bother!" cried Netta fretfully; "she has to be lifted over the fences, and led by the hand, and she is in the way."

"Come here, Virginia," called the mother, turning away from the machine and leaning out of the window. "Sit down there on the grass, all of you; I want to tell you a little bit of a story, but it is a short one, and won't keep you back long."

"Thirteen years ago there came into a certain house that I know of a wee little pink baby. She was a great joy to every body in the house, but she was also a good deal of trouble. She was washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and rocked and carried around, and nobody ever once complained of the trouble.

"In two years more another little baby came, and then, of course, the mother had her hands full. Then there were two little maids to be washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and carried around and played with and sewed for. Still nobody ever thought of complaining, or once called them a trouble.

"When mother and father went to walk, babies went too; their little hands were held, their little feet lifted over rough places, and everything was done to make them happy.

"As the years went by, these two little maids grew tall and strong and independent; while other little ones took their places in the family, to be cared for and helped. Now, if you had been those maids, my daughters, how would you have behaved

to the little ones? Would you have said, 'Go away, children, and don't bother?' or would you have tried to pay back some of the care and love and trouble?"

"O, mother," said Virginia, "were those little maids named Netta and Virginia?"

"It is strange, but I think they were," said mother, smiling.

"Come, Jess," interrupted Netta, taking this way to answer her mother's question, "it's time we were off on our walk."

And dear little Jessie, who had not been able to make head nor tail out of the story, sprang from the grass with a happy bound, clouds all gone, rain-drops too, and her sun shining brightly!

TOILING TO SUCCEED.

HE who would gain the palm must wrestle in the dust. The life of Audubon, the naturalist, illustrates this law of compensation. The boy foreshadowed the man by his passion for bird's-nesting, and for collecting pictures of birds.

His father owned a farm in Pennsylvania, and young Audubon was sent there from France to look after it; but he looked more at the birds than after the farm, and what he saw suggested his great work on American ornithology.

He married, tried his hand at keeping store—that is, he left the store to keep itself, while he hunted the forest for specimens of birds. He had studied drawing and painting in Paris under David, the artist whom Napoleon honoured. The want of daily bread drove him to portrait-painting, and his wife to supporting herself and their children.

He continued to make collections and drawings of American birds, and at last, turning drawing-master, earned two thousand dollars, with which he started for England to bring out his great work, and to obtain subscribers for it.

In London he painted all day, and in the evening walked the streets selling his pictures at the stores for any price the dealers would give for them. Every penny he could save was paid to the engravers and colorers of his "Birds of America."

When it was published, with its four hundred and thirty-five plates of birds, each delineated life-size, the persistent, self-denying naturalist felt himself compensated for his toil and endurance.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE GREAT DISCOVERER.

It is such an easy matter in these days to cross the ocean that very little is thought of it. Huge ships in countless numbers come and go and no one thinks it worthy of special notice because it is so common. But there was a time when sailors dared not venture out of sight of land, not knowing where they would be carried by the restless waves and the howling winds.

The man who showed other navigators how this could be done was Christopher Columbus. He believed that by sailing far enough in a western direction he should reach land. By great efforts he induced men to venture on the sea with him, and persuaded the rich and the great to raise the necessary money. It was a great undertaking, and no one but a really brave man could have succeeded. But Columbus did succeed, in spite of all difficulties. He kept his ship to the westward; by day and by night he was at his post of duty, and at last his patience and his courage were rewarded by the discovery of a new continent.

When Columbus had shown the way others found it easy to follow; but to him belongs the glory of proving that the trackless ocean could be safely crossed.

Spring.

THE buds are bursting into bloom,
The grass is fresh and green,
And everywhere throughout the land
Spring's tokens can be seen.

Her graceful footstep through the fields
Daisies and buttercups calls to birth;
Oh, what a glorious, wondrous change
Spring makes on this bare earth!

And there's a lesson taught herein,
Which merry bluebirds ever sing;
'Tis this: when life and death are o'er,
Then comes the blest Eternal Spring.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1889.

WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

THE great Sunday-school gathering will be held in London, England, on July 2, 3, 4, and 5. The day meetings will be held in the Sunday-school Memorial Hall, a large and handsome building on Farringdon Street, near St. Paul's Church. Very great interest is being exhibited on both sides of the sea in connection with this Convention, from which most important results are expected. The following is the programme outlined by B. F. Jacobs, Esq.:

I. THE WORK REPORTED.

Organized Sunday-school work:

- In Great Britain.
- On the Continent of Europe.
- In America.
- In other Lands.

II. THE WORK EXAMINED.

The Value of Existing S. S. Organizations:

- For Consultation and Comparison.
- For Co-operation and Consecration.
- For Extending the Work:
 - a By Conventions and Conferences.
 - b By Institutes and Normal Classes.
 - c By other Agencies.

III. THE WORK TESTED.

The Bible, the Sunday-school Text Book:

- Its Place, Permanence, Power.
- Faithful Bible Study essential to spiritual life.
- The best methods of Study:
 - For Teachers alone, and with others.
 - For Scholars alone, and with the class.

The International Lesson Plan:

- The Lesson Committee.
- The Selection of Lessons.



THE BOYS AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

The Published Lesson Helps.
The Home Reading Lessons.
The Daily Bible Reading Alliance.

IV. THE WORK ADVANCED.

Approved Methods of Work:

- Conventions and Bible Institutes.
- Normal and Teacher Training Classes.
- Sunday-school Assemblies.
- Training School for Christian Workers.
- Paid and Voluntary S. S. Missionaries.
- House-to-House Visitation.

Management of Church Sunday-schools:

- Graded Classes and Departments.
- How to retain Adult Members.
- Home Classes for the Absent.
- Memorizing the Lesson.
- Systematic Beneficence.
- The Place and Power of Music.
- Written Examinations.

Management of Mission Schools:

- Systematic Visitation.
- Securing Regular Attendance.
- Application of Kindergarten Principles.
- Helping the Poor.
- Rewards and Festivals.

V. THE WORK EXTENDED.

- The Reasons for Extension.
- The Means by which it can be done.
- The Field that invites us.
- The Results that will follow.

Dr. Withrow has so arranged his excursion to Europe as to be in London during the whole period of the World's Sunday-school Convention, and facilities will be afforded for attending its meetings.

For persons desiring to attend the Convention, returning to Montreal in six weeks, board at a good hotel in London will be provided, and all expenses of travel, strictly first-class, from Montreal back to Montreal, will be paid, for \$165.

If the journey be extended to Paris, returning to Montreal in six weeks, entertainment will be provided at good hotels in London and Paris, and six carriage drives given in Paris, for \$235, including first-class travel from Montreal and back to Montreal. If second-class railway carriages be used in Europe, and the carriage drives be omitted, a considerable reduction can be made.

This furnishes a very favourable opportunity to attend a most notable Sunday-school Assembly in the greatest city in the world, and to visit the World's Art and Industrial Exposition in the city of Paris, under personal guidance, and at very low rates. Full information on the subject will be furnished to any one writing to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

THE BOYS AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE story of this picture is thus told:—

Two boys were strolling through a field, when they saw a bird's nest on the branch of a tree. "I'll have it!" said Ned, the elder of the two; and in a moment he had climbed the tree and brought the nest down.

He put it on the ground carefully; and then the boys lay at full length on the grass, and looked at the nest together. There were three young birds in it.

"Don't be afraid, you cunning little chaps!" said Frank. "We have no thought of hurting you, have we, Ned?"

"No, indeed," said Ned. "We'll be as kind to them as their own mother."

Just then Ned heard a chirping above his head. He looked up, and saw the two parent-birds fluttering about in great distress. They flew in circles over his head, and made a grievous noise, that seemed to say to him: "You have robbed us of our children. Give us back our children."

Ned and Frank were kind-hearted boys; and now they both began to be very thoughtful. They looked at each other a moment; then Frank spoke out: "I tell you what, Ned, I don't know about this business."

"Well, I know about it," said Ned. "It's shameful; that's what it is! I feel like a sneak."

"So do I," said Frank.

"What right had I," said Ned, "to go and tear down the house of these poor birds?—and to take away their young ones, too! Why, I'm worse than a burglar."

"But we meant to be kind to the little birds, you know," said Frank.

"Yes; so we did," answered Ned; "kind to the young ones, and cruel to the old ones—all for our own fun."

"Well, Ned, I'm just as bad as you are," said Frank; "but what can we do about it?"

"We'll put the nest back as well as we can," said Ned.

So Ned climbed the tree again, and Frank handed the nest up to him very gently. Ned put it back in its place, and the old birds flew back to it in delight.

"They will soon repair damages," said Frank.

"Yes," said Ned; "but if they were to send in a bill to us, it would serve us right."—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

OUR hearts are to be vessels into which shall be received the measure of gospel grace we need for all times and circumstances. Some people close the heart to the reception of God's grace, and hence they are barren and unfruitful in the Lord.



THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

The Birds of Killingworth.

ONE hundred years ago,
The thrifty farmers as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of prey,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scare-crow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that wailed at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

The Squire, Parson, the Preceptor, Deacon,
All came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who, every one,
Charged them with crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor to redress the wrong,
And trembling like a steed before a start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him clear and strong.
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

Then he said, "In this little town of yours,
You put to death by means of a committee,
The ballad singers and the troubadours,
The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds who make sweet music for us all,
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.
The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piney wood;

The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargooning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue bird balanced on some utmost spray.
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

You slay them all! And wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries that are not so sweet
As are the songs of these uninvited guests
Sung at their feast with comfortable breasts.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, when melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play!

Is this more pleasant to you than
the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her
sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as
you take
Your nooning in the shade of
bush and brake?
You call them thieves and pil-
lagers; but know
They are the winged wardens
of your farms,
Who from the corn-fields drive
the insidious foe.
And from your harvests keep
a hundred harms; the crow
Even the blackest of them all,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

How can I teach your children gentleness
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For life, which in its weakness, or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence!
Or, death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The self-same light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the head of crows.

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A waggon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires, to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

—Longfellow.

TEACHER, devote yourself mainly to the spiritual
improvement of your good boys, who have the first
claim to your energies, and aim at making them
spiritual decoy-ducks, who will insensibly attract
their naughty companions within the circle of
better influences.

MISSION LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

IT is characteristic of most of our missionaries
that they are reticent on the subject of personal
hardships and trials, and it is only by questioning
them along other lines that the facts come out in
an incidental way. There are few of those quiet,
undemonstrative women in the humble mission-
houses of our Indian missions who could not relate
experiences that would fill a two-volume novel of
thrilling interest. And yet, as a rule, if they speak
of such things at all, it is in a quiet, matter-of-fact
way, as if they considered their severest hardships
hardly worth mentioning. The fact is, those who
give themselves to the Indian work, especially on
the more distant and isolated missions, must have
in them, if they are to succeed, the stuff of which
heroes are made; and this is true of not a few who
are now in the work. When the revolt broke out,
and many of the Indians were in a state of intense
excitement, it was deemed prudent, and indeed,
necessary, to send the wives and children of mission-
aries to places of safety at Calgary or elsewhere.
Mrs. Nelson started on horseback for Morley,
accompanied by a daughter of ten years, and
another, an infant of ten months, in her arms,
with a single Indian as guide. This involved a
journey across country of 150 miles, avoiding the
principal trails, often travelling by night and rest-
ing by day. At length, with torn and travel-
stained garments, and weakened by fatigue and
lack of suitable nourishment (for little food could
be carried), the welcome shelter of Morley was
reached. Doubtless more than one such story
could be told by other missionary women, if they
cared to speak. To the credit of the Wolf Creek
Stonies be it said, that although the mission-house
was left unoccupied and unguarded for weeks, not
an article was disturbed. When the missionary
and his family returned, they found everything as
they left it.—*Outlook.*

THE FATAL DOOR.

THE Chevalier Gerard De Kampis was a very
rich and a very proud man. Soon after the com-
pletion of his magnificent castle he wished to have
a house-warming, and accordingly all his great
neighbours were invited to a great feast. At the
conclusion of a sumptuous repast his guests made
speech after speech, in which the host was lauded
to the skies, and told that he was the most fortun-
ate man alive. As the chevalier loved flattery, we
can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however, said nothing for
a time. When each man had made his speech, he
uttered the following singular observation upon
the happiness of the host:

"Sir Knight, in order that your felicity should
be complete, you require but one thing; but this
is a very important item."

"And what thing is that?" demanded the
knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied
his guest.

At this strange rejoinder several of the guests
began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much
as to say, "This man has gone mad." Wishing,
however, to have the clue to the enigma, he con-
tinued:

"By which door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will one day
be carried to your grave," replied the other.

The words struck both guests and host, and made
the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man
remembered the vanity of all earthly things, and
from henceforth he no longer thought only of the
perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He
was completely altered, and made good use of his
riches.

From the Two Armies.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That death flows dark between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
And wide-mouthed clarions brave,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along the front the sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave,
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems peeling o'er the dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossomed sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
And count each burning life-drop's flow
Each falling tear of love.

While valour's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the throne.

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM IN BUSINESS.

THOUGH it was a rare good fortune, it was a sad day both for Tom and Phil too when he entered the school on Ardwick Green. But everybody said it would make a man of Phil; and Alice, as she kissed him tenderly with tears in her eyes, told him she was sure he would make a grand scholar some day or other, and perhaps grow too grand for them all. Besides all this, the master of the school promised to let him have a holiday pretty often, if he was a good boy, and said that Tom might come to see him occasionally. So Phil passed away out of Tom's sight within the doors of the school, and there was to be no more starving or rags for him.

Then Tom, having nothing else to care for, gave himself up to business, like many a thousand more of the people dwelling in the great city, who never thought of the God who cared for them. The cellar had been let to a decent man and his wife who had no family, and were glad to let Tom keep his own hole in it, and who were far quieter and tidier than the Handforths had ever been. So Tom was no longer alone at night, and his dreadful dreams no longer troubled him. The last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning, his thought was, how he could get enough money to have once more a real shining sovereign lying in the hollow of his hand. His object was not easy to gain, for both Banner and Nat urged him to lay out his money in buying more decent clothes; his trade would profit by it, they said, and Tom proved their words to be true, though he felt it to be a great trouble thus to part with his hard-earned savings. Banner took him more openly under his patronage as he began to present a more respectable appearance, and he spoke to some of the servants in his beat in his behalf, and recom-

mended him as a boy worthy of trust and encouragement. So Tom met with plenty of customers, and had many an errand confided to him by which he earned a few additional pence. In the course of a few months he found himself well fitted out with suitable clothes, and to his great joy, after collecting almost stealthily penny after penny, and changing them into silver, and carrying them always about him in Alice's money-bag, he was at last able to obtain the sovereign he had so long coveted.

Banner also took care to get Tom into a night-school belonging to Mr. Watson's parish, where he himself had a class, having at the commencement of it been engaged to be there in his office of policeman. It was natural that he should wish to have Tom under his own eye, for he was beginning to feel a friendly interest in him; and though the boy did not know it, he was anxious to be a true friend to him, as he had promised Mr. Hope. He wished to instruct him in religion, and to give him such a knowledge of God, and of his laws, as would deter him from falling back into his old ways. So Banner laboured hard with Tom and the class of rough lads, teaching them the commandments and the awful penalties of breaking them, with the most terrible of the threatenings which he found scattered up and down in his Bible. Whenever Banner came upon any text which made him think of God as an all-seeing and all-searching Judge, he treasured it up to repeat, with explanations of his own, to his class at the night-school. He was very much in earnest, and every now and then he succeeded in gaining the awe-stricken attention of the boys, as he drew fearful pictures of the consequences of sin; and Tom especially would fasten his bright black eyes upon him and drink in every word, and tremble, and grow pale with terror. It was no wonder that Banner considered him changed and converted. He was tidy, and industrious, and careful, and very eager to learn to read and write, and Banner began to take pleasure in the thought that Tom was a brand which he had plucked from the burning.

But the true effect of Banner's teaching was to make the boy's heart at first miserable, and then hard. For awhile he tried to do right in order to pacify his angry God and Judge, but his conscience, once awakened to the knowledge of God's commandments, could not be satisfied without a perfect obedience to them. Often, from the force of long habit, he fell into the utterance of oaths, and in an instant the third commandment rose up in accusation against him. He knew himself to be a Sabbath-breaker, a liar, and a thief, and he never could consent to love and honour his wicked father. All these old sins hung still about him as heavy fetters, and Banner, with all his earnestness, did not make it clear to him how, through the love of Christ, he could be set free. So, after two or three fruitless struggles, he at last grew hardened to his sins. If God did all things in heaven and earth to please himself, as Banner taught him, then it was he who had put him into this position, and given to him such a wicked father. His laws were too difficult to keep, so he must go on to the end, and stand before the Judge at the last day, to be driven for ever from his presence with the devil and his angels.

Poor Tom! He was very wretched, but he did not know how to make his wretchedness known to any one who could help him. He had nothing to turn to for comfort, now that Phil was parted from him, except his money, for Banner kept so strict a watch upon him that he could scarcely sink back to his former degraded habits. Once he lingered under the bright windows of a gin-palace, where a girl was playing on a tambourine, and he felt a

strong inclination to turn in; but at that moment he saw the shining hat and large buttons of a policeman coming up the street, and he fled swiftly. Every policeman brought Banner to his mind, and kept him in wholesome fear of being caught in doing wrong; and as one or another might be seen at every turn, he was delivered from much evil. That is, of evil from without; within, there was a canker eating away his heart, and bringing him into a bitter a bondage as any which had made him a slave before.

Tom had two sources of great dread. First, he dreaded the release of his father from prison, and his return to any kind of authority over himself. He hated and feared him with intense bitterness, and he would have counted the day of his death as a day of rejoicing and gladness. But he was not dead. From time to time there came to him, by some mysterious means, a message from the distant jail where his father was working out his long sentence, that he should soon be free on a ticket-of-leave, and that he would come back to Phil and him in Manchester. One of these messages had reached him since his own trial with Handforth for house-breaking; and for a day or two Tom had been strongly tempted to give up the effort to be steady, and industrious, and honest. Every day his dread and hatred of his father grew more profound.

But the other dread was, after all, a keener and deeper misery. The terrors of God were upon him. Once he could sin confidently and comfortably; but now his inmost spirit trembled and shrank at the remembrance that God saw him always. He was afraid of many things which had never alarmed him before. In the summer storms, when the thunder rolled louder than the roar of the streets, and the lightning flashed amongst the thick clouds, he fancied that God was about to strike him dead for his sins. But when winter came, and it was pitch dark in the morning, and the night came on early, he suspected every footstep behind him was that of a thief who would snatch from him his hard-earned savings. From this latter fear he freed himself by intrusting the secret of his cherished wealth to Banner, by whose advice he put it in the Post Office Savings Bank. But he himself was not safe; nor could he hide himself from God. God was searching out and reckoning up all his sins; and sooner or later he would summon him to give an account of all that he had done.

There was a short season of relief and brightness at the next spring assizes, when Banner took him to the house of Mrs. Worthington, Mr. Hope's sister, with whom Mr. Hope was staying. Banner spoke cordially of his conduct since his friend had given him a start in life, and Tom felt a glow of joy and pride as he heard the rare sound of his own praises. Mr. Hope was glad to hear them also, and he shook hands with them as a friend, and gave him a Bible, in which he found out one special verse, and told Tom to try to read it. Tom had still to spell the longer words, but he made out this sentence, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." He did not understand it, but as he spelt it through with difficulty, the words were impressed upon his mind: as yet only like the seed which lies as if it were dead and decayed, but in reality quickening into life under the surface of the soil.

(To be continued.)

THE sense of superiority occasionally develops very early, and lasts a long time. The other day Six-year-old was playing with Five-year-old, when a difference of opinion arose concerning some trifle. At last Six-year-old settled the matter by saying to Five-year-old, "I guess I ought to know. I've been in the world a good deal longer than you have!"

Mission Hymn.

MRS. L. G. M'VKAN.

In fair Japan a thousand flowers
Wear lovelier forms and hues than ours,
But saintly pale and pure as snow
Our Easter lilies bloom, to show
That One has risen to realms of light,
Whose love can make our souls as white.

In sapphire Southern skies, afar
Shines many a strange and glorious star,
Planets to Northern heavens unknown;
But we, more blest, can call our own
The radiant "Stars of Bethlehem"—
Brighter than Orient's richest gem.

On India's dusky children shine
Jewels from many a priceless mine;
But we can never envy them
Ruby or diamond diadem.
For, through God's love, we may behold
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold.

The bulbul sings in Cashmere groves
Close hid beside the rose he loves;
But sweeter music we can hear,
As all around us, ringing clear,
The sacred chime of Sabbath bells
Upon the air of freedom swells.

Thus flower, and star, and gem, and song,
Unto the Christian faith belong.
Send forth the Word to other climes
That never heard our Sabbath chimes.
The banner of the Cross, unfurled,
Means happiness to all the world.

A TRIP ON THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

LETTER FROM REV. T. CROSBY.

DURING the trip, which took me away from home about seven weeks, we travelled 1,800 miles, and preached about one hundred times to thousands of people whom I had never seen before. We took in a visit up Knight's Inlet, and preached to many tribes connected with the Fort Rupert nation, and the logging camps near Cape Mudge, when I preached at four large camps, and rowed fifteen miles in a small boat, spent a very pleasant Sabbath, and received much kindness from the white men at all the camps. The next Sunday I spent at the mouth of the Fraser River, among the different fishing camps and canneries. I preached seven times, and closed two other services. I started at 6.30 in the morning, and was through at 6.30 p.m., when I took a good supper, as I had not time to take a bite from breakfast in the morning till that time. This was one of the happiest days I ever spent.

On our way round the west coast of Vancouver Island, we found hundreds and thousands of people, as dark and as dirty, and as low and degraded as they could be; and in many places they urged me to give them a teacher. I met numbers of young men who, the summer before, had come down from Sitka, seal-hunters from the schooners taken in Alaska. They called in at Simpson, and were there, some of them, for weeks. Some of them attended our school a day or two, just to see the change that was going on; so now they said they wished teachers to be sent to them, as they wished to be taught like the people were at Port Simpson.

It was on this trip I saw a young man dying of consumption, and after I had preached to them he said, "You did well to come, and you have told us a wonderful story; but, missionary, why did you not come sooner? why did you not come sooner?" I thought this was the language of thousands, "Why did you not come sooner?"

Along that coast we could place four or five men and women full of faith. Indeed, I would like to see a chain of self-supporting faith-missions all up that coast, so that every place might have the

Gospel. It is reported that up that coast there are between three and four thousand Indians, and nearly at the head of the Island, where the sugar-loafed headed people live, the Qous-kee-noes and the Quat-see-noes, and Flat-kee-noes live.

Why should we not have laymen in the mission field who would trade and preach? There are wicked men who sin and trade, and by their influence do much harm. Surely we can get some who will work and trade, and carry on business for Christ's sake.

Don't forget to say a good word for the *Glad Tidings*. We shall need a good round sum for repairs. She has done such a good work, and we want her to do more. We shall soon need a new boiler, etc.; say, in all, \$1,000.—*Outlook*.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

MR. WANAMAKER, the new Postmaster-General of the United States, who keeps the largest retail store in America, is not yet fifty-two years old, and began life without money. He is a religious man, active in church work and Christian philanthropy, and of the quality which does not recognize the word "fail." Philadelphia was Wanamaker's birth-place. His father was a bricklayer and a poor man, and the boy went to work in a clothing store when he was fourteen years old. He took a dollar and a half weekly wages when he began, but the fact that at the end of five years, when he was one of the best salesmen in the house, he had saved two thousand dollars, shows that his pay had become liberal. It was supplemented by work on a publication which he edited and published and for which he solicited advertisements. John Wanamaker was always an indefatigable worker. He had become prominent in church work before the dawn appeared on his chin. About the year 1859 Mr. Wanamaker went South, travelling for the improvement of his health. When he returned to Philadelphia he was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. He held this position two years, then, in 1861, went into business in partnership with Nathan Brown, whose sister he married. The partners put in two thousand dollars each, and soon prospered as the reward of diligence and good business judgment. They were shrewd advertisers, as the surviving partner is to-day; the whole of the first day's profits were spent by them in a single business announcement in the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Brown died twenty years ago. Mrs. Wanamaker is still living.

CLUMSY HEROISM.

WHETHER there really is an "Aunt Nancy" or not, the *Well-Spring* put some wise words into her mouth which may not be out of place for a few—a very few, we hope—of our readers.

"It does make me mad to see the way young folks set up style and finnickiness above everything else now-a-days. You must dress like a fashion-plate, and a new one too, and keep it up every minute, or you ain't got style. You must talk like a grammar and write like a giant and sign your letters with your whole three names, or you ain't got form. And if you hain't style or good form, you might as well walk right out of the universe. There's my sister Clarissa's boys and girls; it's enough to make your blood boil to see them walk over their father and mother.

"Will you feel like coming in, mother?" says Jane, when she's going to have company.

"Why, I don't know. Do you want me?" says her mother.

"Then Jack puts in that softy drawl of his—oh yes, he's good form!"

"Perhaps you will be too tired to come in, mother?"

"And she, poor soul! says yes, she would be too tired, when she knows, and I know, they are 'shamed to have her there. Abomination! From first to last she's given her whole life to them children, and he—you should see him come home at night-time. He's a heavy man, you know, and not always spick-and-span when he first comes home. Them young folks are on the piazza or playing croquet with their stylish friends, and they'll manage not to see him, and will look angry at each other if they see him coming toward them. Yet he has worked and toiled all his life for 'em, and he has money enough now to do 'most anything for them but make himself over.

"I'll tell you what I think," continues Aunt Nancy, warming more and more to her subject: "I think the folks that do the most in this world are not the stylish ones. I think the folks that's loved best and respected most, and the folks that would fill the books if there was a book wrote about every place, would be the plain clumsy, self-denying toilers who has done somethin' and has got somethin' to show for it. But law! The young folks now-a-days don't know good people when they see 'em 'less they're done up in silks and kids and broadcloth."

The Widowed Bird.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

A ROBIN'S song the whole day long
In an apple tree was heard.
A thoughtless boy with a deadly toy
Bent over a dying bird.
The song was hushed a heart was crushed,
A widow bird's low moan
Upon the breeze died in the trees,
A nest was left alone.
O would that words, sweet baby birds,
Could soothe her sorrow now!
Nestle and rest in your tiny nest
In the fragrant apple bough.
Her heart would break but for your sake,
Yet mother love is strong;
Her little brood must have its food
Or earth would miss its song.
Sleep, darlings, then, she'll come again
When grief's wild storm is o'er,
Tho' her mate's sweet song that made her strong
Is hushed for evermore.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath-school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand led her towards a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed her tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said, "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"O, one of the neighbour's children," replied the missionary—"a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

If I Were a Voice.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning's
light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice—a consoling voice—
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight down
Into the suffering hearts of men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice—a convincing voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice—a pervading voice—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that would guide them
right—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice—an immortal voice—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their mission clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wing of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.**A.D. 30] **LESSON V.** [May 5**THE COMMAND TO WATCH.**

Mark 13. 24-37. Memory verses, 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. Mark 13. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. The Son Coming, v. 24-32.
2. The Servants Watching, v. 33-37.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Mount of Olives.

EXPLANATIONS.—*From the four winds*—That is, from every part of the earth. *The uttermost part of the earth*, etc.—That is, from the farthest part of the earth, then believed to be a great plain met everywhere by the sky. *Branch yet tender*—The new green sprout of the tree. *At the cock-crowing*—At three o'clock in the morning. These divisions mark the quarters of the night.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson which teaches—

1. That Jesus is coming again?
2. That we do not know when he will come?
3. That we ought always to be ready for his coming?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what day is Jesus speaking in these verses? Of his final coming. 2. By what signs will it be attended? "The powers in heaven shall be shaken." 3. With whom only did he say rested the knowledge of these things? Only with God the Father.

4. What duty did he lay upon the disciples because of this uncertainty. "Take ye heed," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian watchfulness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. What do you mean by the Holy Spirit's inspiration?

That he put it into the minds of holy men to write, and instructed them how to write.

A.D. 30] **LESSON VI.** [May 12**THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.**

Mark 14. 1-9. Memory verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could. Mark 14. 8

OUTLINE.

1. A Ministry, v. 1-3.
2. A Memorial, v. 4-9.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Bethany, Simon's house.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Feast of the passover*—The old memorial feast of the exodus from Egypt. *Unleavened bread*—Bread made without fermentation. There were not two feasts, as would seem here. The bread was characteristic of this peculiar feast, and is therefore so mentioned. *Alabaster box*—Literally, "an alabaster." A small cruet supposed to have been shaped like a rosebud, and having a cylindrical neck. *Ointment of spikenard*—A very precious perfume of some aromatic plant. *Three hundred pence*—Or, denarii; a denarius was a small Roman silver coin equal to a few cents of our money.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What in this lesson teaches us—

1. That no gift is too costly to be offered to Christ?
2. That love makes any offering acceptable?
3. That whatever we do for Christ is sure of reward.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus spend the last two days of life? At Bethany. 2. How did they honour him there? They made a supper for him. 3. What tribute of love did Mary pay to him? She anointed his head with spikenard. 4. What word of commendation did Jesus speak for her? "She hath done what she could." 5. What prophecy did he make about her? Her act should be told through the world.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True service.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. How is it proved that the Holy Spirit inspired the Old Testament Scriptures?

Chiefly by the words of our Lord and his apostles.

Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost. 2 Peter i. 21. Matt. xxii. 43.

THE TRAMP.

GOOD Mrs. Lee and her little family were just sitting down to tea one evening in the early winter, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Lee, thinking one of the neighbours had just "run in."

The door opened and a strange young man came in. Young man? Alas! no! it was easy to see that he was "only a tramp." What a sad story the word tells!

"Could you give me a bit of supper, ma'am?" he said; "I've tramped all day, and I'm powerful hungry."

Now, Mrs. Lee was poor, but she had a kind heart. She looked at her own Phil and Rob, and a deep pity rose in her heart. What if they should come to look like this poor lad some day?

She asked him in, and—yes, she really did! she gave him a seat at her own table. And as he ate she led him to talk. How many questions she asked him! But they were all so kindly put,

and it was so plain that the good woman looked at him with motherly eyes, that the poor fellow found himself answering her with a strange tremble in his voice.

Of course, there was strong drink in the case. He did not say so, but Mrs. Lee knew it. After supper she found a way to speak to him alone, and in her own kind, earnest voice she begged him to give up the life he was leading and go home to his mother, who she learned was still living. Then she said good-bye to him, and he went away.

Three years after a clean, well-dressed, respectable-looking man stopped at Mrs. Lee's little home.

"Do you remember me, madam?" he said, in a manly way.

"No, I do not," Mrs. Lee replied. "I have never seen you before, I think."

"But you have," said the smiling young man.

Then he recalled the tramp of three years before, and said: "I am that poor fellow. I could not forget your kind words. I went home to my mother, signed a temperance pledge, found work, began going to church, and have made my mother happy every day since. Now I am in a nice little business of my own, am doing well, and, best of all, have become a Christian man. I have vowed never to turn a tramp away with harsh words; for, madam, your kind words saved me."

Mrs. Lee wept and laughed together. Do you wonder?

THE ARABIC AUCTIONEER.

OUR party were standing in one of the shady tunnels which penetrate the bazars of Cairo, when our attention was attracted to a man who was running swiftly past the little shops where Mohammedan merchants "take in and do for" unsophisticated foreigners. He was flourishing a brass platter in his hand, and was shouting spasmodically as he hurried along. Now and then some merchant would stop the runner with an intelligible remark, but he apparently paid little heed and went trotting off again. A short distance behind this queer individual waddled a fat old Arab who showed a desire to keep up with the procession.

"Is that man crazy, or is he an escaping thief?" we asked our dragoon.

"Neither; he's an auctioneer. He is trying to sell the platter. He runs through all the bazars shouting the highest price bid. The merchants who speak to him are bidding. When he has traversed the bazars, he will bring it back to him who has offered most. The fat man is the owner of the platter, and follows to see fair dealing," was the answer.

This is a sensible custom. It is the old story of Mohammed and the mountain: if the people will not go to the auctioneer, the auctioneer goes to the people.—*Our Youth.*

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