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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1888.

[No. 6



SNOW BIRDS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Little True Heart.

Two little hands so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea things away;
While mother is resting awhile on her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,

Although they are tender and weak,
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself,
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs,
For papa will quickly be here;
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire

That is burning so bright and so clear;
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:

"He cannot come in without me.
When mother is tired, I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms around papa's dear neck,
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
For out of the nest so cosy and bright,
The little one's mother has flown.

She brushes the teardrops away as she thinks;

"Now he has no one but me.
I mustn't give way that would make him so sad,
and there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
Dropped from the two pretty eyes,
Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
Two little faint sobbing cries.

"Papa forgot I was always waked up
When he whispered good night to me.
O mother, come back just to kiss me in bed—
There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
Out from her home in the skies,
She will not pass on to her haven of rest
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
Yet his sunshine is ever to be!
And he is a comfort for everyone's pain—
There's nobody else, you see.

—Argosy.

SNOW-BIRDS.

THESE welcome little visitors come to us from the frozen regions of the North just as the ground is being strewed with autumn leaves. Their migrations extend from the Arctic to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, spreading over the whole breadth of the United States.

At first they are generally seen on the borders of woods, among falling and decayed leaves, in loose flocks of thirty or forty together, always taking to the trees when disturbed. But it is when the cold blasts of winter have swept down from the North, bringing with them the first snow-clouds, that they collect about our houses and out-buildings, coming to our very door steps to glean the crumbs and get acquainted, skipping about as airily in the light snow as if a part and parcel of its feathery nature, and warbling now and then a low, sweet, plaintive song, or repeating a soft, whistling call note to each other. They seem particularly sprightly and active just after a fresh fall of snow, and flit about from bush to bush with apparent dexterity, picking berries and seeds of various kinds of weeds, as represented by our artist, twittering and chirping in the most happy, social, and confiding way. But when the weather begins to warm they retreat

to the thickets and woods again, preferring shade to sunshine, and soon take themselves off to the North and the high ranges of mountains where they build their nests and rear their young, but not without leaving a pure, sweet influence behind them.

There must be something in the temperature of the blood or constitution of these tiny brown coats which unfits them for warmth and sunshine, for the country abounds with a great variety of food of which during their stay they appear to be very fond. For my part I always liken these winter visitants to certain friends who are never drawn to you, in fact, you think little about them, when the air is full of summer, and the sky bends lovingly, it is not their nature to bask in the sunshine except of their own making. But when adverse winds blow, when clouds gather and the storm really bursts, after which you sit desolate and alone in the chill of winter, then these shadows attract them and they come to you like the snow-birds, flitting about you with healing touch, warbling their low, sweet melodies just attuned to the sobbing heart, drawing you out of your dreary self, lifting you up above the shadows. They are your winter friends; they are white-breasted snow-birds.

A GOLD-MINE IN IRELAND.

Who has not heard a great deal about Ireland lately? Sometimes it has been a sad story of want and famine, when the people have perished for lack of food. Sometimes it has been an equally sad story of disorder and outrage, and the old tale of national wrongs which it is to be hoped the English Parliament will find out some way to remedy. We have all heard about these things, but whoever heard of a gold-mine in Ireland?

Strange as this may sound, the fact is that nearly a hundred years ago gold was found in considerable quantities in the county of Wicklow. Tradition gives the credit of being the discoverer of this gold to a poor schoolmaster, who, while fishing in one of the small streams that go rushing down the side of the mountains, picked up a piece of shining metal. Having ascertained that it was gold, he sought for and found more of it, cautiously disposing of his prize to a goldsmith in Dublin. He is said to have kept the secret carefully for several years, but having one day told his wife she thought he was mad and told her relations the story. Thus the secret became generally known, and about the year 1795 thousands of persons, old and young, flocked to the spot hunting for gold. Strong men worked hard with spades and pick-axes, and even children scraped the face of the rocks with rusty nails, hoping to find gold.

After a time the government took

possession of the mine, but it is said the produce was much less than before that took place.

The government works were carried on until 1798, when all the machinery was destroyed during the insurrection. Three years later the mining operations were resumed, but the gold was found in such small quantities that it did not pay to work the mine any longer, and so it was given up. To this day, however, there prevails a lingering belief among the peasants that gold exists in Kinsella, but that only some "lucky" man will ever be able to find it.

Whether Ireland would ever be much the better even if gold should be discovered in large quantities may be doubted, but I think I can tell you what would be better for Ireland than the richest gold-mine, and that would be for all the Irish liquor saloons to be shut up, and for all the Irish men and women to become teetotalers, and all the Irish boys and girls to join the Band of Hope. What think you?

GOOD ADVICE.

To one of his daughters at school Bishop McIlvane gave the following counsel: "Don't cultivate that sort of violent friendship which leads to a sort of confidential communication which cannot be made known to your parents. Be very particular as to whom you allow to be very familiar with you, as your near companions and friends. First, know well the person, before you allow a closer intimacy, and the moment you see anything wrong in a companion, think what effect it should have on your intimacy. Learn to say No, decisively, to any request or proposal which your judgment tells you is not right. It is a great thing in a child to learn to say No, when it is right to do so.

"Make it a rule to hear nothing from any girl which you may not be allowed, and would not be willing to tell your dear mother. Be careful to let nothing interfere with your regular private prayers and reading of the Scriptures; and labour to give your whole heart and life to God."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

ONLY ONE FAULT.

I WAS riding through a country town in Vermont, when I noticed a crowd of people in the church-yard encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day, and I had ridden ten miles, and I drew the rein under some trees to allow the horse to rest.

Presently a villager came toward me, and I said, "There's a funeral to-day in your town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest-hearted men I ever knew. He had great abilities. We sent him to the Legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for Governor. But," he added, sadly, "Stephen had one fault."

I made no answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse, leaving the sexton to his solitary work.

"A very generous man, Stephen was. Always visited the sick. The old people all liked him. Even the children used to follow him on the streets."

"A good man, indeed," I said, differently.

"Yes; he had only one fault."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat. He didn't seem to have any power to resist it at last. He got behindhand, and had to mortgage his farm, and finally had to sell it. His wife died on account of the reverse, kind of crushed, disappointed. Then his children turned out badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them, and take away their spirit. He had to leave politics, 'twould not do you see. Then we had to set him aside from the church; and at last his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poorhouse. He died there; only forty-five. Poor man, he had only one fault!"

"Only one fault!" The ship had only one leak, but it sank.

"Only one fault!" The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

"Only one fault!" Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honour forfeited, social and religious privileges abandoned; broken health, poverty, paralysis, and the poorhouse.

One fault, only one.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

MR. H. H. SMITH gives the following account of child life in the villages of Brazil:—

The children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about, they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish.

The parents seldom punish the children, for they are very docile. When they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Treasure is expressed by a smile—among the girls often by a broad grin with an abundant show of the teeth—but a hearty laugh is a rarity.

Whoever would be sustained by the hand of God must constantly lean on it.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Your House.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
 Be true to yourself and God;
 As you build your house, mark well the spot,
 Lay all the ground, and build you not
 On the sand or shaking sod.
 Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
 Plant firm the outer wall;
 Let the props be strong, let the roof be high,
 Like an open turret toward the sky,
 Through which heaven's dew may fall.
 Let this be the room of the soul, young man,
 When the shadows shall herald care,
 A chamber with never a roof, a thatch
 To hinder the light, or door or latch
 To shut in the spirit's prayer!
 Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,
 A life that outlives the breath;
 For who shall gainsey the Holy Word?
 "Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,
 "Therein is no death."
 Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
 As the needful case demands;
 Let your title-deeds be clear and bright,
 Till you enter your claim to the Lord of light
 For the "house not made with hands."
 —Selected.

THE OLD MAN'S WARNING.

"I TELL you, Kate, it is no use to argue. If I should be as fussy as you are, the boys would cut my acquaintance. All those in my class take a little—just a little—wine on very select occasions; and if, as you say, it hurts them, it certainly hurts no one else."
 "No, no, Will," interrupted Kate, "you forgot John Burns and Arthur Wilson. They would not touch wine, I know."
 "Well, the rest of the fellows make so much fun of them, that they seldom come to our nice little times. We hardly think of them as members of the class, only when we are in the recreation rooms. All the high-toned fellows take a little. I don't see what you want to worry for; a little wine will never hurt any one."
 "But," said Kate, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "people learn to love it, and drink more and more."
 "O Will! what would poor mother do if you—should—get—drunk?"
 "There! crying again, you silly girl! Just as though there was any danger! If a fellow is foolish enough to get drunk, it is his own fault, and no one is hurt but himself, so do stop your fussing," and William Steele, jun., having settled the question to his own satisfaction, for the hundredth time, soon put in the usual emphatic period by slamming the hall door.
 Kate and William Steele were the only children of a man who was so engrossed in business, that he took no time to become interested in his children, and a woman whose health would not permit her to fill a mother's place—much less the place of both mother and father. Will was preparing for college, and was anxious to retain the favour of his class-mates, who were nearly all the sons of wealthy men. Kate had carefully concealed from her mother the fact that these classes were not

strictly temperate: and, as she knew she could not rely upon her father's help, had been trying, alone, to shield her brother from temptation. Will was kind-hearted and loved her; but, on this one point, refused to be influenced by her advice, always ending a conversation on the subject with the assertion that a "little wine" was not injurious, and if large quantities hurt a person, he would be the only sufferer. Though they had never been taught that intemperance was one of the greatest of all evils, Kate had seen and heard enough to convince her that a larger part of the world's woe was caused by strong drink, and that no young woman who uses wine is safe. After her brother left, she felt almost discouraged. She knew that the "nice little times" of which he had spoken, came more frequently than the year before; and that these young men were forming habits which must prove a bitter curse to them. She could hope for but little help from the village people in arousing an interest in temperance reform; and, though there was a secret temperance society which held weekly meetings, it was, practically, a dead letter. It seemed to her, as she saw Will go down the street, toward the home of Leslie Johnson, the richest and most influential boy in his class, that her trouble was greater than she could bear, for she knew Leslie's influence was all on the side of wine. Just then her eye fell upon two leaflets which her pastor's wife had given her. She read the last words of one, bearing the title, "Ho Careth."
 "Can it be trouble which he doth share?
 Oh! rest in peace, for the Lord does care."
 The other poem, she had been told, was sent from Florida by a missionary who visited among the coloured people. After they had heard the poem once, they would say every time she called: "Now, Miss Hattie, read us 'A Little Talk with Jesus.'"
 Kate read the first words:
 "A little talk with Jesus:
 How it smooths the rugged road!
 How it seems to help me onward,
 When I faint beneath my load!
 When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
 And mine eyes with tears are dim,
 There is naught can yield me comfort
 Like a little talk with him."
 "There!" said she, "I have been trying for months to be a Christian, but I have not cast this burden on the Lord. I have brought it to him, but have carried it away again, every time; and if I insist on carrying it myself, how can he carry it for me? I will have 'a little talk with Jesus,' and I believe he will show Will there is harm in strong drink."
 The next week there was a picnic at Pine Grove Point. Kate, Will and Leslie went to the nearest house for some water. Before they reached the well, Leslie exclaimed: "Look! look! there is the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' just moved in; or is it 'Jack Frost,' fresh from the North Pole, and lame from his long journey!"

A fine-looking old man, who had been walking slowly and painfully down the stone pavement leaning upon two canes paused at the well, and fixed his piercing eyes upon Leslie. His beard was very long, and, like his hair, was as white as snow.
 "No, young man," said he, "I did not come from the North Pole. Better for me if I had, for I imagine the soul-killing wine cup would not have ruined me there. Look at me! tall, hale and hearty, able to swing a scythe, and earn good wages—old as I am—but not a single step can I take without terrible pain, and only by the help of crutches or canes; and wine did the whole of it; wine brought me here."
 "But, sir," said Leslie, about to defend his favourite beverage, "but, sir—"
 "No," interrupted the old man, shaking his white head, "you need not say 'But, sir,' to me. Don't you think I know? I never drank it, but it nearly killed me, all the same. I was as well as you are to-day when I took that crowded express train away down in Connecticut, twenty years ago, but the engineer had been to a wedding where wine was as free as water, and drank, and drank again, until he was as fit to run a train as the Prince of Darkness would be. And the worst of it was, he thought he was all right, and the passengers on that long train supposed they were safe. In the gray of the morning we came to a draw-bridge. It was up to let the sloop pass through, but he took no notice of the signal, nor was he roused until the fireman, turning as white as death, pointed to the black gulf in full sight, and cried, 'Oh God! the bridge is up!' Young man, that was an awful hour. Wine had controlled that train. Some folks think liquor only hurts those who drink it, but I tell you it murders thousands who never touch it. It breaks the hearts of thousands more. It makes idiots, halt, and blind of tens of thousands more. If it would only stop when it had sent the drinkers themselves to the poorhouse and insane asylums; when it had ruined their bodies and souls, and sent them into a hopeless future (for no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven); if it would only stop then, the world would not be as full of woe as it is to-day; but it never stops, it never stops and it never will, until you, boys and girls, too, create a public sentiment which will lay the axe at the root of the tree, and stop the manufacture of the poison. Till then we must mourn for the millions slain."
 "In that dreadful morning hour our express train of fifteen cars went thundering on, and on, toward destruction. The danger, seen too late, could not be averted. The engineer reversed the engine and whistled down brakes, then leaped and escaped, but half the cars went into the chasm. I could not forget that hour even if I had not lived in pain ever since—the awful plunge, the agony, the groans of anguish, the

frantic cries for help, the dying struggles, I have dreamed of them by the hour. Wives were made widows, and children orphans, and fathers and mothers childless, all because one young man insisted that there was no harm in drinking a little wine. He repented. Oh, yes! the thought of that awful scene tormented him day and night, until, finally, he took poison and killed himself; but the sorrow did not restore the scores of murdered victims to their friends, nor did it give health and strength to the three hundred who were injured, some of them worse than killed, for they have lived in constant and excruciating pain. The plunge into the cold water, and the injuries received, caused a severe sickness and this lameness, so, as you see, I cannot take a step without help. Go your way, my young friends, but take with you an old man's warning. Beware of alcohol, whether in wine, beer, cider, or stronger drinks. You have no right to throw away the talents God has given you. You have no right to prove a curse to yourselves and those around you; and you have no right to run the risk of maiming or murdering those whose lives may be entrusted to your care. Do not be satisfied with abstaining from strong drink yourselves; help those who have not, perhaps, as much will power as you have, by your precept and example; and if you can save even one from a drunkard's grave, and help one soul to enter heaven, the effort will give you joy throughout eternity. 'No man liveth unto himself.' Your influence will tell for good or evil; make it tell for good. Remember the old man's warning."
 As the boys turned away, Kate softly thanked the stranger for his earnest words, then hurried after them. Leslie tried to appear unconcerned, and said, with a laugh: "The old feller gave us a pretty tall kind of a lecture, didn't he." But Kate's eyes flashed upon him a fire as intense as that which shone in those of the old man whom they had left.
 "Leslie Johnson!" said she with great energy, "you know it is true, every word of it, and if you, and a few others like you, would stand firm for total abstinence, you would do something grand and noble, something you could always rejoice over. It is worth while to be a leader in a work which is to help everybody round you, but it is fearful to lead people toward drunkards' graves. Now, Leslie, please take hold of this work. Let us have a temperance band in connection with school. Promise me that you will use your influence."
 Before Leslie could reply, a party of their young friends came to meet them; but Kate was thoroughly in earnest, and her pleadings finally prevailed. A band was formed which did much toward awakening the interest in temperance work, and banishing liquor shops from the village—Mrs N C Alton, in Union Signal

Snowdrops.

GLEAMING, drifting, whirling, aifting,
Through the dark pine boughs one lay,
Far from home, a thousand tiny
Wind-swept snowflakes lost their way;
From such dainty froak and mirth,
Weary quite, they sank to earth.

Sad winds sighed there sunbeams tried their
Smiles the wee things to awake,
Till, one glad morn, see uplifted
In a flower, each wayward dare.
Fearless they neath stormy skies
They re of an whak - King - so
-Marion Howd Allen in Cottage Hearth.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1888.

TEACH CHILDREN HOW TO USE MONEY.

Show the child early the use of money, its use in obtaining necessities, and in promoting works of benevolence. Train the child in the right direction as to the estimate of money, as to its use, and as to the objects on which it should be expended. In after-life he will have much to do with it. Teach him betimes to handle it aright. It is of much practical importance that young children should be accustomed themselves to have, to keep, and to use money. They should not only by precept be taught, but by experience trained, to know that it is wrong to throw it uselessly away, and to know the blessedness of giving for the good of those that need. There is more power than most of us are yet aware of in the practice of letting children have some pence of their own, to be laid out according to their own judgment, or given in charity on the impulse of their own will. Of course, there will be a continuous effort to imbue the child's mind with correct ideas, but there should not be direct interference with the freedom of his act. I would rather see an occasional mistake, which might afterwards be turned to good account, than make him a mere agent in executing my order. It is not his hand, but his

will, that is to be exercised, and influenced, and trained. It is but a little act, the miniature, as it were, of a good deed, but it derives its importance from being the act of a little man,—one who will soon be acting a man's part on the wide arena of the world. The infant is the germ of the man. The infant's habits, and likings, and actions are the rudder, already settling its direction, which will soon sweep into the strong stream of life.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

THE children of Hope, on the Fraser River, are delighted to receive their beautiful Sunday school papers. They eagerly examine the fine pictures, and take pleasure in reading and hearing the many interesting little stories and incidents.

On account of the illness of a few of the children in the early winter, and the death of one of our dear little ones, together with the intense cold and more recent deep snows, we have not been able to assemble the entire school for some weeks, but so soon as practicable hope to resume before long. This dear little lamb, Maud Wardle, about four years old, has been taken from the earthly to the heavenly fold, there to dwell with Jesus the Good Shepherd. We miss that sweet little voice that led the singing in the absence of her mother the last Sunday she was at Sunday-school, ringing out so musically—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand," etc.

and also her favourite piece,

"When he cometh, etc.,
To make up his jewels."

We did not then think that she was so soon to "shine in Christ's kingdom, a gem for his crown."

We cannot imagine any better or prettier papers for children than *Home and School*, *Pleasant Hours*, *Happy Days*, and *Sunbeam*, full of instruction, interest and charm. If the papers be read and the morals practised, they cannot fail to help cheer, brighten and Christianize households. —A Reader in British Columbia.

A METHODIST ELEPHANT.

DR. MANSELL tells of a rich East Indian, who came to camp-meeting last year with his elephant, and as he was a Methodist, of course, his elephant was a Methodist elephant. The preachers and the children took rides upon it, and felt much pleased to have it at the camp-meeting. Its master also owned several villages, but his possessions did not keep him from seeking the true riches, as was the case with the young man who came to the Saviour. Although a nominal Christian, he did not enjoy the peace which comes from a knowledge of pardoned sin, so he stood up before the great multitude, and asked them to pray for him. In a short time he received the assurance that he was accepted as a child of God, and that



A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

gave him a happiness which all his riches failed to do. In a few months he died a martyr's death, and Hamanan went to heaven from a land of heathenism. Will we be less wise than this Hindu? Will we let our little wealth and cares keep our hearts from being chiefly interested in our soul's salvation? —M. E. D.

A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

BURMAH is not inhabited by the Burmese only. Beyond the Burmese cities, among the beautiful mountains and in jungle villages, dwell tribes of people called Karens. They were subdued long ago by the Burmese, and they have always been oppressed and ill-treated by their conquerors. Their religion is different from that of the Burmese; they speak a different language, and wear a different dress. The light bamboo hut and plaited grass cradle and broad palm-leaf fan will be observed in the picture, also the pointed shoes and armlets of the mother. Much more than the proud Burmans, they have been willing to receive the Gospel of Christ, and many thousands of them are now followers of the Lord Jesus.

"ANY IN HEAVEN, TOO?"

LITTLE Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture-book. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard her uncle say: "There I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need." "What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary. "About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up." "Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven. "Oh, no, Mary; my treasures are all

on earth—some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George. "But ain't you got any in heaven, too?" asked Mary. "Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out." Uncle George went out, was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began herself to lay up treasures in heaven—that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life. —Zion's Herald.

I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you, just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight and to never cease trying to fulfil it. . . . When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your company and the saloon, who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society cannot tolerate those things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor traffic will hide its cancerous face. —Elizabeth Cleveland, in 1882.



WORK DONE INSIDE.

AN HONEST SALOON ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS.—Gratefully for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my tavern with a new and ample stock of choice wines, spirits and lager beer, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make drunkards and beggars for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and bloodshed, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace; will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice; corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the gospel, defile the church; and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can. I will thus "accommodate the public," it may be, at the cost of my never-dying soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays, and the public encourage it. I have a license from the magistrate; my traffic is lawful, even Christians countenance it; and if I do not bring these evils upon you somebody else will. I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," pronounces a "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink;" and enjoins me not to "put a stumbling block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard

shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I cannot expect the drunkard-maker without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living, and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall therefore carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the state. Should you doubt my ability I refer to the pawn shop, the police office, the hospital, lunatic asylum, jails and the gallows, where so many of my customers have gone. The sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.
N.B.—I teach old and young to drink, and charge only for the materials; a very few lessons are enough.

ZALIM SINGH'S ARGUMENT.

ONE day, when Zalim Singh, a Christian convert, was crossing the Ganges in the same boat with two Brahmins, they began to reproach him for having become a Christian.

"What do you know, you ignorant fellow, of your own religion, or of Christianity?"

Zalim replied, "What you have said, *pundits*, about my ignorance, is all true; but whether I have acted foolishly in ceasing to worship my *thakur* (household idol) is another thing. I had a capital god at my house, he was beautifully made, and cost me some money, for the man who made him was a skillful workman, and I paid him handsomely. But, look here, *pundits*, suppose I had my *thakur* here in this

boat, and in my left hand this little dog, and cast them both into the Ganges, what would become of them?"

The *pundits* were silent, but the people said, "Why, the god, being of stone, would sink, and the dog would swim ashore."

"If so," the Christian replied, "then the dog must be greater than the god, for he can save himself, which the god cannot do. Do not expect me, *pundits*, to worship a god which is inferior to a dog. No; I will no longer worship a stone, but I will worship him who made the stone. I worship the Lord Jesus, who died for me, and him only will I serve."

A METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN JAPAN.

MISS CUNNINGHAM, a lady missionary of our church in Japan, writes thus: Last Sunday I had Sunday-school in the morning from 8.30 to 9.30, and every scholar was present. I invited the girls to accompany me to church, which is a good twenty minutes' walk from the school, and which begins at 10 o'clock. Matron, teachers, and all came; many had never been inside a church before, but I was proud of my girls. We are learning some Christian hymns, and it gives me quite a home feeling to hear the girls singing them. I went on Thursday to the church to help the Sunday-school children with their hymns for the Christmas entertainment, taking some of my girls with me to help me. I can hardly believe it possible that I am teaching singing, but it is just the pleasantest part of

my work, and the girls learn so quickly. They have learned already two English hymns, words and all, and sing them beautifully too, at least, I think so. How they do love singing! I have a lovely advanced class of six girls, among them Miss Saito, my principal Japanese teacher. They are reading in the third book, and are such clever, clever girls. One of them, Miss Yamamoto, is going to be a great help to me. She is a true Christian. We have in Shizuoka, a splendid Japanese doctor who has charge of the hospital here. His wife was sent to a mission school in Yokohama when only eight years of age, graduated there, and two or three years previous to her marriage was English teacher in a boarding school in Toyko. No one can imagine the help she has been to me. She speaks English with the purest accent, and is so unselfish and kind, and is a perfect lady in every word and action. I intend having a Bible-class on Sunday afternoons, to which I shall invite the mothers of my pupils, when she will be present and inter-

pret. She has kindly offered, if the school increases very much in the spring, to come and help me for an hour or two each day.

MINDING GOD.

"I wish I could mind God, as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully at his shaggy friend; "he always seems so pleased to mind, and I don't."

That little dog obeyed his young master, for his master's sake. He really loved him, and tried to show this love by the cheerful, ready way in which he obeyed him. This was the right thing for him to do; and it is just what God expects us to do. When he says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," he means that we should do this for his sake, to show our love to him; just as that little dog showed his love to his master by doing gladly and cheerfully whatsoever he told him to do.

HEARTLESS MERRIMENT.

NERO sang while Rome was burning. Some men make merry over the efforts of those who are seeking to save their fellow-beings from the fires of both temporal and eternal burning. Are they not more heartless than was Nero? We should never allow derision or scorn to turn us aside from any good work. Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

We wage our peaceful war for God and home and native land.—Frances E. Willard.

The Legend of Christ Church.

NEAR the southern coast of England,
Rising dark from hills of green,
An ancient church with Norman towers
By the sailor's eye is seen.

Seven centuries have written
Strangest stories on each stone,
Making this a vast palimpsest
With rank ivy overgrown.

Of the legends, rarest, sweetest,
Is the story of its birth,
When the mighty frame was lifted
Skyward from its native earth.

In the time of William Rufus,
Norman monks both brave and good,
Laid with zeal its strong foundations.—
For its timbers hewed the wood.

Day by day there labored with them
One who from the forest came;
No one knew his home or nation,
No one ever asked his name.

As wild violets on the hillside
Bloom when southern winds have blown,
By the deft blows of his chisel
Flowers sprang from solid stone.

And the woods felt all the magic
Of his gentle artist hand—
Yielded shapes that filled with wonder
All the skillful Norman band.

When at eventide the master
Paid the wages of the day,
Heeding not, the wondrous stranger
Wended to the hills his way.

Then the puzzled workmen queried:
"Who is this, who asks no hire,
Yet whose perfect skill leaves nothing
Truest art could e'er desire?"

None gave answer to their question.
But as whirling mountain snows
Heap great drifts among the gorges,
Steadily the church arose.

Till the hour came for placing
The great beam which spans the nave,
For its length the oak tree, bowing,
All his mighty fibre gave.

No oak on the hills of England
Towered so far above his kin
As this monarch, strong, sound hearted,
Fit church walls to enter in.

Ah! we all fall short in something,
Measured by the law's demand,
And the oak beam failed in inches
By the distance of a hand.

Then despair possessed the workmen,
When that toilsome day was done,
Mournfully they plodded homeward;
Lingered there the Silent One.

How he laboured in the starlight,
While cool night winds round him stirred,
While the world in silence slumbered,
There is no recorded word.

But the first faint flush of sunrise
Showed the beam set in its place,
While the stranger met the workmen
With a smile upon his face.

Speaking low, in accents gentle,
Like some distant anthem's strain;
"Unless the Lord doth aid in building,
All the work of man is vain."

As the mists drift from a landscape,
Swept the dimness from their sight;
Anew they then saw Christ, the Master,
Who had laboured through the night.

B W

CAN a man marry his deceased wife's
sister in any part of America? Not
unless the sister is willing, and as a
general thing she isn't. She generally
knows him too well.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from Rev. T. Croxson, dated Port
Simpson, December 20th, 1887.

I AM just back from a trip to Naas. I left here last Friday with the *Glad Tidings*, and we ran up the river to within about twelve miles of Greenville, when Oliver had to turn back on account of the float ice. I took a boy and the small boat and put off, hoping to reach Greenville that night, but we got caught with the float ice, and could not get more than about four miles from where the steamer left us, and we had to camp for the night. A party of men came down the river and told us of a sad scourge among the people—scarlet fever—which has taken, it is thought, about fifty children and young people. They had a letter from Brother Green, which will speak for itself. He says:—"We have had

A VERY HARD TIME HERE.

Between fifty and sixty of our people have been down with the scarlet fever of a very bad form, and six in our house were down at one time. Just in the middle of it I was taken very ill. Our dear little boy was so sick, and gently passed away. We miss him so much, yet we know it is well with him. This is the greatest trial we have met yet. I was not able to follow the dear pet to the grave. I am only just able to get into the other room yet. But the dear people have been very kind, and our Heavenly Father has been very near."

So, having read this note, we felt that we must go on, although the road was so trying. We got a little fire in an old fish camp, with the side all out, which let in the wind and snow, and here we must stay till seven a.m. Saturday morning.

WITHOUT ANY BLANKETS

to cover us. We sang and sang, and had prayers, and my boy Henry was soon asleep on one side of the fire, and I sat on the other side singing till about eleven, when I fell asleep. Woke up to find the fire down, and oh, so cold! Thus we spent the night. We had bread and dried small fish, and prayer, and now as the day was coming, after such a long night, we started, and we were soon up to the ice. Found it soft and much broken up. It rained heavily, but we must haul our boat up over piles of ice and the fresh deep snow, till we could get her fast to the shore. And now we had to make our way through the woods, with the deep snow filling over the top of my gum boots, and the rain pelting down. By plodding away we got up to what is called Stonoy Point, on the river, where we were obliged to go out on the ice, it was covered about a foot in depth with fresh water and snow, and I assure you, had it not been for the sad news I had got the night before, I should have turned back, for it seemed to be dangerous to cross ice in such a condition, but

SIX RULES OF THE HARDEST TRAMP
I ever made brought us to Greenville,

but we first called at Kiticks, a small village, where we found the fever was in every house, and they had buried seven. One poor old blind man came and said to me, "Oh, what shall I do next spring at the fishing, for the one who was eyes to me, and used to lead me to God's house, has gone. Tell Mr. Green she has gone;" referring to his little daughter who had died. These poor people gave all praise to Mr. Green, that he had done so much for their children while they were sick. They took two large canoes full of sick children to Greenville, and they all got over the fever. I told them of the land where there is no sickness.

When we got to Greenville I found Brother Green very poorly, and both he and Mrs. Green were feeling very keenly the loss of their fine boy; but they have two with them who are getting over the fever (the eldest son and daughter being away at school). Well, as soon as I could get on some dry clothes, the poor people commenced to come in, and arrangements were made for services next day, which consisted of a prayer-meeting in the morning, preaching at 11, then a funeral of a little child, and then a missionary meeting, with native speakers and the writer.

THE POOR PEOPLE DID WELL:

in all about \$75 was raised at the meeting. I have only to say if all our congregations would do as well according to their means you would have half a million instead of a quarter, which you ask for. And just as it always is when the people make a sacrifice to the Lord, he blesses them. He did that night. The blessed Spirit came down, and there was such a confession of sin and a fresh consecration of themselves to God. I shall not soon forget the poor people prostrated in the deep snow, near the mission house, pleading that God would bless the missionary and the visitor, and then the people, one by one, were named, and this service was carried on far into the night, as they went from house to house. Oh, may God bless these poor people! But I feel the most for those away up the river, with all this suffering amidst their heathen blindness. I had visited every house with Brother Gibson, our teacher, during the day, found the fever in every house; many of them

GETTING BETTER SLOWLY,

but some poor things will suffer for some time with sore eyes and deafness. This disease was contracted in Victoria last fall or summer, and as soon as they came home it began to spread. This is one of the bad results of the people having to go away so far in search of work.

On Monday morning I found Brother Green much revived, and Mrs. Green was in better spirits. After some letters were written, etc., I started at ten a.m. for down the river. Mr. Gray, a white man, engaged an Indian with his dog sledge to take me down,

as the ice was now sufficiently frozen to bear us on the top crust. The Indian started with his two fine dogs and put us down to our boat in an hour and a half, a distance that took us six hours of hard travel on Saturday. Here we got our boat, and had five hours and a half of hard pulling to get to Naas Harbour, or Echo Cove, where the *Glad Tidings* was anchored, and this morning we were home by 11 a.m. Two little children have died here since I left, of the same fever. We are hoping it will not spread so much as on the Naas. This brings us very near Christmas. May God save the people.—*Outlook*.

The Camel's Nose.

THE Arabs have this proverb to warn against letting bad habits begin: "Beware of a camel's nose." Mrs. Sigourney has explained the proverb in the following lines:

Once in a shop a workman wrought
With languid hand and listless thought,
When, through the open window space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast, the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he prest,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet, more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go thy way,
For in this place I choose to stay."

Oh, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn;
To evil habit's earliest vile
Lend neither ear nor glance nor smile,
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose.

THE COLD-WATER BOY.

"Why, Neddy, didn't you get the sugar?" asked a lady whose hands were in a pan of flour.

"No, ma, I couldn't," said Ned. "Little Sammy told me, 'Don't go in that near store, 'cause that man sells rum and beer and cider, and all sorts of drunk things.' Sammy is a cold-water boy, and so I'm going to be one all my life."

"What is a cold-water boy?" asked his mother.

"It's a boy that won't go into a rum-store to buy sugar; and won't taste wine nor cider; and shuts his lips tight—this way—when grandma gives him mince-pies with rum in 'em, and puddings with rum in the sauce, and won't touch 'em, for fear he'll grow into a drunk man."

"Oh! but I want that sugar in such a hurry, Neddy," said his mother.

"Well, send Patty 'way off to some cold-water store; but I don't want to go into a rum-grocery, 'cause I'm a cold-water boy, and we'll all be cold-water folks in this house."

"So we will, dear," said his mother, "and never put wine in our sauce nor wine in our pie."

Little by Little.

Nor in a roaring river pouring
Falls the summer rain,
Bat with a sprinkle, patter, tinkle,
On roof and hill and plain.
Drop by drop—how the green leaves grow!
Drop by drop—how the fair buds blow.

The snows that cover the bare earth over
To wrap her winter sleep,
Fly hither, thither, feather by feather,
Until they lie knee-deep.
Flake by flake guards the bulb from harm!
Flake by flake is the wheat kept warm.

The orchard gladdens the eye and reddens
With apples all its trees;
Bat not in a minute was drawn within it
The sweets of sun and breeze;
The black seed first, then the tender shoot,
The trunk, the blossom, and now the fruit.

Never were seven-league-boots given
Except in the fairy tale,
Nor can wishing hurry the speed, or carry
One over peak and dale.
Step by step, in shine and shade,
Is the long road travelled, the journey made.

Second by second time is reckoned,
As winged are they as bees,
Too swift for counting, yet soon amounting
To years and centuries.
Every tick of the clock says one!
And all it can do for the world is done.

Small however the true endeavour,
Great may its outcome be,
A burden lightened; a lone life brightened;
A slave to sin set free;
The sick and the sorrowing visited,
The naked clothed and the hungry fed.

Mrs. CLARA DOTY BATES.

WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM BURNING.

JOHN WESLEY was born June 17, 1703, at Epworth, a town in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector, and his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley. This woman was a model of industry and quiet management; there is no doubt that her sons owed much of their strength of mind, tact, and good sense to her example and training. She was the mother of nineteen children; the rector's stipend was not large nor was it regularly paid, so that Mrs. Wesley was obliged to practice the strictest economy.

The nation at that time was sunk in depravity and ignorance to an extent that we can hardly realize; and the people of Epworth were notorious for their vice and recklessness. The rector made many enemies by his unsparing reproofs of their wickedness; and they lost no opportunity of showing their spite. Not satisfied with wounding and killing the animals about the farm, they twice set fire to the house. The first time was in the day, and the fire was soon put out. The second time is the one famous in Methodist history on account of John Wesley's escape.

On the 9th of February, 1703, his sister Hestie was awakened by pieces of burning wood falling in her bedroom; she roused her father, who found the whole house in a blaze. Bidding his wife and daughters hasten down stairs, he rushed up to the nursery where five little ones were sleeping. In the hurry and confusion, John, who was sleeping soundly, was forgot-

ten. As soon as he was missed, the rector ran back into the house, but found to his dismay that the stairs were burnt, and as there were no fire escapes in those days, he gave up his boy for lost; so, kneeling down, commended his soul to God.

John Wesley writes: "I remember all the circumstances as well as though it were yesterday. Seeing the room very light, I called the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could go no farther, all beyond it was in a blaze; I then climbed upon a chest which stood near the window. One in the yard saw me and purposed running to get a ladder; another answered 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another plan. Hero! I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man, and set him upon my shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the roof fell in, but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once.

"When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God; he has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough.'"

Mr. Wesley never forgot this incident in his early life; and years afterward, when a picture was made representing the scene, he wrote on the margin the words, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to me as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way: You will find yourself, sometime, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go on with a hot head and a

skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—Dr. Holland.

MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents were poor, and wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would do. So he was allowed to have his own way, and his father got him a berth in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the coast of Africa. It belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of carrying out bales of cloth to sell to the natives of that place.

As he went himself in the ship, he had full opportunity of testing the character of his new "hand"; and he very soon found he was something worth having. Not only was he quick to learn his duties but what was far better, he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did it in the best way he could, whether anyone was looking at him or not. "This is the boy I want," thought the merchant, and Michael rose rapidly. His industry, patience, and straightforwardness were known and honoured by all.

At last, one day, the merchant fell sick, and could not go with the vessel, which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could entrust his cargo, and he sent for Michael and told him that he must go in his master's stead. Michael was young and the responsibility was great, but it was his duty and he did not flinch from it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he might have been seen arranging his cloth in the market-place at Morocco.

Now the city was governed by a despot called the Bey, and so despotic was he that he could do what he liked with the lives of his people without anybody to call him to account. On this very morning he came into the market, and after inspecting the various pieces of cloth in Michael's keeping, fixed on one and asked the price. Michael named it. The Bey offered half the sum named.

"Nay," said Michael; "I ask no more than it is worth; my master expects that price and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less. The Bey's face grew dark with anger, and the bystanders trembled, for they knew it was certain death to oppose the wishes of the cruel governor. "I will give you till to-morrow to think about it," he cried, and walked away.

Michael put back the cloth, and began calmly to wait on his customers. "I am in God's hands," he said, when those around him begged him to give in and save his life. "He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great? If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The Bey appeared as before, only that besides his other servants the public executioner followed behind him. He asked the same question and he got the same answer. "Take my life if you will," added the brave Michael, "but I shall die with a clear conscience, and as a true servant of my master."

It was an awful moment. Everybody expected to hear the order, "Strike off his head," and in a moment it would have been done. But it was not done. The face of the Bey suddenly changed.

"Thou art a noble soul," he cried, and swore his favourite oath. Would that I had such a servant as thou art. Give me thy hand. Christian, thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honour as a memorial of thy fidelity," and the Bey threw a purse of gold upon the table, took up the cloth and departed.

And the young man who was thus faithful over a few things did not go unrewarded. We do not lose sight of him there. He rose step by step till he became an admiral, and he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth, and the name of Michael Ruyter, known at that time over the world, is still honoured and remembered in his native country.

And the thing about him which they love best is this, that in the very face of death he dared do what was right.—*Temperance Record.*

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint, said:

"God gives us many things to do; but don't you think he gives us something to be, just as well?"

"O, dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered:
"God says:
"Be kindly affectionate one to another.

"Be ye also patient.
"Be ye thankful.
"Be ye not conformed to this world.
"Be ye therefore perfect.
"Be courteous.
"Be not wise in your own conceit.
"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply. Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what he commands. It is easier to do with a rual than to be patient or unselfish or humble or just or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

"Don't Drink No Beer."

"DEAR papa," said Charley, "don't drink no beer,"

A voice rang out so full and clear,
As passed from the hall that summer day
A father rich in two boys at play.

"Your papa, dear Charley, ne'er drinks the beer,"

Said the mother. "I know, I know, for fear
He might forget I mind him now,"
Said the child, with an anxious thoughtful brow.

The boy had seen in the street a sign
That made his heart stand still with fright,
And heard it was beer that wrought such
woe
To a prostrate form lying there so low.

Had this blessed child a prophet's ken?
Did he look far off to the moment when
The tempter's wife might lure him on
With her siren voice and her midnight song?

When the darling lay in the arms of death,
With brow so pale and quivering breath,
He said in accents slow and clear,
"Dear papa, never drink no beer!"

In coming years when the Moloch lies
In wait for another sacrifice,
May the father hear those whispers clear,
"Dear papa, never drink no beer."

O ye who toll with heart or brain
In the mart of life! your lips refrain
From the madd'ning bowl, and ever tear
The insidious glass, the glass of beer.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.**

A. D. 56 or 58.] [March 25.]

TEMPERANCE LESSON

Gal. 5 1-26 Commit to mem. vs. 22-25

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.—Gal. 5, 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Works of the Flesh.
2. The Works of the Spirit.

TIME.—56 or 58 A. D.

PLACE.—Corinth or Ephesus; commentators differ as to the year and place from which this letter was written. All agree it was by Paul.

EXPLANATIONS.—Walk in the Spirit—That is, live from day to day as taught by the Spirit. The lust of the flesh—That is, merely human desires springing from our corrupt human nature. Under the Law—That is, the old Jewish ceremonial law. Witchcraft—Or magic; or such acts as were done for money by those like Simon Magus. Have crucified the flesh—That is, have so overcome such temptations as spring from corrupt human nature, that they have no power.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That drunkenness is a sin against God?
2. That no drunkard can enter heaven?
3. That religion is the only cure for sin?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How does Paul say one may overcome temptation? By walking in the Spirit.
2. How can one walk in the Spirit? By living as the Spirit teaches.
3. How may we know what the Spirit teaches? By daily doing God's will.
4. How may we learn to do God's will? By diligent study of God's word.
5. What rule for absolute temperance in all things is given by the GOLDEN TEXT? "If we live," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. What has our Lord said about the books of the Old Testament? He calls them the Scriptures, says that they testify of him self, and that they will not pass away. Luke xxiv. 44, 45; John x. 35; Matthew v. 17, 18.

SECOND QUARTER.**STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

A. D. 30.] LESSON I. [April 1.]

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Mat. 22. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. Rev. 19. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Feast.
2. The Guest.
3. The Garment.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—Parables—Illustrations of truths. The kingdom of heaven—The power or the way of truth in the universe. Made a marriage—That is, provided all the festivities accompanying a marriage, which in the Orient are very many and long continued. To call them that were bidden—An Oriental custom: the first invitation was general, the second announced the beginning of the feast. Have prepared my dinner—There were a series of wedding feasts; this was the introductory one. Into the highways—That is, beyond the city, into the country roads. Both bad and good—All classes, irrespective of previous life, are offered the Gospel, and all who accept come to the feast. Not having a wedding garment—Or a garment suited to the time and place such as all were expected to provide, or to obtain from the master of the feast. He has not taken the care that was required and expected. Protestants generally understand this to be symbolic of faith.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the Gospel is an invitation to a marriage feast?
2. That all who will may come to the feast?
3. That the unworthy will be finally cast out?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who were first told that the time had come for the marriage feast of the king's son? "Them that were bidden."
2. Whom did Christ mean to point out by this description? The Jews, God's chosen people.
3. How did the king treat their refusal to come, and their wicked violence? He utterly destroyed them all.
4. Who then received of his boundless bounty? All that could be found.
5. What was the only condition of their presence at the feast? Having on the wedding garment.
6. How does our GOLDEN TEXT describe the condition of these guests of the king? "Blessed are they," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The grace of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

17. Is this the reason why we believe the Old Testament? There are many other reasons, but this is the chief reason. Our Lord honoured the Old Testament, and we must honour it, and receive it as the word of God.

18. How does the New Testament teach his religion? It contains the history of his life and death, the record of his teaching while he was among men, and the doctrine which he taught the Apostles by his Spirit after he ascended into heaven.

WINTER SLEEPERS.

THERE are some kinds of animals that hide away in winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat. Now, isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him

wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws.

The wood chuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they must have in waking up, and how little we think about it! The same God that teaches the field-mouse to lay up nuts and grain, and the woodchuck to pile the dried grass near the mouth of its hole, teaches us to prepare for our waking after the long sleep of death. There will be a waking, children. If we have prepared for it and laid up treasures in preparation for that day it will be a joyful waking; but if we neglect to prepare for it, our waking will be eternal woe, and we shall find ourselves shut out from Jesus and happiness forever.

THE ONE GIFT.

THERE is one gift which we may all make to God, and which he will value more than anything else we can possibly offer to him. It is that to which he refers when he says, "My son, give me thine heart." If we had millions of money, and we should offer it all to God, it would be worth nothing to him, unless we first gave him our hearts.

A little Sabbath school girl brought a present to her teacher of a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

"And why do you bring me these?" asked her teacher.

"Because I love you," was her quick reply.

"And do you bring anything to Jesus?" asked her teacher.

"Oh, yes," was her reply, "I have given my heart to Jesus." That was a beautiful answer. And that is just what Jesus expects each one of us to do. He wants us to remember him in our youth, and to give him our hearts, as this little girl had. And he wants us to do this for his own sake, and out of love to him. And then everything we do for him, and everything we give to him, will be pleasing and acceptable to him.

A MOONLESS MONTH.

THE month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon! January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in nature that was? It had not occurred since the time of Washington, nor since the discovery of America, nor since the beginning of the Christian era, nor since the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for—how long do you think?—two and a half million of years! Was not that truly a wonderful month?—Golden Days.

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