

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1887.

[No. 8.



MRS. HOUND AND HER PUPPIES.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Drunkards, Bummers and Dead Beats not Wanted.

[In Detroit at a late convention of liquor dealers, it was decided to post signs at all high-toned liquor stores, like the heading of this article.]

Wanted no drunkards, or dead beats or bummers,
But innocent boys, we want and new comers,
Just fresh from their homes, the school or the college,
Healthy and wealthy, and well stocked with knowledge;
Fond mothers' sons and fond sisters' brothers.
High-toned recruits we want, and no others,
Tired of the drunkard whose substance is wasted,
(He never tires of the drink he has tasted;) And dead beats and bummers are noisy, unsightly,
Not tempting signs to the youths who come nightly,
Never expecting some time to resemble These stranded wrecks who totter and tremble
And hang round our doors, with red, bloated faces.
Why don't they infest saloons and low places?
Can they not see our dealings are ended
When they to drunkards and sots have descended?
Let them begone, for they seem to upbraid us,
Questioning all who pass by with "who made us?"
We cannot be our dead beat brother's keeper—
Let him haunt places where liquor is cheaper.
Young men, in you our best hopes are implanted,
Drunkards and bummers, and dead beats not wanted.

We wish every father in the land could read the above and sit down and think about it. It is a true story—we are sorry to say too true—it is the boys and the young men that the liquor traffic wants—it is not the old sot. He wants them, and wants them to be "moderate drinkers."—*The Central Good Templar.*

MRS. HOUND TALKS ABOUT HER PUPPIES.

How old did you say? Three weeks. Yes, the little darlings are three weeks old this very day; and, though I do say it, they are the finest children of their age I ever saw. Why, do you know they refuse to stand up like common dogs! Wonderful, isn't it? The way in which their soft little legs bend and double up under them is the most astonishing thing you ever saw! And on the end of every leg is—oh! such a perfect little paw, as soft as velvet—just look! At first they would not open their eyes. Dear little things! Was not that wonderful? Then in a few days they opened them. Was not that wonderful? They go to sleep and they wake up just like other dogs. Does not that beat all? And if you put your ear close to their soft fur, you can hear them breathe.

I am not proud, but I do say they are five lovely puppies. I am very careful of them, too; but I will let all you good little girls and boys look at them, if you will be very gentle. Don't make a noise and wake up Snowball—he is the sleepy one. Black-

ball, here, is wide awake. You may touch his nose softly, if you wish. You will find it quite nice and cool. I am so glad they are well and strong! They take after me. Now, my dear friends, if you will please go away, I shall be obliged to you. My little ones need rest and quiet at first, or they will be spoiled. Anything but nervous, fretful puppies for me!

"EXACT TRUTH."

SUNDAY afternoon Gertrude Foster, passing through the kitchen, found George Raymond, her father's hired man, or rather, hired boy, sitting abstractedly by the table. A closed book, the Bible, lay on it. Gertrude glanced at it and him. She was a pretty, kind-hearted young girl.

"Don't you want a book to read, George?" said she. "Allie has a nice Sunday-school book, and she has gone over to her mission school, and isn't reading it."

George looked up doubtfully. He had a high, white forehead, and large, serious blue eyes.

"Is it a true story?" said he.

Gertrude laughed.

"Why, I don't know. I don't suppose it is, exactly. Few stories are exactly true."

"I guess I don't want it, then. My own Sunday-school book wasn't."

"Why, George Raymond, what an idea! Of course you don't expect a story to be true—that is, just true. Why, people wouldn't write them so."

"I don't care," said George, stoutly, "I don't want to read a story that isn't true. I don't like it. The Bible's true, anyhow. I'm going to stick to that, if I can't find anything else."

Gertrude, laughing, said, "Well, you're safe about the Bible, I guess."

She went in and told her mother about George and his true story. None of them could have told just how it came to pass, but in the course of a few months they had a nickname for him—"Exact truth." Of course, the boy was never addressed in that way, but it was—"Where is Exact Truth?" "Tell Exact Truth to put in the horses"—among the family.

All of them were sincerely good people, and had a profound respect and love for truth; but there was something in George's firm adherence to it which was certainly so unusual as to be almost amusing. Not one book would he look at which was not pronounced to be true by reliable judges. Fiction he eschewed almost entirely. His regard for the truth served to make him quite oblivious to everything else, even to his own personal advantage. A strong instance of this appeared on his introduction to the Foster house. It transpired that he had been employed by a gentleman in the neighbouring village, and had been discharged. George told the whole story without a reserve.

"Dr. Emmons turned me off because I lamed the horse," said he, looking

square in Dr. Foster's eyes. "I was careless driving down hill; didn't hold him up."

Dr. Foster looked at him in surprise. "How do I know that you won't lame my horse in the same way?" he said.

"Perhaps I shall," admitted George, "but I shall try not to."

So far, Dr. Foster had had no reason to complain of his hired boy's services. Still, he was a boy, and a boy of fifteen, who loved fun and a good time just like other boys, and there had to be a little slip occasionally.

On the first winter of George's stay with the Fosters there was a good deal of excellent skating in the vicinity. George had skates, and there was nothing he loved like skating. He could outdo all the other boys in the neighbourhood, and he was very proud of his accomplishment. One day, when the skating was at its height, Dr. Foster sent George on an errand about a mile out of the village.

"You'll have to go afoot," said he, "and don't go the hill road; go the other way, that's shorter. I want you to be on hand when I get back from Keene with the horses."

"Yes, sir," said George.

He took his beloved skates with him. There might be some little stretches of ice on the way, and he could travel so much faster, he reasoned.

He delivered the medicine as he had been instructed, and started home. A little below the house where he had stopped, the road separated into two. One was the road proper to the village, the other was a longer, almost unused route, the hill road. Just where the road diverged he met a boy whom he knew, who was emerging from the hill road, his skates dangling from his arm.

"Hello!" said the boy. "You'd better go down this way; it's splendid skating."

"Is it?" said George, doubtfully.

"I tell you 'tis. The road's one glare of ice all the way."

George hesitated. There was the doctor's command. Still he had a good argument. Could he not outweigh the extra distance by his extra speed on skates? What difference could it make?

Finally he started down the hill road. His conscience was rather clamorous, but he tried not to listen to it. The skating was excellent. The road was one beautiful strip of smooth ice, and not cut at all. There was but one house for a distance of half a mile on the road, after George entered it. It was a little unpainted house standing well back from the road. An old man lived there all alone. George glanced at this house as he skated by, and observed, with some wonder, that the sheet of crusty snow before it was unbroken. It stretched out, broad and smooth and shining, not a single track in it.

"That's queer," George thought, lightly, as he glided past.

When he reached home, the doctor had not arrived; he was in ample time to look out for the horses when he did. There was no necessity for telling Dr. Foster about the hill road, but George went up to him at once.

"I carried the medicine up to the Stevens's, but I came home by the hill road."

Dr. Foster could speak sharply sometimes: he did now.

"Why did you do that, when I expressly told you not to?" said he.

George explained:

"That doesn't alter the case," said the doctor. "When I tell you to go a certain way, your business is to go that way, skating or no skating."

"I know it," said George, humbly.

"Well, look out you act up to your knowledge, then," said the doctor. "Obedience is obedience, and you needn't think that owning up is going to make up for the lack of it."

"Yes, sir," said George, looking crestfallen.

The sweet taste of that forbidden pleasure was already gone from his mouth. He began to take the horses out of the carriage, when the thought of that house, with the untracked snow before it, on the hill road, flashed across his mind, and he mentioned it to the doctor.

"What," said he, pausing on the house piazza, "old David Paine's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wasn't a track, you say?"

"No, sir."

"I don't know but I'd better drive over there before you unharness," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "That old man has had some bad turns; there may be something wrong. Put the horses back, and get in with me."

Something was wrong at old David Paine's house, with its trackless front yard. An hour or two more, and the poor old man would have been beyond all human help. He had been lying helpless for two days.

"Well," said Dr. Foster, when David Paine had been well cared for, and he had returned home, and was eating his supper with his family, "George's strict regard for truth has done good service in this case. It has saved David Paine's life."

Mrs. Foster's gentle face looked earnest and touched behind her tear.

"We were half in sport," said she, "but I am not sure but we gave the poor boy a real patent of nobility when we called him Exact Truth."—*Congregationalist.*

A SALOON-KEEPER remarked that he never allowed his son to enter the bar-room. On hearing this a young man who had been a hard drinker said: "If the rumseller will not permit his son to enter the bar-room I will never enter it again." Boys, keep out of the saloon, the pool-room, and ten-pin alley, for you are safe only on the outside.

Smiting the Rock.

The stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood;
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold,—
Mother and son; and to gaze on the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth was known,
The mother convicted and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood high
With a shameless look, and his head held
high.
Age had come over her, and sorrow and
care;

These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years, and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence-day?

Her husband had died in his shame and
sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till
night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with resolute zeal
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim,
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, "game,"
Holding not *crime*, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moistening prayers when the tongue
was weak,
And she saw, through the mist of these
bitter tears,

Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child
might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see;
And for mercy her wistful look made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned
chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said—
"Your boy is the neighbourhood's plague
and dread;
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
The jury did right for the facts were plain;
Denial is useless, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one—"
"Your honour," she cried, "he's my only
son."

The tipstaves grinned at the words she
spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room
broke;

But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cries he;
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
But she's too good for your coward jeers,
And I'll"—then his utterance choked with
tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, then he said:
"We suspend the sentence,—the boy can
go,"

And the words were tremulous, forced and
low.

"But say!" and he raised his finger then,
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you yet, I
know;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of it
—Go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge
said:

"I meant to have given him a year instead,
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.

But a rock was struck in that callous heart
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost.

—Selected.

TO ALL MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

I HAVE an invitation for you. You
are all fond of receiving pleasant invi-
tations. This is one full of joy. Will
you listen to it? It is this: Come to
Jesus.

There are many reasons why you
should yield to this invitation just now.
The first is: Jesus has shown especial
interest in the young, and given them
special tokens of his love. Some of
you who read this are children. You
do not forget how, when mothers
brought their little ones to Jesus, and
the disciples were about to send them
away, He said: "Suffer the little
children to come unto me, and forbid
them not; for of such is the kingdom
of heaven."

Some of you are young men and young
women. You remember how Mark
says, in regard to the young man who
came to Jesus, asking how he might
inherit eternal life, that "Jesus behold-
ing him, loved him." You remember
that away back in the Old Testament
times a special command was addressed
to the young: "Remember now thy
Creator in the days of thy youth."

Jesus has the same love for children
and youth that he had when he was
here upon earth. He wants you to
come to him now. Will you not do
it?

Another reason why you should
come to him now is that this is the
very best time. Youth is the time
when habits are formed which last
through life. A few evenings ago a
minister, preaching to a large con-
gregation, said that he believed that
nine-tenths of all the people who are
Christians now came to Christ before
they were thirty-five years old. The
pastor for whom he was preaching
afterward invited all present who be-
came Christians before they were
thirty-five to arise.

Nearly the whole large congregation
arose. He then asked those who
came to Christ after they were thirty-
five to arise, and only six or seven
rose.

I believe that if he had asked all
who came to Christ before they were
twenty to arise, a very large majority
would have arisen. The great proba-
bility is that if you do not give your
heart to Jesus before you are twenty,
you will never come to him. Now
your hearts are touched by his love,
and you often say to yourselves, "I
would like to be a Christian." If you
resist the influence of His Holy Spirit
your hearts will be hardened, and by
and by you will feel no desire to come
to him. Come now, I entreat you.

Another reason why you should
come now is, that you are uncertain of
any future opportunity. If death
came only to those over twenty, you
count on at least that period to live;

but very often, alas! the little girl of
eight or ten, the lad of twelve, the
young man and young lady, are called
away. It is never safe to delay any
duty that ought to be performed.
Most of all it is not safe to delay this
most important of all matters—that
of coming to Jesus for salvation. Will
you not come, and come now?

Another reason I present you is this:
Even supposing that you could count
on ten years more in which this duty
could be done, and could be sure that
in 1897 you would be willing to do it,
you will lose ten precious years of
service in the cause of Christ, and are
you really willing to treat your blessed
Saviour in such a way? Do you mean
to say to him, "I will go on and serve
Satan for ten years; I will seek gay
and ungodly companions; I will give
the world my bright days of youth;
and then I will come to Thee and seek
Thy forgiveness?" O, no; you do not
wish to do anything as mean as that.
And yet, do you not see that you are
practically doing it while you are with-
holding your heart from him? Go to
your quiet room, kneel down before
Jesus, and say with your whole heart,
"I come to Thee now, my dear Saviour,
to give my heart to Thee. I beseech
Thee to accept me, and make me all
Thine own." Take the very first
opportunity to acknowledge publicly
your desire to be a Christian. Perhaps
there are special services in your
church, or in the regular meetings
those who desire to give themselves to
Christ are asked to arise, or to go to
the altar. Do not hesitate. Rise at
once, or go forward. Don't wait for
any one else. Go alone, if no one else
starts. Be willing to acknowledge
your desire for Christ, and to seek him
everywhere, and may God bless you,
and lead you just now to himself.

AN INDIAN BOY.

BY RANGER.

ONE Sunday in the winter of 1885 as
I was leaving the Saskatchewan Mines
after holding service in the dining
hall, I was brought to a "standstill"
by a lusty shout from the direction of
the boarding house. Turning round
I saw an Indian boy of about seven
winters hastening with all speed to
catch me. He had a small dog hitched
to a light sled. I waited until he
caught up to me, for I had eight miles
to walk over a trackless, snow-clad
prairie, and was glad of his company.
When he came close enough I was
struck with the ingenious contrivance
he used for a sled. It was made out
of natural crook runners, and part of
an old packing box. The harness was
manufactured out of the unravelled
ply of what had been an inch rope,
the collar, backband and traces being
all of the same material. The harness
was light, yet heavy enough; and in
appearance was both substantial and
neat. On the sled was a neat bundle,
the outer covering of which was a
much worn blanket. Through a hole

in the blanket I saw that the cargo
was made up of pieces of meat or bone,
and scraps of bread—in fact, refuse
from the boarding-house, which had
doubtless been given him by the cooks
or waiters. I could not help thinking
what a pity some means could not be
devised to awaken the latent energy,
and harness into usefulness the growing
activities of Indian boys like this one.
He is clever and quick. He makes
his own sleigh, constructs his own
harness and trains his dog. In every-
thing that appertains to youth, he
exhibits an intelligence equal to the
average white boy. But having no
one to train him in thrift or industry
or economy, he early lapses into indo-
lence, and forces us to conclude that
idleness is the red man's curse.

BOYS AND MEN.

You are boys now, but you will
soon be men. Then you will have
your own way to make in the world.
Do you mean to be idle and fretful,
and deceive people, and give them a
bad opinion of you? Or do you intend
to go to work, and act bravely and
nobly, and do your duty, and leave a
name behind you when you die which
the world will love and respect? Take
care—now is the time! Did you ever
notice a large tree that grew crooked,
and was an ugly eyesore on that
account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn,
right in front of the porch, and your
father would have liked very much to
straighten it. It is impossible to do so.
A hundred horses could not have
dragged it erect. And yet think of the
time when the large tree was a small
sapling; a child might have straighten-
ed it then, and it would have grown
properly, and every one would have
admired it. By this I mean that boys
should grow straight, not crooked.

You are young now, as the tree was
once; begin in time, and you will be
as straight as an arrow when you are
a man. If you wait, it will be too
late. The way to make men erect and
noble, is to take them when they are
boys and show them that there is noth-
ing in this world so noble as doing
their duty. Once more I say, remem-
ber that though you are boys now, you
will be men soon.

You may do good or evil. If you
are false and worthless, you and every-
body else will have a hard time of it.
You may be soldiers, judges, states-
men, and presidents. What you say
or do may decide the fate of millions
of other people. These will look to
you; and, more than all, God will
watch you, and hold you to a strict
account. If you are brave, and true
and unselfish, Heaven will bless you,
and every one who knows you will love
and respect you. If you are mean and
cowardly, and think of nothing but
your own pleasure, God and man will
be displeased with you. Which will
you be? The best of all things is to be
pure and do your duty.

Room at the Top.

Nay, you mind the crowd, lad,
Nor fancy your life won't tell;
The work is done for all that,
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
But there's always room at the top.

Courage, and faith, and patience!
There is space in the old world yet;
You stand a better chance, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure your path leads upwards—
There's always room at the top.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

Too many of us feel a great reluctance about speaking openly of Christ. If I could but talk as such a one does, we reason, I would never let an opportunity for dropping a word go by unimproved. And very often by such reasoning we cheat ourselves into the belief that the spirit within is strong for doing, when, did we but realize it, it needs a mighty strengthening of God's cleansing power. He who loves Christ as he should will find some way of proclaiming that love. D. L. Moody tells of a young man he met across the water, who, having been thoroughly converted, rose in one of their field meetings to tell of his new-found joy. Not accustomed to speak in public, he made poor work of expressing his thoughts, and after many awkward attempts, stood blushing and stammering. A loud-mouthed infidel at this juncture passed by him and boldly cried out, "Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,

standing and talking like that!" To which the youth, with glowing fervor tempered with modesty, replied, "I am indeed somewhat ashamed of myself, friend, but I assure you I am not ashamed of Christ." Was not that young man further along than some of us who have been longer upon the same road?

HEAVEN.

THE home of the blest. There the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick." The people that dwell there are forgiven their iniquity (Is. xxxiii. 24). Here on earth every inhabitant, time and again, has to say, "I am sick," and just because all have committed iniquity; but *there* there is fulness of joy, and at God's right hand pleasures for evermore (Psa. xvi. 11). Hence the numerous figures used in the Scriptures describing that blessed place. It is called Paradise, a Kingdom, a Father's House, Mansions, a Better Country, a Rest; and as if language were impotent to describe it further, it is said "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. ii. 9). Aye, many of God's people have a foretaste of this blessedness before they are taken home. The deeply pious and devoted John Janeway, gave his experience as follows:—"I am, through mercy, quite above the fears of death, and am going to him whom I love above life. Oh, that I could let you know what I now feel! Oh, that I could show you what I see! Oh, the glory, the unspeakable glory, that I behold! My heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot choose but smile. The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me, and the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom!" And this blessedness will be theirs for evermore. The pleasures of earth, like its riches, take wings to themselves and fly away. They are ours but for a day; but it is not so with the happiness of heaven. It is declared to be part of the work of the Divine Mediator to secure to the saints the eternal inheritance (Heb. ix. 15). So there will be no trouble about ejection suits or death removals.

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A GIRL of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she could do for him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother, only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one. This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.



BETHLEHEM.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life."

JUST AS I AM!

SOME time ago a poor boy came to a city missionary. Holding out a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, he said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it out, the missionary found that it was a page leaflet, containing that beautiful hymn beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea." The missionary asked where he had got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died. She used always to be singing it while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and to put it in a frame and hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" That simple hymn given to a little girl seems to have been, by God's blessing, the means of bringing her to Christ.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, where Rachel died and was buried—whence Elimelech and Naomi fled to escape the famine, and which afterward, through the noble-mindedness of Boaz, became indeed Bethlehem, or the House of Bread, to Naomi and Ruth—Bethlehem, the town of Jesse and the birthplace of David—Bethlehem, where the infant Saviour saw the light—in whose fields the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and instructed by the angel, hastened to worship him as he was laid in the manger—how many interesting recollections are connected with this now obscure town of Palestine!

And what is it now in our day? A place where, in ignorance of the great truths which Jesus taught and sealed by his blood, the inhabitants are under the yoke of a corrupted Christianity and the religion of the "false Prophet."

But the English Church Missionary Society has established mission-stations in Palestine, and the true light is again shining in that land. Bishop Gobat, the head of the mission, states that one hundred heads of families in Bethlehem have recently joined the mission church. Northern Syria is occupied by missionaries of the American Board, who have there several flourishing stations.

The picture shows the garb of the modern shepherds of Bethlehem, which has not changed since the time when David was a shepherd boy.



THE OSTRICH.

IN AN OSTRICH CAMP.

THERE is an old ostrich in the gardens at Paris, and I have seen the French children riding on its back, just as boys and girls ride elephants. This, however, is no novelty, for we read that an Egyptian queen, who lived some time before the great Cleopatra, had a statue of herself erected, in which she was figured seated on an ostrich.

In its wild state the ostrich is found in Africa and parts of Asia, in herds containing thirty to forty birds. Dr. Livingstone, who knew its habits as well or better than any other traveller, pictures it as browsing with zebras, quaggas, blesboks, and the other wild animals which are found in such numbers in South Central Africa, and then when alarm of any sort arises, outdistancing all the rest, as it runs with its wings outstretched. Its speed, when fully exerted, is greater than that of the fastest horse, consequently it is very difficult to capture, and peculiar expedients have to be adopted. The bushman of the South dresses himself in an ostrich skin, and gradually creeping up to a herd, selects the best birds he can get at, and shoots them down with his bow and arrow; but so keen of scent are they

that if he gets between the wind and one of them, his labour is wasted, a cry of warning is raised, and the whole herd is out of his reach in a minute.

The Arabs of the Soudan train their beautiful horses especially for ostrich hunting, and, trusting to a habit the birds have of running in a circle, constantly head the herd, and drive the birds backward and forward between them for days, until they fall exhausted. He knows it is useless to try to overtake them when fresh, as their speed is reckoned at thirty miles an hour. Pitfalls and many other devices for catching or killing them are also resorted to.

The wild birds scoop their nest in the desert sand, several hens laying their eggs in the one nest, and then packing them on end in a most ingenious manner, so to make more room for others. The discovery of one of these is a source of rejoicing to the native, who watches until it is left unguarded by all the birds—a common occurrence; he then approaches the nest in the face of the wind, and with a long hooked stick helps himself to all the eggs but one or two. The hens apparently do not notice their loss, and will go on laying for months

as fast as the others are removed, thus supplying the bushman with new-laid eggs as regularly as our hens at home supply us. Each egg weighs three pounds, and forms a good meal for himself and his family, while from the shell he manufactures plates and dishes and cups.

With the advance of civilization the birds were driven farther inland, and were threatened with extinction if the increasing demand for feathers was to be supplied, until, about fourteen years ago, some one in South Africa hit upon the idea that it might be possible to keep them in captivity, and pluck their feathers as they grew to maturity, without killing the birds. The plan turned out to be a great success, and now many thousands of ostriches are kept on farms devoted to their breeding and rearing.

It seems very cruel to talk about plucking feathers from living birds; in reality, the quills are not pulled out, but are cut close to the skin with a sharp knife; after which operation the stump gradually withers, and, in the course of a week or two, is pushed out as the new feather grows. The best feathers are the white ones from the wing and tail, of which only twenty-five can be obtained from a single bird. It takes about seventy of these to weigh one pound, for which \$150 and upward has to be paid. The eggs are much too valuable to the farmer to be used as food; he hatches them, and to show their value, I may mention that a few years ago as much as \$25 each could be obtained for chicks a week old.

As we have explained, the hens are not good sitters, and eventually it was found far more economical to relieve them of the task altogether, which now devolves on a complicated machine called an incubator, which, by keeping up the proper heat to a uniform standard, hatches a larger proportion of chicks than the hens would. When a few days old, the young birds are sent out in the daytime in charge of a Kafir boy, to whom, as they grow up, they become strongly attached; they will come at his call, and if frightened will run to him for protection.

It is a picturesque sight to see a large ostrich "camp," as it is generally called, with hundreds of the birds roaming about, stretching their long thin necks with a jerky action as they seek for food, and striding with their powerful legs over the ground.

South Africa is overrun with wild animals, many of which are dangerous to the birds. The Cape tiger is the chief offender; next come the jackal, the wild cat, lynxes, and others. This is the reason the farmer has his gun slung at his back, and the warlike bandolier of cartridges around his waist. Monkeys are very destructive to the eggs and to the chicks; they will play with the latter, and end by knocking their eyes out.

Such is the strength of the bird that one blow from its claws has been

known to kill a man. The bird kicks forward in striking, and I know of an instance where a little English boy was attacked by an ostrich when crossing his father's farm; he saw the bird running toward him, and finding he could not reach a place of shelter in time, had the presence of mind to remember what he had been told to do in such a case, and lay flat on the earth, so that the bird could not kick him with any force, but could only just touch him; of course he called for help, and was soon heard and rescued. —*Little Folks.*

Where?

BY MRS. C. A. MUNSON.

WHERE lieth that beautiful land,
That world of glory and light,
Where dwell the saints at God's right hand,
And where there is "no more night?"

Is it far beyond ether blue,
Far beyond stars of the night,
Far beyond darkness and cloude,
Where shineth glory and light?

It may be that nearer it lies;
Within our vision, perchance,
Could the "scales" but fall from our eyes,
And we awake from our trance.

We might see then glories untold,
The angels, seraphim bright;
The face of our Father behold,
Radiant with heaven's own light.

And those who have left us and gone,
Dropping their burdens of clay;
Who dwell with the Father and Son,
Through one long, eternal day—

Perhaps they come near us, unseen,
Perhaps watch o'er us in love;
We see them sometimes in our dreams,
These blessings sent from above.

If our ears were only attuned
To catch the ecstatic strains,
Music unearthly might we hear,
Amid our sorrow and pains.

They may come to us oft again,
"Ministering spirits" prove;
May ease our hearts of some sad pain,
Whispering sweet words of love.

Where lieth that beautiful land?
Oh, tell us, ye spirits, where?
O loved ones who, at God's command,
May witness our sorrow and care.

But joy! we know heaven is where
Our God and Saviour abide;
And when in their "likeness we wake,"
We "shall be satisfied."

THE Georgia Wesleyan Advocate says the Canada Methodist Magazine is as full of life and interest as ever. The contributed articles are able and interesting, and the editorial department filled with thoughtful discussions of important topics. We are glad to note that the religious tone of the magazine is high and pure.

WE have just received orders from seventeen native Japanese for our Sunday-school papers; also an interesting letter from Dr. Cochran, in which he says: "Our work is full of interest. The growth of Christian sentiment in the nation is enormous. The difficulty is to overtake the needs for instruction and evangelistic service. Our school is full, and a most interesting field to work in."

When Grandpa was a Little Boy.

"WHEN grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he
To the curly-headed youngster who had climbed upon his knee;
"So studious was he at school, he never failed to pass;
And out of three he always stood the second in his class—"
"But, if no more were in it, you were next to foot, like me!"
"Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he;
"He very seldom spent his pretty pennies foolishly;
No toy or candy store was there for miles and miles about,
And with his books straight home he'd go the moment school was out—"
"But, if there had been one, you might have spent them all, like me!"
"Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he;
"He never staid up later than an hour after tea;
It wasn't good for little boys at all, his mother said;
And so, when it was early, she would march him off to bed—"
"But, if she hadn't, maybe you'd have staid up late, like me!"
"Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he;
"In summer he went barefoot and was happy as could be;
And all the neighbours 'round about agreed he was a lad
Who was as good as he could be, except when he was bad—"
"But, 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very much like me."
"Why, bless you, grandpa's often thought of that before," said he.

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

All Among the Lighthouses; or, Cruise of the Goldenrod. By Mary Bradford Crowninshield. 32 illustrations, 392 pages. \$2.50. D. Lothrop & Co.

The wife of a U. S. lighthouse inspector, Mary Bradford Crowninshield, writes the story of a tour of inspection along the coast of Maine with two boys on board—for other boys of course. A most instructive as well as delightful excursion. The boys go up the towers and study the lamps and lanterns and all the devices by which a light in the night is made to tell the wary sailor the coast he is on; and so does the reader. Stories of wrecks and rescues beguile the waiting times. There are no waiting times in the story.

Dame Heraldry. 117 illustrations, 217 pages. \$3. Lothrop & Co.

A writer who keeps his name to himself had been telling his children what heraldry had to do with the seals of the United States and of the States themselves. "It occurred to him that heraldry, brilliant with memories of tournaments and hard-won victories, might interest" other youngsters. Hence a playful book of careful enough research into heraldic history, legends, usages, meanings, proprieties. -

THE BOYS WHO ARE WANTED.

I WANT all the boys, and all the girls, too, to read this and see if they are like Harry. Do they try to make things easy for mother? Do they help carry mother's burdens. Do you notice if there is any water in; if mother has wood to cook the dinner? Oh, children, do try to make things easy for mother. Now read this slowly.

"Come, Harry! it's seven o'clock, and snowing fast," called his mother from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, mother. Why didn't you call me before? There'll be the paths to sweep before school, and I like to do them before breakfast."

"I thought you were tired, dear, and needed a morning nap."

"Please do not humor me in that way, mother; you know I'm the one to take care of you."

It did not take Harry long to dress that morning, although he did not slight his simple toilet; neither did he forget to kneel down and ask God's help upon the beginning of the new day; but he was out of bed with a bound and his fingers flew fast.

"No drones in this hive, are there, ma-mee," he said, running down stairs and giving his mother a resounding kiss.

"Shall I have time to do anything before breakfast?"

"No, dear; the bell is just going to ring."

"Excuse me, please, mother, this morning," Harry said, as he finished before the rest. "I want everything easy for you before I go to school."

A happy smile was her only answer; but she said, as the door closed behind him:

"Dear boy! I believe that is the motto of his life—'I want to make things easy for mother.' He's never too tired or busy to help me. He's solid comfort."

"He's solid gold; a boy worth having," said Uncle Ned; "I wish there were more of them."

Harry found the broom, and began sweeping the snow away on either side of the path with a will. Suddenly looking up, he saw a lady watching him from across the way.

"Good morning, Mrs. Martin," he said, lifting his hat, "Isn't this a royal morning for work?"

"I should think you thought so, my dear," she replied. "You seem to make easy work of everything. How does it happen?"

"O! I don't know, ma'am. Boys ought to be ready for everything, I think. Work comes easy to me; I'm young and strong, you know."

"So is Jamie; but he makes a fuss over everything he does. I wish he could catch some of your spirit. You'll make your mark in the world if you keep on as you've begun, Harry."

"And I mean to, Mrs. Martin, if God spares my life. I must make things easy for mother, you know."

Mrs. Martin sighed. "I wish Jamie felt so," she said.

"Perhaps he don't feel the need of doing, because you're rich, Mrs. Martin. We're poor, you know; but we shan't always be so," and Harry's broom flew faster and faster over the frozen ground.

"Excuse me if I talk and work too," he said. "Mother needs me in the house before school. I have to be boy and girl too, you see."

"Don't you find that pretty hard, my child!"

"O, no! I don't like wiping dishes as well as sweeping snow, to be sure; but that's no matter. I never stop to think what I like; it's what's got to be done to save mother."

"Bless you, my boy! Don't you ever think of yourself?"

"O, yes, indeed! I'm a selfish cub any way; but I'm trying to do better every day, and it's easier since I ask God to help me before I begin."

"Are you a Christian, Harry?"

"O, yes'm! I've belonged to the army of the Lord just a year, and it's been the happiest year of my life. Fighting Satan and sin is great fun when a boy sets about it. I don't mean he shall conquer, Mrs. Martin. I like to knock him a blow whenever I can. Good morning."

Mrs. Martin stood looking after the brave, bright boy, who had already begun to be a blessing in the world, until he disappeared out of sight.

"Those are the boys who are wanted," she said. "Those are the boys who are wanted."

A FATHER'S SURPRISE.

A BOY was once made the happy owner of a jack-knife. When a boy has a knife it must cut, and this knife kept up its share of chips. But the boy had a head as well as a knife. With the strong steel blade he was ever fashioning something for a purpose. He never made the shavings fly merely to make the stick smaller or time less. While he was carving the wood he was carrying out an idea. And when you see a boy do this, look out for a big man in a few years. One day this boy presented his father with a model of a machine which had come from under his jack-knife. The father glanced at it for a moment. He was not able to take in the design, and he waited for no explanation. He saw at once the whittling had been immense, and time had been wasted by the boy. This enraged him, as he was a severely practical man, and could see no use in such trifling employment. He snatched the pretty machine from the boy's hand and threw it upon the ground, stamping it to pieces.

Soon after this the father sent his son to learn the trade of a blacksmith. His employer quickly discovered more than the ordinary talent in him. Again his jack-knife was at work. Again the same model was made. With pride he explained it to the

blacksmith. At once it was recognised as a useful invention. It was a powerloom, the first ever made. A loom was then constructed out of a substantial material. It worked with satisfaction. A loom factory was then established. A trade was then built up. The boy had half the profits. One year after the invention was tested, the blacksmith wrote to the father that he would make him a visit, and bring him a visitor, who was the inventor of the celebrated powerloom. What was the astonishment of the old gentleman when his son was introduced as the inventor, and when he told the father that the invention was but the model he had kicked to pieces last year! Let boys carve, so long as they carve out ideas.

"When I Was a Boy!"

"WHEN I was a boy," the grandsire said
To the bright lad by his knee,
"Of the victors crowned with fame I read
Who triumphed on land and sea!
And through the years, from the deathless page,
A summons has sounded long:
To youth, and manhood, and hoary age,
The message is this 'Be Strong!'"

"When I was a boy—" he paused and said
To the listener by his knee,
"Of the men who were as lights I read
In a dark world's history!
They prized the truth, and were loved of God,
And no fear of man they knew;
And still, from the glorious heights they trod,
The message was this—'Be True!'"
J. R. EASTWOOD.

THERE WERE TWO.

PEOPLE say sometimes, "I shall take my chance with the dying thief." Ah! but which one of them? There were two.

These were the words I heard from some one preaching in the open air, as I passed the railway station at —, and my mind has again and again recalled that solemn story of Luke xxiii., "There were two." Yes, indeed. One went from the side of the Lord Jesus to the paradise of God; the other went to reap eternally the wages of his sin.

Reader, "there were two." With which of them will you spend eternity? Ah! ponder at the solemn thought, the awful alternative; an eternity of unsullied bliss with Jesus, or the blackness of darkness forever with the devil and his angels.

"Be reconciled to God." That gracious Saviour's heart is the same to-day as when he hung upon the cross. He says still, "Come unto me."

THE Lothrop Magazines are five: Babyland, a beautiful jingle and picture book for baby and mother's help, 50 cents a year; Our Little Men and Women, for youngest readers, \$1; Pansy, a little older, \$1; Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal, full of instruction, \$1; and Wide Awake, fuller yet, \$2.40. Sample copy of them all for 15 cents; 5 cents for any one.

Blood Stains in the Snow.

BY REV. E. STUART BEST.

Out in the cold, yes, out in the cold,
A shoeless, shivering child;
Young in years, in sorrow old,
This is the terrible tale she told
In chattering accents wild:—

"I go to the shop that sells the beer,
I want them to fill my pail;
I'm trembling to death. Oh, dear! Oh,
dear!
I'll never get home again, I fear,
I'll freeze in this awful hail."

The cruel ice cuts into her feet,
Her blood incrimsons the snow,
As she moans and minces along the street,
Her scanty garments covered with sleet,
A picture of want and woe.

"Come in! Come in! No longer stay
Facing this fearful cold!
Little lost lamb, no longer stray,
Wandering this wild and wintry way,
But rest in this offered fold."

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I must never stay;
My mother is dead a year;
They beat me almost every day,
They never listen a word I say,
But order me off for beer."

She enters the bar; 'tis blazing with light;
To minors they make no sale;
They order the little wretch out of their
sight,
And send her wandering back through the
night,
Bearing her battered pail.

Ah! those sellers of rum, so sly and shy,
Their hearts with pity swell,
When they hear a measured tread go by,
Or catch a glance of an officer's eye—
To minors they never sell!

Home again, but almost dead,
No beer for her brutal father;
Scoffed and cursed, and beaten to bed,
With hardly a tatter to cover her head,
She weeps for a grave with her mother.

Out again goes the battered pail,
And with it the tottering toper;
He shudders and shakes in the howling gale,
But dreads far more than the driving hail
The pain of sleeping sober.

The pail is filled, the money tilted—
A legalized transaction;
Talk not of stuff with poison filled,
Talk not of thousands it has killed
And buried in perdition.

Who sold the right to curse and kill
His weak and tempted brother?
Who sold his suffrage to the still?
Who voted license with a will?
We need not ask another.

These blood-stained footprints in the snow
Are calling loud to heaven.
God will His righteous anger show,
And all who traffic in this woe,
Down, down to death be driven!

DR. STEPHENSON ON CANADA.

A LECTURE in the commodious new schools attached to the Holly-park Wesleyan Chapel, was delivered by the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., his subject being "From Ocean to Ocean; a Narrative of My Recent Journey Through the Canadian Dominion." Dr. Stephenson gave, in a conversational style, some impressions of his Transatlantic journeyings. The audience were quickly taken to the other side of the ocean, and the real start was made at Quebec, itself a thousand miles, by the Intercolonial Railroad,

from Halifax, the port of debarkation. After a slight sketch of the history and present position of the historic city, the railway journey by the Canadian Pacific route was entered upon, and the first important stopping-place was Montreal, described as the present commercial capital of Canada. Mention was made of the magnificent Roman Catholic cathedral, at which frequently 10,000 persons are present at High Mass, the lecturer remarking that some five-sevenths of the population are Catholics, and that nowhere in the world has that religion more devoted adherents. We were next taken to Toronto, where the religious position is quite reversed, and it was surmised that, before long, this splendid city would have outstripped Montreal in commercial importance. Many facts were given tending to show the great social and intellectual progress which has been already made in the Dominion, and among the beautiful views thrown on the screen by the Doctor's powerful lime-light apparatus were photographs of some public buildings which would be a credit to any capital in Europe. The lecturer dwelt at some length on the climate of Canada, which, though extremely cold in winter, was described as being 'far from unpleasant, owing to the great dryness of the atmosphere, winter being, indeed, considered by the Canadians the pleasantest season of the year. A fine view of the Metropolitan Methodist Church at Toronto, holding some 2,000 persons, was thrown on the screen. This church stands on a plot of land in the centre of the city, the size of which may be imagined from the fact that the fencing alone cost £2,000. We were next taken to Ottawa, the political capital, with some very fine Government buildings. Hamilton, in the province of Ontario, was said to hold "the most important institution in Canada," which turned out to be a branch of the Children's Home, a view of which was shown, and a passing reference made to the successes achieved by boys and girls sent out from England. We next saw views of Niagara, in summer and winter, and passed on to Winnipeg, the capital of the North-West, a town only twelve years old, but already possessing a fine town-hall and other public buildings, and bidding fair for a great future. Thence, through 800 miles of prairie land, among the most fertile of the world, we were taken onward through the Rocky Mountains, some splendid specimens of the scenery of which were exhibited, to British Columbia and its great towns, Vancouver and Westminster. Interesting references were made, which our space forbids us to reproduce, to the Indian tribes, and to the influence of a Methodist Christian chief in preventing the spread of the recent insurrection. In conclusion, the Doctor recommended any of his hearers who had £100 to spare for their holiday to go across the American continent from Atlantic to Pacific.

BE AWAKE.

WE have heard of a little maiden who said "It was so hard, she always had to go to bed just when she wished to stay up, and to get up just when she wished to go to bed;" and I know many children feel as she did; but if they had old heads on their young shoulders, they would know that those who are growing require more sleep than those who are at their full strength; and also, that if they do not go to bed early they will not be ready to get up for the bright morning hours, which are the very best of the whole day.

It is a happy thing to be awake early, and to get into the habit of rising early. Lord Chatham said: "I should have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and on the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.'" Therefore, that you may be early awake, and may keep awake at your lessons, or at your work, be early in bed. I sometimes wish, when I hear children grumbling about having to go too soon to their pleasant bed, so soft and sweet, that they knew what it was to be really weary. In the factories, before the law was passed which limited the hours of labour, children often fell asleep over their work, though they knew they would be speedily aroused, and punished for doing so. During the battle of the Nile, many ship-boys were so weary that they were seen lying asleep on the decks, awakened neither by the noise around them, nor by the fear of their officers' anger, nor by their own danger. They were so weary that they must sleep, whatever came of it. I think if some little people who make ugly faces about going to bed, had more to tire them, they would not only be glad to go to bed, but would thank God that they had a bed to go to, while the children of poverty have to sleep as they can—oftentimes cold and comfortless.

THE CHILD AND THE DRUNKARD

THE late John B. Gough, in one of his powerful addresses, told the following most touching story:

"I was once playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go with me down to the side of that green bank?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the field looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the

poor degraded wretch, and then upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor victim of that terrible curse of our land—strong drink—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that would make such a thing of a being, once as fair as that child."

GOOD ADVICE.

A WRITER speaking of deportment says: "Girls, do not mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gayety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, nor assume a 'country face,' eloquent of 'prunes, potatoes, prisms,' nor sit bolt upright in a corner—hands, feet, eyes, and lips carefully posed for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticizing the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a tolerably nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to respect and like in each of them. Determine to have a nice time while you stay; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, and frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nilsson. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not be humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being 'a lady'—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable."

WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands; and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

The Little Newspaper Boys.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Two little brothers left their home
One cold, bleak winter's day,
All round the city streets to roam,
But not in childish play.

They on a noble errand went,
An honest dime to gain,
By selling papers—well content
To brave the sleet and rain.

One ten years old was brother "Bill,"
And six years old was "Jack;"
They trudged along with right good-will,
Though business was quite slack!

Yet bravely shouts the elder boy;
"My papers! who will buy?"
And at each sale a smile of joy
Lights up each cheerful eye.

The weary hours of night wore past,
The steeple clock struck nine;
One bun between them eased their fast,
But Jack began to pine.

"Oh! Bill, I'm tired and sleepy now,
I'll sit down here and rest;"
And soon the cold and chilly brow
Dropp'd feebly on his breast.

His brother Bill, with courage high,
More energy display'd,
"The latest news!" did loudly cry,
Not daunted or afraid.

Yet, now and then, dear little Jack
Would look with tearful eye
On brother Bill, as he came back
To tell him—"not to cry!"

"I've nearly sold them all now, Jack,
There's only three to sell;
When they are sold, high on my back
I'll ride you home pell-mell!"

At last their merchandise was gone,
Ten cents was fairly won!
And Bill knelt down to help Jack on
His back, for the home-run!

Dear Christian people, help such boys
To earn an honest cent,
They little know of earthly joys
And yet seem well content!

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1706.] **LESSON IV.** [April 24.**JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER.***Gen. 47. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 10-12.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

Honour thy father and mother; which is
the first commandment with promise. Eph.
6. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The King.
2. The Father.

TIME.—1706 B.C. Same as last lesson,
but later in the year.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Some of his brethren*—Not all, but five, as representatives of the whole, and because their occupation placed them far below the Egyptians in caste. *Thy servants are shepherds*—A confession of inequality. The sheep feeding and herding was given over to women. *To sojourn in the land*—Not as permanent inhabitants; for they knew that God had promised to them the land of Canaan. *Men of activity*—Men fitted for the duty of guarding and herding the royal droves of cattle. *Few and evil*—As compared with the lives of Abraham and Isaac, which had been long and prosperous. *The land of Rameses*—Probably not so called till long after, but when this account was written commonly so called. If Moses wrote this, he would naturally call it by the name of the Pharaoh whom he had known best.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. To respect our superiors?
2. To respect any honours; calling?
3. To respect old age?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Joseph do for his father and his family? He sent for them to Egypt.
2. In what part of the land did he give them a home? In the land of Goshen.
3. What was the age of Jacob at this time? One hundred and thirty years.
4. How long did Jacob live in Egypt? Seventeen years.
5. What one of the commandments is illustrated by this lesson? "Honour thy," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—[The better land.**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

20. What is the sinfulness of that state? The want of original righteousness, and the depravity of our nature, through which it has become inclined only to evil.
[Romans v. 19; iii. 10; Matthew vii. 11; Luke xi. 13.]

B.C. 1580.] **LESSON V.** [May 1.**ISRAEL IN EGYPT.***Exod. 1. 6-14. Commit to mem. vs. 12-14.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

He increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies. Psa. 105. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. A Growing People.
2. A Cruel King.

TIME.—1580-1571. A period longer or shorter down to Moses' birth.

PLACES.—The land of Goshen. Pithom. Raamses.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A new king*—Probably a king who came in by conquest. *Knew not Joseph*—Of course not; Joseph was dead. But it means, did not know of the wonderful service Joseph had performed. *Unto his people*—These people were peculiarly his, for he represented the old Egyptian kings, after the aliens were expelled. *More and mightier*—That is in that particular district. *Get them up out of the land*—They had received only permission to sojourn in Goshen. Now the royal policy of keeping them is announced. *Task-masters*—Chiefs of tribute, men of rank, who superintended the public works.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the best service may be forgotten?
2. That ingratitude begets cruelty?
3. That God cares for his people in trial?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long were the children of Israel in Egypt? More than two hundred years.
2. Who ruled Egypt in the latter part of this time? A king who knew not Joseph.
3. How did he treat the Israelites? He oppressed them cruelly.
4. How did God care for his people as stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? "He increased," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Bondage in sin.**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

21. What is this sinfulness commonly called? Original sin; being that from which all actual transgressions proceed.
[Romans v. 12.]

A SON'S PRIDE.

THOMAS CARLYLE had a very humble origin. His father was a stone mason and worked as a day-labourer. But he was honest and upright and impressed his sturdy character upon his children.

Though he had not had the advantages of an education, he decided that Thomas should attend school. So he sent him away to study, against the advice of his neighbours, who prophesied that when he became learned he would despise and forget his humble parents. These sinister predictions were far from being realized. How abundantly the son honoured his father! He writes: "Ought I not to

rejoice that God has given me such a father? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world, if God so will, to rejoin him at last."

Of his mother too, a plain, quiet Scotch woman, he invariably speaks with the tenderest love. Calls her "his incomparable mother," and no words seem too emphatic to express his devotion. "Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be poverty which was never indigence in any form, and which has made all that ten-fold more dear and sacred to me!" Such sentiments of affection are more powerful than his intellectual attainments to "keep the memory green" of the "Sage of Chelsea."

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a man who is well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney sweep.

5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks out from his head.

9. It is contemptible—forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked—violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears well abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in all such things; the other is the kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Which will you strive to be?

In the Alps trees cease to grow at an elevation of about six thousand four hundred feet.

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