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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1889.

[No. 7.]

REMARKABLE ANTS.

BEES and ants may be called civilized animals. They live in cities, and understand the value of co-operation. Indeed, they could give men some valuable lessons upon one of the oldest, the best known, and the truest of human proverbs: "In union there is strength."

Ants show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only, these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night; while chickens, lizards, and other small animals in Western Africa, flee from them in terror.

To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth, and gummed together by some secretion; and, again, it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, who hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood; but, instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds, and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruin rises a black ball that rides safely on the water, and drifts away.

At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together and form a solid body of ants—the weaker in the centre. Often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.

"Hunter Ants" are found in tropical countries. It appears that at particular seasons, when pressed for food, they leave their nests and enter the dwellings by millions. They are harmless to the residents if they do not disturb or kill any of the number. In half an hour the ants enter every room, wardrobe, trunk, and cranny in the house, in search of insects. They cover the walls, the floors, the ceilings, and even the under side of the roof, and woe to every cockroach, fly, or wasp that does not immediately escape!

In Trinidad they filled Mrs. Carmichael's house

for five hours, destroying hundreds of insects, and a score of mice and rats, which she saw covered with hundreds of the little warriors, until they were worried to death and then devoured. After this thorough depopulation, the ants suddenly left for their nests.

The negroes are so impressed with their usefulness, that they call these ants "God's blessing." One of them, passing Mrs. Carmichael's house just

almighty power and love, and the great calm of nature stole softly into her soul. Quick through the shining silence shot a bright star travelling behind a pathway of light. It sped down the sky, and was gone. Soon after another darted out, and left a waving green line to mark its course. Four or five glittering stars sped hither and thither during an hour. The young girl held her breath while she watched the wild, mysterious beauty of the meteors. They made her think of angels flashing through the sky on God's errands.

The next morning, as soon as she had said her prayers and read her Bible, she went to the library. Her teacher had taught her to look in an encyclopædia—a circle of knowledge—for what she wished to know about. She now read about meteors, and found they were bodies sometimes of gas and again of stone, weighing from one-hundredth of a pound to over a thousand. They move in untold numbers through space, and the earth meets perhaps millions in the course of a day. Each year in going round the sun the earth crosses two especially crowded tracts of meteors. It passes through one the 10th of August, and through the other between the 11th and 14th of November.

The shooting stars are the smaller meteors, and being attracted by the earth, and moving at the rate of thirty-five miles a second, they catch on fire in the air and burn out. The aerolites, or airstones, are heavier, and fall to the ground. They are too hot to be handled when they first fall, but many specimens have been picked up. Iron enters largely into the material of which they are formed.

On November 13th, 1833, an amusing shower of falling stars was witnessed in Virginia and other parts of our country. The negroes and many white people thought surely the judgment-day had come. There was earnest praying then from lips unused to

prayer, for even people who profess to doubt the Bible get suddenly religious when death seems at hand. Nothing so strengthens and consoles as a firm confidence in Christ, and a dangerous situation often makes this fact felt. A noted infidel mocked at the Bible during health, and as he was a talented physician his unbelief was much spoken of. In his last illness he sent for a preacher he honoured, and as the preacher entered the room he entreated him to get down on his knees and pray instantly for him. It would have been better if the infidel had prayed before himself.



ARMY OF ANTS.

after the above scene, called out: "Ah, missus, you've got the blessing of God to-day; and a great blessing it is to get such a cleaning!"

METEORS.

BY LEIGH NORVAL.

A GIRL lay in the stillness of the night near a window, and the stars looked down upon her in their solemn beauty. She was in trouble, and the deep, quiet heavens besprinkled with shining worlds comforted her. God spoke through his works of

License?

BY REV. R. H. STOKES, D.D.

SHALL we license, high or low?
The answer comes, No, never, No!
Never, no, the children cry,
Never, no, the mothers sigh,
Never, no, our hearts reply;
Never while the sun shall rise,
Never while the waters flow;
Never, God himself, replies,
Never, never, never, No!

May not have the *High Saloon*?
More respectable, you know;
Tinsel glare and blaze of noon,
Music, whose voluptuous tune,
Witches, like the joys of June
Where the fragrant blossoms blow!
But, re-gild it o'er and o'er,
It is rotten to the core,
Vast, offensive, canker'd sore,
Vile as when its cost was lower!
License it? No, never, NO!
While these human bosoms swell,
While the watered grasses grow,
Legalize no earthly hell.

License then, the common mill,
Grinding daily grists of woe?
Mid the fumes of whiskey's still,
Beggars drinking human swill,
Stolen *ther. cent.*, buys a gill,
Kills them! Yes! Well, let it kill,
Killed under law! Who says NO?
Shall we license? Vote says yes;
Human greed, it answers, so;
Let the poor man have his glass,
Money's needed, too, you know!
License these? The starving child,
With its piteous wails of woe,
Mothers in their ravings wild,
Cry, for God's sake, Never, No!

Christians, will you hear and heed,
Heed the piteous wails of woe;
Never mind your kith or creed,
Never mind your present need,
If you stand aloof, or lead,
Rise to one majestic deed,
All united, thunder NO!
Thunder like the billows' roar,
Thunder like Niagara's flow,
Thunder it from shore to shore,
Let the thunders thunder NO!
Never while the sun shall rise,
Never while the waters flow:
Never, never, God replies,
Never, never, never, NO!

License? No! the earth exclaims,
License? No! the sky proclaims:
License, never, never, No,
While these human bosoms swell,
While the watered grasses grow,
Legalize no earthly hell.
Bells of Prohibition, chime,
Let the Anthem be stibline.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It was a place where poverty had long made its home. By the fireless stove sat a man of rather powerful physique in a dejected attitude, his heavy, bleared eyes fixed upon vacancy.

In one corner of the room, upon a mean bed, a little child lay, with pallid, want-pinned features, moaning, with closed eyes, at intervals.

"Water, water," she cried, faintly, and listlessly arose the man and placed a cup to her fever-parched lips.

Her large eyes opened and fixed themselves upon his face.

"Father," she said, as a shudder shook her frame, "father!"

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "Your mother's gone out to her work. Do you want anything?"

"Want anything?" exclaimed the child, faintly, gazing about the nearly empty room; "want anything?"

He caught her glance, and a spasm of pain contracted his features.

"Want," she again moaned, turning her head wearily upon the pillow; "it's always been want for mother and me, ever since I can remember."

The man's fingers worked convulsively as he replied:

"And for your poor old father, too, Lena. Don't forget your father, who loves you so."

A smile broke over her face.

"Love me?" and her little hand timidly sought his. "O father."

"Forgive me, Lena," he cried, "forgive me. I were drunk when I struck ye down, and did not know what I were doin'."

"Drunk!" she said, simply. "Yes."

He bowed his head, while the tears trickled down his intemperate face.

She tried to lift her face to his, but a groan of agony broke from her lips.

"Ye are sufferin', Lena?"

"My head, oh, my head," she moaned, stirring uneasily, and disclosing a much-discoloured temple. "It bleeds inside, father, I think; but never mind." she added, marking his shame, "never mind. You never struck me so hard before. I'll get well, though, and you know I—I saved mother, poor mother."

Her eyes closed, and seemingly she slept.

The man resumed his place beside the stove, his chin dropped upon his breast, and silence—only disturbed at intervals by a faint moan from the child—filled the room.

The afternoon waned, and the chill of a November twilight presently shook the man's frame. Night had fallen when the door opened and a fragile, toil-worn woman entered the room. It was the wife and mother. The child stirred, and smiled into the compassionate eyes above her. "Mother," she murmured, "dear mother."

"Did ye get your money?" eagerly inquired the man.

"Only part of it," said the weary woman. "Mrs. Brown always leaves something over, yet she has plenty of money. There are some cold scraps, if you want them."

"I'm not hungry," said the shivering man, "but I want to get Lena an orange or two. She's been asking for 'em," he added, in a low voice, turning his face from her sad eyes.

"I'm so tired," answered the wife, "and—and—I can't trust you, John, to go. You'll not come back."

"Yes, I will; oh, yes, I will," he replied, eagerly, "and bring wood for a fire. I'll hev to watch by Lena while you sleep, to-night, and it's very cold. I'm a changed man, wife—a changed man. No more want, no more drink, no more blows. I'll be a man."

A look of hope filled her eyes. She had caught at the straws of his promises, oh, how many times, how many times! but his tone this night was so convincing, the sob in his throat, the tear in his eye, so unwonted, that, despite the past with its broken promises and failures, a new hope, sweet and strange, thrilled her being.

She gave him the few bits of silver. He stooped over the child as he turned to leave the room, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Dear father," said the delighted child, "it's so long since you kissed me. Wake me up that way in the morning, and if I groan through the night don't think of the blow, but kiss me, and I'll smile through the pain, perhaps."

His eyes were dry now, and so was his throat; no sob, no tear.

"Where's father?" cried the child, as the minutes sped on.

"Gone to get you the oranges you wished, dear," was the answer.

"Oranges!" cried the child. "O, how nice but, mother, I didn't ask for oranges. We are too poor for that, little mother, too poor."

The wife's heart sank.

"A lie," she muttered, "a lie built upon the sufferings of his child. Alas! he will not come back!"

Hours passed. Colder and colder grew the room. Shivering, the mother lay beside the child, the scanty covering over both.

"I am ill, I fear," she murmured, "and there's such a pain at my heart."

Ever and anon the child groaned.

The clock from an adjoining steeple struck on—"Has father come?" cried the little one, opening her eyes.

"No! he will be here presently, though," wearily answered the mother.

The clock struck thrice.

"Has father come?" more faintly now the question.

"No my, child, no."

The white dawn of morning crept into the room. The mother slept; the little one ceased to groan.

The sun lifts up his head, and rosy-red blushes the dawn. Smilingly the god of day arises and peeps into the attic window, creeps over the floor and shyly kisses the face of the sleeping mother and child.

Eight o'clock rings out from the steeple.

"Father," suddenly cries the child, unclosing her heavy eyes, "come, kiss me good-morning."

The mother made no response.

Lena's eyes closed again.

Nine from the steeple clock.

Hark! a heavy footfall upon the stairs, a fumbling at the latch.

Father has come home.

"In bed yet," he mutters angrily. "Here, get up," shaking the sleeping woman's shoulder; "get up and make a fire, I'm cold."

His wife stirred not.

Waveringly he makes his way to the chair beside the empty stove, droops his head upon his breast, then sinks into a drunken slumber.

Noon passes. No movement breaks the silence.

Twilight again ere the man raises his head. Dazedly, at first, he gazes about him, then recollection sits enthroned.

"Lena," he cries, stooping over the quiet little figure, "Lena, father was too late to kiss you good morning, but he will to-morrow, indeed, he will. Your father is going to be a man."

Cold and rigid were the lips he touched with his. "Dead!" he cried, starting back, "dead! Wife, wake up; see, our Lena is dead."

The wife made no movement, and in terror turned her face to his whose lips were forever dumb, whose ears were forever closed to his frail promises; eyes, to which his vain words had brought the last gleam of hope, closed in an eternal sleep.

His dead for years filled a pauper's grave, then one day a prosperous man stood beside a new mound in a beautiful cemetery. Upon the headstone was the simple inscription, "Hope Grey"—"Our Lena."

A kneeling figure, chisel in hand, was adding a few words—"Too late."

"Yes," said the man, in extinguished tones, falling upon his knees when the work was done, "for them it has come too late."—*New York Observer.*

A LITTLE girl, nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered: "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

The Old Home.

BY EMILT G. WETHERBEE.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms bending o'er it,
The homestead, with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down
before it,
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn;
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting
shadows
On distant fields of rustling, rippling corn.

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her
knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden
tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O! happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and
loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest,
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,
And clasp fond memory's pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever, in that country, the bright and glorious
heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss
We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at
even,
We received our angel-mother's good-night kiss?

GRANDFATHER'S PLAN.

THE quarrel began, as quarrels so often do, from a very little thing, but it grew so fast—and that's the nature of quarrels too—that presently Joe and Harry wouldn't speak to each other.

Joe was Farmer Morton's son, Harry was his nephew, and both boys helped on the farm after their school term was over.

The quarrel, as I said, began about a small matter. Joe and Harry were partners in raising chickens, and every spare moment was devoted to keeping their yard fenced in, their crops in order, and their enemies, the rats and weasels, off.

This spring the boys invested what seemed to them a large sum of money in a dozen eggs of "Spanish Blacks," and looked forward with great delight to having the new breed.

"Now, Joe," said Harry, "we'll put them under Speckle; you know she's the very best mother we've got."

"But she's too small for twelve eggs," objected Joe; "don't you remember she lost some of her eggs last year from not keeping them warm enough?"

"Oh, she has grown since then," answered Harry.

"Grown, indeed! you must be a goose: old hens don't grow any, boy."

"Goose or not," said Harry, raising his voice angrily, "I'm going to put my share of eggs under Speckle."

"And I shall put mine under Whitey," retorted Joe, in a tone no less angry.

And so they did, foolish boys! For by this means, you see, they used two hens instead of one, thereby losing the chance of one whole brood of chickens. And being thrifty boys, they begrudged that brood of chickens; every time they saw the two Biddies on their half supply of eggs they felt exasperated, and being exasperated they chafed at one another, and said cross things until they felt too sore and angry to speak to one another.

"I am so worried about the boys!" said the farmer's wife; "I can't bear to have them fussing

with one another this way—Grandpa, can't you take them in hand?"

The gentle-looking old grandfather laid down the county paper, pushed his spectacles high up on his forehead, and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"I will try, dear," he said presently.

The two boys took turns every evening helping the grandfather to water his flower beds, which were his special care and pride. This evening Joe was helping.

"Joe," said the old man, "what's wrong between you and Harry?"

And Joe poured out a voluble tale of his wrongs, and how badly Harry had behaved.

"Would you like to hear my grandfather's rule for breaking up a quarrel?"

"Dear me! was it possible that grandfather had ever a grandfather? Why, he must have reached half way back to Noah. But Joe was quite eager to know what this citizen of the last century would have done if his chum had insisted upon putting the wrong hen on the eggs.

"He always told me to put myself in the other boy's place," said grandfather—"to pretend to myself that I was that boy, and try to look at things just as he saw them."

The old man did not say anything more to Joe; he knew that seed ought to be put into the ground gently, not pounded in with a sledge hammer. But I think he must have talked to Harry the next evening about his grandfather too.

For a few days later he heard shouts of laughter from the hay room back of the stable. "My little seed must have sprouted," said grandfather; and he stepped over the high board into the hay room.

Joe and Harry were running a race in turning somersaults on the hay.

STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL WHO BUILT A CHURCH.

THERE was a new church needed in a certain place, so a good man who loved to work for the Lord went about among the people asking them to give the money with which to buy the materials and pay the workmen. But one man said, "No!" another said, "I cannot!" another said, "I am too poor." Somehow or other, every one found some excuse for himself, and not one cent was raised. At last he applied to a member of the church who was poor of purse but large of heart; possibly he might help him.

"No," said the church member, "I have my wife and children to support, and this year I can do no more."

"But," urged the good man, "if you put down your name, others may, perhaps, follow your example; if you refuse me, I must give up discouraged."

"Father," said a little voice at his side, and the bright eyes of his little daughter looked up into his face. "Father, if you will only put down your name I will earn the money by picking berries and selling them. Honest and true, I will; please don't say 'No,' father." The bright eyes were very earnest.

The father could not resist his little girl's pleading, so he promised to pay a certain sum. The discouraged worker again took heart, and went once more among the people, telling them of the love and zeal of this little girl. Many were touched by the story, and one after another put his name on the paper till there was an abundance of money. Then the bricklayers came, and the carpenters, and the masons, and after a time a beautiful new church was built; and the people always said that it was all owing to one little girl.

THE SMALLEST WATCH IN THE WORLD.

A small gold penholder, resting in a rich velvet case, lay on a jeweller's show-case in John Street. The end of the holder was shaped like an elongated cube, and was an inch long. A faint musical ticking that issued from it attracted a customer's attention. The owner lifted the holder from the case and, with a smile, exhibited a tiny watch dial, one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, set in the side between two other dials just as tiny. One indicated the day, and the other the month of the year. The centre dial ticked off seconds, minutes and hours.

"This is the tiniest watch ever made," said the owner; "the only one of its kind in the world. It took a Geneva watchmaker the better part of two years to fit the parts together so that they would work accurately. It has been exhibited in London and Paris."

The works of the watch were so that they fitted lengthwise in the holder. The mainspring was an elongated coil of steel fitted to the wheels by a tiny chain, and worked by an old-fashioned clock weight. The works were wound by means of a screw of gold on the under side of the handle. A gold pen was fitted in the holder, and the owner wrote with it without disturbing the operations of the fairy watch.

"What's the price?" the customer asked.

"A round five hundred dollars," the man said, laughing.—Sun.

THE FINAL SACRIFICE.

"BAH! bah!" bleated spotted Whinney, in farewell tones to his mistress, Miss Susie. The pet lamb is to be the final offering to the wine-cup of what used to be the happy Winfred home. Thirteen years ago, when Susie was born, the Winfred family lived in a stately mansion, back on the hill top. But a grand supper was given by Mr. Winfred, in honour of the birth of his daughter, and for the first time he served wine to his guests.

Until then the family had been both Christian and temperate in habit and life; but the occasion, he thought, justified something unusual, and so the wine was set out again and again, until the guests were noisily merry. From that day the wine-bottle was never absent from the Winfred table, until the farm was sold on the very day that Susie was ten years old. A few slow notes were the only property left Mr. Winfred, and as these came in he drank them up at the village saloon.

Three years now they have been living in his former tenant-house, and they have now been ordered out of that. Winfred has just returned to the house from the saloon, half-a-mile away, where he was refused his usual dram. He could have no more credit until his old bill was paid, and this now amounted to three dollars. He bethought himself at once of Susie's pet lamb, and the bar-keeper offered him four dollars for it, three of which should cancel the old bill, and the other dollar should stand to his bar-credit.

Susie is broken-hearted, but her tears avail not, nor the earnest pleadings of her mother. All must be sacrificed for drink, and poor old Winfred will soon only have a grave he can call his own, and that grave will be a drunkard's grave.

Poor old man! He is only one of the vast army of miserable creatures which the saloon, under the protection of the law, has cursed. This is a terrible evil, that blasts the glory of home, beggars the children, and sends the strong, noble man to the grave of the drunkard!

Vigorous Canada.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

FIERCE blows the bitter blast,
Keen and strong;
Quick pile the snowy wreaths
All along;

Depths of the winter! Such Arctic bright skies!
Describe it! No, no! It language defies.

Grand is this rugged clime—
Bright and clear;
None rears a hardier race,
Never fear;

Land of the freeman! O land of the strong!
Land where brawn muscle, and big brain belong.

Part of Victoria's realm—
Britain grand!
Bound by a thousand ties
Dear old land!

Our young nation's life, no never shall be,
By enemy's hand dissevered from thee.

Hope dawns with brightest ray;
B'lieve it well,
Great shall our country be!
Who can tell?

Be true to thyself and to thy God true,
My Canada, dear, be true, O be true;

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1889.

AMONG THE STANDING GRAIN.

IN the East it is common for a number of farmers to have their grain all growing in one large field together. Every man knows his own land and does not interfere with his neighbour. But the public must have roads, whether, as here, between the fences, or, as often with them, mere paths among the grain. With us, a path through a field would be ploughed up every time and again trodden hard by passing feet. But in Palestine the ploughs are, to our eyes, very miserable, and they often let the plough out at the paths; indeed, they can scarcely keep their ploughs in at all. And so the paths follow, from year to year, the same lines.

Now along one of these paths we see Christ and his disciples walking. The wheat (for it is likely it was wheat) was nearly ripe and the heads heavy. And if there were storms of wind upon the lake, there would also be, at times, storms of wind upon the land, and the wheat would struggle down over the path. And so the disciples, Mark tells us, "Began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn." But see the margin of the Revision: "began to

make their way, plucking" the heads of the grain. The men were hungry; the stalks of grain hung over the path; they pulled the heads of some of them, instead of trampling them down, and rubbed the grain out in their hands, blowing the chaff away. Haven't you often done the same, little country boy?

The Pharisees were very particular about the Sabbath day. They would not reap grain, and they said pulling off a head of wheat was just the same as reaping. They would not thresh grain on the Sabbath, and they said that rubbing out heads in your hand was just another kind of threshing, and was a sin.

Johnnie said he wished it had been his field. The poor hungry disciples should have had all the wheat they wanted to rub out, Sabbath day or any other day.

"Well," said his father, "don't forget, when you come to have a farm of your own, to turn in a few bushels every year for charity and for foreign missions and other things that the Lord loves. The Master is never hungry any more now; he does not eat it himself; but he receives it from us all the same, and remembers it at last. We don't read in Mark that the owner of the field said any thing, and we can have the same pleasure he had in seeing hungry disciples fed with his grain."

MISSIONARY ENCOURAGEMENTS.

THE whole world is now open for the reception of the Gospel.

The Bible is printed in 250 languages and dialects.

There are 150,000,000 copies in circulation.

Twenty-five Woman's Boards in England and America are actively engaged in Foreign Missionary work.

The Young Men's Christian Associations are now formally inaugurating Foreign Missionary Branches.

The number of Missionary Societies is ten fold what it was eighty years ago.

The number of converts is nearly fifty fold.

The increased facilities for inter-communication.

The diffusion of the English language.

Wonderful revivals, with pentecostal power, are frequent in heathen lands.

The increase in membership in heathen lands is thirty times greater than at home in proportion to the number of ministers employed, although the tests of discipleship are of the most trying nature.

But above all other encouragements are the precious promises of God:

"Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers keep not silence and give him no rest till he establish and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.—Isa. lxii. 6, 7.

The following is from *The Word, the Work and the World*:

"Our great desire is to awaken the people of God to the unparalleled opportunities of our own age, and the need of a movement more deep and wide, more earnest and self-denying, more bold and aggressive than anything that has yet been attempted, to reach the 'neglected at home and evangelize the mighty generations abroad—the one thousand million souls who are dying in Christless despair at the rate of 100,000 a day."

Let us remember, "The light that shines farthest shines brightest nearest home."



SNOW BIRDS AND BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

THE SNOW BIRDS AND BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

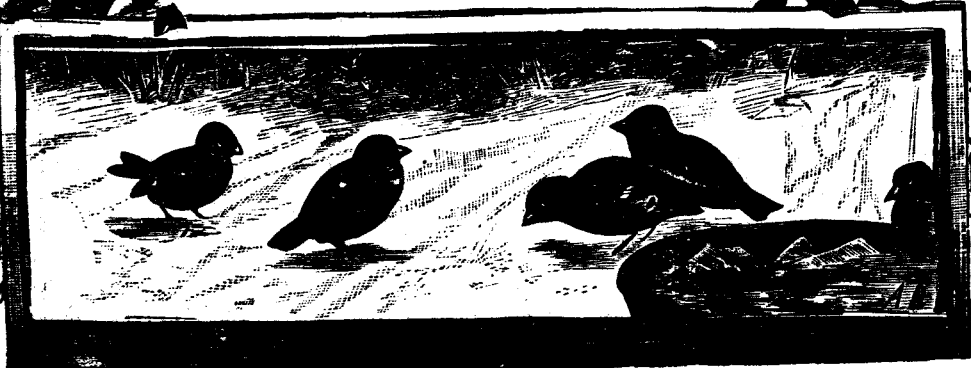
WHERE do the snow birds come from and where do they go? That is the question put by a friend who has been observing the movements of these little winter wanderers of the feathered tribe. He says a dozen or so of greyish-white, brown, dear little beauties, will come twittering and chirping for a few moments about the yard, or near the door of a friendly kitchen, and then away they go. The sky—before cloudless—darkens, and soon the flakes fall thick and fast. Search for them—the yards—the woods—the swamps—but you fail to discover one of the little prophets. The falling mercury in the barometer indicates that a storm of some kind is near; but the presence of snow birds presages a snow storm always. Each winter the snow birds are particularly zealous in giving their timely warning of the snow storms which often follow one another so rapidly, and have thus kept the highways so nicely covered for the convenience and pleasure of man.

Who has not often in winter noticed the poor little birds, just after a snow storm, vainly endeavouring to look for food? How forlorn they look, as one in this picture does! And how one longs to give them a few crumbs! They, too, on their part, eagerly dart about, seeking for the least sign of anything that looks like food on the road, or in the yard or stable. Alas! how often fruitless is their search! And as for water, all is frozen; and then, there are no fountains for them, or for dogs or horses!"—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

PERSECUTION UNTO DEATH.

A BEGUM—a Mohammedan lady of high rank in Benares,—who had, for more than a year, been under the instruction of a missionary in that city, some time after left her home, came to the mission house, and was baptized. Having a yearning to see her kindred, she gained the reluctant consent of the missionary, and visited her family. Not returning at night, she was sent for, and they found her dead! She had been poisoned. So bitter is their opposition to Christianity that they would rather see their relatives dead than that they should embrace the religion of Christ. But, notwithstanding the persecutions they may expect, there are many brave and true enough to risk all for the Gospel's sake.

A CHARACTER that will not defend itself is rarely worth defending.



GOD'S BIRDS.

Outward Bound.

I sit and watch the ships go out
Across the widening sea ;
How one by one, in shimmering sun,
They sail away from me.
I know not to what land they sail,
Nor what the freight they bear ;
I only know they outward go,
While all the winds are fair.

Beyond the low horizon line
Where my short sight must fail,
Some other eyes a watch will keep,
Where'er the ships may sail ;
By night, or day, or near, or far,
O'er narrow seas or wide,
These follow still at love's sweet will,
Whatever may betide.

So round the world the ships will sail,
To dreary lauds or fair ;
So with them go for weal or woe,
Some dear ones everywhere.
How will there speed each lagging keel ;
When homeward it is laid ;
Or watch will keep o'er surges deep,
If there a grave be made !

O human love, so tried, so true,
That knoweth nor mete nor bound,
But follows with unwearied watch
Our daily changing round !
O Love divine, O Love supreme,
What matter where I sail,
So I but know where'er I go,
Thy watch will never fail !

"CHEER HIM."

A FIREMAN was scaling a ladder standing against a burning building, to reach a room in an upper story where a child was sleeping, which had been forgotten by the inmates in their flight from the building. He was checked in his progress by the flames and smoke, when a voice in the crowd cried out, "Cheer him!"

Up went a shout from the multitude, and on went the fireman, through smoke and flames, until he reached the room, and soon returned with the object of his search, triumphantly presenting the child to the horror-stricken mother.

The above principle can be applied to any laudable undertaking in life, and in the majority of cases would be rewarded with corresponding success. Many a child becomes discouraged at school because it does not understand the principles underlying the lessons it studies, and therefore does not see the use of studying. A word of encouragement and cheer would set the matter all right. But too often there are teachers who have become chronic grumblers in their habits, and cynical by nature, so that instead of cheering, they will dishearten the child entirely.

From like causes has many a young convert made a shipwreck of faith, perhaps through an unconscious rigidity of some well-meaning, but

deluded class-leader or preacher, who, instead of kindly correcting, encouraging, and instructing the beginners in a new life, will find fault with them, and thus discourage them altogether. Especially is this true of converts who are yet children. The converted child necessarily lives on in the child-world the same as other children ; it will love its childish sports and plays all the same ; it can't be otherwise. It is our duty to cheer them up and show our appreciation of what good they are doing, and thus lead them on.

GOD'S BIRDS.

"Behold the fowls of the air : for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."—*St. Matt.* vi. 26.

"Consider the ravens : for they neither sow nor reap ; which neither have storehouse nor barn ; and God feedeth them."—*St. Luke* xii. 24.

"And He who doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!"

—*As You Like It*, II. 3.

NEARLY all the birds that frequent our orchards and nurseries are insectivorous, and well deserve the kind protection of the farmer and gardener. The services of our pretty and familiar friend the robin are invaluable, and the ill-feeling manifested towards this bird is quite unaccountable. The food of the robin consists almost exclusively of grubs, earthworms, and those subterranean caterpillars, or cut-worms, which come out of the earth to take their food ; all these, and many others, are devoured by the robin ; and if he should occasionally taste a cherry or a plum, surely the general interests of agriculture are of more importance than a few cherries!

During the breeding season, a pair of robins will destroy myriads of noxious insects ; and as the robin raises two, and sometimes three, broods in a season, the service he renders the agriculturist, in ridding the soil of grubs and worms that would destroy his crops, certainly entitles this bird to more merciful treatment than it usually receives.

The elegant cedar bird is also another innocent victim of unfounded prejudice. This bird rarely touches fruit of any kind, unless it contains a worm or the larvæ of some noxious insect. Its food consists principally of caterpillars, beetles, and the capker-worms that infest the fruit trees.

The brilliant oriole or golden robin, and the gaudy scarlet tanager or red bird, love to build their nests and raise their young in the trees of the orchard, because there they find their food, which consists almost exclusively of caterpillars and the larvæ of insects. Our beautiful singers, the thrushes, destroy nearly all kinds of grubs, caterpillars, and worms that live upon the green sward or cultivated soil. The cat bird, that charms the

ear with its rich and varied notes, seldom ever tastes fruit, but feeds upon insects of various kinds. The beautiful warblers pursue their insect-destroying labours from early morn till night ; the active flycatchers capture the winged insects ; the blue bird, that loves to dwell near the haunts of man, feeds upon spiders and caterpillars ; the woodpeckers, nuthatches, titmice, wrens, and creepers, feed upon the larvæ of insects deposited in the bark of trees ; the swallows and martins feed entirely upon winged insects ; the yellow bird and the sparrows feed upon small insects and the seeds of grass and various weeds ; the food of the meadow lark, and the cheerful bobolink, consists of the larvæ of various insects, as well as beetles, grasshoppers, cutworms, and crickets, of which they destroy immense numbers.—*Canadian Ornithologist.*

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF SAVAGES.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in a lecture which he delivered a short time ago, on the customs and ideas of savages, gave a number of very humorous instances of native habits. For instance, one Australian race could not understand the yoking of oxen, taking the horns for spears in the head, and the animals for wives of their owners, because they carried the baggage. Some races did not know the mode of showing affection by kissing. Among the Esquimaux it was considered a compliment to pull a man's nose, and in some tribes it was deemed a gracious salute to apply the thumb to the nose. The Chinese held it a thoughtful action to present an ailing relative with a coffin. The "medicine-man" among African negroes in some instances took the medicine himself. Among the Australian tribes blows inflicted by relatives on the head illustrated capture and marriage. In an Asian tribe the bride was put on a horse, and if the bridegroom failed to catch her within a certain time the marriage was considered as not having taken place. Arithmetic and writing were sore puzzles to savages. A South American, seeing a white man reading a newspaper, considered he was doing so for the benefit of sore eyes ; another put writing on a wall and washed it off, giving the water to the patient to drink. The Lake of Saratoga was supposed to be inhabited by a spirit who would not permit any one to talk. Mrs. Thompson, rowed across by two natives, talked in the middle of the passage that she might convince them of their error. The Indian chief replied, with dignity, "The Spirit is merciful, and knows the white woman cannot hold her tongue."

A BUDDHIST GIFT.

REV. E. S. BURNETT writes from Ceylon : "A few weeks ago we had a stone-laying ceremony at Raddolua. Several Ceylon ladies went with Mrs. Burnett and myself to this place, eight miles away. It rained in torrents most of the time. A Buddhist in that mixed assembly of Christian and heathen people was deeply impressed. He went to the minister after the meeting and said, 'Well, if all these people, and especially these ladies, are moved to take so much trouble, on a day like this, for the sake of a village like Raddolua, then they must be good, and there must be a great deal more in Christianity than we Buddhists are wont to imagine. I have come to the conclusion, that it is meritorious for a Buddhist to help forward Christianity. I will give two thousand bricks towards your new chapel.' As you know well, merit of whatsoever kind, and however acquired, is the only source of a Buddhist's hope. If you only knew this man's antecedents you would be indeed surprised."

A Laughing Chorus.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such a springing of rootlets far and wide,
Such a whispering to and fro!
And "Are you ready?" the Spow-drop asked;
"Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scylla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—*millions*—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebird sing,"
"And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of Spring.
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes, *millions*—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and rain came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress
Or fashioned her beautiful crown,
And now they are coming to brighten the world
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes, *millions*—beginning to grow.
—Harper's Young People.

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE POLICEMAN'S GOSPEL.

BANNER cast a keen policeman's eye round the cellar, and took note in his own mind of the supper of fried fish, the scent of which still lingered in the close dwelling. He nodded stiffly to Alice, as she came round the screen, and reached forward her rocking-chair for him to sit upon. It was the safest and strongest chair in the house, but Banner did not feel at ease upon it as he sat bolt upright, after pushing it far back into the shade, lest any passer-by should catch a glimpse of the strange sight of a policeman seemingly upon friendly and familiar terms with the occupants of a cellar. After Nat had bade him welcome, an uncomfortable silence fell upon them all, which disquieted Tom greatly, until Banner broke it by addressing him in a measured and authoritative tone.

"Thomas Haslam," he said, "you've escaped justice this time, and I've made a promise to Mr. Hope that I'll keep my eye upon you till he comes again. You'll not find it easy to get from under my eye, but if you do, there's another Eye upon you, which never sleeps, night nor day, and which you can't hide yourself from, even if you hide yourself from me. It is the Eye of God, who is present everywhere. He knows all you say and do. He can tell what you mean to do to-morrow, and he keeps a strict account of it all. There's a dreadful book, Thomas, in which the whole of your life is written. Did you ever tell a lie? Every lie you've ever told is put down in it. Did you ever steal? It is all put down in it. There's a verse of a hymn you'd better learn. I'll say it for you:—

'There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in his dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day!'

Ah! Thomas, at the last judgment-day, when all the angels and men and devils are before the throne of God, that book will be read out, and they will listen to every wicked thing you ever did, or spoke, or thought of. What do you think of that, Thomas Haslam?"

It was growing dusk in the dark cellar, and the faces which Tom had seen smiling about him began to look pale and gloomy in the shade. Nat was shaking his head thoughtfully, and Alice's eyes were cast down; while of Banner little could be seen except the outline of his stern face, and the glistening of his keen eyes. Tom felt a thousand untold fears awakening him; and the sovereign, which he had been holding fondly but stealthily in the palm of his hand, lay very heavily upon it. He did not quite know whether Banner could see it; but it was quite certain that God did.

"Mr. Banner," he said, hesitatingly, "I've got a sovereign Mr. Hope gave to me to set up business with. Please, what shall I do with it?"

The sovereign quite changed the current of Banner's thoughts, and very quickly he and Nat were discussing with eager interest the very best way of laying it out to advantage. For some time past, Tom and Phil had been selling chips and salt up the Longsight road, and had established a sort of connection there, which had been broken off by Tom's unmerited imprisonment. But Tom was ambitious. With so much money in hand, it would be possible to take a bold step on in life—no doubt the feast of the evening had something to do with it—when Alice suggested the sale of herrings.

"I'd been thinking of it," cried Nat, in a glow of enthusiasm, "and now Alice has hit on it too, I'd say, by all manner of means, do it, Tom. I know an old man that owns a donkey and a donkey-cart, but he's laid up just now with rheumatism, and it was only the other day he asked me, did I know any decent chap as wanted to hire a donkey-cart. Now, if Tom could take a good lot of things—say chips at the bottom and herrings at the top—he could sell the herrings as he went out in time for folks' dinners, and the chips coming back, ready to light the fire next morning, and so make a rare good thing of it. But old Crocker is mighty particular about his donkey. Could you promise to use it fair, Tom?"

"Aye," answered Tom, "I'd never hurt a poor dumb creature."

It was sometime before the subject could be fully settled; but at last Banner decided that it might be tried, and that Nat and Tom should see the owner of the donkey-cart the next day. It was getting late now, and Nat grew visibly uneasy, until at last he invited Banner to accompany him behind the screen, where the children lay sleeping soundly.

"Sir," he said, "Tom 'ud be heartily welcome, but I've no accommodation for him for the night. That's Alice's, and Kitty's, and Suey's bed; and this holds the three little ones, only Phil makes four, and they are lying crosswise. I get a shake-down before the fire, which is very warm of a winter's night, and not as hard as you'd think. I wish I could keep Tom for the night; but, perhaps, you'd see after him?"

"Certainly," answered Banner. "Come, Thomas Haslam, it's time for you and me to march. I'll take care of your sovereign till to-morrow."

Tom felt a pang of dread and grief when he saw Banner drop the precious coin carelessly into his pocket, but he did not dream of objecting; and

presently he was walking resignedly in the policeman's steps through the dusky streets, in the direction of his old lodgings, where he told Banner he had left a few small possessions. When they reached the abode of Will Handforth's family they found it already deserted, and every article of the scanty furniture removed; but the key was left in the lock outside the door. In the old hole, under the steps the straw still remained, and there Tom could pass the night as usual. Banner stood straight and erect in the middle of the empty cellar, feeling that he must not leave Tom until he had deepened the impressions his words had made upon him. How much misery might have been saved to both of them had Banner known, and Tom heard, of the love of God as well as his justice!

"Thomas," he said, "I fear you know nothing about God. He is almighty, and can do whatever he will. He does everything in heaven and earth according to his own pleasure. He could crush you to death as easily as I crush this moth," and Banner caught one of the evening moths, which were fluttering round his lamp, and held out his large finger and thumb, that the boy might see the fine atoms of gray dust, which was all that remained of the busy insect; "that's how he could kill you. Once he struck a man and woman dead in a moment for telling a lie, and he can do the same to you. He cannot endure sin, and he will slay every sinner by the breath of his mouth. You know yourself to be a sinner, Thomas?"

"Ay," murmured Tom, with a shiver of fright, "I've been a bad boy."

"That's true," continued Banner; "and you don't know the half or the hundredth part of your sins, as God knows them. He has kept counting them up ever since you were born, and not one of them can be forgotten or left out of his reckoning. Thomas, it was a dreadful thing to face the judge and see his eye upon you, when you stood at the bar, wasn't it?"

"Ay," answered Tom.

"Yet that judge did not know whether you were guilty or innocent," said Banner; "and the jury had to try you. But God Almighty will not want a jury to help him. And that judge could do no more than send you to jail for a few years at most, but God Almighty is able to cast both your soul and body into hell. Oh, there'll be a grand assize at the last day! The trumpets will sound, and the dead will rise out of their graves, and the Judge will sit upon his awful throne, and the books will be opened. Then every man will be judged according to what is written in the books. What is written in your book, Thomas Haslam? Lying, and swearing, and thieving, and Sabbath-breaking, and every sin you have been guilty of ever since you were born. It's a thousand times worse to stand before that Judge than before the judge you saw this morning."

Banner paused, and Tom ventured to remove his eyes from his stern face, and glance round the deserted and miserable dwelling, so empty and secret-looking, but still all open to the eye of the dreadful God of whom Banner had been speaking. He wished within himself that the policeman would stay a long time; but he did not know how to detain him, and already he was moving as if about to depart, and to take the friendly light away with him. He only stayed to read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, of whom Tom had never heard before, and then he prepared to go.

"Good night, Thomas," he said; "I hope you will remember what I have said, and begin from this night to grow up a God-fearing man."

The last thing that Tom saw was the flaming eye

police-mist's lamp turned full upon him, as he closed the door. He crawled into his hole, and lay down upon the straw; but he could not sleep. For the last three weeks he had enjoyed the luxury of a clean bed, in a cell which he had shared with Handforth, and his thoughts went back rebelliously to the jail. As he tossed to and fro, the face of Banner came back again to his mind: "Almighty can crush you as I crush this man." Who could tell but that he might do it every night, while he lay alone in the horrible cell? He had a vague idea that death would be the last of him, but something more terrible would follow. God had been counting up his sins, putting them into a book, ever since he was born, and he was going to judge him for them. How wretched what a judge was. Well, he would confess his sins as fast as he could, and he would pray to read and write, if that would pacify God. He only wished he could get somewhere out of sight for a little while, until he could make himself more fit to meet his awful eye. Banner said God could always see him; and he could not only see the outside of him, which he could see, but he could look into his very soul and search out all the wickedness which was there. He knew what he was thinking of at that moment. How could he sleep if God's eye was looking at him through the black darkness? He could not speak too, as he spoke to Samuel when he was asleep. How fearful it would be to hear God's voice in the dead silence!

He started up in a fever of affright, and stared at the blackness about him, till a myriad of little specks of brightness, which gave no light, seemed to be before his eyes; and his straining ear caught the distant rolling of wheels along the street, as they passed the end of the alley. With a muttering, and a quicker throbbing of the heart, he thought that he had been swearing again, and he lay back upon his straw bed, and before he was aware of it he fell into an uneasy slumber, and was haunted by horrid dreams.

(To be continued.)

THE HAVOC OF DRINK.

MR BRIDGE, in an address before the New Catholic Total Abstinence Union, narrated the following, illustrative of the awful havoc made by drinking:

"I was on a mission, some years ago, in a returning town in England. I was preaching every evening; and a man came to me one evening, after a sermon on this very subject of drinking. He came in, a fine man—a strapping, healthy, intellectual looking man; but the almost burning in his head, and his glassy, sunken eyes, were furrowed with premature wrinkles. His hair was steel gray, though the man was completely young. He was dressed shabbily—his shoes were a shoe to his feet, though it was a wet day. He came to me excitedly, after the sermon, and his excitement had something in it. He told me his history.

"I don't know," he said, "that there is any hope for me, but still, as I was listening to the sermon, my heart will break to-night." Twenty years before, he had amassed in trade some thousands of pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars. He had married an Irish girl—one of his kindred—young, beautiful, and accomplished. He had two sons and one daughter—a perfect family. He told me, for a certain time, every day on well.

"At last," he said, "I had the misfortune to

begin to drink; neglected my business—and then my business began to neglect me.

"My wife saw poverty coming, and began to fret, and lost her health. At last, when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I was drunk," he said, "the day that she died. I sat by her bedside. I was drunk when she was dying."

"The sons?—what became of them?" "Well," he said, "they are mere children. The eldest of them is no more than eighteen—and they are both transported as robbers to Australia."

"I sent the girl to school, where she was well educated. She came home to me when she was sixteen years of age—a beautiful woman. She was the one consolation I had: but I was drunk all the time."

"Do you ask me about that girl?" he said. "What became of her?" And, as if he was shot, down he went, with his head on the floor. "God of heaven! God of heaven! She is on the street to-night—a prostitute!"

"The moment he said that word he ran out. I went after him. 'Oh, no! Oh, no!' he said; 'there is no mercy in heaven for me. I left my child on the street!'"

"He went away, cursing God, to meet a drunkard's death."

"He had sent a broken-hearted wife to the grave; he sent his two sons to perdition; he sent his only daughter to a living hell; and then he died, blaspheming God."—*Nat. Temperance Adv.*

DON'T WRITE THERE!

"Don't write all over your clean slate, George," cried Mary, his elder sister, who was preparing to give him his French dictation.

"Oh, it doesn't matter; it will all rub out!" answered the boy.

"Don't write there!" said a father to his son, as he saw him writing with a diamond upon the window pane.

"Why not, father?" "Because you can't rub it out."

Now, many boys and girls fancy that their days are like clean slates; that whatever they write on their hours and moments, by their words and actions, can be rubbed out.

That is a great mistake. Did it never occur to you that you are daily writing what will never rub out? I fancy, if you really believed it you would live very differently. The other day you made a rude speech to your mother. It wrote itself upon her loving heart, and gave her much pain. She feels it there now; and it hurts her whenever she thinks of it. You can't rub it out!

You whispered an evil thought in a school-fellow's ear one day. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked action. It is written there now; you can't rub it out!

You told your friend a story you heard about another girl at school; she listened, believed, and treated the girl with rudeness and contempt. Now you wish you had never repeated that idle tittle-tattle, which you feel sure is not really true; but you cannot undo your words; they are imprinted on that friend's memory. They won't rub out!

Oh, that falsehood—how it has burnt its record into your life!—that passionate reproach you once used to the brother who lies now in the smiling daisy-covered church-yard, and which you would give worlds to recall!—the bitter speech you said to your sister, in scalding words of angry scorn, which she never can forget! They cannot be rubbed out!

When will you learn to cease writing what cannot be rubbed out?

Be careful! All your bad thoughts, words, and

actions are written in the book of God; you can never rub them out! The blood of Jesus can blot them out. Do you not long for him to do it? He will if you ask him to.

The Right Sort of Boy.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way,
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose habits will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,—
"Right always wins the day."

STEALING RIDES.

THERE is a set of boys in every large city who make a practice of catching on behind street cabs, or omnibuses, and stealing a ride to their homes, or as far in that direction as they safely can. There are those larger boys who get on the railroad trains and dodge the collectors, or who use the turnpikes and evade the payment of tolls. In our hearts we despise such actions, and feel that the boy who does such things degrades himself.

Are there some in the Church who thus demean themselves? We speak not of the poor. Let us make every poor man feel that his small contribution to the expenses of the Church is as large in God's sight, and as highly esteemed, as the rich man's larger gift. But we are thinking of those who have enough of this world's goods for comfortable living, and yet they evade the paying of their share in the support of the Gospel. While they spend half-a-crown a week on tobacco, they promise the stewards, perhaps, sixpence a week for the Lord's work. When the collection for foreign missions, or education for the ministry, is made, they drop in a threepenny-piece. When repairs are needed on the church building, they evade the leaders, or (if they subscribe) are careful to be very slow in paying.

Is it any better to hang on thus at the rear of a church, trying to get the benefits of its work without paying, than to steal a ride on the rear end of a street vehicle?

A BARBAROUS FASHION.

"It is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," says a foolish proverb. When a fashion is good and useful it may be well to follow it, but there are some fashions which are neither good nor useful, and therefore they ought not to be sanctioned or adopted by sensible people. One of the barbarous fashions is the wearing of birds on hats and bonnets. The manner of preparing them is cruel, and therefore kind-hearted girls and women ought to refuse to aid in encouraging the fashion which makes the cruelty necessary.

A London paper some time ago announced that Queen Victoria designed issuing a proclamation censuring this barbarous practice, as she strongly disapproves of it. We honour the Queen for the kindness of her heart which prompts her to issue such a decree to her subjects.

So Long.

"But a week is so long," he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies.
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
"How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long?" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
O, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my
bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said,
Slowly raising his stately head.
"But there's much to win, there is much to
lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would
wear
The crown of honor must do and dare.
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high
estate.

"Ah! life is not long," he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift in their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God, is eternity?"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 30] LESSON I. [April 7
THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.
Mark 11. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-10

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion;
shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold,
thy king cometh unto thee. Zech. 9. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The King, v. 1-7.
2. His Coming, v. 8-11.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem, Bethphage, Bethany,
Mount of Olives.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The village over against you*—Lange says the disciples were sent ahead of the procession to Bethany for the ass and her colt before they had reached the village. Others say Bethphage is meant. *If any man say unto you*—That is, if one of the owners say to you. Many suppose that they were disciples of the Lord. *In a place where two ways met*—The Rev. Ver. says, "in the open street." Perhaps it would be as well rendered, "in a winding street." *Their garments*—That is, their outer cloak or mantle. *Branches of the trees*—probably palm leaves. *Hosanna*—This means, O save!

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson that teaches—

1. That we ought to obey Jesus fully?
2. That we ought to praise Jesus heartily?
3. That we ought to welcome Jesus joyfully?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From what village did Jesus start on his royal entrance to Jerusalem? From Bethany. 2. How did he make this en-

trance? Seated upon a colt. 3. By whom was he attended? A multitude before and behind. 4. How did they show him honour? They spread their garments in the way. 5. What was their song? "Rejoice," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The King of kings.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

16. What has our Lord said about the books of the Old Testament?

He calls them the Scriptures, says that they testify of Himself, and that they will not pass away.

Luke xxiv. 44, 45. John x. 35. John v. 39. Matthew v. 17, 18.

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.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] LESSON II. [April 14

THE REJECTED SON.

Mark 12. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not. John 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Stone Rejected, v. 1-8.
2. The Head of the Corner, v. 9-12

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Parable*—An illustration of truth, real or imaginary. *The wine-fat*—Wine-press; it was cut in a sloping rock, with openings through into another trough or basin below, called by the Romans "the lake." *A tower*—A lookout station where one could keep watch over the vineyard. *Let it out*—Rented it, perhaps for part of the fruit. See ver. 2. *At the season*—The time for gathering the fruit. *The head of the corner*—Or, simply the corner-stone, which is symbolic of a completed house.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. Concerning the privileges we receive from God?
2. Concerning the duties we owe to God?
3. Concerning the penalty of disobedience?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom does Christ here liken God? To the owner of a vineyard. 2. To whom does he let out his vineyard? To the chosen people. 3. Who were the servants sent to his people? The prophets of Israel and Judah. 4. Who was the son whom they slew? Jesus Christ the Saviour. 5. How does our GOLDEN TEXT tell the truth of this parable? "He came unto," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The patience of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

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.

DOG LIFE IN GERMANY.

A WRITER in the *Christian Union* gives us some facts about dogs in Germany which may interest our boys: "No one appreciates the spirit of the phrase 'to work like a dog' until he has been in Germany. The Arickaree Indians call a horse 'a big dog.' In Germany a dog might well be called a little horse. About half of the draught power is furnished by dogs and women; and they are frequently hitched up together. It is not uncommon to see a dog drag ten or twelve hundred-weight. I have seen a man and a woman get into a large cart drawn by two large mastiffs, and then drive down the street at a

rate of which Jehu might have been proud. A good dog for this purpose costs from twelve to sixteen dollars. They sometimes lead a very miserable life; yet I have noticed many instances of cordial affection between master and servant. A dog team has one advantage over a horse team: it guards the property as well as drags it. In winter they are often allowed, when resting or waiting, to jump into the cart and cuddle down in the straw. In Vienna there is an immense hospital and veterinary college where horses, dogs, and cats and all quadrupeds are received. Farriers, or boss blacksmiths, are required to spend six months at this institution, and to receive a certificate of graduation, before setting up in business for themselves."

DEAD WITH CHRIST.

"Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6. 11.

In the fourth century, when the Christian faith was preached in its power in Egypt, a young brother sought out the great Macarius. "Father," said he, "what is the meaning of being dead and buried with Christ?"

"My son," answered Macarius, "you remember our dear brother who died and was buried a short time since? Go now to his grave and tell him all the unkind things you ever heard of him, and that we are glad he is dead and thankful to be rid of him, for he was such a worry to us and caused so much discomfort in the Church. Go, my son, and say that, and hear what he will answer."

The young man was surprised, and doubted whether he really understood; but Macarius only said, "Do as I bid you, my son, and come and tell me what our departed brother says."

The young man did as he was commanded, and returned.

"Well, and what did our brother say?" asked Macarius.

"Say, father!" he exclaimed, "how could he say anything? He is dead."

"Go now again, my son, and repeat every kind and flattering thing you have ever heard of him; tell him how much we miss him; how great a saint he was; what noble work he did; how the whole Church depended upon him; and come again and tell me what he says."

The young man began to see the lesson Macarius would teach him. He went again to the grave, and addressed many flattering things to the dead man, and then returned to Macarius.

"He answers *nothing*, father; he is dead and buried."

"You know now, my son," said the old father, "what it is to be dead with Christ. Praise and blame equally are nothing to him who is really dead and buried with Christ."

THE best thing to take people out of their own worries is to go to work and find out how other folks' worries are getting on.

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