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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1888.

[No. 5.]

Steering for Home.

Blow, thou bitter northern gale;
Heave, thou rolling, foaming sea;
Bend the mast and fill the sail,
Let the gallant ship go free!
Steady, lad! Be firm and steady!
On the compass fix your eye;
Ever watchful, ever ready,
Let the rain and spray go by!
We're steering for home.

Let the waves with angry thud
Shake the ship from stem to stern,
We can brave the flying scud,
It may go, it may return:
In the wind are cheerful voices,
In the waves a pleasant song,
And the sailor's heart rejoices
As the good ship bounds along.
We're steering for home.

Standing on the briny deck,
Beaten by the blinding spray,
Fearing neither storm nor wreck,
Let us keep our onward way.
Loving hearts for us are yearning,
Now in hope, and now in doubt,
Looking for our swift returning,
How they try to make us out!
We're steering for home.

Fainter blows the bitter gale,
And more peaceful grows the sea:
Now, boys, trim again the sail;
Land is looming on the lee!
See! the beacon-light is flashing,
Hark! those shouts are from the shore;
To the wharf home friends are dashing;
Now our hardest work is o'er.
Three cheers for our home!

A MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

THE Rev. Dr. Wenyon, our medical missionary in charge of the Fatsban Hospital, China, tells an interesting story of his wonderful escape from a mob when on his way to join the Chinese army. He writes:

"When the war broke out between the Chinese and the French, the Chinese government asked me to go to the relief of the wounded soldiers in Tonquin. My friend, Dr. Macdonald, who had then been only a few months in China, nobly offered to take charge of the hospital in my absence, and so I was able to accept the appointment. On my journey to Tonquin I had a body-guard of Chinese soldiers. I suppose they were told that if any harm happened to me they would all have their heads cut off. I was not a party to any such arrangement, but this is the usual method of making Chinese soldiers do their duty. My attendants did their duty, if anything,

too well. They watched me as if I had been a child. If I went ashore from my boat to pluck a flower on the banks of the river they were after me in a moment; and, when walking through native villages and towns, they marched before me, kicking the pigs

a considerable distance along the banks of the river, and at length came to a large town, which we entered. The people of the town were a ruffianly set, who had probably never seen a foreigner before. We had not been long in the town before we wished we

sight of us, and at once called out, 'Dr. Wenyon.' 'What!' I said, 'do you know me?' 'I should think I do,' he replied. 'You cured my arm at the hospital in Fatsban. Come in and have a cup of tea!' That simple episode acted like a spell, and changed at once the conduct of the mob from riot and ridicule to order and respect, and we got back safely to our boats."

THE RUM SELLER'S DEMAND.

LICKEN me to sow the seeds of poverty and shame all over the community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears, and the blood of souls! License me to weave cords of habit about your strong men and lead them captive—bound to the chariot-wheels of the Demon Rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond fathers and mothers, whose sons I will bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of little shoes for their feet and comfortable clothes for their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason, and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity. License me to incite red-handed murderers to his work of destruction, and scatter loose upon society a whole brood of evils that will fill your jails and penitentiaries, poor-houses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year. Throw around me the protection of law while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men!—*Temperance Shield.*



STEERING FOR HOME.

and dogs out of the way, and shouting to the people to 'clear the road,' making such a disturbance that I often wished we could go out for our walks alone. One morning, in the interior of the province of Kwangsi, Mr. Anderson and I managed to slip ashore without the soldiers. We walked for

were safely out of it, or that we had the soldiers with us. The people crowded round us in a most menacing manner, and the cry, 'Kill the barbarian devils!' was heard on every hand. Struggling through the mob towards the river, a tradesman, standing in the doorway of his shop caught

ALL mutual relations are like reflected rainbows. The first is straight from the sun, but the second is over against it and like unto it, and the one light is in them all.

Out at Sea.

I know that I am dying, mate; so fetch the Bible here,
 What a loud unopened in the chest for five-
 and twenty year;
 And bring a light along with you, and read
 a bit to me,
 Who haven't heard a word of it since first I
 came to sea.

It's five-and twenty year, lad, since she
 went to her rest,
 Who put that the old Bible at the bottom
 of my chest;
 And I can well remember the words she
 says to me;
 "Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when
 you get out to sea."

And I never thought about it, mate, for it
 clean slipped from my head;
 But when I come from that first voyage, the
 dear old girl was dead.

And the neighbours told me, while I stood
 as still as a stone,
 That she prayed for me and blessed me as
 just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot
 the Bible there,
 For I never give a thought to it a-sailing
 overboard;
 But now that I am dying, you can read a
 bit to me,
 As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and
 down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up
 right loud,
 So that the Lord can hear it if it finds him
 in a crowd,
 I can scarce hear what you're saying for the
 wind that howls to sea;
 But the Lord'll hear above it all, for he's
 been out at sea.

It's set in very day, mate; and I think I'll
 say good-night,
 But stop—look there! why, mate; why, Bill,
 the cabin's turning light;
 And the dear old mother's standing there as
 give the book to me!
 All right, I'm coming; Bill, good-bye! My
 soul's going out to sea!

A RAGGED KNIGHT.

BALTIMORE streets were wet and
 slippery with a week's rain, the water
 in the gutters went booming along
 like angry little rivers, and the cross-
 ings were villainously dirty. It had
 stopped raining, but the heavy fog
 that followed was almost as wetting
 as a rain, and brought the daylight to
 an end long before almanac time.
 Through the misty rain the street
 lamps glistened like glow-worms, that
 shine for themselves only, giving hardly
 any help to passers.

There were a good many passers on
 Madison Avenue. An Easter festival
 for children had just been held in the
 church with the iron gate in front of
 it, and it was now going-home time.

A carriage with two restless horses
 had been waiting at the curb some
 time, but Michael found it hard to
 keep his horses quiet, and was obliged
 to drive them several times round the
 square. In doing this he lost his
 place, and when Mrs. Park and little
 Juliet appeared he was some distance
 from the church-door.

"Michael," cried the lady in an
 anxious voice, "can't you come and
 put Juliet in?"

"Indeed, mum, it's myself as can't

hardly hold the bastes stiddy at all
 the night," answered Michael rather
 gruffly.

The lady gathered up her skirts and
 took Juliet's hand; but a glance at
 the child's thin slippers, and then at
 the muck of the pavement, made her
 hesitate.

"I'll carry the little girl over," said
 a pleasant voice; and a tall, strong
 boy, twelve years old perhaps, set
 down his little milk-can, and, lifting
 Juliet up gently, put her, snug and
 dry, into the carriage.

"Thank you," said the little girl;
 and Mrs. Park offered him a dime.

"No; thank you; ma'am," he said
 quickly; "I never take money that I
 haven't earned."

"But you have done me a service."
 "That was not work," he said;
 "that was just politeness."

The lady put the silver in her bag:
 "Then jump into the carriage and I'll
 take you home. Come, now: we ac-
 cepted your politeness; you must
 accept ours."

And, to Mike's astonishment, he
 was told to drive away out to Poplar
 Court, over streets his pampered
 horses had never trodden in their
 lives. Phil felt like a boy in a fairy-
 tale as he sat opposite this fine lady
 in her soft carriage. Excitement made
 him so communicative that, before the
 indignant driver had found his way
 through this crooked part of the city,
 Mrs. Park knew that Phil's father had
 been a school-teacher in a little Vir-
 ginia village, of which Phil spoke with
 tender enthusiasm; that a year ago
 he had gotten a place in the office of
 one of the big daily newspapers in
 Baltimore. It did not pay much, but
 was a good starting-place, Phil ex-
 plained. Then the father had gotten
 sick—"nervous prostration" was what
 the doctor said—and it would be a
 long time before he could go to the
 office again; so he was obliged to lose
 his place. They had left their board-
 ing-house and had taken one cheap
 little room in Poplar Court, and there
 they were getting along.

How! Oh, the newspaper people
 were kind, and gave the father jobs
 to do at home when they could, and
 the mother took care of five children
 all day while their mothers were out
 washing. No, he could not go to
 school just now, because, of course, he
 and Nell had to help mother. But
 she was the "smilist" sort of a
 mother and always said, "Never
 mind, the heavenly Father was look-
 ing after them."

As Phil sprang out of the carriage,
 with a feeling of having waked up
 from the fairy tale, Mrs. Park said,
 "Tell that 'smilist' mother that her
 boy is a real little knight."

Then the carriage went on through
 the court to find a getting-out place,
 and Phil bounded up a narrow flight
 of steps as hurriedly as the milkman
 would allow.

"A pretty ragged knight, mother,

ain't it?" he said merrily at the end
 of his story.

"Yes, indeed, Phil," she answered
 in a voice almost as cheerful as his
 own. "I really must take time to-
 night to mend you up."

"What is a knight, just exactly,
 father, besides a sword and all that?"
 Phil asked presently.

"Just exactly, I think, a knight
 is one who is always ready to help
 those who need helping," said his
 father. "In story-books they only
 help beautiful young ladies, but in
 real life they oftenest help—"

"Mothers," said Phil's mother; and
 then the three laughed merrily.

Michael was almost ready to throw
 up his place when he found he must
 drive up that shabby lane again and
 in broad daylight. For several days
 Mrs. Park and Juliet had been
 "hunting work" for their little ragged
 knight's father and mother.

"I have often wished I were a poor
 little girl and had to earn pennies,"
 said Juliet; "but to-day I'm glad we
 have a carriage to go about in. It
 makes people say 'Yes' to you,
 mamma."

"Maybe it does," said mamma,
 laughing; adding gravely, "I hope
 when we have to earn our pennies
 that you will be as honest and inde-
 pendent as Phil, and I as brave and
 trustful as his mother."

When Phil came back one day from
 a money-making errand he was startled
 to find his mother crying.

"Never mind," she said; "you
 know I only cry when the help comes.
 It came to-day. Your lady and little
 girl have found your father a
 steady job with good pay, and we are
 going to move into the Roxer Hospital,
 where I am to be assistant house-
 keeper. Now my little ragged knight
 shall have a whole coat and go to
 school."—Elizabeth P. Allan.

TIMELY HINTS.

PROFESSOR THOMAS HUNTER of the
 New York Normal College, wrote an
 article for the "Epoch" last March,
 entitled, "Novel-Reading by Girls."
 As Professor Hunter says, "A parent
 would be justly alarmed to find his
 boy or girl associating with others of
 depraved morals," and yet this same
 parent will be almost utterly indiffer-
 ent to the books read by his children.
 He says that not only should children
 be protected from bad books, but they
 should be encouraged and stimulated
 to read good ones; which is a self-
 evident fact to those who give any
 thought to the subject. Professor
 Hunter goes on to say:

"The first evidence of a superior
 mind in a child is the possession of a
 retentive memory. The mind, like
 the body, needs nutrition suited to
 the child's age and capacity. After
 the reading of fairy tales, which
 nourish the imagination, the best books
 for boys and girls are biographies of
 heroes, travellers, patriots, and philan-

thropists; but these biographies must
 be written in a clear and simple style.
 If boys read the lives of Columbus,
 Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, there
 would be little difficulty afterwards in
 teaching them the history of the
 United States. If girls will read the
 lives of Joan of Arc, Lady Jane Grey,
 and Florence Nightingale, their minds
 will be lifted up to a higher plane of
 duty and their hearts stirred to a
 better appreciation of whatever is good
 and noble. When the youthful mind
 has been filled to overflowing with the
 deeds of an Alfred or a Tell, even if
 some of these deeds are mythical, the
 reader should be encouraged to talk it
 all out, for this not only improves his
 vocabulary, but fastens the subject in
 his memory and becomes the ver-
 y best review. This kind of reading
 should never be compulsory. Locke
 says that if a boy were compelled to
 scourge his top at stated times and
 under fixed rules, he would soon cease
 to consider the play a pleasure, and
 abandon it in disgust. The child of
 active imagination needs no urging to
 read; it is the dull child—dull,
 perhaps, by heredity—that needs en-
 couragement and careful training, that
 needs to have his mind awakened and
 interested.

A RIGHT START.

A YOUNG man was recently gradu-
 ated from a scientific school. His
 home had been a religious one. He
 was a member of a Christian Church,
 had pious parents, brothers, and sisters,
 his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon
 a Western life among the mines. Full
 of courage and hope, he started on his
 long journey to strike out for himself
 in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As
 he went he fell into company with
 older men. They liked him for his
 frank manners, and his manly independ-
 ence. As they travelled together
 they stopped for a Sabbath in a border
 town. On the morning of the Sabbath,
 one of his fellow-travellers said to him,
 "Come, let us be off for a drive and
 the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am
 going to church. I have been brought
 up to keep the Sabbath, and I have
 promised my mother to keep on in the
 way."

His road acquaintance looked at him
 for a moment, and then, slapping him
 on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy,
 I began that way. I wish I had kept
 on. Young man, you will do. Stick
 to your bringing up, and your mother's
 words, and you will win."

The boy went to church; all honor
 to him in that far-away place among
 such men. His companions had the
 drive, but the boy gained their out-
 denance, and won their respect by his
 manly avowal of sacred obligations.
 Already success is smiling upon the
 young man. There is no lack of place
 for him.

A Child's Comfort.

FELL oft in the path of life's journey
We are led by a little child,
And see the smile of the Father
In eyes that are soft and mild;
And learn a lesson in trusting,
From the faith of the undefiled.

A maiden of fourteen summers
Was recently passing away;
In the midst of the generous sunshine
She was dying of slow decay;
For her the shadows of sunset
Came in the early day.

She took with a meek submission
The lot that the Father sent;
From her lips there were words of patience,
But no murmurs of discontent;
She was sure that whatever came from him
Was in tenderest kindness meant.

She rested most in her mother's love.
If she might but hold her hand,
As she went out into the darkness
Twixt this and the other land,
She said she would not be frightened,
Though death should beside her stand.

But to be alone in the darkness!
'Twas of that she felt afraid;
From the gap, the river, the valley of death,
She started back dismayed;
But the feeble one by her mother's hands
In the Saviour's arms was laid.

Her father read from the Holy Book,
"And they shall see his face."
"Has he a face? O father,
I shall see him there in his place."
She cried in her joy, "How real he is
Who loves me with so much grace!"

And the glad thought made her quiet.
She felt that Christ would be there,
When her mother no longer held her,
To take her into his care;
And the strange dark mystery vanished
As she thanked him in her prayer.

And so it was when the end had come:
She had not alone to wait;
"Jesus, heaven," she whispered,
And then she was taken, straight
From the deep, strong love of her mother
To the love that is still more great.

And oh, for the faith of the dying child
When we shall take her place!
For the trust that a hand will hold our own,
As we pass away into space;
And however thick the darkness is,
There we shall see his face!

—Christian World.

USELESS IN HEALTH.

ALCOHOL has no place in a healthy system, but is "an irritant poison," producing a diseased condition of body and mind. Statistics show that ten per cent. of the annual number of deaths in this country are due to alcohol; that fully 35 per cent. of our insane are so either directly or indirectly from its use; and that from 75 to 90 per cent. of the inmates of our penal and pauper institutions owe their condition to its influence. Beside this, we find that 45 per cent. of the inmates of our asylums for idiots are the offspring of parents addicted to drink. Destroying, as its use does, the will, the judgment and the moral sense, may we not with propriety consider it a cause of that low state of public and private integrity which permits even in our midst the formation of those shameful combinations to defraud and steal commonly known as "rings."—Willard Parker, M.D.

THE PLAN THEY TRIED—A TRUE STORY.

Two such woo-begone, draggled little figures! They came back to the house, one behind the other, as slowly as if they were going to their grand-mother's funeral, and indeed they looked like chief mourners.

The nurse had caught them playing in the brook, an amusement strictly forbidden at this time of the year, and a whipping was inevitable.

The whippings did not come very often in this family, but for direct disobedience they were as sure as fate.

"Letty," said the older of the two little sisters, "I'll tell you what let's do."

They had on dry clothes, and had been seated on two stools, one on each side of the sitting room fire-place while mamma went to get the switch.

"Well, what let's do?" asked Letty in a depressed tone.

"Why, the first lick mamma gives, let's holler like we were bein' killed," whispered Sue, "then she won't whip much."

This naughty plan seemed to work well. Both little girls yelled so loud that mamma was scared.

"My switch must be too keen," she said, and left off.

"It didn't hardly hurt me a bit," said one little girl, gleefully, when mamma was out of hearing.

"Me neither," said the other.

Just then they heard a rustle of a newspaper in the library, and, peeping through the half opened-door, they saw papa. After that the children went about like culprits with a rope round their necks, expecting another whipping. But mamma was trying a new plan.

"Mamma, please take this splinter out of my hand," said Letty; "it hurts me."

"Oh, no!" said mamma, quietly. "You are hollering before you are hurt," and the poor little finger festered and got sore.

"Please give me a drink of water," said Sue, "I'm so thirsty."

"I reckon not," said mamma. "You always holler before you're hurt, you know," and Sue had to go to the kitchen for water.

Every petition was treated in the same way, until they could stand it no longer.

"We most haven't got any mamma," sniffled Sue.

Then they took courage, and made a clean breast of their misery.

"Is it 'cause papa told you what we did 'bout bein' whipped?" asked Letty.

"Yes," said mamma gravely, "that's the reason I treat you as if you never told the truth."

"O mamma," they both cried, "we'd rather be whipped!"

"But this is God's plan with his big children," answered mamma. "Ananias and Sapphira were punished quick and sharp like a whipping, but mostly God leaves liars to get their punishment 'y

degrees. And it always comes; as soon as people find out that you have told a lie they quit believing anything you say, and I've just been showing you how uncomfortable that is."

"But mamma," cried Letty, "if we say we are sorry and won't do so no more, won't you believe us then?"

"Yes," said mamma, with her brightest smile. "That's God's way, too; as soon as anybody is sorry, and wants to do better, he says he is slow to anger and plenteous in mercy."

I never know Letty or Sue to act another lie.

THE NEGLECTFUL SONS—A PARABLE.

A CERTAIN man said to his sons, "There is work to do to-day, now, therefore, be up and doing, that our estate may prosper. And, behold, also, ye shall have much joy when your work is done." And he began to assign to every one his task. Now it came to pass that the eldest born said to his father, "Even so father: for thy word is our law and our delight; we will do as thou hast said." And for a time he did work well, but afterward he departed to his own pleasures. The second son said to his brothers, "I will not begin my work just yet, for there is plenty of time in which to do it." And he kept putting it off till, behold, the sun went down, and he had done nothing to please his father. The third son said, "The work is hard and the sun is hot; I much prefer to lie in the shade. So will I get unto myself much comfort." For he regarded not the will of his father, nor his own duty.

Another said, "I do not quite understand the nature of my work, nor do I know how this estate is managed, nor what shall be the income of it all. And so will I not do anything at all." And yet another said, "Now will I do that work which seems to me most reasonable and most needful, but there are some things which my father requires of me that I cannot do."

And so it was that only two or three did just what was required of them. Yet none did openly rebel; for they were very quiet and orderly, yea, and they did think themselves most honourable and estimable sons; but they neglected the work they had to do—only neglected.

Now when the night came on, they that were faithful had much rejoicing in the presence of their father; but the unfaithful ones had much disquiet and shame. For they saw not only how much they had missed of their father's love and favour, but also how mean they had been and how dishonourably they had acted.

For be it known that sin is the meanest and most shameful thing in all the universe.—Our Youth.

KINDNESS stowed away in the heart, like rose leaves sweetens every object around them, sweetens life and brings hope to the weary-hearted.

God's Appointments.

Two men went forth, one summer hour,
And both were young and brave and true;
Two loyal hearts, two brains of power,
Eager to dare and do.

Each followed right, each turned from wrong,
And strove his errors to outlive;
Each sought with hope and courage strong
The best life has to give.

For one love's fountain yielded up
Its sweetest—royally he quaffed;
The other drank from brimming cup
A bitter, bitter draught.

One touched but stones, they changed to gold,
Wealth came and stayed at his command;
The other's silver turned to mould
And dust within his hand.

The world crowned one with leaves of bay,
He ate with kings, their honours shared;
The other trod a barren way,
And few men knew or cared.

And this is life: two sow, one reaps;
Two run abreast, one gains the goal;
One laughs aloud, the other weeps
In anguish of his soul.

One seems of fate the helpless toy,
Unbroken one a triumphant chain,
God hath appointed one to joy,
Appointed one to pain.

The Wisdom that doth rule the world
Is wisdom far beyond our ken;
But when all seemed to ruin hurled,
God's hand is mighty then.

In God's appointments I believe,
Trusting his love, believe in this:
That though from day to day men grieve,
And life's sweet fruitage miss,

In some glad future they shall know
Why one through striving may not win;
The Book of Life will surely show
Why all these things have been.

EMMA C. DOWD.

TRUST AND OBEY.

MISS HAVERGAL tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music master insists upon her practising very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel that she may not play easy pieces like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtle. Her hand wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best, "Trust and obey," is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length masters Beethoven's master-piece. Years afterward, at a brilliant assemblage of musical artists, when the gentle twilight fills all hearts with thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was once so difficult, but which, thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, and secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song, who confessed that even to him Beethoven's music had never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering. Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let us also "trust and obey," and little by little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.

How the Seed.

BY DAVID W. WELCH.

Up, little sower, early rise,
And to the tillage quickly go;
The open field before you lies,
Prepare the precious seed to sow

Oo, children, on a mission go,
Behold the field is long and broad,
Good seed among the wanderers sow,
And lead them to the house of God.

You in a Christian land are blest;
Think of the heathen far away!
There's work to them who idly rest;
Beatir yourselves from day to day.

To heathen lands you cannot go,
But all a helping hand can lend;
Good seed among the heathen sow;
Cast in your mite, the Gospel send.

Go, little sower, sow the seed!
Do not be weary; steady keep;
Be bountiful; in time of need
You'll an abundant harvest reap.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1838.

FEED ME.

THERE is a beautiful little prayer for young readers in the Bible, in Proverbs xxx: "Feed me with food convenient for me." It is a prayer we should all pray before we open God's word, both young and old! for it is no use merely reading the Bible, unless we are fed by it.

We should die if we had not proper food. If a little baby were left in its cradle, and no one gave it any food, or supplied its wants, it would soon die, some one must feed it, and feed it with convenient food. If you gave a baby a plate of roast beef, it could not eat it—it has no teeth to chew the meat. It wants milk and light food now, and as it grows older it will be glad of the meat.

Now, our souls need to be fed. We are all like tiny children before God; we do not know what food we most need, so we must just ask God himself to feed us.

I hope all the little readers of this

paper read their Bibles every day. And do you not find that sometimes, after reading a whole chapter through, you can hardly make out what it is all about, or what it has to do with you? Well, at such times ask God to feed you with convenient food, ask him to teach you by his Spirit, and then go slowly over the chapter again, and I think you will not fail of finding some precious food, which will nourish you and make you grow a stronger Christian. There is a time coming when we shall hunger no more, but till then the promise is sure. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arms."

ALCOHOL.

ALCOHOL comes from the Arabic *al-Koh'l*, the collyrium, the fine powder used to stain the eyelids, from *kahala*, stain, paint. See Ezekiel xxiii. 40. It appeared in English and other modern languages in the sixteenth century. The first use of the word was for the fine powder of the ore of antimony, the trisulphide, which was used for staining the eyelids. Bacon (1626) says: "The Turks have a Black Powder made of a Mineral called Alcohol; which, with a fine long Pencil, they lay under their eyelids." From this origin very fine impalpable powders, especially such as were obtained by sublimation, came to be called alcohols. Sir H. Davy, in 1812, refers to the alcohol of sulphur. This use of the term brought in the seventeenth century the idea of anything distilled, and was particularly applied to the alcohol of wine, and this has become the sole meaning.—*Reformer*.

CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

THE father of eight children, who have attained a mature age and "have families of their own," makes the following communication to a religious paper in regard to their training. They are worthy the consideration of parents who would train their children for Christ and for usefulness in his Church:

"Did you compel your children to go to church against their inclination? No, we did not. They went to church as soon as they were old enough, and that was while they were pretty young. I do not think we ever asked them whether they wished to go, and I don't believe they ever objected to going. They were made ready and went, just as they were made ready and went to school, and just as they were made ready, when old enough, and went to work. There was no need of compelling in these goings, especially in the first. They sat in the same pew with their mother, who was there, not much less than fifty-two times in a year.

"Our children learned the catechism at home, and I think without any reluctance. They went to Sabbath-school in the same way, and did not omit going to church on account of



GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

the Sabbath-school. If they could have attended only one, I suppose it would have been the preaching and other services in the church. They went to the prayer-meetings in the same way. I don't suppose it occurred to them that they should be asked whether they wished to go. They certainly went with alacrity. They all attended the services preparatory to the Lord's Supper while they were young, and all of them—eight—became communicants at an early age. There was never any reluctance in their observance of those services, nor any need of special insisting upon them. It was understood that this is God's method of grace."

MISSIONS.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States opened its last financial year with the cry "A million for missions." The year's work has been summed up, and the result is \$1,044,795.91, of which \$932,208.91 was raised by collections only. This is glorious work.

Tidings come from distant Singapore of the baptism of the first Malay convert, a woman who has had a remarkable career. When a child she was taken prisoner, with her father, by cannibals. The father was killed and eaten, but the daughter was rescued by a trader. She is spoken of as "devout, child-like and truly converted."

Eighty years ago the Directors of the East India Company placed on solemn record:—"The sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." A few months since, Sir Rivers Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, said:—"In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."

Six native Christians living on the banks of the Euphrates, whose property averaged about \$800, gave towards their chapel and school-room \$308—an average of more than \$50

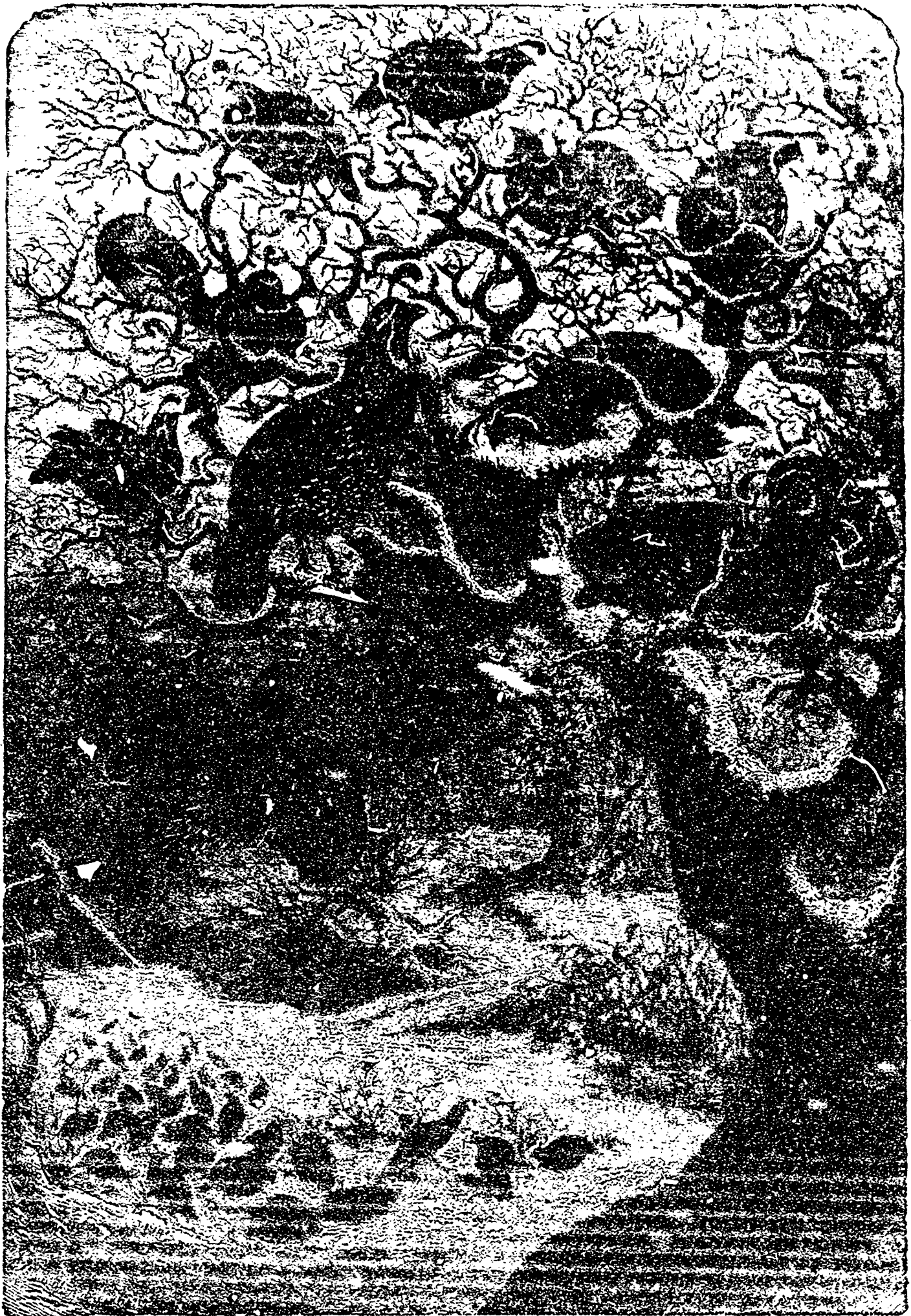
each. "This contribution," says the missionary, "means for one of those poor mountaineers more than 1,000 days' work!" In 1881, the 1,200 Church members belonging to the missions of the U. P. Church in Egypt—most of them very poor men and women—raised £4,546, or more than \$17 each, for the support of churches and schools. But Christians in rich America give only 50 cents each to missions!

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

FORMERLY, the natives of the Gilbert Islands, in the Pacific, had no guns, but fought with curious clubs and spears; and even now they like to take their old weapons into battle with them, to use when their powder is gone. Some of the spears are armed with sharks' teeth, and are almost twenty feet long. To protect themselves they have a kind of armour, made of coconut fibre-cord. A part of this resembles a great-coat; and it comes up behind their heads, to shield them from behind, or when they run. They also make coverings for their legs, arms, and head, of the same material, and still another covering for the head, of the skin of the porcupine-fish. The picture is quite life-like. Through the recent labours of Missionaries from the United States and native Christians from other groups, most of the Gilbert Islands have been, to a great extent, Christianized. These islands were formerly very treacherous and ferocious; but a most pleasing change has taken place in the disposition and habits of very many of them.

A SHORT STORY.

DR. GUTHRIE once told the following story: "One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was, 'Paul was born at Tarsus and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion; after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"



QUAILS IN WINTER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mother Hubbard.

BY THE REV. JULIUS BRIGGS.

Poor Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her pale children some bread,
And when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
So how could the children be fed?

O why was the cupboard
Of poor Mother Hubbard
Of food for her children so bare?
It will not be treason,
So here is the reason
No food the poor mother found there.

The money the father
Was able to gather,
Was not very much at the most,
But much of it sank
In the beer that he drank,
Or else in the gin-shop was lost.

O, poor Father Hubbard,
Go look at the cupboard,
And look at your children and wife;
Is it right that they should
Be bereft of their food?
Is it right that you lead such a life?

Be wise, sir, and ponder,
Ere further you wander,
And lower and lower you sink;
The cause, Mister Hubbard,
So bare is your cupboard,
Is found in your love for the drink.

You cannot but see it,
Determine to flee it,
And give us your heart and your hand,
The gin-shop forsaking,
The pledge boldly taking,
And joining our Temperance Band.

QUAILS IN WINTER.

ONE sometimes wonders how the birds live during the extreme cold of winter such as we have of late been having. Some, it is true, do perish from the cold, but the most of them live and flourish the whole winter through. One reason for this is, that birds have a very active circulation, and are, therefore, very warm-blooded. Again, the downy undergrowth of feathers is very "fluffy" and warm, and prevents the heat of the body escaping. They find, also, abundant food in the buds and berries which even in winter can be found on many trees, and on the seeds of grasses and the like. A deep snow, by covering these, sometimes causes considerable mortality among quails. God's care for the birds is made the ground for strong encouragement to his children. "Behold," says the Saviour, "the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The accompanying picture is at once a beautiful winter scene and a lesson of trustfulness in God.

LEARN to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they come, "No, thank you," and in your old age you will be thankful for this advice.

IN the cross may be seen the concentration of eternal thought, the focus of infinite purpose, the outcome of illimitable wisdom.

"NO SALOONS UP THERE."

DEAD!

Dead in the fulness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and we who loved him were glad.

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honourable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen may, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one; but their combined appetite they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parties, and, when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew and the taste grew, and when his father was taken all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother now the Church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the Church, now made her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her the mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my brave boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice-creams, jellies and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be carried safely over."

As death grew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and, as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet—me—in—heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother—I will."

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank—thee—O Father," and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another, "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he bade a crony "take that old book out of my sight."

That old book! the Bible he had seen his sainted mother reading morning, night, and often mid-day, and from which he had read to her during those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home and brought him back to soberness, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly and became active in Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired we doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and, worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said sadly.

"Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

"I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it."

Some two weeks after I met a physician.

"I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he should die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life! my wasted life! God cannot forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face said "mother" on his lips he passed beyond.

"As I came out of the Louse one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of these two little words, I bowed and answered back:

"All over!"

With a voice full of pathos he said: "The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there."

I walked on, repeating to myself: "No saloons up there! Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."—*Selected.*

LIFEBOATS.

As I was one day walking along the sea-shore I came to a house or building standing close to the water's edge. I said to the man, "What is that?" He said, "That is where they keep the lifeboats. This is a station." So there are stations all along the coast wherever there is a dangerous place. When a storm comes up on the ocean there are men who walk along the shore day and night to see if any ships are in danger. If a ship is driven on the rocks the lifeboat goes out to take away the poor sailors and the little children and their mothers. During the past year more than three thousand lives have been saved in this way. It is a noble work. But there was never such a thing until Jesus came to our world. Men were hard and cruel, and sought to destroy each other. Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." So now the nations are beginning to learn of Jesus, and are doing good to each other instead of evil. They are following his example, for he died to save men. His whole life was spent in doing good, and I know he will save us if we trust in him.—*Exchange.*

IMPEACHMENT OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

This monster has "the world" for a home, "the flesh" for a mother, and "the devil" for a father. He stands erect, a monster of fabulous proportions. He has no head, and cannot think. He has no heart, and cannot feel. He has no eyes, and cannot see. He has no ears, and cannot hear. He has only an instinct by which to plan, a passion by which to allure, a coil by which to bind, a fang with which to tear, and an infinite maw in which to consume his victims.

He is cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger, remorseless as a hyena, fierce as a pestilence deadly as the plague. To condemn and correct such a criminal is not the pastime of an hour, but the manly hero-born, martyr-bred work of a life time.

I impeach this monster, and arraign him before the bar of public judgment, and demand his condemnation in the name of industry robbed and beggared; of the public peace disturbed and broken, of private safety, ragged and garroted; of common justice violated and trampled; of the popular conscience debauched and prostituted; of royal manhood wrecked and ruined; and of helpless innocence waylaid and assassinated.—*Rev. Dr. C. H. Fowler.*

"Do It With All Your Might."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Never put off till to-morrow
The thing you can do to-day.
Never let pleasure borrow
An hour that pain must pay.
Though a storm on your path seems brewing
And clouds may obscure the light,
Whatever you deem worth doing
Is worth doing with all your might.

Would you win Dame Fortune's favours?
Then woo her with heart and soul,
Though the cup she offers savours
At times of the gall-touched bowl.
Press on when the plough you're driving,
Look not to the left or right,
Though hard be your task, keep striving—
And do it with all your might.

If ever you turn from the labour
Appointed for you to do,
Let it be to assist a neighbour
Less stalwart and strong than you.
Stand not as a cold beholder
Of woes that may meet your sight;
Relieve them, and work on bolder,
And do it with all your might.

Ah, this is life's lesson, and learn
Its wisdom and truth you will gain
Such treasures that even their earning
Will take all the sting out of pain.
When the dark shadows round you have
Vanished,
And nature is smiling and bright,
Be sure they were scattered and banished
When you struck them with all your
might.

Again let the maxim be spoken,
Once said by the wise and the true,
And lay it to heart as a token
Of what courage and patience can do.
When life's tumult is raging around you,
If you gird-up your loins for the fight,
Battle on until conquest has crowned you,
And battle with all your might!

—Independent.

TRIED AND PROVED.

A good Christian lady was visiting an aged widow. She was very poor and very ill, and yet she was bright and happy. A Bible which she had used for many years was lying on the table. Her visitor turned over its pages. In doing this, she noticed here and there a verse which had a line drawn around it, while on the margin opposite were printed in capitals, the letters T. P. The lady asked her aged friend what they meant.

"They mean 'tried and proved,'" was her reply. "The promises of God's blessed word have been my support and comfort under all my trials. And as I have used them one after another, and found how true they were, I have put these letters opposite them, to show that I have tried and proved them."

"When I first saw myself a sinner, I read that sweet promise, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' I believed what Jesus said. I came to him and found rest. Then I put T. and P. opposite that promise, because I had tried it and proved it. When I was left a widow with a family of helpless children, my heart was full of sorrow and sadness. But I read those precious words: 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them

alive; and let thy widow trust in me.' (Jer. 40: 11.)

"Then I committed myself and children to his care and protection. That promise was fulfilled. Then I put T. and P. opposite to it. Since then I've had many trials and troubles, but I have always found some precious promise of God's word that seemed to have been written on purpose for me. And I have never found one of them to fail. They are sure and certain promises. And if we only make a right use of them, we shall be able to write T. and P., tried and proved, opposite them all."

I have another story to illustrate God's promises—their power. Some time ago an infidel delivered a lecture against the Bible in a manufacturing town in England. In his lecture he said that the story of Christ in the New Testament was not true, it was all a fable. When the lecture was ended, a plain workingman from one of the mills rose up in his place, and said he would like to ask the gentleman a question. "Ask any question you please," said the lecturer. Then the man spoke as follows:

"Thirty years ago, sir, I was the curse of this town. No one would speak to me who had any respect for himself. I often tried to make myself better, but in vain. The temperance people got hold of me; but I broke the pledge so often, that they said it was no use trying any longer. Then the police took me up. I was brought before the magistrate and tried. They sent me to prison. There the wardens of the prison all tried to make me better, but in vain. At last Jesus took me in hand. He spoke to me some of the sweet promises of his Word, such as these: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' 'I will help thee, yea, I will help thee.' 'I am he that blot out thy transgressions.' 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"These melted my heart and made a new man of me. And now I am a member of the church, and a teacher in the Sabbath-school. And the question I wish to ask is this: If the story of Christ is not true, is a fable, as you say, then how can you explain that it could have produced so blessed and wonderful change in my poor, sinful heart?"

The lecturer had no answer to make and the workman continued:

"No, sir, you may say what you please, but the Gospel is the power of God."—*From Bible Promises, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.*

A SHORT SPEECH ON TOBACCO.

My friends, I will take for my motto this verse: "Thy sons should not smoke, nor thy daughters sniff."

Many years ago Satan took a tobacco seed and cast it into the ground. It grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad. And it came to pass, in the

course of time, that the sons of men looked upon it, and some of them thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly, so they put forth their hands and did gather and chew thereof; and some it made sick, and others to expectorate most filthily. And it also came to pass, that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly. and they found that they were enslaved. And Satan laughed. And in the course of time it came also to pass that old ladies snuffed it, and they were suddenly taken with fits, in consequence thereof, and they did sneeze, and sneeze, inasmuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly funny. And yet others foolishly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did try to look very grave and wise while the smoke ascended. And Satan laughed. And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth. Merchants waxed rich by the commerce thereof. The poor, that could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And Satan laughed. Now, my friends, cease from this evil thing that you do. Be slaves no more.

THE BOY ON THE FARM.

We were struck with the truth of the observations of Charles Dudley Warner, when he said: It is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterwards.

Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede they would tire before night. He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house, or out of the house, there is always something to do.

Just before school, in the winter, he shovels paths; in the summer he turns the grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has

nothing to busy himself with but schools and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks; and yet, I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education, in the way of chores.

The Wine Cup

"This cup destroys the strongest man—
It blights the fairest flower;
For while it sparkles but a span,
It reigns with deadly power.

If beauty, fashion, wealth, and power
Combine to praise the wine,
Oh, youth! resist that fatal hour,
And life and love are thine."

"A SINGLE GALLON OF WHISKEY."

In a recent temperance address Judge Pierce said:

"Science has revealed, by aid of the microscope, the presence of living and often disgusting objects in a drop of water. The stomach revolts at the spectacle, under the glass, of the creatures which tenant every refreshing draught, however invisible to the naked eye. Let me tell you what once came out, under the process of justice in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of this city, from a single gallon of whiskey, which to my eyes seemed innocent and harmless enough. There came out of it two murderers, two widows, eight orphans, two cells in the state-prison filled with wretched convicts for a term of years. The whiskey, moreover, was used in connection with the administration of one of the ordinances of religion—the sacrament of baptism. It was drunk at the christening of a child, and the men who drank it fought, and two of them lost their lives, and the further results were as I have said. Did not Shakespeare well say, 'O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!'"

HATE EVIL.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp look out for boys. There is nothing too mean for him to do to win them, and then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them. Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better!"

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can afford to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart. Hate the devil, and fight him, boys, but be sure and use the Lord's weapon.

Baby's Gone to Jesus.

Baby's gone to Jesus,
Brief and few her days
Tarried she to please us
With her winsome ways;
Miss we now the smiling
And the tender grace,
All our hearts beguiling,
Miss the rosy face;

Miss the dimpled fingers,
Miss the bright blue eyes,
Whose glad love-light fingers:
Yet we hush our cries,
Lest our lips should blame him
For this bitter cross,
Lest we harshly name him
In this pain and loss.

Christ is always tender:
All his gifts are wise!
He, in love, did lend her
From the jewelled skies,
To boget within us
Holiness of heart;
By this gift to win us
To life's "better part."

But he smiled, and to him
Baby spread her hands;
When she saw, she knew him:
Human bonds nor bands
Could not then detain her
From his loving breast;
Nothing could restrain her,
For she loved him best.

So, in sweet submission
To his holy will,
Wait we the fruition
Which will follow still
With its balm and healing
Till our song shall swell:
"Christ, in love's revealing,
Doeth all things well."

L. A. MORRISON.

Toronto, Nov., 1887.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**A.D. 30.] **LESSON XI.** [March 11.**CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.***Matt. 21. 1-16.* Commit to mem. vs 9-11.**GOLDEN TEXT.**Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—*Psa. 118. 20.***OUTLINE.**

1. The Son of David.
2. The Temple of God.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and Bethany.

EXPLANATIONS. *Into the village over against you*—The village just out of our route, Bethphage. *Spoken by the prophet*—This prophecy is in *Zech. 9. 9*, read it. *Daughter of Zion*—Jerusalem, or the people of Jerusalem; a poetic expression for all the Jews. *Hosanna*—A Hebrew word or phrase which means, "give thy salvation." *Blessed is he that cometh*—This phrase, from *Psa. 118. 25*, was the usual form of welcome to the pilgrims to the passover on their entrance to Jerusalem. *Them that sold and bought*—In the court of the Gentiles was the temple market where things needed for the service were sold, such as incense, oil, wine, doves, etc. *The wonderful things*—Rather, things that filled them with wonder that he should dare to do as he had.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That God's word is sure of fulfilment?
2. That God's Son is worthy of honour?
3. That we should always reverence God's house?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. At whose home in Bethany did Jesus spend his last Sabbath? In that of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. 2. What good example did two disciples set for us as they went on toward Jerusalem? They did as Jesus commanded. 3. What did the multitudes cry as they entered the city? "Hosanna to the Son of David." 4. What

was the effect (upon his enemies) of the honour shown to Jesus? "They were sore displeas'd." 5. What ought to be the language of our hearts as Christ draws near to us to day? "Blessed be he that cometh," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The coming of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

13. How does our Lord teach us his religion? By his word and by his Spirit.
14. What is his word? The Scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments, which are the Sacred books of the Christian Faith.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON XII.** [March 18.**THE SON REJECTED.***Matt. 21. 33-46.* Commit to mem. vs 42-44.**GOLDEN TEXT.**He came unto his own, and his own received him not. *John 1. 11.***OUTLINE.**

1. The Rejected Heir.
2. The Rejected People.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Hedge it*—That is, he inclosed it for security. *Dugged a wine press*—Dugged a trough, or cut a trough in the rock after the custom of the times. *A tower*—A watch-tower for the watchmen who kept off thieves. *Let it out*—Either for a money payment or for part of the fruits; probably the latter. *The time of the fruit*—The time for gathering. *The head of the corner*—Or simply "corner-stone;" the importance attaching to a corner-stone is very old. *Shall be given to a nation*—That is, "the spiritual Israel of the New Testament." *Shall fall on a stone*—One who stumbles at the doctrine of Christ as the Saviour shall be bruised. One against whom Christ comes in judgment will be destroyed.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. A lesson of responsibility for God's favours?

2. A lesson of reverence for his Son?
3. A lesson of fear for his judgments?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom is our heavenly Father likened in this parable? To a householder. 2. Who are the husbandmen to whom he let his vineyard? The nation of Israel. 3. How did they treat his messengers? They beat, and slew, and stoned them. 4. How did they treat the son? They caught him and cast him out. 5. How does St. John in his Gospel record what here Jesus prophesied? "He came unto his own," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation for the Gentiles.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. How does the Old Testament teach Christianity? The Scriptures of the Old Testament were written by many holy men, who prophesied that the Christ was coming, and foretold also what he would suffer and do and teach.

1 Peter i. 10, 11.

THE FOOL'S FRIENDS.

In the depth of the forest there lived two foxes. One of them said one day in the politest fox language: "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "but how shall we set about it?" They tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last one fetched two stones. "There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. These stones are mine." "Very well," answered the other; you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel any day?" So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.

COURAGE.

The difficulties which the inventor sometimes encounters and the indomitable courage required to surmount them, are well brought out in the following:

This inextinguishable courage is what men need. We are told of a young New York inventor who about twenty years ago spent every dollar he was worth in an experiment, which if successful would introduce his invention to public notice and insure his fortune, and, what he valued more, his usefulness. The next morning the daily papers heaped unsparing ridicule upon him. Hope for the future seemed vain. He looked around the shabby room where his wife, a delicate little woman, was preparing breakfast. He was without a penny. He seemed like a fool in his own eyes; all these years of hard work were wasted. He went into his chamber, sat down and buried his face in his hands. At length, with a fiery heat flashing through his body, he stood erect. "I shall succeed!" he said, shutting his teeth. His wife was crying over the papers when he went back. "They are very cruel," she said. "They don't understand." "I'll make them understand," he replied, cheerfully. "It was a fight for six years," he said afterwards. "Poverty, sickness and contempt followed me. I had nothing left but the dogged determination that it should succeed." It did succeed. The invention was a great and useful one. The inventor is now a prosperous and happy man. "Be sure you are right," he says to younger men, "then never give up."

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A MOMENT'S work on clay tells more than an hour's work on brick. So work on the hearts should be done before they harden. Children, do not neglect Christ's salvation till the influence of sinners has become too strong you find it almost impossible to turn.

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