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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1886.

No. 11.



IN MISCHIEF.

WRITING.

ON the wings of proud ambition
We may soar to lofty height,
On the page of worldly honour
But we strive our names to write;
But the blows of adverse fortune,
Soon have dashed them to the ground,
Till of hopes once fondly cherished,
Not a vestige now is found.

Or, with pencil and with paper,
Write our thoughts that men may read,
And with impulse, good or evil,
Sow the seed of evil deed.
Or upon the solid marble
Write our names with skillful hand,
Chisel words that through the ages
Of ensuing years shall stand.

Still we're writing, though unconscious,
Every hour and every day,
And it either helps or hinders,
As we traverse life's rough way.
Every sinful thought we cherish,
Every idle word we say,
Stamps its impress deep and lasting
On the heart, or moulds our clay.

Words are things we seldom measure,
Quickly said, we think they've flown,
For as light as down of thistle,
They to fruitful soil have blown.
But ere death, with ice-cold fingers,
Stops our journey o'er the earth,
They'll return in cruel vengeance,
Pierce the heart that gave them birth.

Of a word so quickly spoken,
Words of proud contempt and scorn,
Like an arrow swift and certain,
Leave its victim bruised and torn.
And some soul that late was striving
Hard, to rise to higher life,
Deeper sinks, from our injustice,
With fresh wrong and conflict rife.

What you've written, "you have written,"
Spend not time in vain regret,
Life was given thee for labour,
(Use it not to pine and fret;
From the ashes of past failures,
Rise to better life and true,
Live, that through succeeding ages,
Angels may write good of you.

—*Delia Rogers.*

HERBERT DEXTER'S ORDEAL.

A LADY entered a large dry-goods store in the city, and inquired for thibet. She was directed to the lower end of the store, where a young clerk awaited her order. He was a boy of fifteen, with a frank, handsome face that inspired instant confidence.

He at once displayed a variety of goods. One particular piece appeared to please the customer.

"Are these colors fast?" She inquired.

Herbert Dexter looked at it carefully.

"I am afraid not," he answered. "A lady came in a day or two since and complained that it had faded."

"Thank you," said the lady. "Then I must look elsewhere, as you have nothing else with a small figure to my taste."

The proprietor of the establishment was near enough to hear this conversation. The lady had scarcely left the store when he advanced toward Herbert, and said harshly, "What made you tell that lady that the cloth would not wash?"

"Because," said Herbert, looking up in surprise, "she asked me."

"Well, you simpleton, why couldn't you tell her it did?"

"Because it wouldn't have been the truth," replied Herbert, simply.

"Then you could at least have told her that you didn't know."

"But I did, sir."

"It seems to me you have a tender conscience," sneered his employer. "Since that is the case, I can't afford to have you here. It won't do to pay

for sending customers away; when your work is out you may leave my employ."

Herbert's heart sunk within him. To him the loss of the situation was a very serious matter. His mother was a poor widow, dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and the three dollars which Herbert brought her weekly was of great consequence to her. He had only been in his place a month, it having been procured by the influence of his Uncle John, a man of property, who might have put his hand into his pocket and assisted his brother's son without feeling it. But John Dexter was not a man of that sort. His money was dearer to him than his nearest friend. He seemed to feel that in obtaining a situation for his nephew in the retail store of Messrs. Smith & Co., he had placed him under a great load of obligation.

In the midst of Herbert's sorrow, he did not for an instant doubt that he had done right, nor would he have acted differently if the opportunity had been given.

Yet it was with a heavy heart that he went home to supper and informed his mother that he had been dismissed from his place.

"I hope you have done nothing to deserve dismissal," said his mother, much disturbed.

Herbert thereupon related his story. "You did right my son," said Mrs. Dexter, emphatically. "The situation was not worth keeping at the expense of truth."

"I am glad you think I did right, mother," said Herbert, "but what shall I do?" he inquired anxiously. "I ought to get another situation immediately."

"Perhaps you'd better call on your Uncle John," suggested Mrs. Dexter. "He will no doubt be able to procure you another situation."

"I'll go to-night, mother," said Herbert, "for there is no time to be lost." Twenty minutes later Herbert rang the bell of a handsome house in a fashionable street in the city.

He was admitted by the servant and ushered into his uncle's presence.

Mr. John Dexter was a dignified looking man, having apparently a high opinion of himself, and comparatively a low opinion of everybody else who chose to come in conflict with him.

"Well, Herbert," said his uncle, patronizingly, "how are you getting on at your place?"

"Not very well, uncle," answered Herbert, rather nervously, for he stood a little in awe of his uncle.

"Not very well," repeated Mr. Dexter, surveying him through his glasses with displeasure. "How does that happen?"

"Mr. Smith expects me to do what I don't think is right."

"I don't understand you."

Hereupon Herbert entered into the explanation with which we are already familiar.

At the conclusion he looked into his uncle's face, and saw that it was unfavorable.

"Would you like to know my opinion of what you have done?" he demanded in tones of displeasure.

"If you please, uncle," faltered Herbert.

"Then I think you have made a fool of yourself. What business have you to frighten away customers? I think your employer did just right. I should have done the same in his place."

"But was it right to deceive the lady?" asked Herbert, perplexed.

"I have no disposition to enter into any discussion on that point," said his uncle, coldly. "The upshot of it all is, that you have lost your situation. How do you expect to get another?"

"I thought perhaps you might interest yours if for me, uncle," said Herbert, his heart sinking within him.

"It's no use to help you," said Mr. Dexter, taking up his paper and beginning to read. "You'd lose the best situation I could procure for you in less than a month. I can't be at the trouble of continually finding situations for one who doesn't choose to keep them."

"Then what shall I do?" exclaimed Herbert, much troubled at his refusal. "You ought to have taken this into consideration before you chose to throw away your place at Smith & Co.'s."

"For my mother's sake, uncle, I hope you will interest yourself for me. I shall be thrown as a burden upon her, and she has to work hard enough as it is."

"Very well, I am sorry. Whatever further privations she is subject to will proceed entirely from your perverseness."

Herbert was too manly to plead further. His uncle's evident injustice made him indignant.

"Very well, sir," said he, rising, "if you choose to deal so harshly with me because I have done what I consider to be right, I must bear it. I don't think God will let me starve."

Mr. Dexter turned red in the face.

"Leave the house, and don't let me see you here again."

Herbert without another word, took his hat and left the house with a heavier heart than he had on entering.

"What success?" asked his mother, as he re-entered the humble room where he called home.

"None at all, mother. I am about discouraged."

"Don't be down-hearted, Herbert," she said, tenderly. "When earthly friends forsake you, the Lord will take you up, and make your cause His own."

"I will try to think so, mother," answered Herbert, "but it's hard. I must help myself now, for my uncle has refused to do anything more."

He acquainted her with the particulars of his interview with Mr. Dexter.

"He has been very unjust," said Mrs. Dexter. "Perhaps he will some day see this. In the meantime don't be disheartened. I feel as if everything will turn out well, if we only have patience."

The remainder of the week wore away. On Saturday night Herbert received his week's wages and his dismissal.

On Monday he commenced seeking for a situation. He looked over all the advertisements in the daily papers which he got a chance to look over in one of the hotels, and made applications in many quarters. Not a single one had always got the start of him. Everywhere he was unsuccessful.

So Friday came. For four days he had been searching for a situation, and searching in vain. Should he to-morrow successful to-day? He feared not.

He had just made one unsuccessful call when he chanced to meet on the street the lady he had served at Smith & Co.'s. The recognition was a mutual one.

She stopped, and said with a smile,

"Are you not the clerk who waited upon me at Smith's a week ago?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you like your place?"

"I have left it."

"Left it!" said the lady, in surprise. "How did that happen?"

"He dismissed me," said Herbert, in a low voice, "because I told you the thibet you inquired about would not wash."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady indignantly. "If that is their way of doing business I shall buy nothing of them hereafter. Then you are without a place?"

"Yes, madam. I have been trying for several days to obtain one, but I find it very difficult."

"Come home with me," said the lady, "my husband is a commission merchant, and I think he can find room for you in his counting room. If not, he shall find you a place."

Herbert began to express his gratitude, but the lady stopped him. "It is only right," she said, "since I was the occasion of your losing your place that I should supply you with another; what did you receive at your former place?"

"Three dollars a week."

Herbert went home with Mrs. Fairbanks, for such proved to be her name. Luckily her husband had come home on an errand. No sooner had his wife explained the circumstances than he promptly engaged Herbert as an additional clerk in the counting-room, at a salary of five dollars per week, with a promise of more at the end of the year.

"Show the same integrity and fidelity in my employ that you exhibited in your former situation," he said kindly, "and you may always count me your friend."

Herbert's face was fairly radiant when he reached home and told his mother of his good fortune. Henceforward his course was onward and upward. At present, he is head clerk in the extensive firm of Fairbanks & Co. His old employer, Smith, after a few years, became bankrupt, and is now living in poverty and obscurity. His ill-gotten gains have not prospered.

THE GENEROUS BROTHERS.

THERE is a charming tradition connected with the site on which Solomon's temple was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by brothers, one of whom had a family, the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the older brother said to his wife:

"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

The brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will contribute to their support. I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events happened for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and to solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night they met each other half-way between their shocks, with their arms full.—*Young Days.*

A NEW SIGNAL SERVICE.

A CYCLONE in the nursery
Sent Noah's ark a-flying;
It made the dolls turn pale with fear,
And almost fall to crying.
It rapt the house of jointed blocks
From turret to foundation,
And pulled poor Rover's tail until
He howled in desperation.

The cyclone in the corner stood,
(Her other name was Florence,)
Her face was overcast with clouds
The tears rained down in torrents;
And looking in the door just then,
Her teasing brother Truro
Inquired with feigned anxiety,
"Is this the weather bureau?"

"A weather bureau! What is that?"
She asked and stopped to wonder.
"It tells about the storms," he said,
"Of wind, and rain, and thunder.
Hurrah! I'll get a flag and make
This room a signal station;
And you shall show me every day
The weather indication."

"What's that?" inquired the puzzled child;
Again the tears had started.
"Hold on a minute, you shall see,"
Said Tru, and off he started.
He waved a banner in his hand
A minute or two after;
It might have been enchanted, for
It turned her tears to laughter.

"This means no storms to-day," he said;
"Why, Flo, how did you know it?
Now every time you smile like this,
The flag shall fly to show it;
I'll hang it by the picture here—
This one of the Madonna;
'Twill tell you're trying to be good,
And trying upon honour."

"Though out of doors 'tis cold and damp,
From wind and rain together,
Sweet looks will change the dreariest day
To bright and pleasant weather.
But if you are a naughty girl,
And fly into a passion,
The flag shall disappear at once
In a very hasty fashion."

A great improvement this has wrought
In temper and in manner,
For in the nursery still I see
A pretty blue silk banner.
And this I know, that earnestly
A little maid is trying
To be a good, sweet child, and keep
Her signal-flag a-flying.

—Golden Days.

MAMMA MERRITT'S SERMON.

BY JULIA A. TIBBELL.

"I MUST say I haven't much confidence in this new-fashioned kind of religion! When I was young, Christians, 'specially Methodists, didn't wear flowers and ribbons. We used to read biographies instead of story books, and as for playing games and such nonsense—many a time I've sung to myself, 'No room for mirth or trifling here.'"

It was Miss Polly Patterson who spoke. She was spending the afternoon with Grandma Merritt, and the two old ladies had been knitting and talking for a long time before Ruth noticed a word they said.

Ruth had company too. Maudie Downer had brought her worsted work intending to stay to tea. How the two girls had laughed and chatted and played! How many secrets they had exchanged! Just now they were in the deep mysteries of a new stitch.

"A very solemn hymn. Very good for special occasions," Grandma replied to Miss Polly. "But I don't know as religion is very different from what it used to be. I suppose the blessed Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

"That's just it. And because he is the same, folks ought to be as careful now as they ever were. We've got a

lot of young folks comin' into our Church with no sort of idea what self-denial means. You couldn't tell from their looks that they were Christians, and they act as light and giddy as butterflies, besides—"

Ruth heard no more. Mamma was calling her to help at the table. What she had heard settled like lead into her heart. Though not eleven years old, she had given herself to the Saviour, and joined the children's class. She must be one of the number whom Miss Polly meant. It had never occurred to her before that she ought to be grave and sedate. It had seemed so blessed to be a child of God she had thought but little of the crosses she ought to carry. Perhaps she was mistaken, and not really a Christian, after all. She certainly did not like to play and laugh and have pretty clothes and read stories. Could she ever be good enough to enjoy the things Miss Polly had described?

Very soon after tea the company went home. Grandma lay down to rest, and Ruth was left alone with mamma. Mrs. Merritt stitched away on Ruth's new dress till the sound of a sob caused her to look up.

"If you please, mamma," said a choked voice, "don't put any puffs and ribbons on my new dress. I'd rather have it plain."

"Why, what is the matter?" Mrs. Merritt's tone expressed surprise.

"I want to be a true Christian, and—and—" And then the whole heart-burden was told to mother.

Mrs. Merritt did not laugh. Instead she said quietly, "Bring the little box from my dressing table." Opening it, she took out a rattle, a rubber ring, some spools and blocks, and asked what they were.

Ruth thought her mother acted strangely.

"Why, these were some of my toys when I was a baby, but I don't care for them now. I'm too old."

"You did care for them once. I've seen you play for hours at a time, but you were always ready to leave them if I called you to me. Did I love you any less because you were interested in them, or did you love me less because I gave them to you? Have you outgrown all toys?"

A light broke over Ruth's face. "I see! You mean these things about which I am troubled are my toys, and it is not wrong to like them!"

"Exactly. To be a true Christian you must trust the Saviour, and be loving, honest, and obedient, for his sake. You are still to be a child, and enjoy the blessings he gives a child. Do not try to be an old woman. Even St. Paul did not try to be a man while he was yet a boy. As for crosses, they will be sent when God sees best. You are not to go about searching for them. Leave your clothing and such matters to my judgment. Remember even in play you can do all things heartily as unto the Lord. And now a good-night kiss from my helpful little daughter."

Next Sabbath Miss Polly sighed anew over a ruffle and a puff with which Mrs. Merritt had trimmed the new dress, but there seemed to Ruth a sermon in both. She never wore the dress without recalling her mother's words, and feeling grateful that God loved her even though but a child in taste and action. She has since learned to like biographies and hymns, but still finds pleasure in games and story books as well.

A GREAT THOUGHT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

This was the great thought. "God sees me, and hears me, and knows all that I do."

It was planted in the mind of a little child, not yet six years old, by a good lady who loved the little children and gathered them around her to talk to them about the great God and his love and care for little children.

The little child was the daughter of a rich man who did not know the God of this great world in which we live. And what was still more sad, he did not believe that there was such a God! Satan put the evil thought in his heart that there was no God to love and care for him, but God's not the great thought that we are telling you of, to push the evil thought away.

Little Annie's father would not let her go to Sunday-school, but when her dear nurse friend Hattie came and begged that she might go to children's meeting with her, he said, "The child is too little to be hurt by anything she will hear," and so he let her go.

He did not know what great loving thought was waiting to catch his little girl, yes, and himself too, and hold them fast in arms of love!

One day the good lady taught the children, "Thou God seeest me," and told them that this great God sees and hears and knows all things. It was all new to little Annie, and it made her feel very solemn and yet very glad, for her teacher said that this wonderful Being knew and loved each little child! She went home, full of the great, wonderful thought, and said,

"Papa, do you know who made you?"

"O, don't talk any of that nonsense, pet," he said.

"But, papa," said Annie, solemnly, "God made you, and he hears all you say, and knows all that you do." And then she folded her little hands, and looking up said, "Thou God seeest me."

"Tut, tut, there, that will do," said her papa and then the tea-bell rang, and soon the family were seated at the table.

Something happened at the tea-table that vexed Annie's papa, and he spoke a dreadful word, so dreadful that I dare not tell it to you.

Annie laid down her little silver knife and said, gravely,

"Papa, dear papa, God sees you, and he hears you, and he knows all that you do." Then she folded her little hands, and looking up said, "Thou God seeest me."

"Leave the table, instantly," said Annie's papa, and the little girl obeyed without a word.

She went up to the beautiful parlours and sat down in her little rocking-chair, and thought about the great God who knows all things. And soon her papa came into the room, and began pacing back and forth with a troubled look on his face.

Annie watched him a little while, and then she went to his side and slipped her little fingers into his, and said, softly,

"Papa, God sees us, and he hears us, and he knows all that we do." Then folding her hands and looking up, she whispered, "Thou God seeest us."

This time Annie's papa did not send her away, but he stooped and kissed her, and that evening he went to the

church where one of God's ministers was trying to get the people acquainted with the Lord Jesus, and going to the altar asked God's people to pray for him!

He became an earnest Christian from that hour, and always says that the good God sent his little Annie to lead him to the dear Saviour—M. M.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses,
I will give you health, I will give you wealth,
Ye lais and my lassies.

Better than gold is the water cold
From the crystal fountain flowing,
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother,
They've given up the pearl and cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

"IT IS MY BOY!"

THOMAS Rochester, N. Y., runs the Genesee river, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river and dark recesses. One time a gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied, "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms and struggled with him to the shore, and as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "O God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. So we plunge into the waters of Christian self-denial, labour, hardship, reproach, soul-travail, prayer, anxious entreaty, willing to spend and be spent, taking all risks, to save some other one from drowning in sin and death, and do not know what a reflexive wave of blessing will come to our own souls. In seeking to save others we save ourselves and these most dear to us, while others, too selfish to labour to save other people's children, often lose their own.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

THE passage from the New Testament "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. In Oriental cities, there are in large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needle's eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bull's eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through in an ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees.

"Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle; that is, the lowered box of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to go through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

LET others praise the bright
In the red wine a sparkling glow
Dearest to me is the daisy's sight
Of the sun and the rarest flow
The fabled earthly men have tried
The juice from the bleeding vine
But the streams come pure from the hand of
God
To fill this cup of wine

The dew drops lie in the flower's eye
How rich the perfume now!
And the fragrant earth with joy looks up.
When the rain falls on her brow,
The brook gives forth a pleasant voice
To gladden the vale along.
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice
To hear her quiet song.

The lark soars with a lighter strain,
When a wave has washed his wing
And the steeled wings back his flowing mane,
In the night of oryxal spring.
This was the drink of Paradise,
Ere blight on her beauty fell,
And the buried streams of her gladness rise
In every moss grown well

W. W. BATHURST.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

TEN REASONS WHY I LOVE TO GO TO MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

- I. BECAUSE I am ignorant, and want to be taught.
II. Because I shall get no good by spending the time in idleness and play.
III. Because God has commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.
IV. Because, by improving the Sabbaths which God has given me, I wish to become wise in the days of my youth.
V. Because good boys and good girls love to go there.
VI. Because prayer is offered to God there, the word of God is read there, and the praises of God are sung there.
VII. Because there my mind is improved, and I learn my duty to God and man.

VIII. Because my teachers kindly tell me of the love of Christ to the young, and point out the way of salvation through his sufferings and death.

IX. Because when I grow old I shall not be able to go, and therefore I ought to improve the present time.

X. Because I wish to go to heaven when I die, and at the Sunday-school I shall learn the way thither.—Selected.

PRESERVE YOUR PAPERS.

It is painful to see how some children and often elder people too clutch their papers, clumping them up and creasing them all over as though they really wished to rotten them, spite their appearance, and wear them on as soon as possible. Boys and girls, please don't do so. Fold your papers carefully and neatly, and as few times as possible. Then when you have read them, put them carefully away to keep for others to read, or for you to read again. It is nice to look at old papers once in awhile. Every child who gets a copy of any of our nice Sunday-school papers, week after week, should read every word in it, look well at the pictures, and then put it away till the end of the year, and then stitch all the numbers together, with a cover on, and have a nice book to keep. Those who are too small to do it, can get some one to do it for them. Some, however, after they have read their papers, give them away to those who do not take them. This is a good way to use them; but be sure and don't have them torn up or wasted. They are far too good for that. J. LAWSON.

OUR SIN BEARER.

ONE day a missionary in India was going out into a country village to preach. He did not take the horse-cars as people in one of our cities would do, but called his native servant to bring the palanquin. This is a kind of carriage borne by two or more natives on their shoulders by means of a pole firmly fixed in each end. When he reached his journey's close, he said kindly to the men who had brought him: "Now you have carried me so safely over this rough way, I want to tell you of One who will carry all your sins and burdens for you."

They listened eagerly as he told them of Jesus and his death on the cross.

A few weeks afterwards one of the men came to the missionary's house and begged to be the bearer of his palanquin for life. It was a strange request, and the missionary inquired what it meant.

"Well," said the man, "I want to help you preach."

"Help me! How can you?" was the next question.

"In this way," replied the man; "many will not go to hear you, and while I am waiting they will gather around me, and I can preach too."

So now he accompanies his master in all his tours, and tells the Gospel story to such as will listen to him.

VOLUMES 12 and 13 of Cassell's National Library recount the remarkable adventures of Baron Franch, a Prussian officer who became a victim of the guillotine during the French revolution. They give a lively picture of life in the times of Frederick the Great. For sale everywhere. Price 10 cents each.

AWARDS OF THE JUDGMENT DAY.

THERE is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining whole sale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery, by unerring laws, throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There is no mistake, or partialities to which the light may trust, the hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.—Arnold

GIVING.

THE great and good Martin Luther loved to give. The fact that he was himself poor did not hinder his giving. "God is rich, he will provide for our wants," he would say, when reproached for giving away what seemed to be needed for his own comfort.

Once a poor student came to him who was about to leave Wittenberg. He had no money, and was in great need. Luther longed to help him, and in real distress looked about to see if there was anything he could give. His eye fell upon a silver cup which had been presented to him by the Elector.

His wife was present and looked her disapproval, but Luther seized it and, crushing the sides together, pressed it upon the young man, saying, "I have no need of a silver cup."

God always gives to those who give to his poor. If we will trust him, he will never let us suffer on account of gifts made in the spirit of love. The little child can give love and kind words and helpful deeds, and by and by, as God sees the willingness to give, he will trust his child with other, though not larger, gifts to distribute.

A STAR IN HER CROWN.

A young lady was preparing for a dancing party, and stood before a large mirror arranging silver stars upon her head. While so engaged a little fair-haired sister climbed into a chair, and put up her tiny fingers to examine the beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus:

"Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown."

Said the little one, "I was looking at that and thinking of something else."

"Tell me what you are thinking of, you, a little child."

"I was remembering that my Sabbath school teacher said that if we save sinners by our influence we should win stars for our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown I wished to save some soul."

The eldest sister went to the dance, but in a solemn meditation; the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the association of her friends in the dance.

At a reasonable hour she left the hall and returned to her home; and



OIL WELL ON FIRE.

going to her chamber where her dear little sister was sleeping, imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and said, "Precious sister, you have won one star for your crown," and kneeling at the bedside, offered a fervent and effectual prayer to God for mercy.

TOBACCO.

SURE we are that no one thing starts so many boys on the road from Sunday-school to jail as tobacco. Prison records show that a large majority of crime has had its root in the use of strong drink. Honest and able investigation shows that as large a majority of intemperance has its root in smoking. The writer feels called on in this connection to give his personal experience. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and tenderly and prayerfully reared. In his teens he began smoking, and soon found himself often using malt and fermented liquors, and occasionally stronger drink. He knows whereof he speaks. He believes that because his sainted mother was sent as his ministering spirit, he was saved from ruin. Otherwise his first cigar might very likely have been the spark that would have kindled serious trouble for him in this life and eternal fire in the next.

I TRY to make my enemies transient, and my friendship immortal.



EXPLODING AN OIL WELL.

WE'LL CROWN THEM.

OLIVE.

WE'LL take up our stand for the youth of the land
And weave them a garland to wear,
Tho' no leaves of the vine in our wreath shall entwine,
For we'll crown them with roses so fair

We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth,
Whose waters are pure and divine,
But we'll banish fore'er from the homes that are dear,
The chalice that sparkles with wine.

Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys,
We'd shield from the tempter so bold,
And we'd bind each white brow that with innocence glows,
With a crown that is richer than gold.

—W. O. Perkins.

HOW TO MOVE THE WHEEL.

I HEARD Dr. John Scudder use a good missionary illustration lately, which I wish to relate to the children. On his return from India he made a short stay in London. While there he went one day with his family to visit the Crystal Palace. That was the building where the first "world's fair" was held; and it has been kept up as a kind of perpetual fair ever since.

Among the curious things, which pleased the children very much, was a great collection of toys. One set consisted of an old woman with a wash-tub, a windmill with its sails and set for work, a mason with his trowel, a big rooster with his wings just ready to flap and his throat to crow, and several other similar pieces. "Wouldn't it be fun," said one of the missionary's little folks, "to see all these things move?" Now, the children might have stood about there forever, wishing, hoping, and even praying, for this end, but it would do no good.

But just drop a penny into a little slip left for it, and behold! the mason began to work, the windmill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes, and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So, Mr Scudder said, it was with mission work. The Church had been praying a great while for the Lord to "open the way" for his gospel. He had opened it so wide that the labourers did not know what to do.

They could not occupy a tenth of the ground. The Church now needed to drop in the money, if they would see the works move.

Isn't it a blessed thing that the children's pennies can help start the wheels?

PLAYING FOOL.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply, "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask, "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?" Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he scooted his father with, "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one after-

noon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim: "No work again today—what I'm to do I don't know!" "Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "Oh, hush! you poor child!" groaned his father, shame-ridden. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already."

But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more — *Temperance Review*

OIL WELLS ON FIRE *

ONE day, early in the New Year Ethel Temple received a letter from her friend, Nellie Burton, of Oil Dorado, conveying most momentous intelligence. The briefest way to communicate the tidings is to reproduce the letter. It ran as follows.

"My dearest Edith,—I must write you all about it, or I shall lose what little wits I have left. My brain reels yet, and I start up in my sleep at night encompassed, as it seems, by flames. But I must begin at the beginning, and tell my story in order, or you will think that I have taken leave of my senses.

"You must know the business season with us has been an excellent one. Father's wells on Oil Creek had been pumping splendidly, and one or two flowing-wells that had gone dry began to flow again. Every oil-tank was full—they are huge iron things, you know, as big as a great gasometer—and father had sent millions of gallons by the pipe lines to Pittsburg. They have iron pipes laid for over a hundred miles down the Alleghany valley to the great oil refineries and storage tanks at that city. But every place was full and overflowing with oil. At father's wells it filled the tanks, and soaked the ground, and poured into the creek, floated on the top of the water, and shined in the sunlight with a strange iridescence, all the colours of the rainbow. Everything was reeking with the smell of oil—

Oil, oil everywhere,
On the earth and in the air!

I used to smell oil, I believe, when I was asleep.

"Father gave the strictest orders to observe the utmost precaution against fire, and absolutely prohibited smoking about the works. But there are men who will smoke, even though they were in a powder magazine, or in a mine filled with fire damp. Well, we had one such, a stoker in the boiler-house. At the close of one of the dark days of December, just as the men were leaving work, he laid down his pipe, which he had been smoking, near some oil-soaked rags; and in a moment—almost before the men could get out of the building—the whole place was wrapped in flames. It was *exuere qui pevit*, I assure you. The men had to fly for their lives, almost without attempting to save a thing. We were just sitting down to tea when the alarm was given, and father jumped up, almost upsetting the table, and rushed out bare-headed to the works. I ran out on the verandah, and there the whole valley seemed ablaze. The oil derricks caught fire one after another, and flamed like

great beacons against the dark pines on the hill side, lighting up everything as bright as day. Presently one of the great oil-tanks caught fire, no one knew how, and shot up to the sky a great column of flame and lurid smoke. Then the men began to dig trenches from the tank to the creek, and I heard father shouting to bring the cannon, and they dragged the twelve-pounder from the fire hall up to the hill back of our house. Then they began firing round shot against the tank, so as to draw off the oil into the creek, to prevent it exploding and firing the other tanks. Bang! bang! went the cannon. Sometimes the balls missed the tank, sometimes they glanced from the iron sides, but at last two balls, one after another, pierced the tank and the black streams of oil poured out and flowed into the creek, thousands of dollars' worth going to waste.

"How it was no one knew, but suddenly the oil in the creek caught fire, and, like a flash, the flames ran down the stream—a river of fire licked up everything that could burn. Oh, it was awful—the roar of the flames, the crash of the falling derricks, the rolling clouds of lurid smoke! Then the other tanks of oil, one after another, caught fire, and some of them exploded with a fearful noise, scattering the flames far and wide. In an hour everything we owned, except the house in which we lived, was destroyed, and from being a rich man father had become a very poor one. But he never lost heart or hope. He just said,

"Well, Nell, that is the third fortune I have made and lost; I must try to make another."

But at his time of life it is not so easily done as if he were ten years younger. I'm going to help him, Edith, all I can. Heretofore I have been nothing but a bill of expense. I never earned a dollar in my life. I had no idea how expensive I was till one day I was sorting the papers in father's desk for him, and found a lot of receipted school and college bills, and music bills, and dressmakers' and jewellers' bills. I declare it made me feel ashamed of myself, as he came in, grey and haggard and worn, with tolling for me. He has given me everything I wanted, and I wanted everything I saw or could think of. But now I am going to earn money for him. My education has cost thousands of dollars, and I am determined to turn it to some account. But I find that I know scarcely anything well enough to teach it, unless perhaps music, and that only because I am so passionately fond of it. Father laughed when I said I was going to give lessons and earn money, but I saw a tear come into his eyes, which he hastily brushed away, and laying his hand upon my head he said, in a husky voice,

"Bless you, my child; it is for your sake I feel the loss more than for myself."

And as I kissed his poor dear wrinkled hand, and said,

"Never fear for me, father; I can earn money enough to support myself, and help you too," he seemed to roll off a load of care, and actually to become young again.

* A chapter from "Life in a Parsonage." By W. H. Withrow, D.D. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 50 cents.

Trouble and perplexity drive men to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.

THE TURNING POINT.

R. WINE.

WO little you in a room alone,
Going to rest for the long, lone night;
Their caps and coats are carelessly thrown
With restless haste to the left and right,
Alas! then the one with a merry leap,
Is hunched in comforts soft and warm,
While his comrade sits in study deep,
With beating heart and trembling form.

A Christian chafed away from his home,
He struggles with self, and his needless
fears,
Longing to pray, yet afraid to come,
Dreaming his comrade's heedless jeers,
But he for himself must now decide,
The future man from the boy is made,
He dare not drift on a godless tide,
And so he knelt at the bed and prayed.

No word of scorn from the other came,
He fell asleep in a thoughtful mood,
And Robert's need was a vital flame,
A course made clear and a conscience good.
The after trials were sternly met,
The Christian boy was a man at last,
And still the boy's soul was set,
His faith to promise anchored fast.

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGLESTON, D. D.

CHAPTER III.

MORTON GOODWIN'S CONVERSION.

MORTON GOODWIN was returning to the Hiawatch Settlement after a prolonged absence. After riding twenty miles, he emerged from the wilderness into a clearing just as the sun was setting. It happened that the house where he found a hospitable supper and lodging was already set apart for Methodist preaching that evening. After supper the shuck-bottom chairs and rude benches were arranged about the walls, and the intermediate space was left to be filled by seats which should be brought in by friendly neighbours. Morton gathered from the conversation that the preacher was none other than the celebrated Valentine Cook, who was held in such esteem that it was even believed that he had a prophetic inspiration and a miraculous gift of healing. This "class" had been founded by his preaching, in the days of his vigour. He had long since given up "traveling," on account of his health. He was now a teacher in Kentucky, being, by all odds, the most scholarly of the Western itinerants. He had set out on a journey among the Churches with whom he had laboured, seeking to strengthen the hands of the brethren, who were like a few sheep in the wilderness. The old Levantine Churches did not more heartily welcome the final visit of Paul the Aged than did the backwoods Churches this farewell tour of Valentine Cook.

Finding himself thus fairly entrapped again by a Methodist meeting, Morton felt no little agitation. His mother had heard Cook in his younger days, in Pennsylvania, and he was thus familiar with his fame as a man and as a preacher.

After supper Goodwin strolled out through the trees trying to collect his thoughts; determined at one moment to become a Methodist and end his struggles, seeking, the next, to build a breastwork of resistance against the sermon that he must hear. Having walked some distance from the house into the bushes, he came suddenly upon the preacher himself, kneeling in earnest audible prayer. So rapt was the old man in his devotion that he did not note the approach of Goodwin,

until the latter, awed at sight of a man talking face to face with God, stopped, trembling, where he stood. Cook then saw him, and, arising, reached out his hand to the young man, saying, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Morton endeavoured, in a few stammering words, to explain his accidental intrusion, but the venerable man seemed almost at once to have forgotten his presence, for he had taken his seat upon a log and appeared absorbed in thought. Morton retreated just in time to secure a place in the cabin, now almost full. The members of the Church, men and women, as they entered, knelt in silent prayer before taking their seats. Hardly silent either, for the old-fashioned Methodist could do nothing without noise, and even while he knelt in what he considered silent prayer, he burst forth continually in audible ejaculations and groaning expressions of his inward wrestling. With most, this was the simple habit of an uncultivated and unreserved nature.

But now the room is full. People are crowding the doorways. The good old class-leader has shut his eyes and turned his face heavenward. Presently he strikes up lustily, leading the congregation in singing:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!"

When he reached the stanza that declares,

"While blest with the sense of his love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there,"

there were shouts of "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" and so forth. At the last quatrain, which runs,—

"O! drive these dark clouds from my sky!
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more!"

there were the heartiest "Amen's."

The preacher, in his meditations, had forgotten his congregation—a very common bit of absent-mindedness with Valentine Cook; and so, when this hymn was finished, a sister, with a rich but uncultivated soprano, started that inspiring song which begins:

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
Look forward through this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill."

The hymn was long, and by the time it was completed the preacher, having suddenly come to himself, entered hurriedly, and pushed forward to the place arranged for him. The festoons of dried pumpkin hanging from the joists reached nearly to his head; a tallow dip, sitting in the window, shed a feeble light upon his face as he stood there, tall, gaunt, awkward, weather-beaten, with deep-sunken, weird, hazel eyes, a low forehead, a prominent nose, coarse black hair resisting yet the approach of age, and a *tout ensemble* unpromising, but peculiar. He began immediately to repeat his hymn:

"I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood;
He fixed his languid eye on me,
As near the cross I stood."

His tone was monotonous, his eyes seemed to have a fascination, and the

pathos of his voice, quivering with suppressed emotion, was indescribable. Before his prayer was concluded the enthusiastic Morton felt that he could follow such a leader to the world's end.

He repeated his text: "*Behold the day cometh,*" and launched at once into a strongly impressive introduction about the all-pervading presence of God, until the whole house seemed full of God, and Morton found himself breathing fearfully, with a sense of God's presence and ineffable holiness. Then he took up that never-failing theme of the pioneer preacher—the sinfulness of sin—and there were suppressed cries of anguish over the whole house. Morton could hardly feel more contempt for himself than he did, but when the preacher advanced to his climax of the Atonement and the Forgiveness of Sins, Goodwin felt himself carried away as with a flood. In that hour, with God around, above, beneath, without and within—with a feeling that since his escape he held his life by a sort of reprieve—with the inspiring and persuasive accents of this weird prophet ringing in his ears, he cast behind him all human loves, all ambitious purposes, all recollections of theological puzzles, and set himself to a self-denying life. He would do right at all hazards.

Morton never had other conversion than this. He could not tell of such a struggle as Kike's. All he knew was that there had been conflict. When once he decided, there was harmony and peace. When Valentine Cook had concluded his rapt peroration, setting the whole house ablaze with feeling, and then proceeded to "open the doors of the Church" by singing,

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

it was with a sort of military exaltation—a defiance of the world, the flesh, and the devil—that Morton went forward and took the hand of the preacher, as a sign that he solemnly enrolled himself among those who meant to

"—conquer though they die."

He was accustomed to say in after years, using the Methodist phraseology, that "God spoke peace to his soul the moment he made up his mind to give up all." One of the old brethren who crowded round him that night and questioned him about his experience was "afraid it warn't a rare deep conversion. They wuzn't wras'lin' and strugglin' enough." But the wise Valentine Cook said, when he took Morton's hand to say good-bye, and looked into his clear blue eye, "Hold fast the beginning of thy confidence, brother."

Vacillation was over. Morton was ready to fight, to sacrifice, to die, for a good cause. It had been the dream of his boyhood; it had been the longing of his youth, marred and disfigured by irregularities as his youth had been. In the early twilight of the winter morning he rode bravely towards his first battle-field, and, as was his wont in moments of cheerfulness, he sang, "But not now the 'Highland Mary,' or 'Oa' the yowes to the knowes," but a hymn of Charles Wesley's he had heard Cook sing the night before, some stanzas of which had strongly impressed him and accorded exactly with

his new mood, and his anticipation of trouble from his religious life:

"In hope of that immortal crown
I now the Cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

"O, what are all my sufferings here
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day."

GET A LIBRARY OF YOUR OWN.

It should be the ambition of every young man and woman to have a good library. For youthful readers who are beginning the collection of books a few rules will not be amiss:

1. Set apart a regular weekly or monthly sum for books, and spend that, and that only.
2. Devote a portion of your money to books of reference.
3. Never purchase a worthless book, nor an infidel work, nor a poor edition.
4. Buy the best. Putarch says: "We ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats, not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomest."
5. Where there is a choice, buy small books rather than large ones. "Books that you can carry to the fire and hold readily in hand are the most useful, after all," was the conclusion of Samuel Johnson.
6. Do not buy too many books of one class.
7. Do not buy sets of an author until you have a fair library and plenty of money.
8. Take one monthly magazine and one or two weekly religious papers.
9. Make a catalogue of your books.
10. In each book write your name, the date of the purchase, and the price paid.
11. Have a blank-book in which to put all particulars in reference to loans.
12. "Read what you buy, and buy only what you will read."—*Selected.*

LEFT TO HIMSELF.

JUDGE S— gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the freshman year without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate."

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it was all I could give you; you can't stay here, you must pay your own way in the world."

A light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He accommodated himself to the situation, left home, commenced work in hard earnest, made his way to college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record for himself that will not soon die, he being no other than Wm. H. Seward.—*Selected.*

WOULD YOU ?

WHAT would you do, my darling,
If the Saviour went and came
In and out of our homes to-day,
As he did in Jerusalem ?
Would you hasten out with gladness
To the blessed Lord to meet—
Would you fling the door wide open, love,
At the sound of his coming feet ?

Would you listen to the teachings
He only could unfold,
Would you nestle in his loving arms
As little ones did of old ?
What do I hear you answer—
You wish that it could be so,
For Jesus seems so far away
When we seek his love to know ?

Ah, don't you know, my darling,
The Saviour comes to-day—
Comes pleading for an entrance, now,
Into your heart to stay ?
Oh set the door wide open,
Then bid him welcome here,
And in the New Jerusalem
You shall see him surely there.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL
THERE'S A WAY."

How frequently the truth of this old maxim has been illustrated, not only by our own experiences, but by the brilliant successes of those who have triumphed over the most adverse circumstances! Every day furnishes us with proof of the fact that men are what they make themselves, and that genius is not a gift, but a habit of the mind.

If we desire anything very greatly, we generally manage to obtain it, overcoming all obstacles, and daily applying ourselves with renewed energy to our task. But the boys and girls who have manifested no love of books, no desire for knowledge or skill in any pursuit, cannot expect a very high standing as men and women. Youth is a great absorbent. At every pore it is taking in that which will expand the heart and the intellect; filling the brain-cells with thoughts that shall take root and ripen and bring forth flower and fruit sometime hereafter; receiving, through the eye-gate, pictures that will be as tapestry upon the walls of memory; and, through the ear-gate, music that will linger long after all other melodies have been forgotten. Our whole future depends on the manner in which we have spent our youth; and every step in our lives is but a preparation for the fortune or misfortune that crowns our riper years.

When Lincoln was taking advantage of every leisure moment to study the books that came in his way, he had no idea that he would be President of the United States. Nor did Grant or Garfield, when they were following the humble path of duty and having a tough fight with adversity, anticipate the honours they would receive from an admiring nation. The finest scholars are graduated from the school of difficulty; and the greatest heroes become so through unconscious preparation.

Benjamin West made his first paint-brushes out of a cat's tail. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief. Sir Walter Scott found in every pursuit opportunities for self-improvement, and turned even accidents to account; for it was owing to a kick of a horse, which confined him to the house, that he discovered his talent as an author. He was a sworn enemy to idleness, and forthwith set his mind to work. In three days he

had composed the first canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he shortly afterward finished—his first great original work. It was not by luck or accident that any of these achieved distinction, but by hard work and industry; and those who are in the habit of complaining that their career has been spoiled by adverse circumstances need only to study the lives of distinguished men to learn what perseverance can accomplish. In spiritual as in temporal affairs, the crown is "to him that overcometh."

Improve the odd moments for study. A place of study can be found if eagerly sought for. It may be a barn, or a haymow, or by the kitchen fire. The new year is a good time to begin a course of reading and of study which shall improve the mind and make the soul better. Above all other things give a portion of each day to a careful reading of the Holy Scriptures, which make wise unto salvation.

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A BOY, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen; and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened: some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and

taller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke, and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a windharp, and all was still.

The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.

"THE WELCOME STRANGER"

IN an Australian mining camp at one of the tents sat four men—June 10, 1858—talking earnestly of their future and bemoaning the past. For several months these four men had worked together in the same claim, sometimes getting barely sufficient for daily wants, sometimes not even that. For several weeks, indeed, they had laboured without any result. After a long discussion they decided to abandon the claim. Down in the mine the three looked gloomily around, with a kind of sulky regret at having to leave the scene of so much useless toil. "Good-bye," said one, "I'll give you a farewell blow;" and raising his pick, he struck the quartz, making splinters fly in all directions. His practised eye caught a glittering speck on one of the bits at his feet. He examined it and the place he had struck, when, with a loud exclamation, he knelt and satisfied himself that it was gold. He then commenced picking vigorously. His mates caught the meaning, and followed his example. In dead silence they worked on—they had discovered a monster nugget. Then a wild, glad shout sounded in the ears of the man at the windlass, who had sunk in a half-dose, feeling, probably, the want of his breakfast. To his inquiry, "What is going on?" the cry came, "Wind up," and as he did there arose to the surface a huge mass of virgin gold. When fully exposed to view the men were almost insane with joy. After watching it through the day and livelong night, they had it conveyed in safety to the bank. It was named "The Welcome Stranger," and yielded the discoverers of it £6,000. On the site of that spot the forest and scrub have disappeared, and their place is occupied by the finest city on the celebrated goldfield of Victoria.

PREACHING TO THE DOGS.

THE following story is told of the famous African missionary, Robert Moffat:

One evening he halted at a farm which showed signs of belonging to a man of wealth and importance, who had many slaves. The old patriarch, hearing that he was a missionary, gave him a hearty welcome, and proposed that in the evening he should give them a service. No proposal could have been more acceptable, and he sat down to the plain but plentiful meal with a light heart. The sons and daughters came in. Supper ended, a clearance was made, the big Bible and the psalm-books were brought out, and the family was seated.

"But where are the servants?" asked Moffat.

"Servants? What do you mean?"

"I mean the Hottentots, of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots! Do you mean that, then? Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons, if you want a congregation of that sort. Or, stop; I have it. My sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do."

The missionary quietly dropped an attempt which threatened a wrathful ending, and commenced the service. The psalm was sung, prayer was offered, and the preacher read the story of the Syre Phœnician woman, and selected more especially the words, "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." He had not spoken many minutes when the voice of the old man was again heard: "Will Myhaber sit down and wait a little? He shall have the Hottentots!"

The summons was given, the motley crowd trooped in, many who probably had never been within the door of their master's house before, and many more who never before had heard the voice of a preacher.

When service was over, and the astonished Hottentots had dispersed, the farmer turned to his guest and said, "My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head."

WINTER SLEEPERS.

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

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

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws.

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

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they must have in waking up, and how little we think about it!

STRENGTH OF THE TIGER.

THE strength of the tiger is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great fore-paw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as one could smash a gooseberry; and then taking his prey by the neck, will straighten his muscles and march off at a half-trot, with only the hoofs and tail of the *defunct* animal trailing on the ground. An eminent traveller relates that a buffalo belonging to a peasant in India, having got helplessly stuck in the swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbours to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slow and drew the buffalo out of the mire, and had just got it comfortably over his shoulders preparatory to trotting home, when the herdsman and his friends approached. The buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured and its body nearly emptied of blood.

WELCOME TO THE BIRDS.

BY REV. C. LAWSON.

WELCOME, warblers, back again
To our forests ringing;
Now with song will wood and plain
All be set a-ringing

Listening to your cheering notes,
Fills our hearts with gladness.
Artless songs from tiny throats,
Drive away all sadness.

Pleasant now the friendly call
In the early morning,
That there's work to do for all;
Gently giving warning.

Pleasant now the soothing notes
In the quiet evening;
Each sweet strain as on it floats,
Sweet emotions leaving.

Welcome, warblers, back again,
Joy and gladness bringing;
Thrilled with each melodious strain,
Listening to your singing.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 29.] LESSON X. [June 6

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE.

John 6. 22-40. Commit to mem. vs. 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord evermore give us this bread John 6. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. The True Teacher, v. 22-29.
2. The True Manna, v. 30-36.
3. The True Disciples, v. 37-40.

TIME—Next day after feeding the five thousand.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—The other side of the sea—On the east side. Jesus was now on the west, at Capernaum. Took shipping—Engaged the boats to be carried across the sea. Labour not for the meat which peritheth—That is, do not make such labour the chief object of life. *Utah God the Father sealed*—Approved or given official consent to. His miracles were God's seal to his claims to be the Son of God. *Manna*—The food given by God to Israel when in the desert. They called it manna, which means, "What is this?" *Bread of God*—The food by which the spiritual life is to be supported. *At the last day*—At the day of final judgment.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. The need of seeking Christ!
2. The duty of seeking Christ!
3. The result of seeking Christ!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus teach the people in the synagogue at Capernaum on the day after the miracle of the loaves? About the bread of life. 2. Who did Jesus say was the bread of life? He who came down from heaven. 3. For what purpose did he come down to earth? To give life to men. 4. What did the people say to Jesus in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Lord, evermore," etc. 5. What did Jesus promise to him that cometh to him? He shall never hunger. 6. What blessing did he promise to all that believe on him? Everlasting life.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Faith and works.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. What is an eternal Spirit? One who is without beginning and without end. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.—Psalm xc. 2.

A.D. 29.] LESSON XI. [June 13.

JESUS THE CHRIST.

John 7. 37-52. Commit to mem. vs. 43-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Matt. 16. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Declaration, v. 37-39.
2. A Division, v. 40-49.
3. A Decision, v. 50-55.

TIME—About six months after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem in the temple.
EXPLANATIONS.—*In the last day*—The eighth day of the Feast of Tabernacles. *That great day*—The day of the solemn assembly to be observed like the Sabbath. *This Prophet*—The Elias or Elijah, who was expected to precede the Messiah. *Came the officers*—Officers sent by the council to arrest him. See ver. 32. *Never man spake like this man*—His speaking had so much evidence of truth, so much proof that he was from God, and was so impressive and persuasive, that they were convinced of his innocence, and dared not touch him to execute their commission. *The rulers*—The members of the Sanhedrin. *This people . . . are cursed*—The masses who believe in him are ignorant and contemptible.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the Holy Spirit is given to believers!
2. That not all who hear the truth receive it!
3. That even his enemies could find no fault in Jesus!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What Jewish feast did Jesus attend in Jerusalem? The Feast of Tabernacles. 2. What was done among the services of this feast? Water was poured in the temple. 3. What did Jesus say to every one who thirsts? "Let him come unto me, and drink." 4. What did he promise should flow from those who believe? Rivers of living water. 5. What did the disciples say in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Thou art," etc. 7. What was said by the officers who were sent to take Jesus? "Never man spake like this."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Son of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite? I mean that his nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit.

Canst thou searching find out God?—Job xi. 7. [Psalm cxlvii. 5; 1 Kings viii. 27.]

THE PINK RIBBON.

IN one of the London hospitals, about a year ago, an assistant surgeon became interested in one of the patients, a poor child of ten, suffering from hip disease. She lay day after day in her little white cot, with nothing to occupy her thoughts but her pain. The young surgeon saw her one day trying to make a doll of her finger, playing with it, and at last, giving it up with a weary sigh, turning to watch the sunlight creep over her bed, as she had done for months.

That afternoon, the doctor, passing a shop, bought a long, soft ribbon, of an exquisite rose-color, and gave it to little Katey. She was breathless with pleasure, smoothed it out, held it up, soft and shining, in the sun, and looked at her friend speechless with tears of ecstasy. From that time she was rich. The nurse told the doctor, a week later, that the child played with the ribbon all day, twisted it about her head, playing that she was a bride, a princess, a fairy; held it in her hand while she slept, and laid it, folded in paper, under her pillow at night.

It was found necessary after two months to perform a capital operation on the child, one which if unsuccessful is fatal. It was done by two of the foremost surgeons in London. When the poor little sufferer was laid upon the table, she cried for Dr. S. "He is all the friend I have," she sobbed.

"Send for him," said the surgeon, and the young assistant, blushing furiously, was brought in. He held one of Katey's hands; the other was clenched tightly over a pink roll, which dropped from her grasp during the operation. When the effect of the

other passed, she opened her eyes and looked at Dr. S.

"My ribbon," she whispered.

He gave it to her, while the surgeons and nurses stood gravely silent. The operation had been unsuccessful. But little Katey smiled happily into the face of her friend, and hugging the faded bit of silk, fell away forever. It was but a trifling gift, yet it had brightened the child's last days with thoughts of beauty and pleasure and loving kindness.

Is no such act within our power?—*Youth's Companion.*

LEARN TO UNTIE STRINGS.

ONE story, of the eccentric Stephen Girard, says that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match loaded at both ends, and ordering him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned half its length threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for the greater part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants in the north of England, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie the strings; do not cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to the new hand. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said:

"There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but he will never be any more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is, that he was never taught to save.

"I told the lad just now to untie the strings, not so much for the value of the strings, as to teach him that everything is to be saved, and nothing wasted."

THE ANT AND THE GRASS-HOPPER.

"WILLFUL waste makes woeful want," is a proverb true enough in the main; but when the wasted article is time, the woeful want may lead to bankruptcy that will effect another life than this.

On a cold, frosty day, an ant was dragging out some corn which she had laid up in summer-time, to dry it. A grasshopper, half perished with cold, besought the ant to give him a morsel of it to save him from dying from hunger. "What were you doing," said the ant, "this last summer?" "Oh," said the grasshopper, "I kept on singing all the summer long." "Then," replied the ant, laughing, and shutting up his granary, "since you could sing all summer, you may dance through the winter."

There was no objection to the grasshopper's indulging in song; the grand mistake lay in his doing nothing else.

SMILES are smiles only when the heart pulls the wires.

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