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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

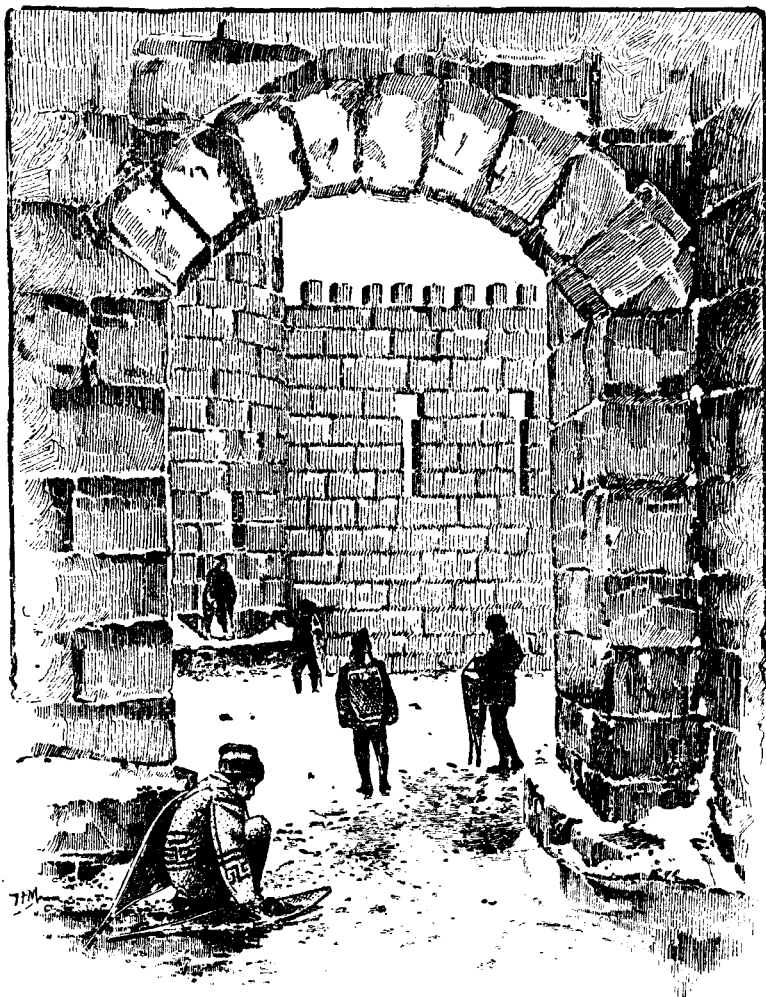
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THE LIFE OF A TORONTO STREET ARAB.

TALE OF A SHOE-POLISHING MERCHANT.

HANDICAPPED at fifteen with an injured spine, a humped back and an abscess! Father, mother, sisters and brothers dead! Not a friend in the world, but many a youthful persecutor. I met him late one night when walking hurriedly along Front Street, and thought I was alone until a shrill, childish voice drew my attention to the little overbent figure trudging eastward with an old fiddle protruding from beneath an arm and a boot-black's kit slung over the other shoulder.

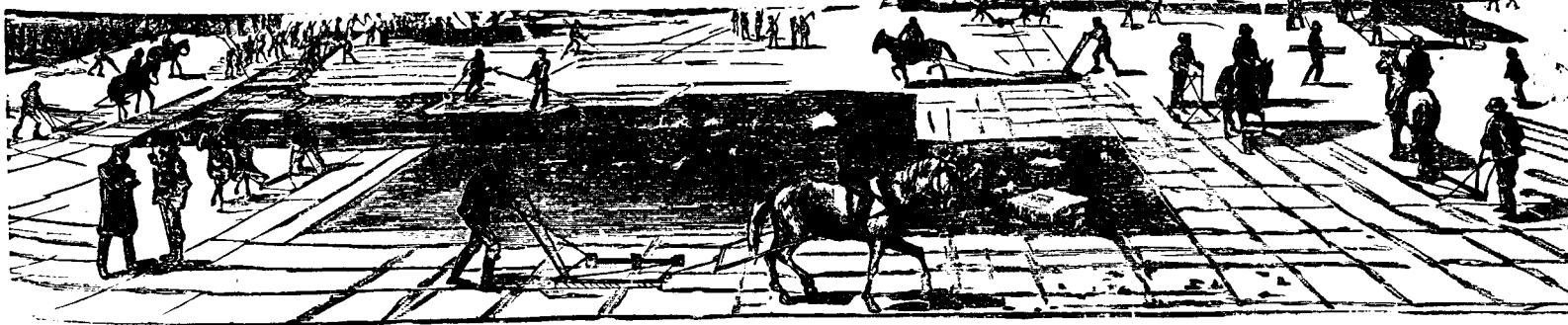
"Black yer boots, sur!" My name? Higgins. Aleck Higgins. Been a workin' the wharfs to-day. Hard work? Yo' bet it is, 'cause my back hurts me when I gets tired, and I've got a sore on my side too. No, I hain't got no father or mother. They both died in Muskoka, where we used ter live. Yes, I've got a broken back. Tumbled off some steps when I was a little feller about ten years ago. I came to Toronto three or four year ago and made some money by singing in the saloons. Can I fiddle? Yes, sir, and I sings too. Like to hear me sing "The British Cavalier?" I used to sell papers too, but a feller gets stuck on 'em sometimes and loses money, but a chap can't lose on blackin' boots 'cept when a cust'mer won't pay or beats me down to 5 cents instead of 10. I make about 50 cents a day, 'cept when its rainy. A box o' blackin' lasts a hull week, and this ere kit only cost 30 cents. I has a hard time though, mister. The big boys sets on me 'cause I'm humped and can't help myself. So I goes off by myself. Where do I live? At the News-boys' Home. I'm just a goin' there. Guess I'll have ter hurry, as we have to be in by nine o'clock. Oh, we lives high there. Get a bed and breakfast for 10 cents and a dinner for 10 cents, too. We boys that goes to St. James' Sunday-school gets a big dinner on Sunday—oh, we gets fried taters and beef and cabbage and lots of good things. When I don't make much I goes without any dinner. Save money? I put \$5 in the Savings Bank last month, and just bought a suit of Sunday clothes with it. Yes. I was in the Sick Children's Hospital for a year, but they said they couldn't do anything more for me. You remember those little tin soldiers I had last Christmas when you were at the hospital. Well, I gave 'em away to



INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

THE ICE PALACE.

IN Montreal, St. Paul, and some other northern cities, it has come to be the fashion to build an ice palace. The ice is ploughed and sawn into blocks, as shown in our lower cut, and then built into glistening walls which, by the electric light, flash like diamonds. A more sensible use of the ice is to store it away in ice-houses, shown on the bank, and thus have winter's treasured coolness to refresh us in the heat of summer.



THE ICE HARVEST.

another little feller when I left. But my? ain't them nurses nice to a chap? Guess I must go now, or I'll be too late to get in. Goodnight, sir!" and the little waif disappeared toward the street-car stables. Sick, crippled, abused by his mates, exposed to all kinds of weather in all kinds of unsuitable clothing, yet making a living and saving money at fifteen! Seems to me there's a lesson to learn from the little humped-backed boot-black merchant.—*Advance.*

An Australian Colonist on the Old Flag.

BY VINCENT PYKE.

ONLY a bit of bunting,
Only a tattered rag;
But we'll fight to the death, as our fathers fought,
For the brave old British flag;
Who dares to lay a hand on it,
Who dares to touch a fold,
Shall learn that Britain's sons to-day
Can fight as they fought of old.

For the brave old British flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

'Tis not with serfs down-trodden,
Nor yet with craven slaves,
That the foe must account that dares give affront
To the flag that o'er us waves;
But with men, free, bold, and fearless,
United with heart and hand,
To guard the honour and fame
Of the flag of the Fatherland.

For the brave old British flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

Three crosses in the Union,
Three crosses in the Jack,
And we'll add to it now the Cross of the South,
And stand by it back to back;
Though other skies above us shine,
When danger's tempest lowers
We'll show the world that Britain's cause
And Britain's foes are ours.

And ours the brave old flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

OUR WILLIE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

SOME time ago, on a specially festive occasion, I was invited to dine at a beautiful home, which I had often visited before. There was a large gathering of friends, for the family had long been famous for its hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, and I was therefore surprised, on sitting down to dinner, to notice the entire absence of wine-glasses. I wondered, for a moment, whether this was done out of compliment to myself, and I therefore asked the lady of the house if they had become abstainers since I last visited there. I saw, by the change in her face, that my question had given her pain; and, bending toward me, she said, in a whisper: "I will explain it after dinner."

As soon as the dinner was ended she took me into the ante-room, and, with great emotion, said: "You asked me about the absence of wine-glasses at the table."

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed their absence, and I was puzzled at the reason."

With a quivering voice she said: "I want to tell you the reason; but it is a sad story for me to tell and for you to hear. You remember my son Willie?"

"Oh, yes," I answered: "I remember him well."

"Wasn't he a bonnie lad?" she asked, with tears in her eyes

"Yes," I said; "Willie was one of the finest lads I have ever seen."

"Yes," she continued, "he was my pride; and, perhaps, I loved him too well. You know that we always used wine freely, and never imagined that any harm would come of it. You are aware, also, that our house is known as the 'Ministers' Home,' and that they are nowhere more welcome than here. On Sundays I have always let the children stay up to supper, so that they might have the benefit of conversation; and as my husband and the ministers took wine, I always gave the children half a glass—on Sunday nights only. By-and-by, Willie went to business, and I was as happy as a mother could be. I thought I had everything to make me so. After a time, however, I began to feel uncomfortable. I noticed, when I gave Willie his good-night kiss, that his breath smelt of drink, and I spoke to him about it. He laughed at my fears, saying he had only had a glass with his friends; and I thought that, perhaps, my strong love for him had made me foolishly suspicious. I tried to dismiss my fears; but it was in vain, for I saw things were getting worse. There was a look in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, which told me he was at least in terrible danger. I didn't know what to do about it. I feared to speak to his father. If it should turn out that I was mistaken, I knew he would be vexed with me for suspecting such a thing; and if I was correct in these suspicions, I dreaded he might take some strong measures with Willie, which would end badly. So I waited, and prayed, and hoped. My hopes, however, were vain. He began to come home late at nights, his father became alarmed, and, as I feared would be the case, spoke sharply to him, and threatened severe punishment. Willie, who had a high spirit, answered his father as he should not have done, and they frequently came to high words. One night Willie came home quite drunk. I tried to get him to bed without his father knowing of it, but I failed; his father met him in the passage, and many bitter words passed between them. At last his father ordered him to leave the house. He went, and for months we heard nothing whatever about him. Father ordered us never to mention him, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray that, in some way, God would restore him to us. At length, one night, after my daughters and the servants had gone to bed, and while father and I were sitting reading, suddenly I heard a faint voice, which I thought sounded like Willie's. I dared not speak; but father looked earnestly at me, and said, 'Did you hear anything?' I said I thought I did. He said, 'Go to the door and see.' I went, and opened the side-door, and there, more like a corpse than a living body, was Willie.

"I said, 'Willie!'

"'Mother,' he said, 'Will you let me in?'

"'Ah, my boy!' I said, as I folded him to my heart, 'you should never have gone away. Come in, and welcome.'

"He tried to do it, but he was so feeble that I had to help him. He said, 'Don't take me into the drawing-room—take me into the kitchen. I am cold and dying.' I said, 'No, my boy; I'll soon nurse you up, and you'll be yourself again.'

"'Mother,' he said, 'I wish you would make me a basin of bread and milk, as you used to do when I was a little boy. I think I could eat that.'

"I said, 'I'll make you anything you want; but don't look so sad. Come up stairs and go to bed, and I will soon get you right.'

"He tried to walk, but fell back into the chair. I called his father, and he came back. Not an angry word was spoken. They only said, 'Willie, — Father.'

"Seeing his condition, his father took him in his

arms as he would a child, and carried him up into his own bed.

"After a moment's pause, he said, 'Father, I am dying—and the drink has killed me.'

"His father said, 'No, no, my boy. Cheer up! You'll be better soon. Your mother will bring you round.'

"'No, never, father. God be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"His head fell back, and my bonnie boy was gone!

"His father stood gazing at him, with a look of agony, for some minutes, and then turned to me, and said, 'Mother, I see it all now. The drink has killed poor Willie. But it shall do no more harm in our house. There shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I live.'

"All the liquor in the house was destroyed, and we parted with the very wine-glasses; and that's the reason of what you noticed to-day."

AN UNINVITED ROOM-MATE.

If you lived in southern Europe, or perhaps in central America, there would be a curious hesitation in your movements as you performed your toilet or prepared for bed. No quick putting of feet and hands into shoes and feet, no rapid turning of the coverlid and resting into soft pillows pulled into position as you closed your eyes—not at all. The glove and the shoe would be turned over and shaken. The bed would be carefully examined before you trusted yourself in it. Why? Because the claws of a scorpion might thrust themselves into your unsuspecting finger or toe. The wound once made, that cruel hook at the end of the tail would follow, inserting a poison that would be painful—might be fatal.

The scorpion loves darkness. No wonder; for his deeds are evil. He is also fond of warmth and shelter. This is why he avails himself of such obscure retreats as he can find in your bed-room. What becomes of the victim whom he chooses to join, after he has gone to bed, travellers do not tell us. The bite of many scorpions is not more dangerous than that of a wasp. The rock-scorpion of Africa is much dreaded by the natives. A man bitten by this insect—which is six inches long—is tightly bandaged above the wound and made to lie down until the effects of the wound pass off.

Scorpions eat millions of troublesome insects, and for that purpose are useful to us. They are very fierce when roused, throwing their tails over their heads and striking and wounding in every direction. The mother scorpion at first carries her young on her back, and afterward cares for them a whole month.

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"It is as different as can be!"

"What is it?"

"Being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected it to be."

"What did you expect it to be?"

"When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now; for I'll have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'

"What hard things?"

"I used to think, 'I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought."

"What do you mean? You go to church and prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray."

"Oh, yes; but then I love to do them. That makes the difference. I love Jesus, and I love to do all he wishes me to do."

Canadians Forever.

(A National Song.)

BY W. KIRBY.

GIVE thanks to God for all the grace
Bestowed by his Almighty hand;
Of France and England's martial race,
He planted us with firm command
To do and dare,
And guard with care
This Canada our native land.

CHORUS.

Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

It is the land we love the best,
The land our royal fathers gave;
In battle's fires it stood the test,
And valiant heroes died to save—
In summer's glow
In winter's snow,
A people steadfast, true and brave.

A land of peace for friends we love,
A land of war if foes assail;
We place our trust in God above
And British hearts that never fail,
In feast or fight
And cause of right.
Our word and deed shall aye prevail.

From Newfoundland at break of day
The cheer is westward passed along,
A hundred bright meridians play
Like harp-strings to the nation's song,
From sea to sea
United be,
One great Dominion just and strong.

Cape Race with lofty beacon lights
Our ocean-gates by tempests blown;
And half a world of days and nights,
And lakes and lands are all our own.
From sun to sun
Our waters run,
Niagara midway thundering down.

Our axes in the forest ring,
Our rifles mark the hunters' track,
Our boatmen by the cadence sing
Upon the rapids' foaming back.
'Tis freedom gives
And joy that lives
Beneath the glorious Union Jack!

By spreading oaks and towering pines
Our loyal yeomen speed the plough,
And reap their fields and dress their vines,
And jovial fill the barley-mow;
With sturdy toil
They till the soil,
And rest beneath the maple bough.

Then deck Victoria's regal throne
With Mayflowers and the maple tree;
And one for all and all for one,
The watchword of her Empire be,
And heart and hand
United stand,
Confederate and great and free.

NIAGARA, Ont.

AN ACT OF HEROISM.

A LARGE concourse of people had collected in one of the streets of San Diego in California, and were shouting at the top of their voices in a very excited manner. The cause of the uproar and tumult soon became apparent.

A drunken drover had charge of a herd of wild cattle, and was driving it through the town. Every one knows how dangerous these animals are, especially when goaded into fury by a tipsy drover. One of the largest of the bulls, with terrific horns, detached himself from the others.

Now, a little child was playing in the street, dragging a toy cart after it, and the mad bull rushed after the child. The drover tried to turn

the infuriated animal, but in doing so lost his balance and fell heavily from his horse to the ground. A cry of terror arose from the lips of the spectators as they saw the great danger the poor child was in. Surely nothing could save it from its horrible fate!

But help was near. A young lady was passing, and the shouting of the tumultuous crowd having attracted her attention, she took in at a moment the imminent danger of the little child. She immediately seized hold of the drover's horse and, springing into the saddle, gave chase to the bull. She soon caught up with the animal, and taking a shawl from her shoulders she threw it over its head and neck, while the bull was in full charge, and painfully near the child. In less time than it takes to tell, she had reached down, clutched the child, lifted it into the saddle, and bore it away out of danger.

The shouts and hurrahs of the delighted spectators were deafening, as this young lady (Miss Lawrence by name) dismounted and placed the child in the arms of its grateful mother. Not only did this splendid action show great presence of mind, but it was a feat of horsemanship which most people, even if they had been willing, would have been incapable of performing.

There is not the slightest doubt, that had it not been for the young lady's heroic action the child would have been tossed and gored to death. Such an act will live in the memory of all those who were so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

DETERMINED TO SUCCEED.

THE following is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland:

Thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner, and asked for work as an errand boy.

"There's a deal o' running to be done," said Mr. Blank, jestingly affecting a broad Scotch accent. "Your qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package.

"I have the shoon, sir," he said, quietly.

"Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was roused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stunted himself of food for months in order to buy those clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler; but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country, and found work in stables near to a night school. At the end of the year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said, briefly.

"I gave him the place," the employer said, years afterward, "with the conviction that, in process of time, he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman."

WHAT CHANGED HIM.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, one of the naval heroes of the great civil war in the United States, tells his story of his boyhood. It would be well for all boys to learn, before the habits become fixed, that there is nothing manly in imitating the vices of older people.

"When I was ten years old I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that, I thought, made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea? Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast; be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land. No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification.

"A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital. That is to my fate,' thought I. 'I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.' I have kept these three vows ever since. Shortly after I made them I became a Christian. That act was the turning point in my destiny."—*Alliance News.*

TIME TO WIN ANOTHER.

It was Marengo's day of bloody battle. French and Austrian had met, and the Frenchman was worsted. Bonaparte, the French general, simply headed a rout. Up rushed Desaix. An absent commander, he had been aroused by the growl of the distant cannon, and, urging forward his men, arrived in time to say to Bonaparte, "One battle is lost, but there is time to win another!"

What, when the French were hurrying away like sheep! Yes, Desaix believed still in victory. You can see Bonaparte's eye kindling with a magnetic flash. You can imagine him pressing his horse down the French lines, crying, "Soldiers, we have gone far enough. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Again the French standards were advanced, and when their folds drooped at the final halt, victorious troops were gathered about them. Marengo had been won.

One battle was lost. How many lost battle-fields there are in this world! Some enemy may often be getting the better of us. The first of another year in school, at home, or in business, you may be thinking of your losses in the past. You may be disheartened because you have not been a better scholar or a more successful clerk; and in the moral life, some sore defeat may make you specially sad.

There is time, though, to win another battle! At school begin the new term with a harder grip on a purpose to succeed. If in the moral life the standards have fluttered back in defeat, lift them again. God will send, through prayer, fresh reinforcements of grace. Up and forward! Advance the banners of the cross, and God will crown each day's effort with the peace of victory.

Waiting at the Threshold.

BY LOU C. GRAYSON.

I AM kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning from the opening pearly door,
Waiting till the Master shall bid me arise and come,
To the glory of his presence and gladness of his home.

A weary path I've travelled, amid darkness, storm and strife,

With many a heavy burden, and struggling hard for life,
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks my angel brother, as he joyfully stands
Now singing in the sunshine of that bright, sinless land,
Beckons me to come to him amid that singing throng,
And mingle in their worship, and join their happy song.

Oh, darling baby brother, with face now shining so,
You've entered and left me here, struggling with pain,
Want and woe;

Your pilgrimage was shorter, your triumph sooner won,
Lovingly will you greet me, when my suffering here is done.

You with the blessed angels who feel no grief nor sin,
I see beside the portals, prepared to let me in;
Yet, Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy times and ways are best;
But I'm weary, worn and wasted, Father, bid me come to rest.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

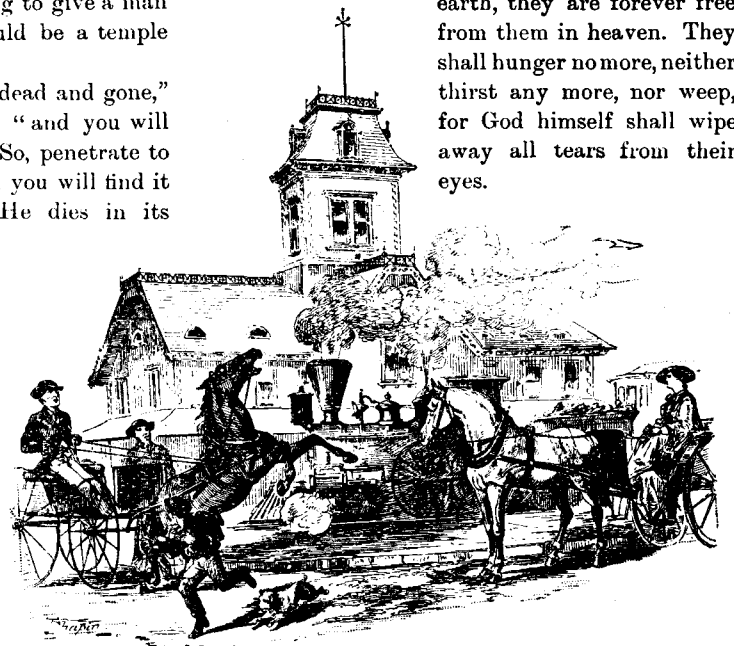
JESUS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THINGS go in cycles, and the fashion and form of spiritual thought is no exception. Some years ago there was a disposition to neglect too much the Old Testament. "It gives us God's dealings with his ancient people, and it prophesies concerning Christ." This, and nothing more. But of later years many people begin to see that there is much more than this. If Christ was king and leader of his Church in ancient times as well as in what we call the Christian ages—and his own Spirit indited the word then even as he applies it now—then why would it not be perfectly easy for him so to construct the word, and so to order the ceremonies and guide the history, that every thing should image spiritual experience and teach us concerning himself?

Mr. Moody, in speaking of Rahab and Jericho, said there was a "scarlet line" running all through the Old Testament, testifying of Jesus and his blood. And if we could imagine Christ taken out of the Old Testament, what would be left? Something of history, something of philosophy, a little

poetry, a little theology, but nothing to give a man a hope beyond the grave. It would be a temple without a shrine.

"Take out my heart when I am dead and gone," said an English statesman, dying, "and you will find the name of England there." So, penetrate to the heart of the Old Testament and you will find it bright with the name of Jesus. He dies in its sacrifices; he testifies through its prophets; he intercedes in its high priests; he receives us in its cities of refuge; he bears our sins in its scape-goat; he feeds us in its paschal lamb; he leads us in its pillar of cloud and of fire. Jesus is in the sprinkled blood; in the sin offering; in the incense; in the Holy of holies; in the holy breast-plate of the priest; in the mercy-seat; in the ark of the covenant; in the temple. Thank God for the Old Testament!—Selected.



TWO HORSES, WITH AND WITHOUT BLINDS, AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Is there any wonder that they cry with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb?"

What a beautiful sight that must be when all the angels standing round about the throne of God fall down before him on their faces and worship him? And what a glorious song they sing. As they hear the redeemed sing, they say "Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." Some day we hope to see and hear all that John heard and saw when the door of heaven was opened to him.

EVIL OF BLINDS, OR BLINKERS, ON HORSES.

THE use of blinds, or "blinkers," is a traditional species of cruelty, passive in its form, and yet akin to the check-rein in its injurious effects on the sensitive nature of the horse, which a little intelligent thought would correct.

It should be remembered that "the horse has binocular, or side vision, which blinds, of course, entirely intercept. The consequence is, that horses often take fright and run away, and do great injury, simply because they cannot see what is going on around them. Moreover, blinders are often carelessly adjusted, and—by their friction, or the pressure of their rough edges, and their continued flapping—do the eye great injury. Most cases of blindness are caused by blinders. A horse is more easily broken to harness without blinders, and afterwards never needs them."

As a striking illustration of the ill-effects of the check-rein and of blinders, we give the above accompanying twofold illustration.

The horse to the right has neither the blinds over his eyes nor a check rein to aggravate him in his nervous tremor. He therefore looks, with ears erect, at the puffing, moving engine. The other—to the left—has both blinders covering his eyes, and a torturing check-rein to still more worry him. He hears the puffing and hissing and movement of ponderous things, apparently, as it were, moving toward him. He is, therefore, in terror, and knows not which way to move; so he has to obey the cruel power over him, and rears in an affrighted manner, to the manifest danger of life and limb of him who shows neither wisdom nor compassion in his treatment of the poor, terrified horse.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not a place of idleness. Those whom the aged apostle John saw over there were busily engaged day and night in the praise and service of God. What a wonderful company that was which John saw and heard. No doubt they could all sing, although some of them could never learn to sing on earth.

Perhaps some one asks the question, "Who are they who are gathered about the throne in such great numbers?" The question is answered in this lesson, and if we read it over we will be able to see for ourselves.

In this world the people of one nation or colour sometimes think they are a little better than others. They are so ready to speak of other people and nationalities as "trash." It is not so in heaven. There all are alike. In that great company there are people of all nations, kindreds, people and tongues. Yet they all love each other and join in the beautiful services of that city, without ever thinking that they did not come from the same people and country on earth. There they are all one, for they feel that they are all the children of God.

Do you wonder how they are clothed? This lesson also tells us about their garments. They are all clothed in white robes. That indicates the purity of their characters. The garments they wear are furnished by the Lord of the place. No one but he can make such beautiful and purely white garments as they wear in heaven. In their hands they bear palms which denote their eternal victory over sin and all evil. No sin can ever come to them there.

In that beautiful home there are no temptations to overcome, no burdens to bear, no quarrels, no unpleasant or unhappy experiences. Although the inhabitants came through great tribulations on

hierarchy—they do not touch the soul in the sensitive and thoughtful. But when one reads the story of the Jesuit missionaries burning at the stake in order that they might, if possible, teach, even from the stake, the Iroquois who put them to

may go with you." "Come then," I said, and in five minutes we were off.

After some time she asked admission to the church, and the change in her was so apparent that none could doubt her sincerity. Of course Kao was for a long time under Christian influence and instruction, but I like to think, and I believe it is true, that the gift of the Testament and the prayers of the little girl so far away were the means, by God's grace, of bringing her to the Saviour.

The Arab to His Horse.

COME, my beauty! Come, my desert-darling,
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!
Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,
Here's the half of Hassam's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!
And thou know'st my water-skin is free:
Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,
And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my kisses!
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye!
Thou art glad when Hassam mounts the saddle—
Thou art proud he owns thee: so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
Prancing with their diamond-studded reins;
They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness,
When they course with thee the desert plains.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!
And the splendour of the Pashas there;
What's their pomp and riches? Why, I would not
Take them for a handful of thy hair!

—Bayard Taylor.

THE BLACK FRONT.

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

NOT far from the post-office which I daily visit, there is a building which has just been refitted and repainted, and of which the entire front was painted a dead black! Not a very pretty colour for a business house, is it? Not a remarkably lively-looking place. Yet I think it the very best colour they could have chosen for the business going on in that house—the most appropriate hue.

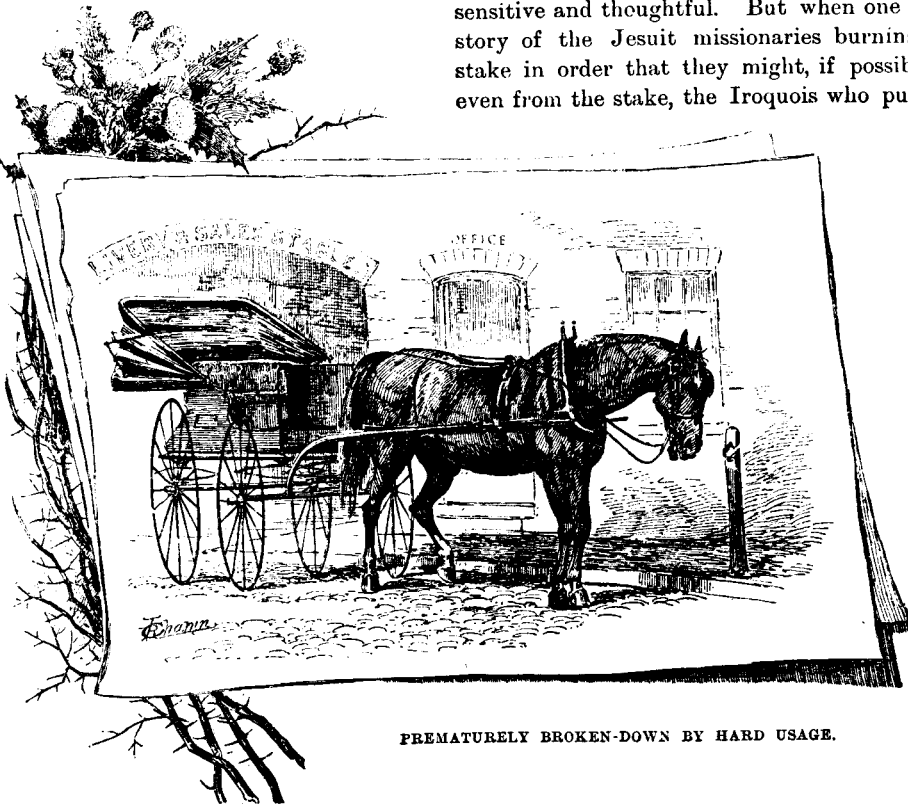
Set me tell you something more about it, and see if you can guess what the business is. I have never been inside—never intend to be. But I use my two eyes in passing, and these are some of the things I have seen.

A tall Venetian screen, first, which breaks the view from the street. But you can get a peep behind it, and you can see rows and tiers of fanciful glass objects in the window, and cards hung on the screen, which bear such inscriptions as these: "Sweetened Lightning sold here." "Thickened Glory, just ready." "Try our Gentle Bracer." "Sure Shot." "The Floorer," and ever so many more. Sometimes these cards are hung out at the door to, induce men and boys to come inside, and get "floored," as they generally do in a—

Ah, you've guessed it, boys! I know it, by your bright eyes! The Black Front is a whiskey saloon, where black deeds daily take place, and where noble lives are fed with the poisons called by these names. Now don't you think it a disgrace to our free country that these places should be allowed so openly to flaunt their shame on the public streets? And to hang those impious cards before the eyes of even innocent children!

Oh, boys, it is a shame! Such things are blots on our fair cities. When you get older, and help make the laws, make good strong ones to put the Black Front and all the rest of Satan's workshops, down and out forever. Be sure to do it, boys.

You cannot repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late.



PREMATURELY BROKEN-DOWN BY HARD USAGE.

BROKEN-DOWN BY HARD USAGE.

A "BROKEN-DOWN horse" is the natural result of neglect or ill-usage, or of both combined. It is truly a sad sight to see an animal of so noble, and yet of so sensitive, a nature, literally "broken down" by man's cruelty or neglect. How immeasurably such a man, in a Christian community, falls below the "Arab of the desert," whom we look upon as not half civilized, and especially as one not knowing anything of the kindness, humanity, and mercy taught us in the Bible, and as the result of Christian civilization!

The accompanying illustration gives an example of the legitimate effects of thoughtless, heartless, or deliberately cruel usage. Horses, the subject of such usage—unfortunately for themselves—are usually owned by livery-stable keepers; and however much such keepers may warn, and even threaten, those who hire these horses, that, in case of injury, or wilful accident by their "contributory negligence," they will be held to account, yet it practically avails little to the poor horse. Often, when out of sight of the owner, the whip is applied without stint or mercy, and the horse is driven at the top of his speed—and that, too, without regard to its ability or condition. The consequence is, that in a short time the horse is utterly broken down, and is thus rendered useless for livery-stable purposes.

The bent knees and lifted hind leg—in the illustration—shows how "weary and worn" the cruelly over-driven "livery" is when returned to the stable. As a rule, the keeper has little or no means of redress; and, alas! the ill-used horse has no champion.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

MISSIONARY HEROISM.

WE have, perhaps, knowledge enough; what we want is a spirit of consecration that vitalizes the knowledge and makes Christian wisdom out of dead doctrines. We want a temper of heroism—that which attracts men often in the Roman Catholic Church. It is not the vast cathedrals, rising like poems in stone, like great Te Deums of the rock toward the sky; it is not the magnificent music and the superb ceremonial and the great

death—when we read of their martyred missionaries anywhere—our souls are touched with a consciousness of the power which the Roman Catholic Church wields over the hearts and minds of those who dwell in it and love it. It was the heroism of the early martyrs that conquered the Roman Empire; not the sermons of eloquent orators, nor the treatises of able disputants; it was the heroism that flinched not from the flame, that found songs in the dungeon and security in the fire. The Roman mind could not interpret that except as something divine. The Roman heart could not but feel the immensity of the power which was in that living consecration.

A CHILD'S PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

FOR more than two years I had under my care a bright, attractive Laos girl, about thirteen years old. More than usually quick and sensitive, she was also obstinate and sullen, and several times I resolved to send her back to her poor home and to her weak and unwise mother, but always failed to carry out my decision.

One day a letter came to us from America, enclosing a note from a dear little girl in the homeland, asking that we would take a dollar sent by her, and buy a Testament for some little Laos girl in whom the donor might feel an interest, and for whom she might daily pray.

I gave the Testament to Fong Kao (Crystal Foam), and from that time a marked change was seen in her; she grew submissive and obedient, and seemed to feel a warm affection for us. Occasionally she would ask permission to go to her home in the country; these requests became, however, less and less frequent as she grew more attached to her home with us. One time we had made arrangements for a river trip, giving Kao an opportunity to make a visit to the country during our ten days' absence. No sign of any other intention was given until just as we were going on board the boat; in the path with the people with whom we were parting stood Kao with a bundle in her arms. "Well, Kao, I take leave of you. I suppose you will go home to-day." "Oh, Nai (Lady), "I do not wish to go home; I beg that I

Her Name.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid?
I can't find you without it."
"My name is 'Shiny-eyes,'" she said.
"Yes, but your last name!" She shook her head:
"Up to my home 'ey never said
A single word about it."

"But dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust 'Shiny-eyes.'" A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one; is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"

PILGRIM STREET.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE BILL-STICKER'S TESTIMONY.

EVERY inhabitant of Pilgrim Street turned out of doors, or gazed from the windows, as Banner paced slowly up the middle. It was one of the more respectable of the poor streets, and the visit of a policeman was rare enough to excite some curiosity among the innates.

The bill-sticker, Nat Pendlebury, turned round hastily at hearing his name so loudly proclaimed by little Phil, and Alice came out a step or two from the door. But there was something more than astonishment in Nat's face when Banner informed him that he and Alice must go with him at once to the Assize Courts. He turned into his house, followed by Phil and Banner, and closing the door behind them, he looked from one to another in utter bewilderment; while Alice, with a brave face—grave though it was—laced her clogs upon her feet, and, throwing a shawl over her head, said she was quite ready to go with her father and the policeman.

"But what is it for?" asked Nat, staring hard at Banner. "I'm a honest, hard-working man, and have had do dealings with the police, thank God for it; and I ask you, what you are hauling us off to the Assizes for? And Alice, too!"

"It's no hurt to yourselves," said Banner. "I've naught against you, man; but there's a lad—Thomas Haslam, by name—up for housebreaking, and he's summoned you to prove an *alibi*. That's where it is. He says you and Alice know where he was on the night of the robbery. You walk on first, Mr. Pendlebury, and Alice and me will follow you. Witnesses had best not talk to one another."

The streets were more thronged than earlier in the day, and the rain was falling still more heavily as Nat walked on before the others, deeply pondering over what he knew of Tom Haslam and his affairs, and now and then muttering to himself a short prayer that God would teach him what to say before the judge. He felt more troubled for Alice than himself; but whenever he glanced back, she nodded and smiled to him, and once she raised her eyes to the gloomy skies overhead, as if she too were praying in her own heart to God. So Nat went on, and gradually fell into the quick short trot

which had become habitual to him as he hurried from place to place with his paste-pot and bills, until he reached the entrance of the Courts, and had to wait for the rest to come up, before he could go on into the presence of Mr. Hope.

It was not long before Banner brought Mr. Hope into the room where they were waiting for him, but the clouds had rolled quite away from Nat's face, and a perfect calmness was resting upon it. Alice was at his side; and Phil pressed eagerly forward to the front, and listened as if his life depended upon their testimony.

"I want you to tell me all you know about Tom Haslam's doings this day three weeks ago," said Mr. Hope, in a manner which set Nat's heart at rest completely.

"And I'll tell you true, sir, God helping me," answered Nat. "It was the last time either Alice or me set eyes on Tom, or on little Phil, for the matter of that. Many's the time since Alice has said to me, 'Father, what do you think has come to poor little Phil?' This day three weeks ago it was quite dark, sir, late at night, and the children were gone to bed—I've five besides Alice—and she and me were sitting in the firelight, talking afore she went to bed—for I've lost my wife, and there's a many things to talk over and settle where there's a large family—and then comes a single knock at the door, and when I opened it, there was Tom Haslam with a penn'orth of chips Alice had ordered of him. She had just lit the candle, and opened her Bible—I can't read myself, but Alice is a beautiful scholar—and I says, 'Tom, come in, and sit thee down by the fire, while Alice reads us a chapter!' and he said he'd be very thankful, for he was cold and tired. So he came in, and Alice read her chapter, and he sits gaping and staring with his eyes and mouth wide open, and I fell a-talking to him, quite unthinking; and, bless you, sir, I found he was no better than a heathen we send missionaries to. He didn't know who Jesus was, nor nothing about him; and he only knew God's name to swear and curse by. He'd never said any prayers in his life, and didn't understand what they was. And as for going to church or chapel, it never entered his head. I can't tell you how sorry me and Alice were for him. So I walked along home with him to the very door, talking all the way; and I've never seen him since. We reckoned he was tired of my preachment; not that I can preach any more than I can read, sir; but my tongue runs on when I am speaking about him."

"About whom?" asked Mr. Hope.

"About the Lord Jesus," said Nat, in a lower tone. "It's like those two disciples, who said, 'Didn't our hearts burn within us?' I hope I don't give you any offence, sir?"

"Not at all, my good fellow," answered Mr. Hope, heartily. "But how do you know that all this happened this day three weeks since?"

"This is a Wednesday, isn't it, sir?" said Nat, with a bright face; "that's our preaching night, and Alice and the two boys went with me to the service; and a neighbour of ours was there too, Mrs. Saunders, who has a tripe-shop, and she said Alice might have a jug of tripe for the fetching. No fear of Alice not fetching it! So when I saw Tom so quiet over the reading, I said to Alice hadn't she a bit of tripe left? It was a sight to see that lad devour it up, for all the world as if he were clemmed to death. I couldn't make any mistake in the night, because we haven't had any tripe since; and Mrs. Saunders sprained her ankle the next day, and hasn't been out since. And trade hasn't been so good with me that we could afford to buy tripe."

There was a smile upon Mr. Hope's face, but Banner frowned severely upon this trifling. If he could have had his way, he would have put Nat through a sharp examination of close questioning, and tied him down strictly to the subject of Tom Haslam's guilt or innocence.

"What time was it when you left Tom?" asked Mr. Hope.

"It struck ten by the old church clock as I got back to Pilgrim Street," replied Nat; "and I couldn't have been more nor five minutes, for I can get over the ground sharper than most men, sir. You get into the way of it when you've a good many bills to post up. Mother used to tell us not to let the grass grow under our feet; but there's no grass in Manchester. We bill-stickers don't scrape the mud off the flag-stones, we're so swift."

"And what have you to tell me, Alice?" said Mr. Hope.

"It is just as father says," answered Alice, modestly; "only we haven't seen Tom since, nor little Phil. I suppose poor Tom was taken to jail; but, Phil, why didn't you come along, and tell me all about it?"

The child started with sudden terror, and glanced around him with a white face, while he shrank toward Alice, and grasped her arm with both his small hands.

"Oh!" he cried, "what shall I do? She said she'd break every bone in my body, and flog me to death if I stirred out of the house while Tom was away; only I was afraid I should never see Tom again. I couldn't come to tell you, Alice. Oh! I daren't never go back again! What must I do?"

"Thee shall come home with us, little Phil," said Nat, consolingly. "Alice'll find room for thee somewhere along with the children. There are only five of them besides Alice, and we'll be bound to find room for thee."

Alice looked thoughtful for a minute or two, and then nodded her head several times in a manner which betokened that she had arranged the matter satisfactorily to herself—only she said, in a contemplative tone, which brought a smile to Mr. Hope's face, "You'll have to be well washed, little Phil."

"You may go home then now," said Mr. Hope. "Tom's case will not be tried before to-morrow morning, and you will have to give your evidence before the court then. I have no doubt whatever that Tom will get off. Banner, show them the way out, and return to me here."

Nat bowed, and Alice curtsied with deep reverence, and then, with Phil between them, they started homewards.

Banner returned to Mr. Hope, and put himself into an attitude of attention, and for a few minutes no word was spoken by either of them.

"Banner," said Mr. Hope at last, "I scarcely understand why the boy's defence was not taken at the time he was taken up before the magistrates."

"Why, sir," answered Banner, "the police swore to him, and so did the other prisoners; and if it wasn't him, it's pretty certain it was Handforth's own son. Thomas Haslam would be pretty smartly shut up if he did try to make a defence. Them boys are born liars, and we never take any notice of what they say."

"They are in a hard case," said Mr. Hope, sighing. "Banner, you are a Christian man?"

"Yes, sir," answered the policeman, in a somewhat doubtful tone, "I hope I am. I go to church regularly, though it's heavy duty at times, sir; but I do my best at it. I'm not over and above of a Christian, but I'm better than a good many of the force. Our service isn't a first-rate one for religion, sir."

"You can serve God as well in the police-force as your clergyman does in his parish," said Mr. Hope. "Banner, it is of little consequence what our work is; the question is, how we do it and why we do it. Our Master himself was a poor village workman the greater part of his life on earth. And now here is a bit of Christ's work for you to do, Banner. God not only sent his only begotten Son into the world to save the world, but he sends all his sons—every one who has been saved from his own sins—to help to save others. You look after this poor lad a little when he is set free, and save him as far as you can. I will have some talk with him myself to-morrow; but you know I shall be going away as soon as the Assizes are over. We cannot take these lads out of the streets, but we can try to make them very different from what they are. Banner, will you do your best for this boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Banner; "I'll keep a sharp look-out upon him. You may depend upon me."
 "But, Banner," continued Mr. Hope, "if you are to do this lad any good, you must try to love him. Nay, you *must* love him. Christ could have saved none of us if he had not first loved us."

Banner looked grave and perplexed. It was an unheard of thing to ask a policeman to feel any affection for one of the miserable thievish lads who were the daily plague of his life. It was not possible that Mr. Hope understood what he was asking him to do. But there was a look in Mr. Hope's eyes, and a compassionate anxiety upon his face, which Banner could not disappoint. He lifted his hand to his throat to loosen the stiff stock which almost choked him, and answered, in a husky voice, "I'll do my best, sir. I'm a better policeman, maybe, than a Christian, but I'll do my best for Thomas Haslam."

And Banner honestly resolved to do it in the sight of God. He was a man and constable of inflexible integrity, but stern and unbending. He had learned "the *fear* of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom," but he had not gone on to the *love* of God, which is the fulfilling of the law, and the highest wisdom. He feared the judge, he served the king; but he had yet to love and trust the Father who had revealed himself in his Son.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

BY DAVY GRAY.

ONE winter, several years ago, there was a good deal of religious interest in a certain western town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsyth, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow, and had removed four years before from their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin.

On the Sabbath evening of the day when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, when she said to him: "Allie, tell me what led you to be a Christian. Was it your home teaching, your lessons in Sabbath-school, the regular preaching of your pastor, or has it all come through the influence of revival meetings?"

Looking up into his mother's face, he replied: "Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember, when we were coming from St. Albans to live here that I wanted to ride on the engine with the engineer? You were afraid to let me till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I was just as safe with him as in the parlour car with you." Then continued Allie: "When we were ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down just a little bit and then got up and started his locomotive.

I asked him many questions about its different parts, and the places and things we passed, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again before we started. He did this before leaving every station, and I asked him after a while what he was doing. He looked at me very earnestly, and said; 'My little lad, do you ever pray?'

"I replied, 'Oh, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"Well, my dear boy," said he, 'when I kneel down, I pray. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives now on this train intrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part might send all, or many of these souls to eternity. So at every station I kneel down and ask the Heavenly Father to help me. He has helped me, and in all the years I have been on this engine not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident.'

For four years the life and words of that praying engineer had been constantly present with this boy and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.

The Saviour's Call.

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 Will you rise and let me in?
 I am waiting, only waiting,
 To forgive your every sin.

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 But the door is hard to move;
 For the rusty hinges give not,
 While I wait in hope and love.

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 But I'm waiting all in vain;
 Closely is the ivy clinging;
 Will the door unbarred remain?

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 Must I, must I now depart?
 For so much, so much I love you,
 And I want your weary heart.

TELLING JESUS.

NELLIE, who had lately recovered from a dangerous illness, was one day out with her mother. As they were getting near home, the mother noticed the child had been unusually silent for a time, and all at once she stood still, and, as if with a determined effort, spoke thus: "Mamma,"—then a pause—"I prayed last night, mamma."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"
 "Oh, yes; but I prayed a *real* prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before."

Then the mother gradually drew from her the following: "I was lying awake last night such a long time, and was thinking how sinful I was. I thought of what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done, and they seemed such a lot that I tried to remember all I had done in one week, and they seemed such a heap piled up, and then I was sure I had not remembered them all. This made me so miserable, and I thought what if Jesus had come for me when I was so ill? I was sure I could not have gone to heaven. Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for the bad people, and that he had promised to forgive them; so I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was, and that I could not remember the sins of even one week; so I just asked him to think of all of them for me, every one, and then I waited to give him time to think, and when I thought he had remembered them all, I asked him to forgive them, and I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would,

and I felt so happy. Then I got into bed, and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

That this true incident may encourage other little ones to take their burden of sin to Jesus, as Nellie did, is the earnest prayer of the writer.—*The Home Guardian.*

Sealed Orders.

OUT she swung from her moorings,
 And over the harbour bar,
 As the moon was slowly rising
 She faded from sight afar—
 And we traced her gleaming canvas
 By the twinkling evening star.
 None knew the port she sailed for,
 Nor whither her cruise would be;
 Her future course was shrouded
 In silence and mystery;
 She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
 To be opened out at sea.
 Some souls cut off from moorings,
 Go drifting into the night,
 Darkness before and round them,
 With scarce a glimmer of light;
 They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
 And sailing by faith, not sight.
 Keeping the line of duty
 Through good and evil report,
 They shall ride the storms out safely,
 Be the voyage long or short;
 For the ship that carries God's orders
 Shall anchor at last in port!

POST AND RAIL PEOPLE.

A FRIEND of mine says that there are two sorts of people in the world—"posts" and "rails," and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else—a father, a sister, a husband, wife, or perhaps on a neighbour.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we all know a good many rail-like people.

Blanche Evans tells me one of the Rail girls sits by her in school. Miss Rail never had a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needs sharpening; so Blanche's pretty penknife was borrowed, until one day the Rail girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

Miss Rail's brother works beside Henry Brown in the office of the *Daily Hurricane*. They both set type, and Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him to-day whether the *l* is doubled in *model* when the *ed* is added, he will have forgotten it to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semicolon comes before or after *viz.* every time he "sets it up." The truth is the Rail boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post and expects to be held up by him.

I met two pretty young ladies travelling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to know if they were to change cars at Osanto, or not until they reached Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time, though her own watch was in order; she "couldn't bother to remember" names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it very convenient for somebody to do all this for her, and she never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant, but how much worse it is to be a rail! The post can stand by itself—but take it away and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence—if they fear that they are rails, they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one.—*Annie M. Libby.*

I am His and He is Mine

"I AM my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." Cant. 6. 3.

LOVED with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know!
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
Oh, this full and perfect peace!
Oh, this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,
I am his and he is mine.

Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green;
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen;
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauty shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am his and he is mine.

Things that once caused wild alarms,
Can not now disturb my rest,
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on his loving breast.
Oh, to lie forever here,
Care and doubt and self-resign!
While he whispers in my ear,
I am his and he is mine.

His forever, only his!
Who the Lord and me can part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss,
Christ can fill a loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline,
But while God and I shall be,
I am his and he is mine.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.**

A.D. 28.] **LESSON VIII.** [Feb. 24

THE GREAT TEACHER AND THE TWELVE.

Mark 6. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they went out, and preached that men should repent. Mark 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Teacher, v. 1-6.
2. The Twelve, v. 7-13.

TIME.—28 A.D.

PLACES.—Nazareth and other villages in Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*From thence*—From Capernaum. *His own country*—Nazareth. *The carpenter*—The phrase shows clearly the life Jesus had led here since boyhood. *Offended*—Angry that one no better by birth than they dared to teach. *A staff only; no scrip*—Simply the ordinary shepherd's crook, or perhaps walking-stick; but with no pouch or wallet for carrying provisions. *Sandals*—The ordinary shoes of Palestine. *Two coats*—That is, the under-garment was sufficient; the outer, which would impede travel, was to be left. *Shake off the dust*—That is, treat it as if it were a heathen city—even a particle of heathen soil was defiling. *Anointed with oil, etc.*—Oil was a very common medicament, and was used by these missionaries as a sign under which they wrought miraculous cures through Christ's power.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we taught in this lesson—

1. That work is honourable?
2. That people lose by not believing in Christ.
3. That it is dangerous to reject the message of Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what point did Jesus go before finally leaving Galilee? To his old home, Nazareth. 2. How did his towns-people receive him? They scoffed and rejected him. 3. What scornful question did they ask? "Is not this the carpenter?" 4. How did Jesus attempt to lighten his labours? By sending out the twelve. 5. What work did they perform in his name? "And they went out and preached," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The missionary spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What does our Lord say of those who reject him?

He declares that they ought to believe in him; and that they would believe in him if they humbly and patiently listened to his words.

John viii. 46, 47. If I say truth, why do ye not believe me? He that is of God heareth the words of God; for this cause ye hear them not, because ye are not of God.

A.D. 29] **LESSON IX.** [Mar. 3

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

Mark 8. 27-38; 9. 1. Memory verses, 36-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. Mark 8. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christ, v. 27-30.
2. The Cross, v. 31-37.
3. The Kingdom, v. 38; 9. 1.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Country near Cesarea Philippi.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Christ*—The Anointed, long expected to come to restore Israel to power and glory. *Tell no man of him*—That is, not to tell at that time, since his work was not yet accomplished, and it would only make an uproar, and increase the hostility of his enemies. *After three days*—Rather on the third day after the arrest he should rise. *Peter took him*—That is, laid his hand upon him as if in reproof. *Have seen the kingdom, etc.*—This is commonly understood to refer to the rising of Jesus from the dead when he came again with power.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here shown—

1. That our Saviour needed to suffer for us?
2. That we must be prepared to suffer with Christ?
3. That our loss for Christ will prove to be our gain?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What confession concerning Jesus did Peter make? "Thou art the Christ." 2. What did Jesus then say he must suffer? Arrest and trial and crucifixion. 3. What did he say was the path which his disciples must also tread? "Whoever will come after me," etc. 4. What did he teach concerning the world and all it could give? That it was worthless. 5. What did he teach concerning the soul? That it was priceless. 6. What was his searching question? "What shall a man give?" etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The crucified Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What is his warning to them? That his word shall condemn them at the last day.

John xii. 48. He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day.

HIDE ME FROM PAPA.

"PLEASE take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me."

The speaker of the above touching words was a little child just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness, both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and on leaving had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, "Now, Mary kiss us good-by; it is too cold to take you any farther." The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said in her baby words, "O Lenny, please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me!"

O darling precious Mary! how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words called up!

How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much of fear!

As I rode homeward the thought would again and again recur to me. Oh, that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen those baby hands in raised entreaty, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion! Surely the heart of the most hardened whisky dealer would have been reached and his silent, slumbering conscience awakened to a true sense of the terrible amount of wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits. O, think of it, barkeepers, and whisky-sellers of every grade!—think of your sad, sad work.

Here was a man who, when sober, was a kind and devoted parent, yet from the use of this curse of our land, had become so cruel and unkind as to inspire abject fear in his only child.

May all who read these few lines, and have encouraged the use of ardent spirits in any way, be warned in time, lest in the last day many women and little children shall say to them, "To you we owe the untold wretchedness and agony of our lives; our blood be upon your skirts."

THE TOOLS OF ANIMALS.

1. ANIMALS do not know enough to make their own tools as man can, and God has given them ready-made ones.

2. The tail of a fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first to one side and then the other, using his fins as balancers to guide his motion. If the fish moves fast, and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

3. A man makes a tool for drilling wood, but the woodpecker has a drill in his own bill, and when he drills holes in the trees in search of food, you can hear the click of his tool just as you would the man's.

4. The drill of the woodpecker has another tool inside, a sort of insect catcher. On the end is a bony thorn, with sharp teeth like barbs on a fish-hook. As he works and finds an insect, he opens the drill and sends out this barbed tongue, and draws it into his mouth.

5. Some animals have tools to dig with. The hen digs for herself and her chickens. The pig uses his snout and roots away under the mud. The elephant uses his strong tusks, and the queer underground galleries of the mole are made with the heavy claws with which he ploughs and digs.

6. The woodchuck, too, is a great digger. His hind feet are shovels to dig the hole where he lives, and the beaver uses his broad, flat tail as the mason does his trowel, spattering and smoothing the mud with it as he builds the walls of his cabin, while his sharp, powerful teeth are his saws, with which he gnaws off large branches of trees to build his dams.

7. There is no limit to God's power in supplying the needs of the creatures he has made.—*Exchange.*

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