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Vox. XIII.]

## A. MOUNTAIN HERO.

## BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

JAKE was climbing over the snow-covered mountain with a pack on his back. Jake Was a stout boy with Indian blood in his veins, as you could easily have seen by his coal-black hair and eyes and his swarth cheeks. The mountain was a spur of the Rockies. The pack contained coon skins which Jake was carrying to the small railroad town to sell.

Jake did not like the town or the people he met there. Neither did he like the railroad. It disturbed him with its roar and its quickness Feet to go on were good enough and fast onough ${ }^{2}$ hor him. He would rast enough for him. He would rather, too, that the people kept away-these white people. They, too, were so quick-quick when there Was no hunting or trapping on hand to make it necessary to move in a hurry. There were so many of them, too. They kept coming and coming, bringing with them such strange ways that it made him dizzy to think of them.

He did not object much to the missionaries who had come out among the earliest settlers. They Were quieter and their talk was quiet. $\mathrm{H}_{e}$ did not trouble himself much about what they said either, although he had heard more of it than must boys of his like had heard.
This had happened one night when his mother was dying. She was the daughter of an Indian chief whose wife tras one of the earliest white women who had penetrated so far into the wilds Jake had sat beside the wis. the corner of the hut which mother in the cont had built or which the crove the missionary in or them, and heard the missionary low tones speak words of comfort
She had listened as one who listens to a message of life, and Jake had always felt grateful to all missionaries, as he recalled the look of peace with which she had closed her weary eyes. As Jake now entered the village for the first time in weeks it was easy to see that a great change had come over it. A branch road had come in, but he did not know that that wa the reason of the new buildings lightly and hastily put up, nor of the number of new-looking people on the streets women wrapped in furs, with face even whiter than the white-faced men ; chlldren, too, with such golden locks as he had never before seen. Everything was lively and very trange, aid not like these strang mor "Th,
"There's a queer coot."
Two boys of his own age eyed Jake with interest as he passed down the street
"I suppose we shall see plenty of that sort," said the other.
"Look at his leggings. Look at his snow-shoes." Jake was by this time carrying the latter through the well-tracked streets.

And see that bundle of skins. I wonder if he got them himself."
"Like as not. I'd like to ask him."
'Oh, I wouldn't. He's such a scowly looking chap. Looks as if he'd as soon phoot you or mo down as any othor game."

Jake was indeed scowling. He had taken that poor chap for his skins ?-fine ones, Jow for the words, but he knew they too, they are, Don't you let him fleece in but few
were speaking of the smiles. He hated Jake turned sharply as the now voice curious glances and the why could they not have stayed struck clearly into the conversation. It where they belonged, in the far-away was that of one of the two boys he had country ho had heard of, in which all the people were white like them?


## A MOUNTAIN HERO.

A few minutes later he stood with his kins before an ill-looking fellow who gazed out at him from a rudely built stall. A short dispute followed his offering of his wares, Jake appearing very far from pleased with the price offered.
"Too little, too little," he repeated, shaking his head.
"I tell you it's all they're worth and all ou'll get."
ou'll get.
"Etop, there! If that all you're offoring
with increasing energy. "If he won't pay you a fair price you go with me and I'll see that you get it. And," he continued, with a nod at the man, 'my father's coming to town day after to-morrow, and if you don't, look out you'll answer for your swindling."
Jake was not much given to smiling, but something very like a smile lit up his eyes as, after his first slow stare of inquiry, he gethered what was maant by the interruption.

The man scowled ominously as Jake ollowed the boys.
"Where did you get them?" asked Arthur Lee, gazing with increased interest at the bundle of skins.
"Up-over there;" the boy made a sweep of his arm towards the surrounding hills.
"Not shoot-trap."
"He trapped them. Say, Dick," turning to his companion, "wouldn't. it be jolly to see some of that kind of work?"

You come with me-I show, said the dark boy, greatly pleased with their interest in his pursuits.
" Do you trap anything else?"
"Trap or shoot, wolf, otter, deer, sometimes bear.'
"Let's try it, Art!" exclaimed Dick, with great enthusiasm. "It's the first chance you and I have had at such sports. What's the good of coming to an out-of-all-creation country like this, if you don't find some fun? Yes, we'll come," to the boy. "Show us where to meet you. We've got snow-shoes. Look, Art, at these shoes of his. I suppose they are samples of high art in such lines,"

As the afterncon waned Jake turned his face for his tramp over the mounhis face for his tramp over the moun-
tains, with the slow beatings of his heart quickened by many a new heart quickened by many a new
thought. It was not so bad, after thought. It was not so bad, after
all, this hum of busy life in which all, this hum of busy life in which
such as he could find fair dealing. such as he could find fair dealing.
He liked the business-like way with which the fur dealer paid him twice as much for his skins as he had erer before received. And his whole nature warmed towards the whitefaced, fair-haired strangers who had stood up for him when he was about to be wronged He had told them where to meet him and he would give them a lively taste of the wild sport them a lively taste of the
in which he took delight.
n which he took delight.
"Here! Stop a minute!"
"Here! Stop a minute!"
Jake had descended to cross a deep ravine when he heard the voice which well matched the surly face of Burk, the would-be fur dealer. He was one of the worst specimens of the adventurous characters which drift into a new country.
' Come this way. No, I ain't goin' to take it out o' your hide about ther skins; though I might-you, a fellow that's had dealin's with me a fellow that's had dealin's with me
these two or three year back! But these two or three year back! But
it ain't that. Come up to the top, here.'
A climb through the snow brought them to an eminence from which could be had an extensive view of the valley below, with the town on the hillside. Directly below them, at the foot of an almost perpendicular cliff, ran the railroad. Two or three men of Burk's sort waited near.
Look down there," said Burk. "The train that comes in before sunrise the day after to-morrow is to bring in a pile of money. We're goin' to stop that train. Look a' this heap o' stones and gravel, with this big boulder just fixed so a good shove'l send it down. You're to be here just 'fore it's light, and listen till you hear the train, and then you're to give the shove. Nobody'll ever know but it come dawn of itself. Joke mtood atill with a moowh.
"I don't like no such work," he srowled.
'You may do it youself.
Maybe you don't, but we didn't ask if you did. We can't do it, for we've got to be on the ground below. And if you don't stop it well find some way of doin' it our selves. But mind,"- taking the boy's
shoulder in an iron grasp- "if you don't shoulder in an iron grasp-" 'if you don't
do it we'll catch you, and the mornin' after we'll throw you down and stop the trai with you., Yes, don't be afraid but we'll find you.'
Jake shook himself free and walked away. He had a terror of these men, growing out of many things he had seen them do which were utterly beyond his half-wild understanding. He believed they could do him any injury they would.
What should he do? He had no love for white men in general, but his nature revolted against committing a crime. Fast upon his memory came crowding the words spoken by the missiunary so long ago giving him a very clear perception of the difference between right and wrong, and sense of his responsibility before the Creato who has planted those perceptions in even the untaught soul. In his dim, misty way
fike had learned to recornize his voice in Sike had learned to recognize his voice in
the winds and the waters, and his face in the winds an
How could he do such a thing? And on a suddon he strpped short. That boy, the one who had so stoutly opposed Burk, had spoken of his father coming the day after to-morrow. It must be on that train
Burk would kill him if he did not obey him. That would be better than doing it before morning be far out of his reach.
He walked abhost unconsciously for miles over the rough, snow-covered hills. Then came another thought. Burk was going to wreck the train anyway. Jake could prevent it by giving waruing of what
was to be done. He quickly turned his face towards the town. It would be throwing himself into the hands of the evil men, but if it must be so it must. He could see again the frank, kindly gaze of the strange boy. Poor Jake had a vague idea of the difference between his rough, untaught self and these more favoured boys, and a pathetic feeling that the world could spare him better than such as they.
In his deep thought he skirted too near the edge of a steep desoent. A few days' forming a glazed surface on a sharp frost, forming a glazed surface on the snow. Wis
footing once lost, Jake found in dismay fonting once lost, Jake found in dismay
that he could not regain it. He grasped a that he could not regain it. He grasped a
low-growing branch, but it gave way with low-growing branch, but it, gave way with
him, and, with a cry which echoed unheard him, and, with a cry which echoed unheard
among the lonely mountains, he went down--down

Jake opened his eyes with a confused wonder where he might be. A dizzy ache in his head led himito guess that a severe bunp had taken away his consciobinuess for
awhile. It was dark and cold. Looking up, he could see the stars, and soon guessed that he had fallen into some kind of a hole. Light soon began to break, and then Jake knew where he was. The mountains seekers, and the boy saw that he had fallen into a prospecting hole, dug in hopes of finding the rich ore, and then abbandoned. trial after another ge made to desperate trial after another he made, to fall back
with bleeding hands and half-stumned with bleeding hands and half-stumned senses. The morning slowly wore away.
Another morning would see the fearful work of wreck and death wrought on dozens of immocent travellers. At intervals he raised his voice in wild cries for help.
"Halloo! Halloo!
Could that be an answering cry? With all his might he shouted again
"Halloo! We're coming. Where are you, anyway?"
Jake kept up a clamour which was soon over the edge of the hole, a head orna mented with the fair hair he had seen the day before.

Yes, here we are. We tracked you by your snowshoes. And we've got a rope. We've climbed down to the level so as to get at you. There's the rope : tie it round your waist. Aren't you about starved?
We've got something to eat, too. Ho! We wanted to see some of your trapping, but we didn't expect to find you ir. a trap.
Benumbed and aching Jake nas soon out of his prison. It was not his way to a look in the dark epes which could easily
be read. Scarcely would be wait to satisfy his hunger before telling his story of the Treater work which was in preparation.
The hoys listened with grave faces.
Now I must get away," said Jake,
stooping to adjust his snow-shoes. "They'll stomping
kill me.
"No, you sha'n't go," said Arthur earnestly. "My father's the governor of the territory, and if he wasn't I guess there's law enough finding its way out here to get equal with such rascals, and to take care of you, too. You wait here till dark and then come to our house. Dick and I will hurry back and set things at work.

What if we hadn't spoken kindly to that poor wild-looking fellow?" said Dick to his cousin after an hour of walking in silence.
"It makes me dizzy to think what," said Arthur. "It's a sort of a strong showing we shouldn't may come to depend on people we shouldn't expect much of. Well, Jake shall be well paid for his night's work.
And Jake found himself in such kindl hands, belonging with hearts so generously apprecintive of the great service he had rendered, that as the years went on in which he made use of opportunities given him, he was more and more able to rejoice in realizing that the Lord, who has created fair faces and dark, looks with equal love upon each, granting to both the blessing of being means of good to each other.

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## Pleasant Hours

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. II. WI'IIROW, I.I., Editor.

## TORONTO, DECFMBER 9, 1893.

## METHODIST MISSION WORK.

The special glory of Metholism has been its missionary character. It has not only gone to those who needed it, but to those who needed it most. It has sought out with a passionate zeal the forgotten and neglected, and has sent the Gospel to the degraded and the wretched, even in the uttermost parts of the earth. This crown of honour of the British Methodism is also the characteristic to Methodism throughout the world. But though many daughters have done virtuously the grand old mother church has excelled them all. This is ow. ing, we coneeive, not to her greater wealth, but to her superior missionary organization. The average membership is, we think, less able to give than the membership in either Canada or the United States. But the mode of collection is more systematic, missionary information is more widely diffused, and missionary zeal more intensely kindled. The missionary meetings at Leeds, Salford, Sheffield, and other great Methodist centres are seasons of glowing enthusiasm, and so also are those of village and circuit MethBut throught the land.
But it is especially in enlisting the co-
operation of the young that this superior
the juvenile offerings of tha single year church amounted to $\$ 107,000$ or one-third of the entire missionary incone raised in Great Britain
In Canada the amount raised for missions durning $1892-93$ by juvenile offerings was $\$ 27,039.25$, an increase of $\$ 782.97$ on th previous year. If the Christmas offering plan be not considered the best, let soring other more efficient mode be adopted Such a morle has already been adopted. some of our schools, at which adopted by sending out Christmas collecting cead of juvenile missionary society has been established, with the result of doubling th amount of contributions of the school. The schools of Montreal last year contributed the noble sum of $\$ 3,336.73$, bein on the rell over 65 cents for each schola we are told, And most of these scholars, we are told, belong chiefly to what may bo is scarcely porer classes of society. Ther is scarcely any place in Canadia which, similar results. Yet if even half not give or say one cent a Sunday, which this the poorest could give, from our 24 stead of $\$ 24,714.13$ yf las $\$ 127,282.48$ inThe $\$ 24,714.13$ of last year.
The school of the Metropolitan Church o naugurated a plan whe some others, have mitation. A Sundich deserves general meeting is held once a quarter, at which missionary information is guarter, at which from our missionaries read, missionary hymns are sung, and missionary addressy are made. Besides this, a missionary col day. Far taken up in each class every Sun day. Far more important than the money The of such a system is the moral beney The young people of our church are the grandest of causes int sympathy with the quainted of causes. They become ac quainted with our missionary work. Their mental horizon is widened, beneficent emo of systematic stired in their souls and habits of systematic giving are cultivated. When in a few years, they pass from the school
into the church, they will be o discharge their responsibiliteter fitted department of missionary and chure every By all means let such societies berch work. in connection with all our congregationsed

## THE TEMPERANCE FIGHT.

Ler us marshal the young hosts in the rmiey-schools and day-schools into the hat Hamilcar the crusade. We are told made his little son Hannibal , general, of age, swear, upon his ibal, at six years eternal enmity apainst his country's altar, The victorious march of the Country's foes. onquetor over the of the Carth erritory tell how faithfully that vow was ept.
In like manner the boys and girls, the our schools, the foung our homes and in worien who will soung men and young thought and the opinion of the futhe we of God and eternal enmity against this Here, as in every our land.
voman's influence great moral reform, upreme. She is the true regeome almost Her rebuke may cause intement of society. her presence. Hices to shrink abashed from spire the mightiest co-operation will inpation of this sin efforts for the extiragainst man. The W.C.T God and crime inent is, we believe, the mightis this connce agency yet organized.
Let the boys
the Sunday-schools. Let ter pledged in struction be communicat temperance in. largely is, in our public schools it already perance literature and informationpress of the country. religious and secular importunate prayer should bo unceasing, heaven for the staying of this sent up to intemperance. But prayer with tide of is an insult to God. Prayer should be accompanied by the most earnest be persistent effort to build up God's kingdom in the world and to overthrow the ancient bastile of intemperance and vice. Liet the fathers and big brothe and beseech their drink traffic and vote for its prohibition the

## "It Shall Come to Pass in the Lamt Days."

## A arfter day is coming, A norning promised long, <br> When girded right, with holy might, When God the Lord will listen <br> To every plaintive sigh <br> And streteh his hand o'er <br> With justice, by-and every land, <br> chorts. <br> Coming by-and-bye, coming by-and-bye : The better day is coming, The morning draweth nigh; Coming by-and-bye, coming by-and-bye The coming by-and-bye.

The boast of haughty error
No more will fill the air,
But age and youth will love the truth,
And spread it everywhere;
Wo more from want and sorrow
And strife the hopeless cry.
Will flourish by-and-bye.
Oh! for that holy dawning
Till o'er the height the morniay,
Shail drive the gloom morning light
And when the heavenly awlory ;
Shall flood the earth and ghy
We'll bless the Lord for all his word
nat praise him by-and-bye.

## A STORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

A characteristic story of Stephon Girard was that he induced a boy to work or him till he was twenty-one years old, promising to give him a good start in life atterward. When the time eame the young man applied for the promised reward. The eccentric old merchant looked at him for moment, and then said gruffly
learn a trade. Considerably cost the young man turned away, for he had expected a very different start; but aftor some reflection, knowing something of the other's peculiarities, he decided to do as he had been bidarities, he decided to do as ', trade. When be and learned the cooper trade. When he had mastered it, a year or so later, he presented himself again, and the old man gave him an order for two barrels. He made and delivered them, and Mr; he said, "you have a capital that you cannot ose, for you can always fall back on your thade if you meet with adversity." And then he advanced his protege a considerable Harper, with which to start business. Harper's Weekly.

## LET IT ALONE.

Solomon, speaking of the use of wine, and stingeth like last it biteth like a serpent The adder he refers adder." Prov. 23. 32 cockatrice, or yeflers to is thought to be the argest and yellow viper-one of the mous serp most venomous of the venohas serpents which invest Palestine: It the veen said that its breath was poison; the vemon exuded from its skin; that it could kill even by its very look; that its it by was so subtle, that a man who killed poison has spear, fell dead by reason of the poison darting up the shaft of the spear and passing into his hands; and that it burned bp the grass wherever'it crept, and the hiding-place fead when they approached its less, had these lo sacred writers, doub to this peculiarily legends in mind, and imputed to the cockatrice, or adder, they reputed to the cockatrice, or adder, they re-
fer in their warnings against the wine cup.

The Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Mo., says: "In the Methodist Magazine D. Howells (Toronto, William Briggs), W. Lake Leman, writes on 'Village Life on quaint, delightful humour of that writer, and 'Bob Bartlett's Baby, a story of great power and pathos, recounting a thrilling shipwreck and rese, recounting ast of New B.A.Aland, is afforded by Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A. Mrs. Helen Campbell's 'Light in York Slaces; or, Rescue Work in New Fork a Slums,' is also very strongly written, Drummond, with an article from his brif


FRUITS OF THE DRINK TRAFEIC.
Vote on Jrmuary lst for Geddul home and native land, and for the protection of the drunkard's wife and children.

## THE OHILDREN OF INDIA.

## by sophie s. smith

Amy-I must find out all I can about Hindu children for our Mission Band this week. 1 have written
and it seems very little.
Mamma-Will you read to me what you have?
Any-I saw the picture of a Hindu baby lying in its cradle, and 1 have told about that to begin. The oradle is made of a square frame with a piece of cloth stretchcords. Here the baby will lie all day and swing, never crying, though it may be hungry and sleepy.
Mamma-They must have unusually good and patient babies in India. Our babies would cry loud enough under such circumstances.
Amy-They are very godd indeed. Even the poor baby who has no cradle to swing in, but is carried in a basket on its
mother's back, will lie quietly on the ground while she is at work and never $\stackrel{\text { cry. }}{\mathrm{Ma}}$

Mamma-Do the Hindu babies make good boys?
Amy-They grow up to be very goodor fight, and yet they are not exactly what what we would call good boys, because they what we would call good tell lies and cheat. They do not think it is wrong.
Mamma
Mamma-What a pity that children with such good traits should have some bad ones
them ?

Amy-Yes, that is all I have been able to find out so far. Will you please tell me something more?
Mamma-Well, there is giving the baby name, which is a yery solemn and important affair. The priest looks into his books to see if the planets are favourable for the ceremony; if not, he offers prayers When the day is fixed, the friends and relatives come in, and the baby receives his name.
his name.
Amy-Are the Hindus not very superstitious?
Mamma-Yes, they hang shells and coins, on the baby to keep away the "evil eye."
They are very careful to never speak the baby's name at night, lest an owl hear the name, repeat it, and the child die. No one must ever pull its nose, for that would make it in.
Amy-What a strange idea! Suppose what would they do ?
Mamma-The do :
with rice and put it in would fill a dish her house. The first person who bhould touch the dish, oven persiden who should carry off the disease, and the baby would get well.
Amy-What a fortunate thing for the baby that they have some way to protect it. What do they do next?
Mamma-- When he is six months old he receives his first dish of rice. Friends are invited to witness the ceremony and have a great feast. When he is three years old, his head is shaved, he puts on a muslin cap and coat and begins school. Up to this time he wears no clothes, but is covered pith jewellery.

Amy-It seems very early for them to begin school. They can't be omuch more than babies.
Mimma-The Hindus do not think it wise to let their children play much; they believe it makes them lazy ; so they go to school when very young, where they sit cresss-legged, nearly all day, shouting their lessons in a loud voice. When the Hindu boy is eight years old he is made a Brahmin. The sacred thread is put around Brahmin. The sacred his shoulder, and he is considered fit to engage in all religious duties.
Amy-Dear me! what important creatures their boys are. What becomes of the girls.
Mamma--The girls are regarded as an expense, and not being so useful as boys, they are not welcome. When the parents do not wish to raise the girl baby, it is allowed to sleep itself to death with opium in its mouth, or it is put in a basket, and set afloat on the river Oanges.

Amy--What cruel people they must
Mamma-They do not mean to be cthed A woman's life in India is a very wretched one at best, and this is often the easiest
way they think, of sparing her future way they think, of sparing her future
suffering. However, they do not put their suffering. However, they do not put their girls to death now so often as they used to
Amy-Why do they not?
Mamma- The country is now ruled by the English. It is a crime to put girls to death, and punished by law, when the guilty parties are found. Christianity has also shown many of these people the sinfulness of such practices, and led them to live better lives.
Amy-If the girl lives what does she do?
Mamma-She plays with her dolls, goes to school, is richly dressed and loaded down with jewellery. Indeed, she has a pretty good time until she gets married.

Amy-How old is she when she marries?

Mamma-Between eight and eleven. She is sometimes betrothed several years earlier. As soon as her father selects a husband for her, she puts on a veil, has the ends of her fingers dyed pink, and retires to the zenana or place where the women live. Here she is educated for married life.

## Amy-What does she learn

Mamma-Cooking and religion. The Hindu is very particular about his food, prepare it and serve him but his wife. His prepare it and serve do has much to do with this. After she learns to cook and serve food properly she learns to cook and serve food properly
she learns many verses from their sacred she learns many verses from their sacrod
book, the histories of various Hindu gods, dialogues and stories.
Amy-Must she learn all this whether she wants to or not?
Mamma-Yes; she is not considered ready to be married until she knows these things well. She has no voice in the mater, but must marry whenever and whomsoever her parents direct. If the man dies
before or after marriage, she is a widow before or after marriage, she though she may still be a little girl, she dare not marry again. Her fine clothes and jewels are taken away, she is abused and neglected, and must spend the rest of her life in hard work and sorrow.
Amy-What a dreadful time she must have. Is there no escape for her ?
Mamma-None, until the Gospel teaches them better, and so brightens and blesses their lives. Some have been helped through its influence ; let us pray that many more may feel its power and be led in the in the true way. The Rev. E. T. Curnick write

Pity the children across the sea,
the children across the sea, Christ have heard:
Dumb idols they worship, on bended knee,

## Pity the children across the sea:

The Master proclaims in a voice of love: Suffer these children to come to me
Of such is the

Pity the children across the sea,
Give them your pennies and prayers to-day; And God's richest blessings from heaven shall
Poured on the hearts who his words obey.

## WASPS' NESTS.

"The saloon is a wasps' nest in any neighbourhood. It has all the bad traits of the sneaking, irritable, thievish, fighting, and stinging wasps, but is far worse in its effects. We want to look at it for a while, so that we may leep everybody a way froith the dangerous nests until we can get hbt water and smoke to destroy them. (Draw a small circular wasis' nest on the left; suspended from above, and a larger one on the right. In the middle draw; plan of your town or city, or part of it, like gridiron, and lucate saloons on it as wasps' iron, and locate salo
"Here are the nests ! There are t $\mathrm{t} \mathbf{0}$ thousand of them in Philadelphia, besides many travelling in bottlers' wagons. They have each many cells in which wasps are being grown and nursed-drunkards made. See how black-spotted our city or town is Looks as if it had the measles or small-pox. It is spotted with wasps' nests.
"The wasp is thievish. She makes no honey herself, but takes the hard earnings and work of others, even if she must kill them to get the treasure. Wasps kill the bees and steal their honey.
"The wasp is very irritable. If you touch her she will sting furiously, and how poisonous her sting is! So strong drink makes people cross, quick in passion, brutal and quarrelsome. How many dear cheaten and murdered, by these human, beaten and in
furious wasps.
"The wasp is mean and sneaking. In the cold of autumn she slyly crawls into your window, and when you happen to touch her she stings you. So the liquor-
seller, having a home in this good land, seller, having a home in this good land,
repays the kindness by stinging and destroying.
fights everyth pecomes utterly selfish, which she thing good that opposes her, or is Ishmael-with pposes her. One nest by drawing lines down may be changed into rum bottle, the other into beer jug.)

Hot water will destroy the natural wasp's nests, but cold water destroys the saloon. A slow fire with suffocating smoke kills the wasps, but it takes a hot fire with a great blaze to annihilate the saldons.
Let it begin to burn. Help to stir it up, boys and girls.

## TWIN EVILS.

## by J. m. caldwell.

Once I made a mistake that came near costing a young man his soul. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister and had wrecked his life through drink. He was gloriously converted. Not only had he been intemperate, but he was addicted to
the use of tobacco. In all my ministry I had never known a man who has been an nebriate but that when he was converted if he did not give up tobacco with the whiskey, he slipped back into his sin. For a long time this was a mystery to me, but when 1 learned that the cabbage and burdock and other ingredients used in making plug tobacco are moistened and bound together with Jamaica Rum, I realized fully the danger threatening an inebriate who indulges in tobacco. Six months after his conversion I met this young man on the street and noticed that he was chewing to bacco. He blushed when he saw me, fo he knew that I was aequainted with the fact that he had not given up the habit. Fearing to discournge him and make him fear I had lost faith in him I said-

Well, my friend, it is a little better for a man not to chew tobacco, but there are thousands of better men than I that have done so."
A week later, I met that young man on the street, drunk. I took him to my study and laid him on the lounge. While he was too drunk to walk straight, he had a good deal of sense. I said to him, "How did this happen?"
He replied, "You are to blame for it. 1 had supreme faith in you. I knew I was doing wrong when I took the tobacco, and if you had shaken me up the first day I met you, that would have been the end of it; but just as soon as I ohewed the
Then and there I realized I would better
Then and thered realized the spot. By far have rebuke of God, though he foll he was reclaimed.

## The Temperance Crusade.

brw. J. s. twillingate.
Sons of Temperanice, don the armotir,
Wield the sword with might and main ; Sin and misery in his train:
Souls and bodies are his victimis,
Hell 1 lis ally
All that's God-like in treain
Disappears beneath his reign.
Fathers ! nothers : yea, and children,
Home and friendship's dearest ties,
With a ruthless hand are riven
When this fue his curse replie
Bane of country, cutse of nation,
Sapper of all human joys;
Blight of every gram anbition,
killer of that hope which buoys;
Alcohol ! thy days are numbered,
Guman woes to heaven appeal
God with nat in holy purpose
Now unite thy doom to seal
Come, ye people, join our crusade,
Home and country's voice appealeth;
Hear ye not the cry in vaih
ounds of victory now are stealing-
Soon the cry, hurruh ! hurrah!
Echperance her bantuer waveth;,
Courage, then, my brothers, sisteis;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
ictory at length appeareth
Join we, then, the victor's song.

## WESLEY'S ẎOUTH.

It was while he was a member of Lincolh College that that unparalleled religious career of Mr. Wesley, which has always been regarded as the most wonderful religious movement of modern times, began. "Whoever studies the simplicity of its beginning, the rapidity of its growth, the stability of its institutions, its present vitality and activity, its commanding position and prospective greatness, must con-
fess the work to be, not of man, but of fess th
The heart of the youthful collegian was profoundly stirred by the reading of the "Christian Pattern," by Thomas a Kempis, and "Holy Living and Dying," by Jeremy Taylor. He learned from the former that simplicity of intention and purity of affection were the wings of the soul, without which he could never ascend to God ; " and on reading the latter he instantly resolved to dediate all his life to God. He was convinced that there was no medium; every part must be a sterifice to either God or part must be a stcrifice to either aod or
himself. From this time his whole life was himself.

A little band was formed of such as professed to seek for all the mind of Christ. They commenced with four, but soon their number increased to six, then to eight, and so on. Their object was purely mutual profit. They read the classics on week days and divinity on the Sabbath. They prayed, fasted, visited the sick, the poor, the imprisonel. They were near to administer religious consolation to criminals in the hour of their execution.
As might have been expected, they were ridiculed and lampooned by those who differed from them, and who could not comprehend the motive to such a religious life. They were called, in derision, "Sacramentarians," "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," "The Holy Club," "The Godly Club," "Supererogation Men," and finally "Meth. odists." Their strict, methodical lives, in the arrangement of their studies and the improvement of their time, their serious deportment and strict attention to religious duties, caused a jovial friend of Charles of Mesey to say, "Why, here is a new sect of Methodists springing up," alluding to a school of ancient physicians, or to a class of nonconforming ministers of the seventeenth century, or to both, who received this title from some things common to both. The name took, and the young men were
known throughout the university as Methknown throughout the university as Meth-
odists. The name, thus given in derision, was finally accepted, and has been retained in honour to thls day.
"That remains to be seen," as the boy
asid when he spilt the ink on the toblecloth
 earth to-day, extending east and west almost four thousand miles, and north and south nearly a thousand miles, containing more
people than all those who live in our own continent- $90,000,000$ of them there today. And while explorers have crossed it, surrounded Lake Tchad, and sailed up the Niger, and down the Nile, written great in this year of our Lord 1893, never yet has a messenger of the Gospel placed his foot upon that soil.
We talk much of the fallen ones of our great citios, but I would have you gaze for a little while on the heathen world where they have never heard so much as a whisper of the name of Jesus, he who came to save them as well as us from sin. It has been our hope that God might lead out from our work here a great army of young men and dear unto themselves, but will gladly ssil away to the dark places of the earth to preach Jesus Christ. And although we to preach Jesus Christ. And although we are of those who have been identified with our work have either already crossed the sea, or are now upon the sea going to their life's work. So we trust the Lord will indeed use the World's Gospel Union in carrying the blessed news of salvation to those over yonder that watch for the morning that has never dawned, that wait for the messengers that so far have never come, and die, and go on to eternal doom not knowing of the love that prompted God to give his only begotten Son for them.
Some time ago a missionary went from the mouth of the Niger up northward into the gloom of the midnight blackness, and there he found an old chief who had never heard anything about the Gospel, never been able to look up to God and say, "Father." This missionary told him the wonderful story, and it came with just as much sweetness to the old chief as it came to you or to me. As he caught a little glimpse of the love of God, he wanted to have the missionary stay and tell his people about it, but the missionary said he must go back very soon to the mission house, but before he would let him return he made him promise that a missionary should come and settle there among his people and tell them not only once but many times of the love of Christ. So the old chief accompanied the missionary to the river and saw him sail away to the southward, and then he began his long waiting, not for a day, but for weeks and months, till a year had gone by, and no missionary came; and then two years went by, and there was no missionary, and three and four years and five years, and over and over again the old chiof used to go the bank of the river and look to see ing to thall hin people argin wan not com

## LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.
STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES
A.D. 95.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 17. THE GLORIPIED SAVIOUR.
Rev. 1. 9-20. Memory verses, 17, 18
Golden Text.
Wherefore God also hath highly exalted every name.-Phil. 2.9 name which is abov

## Odtline.

1. The Voice, v. 9-11.

Plade-The Isle of Patmos.

## Explanations.

"Testimony of Jesus "-Faithful witness bearing to the life, death, resurrection, und Messiahship of Jesus. "In the Spirit"Transferred in affection and imagination from earth. "The Lord's day"-The first day o Week, on which Jesus rose from the dead "Alpha and Omega"--The beginning and "From A to Z." "Seabet-as we say ticks"-A gold candlestick golden candle. ranches. The emblem of the with seven tion. "The Son of man"-Jesus Cispensa"A garment down to the foot" Jesus Christ robe. "Girt about the paps"-A flowing around the breast. Here follows a - Girdled description. "His hairs were white", because the head of Jesus premature whe "-No d. There is no historic indication whiten because "white" and "flam of that symbols of glory. "Fine brass"-Burniere rass. "The sound of many waters" roar of the sea on the surf. "Waters"-Th -Types of the "seven churches," stars" harp, two-edged sword "-Thurches."
figure to Western ears ; but we say " strange
"Kords," which is, after all, the sa, "cutting
" Keys of hell and death" "- The same simile. the dead are nuder Christ's control. realms of

## - Practical Trachings

Where in this lesson do we learn-

1. That Christ is living now and forever?
2. That Christ holds among the people? life?

## Thi Lesson Catechism

1. Where was John in banishment? "The Isle of Patmos?" 2. How did Chriat appear to him? "Transfigured in glory." 3. What did the stars in his right hand represent? does Christ carry Christ on earth." 4. What does Christ carry? "The keys of hell and
death." 6. What has God done Tert: "Wherefore God hath," etc. Golden

## Catrohism Question.

Do we know any further reason why it was eedful?
It was needful that our Saviour might offer a full satisfaction and atonement for the sin of man.

## In the "Nineties" We Shall Win.

 by david devorr.Long centuries have rolled away
While
While strong drink reigned supreme; The promise of a brighter day
Seemed but a poet's dream.
Arave souls toiled on 'nea:h midnight skies,
A land redeemed from drink star;
Lay hopelessly afar drink-the prize-
OHOROS.
In the " nineties" we shall win! In the "nineties" we shall win When the people have the power Will the golden age begin.
Prohibition angel, hail!
Each slave of drink release, And sheltered 'neath thy pure white wings, Our land shall rest in peace.
The long night-watch is over now,
With raptured eyes we see
The sparkles on the mountain-brow
The dawn of Jubilee!
And end the reise each tempter's door,
And end the reign of wrong, And sikard's child will sob no more, And sighing change to song.
Our banner proudly floats above Crusaders true and brave, And sisters' messages of love
Thrill o'er Atlantic's wave.
The path of triumph still we treed,
While giarth shall soon be fair,
While giant evils bow their head,
Our cause wins everywhere !

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The R1val Serenaders. A vory comical atory
in verse.

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Proy should the Spirit of Mortsl be
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