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Vol. XIII.]

[No. 49.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

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 swarthy cheeks. The mountain was a spur of the Rockian.

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 man and its quickness with its roar and its quickness. Feet to go on were good enough and fast enough for him. He would fast 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. hurry. There were so many of the 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. He did not trouble himself much about what they said either, although he had heard more of it than most 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 was one of the earliest whit white women who had penetrated so far into the wilds. Jake had sat beside his mother in the corner of the hut which the Government had built for them, and heard the missionary in 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 was the reason of the new buildings lightly 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 faces even whiter than the white-faced men; children, too, with such golden locks as he had never before seen. Everything was lively and very strange, and Jake felt more and more that he did not like these strangers. "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 carry-ing the latter through the well-tracked streate

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 thoot you or me down as any other game."

Jake was indeed scowling. He had taken in but few of the words, but he knew they in but few of the words, but he knew they were speaking of him, and he resented the curious glances and the smiles. He hated them. Why could they not have stayed where they belonged, in the far-away them. Why could they not have stayed where they belonged, in the far-away country he had heard of, in which all the people were white like them?

-fine ones that poor chap for his skins ?too, they are. Don't you let him fleece you that way," to Jake. Jake turned sharply as the new voice struck clearly into the conversation. It

struck clearly into the conversation. It was that of one of the two boys he had pass "Mind what I say," went on the boy,

A MOUNTAIN HERO.

A few minutes later he stood with his skins 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 you'll get.

"Stop, there! Is that all you're offering

"If he won't pay with increasing energy. with increasing energy. "If he wont 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 swilling but Jake was not much given to smilling." Jake was not much given to smilling, but something very like a smile lit up his eyes as, after his first slow stare of inquiry, he gathered what was meant by the inter-ruption.

The man scowled ominously as Jake

followed 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 bills

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 -:''

You come with me-I show," said the dark boy, greatly pleased with their interest in his pursuits.

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 afternoon waned Jake turned

are samples of high art in such lines." As the afternoon waned Jake turned his face for his tramp over the moun-tains, with the slow beatings of his heart quickened by many a new thought. It was not so bad, after all, this hum of busy life in which such as he could find fair dealing. He liked the business-like way with which the fur dealar prid him trained which the fur dealer paid him twice as much for his skins as he had ever before received. And his whole nature warmed towards the whitenature warmed towards the white-faced, 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 in which he took delight. "Here! Stop a minute !"

in which he took delight. "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 duits into a new superscription.

drift into a new country. "Come this way. No, I ain't goin' to take it out o' your hide about there skins; though I might—you, a fellow that's had dealin's with me 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. 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'll 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 down of itself." Jake stood still with a soowl.

"I don't like no such work," he growled.

"You may do it yourself." "You may do it yourself." "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 be on the ground below. And if you don't stop it we'll find some way of doin' it our-selves. But mind,"-taking the boy's 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 train with you. Yes, don't be afraid but we'll find you."

Ind 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 missionary so long ago, giving him a very clear perception of the difference between right and wrong, and a sense of his responsibility before the Creator who has planted those perceptions in even the untaught soul. In his dim, misty way Jake had learned to recognize his voice in the winds and the waters, and his face in

the sunlight. How could he do such a thing? And on a sudden he stopped 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

Burk would kill him if he did not obey him. That would be better than doing it. But he could start away this night and before morning be far out of his reach. He walked almost 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 warning of what was to be done. He quickly turned his face towards the town. It would be throw-ing himself into the hands of the evil men, but if it must be so it must. He could see Ing 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 batter than such as they him better than such as they. In his deep thought he skirted too near

the edge of a steep descent. A few days' thaw had been followed by a sharp frost, forming a glazed surface on the snow. His forming a glazed sufface of the snow. This footing once lost, Jake found in dismay that he could not regain it. He grasped a low-growing branch, but it gave way with him, and, with a cry which echoed unheard among the lonely mountains, he down--down. went

down--down. Jake opened his eyes with a confused wonder where he might be. A dizzy ache in his head led him to guess that a severe bump had taken away his consciousness 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 bala that he had fallen into some kind of a hole

Light soon began to break, and then Jake knew where he was. The mountains around had been well hunted over by gold seekers, and the boy saw that he had fallen into a prospecting hole, dug in hopes of finding the rich ore, and then abandoned.

Hiding the rich ore, and then abandoned. He could not get out. One desperate trial after another he made, to fall back with bleeding hands and half-stunned senses. The morning slowly wore away. Another morning would see the fearful work of wreck and death wrought on dozens of innocent travellor. of innocent travellers. At intervals 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. you, anyway ?" Where are

you, anyway f Jake kept up a clamour which was soon rewarded by the sight of a head peeping over the edge of the hole, a head orna-mented with the fair hair he had seen the

day before. 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 in a trap." Benumbed and aching Jake was soon out of his prison. It was not his way to express his feelings in words, but there was a look in the dark eves which could easily

a look in the dark eyes which could easily

be read. Scarcely would be wait to satisfy his hunger before telling his story of the dreadful work which was in preparation.

The boys listened with grave faces. "Now I must get away," said Jake, stooping to adjust his snow-shoes. "They'll kill mo." 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 "No, 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 m silence.

It makes me dizzy to think what," said Arthur. "It's a sort of a strong showing how much 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 kindly

hands, belonging with hearts so generously appreciative 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.

OUR PERIODICALS:

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Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

METHODIST MISSION WORK.

The special glory of Methodism 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 owing, we conceive, not to her greater wealth, but to her superior missionary organiza-The average membership is, we tion. think, less able to give than the membership in either Canada or the United States. But the mode of collection is States. But the mode of conection is more systematic, missionary information is more widely diffused, and missionary zeal more intensely kindled. The mis-sionary meetings at Leeds, Salford, Shef-field, and other great Methodist centres are seasons of glowing enthusiasm, and so also are those of village and circuit Meth-odian throught the land.

But it is especially in enlisting the co-operation of the young that this superior

organization is apparent. In a single year the juvenile offerings of the Wesleyan church amounted to \$107,000 or one-third of the entire missionary income raised in Great Britain.

In Canada the amount raised for missions In Canada the amount raised for missions durning 1892-93 by juvenile offerings was \$27,039.25, an increase of \$782.97 on the previous year. If the Christmas offering plan be not considered the best, let some other more efficient mode be adopted. Such a mode has already been adopted by Such a mode has already been adopted by some of our schools, at which, instead of sending out Christmas collecting cards, a juvenile missionary society has been estab-lished, with the result of doubling the amount of contributions of the school. The schools of Montreal last year con-tributed the noble sum of \$3,336.73, being an average of over 65 cents for each scholar an average of over 65 cents for each scholar on the roll. And most of these scholars, we are told, belong chiefly to what may be called the poorer classes of society. There is scarcely any place in Canada which, with similar organization, might not give similar results. Yet if even half of this, or say one cent a Sunday, which even the poorest could give, from our 244,-774 scholars would yield \$127,282.48 in-stead of \$24,714.13 of last year. The school of the Metropolitan Church of And most of these scholars,

The school of the Metropolitan Church of this city, and we believe some others, have inaugurated a plan which deserves general imitation. Sunday-school missionary imitation. A Sunday-school missionary meeting is held once a quarter, at which missionary information is given, letters from our missionaries read, missionary from our missionaries read, missionary hymns are sung, and missionary addresses are made. Besides this, a missionary col-lection is taken up in each class every Sun-day. Far more important than the money robus of such a system is the more based day. Far more important than the money value of such a system is the moral benefit. The young people of our church are thus brought into intelligent sympathy with the grandest of causes. They become ac-quainted with our missionary work. Their mental horizon is widened, beneficent emo-tions are stirred in their souls and habits of systematic giving are cultivated. When, in a few years, they pass from the school in a few years, they pass from the school into the church, they will be better fitted department of missionary and church work. By all means let such societies be organized in connection with all our congregations.

THE TEMPERANCE FIGHT.

LET us marshal the young hosts in the Sunday-schools and day-schools into the armies of this new crusade. We are told that Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, made his little son Hannibal, at six years of age swear, upon his country's altar. of age, swear, upon his country's altar, eternal enmity against his country's foes. The victorious march of the Carthaginian conqueror over the conquered Roman territory tell how faithfully that vow was kept.

In like manner the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, in our homes and in youths and maidens, in our homes and in our schools, the young men and young women who will so largely mould the thought and the opinion of the future should swear eternal enmity against this foe of God and man in our land.

Here, as in every great moral reform, woman's influence can become almost supreme. She is the true regent of society. Her rebuke may cause intemperance with its associate vices to shrink abashed its associate vices to shrink abashed from her presence. Her co-operation will in-spire the mightiest efforts for the extir-pation of this sin against God and crime against man. The W.C.T.U. on this continent is, we believe, the mightiest tempernce agency yet organized.

Let the boys and girls first be pledged in the Sunday-schools. Let temperance in-struction be communicated, as it already struction be communicated, as it already largely is, in our public schools. Let tem-perance literature and information be widly diffused in the religious and secular widly diffused in the religious and secular press of the country. Earnest, unceasing, importunate prayer should be sent up to heaven for the staying of this awful tide of intemperance. But prayer without effort is an insult to God. Prayer should be accompanied by the most earnest and persistent effort to build up God's kingdom in the world and to overthrow the ancient Bastile of intemperance and vice. Let the boys and girls urge and beseech their Bastile of intemperance and vice. Let the boys and girls urge and beseech their fathers and big brothers to fight against the drink traffic and vote for its prohibition on

"It Shall Come to Pass in the Last Days.'

- A BETTER day is coming, A morning promised long, When girded right, with holy might, Will overthrow the wrong; When God the Lord will listen To every plaintive sigh And stretch his hand o'er every land, With justice, by-and-bye.

CHORUS.

- 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 welcome dawn will hasten on, The coming he and h 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; No more from want and sorrow Will come the hopeless cry; And strife will cease, and perfect peace Will flourish by-and-bye.
- Oh ! for that holy dawning We watch, and wait, and pray, Till o'er the height the morning light Shall drive the gloom away ; And when the heavenly glory Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all his word And praise him by-and-bye.

A STORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

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

LET IT ALONE.

SOLOMON, speaking of the use of wine, declares: "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23. 32. The adder has the the The adder he refers to is thought to be the cockatrice, or yellow viper-one of the largest and most venomous of the venomous serpents which invest Palestine. mous serpents which invest Palestine. It has been said that its breath was poison; the vemon exuded from its skin; that it could kill even by its very look; that its poison was so subtle, that a man who killed it by his spear, fell dead by reason of the poison darting up the shaft of the spear and passing into his hands; and that it burned up the grass wherever it creat, and the passing into his hands; and that it burned up the grass wherever it crept, and the birds fell dead when they approached its hiding-place. The sacred writers, doubt-less, had these legends in mind; and to this peculiarily poisonous character, im-puted 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 for October (Toronto, William Briggs), W. D. Howells writer in William Life on D. Howells writes on 'Village Life on Lake Leman,' brimming over with the quaint, delightful humour of that writer, and 'Bob Bartlett's Baby,' a story of great power and pathos, recounting a thrilling shipwreck and resume or the corest of NeW. power and pathos, recounting a thrumme shipwreck and rescue on the coast of New-foundland, is afforded by Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A. Mrs. Helen Campbell's 'Light in Dark Places; or, Rescue Work in New York Slums,' is also very strongly written, and a life-sketch and portrait of Prof. Drummond, with an article from his bril; liant pen. are also given " liant pen, are also given,'

PER YEAR-POSTAGE FREE The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the

FRUITS OF THE DRINK TRAFEIC.

Vore on January 1st for God and home and native land, and for the protection of the drunkard's wife and children.

1.4.1. THE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

AMY-I must find out all I can about Hindu children for out Mission Band this week. I have written down all I know, and it seems very little.

Mamma-Will you read to me what you have ? I saw the picture of a Hindu baby Amy-

Amy-1 saw the picture of a findu baby lying in its cradle, and 1 have told about that to begin. The cradle is made of a square frame with a piece of cloth stretch-ed over it. and fastened to the ceiling by over it, and fastened to the ceiling by cords. Here the baby will lie all day and swing, never crying, though it may be

Mamma—They must have unusually good and patient babies in India. Our babies would cry loud enough under such circumstances.

Amy-They are very good 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

cry. Mamma-Do the Hindu babies make

Mamma-Do the Amaz-good boys? Amy-They grow up to be very good-natured and patient. They seldom quarrel or fight, and yet they are not exactly what what we would call good boys, because they will tell lies and cheat. They do not think it is proved

Mamma—What a pity that children with such good traits should have some bad ones. But is that all you know about

Amy-Yes, that is all I have been able find out so far. Will you please tell me to find out so far. Will you please tell me something more ? Mamma-Well, there is giving the baby

a name, which is a very solemn and im-portant affair. The priest looks into his a hand, which is the priest looks into his portant affair. The priest looks into his books to see if the planets are favourable for the ceremony; if not, he offers prayers and sacrifices to drive away the bad spirit. When the day is fixed, the friends and relatives come in, and the baby receives 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 ill. make it ill.

Make it iii. Amy-What a strange idea! Suppose some one should happen to pull its nose, what would they do?

Mamma—The mother would fill a dish with rice and put it in the street before her house. The first person who should touch the dish, even accidentally, would 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 with jewellery.

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Amy—It seems very early for them to gin school. They can't be much more begin

than babies. Mamma-The Hindus do not think it Mamma—The findus do not timit is wise to let their children play much; they believe it makes them lazy; so they go to school when very young, where they sit cross-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 his body and over his shoulder, and he is considered fit to engage in all religious duties.

Amy—Dear me ! what important crea-tures their boys are. What becomes of the girls.

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 Ganges. Amy—What cruel people they must be. Mamma—They do not mean to be cruel. 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 suffering. However, they do not put their girls to death now so often as they used to do. Amy—Why do they not ?

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 sinfulalso shown many of these people the sinful-ness 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 with jewellery. Indeed, she ha 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 As soon as her father selects a 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 marearlier. ried life.

Amy—What does she learn ? Mamma—Cooking and religion. The Hindu is very particular about his food, and no one, however rich he may be, must prepare it and serve him but his wife. His religion has much to do with this. After she learns to cook and serve food properly, she learns many verses from their sacred 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 eady to be married until she knows these things well. She has no voice in the mat-ter, but must marry whenever and whomsoever her parents direct. If the man dies before or after marriage, she is a widow, and 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

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 their lives. Some have been helped through its influence; let us pray that many Some have been helped more may feel its power and be led in the in the true way. The Rev. E. T. Curnick writes as follows of "Children Across the Saa " Sea:

Pity the children across the sea, Who never the name of the Christ have heard :

neard : Dumb idols they worship, on bended knee, Which see not, and hear not a single word.

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 kingdom of God above."

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, effects. We want to look at it for a while, so that we may keep everybody away from the dangerous nests until we can water and smoke to destroy them. can get hot (Draw a small circular wasps' 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 grid-iron, and locate saloons on it as wasps'

iron, and locate saloons on it as wasps' nests on the streets.) "Here are the nests! There are two 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, in passion, brutal and quarrelsome. How many dear children have been abused, and wives beaten and murdered, by these human, furious wasps. "The wasp is mean and sneaking.

Ī'n 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, repays the kindness by stinging and des-traving

troying. "The wasp becomes utterly selfish, fights everything good that opposes her, or which she thinks opposes her. The saloon is Ishmael—with a hand against everybody. (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 saloons. 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 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 inebriate 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 I learned that the cabbage and bur-dock and other ingredients used in making plug tobacco are moistened and bound to-gether 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 tobacco. He blushed when he saw me, for he knew that I was acquainted with the fact that he had not given up the habit. Fearing to discourage 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 A week later, 1 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?"

this happen?" He replied, "You are to blame for it. I 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 chewed the to-bacco. I wanted to take the whiskew." bacco, I wanted to take the whiskey.

DECCO, I wanted to take the whiskey." Then and there I realized I would better far have rebuked him on the spot. By the grace of God, though he fell he was reclaimed.

The Temperance Crusade. BY W. J. S. TWILLINGATE.

Sons of Temperatice, don the armouit, Wield the sword with might and main ; A mighty foe is on the war-path; Sin and misery in his train:

Souls and bodies are his victims, Hell his ally, these to gain ; All that's God-like in creation Disappears beneath his reigh.

Fathers ! mothers ! yea, and children, Home and friendship's dearest ties, With a ruthless hand are riven When this foe his curse applies:

Bane of country, curse of nation, Sapper of all human joys, Blight of every grand ambition, Killer of that hope which buoys.

Alcohol ! thy days are numbered, Human woes to heaven appeal, God with man in holy purpose,

Now unite thy doom to seal,

Come, ye people, join our crusade, Swell the temperance glad acclaim, Home and country's voice appealeth; Hear ye not the cry in vain.

Sounds of victory now are stealing-

Soon the cry, hurrah ! hurrah ! Temperance her banner waveth, Echo answers back "hurrah."

Courage, then, my brothers, sistërs, Fight, nor think the battle long; Victory at length appeareth, Join we, then, the victor's song.

WESLEY'S YOUTH.

IT was while he was a member of Lincoln 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, be-gan. "Whoever studies the simplicity of its beginning, the rapidity of its growth, the stability of its institutions, its present vitality and activity, its commanding posi-tion and woosnetive greatness must contion and prospective greatness, must con-fess the work to be, not of man, but of God.

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 inviting of interview of a first simplicity of intention and purity of affec-tion 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 sacrifice to either God or himself. From this time his whole life was changed.

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 routed in the second star, then to eight, and profit. They read the classics on week days and divinity on the Sabbath. They prayed, fasted, visited the sick, the poor, the imprisoned. They were near to ad-minister religious consolation to criminals in the hour of their execution.

As might have been expected, they were ridiculed and lampooned by those who difridiculed and lampooned by those who dif-fered from them, and who could not com-prehend the motive to such a religious life. They were called, in derision, "Sacramen-tarians," "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," "The Holy Club," "The Godly Club," "Supercrogation 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 dubles, caused a jovial friend of Charles Wesley 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 Meth-odists. The name, thus given in derision, was finally accepted, and has been retained in honour to this day.

"THAT remains to be seen," as the boy said when he spilt the ink on the tableeloth



God. But more than five years went by and there was no and missionary. Ten years had passed, a long, long time to wait. Those that were little boys when the missionary was had grown there there had grown up to be young men; and those that were young men had grown

> o be middle-aged men ; the young girls had grown to young womanhood, and some of those that were hale and hearty when the mission-

ary was there had grown to be aged and walked with trembling steps. Still the old chief watched for the fulfilment of the

watched for the fulfilment of the fulfilment of the promise. Fifteen years went by and no missionary, and the time came for the old chief to die; the light was fading from his eyes, and they gathered about him, watching his life ebb away, and if you had been there you might have heard the pounding of the drums, and the shrieking of many of his people as they tried to drive away the devils lest they should come in and harm his spirit as it left his body. Already his messengers had been sent out to mark here a wife and there a wife, and these women were to be killed as soon as the chief was dead, lest his spirit should be lonesome in the other land. At the last moment the old man raised himself up; his lips parted, and he said, "The white man has forgotten his promise," and he fell back and was dead.

JUNIOR Epworth League.

W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS. DECEMBER 17, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

JESUS IN HEAVEN.—Heb. 7. 25; 9. 24; 8° 1, 2; 6. 20; 4. 14-16; Isa. 53. 3, 4; 63. 1; John 10. 28, 29; Heb. 7. 25.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

How DOES CHRIST HELP YOU TO BE PA-TIENT ?-1. Pet. 2. 20-24; Rev. 1. 9.

THE LEAGUE AND MISSIONS.

This interest and interest of his kingdom in the world's redemption is a part of God's plan. This is one of the most important lessons taught by Pentecost "old men," "ser-vants," "handmaidens," "your sons and your daughters," "your young men," reads the word. All these were included in that epi-tome of the Church's possibility.

word. All these were included in that epi-tome of the Church's possibility. We have been slow, as the Lord's represen-tatives, to reckon the "sons and daughters" and "young men" as factors in the great work committed to us. We had to a very great extent lost sight, if we did indeed ever see it, of the faith, love and power that might abide in this large class of the Lord's chil-dren. But coming to see, at least in part, what God had all along tried to make plain, we must take new recruits and inspire, enwe must take new recruits and inspire, en-thuse and interest them.

Of course we all admit that the end of all fort upon the part of the Church is the

world's redemption. To this we consecrate our talents, our means, our sons and daugh-ters. For this we organize. In this we find our ground for effort. The Epworth League is but a part of the divine plan for the world's salvation. It is the "sons and daughters" and "young men" in training for their place in the system planned by God the Father, given by the Son and made efficient by the Holy Ghost. Never is the fact to be lost sight of again that this contingent of the Master's cause is one of power and must be utilized. In this organization known as the League, individually by chapters, and con-nexionally, must the idea be kept prominent that the only reason for its perpetuity is found in the fact that a world is to be saved. With this idea ever before us, there are two world's redemption. To this we consecrate With this idea ever before us, there are two ends to be sought : 1. That individual consecration and devel-

opment that will make ready for God's use in any field where he may need labourers.

2. That abiding presence of the Holy 2. That abiding presence of the Holy Ghost that will impress the individual, and his associates, with a divine call to the Mas-ter's work. A call to preach or to undertake any extraordinary work for God is rarely found except where the "refiner's fire burns." burns

With these two as guiding principles for thought, prayer, instruction and operation, the League will become a workshop of the Master where, as from an anvil, he will send Master where, as from an anvil, he will send forth instruments made according His own pattern. Men and women fitted for the mis-sion work at home and abroad. The League ought to be God's training school for this work. It will be if he has his way. He will make it such if we will follow his leader-ship. Oh, for leaders in the League who are called of God.—Epworth Methodist.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 95.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 17. THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR.

Rev. 1. 9-20. Memory verses, 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.—Phil. 2. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Voice, v. 9-11. 2. The Vision, v. 12-20.

PLACE. - The Isle of Patmos.

EXPLANATIONS.

EXPLANATIONS. EXPLANATIONS. "Testimony of Jesus"-Faithful witness-messiaship of Jesus" In the Spirit"-fuessiaship of Jesus "In the Spirit"-fuessiaship of Jesus "In the Spirit"-fuessiaship of Jesus rose from the dead. "Transferred in affection and imagination from week, on which Jesus rose from the dead. "Alpha and Omega"-The beginning and of the Greek alphabet-as we say, "From A to Z." "Seven golden candle-branches. The emblem of the old dispensa-tion. "The Son of man"-Jesus Christ. "A garment down to the foot"-A flowing around the breast. Here follows a symbolic description. "His hairs were white"-Not because the head of Jesus prematurely white; but because "white" and "flame" were white" and "flame" were whites, "The sound of many waters"-The the sea on the surf. "Seven strange which is, after all, the same similar "A dead are under Christ's control. "PRACINCL TRACHINGS.

PRACTICAL TRACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn----
- That Christ is living now and forever ?
 That Christ walks among the people ?
 That Christ holds the keys of eternal life ?

IHE LESSON CATECHISM. 1. Where was John in banishment? "The Isle of Patmos?" 2. How did Christ appear-did the stars in 1. Where was John in banishment? "The Isle of Patmos?" 2. How did Christ appear to him? "Transfigured in glory." 3. What did the stars in his right hand represent? "The churches of Christ on earth." 4. What does Christ carry? "The keys of hell and death." 5. What has God done? Golden Text: "Wherefore God hath," etc.

DOOTRINAL SUGGRAPHION. --- The present or.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

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

of man.

In the "Nineties" We Shall Win.

BY DAVID DEVOIR.

- ong centuries have rolled away
- Long centuries have rolled away While strong drink reigned supreme; The promise of a brighter day Seemed but a poet's dream. Brave souls toiled on 'nea.'h midnight skies, And watched for morning star; A land redeemed from drink—the prize-Lay hopelessly afar Lay hopelessly afar.

CHORUS.

- OHORUS. 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 wing⁸, Our land shall rest in peace.
- The long night-watch is over now,
- The long night-watch is over now, With raptured eyes we see There sparkles on the mountain-brow The dawn of Jubilee 1 Soon, soon shall close each tempter's door, And end the reign of wrong, The drunkard'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 tread, God's earth shall soon be fair, While giant evils bow their head, Our cause wins everywhere i
- Our cause wins everywhere !

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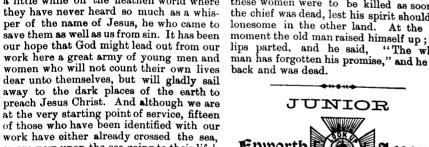
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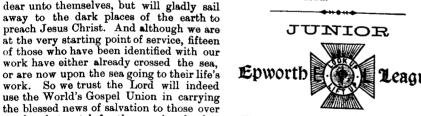
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NIGER

THE DARK CONTINENT.

Our engraving shows the reat continent of Africa. It is

great continent of Africa. It is black as midnight, and with six hundred tribes there that live and die without Christ. The word of God has only been translated into thirty-five of the six hundred languages.

the six hundred languages, and there are yet five hundred and sixty-five tribes who have never yet seen a single word of

Scripture in their own tongue To the northward of this great

land stretches out the dark Soudan, the darkest, the black-

est spot on the face of the earth to-day, extending east and

day. And while explorers have crossed it, surrounded Lake Tchad, and sailed up the

Niger, and down the Nile, written great books about the land and the people, yet 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 cities, but I would have you gaze for a little while on the heathen world where

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 begot-ten Son for them.

ten 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

by the missionary stay and tell his people about it, but the missionary stay and tell his people

go back very soon to the mission house, but

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 accom-panied 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

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 mission-ary, and three and four years and five years, and over and over again the old chief used to go the bank of the river and look to see if some hereld of the Gospel was not com-ing to tall his people again of the lave of

efore he would let him return he made

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