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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.



REV. THOMAS CROSBY.

Banner of Missions.

BY GEORGE W. DOANE.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Lord divine.

Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

PIONEER WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST.

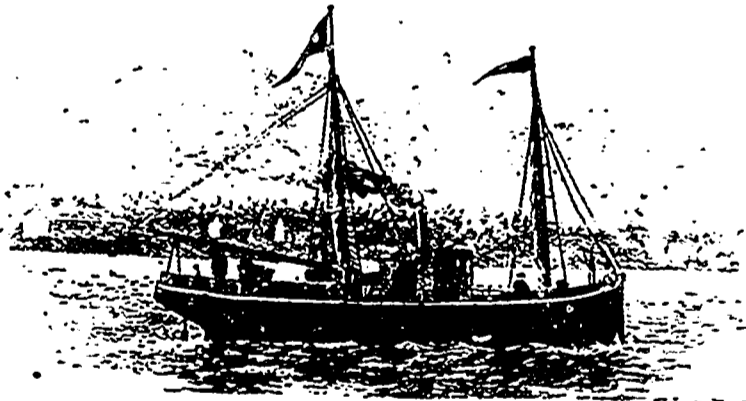
THE APOSTOLIC LABOURS OF REV. THOMAS CROSBY AMONG THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALASKA—TWO THOUSAND MILES A YEAR IN A CANOE—THE BUILDING OF A STEAMBOAT.

Nearly forty years of toil and travel and self-denying effort for the evangelization of the Indians of the great Northwest, have made the names of Thomas Crosby and wife household words throughout Canada. Few people, even among those who know them best, have any idea of the extent of their labours. The change visible in some locality is witnessed, groups of Indians quit their vicious lives, the women and girls become virtuous and decent, a little church is built and the whole settlement is revolutionized. Then the man and his wife, whose labours have been blessed of God to this glorious result, cease to be residents of the district. They disappear, but they are gratefully remembered, and their frequent visits afterward are festivals to be anticipated, enjoyed and recollected with delight. Where do they go? The people whom they have served so well do not always know, but if inquiry is made, they learn that the work that has been done among them is being done with the same laborious effort and the same joyful results in some other settlement. No less than thirteen hundred persons have in this way been brought into church membership and have joyfully professed their faith in

Christ. More than six thousand have heard the Gospel and been brought under Christian influences in church and Sunday-school. This, in a thinly settled country, where means of communication are few and precarious, is a stupendous work for one man to have accomplished, involving almost inconceivable labour and hardship.

The instrument God has used for the achievements of this enormous undertaking seemed to human eyes a very unsuitable one. With little education, no college training and no preparatory study, he took up the work, moved by faith and love; and by simple brotherly affection and quiet, unobtrusive helpfulness, he won the good-will of the people in one section after another and led them to Christ. The word of call and inspiration was as simple as it was effectual. In the year 1860 there appeared in a Canadian journal a letter signed "Edward White," in which the writer dwelt on the urgent need of the country. "Thousands of young men," he said, "are coming to British Columbia seeking gold, but where are the young men whom we need to consecrate their youth and strength to the preaching of the Gospel to the miners and the Indians?"

It was a deplorable picture that he drew of the condition of these people. They were leading lives of practical heathenism, the miners careless, dissolute and depraved, and the Indians sacrificing the sacred ties of fatherhood and brotherhood in pandering to the vices of the white settlers, and squandering the proceeds in self-indulgence. It was an awful circle of mutual corruption, vice, and degradation. Who was there with faith in God and conviction in his soul of the purifying and elevating power of the Gospel, who would go and preach it and live it among them? It was like asking for volunteers for a forlorn hope, or for missionaries for some benighted island of the South Seas, with the added difficulty that some of those to whom it was proposed to send the Gospel were backsliders from Christian lands.



MISSION STEAM-YACHT "GLAD TIDINGS."

We do not know how many read that appeal from Edward White, but we know that one young man read it and could not forget it. Thomas Crosby was then twenty years old. Four years before, he had come from an English village to Woodstock with his father, mother and brothers, and had settled here. The family was poor, and the father's venture in farming, which at first promised a brilliant success, ended disastrously. The boy must earn his own living, and he took the first opportunity. He went to work in a tannery and was making his way. In his seventeenth year he became a member of the Methodist church in Woodstock, and after a short time was appointed a local preacher. To him Edward White's letter appeared to be a personal call. He dwelt upon it, re-read it, took it to his room and read it on his knees, and finally made an offer of himself in solemn consecration to God for the work. That was all he could do, he left the opening of the way to God. Two days later he had an intimation that his offer was accepted. His elder brother, an unconverted man, spontaneously removed the only difficulty in the way by offering him all the money he needed. "Take it as a loan, Tom," he said, "if

you can repay it, do; if not, I shall never ask you for it." He took the money, and going to his room, he knelt down and thanked God for it, and said that henceforth his whole life was given up to him.

The matter was settled there and then. All attempts to dissuade him from an enterprise that seemed to the worldly mind profitless and foolhardy, failed. His employer was the first to assail him. "What are these people to you?" he asked. "They are savages; they will kill you and eat you. Don't be quixotic; stay with us; you have done well and may do better. Keep on with your work, and from to-day we will double your wages." Tom had but one answer for the kindly tanner. He had promised God and he must go. At home the trial was harder. The father could not see the call in the light that Tom saw it, his mother wept over her boy and declared that she could not spare him. There was a midnight scene that is still fresh in his memory, when father and mother both listened to his story of the call and the consecration, and lamented over him as one given over to death. "I cannot be happy if I don't go," Tom said. Then his mother answered with a voice broken by sobs, "Well, then, my boy, go, and God bless you." Hundreds of times in after years, on storm-tossed seas and lonely desert places, in the solemn night hours, Mr. Crosby declares, the echo of those words fell on his ears encouraging him and stimulating him. The ejaculatory prayer was heard and abundantly answered. God has blessed him.

Setting out alone on his perilous enterprise, with no promise of support from any church or society, he made his way to Victoria, British Columbia, where he arrived April 11, 1862. He was anxious to enter on his work unhampered by an obligation, so he stayed there working with his hands until he had earned enough money to repay his brother's loan. The time was not lost; he gained much knowledge of the field, and he gained strength in lonely communion with God. It was the period of solitude which gen-



MRS. THOMAS CROSBY.

eral unfitness; but Punshon overcame them, declaring that Crosby had given the best of all proofs of his fitness in his success.

Mr. Crosby remained in that field two years longer, and then returned to Victoria to report his success to the church there, in the hope of getting some thoroughly organized work for reaching the Indians commenced. Two of the brethren there, McKay and McMillan, were deeply interested in his story and made the experiment of mission services in Victoria itself. They hired a bar-room on the corner of Government and Fitzgerald Streets, and Crosby gladly preached in it. There were plenty of Indians there who had come down from the north, with their squaws and daughters, to engage in their loathsome traffic. A great work began in that bar-room, and many of the people converted during those services, more than twenty years ago, are still living, and are leading earnest, faithful, Christian lives.

During the next few months, Mr. Crosby went through Ontario, arousing the churches to the need of the work, and awakening them by his story of what had already been accomplished, and by his testimony as to the readiness of the Indian to listen to the Gospel, to the duty of supporting missionaries among them. During that tour he incidentally awakened in one of his hearers another kind of interest, which finally became a very close and personal one. He was married to the daughter of the Rev. John Douke, and henceforth had a valuable helper in his work.

On the conclusion of his tour, Mr. Crosby kept his promise to the Indians whom he had served at Victoria. A Hudson's Bay ship, sailing to Alaska, carried the missionary and his wife to Fort Simpson, about seventy miles from Mr. Duncan's station at Metlakatla. The converts of the Victoria work had prepared the way for his coming, and Mr. Crosby was received with open arms. After a short time, a church was organized and a building commenced. Mr. Crosby with his own hands cut the timber, and the Indians laboured hard at the building. The skilled labour was paid for chiefly by the Indians themselves, who, although they had no money, brought furs, finger-rings, ear-rings, and surplus blankets, and gave them freely for the building fund. The completion of the church was the beginning of a wonderful work of grace, which spread to distant places. The people who came to Fort Simpson and heard the Gospel went home, and soon messages came from them to Mr. Crosby, begging him to visit them. He went to Queen Charlotte Sound, where there was a similar gathering of souls, thence to Bella Bella, to Bella Coola and to many other places. In each settlement he remained preaching and teaching until a church was organized and he could safely proceed to a new field.

The extremities of this chair of mis-

Children of the Queen.

BY LESWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Fair Canada, a virgin land,
Two thousand leagues along,
By mountain, plain and ocean strand,
Rings out in loyal song,
From Arctic roar to Fundy's tide,
They martial tribute bring,
In city way, on prairie wide,
Her loyal children sing.

Hurrah for Canada! The Right
Doth here her cause maintain,
Hurrah for England! Who is might
And majesty doth reign,
Hurrah for Greater Britain! None
Such Empire vast hath seen,
The boys and girls of Canada
Are children of the Queen.

Her fertile vales abundance yield,
Greater than greatest need—
A mighty Nation's harvest field,
By Providence decreed;
Here hills and shoreways, isles and seas,
Show wondrous wealth imperial'd;
While forests waving in the breeze
Are the pine lands of the World.

Kept by our God since Time had birth,
Hidden and unexplored;
The boast and glory of the earth—
A garden of the Lord.
Within her gates the true and brave
Rejoice to find and feel
The broadest freedom heart can crave,
And highest human weal.

White Morning in continual round,
With light and life, for aye,
Forever smileth, sunlight crown'd,
On Britain's royal sway.
Amid the regal realms that grace
Her bold Imperial quest,
Bright Canada hath won her place—
The gem of all the rest.
Toronto, Can.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER IV.

TIM RUNS AWAY.

All Granny Brown's hesitation and doubt vanished in an instant, and seizing Tim's arm, she demanded roughly: "Where's the silver shilling, with a hole in it and a string, that a little boy gave you this mornin'?" "Come, out with it, and look slippy."

Utterly taken aback, and bewildered by this very unexpected question, Tim blurted out, "Who told you?" then perceiving what a dangerous admission he had made, changed it into a vigorous shout: "It's a lie! I tell you it's a lie! I've never got no shillin'." "I've give you every cent I've earned this day, wisher-may-die if I haven't."

But the old woman was not to be hoodwinked.

"You've got it, and the sooner you turns it out the better," she said, with grim sternness.

"I haven't, I haven't," cried Tim; "you may search me all over and you will find nothing." Making a sudden dart, he tried to slip through the door, but the woman caught him by the collar of his ragged jacket, and dragged him back.

"So that's your little game, is it, to slink off and spend your money on the sly? Not if I know it. I'll find something as 'll make you speak afore you're many minutes older."

"Not the belt! oh, not the belt!" shrieked Tim, as the old woman picked up a thick leather strap with a buckle on one end.

For answer, down came the strap with a dreadful blow, then another and another, while Tim screamed in agony, and fought like a little wild cat, but, alas! could not get away.

"Where is the money, you little imp? Tell me what you've done with it!" shouted the cruel woman, as she continued to beat the child.

"I won't, I won't! You shan't ever have it! Oh, help! help! help! she's killin' me!"

"Ay, and if you don't tell me I will kill you, you wretched little beggar's brat, even if I have to swing for it!"

In her blind rage and fury it seemed as if the old woman would, indeed, fulfil her threat, and kill the boy, so unmercifully did the blows fall upon every part of his shrinking body, while his agonized screams rang through the room and penetrated to the court.

Bob Fletcher, hitherto an unmoved spectator, began to shuffle uneasily, and at last said gruffly: "Drop it, granny, you've done enough; if this row goes on it'll bring the polis, and you'll be put into quod."

What effect this speech might have had will never be known, for at that instant the room door was flung violently open, and a big, coarse, red-faced woman, with virago written unmistakably upon her features, rushed in like a whirlwind.

Before Granny Brown was aware of her purpose, she had dragged Tim from the old woman's clutches, and interposed her own burly form.

"What d'ye mean by ill-treatin' a bit bairn in such a fashio?" she demanded, furiously. "You wretched, good-for-nothing old hag!" And then she used many strong words and expressions too terrible to be repeated here.

For one instant granny stood petrified by the sudden attack, then, with a wild cry of rage, darted forward and tried once again to seize the boy.

"Oh, no, you don't!" said the woman, Bet Waters by name, keeping Tim safely behind her broad back, and with one push of her brawny arm she sent the old woman staggering into a corner of the room. "If ye want a fight, come on, I'm game!"

"Big Bet" was well known in the neighbourhood as an evil-tongued, quarrelsome woman, who liked not better than a row or a fight. Many times she had been brought before the magistrates for assaulting her neighbours; but neither fines nor penalties of any kind prevented her from repeating the offence.

She was not kind-hearted or fond of children, and interfered now upon Tim's behalf more from a desire to "spite" Granny Brown, whom she hated, than from any other motive.

Tim saw an opportunity to escape, and creeping, unobserved through the half-open door sped swiftly away. He stopped an instant at the old, tumble-down building where his precious shilling lay hid, and, having recovered his treasure, ran on again in breathless haste.

Poor child! he did not know where he was going; but upon one thing he was resolved, that never, never would he go back to Granny Brown.

At last, from sheer exhaustion, he slackened speed, and then, sore, and aching in every limb, sat down upon a doorstep to rest.

The short winter afternoon was closing in; a thick, damp fog made the air chill and raw, and the homeless, shivering child felt desolate indeed.

Crowds of people passed along the busy thoroughfare, but not one paused to ask what was the matter with poor Tim. His whole body was bruised by the cruel beating he had received, his head was aching, his eyes swollen with crying, yet nobody pitied or tried to help him.

When the evening grew quite dark, and the lamps were lit, and the shops brilliant with gas, Tim, rendered desperate by cold and hunger, left his resting-place on the door-step, and wandered about the streets, begging from the passers-by.

People, however, did not seem charitably disposed, and at nine o'clock Tim's whole gains only amounted to twopence.

He looked at the coppers ruefully, jingling them in his hand.

"I must have some grub, so it leaves nothin' for a bed. Well, I must just try and find a corner where the wind doesn't blow so hard," he said to himself as he entered one of Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms and marched up to the counter.

For the next half-hour the boy was blissfully happy, seated at one of the little marble tables with a halfpenny mug of cocoa and a very large currant bun before him. He ate these delicacies very slowly, they had cost him three-halfpence; he had only one small coin left. This also was presently invested in a three-cornered jam puff, and once again Tim was penniless.

Very reluctantly he left the warm, brightly lighted room and passed into the cold, dark street. He stood thinking a long time outside, his nose pressed against the plate-glass window, his gaze riveted upon the steaming urns and the young ladies presiding at the counters. How dreadful it was to be homeless and destitute! He thought of little Johnnie and of Johnnie's kind, loving mother, but he dare not go to her to ask for help; he knew Bob Fletcher would be sent by Granny Brown to watch the house, and poor Tim felt he would rather die of starvation than fall into her clutches again.

Suddenly a plan occurred to him he would go to Sunderland, it was only about ten miles, there he would try to pick up a living, and perhaps some day he might come across his kind friend John Wilson, steward on board the Argus.

Leaving the town, Tim trudged briskly along the high road leading to Sunderland, and though his bare feet tingled with cold, and the raw, damp fog penetrated every fold of his ragged jacket, his heart was light, for he was free.

As the night grew later the boy's footsteps flagged; he felt he could not go much farther without a rest; yet there

seemed no place where he could find shelter.

Suddenly a bend in the road revealed a long, deep hole, a pile of loose stones and gravel, a bright fire, and a watchman's little hut, in which was seated an old man smoking a short clay pipe.

Noislessly the boy crept near and cowered down beside the welcome blaze. How warm the fire was! how delightful after the long, cold walk! If only he might stay beside it and go to sleep, but that he knew was impossible. In a very short time he expected to be ordered away, and thought, with dread, of the long, cold stretch of road that lay between himself and Sunderland.

But the old man took no notice, he went on smoking his pipe, and Tim was feeling very happy and comfortable, when he was suddenly startled by the words: "Now, then, youngster, be off. You've had a good warm, and the sooner you make tracks the better."

Slowly the boy raised himself from the ground, and came to the other side of the fire facing the speaker.

"And where would you advise me to go?" he asked, in a very grave voice, though his eyes twinkled with fun.

"Why, home, of course, where all kids such as you ought to have been hours since."

"Sorry I can't oblige you, but seeing as I have no home, it's impossible. I'm on the tramp to Sunderland, looking for work. I say, mister, you might let a feller rest a bit by your fire, honest truth, I'm about dead beat."

The old man surveyed the ragged, dirty, little creature with no unkindly eyes.

"Where's your father and mother?" "Hain't got any," was the prompt reply; "I'm on my own hook; fact is, I've runned away."

"Where from?" "Over there," said Tim, indicating by a backward shake of his head the town he had left a few hours before. "The old woman I lived with beat me terrible to-day, so I cut my stick, and I'll never, never go back to her agen. What d'ye think of that, and that, and that?" added the boy, pulling aside his ragged clothing, and showing dreadful marks on arms, legs, and back.

"Poor little chap!" said the man. "Now, I'll tell you what, if you can manage to curl yourself up on the floor of this little box, you can sleep till daylight, and then move on."

"D'ye mean it?" cried Tim. "My word! you are a real decent chap, and no mistake."

Without more ado he crept into the watchman's hut and rolled himself into a round ball on the wooden floor, doing his best not to inconvenience his new friend, for whose legs there was now no much room.

The fire outside glowed and sparkled, and the heat from it was as good as a blanket to poor little cold and weary Tim. In less than five minutes he was sound asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, the fire was still burning clear and bright, and the old watchman, smoking his pipe, was pacing up and down the frosty road near the hut.

Tim felt stiff, and cramped, and sore, but he got up, and came slowly out.

"You've been very good to me," he said simply, "and I thank you for it."

"Here, drink this afore you go, it'll put some heart into you," said the man, handing to the lad a tin bottle full of warm, sweet coffee.

Tim drank it eagerly, and then a big slice of bread and cold bacon was put into his hand, together with three pennies. Tim could not speak, but shook the hand of his kind friend, then turned away, and the old man stood watching until the forlorn little figure passed out of sight.

(To be continued)

REAL WORTH.

A farmer boy named Steve went away from home to the city, and in the course of years became a very successful railroad man. One warm summer day he found himself at home on a little vacation. He was seated under the old apple tree, with the half of a red-hearted watermelon on his lap. His father, busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman, or what?

"They call me the General Freight Agent, father," said Steve.

"That's a mighty big name, Steve." "Yes, father, it's rather a big job, too, for me."

"But you don't do it all, Steve. You must have hands to help you load and unload?"

"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help." "And the company pays them all?"

Yes. "How much do they pay you, Steve—\$2 a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of corn, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

"\$3?" he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"You don't mean to say that they pay you as much as five?"

"Yes, father, more than twenty-five." The old gentleman let his watermelon fall between his knees, stared at his boy, and whistled. Then a serious look came in the old man's face, and, leaning forward, he asked earnestly, "Say, Steve, are you worth it?"

Every man ought to ask himself the serious question concerning every success that comes to him in life, whether he is giving value received to the world in service for the success it confers upon him. Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

IT SAVES THE BOYS.

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

"Where were you born?" "In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?" "It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?" "Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?" "I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?" "Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want. North American Review.

A WATER ENGINE.

The living body is a water engine. It could not carry on the work it does on any other system. It is a much a water engine as a steam engine is, although I cannot deny that other fluids than water will act as motors, for I have seen a spirit engine; but the body is not an engine of this class, and no one can treat it as such. Some try to make it one, live as if it were one, and at last get themselves into so morbid a condition under it they feel as if alcohol were the only natural fluid, even though fatal, so that the smallest accident may snap the machine or break the balance between mind and matter—The late Sir B. W. Richardson.

FAD BEADING.

A little fellow sat reading a book. When he saw his father coming he put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that, and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison, and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers, yes, more, it is far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

Ma, remarked the small boy, isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?"

Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He cried."

I'm Going to Be a Man

BY A. E. GOFFREY.

I'm going to be a man, some day,
I'm going to be a man,
And if life's victories I would win,
And conquer self and conquer sin,
Tis just the time now to begin,
If I'm going to be a man

If I a place in the world would take
When I get to be a man
Like the heroes brave who in battle died
Or the men who are now their country's
pride,
I must fight for the right and in it abide
When I get to be a man

I must see that my armor's buckled on
If I'm going to be a man,
I must keep my heart both pure and
strong,
And yield no place to the smallest wrong
And this I'll take for my battle-song
"I'm going to be a man"

For a coward now is a coward then,
And I'm going to be a man,
And bravery now is the thing for me
Then all the world will plainly see
What sort of a boy I used to be—
When I get to be a man.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON I.—APRIL 1.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. 4. 25 to 5. 12. Memory verses, 3-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—Matt 5 8

OUTLINE.

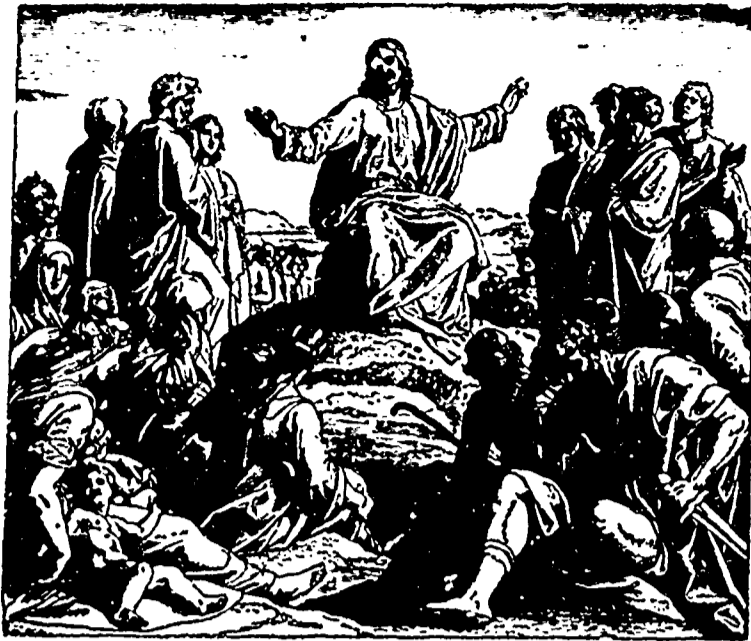
1. The Multitudes and the Disciples. v. 25. 1, 2.
2. Blessings on the Penitent and the Mournful, v. 3-4.
3. Blessings on the Humble and the Longing, v. 5, 6.
4. Blessings on the Merciful and the Pure, v. 7, 8.
5. Blessings on the Peacemakers and the Persecuted, v. 9-12.

Time.—Probably the early summer of A.D. 28.

Place.—A mountain in Galilee, probably the Horns of Hattin.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "He went up"—That those who desired might follow and hear, while those without special interest would stay away. "Was set"—The ordinary oriental position for giving instruction.
2. "Taught them"—While the Sermon on the Mount seems to have been specially addressed to disciples, it was, as we read in the first verse, suggested by the crowds that gathered to hear the great Teacher.
3. "Blessed"—"Happy." Not a momentary joy, but a permanent state. "The poor in spirit"—Those who feel a deep sense of spiritual poverty. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven"—The eternal realities in this life and the life to come. In this verse it is given to the "poor in spirit," in verse 10, to the "persecuted for righteousness sake," in verse 18, to those who "do and teach the commandments," and in verse 20, to those whose righteousness exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees.
4. "They that mourn"—In sorrow for sin. "They shall be comforted"—By the infinite consolation of Christ. Those who in their mourning turn toward God are by that very turning blessed.
5. "The meek"—The lowly minded as opposed to the ambitious. They shall inherit the earth. They obtain true wealth in all conditions of life, and in the final result of the Gospel they will have abundant reward.
6. "They which do hunger and thirst after righteousness"—They who have the keenest, most overmastering of all the appetites. Righteousness includes right acts, right aims, right affections. "They shall be filled"—Every one obtains as much goodness as he really wants and with all his heart seeks.
7. "The merciful"—(Lam. 3. 22, 23; Luke 6. 37; Matt. 6. 12; James 2. 13.) Read the parable of the unmerciful servant in Matt. 18. 8.
8. "The pure in heart"—Purity of heart is "that steady direction of the heart toward the divine life which excludes every other object from the homage of the heart."—Schaff. "They shall see God"—The pure see God everywhere and always, as in a glass and behind a veil; but in heaven they shall see him as he is.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

(1 Cor. 13. 12. 1 John 3. 2, Rev. 22. 4; 1 John 1. 7)

9. "The peacemakers"—Those who prevent quarrels because of their love to God.

10. "They which are persecuted for righteousness' sake"—This is not the world's view. We are apt to pity the martyrs, but in God's sight they are the truly blest. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven"—(See note on verse 3.) "Martyrs are made not by the fact of suffering, but by the cause for which they suffer."—Augustine.

11. "Blessed are ye"—Here is an example of all that has gone before. "Reverie you"—Speak of you or act toward you contemptuously. "Falsely"—Notice this important condition.

12. "Great is your reward in heaven"—A reward, however, which is "not of debt, but of grace" (Luke 17. 10). "So persecuted they the prophets"—That which naturally brings distress and despair to men often brings delight in the kingdom of God.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Beatitudes.—Matt. 4. 25 to 5. 12.
- Tu. Being and doing.—Matt. 5. 13-20.
- W. Trusting and resting.—Psa. 37. 1-11.
- Th. Comfort in suffering.—2 Cor. 1. 1-12.
- F. Rejoicing in suffering.—1 Pet. 4. 12-19.
- S. Privilege of the pure.—Psa. 24.
- Su. "We shall see him"—1 John 3. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Multitudes and the Disciples, v. 25. 1, 2.
From what places did the multitudes of Jesus' followers come?
Where did Jesus go to teach?

3. Blessings on the Humble and the Longing, v. 5, 6.

Who are promised possession of the earth?

Mark the connection between the third beatitude and the second, and between the second and the first?

What hunger is a source of blessing?

What is "righteousness"?

Can one hunger and thirst after righteousness who has not already some spiritual life?

4. Blessings on the Merciful and the Pure, v. 7, 8.

Why is mercy commended? See the parable of the unmerciful servant in Matt. 18.

Recall the fifth petition in the Lord's Prayer (Matt. 6. 12). Compare James 2. 13.

Who are promised a wonderful vision? Can the impure see God?

5. Blessings on Peacemakers and the Persecuted, v. 9-12.

What condition of new family relationship is named?

When should persecution be a source of joy?

What two sources of comfort are pointed out to those evil spoken of?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- 1. The blessedness of a holy character?
- 2. The profitableness of an upright life?
- 3. The duty of setting a right example?

HAVE ANIMALS MORE JOY OR PAIN?

Our picture shows one of the most ferocious animals uttering his yell of triumph over the capture of his prey, or



THE TIGER AND HIS PREY.

What two classes composed his audience?

By what title do we call this discourse? What blessings did Jesus' teachings bring to the world? John 1. 17.

2. Blessings on the Penitent and the Mournful, v. 3, 4.

Who are heirs of the kingdom of heaven?

What does poverty of spirit imply? What blessedness is in store for mourners?

What does Paul say about a sorrow that worketh death? 2 Cor. 7. 10.

perhaps calling his mate to divide the spoil. Some people have questioned the kindness of a God who permits in his universe such rapine and slaughter as that of the beasts of prey. Prof. Hitchcock has discussed this subject very philosophically. He asserts, what is true, that after the first stunning blow the victim's nervous system is paralyzed and it feels nothing. Dr. Livingstone, being rescued from the jaws of a lion, states that though sore wounded he felt no pain, but rather a pleasing sensation beneath the lion's paw.

Most lower animals have a much less sensitive nervous organization than man, in some cases they seem almost incapable of feeling pain. The beetle will continue to eat after its abdominal cavity is removed, and some cold-blooded animals will live on seemingly unharmed, after what look like most painful mutilations.

So the amount of pain in the universe, Prof. Hitchcock states, is very much less than we suppose. The amount of pleasure, he argues, is very much greater. The young of all animals have much more vivid sensations of enjoyment than the old. Kittens, lambs, puppies, colts, calves, and the like, skip and gambol as if in sheer delight, and compress more fun into a day than the sedate old cat or dog or horse or cow in a month.

Suppose the average duration of their life is only three years, whereas the extreme limit might be prolonged to twenty, if they were allowed to linger on and die by rheumatism or hunger in old age. These five generations of three years each would enjoy a much greater amount of pleasure, and suffer less pain, than the one generation that should drag out its life, and creep into some lonely place to die by the slow pangs of hunger. Besides, the pressure of the living upon the amount of subsistence would make life much harder to live, and would be a menace to the rights of man.

Of course, every humane effort should be made to lessen the amount of suffering in the case of animals killed for food for man. Often in their long railway journeys they suffer far more than they would in a natural state; but now law and self-interest require that they should be unloaded and fed, and at last killed as painlessly as possible. In the stock yards at Chicago, cattle are shot by an expert on the spinal cord, so skillfully that they drop without a quiver, and hogs by the million, in an incredibly short time, find themselves converted from squealing swine into wholesome pork.

It is often only shallow ignorance that arraigns the kindness and providence of God. A deeper study and more careful thought will vindicate the eternal providence and justify the ways of God, to man and to the lower creatures. These innocent creatures have no guilt to suffer for, have no fear of death or of the judgment that cometh after death. It is man, man fallen from his high estate, and sunken in sin, who "dies a thousand deaths in fear of one."

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