

ome—sin, and poverty, and sickness, and ignorance; but Christ knows all, and he died on the cross that his blood might wash away all our sin. He will give you power to become one of the sons of God, out of all your wretchedness and sin. He likewise says: 'To him that overcometh will I give the right to sit with me on my throne, even as I also have sat, and am set down with my Father on his throne.' When you are sitting with Christ on his throne, Tom, you will look down upon all this misery, and thank him for helping you to overcome it."

A few minutes there was silence in the room, and Tom was thinking, with his thin hands clasped, of Phil's, who knelt on the hearth beside him: all at once a change came over his sad face, as if the bright light from heaven beamed upon it; his eyes sparkled though they were filled with tears, and his hungry lips melted into a smile. He felt like a slave who had just escaped from his chains, and was flinging his heavy yoke and his chains behind him.

"Ah," he cried, "I was afraid of God! He seemed angry, and I'd no heart to serve him."

But the Lord Jesus loved me, and died for me, and he will help me to keep his commandments, and to do my duty to God and my duty to my neighbor."

Jesus won't mind me having been a thief, will he, sir?"

Mr. Hope took up Tom's Bible, which lay open on the table near at hand, and he read aloud from it the words, while Tom listened eagerly to them:

And one of the thieves which were hanged with him on him, saying, If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Thou shalt not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done us nothing amiss.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN CHAUTAUQUA.

IT IS PROPOSED TO DO DURING THE COMING SUMMER.

A STRONG programme embraces numerous branches of study from kindergarten to advanced art studies, including Sunday-school Normal, reading, elocution, English, political science, botany, calisthenics, club-swinging, drill, swimming, Delsarte system of gesture, amateur photography, etc., etc. The remaining branches of a liberal education will be added as opportunity offers. In the meantime teachers and students cannot go far astray if they carry out their plans to spend a good portion of their summer vacation at this charming retreat. The schools of art and music are to be under the supervision of the Provincial Education Department, and successful students will receive the Departmental certificates. While so much is being prepared in the line of study the popular side of the Chautauqua Assembly is receiving close and liberal attention. The Rev. Sam Jones is engaged for June and the following week. On Dominion Day there will be a monster farmers' demonstration when the Minister of Agriculture, Erastus B. Smith, of New York, and other notables will talk to the men of the soil upon vital subjects. Other arrangements are to follow. Fourth of July—C. T. U., Y. M. C. A., Imperial Federation, Rights of Labour, Sabbath Observance and other

organizations and causes too numerous to mention. Audiences will be instructed, entertained or amused by Bishop Vincent, of Buffalo; Sauahbrah, the inimitable Burmese impersonator and illustrator; Dr. M. C. Lockwood, of Cincinnati; Dr. J. W. Bashford, of Buffalo; Dr. W. H. Poole, of Detroit; Prof. Freeman, of the University of Wisconsin, and a host of front-rank Canadian preachers and lecturers. In music, the Chautauqua Orchestra will be on hand, more efficient and attractive than ever.

The annual convention of the Provincial Teachers' Association is announced to be held at the Assembly grounds on the 13th, 14th and 15th of August.

The railroad depot upon the grounds will be ready for use and passengers by rail or steamer conveyed to the Assembly gate. Two hotels and refreshment stands will satisfy the needs of the hungry and homeless visitors.

Take it all in all, it will be well for our readers to apply to Mr. L. C. Peake, the Secretary, 18 Victoria Street, for a copy of the illustrated programme, and peruse for themselves.—*Toronto Globe.*

WHERE AM I GOING?

ONE summer evening, as the sun was going down, a man was seen trying to make his way through the lanes and cross roads that led to his village home. His unsteady way of walking showed that he had been drinking and though he had lived in that village home more than thirty years, he was now so drunk that it was impossible for him to find his way home.

Quite unable to tell where he was, he at last uttered a great oath, and said to a person going by: "I've lost my way. Where am I going?"

The man thus addressed was an earnest Christian. He knew the poor drunkard very well, and pitied him. When he heard the inquiry "Where am I going?"—in a sad, solemn way he answered: "To ruin!"

The poor, staggering man stared at him wildly for a moment, and then murmured with a groan "That's so!"

"Come with me," said the other kindly, "and I will take you to your home."

The next day came. The effect of the drink had passed away, but those two little words lovingly and tenderly spoken to him did not pass away.

"To ruin! to ruin!" he kept whispering to himself. "It is to ruin I'm going; to ruin. Oh, God help me, save me!"

Thus he stopped on his way to ruin. By earnest prayer to God he sought the grace that made him a true Christian. His feet were established on a true rock. It was a rock mighty enough to reach that poor misguided drunkard, and it lifted him up from his wretchedness, and made a useful, happy man of him.

KEEP CLEAR OF HIM!

"WHERE'S my cap? I can't find my cap. I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"Lend me your slate-pencil. O dear! dear! I shan't get my sums done."

"I can't sew; my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Aha! so disorder is about again?—a cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as everybody knows who has the least acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, loses others, and if you keep his company you will find him a terrible thief.

"A thief. Is disorder a thief?" Indeed he is; and the worst of it is he steals the most valuable thing you have—that which you can never get back again—that which a purse of gold cannot buy. He

steals your time. He snatches it out of your hands, runs off with it, and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Everything depends upon yourself. Keep a sharp look-out; do not upon any account let him get into your house.

He has been here. I know a little girl who today lost her lessons in consequence of him, and I know of a fine knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think; so I would warn them to be on their guard. Be careful constantly. Watch your drawers; put away your boxes on the right shelf; hang up your caps, hats, and coats. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep disorder out of your house.—*Selected.*

Our Country.

LINES suggested by listening to a sermon recently preached by the Rev. W. W. Carson in the Dominion Methodist church, Ottawa.

Grandeur than a poet's vision—
Brighter than an Eastern dawn,
Comes the radiant glimpse Elysian,
As the clouding curtain's drawn
From the vistas of the future,
As they greet the minstrel's eye—
As his hopeful spirit wanders
In the fields of "by-and-by;"
'Tis Canada's approaching glory,
Listening to the thrilling story.

From where broad Atlantic's billows
Lash the ancient border land,
To where our own Columbia pillows
Her head upon Pacific's strand—
From the rigid Arctic circle,
Where the musk-ox finds his home,
To Niagara's roaring surges
Plunging o'er the steep in foam—
Where Saskatchewan winds her current
Through green prairies vast and wide,
To the great "Mackenzie Basin"—
All is ours, our own, our pride!

Glorious beyond conception,
Is this mighty land of ours,
Fertile as a blooming Eden—
Land of sunshine snows and showers,
Land of wondrous lakes and forests,
Land of mountains, mines and seas,
Land of smiling, verdant prairies,
Waving to the evening breeze,
Future home of happy millions,
Pilgrims who no more may roam
Beyond the boundaries where Freedom
Reared her flag and made her home!

Daughter of the Queen of nations!
Blooming 'neath the Union Jack;
In the footsteps of her mother,
Travelling on glory's track!
Safely sheltered 'neath the axis
Of Britannia's giant wing:
Rich in wisdom of her sages,
Proudly may we ever sing
With heart and voice in patriot chorus,
O'er hill and vale and landscape green,
While Freedom's banner flutters o'er us,
The song of songs, "God save the Queen!"

REPRESENTATIVE ministers of the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches of Canada recently met in convention in Toronto, and discussed questions of common interest, with a view to organic union. These several denominations have for years wrought together in the common cause with a friendly spirit, and in this meeting the utmost harmony prevailed. They ventured to discuss topics on which perfect agreement does not exist among them, not for the purpose of showing their differences, but for the purpose of finding how nearly together they might come. It is proposed to hold another conference next year, at which the movement toward union will doubtless receive another forward impulse.