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HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
You.

RULPH SMITH & CO. TORONTO

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1890.

[No. 1.



SOLOMON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

THERE'S a shadow on our threshold,
And a cry from many a door:
A leader's fallen from our ranks—
His face we'll see no more.
We will miss his kindly greeting
As we passed him on the street;
We will miss him at our meeting,
Where he gave us counsel sweet.

We will miss on the platform,
And we'll miss him on the Board;
But, while we mourn his absence,
He is present with the Lord.
The messenger came suddenly,
For he sped on angel's wing,
To take his spirit back with him
To the presence of his King.

He's now amongst the saints on high,
In that bright world of bliss:
We would not ask him back again
To a sinful world like this.
Yet from that glorious multitude,
We seem to hear him say,
Fill up again the broken ranks—
Press on your heavenly way.

King Jesus is your Captain,
And he will lead you on;
What, though you fall in conflict!
He will give the victor's song.
Speak gently to the erring ones,
And guard them from despair:
'Tis love that wins the sinner's heart,
Your weapons, faith and prayer.

Go, whisper in the prisoner's ear,
That Christ will set him free;
He'll break the bolts and bars of sin,
And give him liberty.

Unto the poor and needy ones
Go, listen to their prayer;
The widow and the fatherless
Are his peculiar care.

Go, raise the Gospel banner high,
Where Satan's powers enchain;
Point to the Lamb on Calvary,
Who soon will come to reign.
And when God's messenger is sent
To call a warrior home,
In meek submission humbly bow
And say, "Thy will be done."

MARGARET MOSCOP, *St. Mary's.*

Solomon.

We have just completed a study of the character of Solomon. The picture on page one gives us Doré's conception of the wisest of men, seated on the throne of his stately palace, writing some of his proverbs, or wise sayings. We think the artist has made him too old—he was only about sixty when he died. It is, however, a majestic figure, and the drawing of the head and drapery is very fine.

A Loan Library.

A wise suggestion has been received by the Editor of *Our Youth*, in regard to the establishment of a "Loan Library" for the use of the League. The plan is for the literary and financial committees to co-operate with the pastor in the selection and purchase of a small collection of the very best books for the cultivation of the spiritual life of the members. There need not be many volumes, but they should be chosen with the greatest care.

The Bible of the League should be the first purchase. There should be a "Life of John Wesley," a "History of Methodism," and a collection—easily made—of the Annual Reports, or Year-books, of the Missionary Society; and other societies of the Church.

It would be well to own a Standard Commentary on the Scriptures, which may be consulted by the members in the study of the Bible. To these books others might be added.

Turning Over a New Leaf.

BY M. J. B.

"WHAT do people mean when they say they are going to turn over a new leaf?"

Hilda was so tall and fair and bright, that her sister Rose was sure that she could answer this, or any other question. Moreover, Hilda was mother and sister in one—the real mother having gone to her home in heaven three years before.

"Hilda, please tell me," said Rose, repeating the question. "How is life like a book, and do people turn over a new leaf?"

Hilda, smiling, but evidently not giving the words much thought, replied: "I'll explain it some other time—I want to finish this book to-night. See, I have ever so many new leaves to turn over."

"Dear! dear!" cried Rose, "I wish that there were machines for answering questions! I wanted to know about this one, particularly, before the New Year!"

But Hilda did not give any heed to Rose's earnest enquiry. She was absorbed in her book the whole evening, stopping only once, when the children's bed-time came, to wish them good night—the last good night of the Old Year.

"One, two, three, four, five—six," counted Hilda, as she heard the clock strike next morning. It was New Year's morning. There was to be a seven o'clock meeting in the lecture-room of the church. "Everybody" would be there! Nobody who had been once could willingly stay away and yet feel that the year had been properly begun. Hilda rubbed her eyes, and jumped up to make sure that she was really awake.

The house was very quiet. It occurred to Hilda that if any of the family were to attend the meeting she must awaken them. Putting on her dressing-wrapper and slippers, she ran along the hall, knocking at the doors, exclaiming:

"Six o'clock! A Happy New Year to you!"

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" shouted the boys. "It's not fair, though, Hilda, to catch a fellow that way. Wait till breakfast-time, when we can all have an even chance."

"All the same, I have said it first," said Hilda, laughing, and running back to her room to get ready.

The church was only just round the corner. Hilda went out by herself, and as she ran down the front steps she looked up at her brother's window. The glance she caught of his disconsolate face made her laugh.

"I'll be there in time," he shouted. "If you meet Tom Green, please ask him to wait."

Some of the school-girls turned the corner just then, and almost overwhelmed Hilda with New Year's congratulations and plans for the day. In five minutes they were at the lecture-room, up the aisle, and in the very same seats that they had occupied the year before! Hilda noticed this—perhaps she could not have put into words the thought that flashed through her mind just then. She would not have acknowledged it to be a serious thought, however, though it made her look grave for a moment.

Just at seven o'clock the meeting began. There was first a hymn—something full of praise; then a prayer, with much of thanksgiving in it; then the reading of the Bible, followed by a bright little talk from the pastor. As he stood there, speaking of things glad and sad in the past, and looking forward hopefully into the future, the hearts of the people grew warm.

Hilda glanced over at her little sister, and remembered the question of the evening before. For the first time life seemed to Hilda just like a great book—all the pages of the old leaves had been

written on and turned over. Here, right before her, was a new blank page waiting—for what? Hilda did not like serious thoughts; she would have been glad to have been in some other place just then.

At that moment the first rays of the New Year's sun shone through a window, sending a thrill of gladness into every heart. Persons looked at each other and smiled. Hilda smiled, too; and a word from the pastor fell like a seed into the heart. Quick as a flash came the thought: "I will fill the rest of my life-book with brave, beautiful deeds!"

How many more leaves was she to turn over? Who could tell? The names of the dear ones of the church who had been called away during the previous year were always read at that meeting. It was a long list that day, and tears came with the smiles. All the more earnest was Hilda in her resolve to write beautiful words on the new pages, as they came to her one by one.

Strange, wasn't it? She glanced here and there over the room, till her eye rested on Mrs. Colton—a lady who was very much interested in work among the poor. Mrs. Colton, moreover, was looking at Hilda just then, and although they were "in meeting," they smiled and nodded to each other. And Mrs. Colton thought: "Well, really Hilda Dunn has often run away, or pretended not to see me, when I have wanted to ask her to go visit some poor, sick person. I'll try her again, though. I shouldn't be surprised if she had changed her mind about some things."

Miss Ress, too, was looking at Hilda, and wondering if she could be persuaded to come occasionally, and sing or read at the "Mothers' Meeting."

Hilda glanced again toward her little sister, and felt a twinge of conscience for not trying to answer her question.

The meeting was over then, and everybody was wishing everybody else a "Happy New Year," till the air seemed full of congratulations.

Hilda could not understand herself. She had gone there caring only to speak with her particular friends, and receive their good wishes. But now she felt like looking up all the poor little children and the men and women who didn't have many friends, and giving them good wishes. She had never before felt so happy. And she was surprised to find how many sober-looking faces broadened into a smile when she looked into their eyes, and made them the cordial little bow that every one said Hilda Dunn kept only for her special friends.

That first day of the New Year! Would Hilda ever forget it! It seemed just brimful of kind words and sweet, sisterly deeds! Hilda fell asleep that night thinking that one had only to resolve, and the thing would be done.

She awoke early the next morning—the first Sunday in the New Year. For a minute, all that happened the day before seemed like a dream. She went to breakfast with some confused thoughts about life as a book, in which she had turned over a new leaf, so that there lay before her a page on which she wished to write only what was good and beautiful. This thought helped her to be sweet and patient at table, even when Will made a provoking remark, and Rose teased her with questions.

"After all," she thought, "if I keep my resolve, there are a great many ways in which I must grow better. I mustn't be late at church, for instance. Father says tardiness is one of my faults, and there must not be a single fault on the new page."

Hilda stopped a moment in her dressing-room to look once again at her New Year's gifts. Among them was a copy of *Golden Grove*, a cousin in New

York had sent to her. Hilda had looked at it rather disdainfully the day before.

"Of course it was kind in Cousin Sue to remember me," she said; "but I don't like such old-fashioned books. I wonder what any one can see so grand in Dr. Jeremy Taylor's writings."

That morning Hilda opened the book with rather more interest. The very first words she read were, "Every day propound to yourself a rosary, or a chaplet of good works, to present to God at night." "I like that," she cried. "It fits in beautifully with all that happened yesterday."

Just then the first church-bell began to ring. Hilda liked plenty of time to arrange her dress. She was often late because of the very special attention she chose to give to the tying of a ribbon or the fit of a hat. She was to wear her new olive suit for the first time that morning. Everybody knows just what the first time with a new dress means—how anxious one is to feel that it is in good taste and becoming, and how awkward one is likely to feel in the attempt to feel quite at home in it.

Hilda passed through all this experience on that first Sunday of the New Year. She stood before the glass at last with a feeling of satisfaction and a smile, as she anticipated the admiration she would receive from the girls. Suddenly the second bell began to ring. Hilda remembered that she had not given a thought to Rose, or a look at the boys—and they were always sure to need some help from her. Her father, too, he was so pleased always to hear her say, "Let me see, father, doesn't your coat need a little brushing?"

"This morning, of all others, you have been so selfish!" Hilda thought, with a blush, and an ashamed recollection of the "new page." Was its beauty marred so soon?

The fact made her so very uncomfortable that she scarcely spoke a word on the way to church. Of course this only made matters worse, as Hilda knew, when she heard Rose whisper, "What makes sister so cross? I thought she was going to be perfectly lovely all through this year."

After that it seemed as though so many disagreeable things happened, and all on purpose to vex Hilda—as she declared.

The first peaceful moment that came to her was that afternoon, in her Sunday-school class. Miss Alice Rodney was her teacher, and it was enough to quiet any troubled heart just to sit next to Miss Alice. The lesson was about the burial of Jesus. The sweet story of the ministry of the women came in just there. The girls seemed all very tender that afternoon. I think had each spoken as she felt, each would have said that her wish was to minister, in some way, to Jesus Christ.

This was Hilda's wish, certainly, and yet she would not, for a great deal, have had any one suspect it. She choked down the feeling in her throat, and turned away, after school, with a light, trifling remark, that puzzled Miss Alice, and sent her home with an anxious heart.

"I don't understand Hilda Dunn," she thought; "I watched her in meeting yesterday morning, and I was sure she had decided to be a Christian."

Hilda did not understand herself. She understood, however, that she had broken a good many fine resolutions within twenty-four hours. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "why cannot people do just what they have made up their minds to do?"

"There was to be 'children's church' that evening. Mr. Winthrop, the pastor, wished the children to come as a Sunday-school, each class with its teacher, and sit in the pews on either side of the middle aisle. And whatever Mr. Winthrop wished was sure to be done.

Hilda was there with the other girls of the class.

She was such as much interested as were the very little ones of the congregation. Mr. Winthrop gave as his text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Hilda found herself repeating the text, and the two divisions of the sermon: First, "What is the Gospel of Christ?" Second, "Why we should not be ashamed of it."

Gospel meant "glad tidings"; yes, Hilda knew that. But, in this case, "Gospel of Christ" means Christ himself. St. Paul wrote the words, and that is what he meant by them. Hilda had not known this.

"Is a feeling of shame ever right? Yes, it is right to feel ashamed when one has done what is improper or sinful. When one has been mean, or cross, or disobedient, or has told a lie, or in any other way disobeyed God.

"Why should we not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? St. Paul tells us: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' St. Paul was writing to the Romans, and he knew how that word 'power' would please them. It is a strong word.

"We all like power of some kind," Mr. Winthrop said. "At first the boy thinks most of physical power; he admires the man of strong muscle, or the boy who plays the best game of cricket or ball. As we grow older, we care for mental power; we value most those who win prizes at school, or who write or speak well." Hilda's face flushed. She was an enthusiastic admirer of mental power. "But," said Mr. Winthrop, "higher than either physical or mental power is spiritual power—the power which will enable us to live aright."

"Live aright!" Hilda caught these words. Yes! live aright from day to day. To be kind and patient, obedient, unselfish—the power to become all these can come to us only through the Lord Jesus Christ. Our best resolutions are weak, except as they are made in the strength that he offers to us. Was Mr. Winthrop thinking of Hilda? She was sure that he was looking directly at her.

"But what if we are ashamed of this power—ashamed of Christ himself?" And then Mr. Winthrop told of many ways in which we are all tempted to deny our Saviour.

Presently he said very earnestly, "My dear young people, the time is coming when you and I would rather have one smile from Jesus Christ than all the smiles of all the great who have ever lived. Then, what if we have been ashamed of him? Do you remember what he said? 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.'"

Hilda leaned her head upon her hand, and listened almost breathlessly to every word of that sermon.

Then Mr. Winthrop said, so solemnly, "At the last, Christ may say to some of you, 'Yes, I remember you; you were a scholar in a certain Sunday-school. You heard often of my love and sufferings on the cross. You were invited to come to me and be saved. Your heart felt very tender toward me sometimes, when you thought of my love for you, but you tried to hide your feelings; you did not decide to come out bravely and be my disciple. Ashamed of me! and now—now I am ashamed of you. You must go away from my presence for ever!'"

"Will that ever be true of me?" thought Hilda, with a sob. "Am I ashamed of Jesus Christ? Is that why I do not want people to think I like prayer-meeting? Is that why I always laugh, and pretend to be thinking of something silly, when

Miss Alice talks to me of these things? Mr. Winthrop talks about the power we must have to help us live aright. Is it because I have refused this power, that I have spoiled the first new leaf of my New Year?"

Hilda could not keep back the tears. She was not ashamed of them any longer, however. She went home with a full heart. She ran upstairs, and locked her self in her own room. It seemed to her that she had been blind all her life, and that only now her eyes had been opened to see that it was Christ whom she needed—Christ the hope of glory, and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

There, in the quiet of her room, she fell at his feet, and the words that came from her heart were:—

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot:
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

And he met her, even as in the parable the father met his lost son.

Thus there came to Hilda the divine power that could alone help her to turn over, with faith and love, a new leaf in her book of life.—*New York Observer.*

The King's Daughters' Song.

GOING forth on gentle errands,
As the Master went before:
Light the little cross we carry,
Heavy was the cross he bore.
But the little crosses bearing,
Thus we share the Master's shame,
Thus his royal glory wearing,
Marching onward "in his name."

Lift we now the weary burdens,
Smooth away the mark of care,
To the fevered, aching pillow
Bring the tenderness of prayer.
Even in a world of sorrow,
Song of hope 'tis ours to frame,
Looking for a brighter morrow,
Marching onward "in his name."

Day by day to high and lowly
One dear word we try to give,
Consecrated gladly, wholly,
Jesus Christ we try to live.
Till we reach the home of beauty,
Where the seraph raptures flame,
Love shall arm our souls for duty,
Marching onward "in his name."

Japanese Civilization.

As illustrating his claim that the Japanese are a more civilized people than the Americans, a gentleman at a recent Boston dinner-table cited Professor Morse's statement, that if, in a Japanese city, one picks up a stone to throw at a dog, the dog does not run, because he has never had a stone thrown at him, and does not know what the action means.

Manifestly, if such a state of universal gentleness and kindness prevails in Japan, that not even a stone is thrown at a dog by a boy, there must be a very high and thorough civilization permeating all classes of the population.

This argument may not be accepted as complete by the sociologists, who would, doubtless, maintain that it requires something else than gentleness and humanity to make civilization. But certainly the fact is to be taken as an excellent item of evidence in making out a case of high civilization for the Japanese.

And it is a significant fact that it was reserved for our own European-American civilization to introduce the completest refinement of cruelty to animals.—*Boston Transcript.*

Upon the Threshold.

Once more we stand, with half-reluctant feet,
Upon the threshold of another year;
That line where past and present seem to meet
In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment. Does the prospect please,
Or does the weary heart but sigh regret?
Can recollections smile, or, ill at ease
With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say, canst thou smile when memory's lingering gaze
Once more recalls the dying year to sight?
Would'st thou live o'er again those changing days,
Or bid them fade forever into night?

A solemn question, and the faltering heart
Scarce dare say "Yes," yet will not quite say "No";
For joy and sadness both have played their part
In making up the tale of "long ago."

Here memory sees the golden sunlight gleam
Across the path of life and shine awhile;
And now the picture changes like a dream,
And sorrow dims the eyes and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all has gone before;
The morning wind has sung the dead year's dirge,
Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore,
And sinks the worn-out bark beneath the surge.

Here ends the checkered page of prose and verse,
Of shapely words and lines writ all awry,
There they must stand for better or for worse;
So shut the book and bid the year good-bye!

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1890.

The Epworth League.

We heartily commend the movement for the formation of branches of the Epworth League throughout our Church. The central idea of this movement is to copy the example of the first Methodists, in uniting for the more careful study of the Word of God and the great themes it unfolds. Amid the bewildering multiplicity of books, papers, and periodicals which flood the world of to-day, there is not that deep and close study of the Bible that it is desirable there should be among our young people. Even those who teach and preach are scarcely as "mighty in the Scriptures" as the early Methodists were.

The study of the Bible is pre-eminently adapted to quicken and strengthen the intellect, as well as to inspire and sanctify the heart. In these times of doubt and questioning, our young people should be intelligent Christians. Unless they are grounded in the faith, they are liable to be drifted about by the winds of sophistry and error. It is of the greatest importance that we be able to give a good reason for our Christian hope. But above the

mere intellectual study of the truth must be placed the nourishment of faith and love, which only the truths of Divine revelation can supply.

The Epworth League is not simply a Bible class; it is broad enough in its sphere of study to embrace all wholesome literature that is adapted to nourish spiritual life; but special prominence is given to Methodist literature.

Many of our young people do not know how rich Methodism is in biography and history. A fuller acquaintance with the deeds and writings of the heroic men and women of Methodism would strengthen the loyal attachment of our people to their own Church.

We hate sectarian bigotry. But a loyal love for one's own Church is consistent with the broadest Christian charity towards Christians of other Churches. There is an inspiration in remembering the days of old, and the men and women whose names shine as the stars forever and ever.

A series of reading courses for the Epworth League has been prepared, and is explained in Epworth Leaflet No. 3. These courses embrace the Bible; the doctrines, history, biography, and religious life of Methodism; travel, art, science, etc. They are not required, but are recommended to the members. Diplomas and seals will be awarded to members who pursue them. In order to provide for individual members who are not connected with local Leagues, a certificate has been prepared for readers, on which a seal is affixed for each course of reading pursued.

In the Methodist Church in the United States, a great impulse has been given to the study of Methodist literature by the Epworth League.

All information about the organization can be obtained from the Rev. Dr. Withrow, of this city.—*Guardian*.

To the Point.

At a Woman's Missionary meeting, while the question was discussed, "How to interest the daughters," an old lady, after listening to what the others had to say, finally related the story about the farmer hitching up the colt with its mother. When asked why he did so, he replied, "Oh, it's the way I take to break him into the work. Trotting by the side of his mother, he soon learns to do just as she does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone, I have no trouble with him." This is certainly was to the point, and we believe that if all the mothers in our Church would get into the harness, and let the daughters get in, too, that when the time comes for the daughters to take up the work, they, too, would go right along, and the Church would have no trouble with them. "Well," says one, "what of the boys?" We would recommend the same rule, and say, "Fathers, get into the work, and hitch the boys up by your side, and let them do some lively trotting while you are yet with them, and when the time comes for the boys to carry on the work, why, they will be so accustomed to it, that the Church will have no trouble with them. They will go right along." As a rule, the children will follow their parents.



LESSON PICTURE.

THE MESSIAH ANNOUNCED.—*Luke i. 46-55.*

The Messiah Announced.

AND Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever.—*Luke i. 46-55.*

Not Lost on the Air.

THIRTY years ago or more Mr. Spurgeon was invited to preach in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the Palace, and thinking of a passage of Scripture to repeat as he reached the stage, there came to mind, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone.

More than a quarter of a century later Mr. Spurgeon's brother, who is also a pastor, was called to the bedside of an artisan who was near his end. "Are you ready?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, yes," answered the dying man, with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By these words I was convinced of sin, and Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour, and I accepted him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served him ever since."—*Christian Treasury*.

Unfurl the Temperance Flag

Words by LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Music from the GERMAN. Arranged by E. T. COATES.

PIANO.

1. Un - furl the Temp'rance flag, to-day: Its folds fling to the breezes: Let knaves to vice their
2. A Voice rings out a - bove the din Of Time's dis-cordant noises, Our sor - did, vice - bound

homage pay—Op - pose its sway who pleases. Rum's fiend - ish force our hand enslaves— With
souls to win To all which vir - tue priz-es: E - ter - nal is - sues hang on each,— While

rit. *a tempo.*

Par - ty lead - ers blink - ing— While thousands go to nameless graves Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.
blood-bought souls are sink - ing Where Hope and Mercy never reach. Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking,

rit. *colla voce.* *a tempo.*

3 'Tis God—the Nation's King—who calls,—
While low-down passions bind us,
And, through the languor that enthalls,
We miss the good assigned us.
Up, now,—ye men who love the right!
Who for her weal are thinking,
And God will arm you for the fight
'Gainst drinking, drinking, drinking.

4 We lift our hands; we seal our faith;
In freedom's name united—
We fear not Rum, nor hate, nor death,—
For Temperance pledged and plighted.
We stand where freemen all should stand—
No patriot duty shrinking—
Combined to banish from our Land
This drinking, drinking, drinking.

The words of above entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, by LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

From the Old to the New.

THE old year is past and gone. It began to live but yesterday, clad in bright robes, like a royal babe newborn amid splendours and palaces, surrounded by the wealth and wonders of the world. With what fulness of promise the old year opened! How hopeful was every heart! The dreamers were dreaming their dreams, the expectant were marshalling their liveliest hopes, and even the slow-plodding and most practical anticipated a twelve-month of prosperity and delight.

"We waited and longed, as the winged hours flew,
For the fruitage of budding and bloom,
Till the vertical sunbeams fell, and we knew

The morning promise had proved untrue
Up to the hour of noon."

No doubt many of us have realized more or less of fondly-cherished expectations. Some resolved on financial gain, and they have added materially to their store. Some were ambitious to be known in the world, and they now have a wider fame. Some were determined to improve their homes and surroundings, and they have accomplished their purpose. They have pulled down their barns and built greater; they have moved out of the old house into the new, and have provided for themselves many comforts.

We rejoice with all to whom the year 1889

proved a blessing and a boon. But many there are who do not reckon the year now gone as their best friend. He promised them much and brought them little. He came in with smiles and went out with tears. He meant well to all, but failed in his intentions to many.

"And his friends fell off, with looks of scorn,
And rushed from the old to the now;
Some cursed him, and wished he had never been born;
The rose of his promise, some said, was a thorn,
To pierce them through and through.

"The sun declined, and his last beams there
Gave a glint to the mountain's brow;
And only the hearts now stung by despair,
And quivering lips that breathe a prayer
For death, are with him now.

"So let him pass, whether false or true;
Without curse let him pass away;
He has done the best that a year can do.
Can the same be said of me or you—
Our best in each passing day?"

Another year has come. You and I have entered in. We are wiser, or ought to be, than we were a year ago. We know better what to depend on, and how to live. Surely we have lived long enough to discover what life is for, and to improve its precious moments to some advantage. It is said of one that he counted a day lost which passed without his saying or doing something for God. We have known many such days, no doubt, but a better resolution has seized us. We intend to be more diligent, more prayerful, and more efficient than we have ever been before. We propose to be more busy in good work. We intend to take some one with us along the way to heaven. Who would go to heaven without having saved a single soul? Who would spend eternity with the sad recollection gnawing at his heart that a lifetime was spent on earth without a single earnest effort to rescue one lost soul?

Some graphic writer has said, that if you get inside the pearly gates without a soul saved through your instrumentality, you would better crawl off in one corner, and never come out, lest the redeemed cast their eyes upon you, and cry out: "This is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his dying fellows."

Better be busy. Speak the appropriate word. Perform the needed and worthy act. Lay hold on some struggling, sinning, sinking fellow-mortal, and lift him up on the solid ground of Christian hope and work. You know not how abundantly God can use you if you will place yourself in his way. Let us get ready for eternity. We have no time to talk or think, let alone to differ, about non-essentials. The petty schemes which engross the attention of so many, the comparatively insignificant doctrines over which so many bitterly contend, will soon sink into their destined obscurity; while you and I, all immortal, will emerge in the spirit realms. Only a few years at most, and life will close and eternity dawn.

About the only question outside of everyday necessities which such creatures should ask, is: "How shall we escape wrath and win heaven?" We may be happy. We may use the good things God has given us to promote our comfort here; but the chief thing is to serve God and keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

Let your remaining life be one long period of grateful adoration and loving toil and prayerful aspiration and noble endeavour toward the highest, holiest, and grandest possibilities of human life.—
Christian Advocate.

A good name is better than precious ointment;
and the day of death than one's birth.

Nip's New Year's Vision.

Nip was a newboy, small and thin;
Six years old he was at most;
Peach bloom cheek and dimpled chin
Never had much been his to boast;
A ragged bundle of bones and skin,
He looked no child, but a childish ghost.

From early dawn till the day grew dim
He cried his "news" through the crowded street;
Summer and winter alike to him,
Treading the stones with his naked feet;
A few more rags when the frost was grim,
And a hungrier stomach—and less to eat.

Poor little Nip, one New Year's night,
Famished and footsore, cold and spent,
Curled himself up as best he might
On his whisp of straw, and to sleep he went,
When, lo! as he lay there, still and white,
A wonderful vision to Nip was sent.

His rags were gone, and over his form
Fragrant waters there seemed to flow;
Then he was wrapped in a raiment warm,
And his senses steeped in a genial glow,
While a myriad of angels seemed to swarm,
Singing and fluttering to and fro.

And one that looked like a child, at last,
Took his hand 'twixt her tiny two,
And whispered: "Come to the New Year's feast
We have spread for you, and such as you:
North, and South, and West, and East,
They are clothed afresh and made anew!"

Then what a banquet did Nip behold—
Lying all white on his whisp of straw!
Dainties and dishes a thousand-fold,
More than waking, you ever saw,
In platters of silver, and cups of gold,
All for Nip of the hungry maw!

Ah! right royally Nip was fed
Then, with his hand 'twixt her tiny two,
"Come hither," softly the child-host said—
"One more joy there is still for you;
Come and rest on a dreamless bed;
Come, and our Father shall make you new!"

Balm for the sufferings manifold!
Sunk in a sweet and dreamless rest,
Gone the hunger and pain and cold—
Nip, in his vision rapt and blest,
That New Year's morning, at six years old,
Slept serene on the Father's breast!

Teachers' Department.

Vary the Exercises.

BY J. R. PANCHEN.

Let me urge superintendents to rise above conventional environments, and avoid the ruts of a stereotyped routine. Seek to sufficiently diversify the exercises of your school to ensure a stimulating freshness and vigour, and studiously exercise that tact and versatility which, if accompanied with patience and prayer, will assuredly vitalize your school with perennial grace. In these efforts to promote the efficiency and welfare of your school, keep as far removed as possible from anything bizarre or sensational; yet remember that your scholars are largely endowed with curiosity and imagination, and that tact for new adaptations, reverently used, will stimulate these God-given faculties into healthful activity and more readily prepare their minds for impressions of truth. How often the child-heart has been stirred by an unexpected appeal to the conscience, and thus been led to accept Christ!

The lamentable fact will be admitted that beyond the mere lesson of the day, the average instruction of the Sunday-school scholar in Biblical knowledge and religious history is usually meagre and unprofitable; yet such instruction, judiciously imparted, is necessary for the symmetrical development of a Christian life, and frequent occasion

should be afforded your school to secure it. If the map, the blackboard, the book of travel, the microscope, and the newspaper, can be sanctified to your use in the school room, and their wise employment as Sunday-school accessories will surely receive the blessing of the Master. Use these adjuncts occasionally, and you will be surprised at the increased interest which they give to the lesson, the valuable testimony they add to the truth and the lasting impressions made upon the hearts and minds of your scholars.

A wise intermittance in your programme of exercises will be salutary, and a frequent sought for suggestion from your teachers will not be amiss. If a lesson-talk is expected from the class, let it be only occasional, sometimes as a prelude and sometimes as a review, but always with brevity, and after a silent prayer for the wisdom necessary for such a critical occasion. Remember, too, that since Paul was "all things to all men," you, the Sunday-school superintendent, should be many-sided, yet, withal, cordial, sincere, and sympathetic.

God invites the workers in his vineyard to use the freshest appliances and the best tools to be found in his workshop about us. He will surely sanctify the new use of old things, when prayerfully and properly employed, and will bless that facile handling of novelty which seeks to attract the youthful mind towards spiritual truths and love of God. Try new adaptations—glean in fresh fields—and you will surely meet with encouragement and reward.

"I Thought my Place was Here."

A SUPERINTENDENT.

THIS sentence, uttered by a lady-teacher in our school last summer, gave me an experience of genuine delight and gratitude. It was a touching token of the conscientious regard the speaker had for a class of young children, whom she has learned to love with unselfish devotion. The teacher had spent the week in a lovely spot, where the lake, the leafy wood, the healthful, invigorating air, and the genial beams of the sun, seem to vie with each other in making it a perfectly desirable place of rest and happiness. All these charms, to which were added a large company of genial friends, were lighter than air, as the thoughts of the faithful teacher turned to her dear class of little ones; and the result of this deliberation was the expression of the earnest words that head this brief article: "I thought my place was here."

Youth as a Time of Service.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE Church of Christ, like every other institution, needs the inspiration and power that come from young blood. Do not think, young Christians, that you are merely undergoing preparation for effective service by-and-by; that the Church, with all its institutions and teachings, is simply a school in which you shall have reached maturer years. Youth itself is a period of service, and noble service, for Christ. For, in the first place, youth is the time for enthusiasm. It is the time when life's ideals are loftiest and strongest and purest. It is the time when the heart glows with the hope of accomplishment, when the mind is full of ambitions, and the soul sees visions of better things to come. We all know the value of enthusiasm in work; and therefore youth, with all its ardour and hope, is the time of especial fitness for Christian service.

Again, youth is the time of unspent energy. All its powers are full and unwearied. The pulses leap, the whole being, exults in vigour and fresh-

ness. Exhort your pupils to constant activity. Youth is ever restless, ever putting itself forth in some form of growth, like the budding plant. Now let this unspooled strength, this vital energy, be consecrated to the service of God, and what mountains of opposition will it not remove and cast into the sea! Whenever and wherever a company of young Christians are banded together in the service of the Lord, there the work of the Church is prospering, there the kingdom is coming with power.

Finally, youth is the winsome time of life. Christ made a little child the type of the divine. Youth is attractive, winning. Its sympathies are quick and genuine. Life has not jarred the responsiveness of the soul, nor sad experience chilled its feeling. Bring, then, that warm heart to the altar of Christ, O youth! Consecrate that winning power, and God shall bless the sacrifice and the giver.

The North Wind.

HAVE you listened to the wind, my dears—
To the strong wind when it roars,
When it whistles about the windows
And rattles and shakes the doors?
Have you heard the soft wind whisper?
Did you list to the gentle breeze?
Have you heard the sad wind murmur
And sigh among the trees?
Have you listened to the glad wind—
To the fresh wind when it sings,
When it drives away the storm-clouds
And golden sunshine brings?
Shall I tell you about the winds, my dears,
And what they do and say—
What they bring to us as the seasons change,
Scarce resting by night or day?

Oh, mercely comes the north wind
From his haunts of ice and snow,
With his breath so cold
And his strength untold,
Over the earth to blow.

He tosses the wintry clouds on high
And sends the frost from the clear cold sky;
The birds and the brooks will cease their song;
The flowers will die if he tarry long;
But the children's hearts must grow bold and strong,
For to work, to work, is the north wind's song.
Then cheerily, steadily work away—
The cold, bold north wind blows to-day.

A Rich Gentleman.

AN INCIDENT IN A FOURTH AVENUE CAR.

ALL the seats were occupied, when an old, poorly-dressed woman entered at Forty-second street. The first to offer his seat was a well-built, clean-cut gentleman—his face smooth shaven and firm, his eyes clear and alert, his whole bearing engaging and graceful.

The poor old woman was one of the loquacious creatures who often talk away in an innocent manner to strangers, and so, after thanking the man who had given her a seat, she told him of her trip to New Jersey to see her married daughter. She wanted to go to the Christopher-street ferry, she said, and didn't know how to do it. Her new acquaintance listened politely to all she said, and assured her that he would see that she was transferred to the blue car at Eighteenth-street, which runs to the ferry.

The gentleman's bearing toward the simple old woman was gaining the admiration of every one in the car. He was so patient and good-natured with her. At Eighteenth-street he stopped the car. Just then the desired other car shot across. Rushing to the front platform, the obliging gentleman called loudly to the driver of the cross town car. Then he helped the old woman from one car to another, ran back, and smiled good-humouredly over the trouble he had been put to.

The writer recognized the good Samaritan. He was *Cornelius Vanderbilt*.—*New York Sun*.

A Look Forward.

BY RAY PALMER, D. D.

Go not art thou, in thy turn, thou fleeting year!
E'en as the spent wave dies upon the shore,
I backward glance and drop a silent tear,
As for a friend whose feet shall come no more:—
Till time of earth's last day shall sound the toll;
I bid thee, vanished year, farewell farewell!

But farewell said, and memory charged to keep
In her still depths the annals of the past,
Which howsoever they for a time may sleep—
Unmost, shall all again be read at last;
Once more to duty's call my ear I lend,
And onward where she leads, my steps I bend.

Year newly-born! I hail thee at the goal
Whence thou dost count thy swiftly numbered days;
Whence tell thy months and seasons as they roll,
And date the summer solstice's scorching blaze;
Which left behind, thou too by slow decline
Shall waste and die—the fate of others, thine!

But ah! Thou hast thy secrets—unrevealed!
Thou bear'st a scroll wherein the pen of heaven
Hath written mysteries to be unsealed;
Unroll and read, young Year! To thee 'tis given!
What fates or fortunes—say—shall each befall
In thy swift course?—that record hides them all!

O kindly Heaven! that from our mortal sight
Veils in thick clouds what future days shall bring;
Nor robs the present of its golden light,
Nor checks the music when the heart would sing:
Courage, O mortal! Bid thy soul be strong;
Nor deem eternal Wisdom chooseth wrong!

What saith to thee the brightly dawning year?
"Live wisely, man! thou livest not to dream;
Life's toils await thee—its rewards are near;
Think not the seeming ills the ills they seem!
For God and duty, make each moment tell,
Till thou this year—or earth—shall bid farewell!"

Dot's Faith.

BY S. A. HAMILTON.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and a cold, blustery day it was; such a day as drives the poor and needy, the wretched and starving, indoors—if, perchance, it is more comfortable indoors than out.

A boy of eleven years of age was hurrying along the pavement of an obscure street in one of our large cities, leading by the hand his little sister, only eight years-old.

Although their clothes showed the pinch of poverty, yet they were neater in appearance than any of the many children they passed, and had that look of intelligence that betokens good home training.

Turning down a side-alley, they entered a house, that was in a deplorably tumble-down condition; one would think unfit to live in. As they entered, they were greeted by a weak, gentle voice:—

"Charlie, is it you, my son? Come here, dear."

Leaving his sister to warm herself at the scant fire, Charlie hastened to the side of the bed on which his mother lay—whence the voice had proceeded.

"What success—no work yet?" she asked, as she caught sight of his face.

"No, mother, none. No one wants a boy. Dot and I have travelled most over the city, but it's no use—we must starve or beg."

"Did you go to see the persons who advertised in yesterday's paper?" queried his mother.

"Yes, mother, we called on every one; but they all had got boys already; and we went from store to store, until we were both tired. And coming to a church where they were holding a meeting, we went in to get warmed, and the preacher was a sayin' to the people to throw their bread into the river, or the water, or something like that; and all the people said 'Amen,' like as if they was a-goin' to do so just as soon as they got home, when you

and me and Dot haven't got none but a little bit, and I just shook my fist at him under the seat, cause he might have told them to give their bread to poor people," and the rebellious tears sprang to his eyes, while his mother drew his head on her breast.

"Hush, my son," she responded; "you did not understand him. God does not like a rebellious heart." And she explained to him, as well as she could, the meaning of the text, "Cast your bread upon the water."

Little Dot, his sister, had been an attentive listener, both at the church and to her mother, and in her innocence took them as literal truths.

Timidly approaching her mother's side, she asked:—

"Mamma, does it mean it will come back after while a big lot of bread?"

"Yes, my daughter; it means that what you give to the Lord will be given back increased an hundred times."

Dot said nothing more, but was quiet and thoughtful the whole afternoon.

Towards evening, Charlie prepared a cup of tea for his mother—the last they had; and after each had eaten a small slice of bread, there remained only one slice in the cupboard, and no money to buy more.

After Charlie had gone out to continue his quest for employment, Dot quietly put on her well-worn cape, took the slice of bread from the cupboard, and stole out of the house—her mother having fallen asleep.

This was Dot's first venture on the streets, alone, very far from home; and after the first few squares had been passed, she was at a loss where to go to find the water, and accosting a gentleman who was approaching, she said:

"Please, sir, is the water near?"

The gentleman stopped, looked at her a moment, and replied:

"Do you mean the river, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dot.

"You are quite a distance off. What takes such a little girl to the river on such a cold day; hadn't you better go home?"

"No, sir; I must throw the bread in the river first, so we will get more." And she trudged bravely on in the direction the gentleman had indicated.

The latter, having taken a fancy to the demure, blue-eyed little lady, and being mystified by her last reply, resolved to follow her and learn her mission to the river.

Dot finally arrived at the river, and making her way with some difficulty on to the quay, found herself at the edge—the gentleman close behind, hid from view by a lumber-pile close to her.

Dot pulled the bread from her pocket, and in a scarcely an audible voice, began:

"Please God, this is all the bread we've got, and we must do without for breakfast; but if 'tain't too long until the hundred slices come back, maybe Charlie can get some money to buy some while."

And it to Dot's Horn, in Thomas Alley, Amen. And she cast the bread into the muddy river.

To say that the gentleman was affected would not describe his emotion. Hastily dashing the tears from his eyes, he followed Dot homeward.

She was met by Charlie, who had been hunting for her, when nearly home, and was soon clasped in her mother's arms.

In reply to her mother's inquiries, she told where she had been, ending:

"I just thought, as we only had one slice of bread, I'd go and throw it in the river, and we'd get the hundred slices after while."

Her mother, affected to tears, could not find it

in her heart to chide her for her simple faith, although she knew the cupboard was empty, and no one to provide more for the morrow.

"Don't cry, mamma," said Dot, "God'll send it, sure, 'cause the preacher said he would."

Soon after, Charlie lighted the candle and drew a chair up to the bed, to read the customary chapter of Scripture before retiring, and had just begun, when a knock was heard at the door, and before he could get up to open it a man entered, placed a large basket on the floor and a letter on the table, and stepping out, returned with a bag of flour, and departed without saying a word, to the astonishment of all.

Quickly running to the door, Charlie looked for the man, but could find no trace of him, and, closing the door, he examined the basket, which was labelled: "For Dot's Horn—her bread from the water." Opening it, he found bread, a chicken, and a large list of groceries. Charlie now espied the letter on the table, and seeing it was addressed to himself, tore it open and read:

"Master Charles Horn is hereby appointed messenger in the store of J—L— & Co., at a salary of \$1.50 per week, to begin at once."

There were fervent thanksgivings in that humble household that night.

Their benefactor, the gentleman who had followed Dot, had made inquiries concerning the family from near neighbours, and resolved that such sublime faith as Dot's should not go unrewarded.

"Charlie is a partner in the store now, and his mother has got strong again, and they both attribute their luck to 'Dot's Faith.'"

A Happy New Year.

It in the year whose days are done,

A bitter word was spoken,
And swelled to anger, harsh and rude,
Whereby a friendship grew a feud,
And strongest ties were broken,
The Old Year moans, his eyes are dim,
O let the quarrel die with him!

If in the year whose days are done,
Some tender thought or feeling
Struck in your heart a tiny root,
Anon put forth a tender shoot,
Whereof the leaves are healing,
The Young Year grows in heart and limb,
O let the grace wax strong with him!

Watches in the Olden Time.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI had a one-larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead.

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1580. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand; and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than five hundred dollars; and after one was ordered it took a year to make it up.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the little urchin.

Go Fast.

BY SAM GREENWOOD.

Go fast, my friend, go fast,
For your life is short as the best,
When your labours in life are past
There's eternity to rest;
Don't wait to be something great,
Don't wait to do something grand,
But quickly and steadily, early and late,
Do your work with a resolute hand.

Go fast, my friend, go fast,
There's no room in the world for drones,
The men who are always the last
Are the men whom the world disowns;
For the ready and brave of heart
Are open a thousand ways,
Don't wait for your neighbour, but act your
part,
For you live by deeds, not days.

Go fast, my friend, go fast,
Don't drag when others advance,
In the way of the hurricane blast
You stand but the ghost of a chance;
Take your place in the front of the van,
Give your blows in the thick of the fight,
There's no room in the ranks for a lazy
man,
Though great be his courage and might.

Go fast, my friend, go fast,
The darkness is coming on,
The world's rich harvest is vast,
And the reapers will soon be gone;
Don't dally with time on the way,
For your work is waiting for you,
The hours are short of the longest day,
And your chances of life are few.

Go fast, my friend, go fast,
What work can you do in the grave?
While you loiter the chance may have
passed
For that life you had hoped to save;
Don't stop though the work be hard,
Make all diligent speed that you can,
The sloth of the sluggard will always retard
The work of a better man.

Go fast, my friend, go fast,
Your toil is not ended yet,
If you trust in God to the last
There's no need to worry and fret;
The daylight will soon be dim,
Don't leave your place in the strife
Till your soul has passed to its rest with
him,
In the peace of the better life.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

B.C. 5] LESSON II. [Jan. 12
THE SONG OF MARY.

Luke 1. 46-55. Memory verses, 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my
spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
Luke 1. 46, 47.

TIME.—B.C. 5.

PLACE.—The "hill country"—possibly
the little town of Juttah.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Zacharias seems
at first to have doubted the angel's wonder-
ful promise, and in punishment Gabriel told
him that he would be unable to speak until
his son was born. When he came out of
the holy place, by gestures he told the
people that he had become dumb. Some
time after this, the same angel was sent to
the Virgin Mary, who then lived in Nazare-
th, to announce the birth of Jesus. He
said, "He shall be called great, and shall
be called the Son of the Highest"—the Son
of God. Mary arose and came to the country
home of Zacharias, to visit Elisabeth, who
was her cousin. When the two friends met,
Elisabeth greeted Mary warmly, and Mary
chanted, or sang, the hymn we study this
week. It was largely made up from Scrip-
ture passages taken from the Old Testa-
ment, the Bible of the ancient Jews.

EXPLANATIONS.—Magnify—Glorify, ex-
alt. Low estate—Poverty, insignificance.
Handmaiden—Servant. Put down the
mighty—A great many men whom the world
would have regarded as the mightiest were
put down by the birth, life, and doctrines
of Jesus, such as the Roman emperor, the
Herodian king, the Jewish priest, Holpen—
Helped. Seed—Descendants.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Singer*, v. 46.
What was the name of the singer?
Where was her home? ver. 26.
What blessing had been pronounced on
her? ver. 45.
What had been told her from the Lord?
vers. 31-33.

2. *The Song*, vs. 46-55.
Whom did Mary praise in her song?
What was the burden of her song? (Golden
Text.)

Why had she this joy?
Who would call her blessed?
Who had done for her great things?
On whom does God's mercy rest?
How had he shown his strength?
Whom had he caused to exchange places?
What blessing had he given to the hungry?
Whom had he denied?

To what people had he been a helper?
To whom had he given promise of mercy?
What was his promise to Abraham? Gen.
12. 1-3.

How long will the Messiah rule?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who sang this song? "The Virgin
Mary." 2. About what did she rejoice?
"The coming of Jesus." 3. How did
Jesus' coming affect the lowly? "It ex-
alted them." 4. How did it affect the
mighty? "It put them down." 5. What
about the hungry? "It satisfied them." 6.
What about those who regarded them-
selves as spiritually rich? "It left them
empty."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The incarnation
of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

2. How did he come into the world?
The Son of God took our human nature,
and was born of a woman.

3. What notices were given beforehand
of his coming?

Many promises had been given in former
ages by the prophets, and more lately by
an angel.

B.C. 5] LESSON III. [Jan. 19

THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS.

Luke 1. 67-80. Memory verses, 76-79.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord
to prepare his way. Luke 1. 76.

TIME.—B.C. 5.

PLACE.—Same as before.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—When John was
born, a little party of relatives and friends
assembled at the family home to go through
the form of naming him. They thought it
would be well to call him after his father,
Zacharias; his mother, however, insisted on
having her baby named John. His dumb
father, on being appealed to, asked for a
writing-table, and wrote, "His name is
John," and immediately he was able to
speak. This is his song of triumph.

EXPLANATIONS.—Horn of salvation.—The
word "horn" was used by the old Jews
very much as the word "shield" is now
used. It was an allusion to the horns of a
bull, and was the emblem of strength.
Saved from our enemies.—It is impossible to
tell how far Zacharias understood the king-
dom of God which was now about to be set
up. The oath which he swore.—That same
covenant which God made with his patri-
archs he is keeping, in a deep spiritual
sense, with us to-day. Go before the face
of the Lord.—Like a herald before the pre-
sence of the king, making the way ready.
Dayspring from on high.—That is, sun-burst
from the heavens. The sun is poetically al-
luded to as the spring of day. Waxed strong
in spirit.—Every allusion to the childhood
of John refers to the growth of austerity
and strength; every allusion to the child-
hood of Jesus refers to the growth of ten-
derness and gentleness. In the deserts.—The
rough, rocky, half-populated wilderness
which sloped far away from the heights of
Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Promise*, vs. 67-75.

Who recited this promise?
What spirit was upon him?
To whom did he offer praise?
For what did he praise the Lord?
Through whom had God given his pro-
mise?

What is the real spirit of all prophecy?
Rev. 19. 10.

What salvation was promised?
To whom had this mercy been promised?
To whom had the promise first been given?
What was then promised?

2. *The Prophet*, vs. 76-80.

What was the child John to be called?
What great honour was predicted for
him? (Golden Text.)

What knowledge would he give the
people?
Through whose mercy would this blessing
come?

What proof of mercy had come to the
people?

To whom would this gift bring light?
What is said of the child's growth?
Where did he live until he was grown?

[THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who sang this song? "Zacharias,
father of John the Baptist." 2. What made
him so happy? "The birth of John, and
the coming of Christ." 3. What was John
to be? "The herald of the Lord." 4.
What was he to do? "To give knowledge
of salvation." 5. What is Christ here
called? "The dayspring from on high."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine
fidelity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

4. How did an angel give notice of his
coming?

The angel Gabriel first foretold the birth
of John the Baptist, his forerunner, and
then announced to the mother of Jesus that
she should bring forth the Son of God.

5. Who was the mother of Jesus?
Mary, a virgin of the house of David.

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there are accounts of an extraordinary
man who was known as "Memory-
corner Thompson." This man, although
he could hardly remember anything
he heard, could yet retain perfectly
the names and descriptions of large
collections of objects that met his eye.
He could take an inventory of the
contents of a house from cellar to
attic merely by surveying them and
could afterward write it out from
memory. He could draw from recol-
lection accurate plans of many London
parishes and districts, with every
street, alley, public building, public
house, etc., duly noted, down to the
minutest topographical details, such as
pumps, trees, bow-windows and posts,
all correctly marked.

Conspicuous instances of this me-
chanical kind of memory are to be
found among the famous mental cal-
culators. Jedediah Buxton was a
celebrity of this kind about the middle
of the last century. He had but little
education and, indeed, was not able to
write his own name. But in arith-
metic and in abstruse calculations
his powers were wonderful. The fol-
lowing is a specimen of the problems
which, when put to the test, he solved
mentally in a few minutes: Find how
many cubical eighths of an inch there
are in a quadrangular mass measuring
23,145,789 yards long, 5,642,732 yards
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