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HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

RULPH SMITH & CO. TORONTO

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1887.

[No. 13.



THE GOLDFISH. — (See next page.)

The King's Weavers.

BY CORA E. GROVEL.

THREADS of gold and ruby splendour,
Tender as the sun's last ray,
Vying with the rainbow's colours
In their mellow radiance gay;
And not alone these fairy tints,
But with them some of duller hue,
Were 'mid the strands the king bestowed
Upon his faithful subjects true.

"Weave me a web," the king proclaimed,
"From the threads ye now receive;
Till the time when work is finished,
With a lofty patience, weave I
But should perplexing doubts arise
In the task I give to thee,
Pause not to dream of better things,
But bring thy web at once to me."

Each with an earnest purpose true
Labour'd till the last day came,
When to the king their webs they brought,
And sadly, humbly bowed in shame.
In some the brilliant rainbow tints
Were deeply marred by dullest gray,
And some were woven carelessly,
Though of hues so bright and gay.

Each brought his offering to the throne,
Till at last but one remained—
A little child, on eager feet,
With tiny, glistening fabric came.
A fairy web it was, indeed!
Not one with it could compare
Either in faultless workmanship,
Or brilliant tints so bright and fair.

"How is it," cried a saddened voice,
"So glorious a web you bring?
We've been, e'er since our work begun,
At morn and evening, to the king."
"You went, night and morning, to him"—
Sweet her voice as music chime;
"Ah! but he was kind and willing,
And I went at any time!"

How is it, dear hearts, daily weaving
Life webs from bright shining strands,
Knowing that the hour approaches,
When they lie in kingly hands?
Do you seek the King's direction
As lights and shadows intertwine?
You go night and morning to him;
But do you go at any time?

Doth he give to thee affliction?
'Neath his tender, loving care,
Gloomy, sombre strands you bring him,
Change to golden, rich and fair.
In the web thou'rt daily weaving,
Let the chords of Christ's dear love
Shed o'er all a perfect beauty,
When thy work is shown above.

Ah! wise words by child-lips spoken!
Heed them in life's busy hours.
In the work our King has left us,
Make her simple motto ours.
Aim to weave so fair thy fabric,
That when life's last work is done,
It may, at the throne of glory,
Earn for thee the King's "Well done!"

The Goldfish.

THE cats in the picture are in a strange predicament. They want to catch the goldfish, which they see through the glass globe, but these forever elude their grasp—they cannot imagine how. They do not like to wet their feet, it is said; yet one of these is trying to seize the fish with her paw. Let us hope she will not succeed.

EYES raised toward heaven are always beautiful, whatever they be.—
Joseph Koubert.

A Lesson in Toleration.

A TRUE TALE OF WITCHCRAFT.

"To the gallows with her!" "To the stake—faggots and fire!" "Bring her out!" "The witch! The witch!"

Such were the cries that greeted an officer of the High Ecclesiastical Court of Sweden, as he emerged from the doorway of a house in the village of Karlscoopen. His right arm rested upon an old, bent, sharp-featured woman, while he held out the other hand in a warning gesture to the crowd of farmers and peasants who seemed to be infuriated at the sight of the ancient dame.

"In the name of the law!" he said; and the crowd fell back, though with cries and gestures they still continued to show their anger against the prisoner.

To find out who this old woman was and what her crime might be, we must take a little excursion into the realms of Swedish History.

The village of Karlscoopen was scattered along a narrow valley famous for the excellence of its soil and the quality of its cattle and dairy products. A dozen or more farms bordered the highway, while the church (which had seldom a resident pastor) and a few houses, made, as it were, a nucleus for the settlement. The Kettler farm was, by far, the richest in the valley; but though Dame Elsan saw the bright rix dollars accumulate in the stout oaken chest, which was the family treasury, and although there was as yet no rebel bold enough to dispute her sway, there was one drawback to her felicity—for she could never rear a calf. All the Kettler cows must be natives of other farms.

One warm afternoon in July, Dame Elsan had sent all of her family into the field, and was herself spinning in her farm-house porch. The population of the cow-house had been increased that week by two calves, but one of them had died the preceding day, and the other seemed about to follow its example. Engrossed in meditation upon this unpleasant subject, Dame Elsan did not perceive the approach of a stranger until a pleasant voice said: "Good day, mother! Have you a drop of skim milk, or small beer, or even a cup of spring water, to spare a thirsty traveller?"

The traveller's dress proclaimed him to be a young minister, or candidate for orders, in the Lutheran Church, who, having finished his course at the university, was employed looking after remote and out-of-the-way parishes. The dame ceased her work, invited him in, and set before him her new cheese, barley-bread, and home-brewed ale; and while he was satisfying his appetite she enlivened his repast with her conversation. Its chief topics were, of course, Karlscoopen and the Kettlers; but, from the affairs of her own and her neighbours' families, she soon digressed to her trials in the matter of the calves. She

narrated all her woes, and though she admitted that it was hardly compatible with his sacred calling, yet she begged her guest to leave with her a charm to keep death out of her cow-house. At first he tried to reason with her, but, at last, with a smile, he yielded to her importunities, and taking out his pocket-book, ink-horn, and pen, he wrote something upon a blank leaf. This writing he folded up, sealed with black wax, and the impress of a ring which he wore upon his finger, handed her the package, and proceeded on his journey.

From the time of this occurrence, Dame Elsan's calves lived and prospered, and her success in rearing them became as notable as her failure had been before. Strangers desirous of learning her method, came far and near; but though it was Dame Elsan's policy to keep the presents, it was also her policy to keep her own counsel.

Now, of a sudden, there came over the country—whence or how no man could tell—a mighty dread of witchcraft, and a general discovery of witches. There began to be rumours respecting the old dame.

The rumours increased when it was known that the great and wise Bishop Svedburg would hold a court for the trial of witches at his cathedral, town of Skara. Accusers of the old dame were not wanting, and she was speedily arrested by an officer of the court, as mentioned in the first part of this story.

To the surprise of every one, when she was arraigned for trial she attempted no denial. Falling upon her knees before the bishop, she cried out:

"I confess my crime. I have practiced witchcraft these twenty years by means of a charm which the devil, in the guise of a travelling minister, gave to me when my calves died. It is sewed under the lining of the shoe of my right foot."

"Take it out and show it to me," the bishop said.

The dame did as she was bidden, and a closely-folded note, sealed with black wax, was handed to the bishop. He took it, glanced at it curiously, tore it open, and read aloud:—

"The calf may be white, the calf may be red,
And if 'tis not living, it sure must be dead."

The murmur of horror that went through the assemblage when this awful charm was read caused the bishop to look around with surprise and wonder; but after a moment's pause he said:—

"What did the minister bid you do when he gave you this charm?"

"He bade me give the calves four pints of milk that never saw skimmer nor water, in a clean pail, thrice a day—at sunrise, at sunset, and at high noon—And to keep the charm in the lining of my right shoe."

"Rise from your knees, good woman," said the bishop; "and you,

good people, listen to the confession which I have to make. This paper is no charm, but a foolish rhyme which I wrote—to my shame be it spoken—when I was a travelling deacon passing through Karlscoopen. I gave it to her with the simple advice to give her calves good milk—and yet the poor woman might have been executed for witchcraft, and my foolish frolic would have been responsible."

History does not say whether Dame Elsan was or was not subsequently reinstated in the public favour, but it does record that on that day the bishop discovered that the black and dreadful sin of witchcraft was not so real a thing as in his zeal he had imagined it to be. The Ecclesiastical Court was adjourned, and henceforth the bishop directed his energies to stopping the persecution.—Adapted by Arthur Dudley Vinton.

A Model Town.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the great manufacturer of the Pullman palace cars, was once a very poor boy, but by diligent effort and energy rose from one position to another till he became a wealthy man. This is nothing of itself; thousands of others have done the same, but not all have done as well as he in some respects.

He wished his workmen to be under good influences and have such advantages as he could give them, so he laid out the town of Pullman, just south of Chicago. He built houses, which the workmen rent. Every one has its yard, and the strictest cleanliness is enforced. It was begun in 1880, and in four years had a population of 7,500. Being so near to a large city, with temptations on all sides, one would expect it to be like other manufacturing towns—the home of much vice and disorder. Just the contrary is the case. There are five churches; two school buildings, with thirteen teachers; no jails, no magistrates, only one policeman, no poor, no crime, no asylums or need for them; and the great reason for all this remarkable showing is, there are no saloons.

From the very beginning the sale of intoxicating drinks was strictly forbidden in any part of the town of Pullman.

Every effort was put forth by him to furnish better things for the people. A public library and reading-rooms, lyceums, etc., have given them a taste for something better than the saloon can furnish, and, as a consequence, the workmen in the Pullman car factories are sober, industrious, and intelligent, and we hear of no strikes among them. Such a thing is a crown of glory to any man's life, and far better than to be able to fail for millions. It would be well if other manufacturers would try the same plan, and see if a better condition of workingmen's lives might not result in increased prosperity for their employers.—*Tidings.*

I Want to be a Christian.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

I WANT to be a Christian,
And as a Christian stand,
Safe underneath the shield of faith,
God's sword grasped in my hand.
Never to faint nor falter,
Though ceaseless be the fight,
And though the battle rages
From early morn till night.

I want to be a Christian,
A warrior of renown,
To bear aloft some trophies,
Nor wear a starless crown.
I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Christ-nerved arms are strong,
And better than forgiveness,
The overcomer's song.

I want to be a Christian,
To do, perchance to bear;
For those who suffer with him,
Christ's glorious throne shall share.
I would not miss his baptism
Of pain, and grief, and loss,
'Twas not a flowery pathway,
Whose portal was the Cross.

I want to be a Christian,
Washed in Christ's precious blood,
Saved now, and daily walking,
Fearless to meet my God.
With the peace of sins forgiven,
And joy of sin o'ercome,
Leaning on my Beloved,
He'll guide me safely home.

I want to be a Christian,
And Christ's own image wear,
His robe of righteousness to-day,
His perfect likeness there.
Then close beside my Bridegroom,
His bride, arrayed in white,
One with him in glory,
I shall be day and night.

Oh, who would be an angel,
That thus a saint might be?
Lord Jesus by thy Spirit
A Christian make of me.
Better thy robe of whiteness,
Than sheen of angel wing;
Sweeter "to him who loved us,"
Than chorals seraphs sing.

I want to be a Christian!
I want to be a saint!
Amid life's daily duties,
To walk and never faint.
And when, a faithful servant,
Thou callest me on high,
Thy promise shall not fail me,
A saint can never die.

Poor Little Teddie.

A LITTLE ragged urchin, who knew naught of God or heaven, and had no earthly friend to care for him, was one Sabbath-day loitering about the streets of a great city, discouraged and forlorn. He scarcely knew what it was to have a full meal, and never had a comfortable bed to rest on. No friends, no home—how sad for a little child!

On the day named, he wandered into a church where a Sunday-school was holding its weekly session. It was a dreary autumn day, and the room seemed so bright and warm that Teddie crept into a seat and crouched down, hoping to be unobserved.

Presently the school began to sing, accompanied by the organ, and though Teddie did not heed the words, the music was very sweet to his ears, and forgetting his embarrassment, he sat straight up to listen until the hymn

was finished. After the singing was done, a gentleman arose and addressed the children, telling them about their Heavenly Father, who had so kindly provided for them, giving them food and clothes, friends and home. "Go to him with all your needs, children," said he; "tell him what you want, and so far as is right he will give to you." Teddie was listening with ears and mouth open, and fairly drank in the words of the speaker. He looked around upon the happy-looking flock, and wondered if they all had one father. "Why," said he to himself, "he must have lots of money to give them such nice clothes."

"Go to him," continued the speaker; "He loves you children; yes, every one of you are welcome to his sheltering arms."

"All but me," thought poor little Teddie, and the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

"The poorest and the weakest may come, and he will make them his very ones."

"Oh, he does mean me," thought Teddie, and he began to brighten.

"In him the homeless will find a home. Do not wait until to-morrow, for it may then be too late."

"How am I to go to him? I don't know him. How came he to know me," queried Teddie. "The man says though that I must go to-day; and I'll go if it's ever so far. But I wish my clothes were nicer; he won't like a ragged, dirty boy, will he?"

After the speaker sat down the children repeated the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father," that must be the one, thought Teddie—"give us our daily bread,"—"that's it; I never have enough bread; why didn't I know where to go for it?"

The school was dismissed, and the children came out, Teddie with the others, but the boy's eyes were watching for the gentleman who had addressed them all. When he at length appeared, Teddie caught him by the sleeve, and said earnestly: "Look here! please tell me the road to go to the One who wants to be my father: I never knew about it till to-day. Will he let me go in these old ragged clothes?" and Teddie looked down rather sorrowfully, and continued, "they are all I have."

"What do you mean, child?" asked the good gentleman, in surprised tones.

"Why, that One you told about, who will give bread and things to poor children, and love us too; yes, and a home. Why, sir, I haven't any of these, and I'll go to him if it's ever so far. I can walk miles, I can."

Kind Mr. C. took the child by the hand and led him along the street, and told him how he had meant God in heaven, and not an earthly friend; and spoke so simply, that Teddie comprehended it at once.

"Oh," said the child, in disappointment, "then I can't go. I can't fly up to heaven, and I am hungry even now. I was going to him for my

supper, and thought he would keep me all right. Oh, dear!"

"Your Father in heaven has sent me to care for you, poor little Teddie," said Mr. C. "I am in want of a boy in my office. You shall have the place; plenty to eat and drink, and new clothes; and, if you are good, friends to love you."

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

"Yes; every word of it."

Teddie stopped, took off his brimless hat, threw it up in the air, and was just about to shout out his joy when Mr. C. checked him, and bid him remember where he was; and added, with a smile, "You may shout as much as you please in my garden; but thank your Heavenly Father, for it is he who gives you all this good fortune."

Teddie remembered to do this, and proved himself worthy of the good home provided for him.—*Exchange.*

Going to School.

I SEE the little children creeping, creeping
Down the long hill-side to the village
school,

With slow, reluctant feet, and almost weeping,

To end glad summer with the sterner rule
Of tasks and hours and waste October weather
Pent up in irksome study all together.

I see the little children, running, running,
When school is over, to resume their fun,
Or in the late sweet warmth of daylight,
sunning

Their little discontents away, each one.
"How nice to be grown up," so they are
saying,

"And not to study but be always playing!"

Ah, foolish little children! if you know it,
Grown folks must study, just as children
do;

Must be punctual at school, or else they rue it,
And learn a harder lesson yet than you.
Early they set to work, and toil all day;
The school lets out too late for any play.

Their school-room is the world, and life the
master;

A stern, harsh master he, and hard to
please.

Some of the brighter children study faster
Than can the others who are dull; and
these,

When they've recited, if they stand the test,
The Master suffers to go home and rest.

But all must learn a lesson soon or later,
And all must answer at the great review;
Until at length the last discouraged wailer
Has done his task, and read the lesson
through;

And, with his swollen eyes and weary head,
At last is told he may his home to bed.

So, little children, when you feel like crying
That you are forced to learn to read and
write,

Think of the harder lessons lying
In the dim future which you deem so
bright.

Grown folks must study, even 'gainst their
will;

Be very glad that you are children still.

—Susan Coolidge.

MANY people are born crying, live
complaining, and die disappointed;
they chew the bitter pill which they
would not even know to be bitter if
they had the sense to swallow it whole
in a cup of patience and water.

Robert Bruce.

BY N. M. WILLIAMS, D.D.

ROBERT BRUCE, whose name is still so familiar to men, being at breakfast, called for something more, saying, "I think I am yet hungry." But having mused awhile, he said, "Hold, daughter; my Master calls me." With these words his sight failed him; on which he called for the Bible, and said, "Turn to the eighth chapter of Romans, and set my finger on the words, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, etc., shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'" When this was done, he said, "Now, is my finger upon them?" Being told it was, he added, "Now God be with you, my dear children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night." And then he expired.

It was said of a man who lived five thousand years before Robert Bruce was born, "And he was not; for God took him." Does not this sound like the cessation of being? *He is not*, is the doleful sound which rings out from the bell of the materialist. Man, who has the idea of immortality and longs for immortality; who, in his studies, can touch upon the borders of the infinite; who can give speech to that great thought I AM, sinks, as materialism teaches, into nothing, like the dog which follows him. For the one as well as for the other, materialism says that the death of the body is the end of all. The Bruces and the Enochs, the Pauls, the Luthers, and the Paysons, all sink into non-existence.

But, hold! Do we not read, FOR GOD TOOK HIM? These four little monosyllables hold back the first four from the grip of materialism. Young friend, you are hearing now-a-days a good deal concerning materialism: Do you accept its terrible teachings? Do you incline toward them? Then you are inclining toward the view that your dear, pious mother has ceased to be—that when she was not in this world, she was not in any other world—that she was absolutely and forever annihilated. But does it follow that your mother is nowhere because she is not here? "For God took him," it is said of Enoch; and if your mother died relying upon Christ, you may be assured that the reason why your mother is not here is that God took her. If you seriously desire to know what is meant by God's taking her, hear the words of infinite grace which come from the lips of Incarnated Love: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." No, no, young friends; the annihilation of a human soul is an impossibility. Immortality is impressed upon every man, and MORTAL LIFE is the gift of God to every believer in his Son. Beware of materialism!

A Word to the Boys.

Look into your mother's eyes,
Full of deep affection;
You will find your image there
In their soft reflection.
You are growing stronger now,
She is slow declining.
Look into your mother's eyes,
Keep them clear and shining.

Look into your father's face,
Seamed with care and sorrow;
His heart turns toward yesterday,
Yours turns toward the morrow.
He must leave his work to you;
Come boys, are you ready?
Look into your father's face,
Keep it glad and steady.

What then saith the Book of books?
Listen to no other.
"Wise sons make their father glad;
Fools despise their mother."
In the reverent fear of God
Wisdom finds beginning.
Choose your name and place with care—
Which is worth your winning?

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

The Need of the Church.

THE Church needs Sunday-school work. It never needed it more than to-day. It can never exist without active, aggressive conversion work. Where Sunday-schools fail to do that work, they miss their mark—they leave their work undone. Their great aim should be to convert young souls; to increase the number of the disciples of Jesus; to add to the membership of the Church. Christ and his people look to the schools for this work. As naturally as men look to the fountain for water, and to the quarry for stone, do the godly look to our schools for recruits to the sacramental host of the Lord's elect; nor do they look in vain. This quarry has supplied thousands of thousands of stones polished after the similitude of a palace; from this rill

have gone forth rivers of holiest influence; from these schools have hosts departed, who proved themselves valiant for the truth, and "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." When it is said the Church needs Sunday-school work, let us not be misunderstood. Some times men say, "Sunday schools help the churches," or, "They are in close sympathy and alliance with the churches." That is not what should be said. We do not talk about the Sunday-school being in "close alliance" with the Church; we say it is part of the Church as truly as the preaching service. It is not an outside and independent organization, any more than the ministry is an outside and independent organization; it is no more separate from the Church than apples are from the tree on whose branches they hang. From bulbous to ripened state the Church fed them, and all the life, all the vitality, all the sweetness they have is derived from the blood and breast of their grand old nursing Mother. No, no, the Church and the school are not distinct, separate, independent, any more than the nursery is distinct from the house, or its tiny, prattling tenantry are separate and independent from the family. The clasp of an indissoluble union is around them.

"He Careth."

BY MARIANNE FARSINGHAM.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?

Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About his throne are eternal calms,
And strong glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss, untroubled by any strife:
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.

When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,—
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

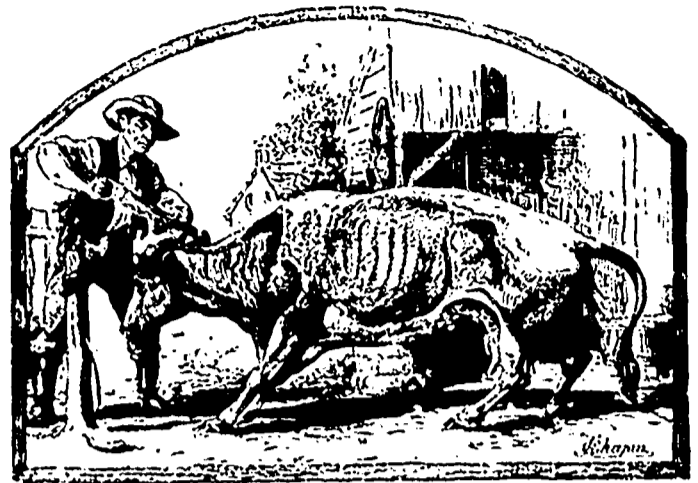
When shadows hang over the whole day long
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,

When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour,—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that Heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for he is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song,
The sorrow that bowed me down he bears,
And loves and pardons because he cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again:
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from his throne above
To soothe and quiet us with his love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh.
Can it be trouble which he doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—Christian World.



CRUEL DISHORNING OF CATTLE.

Saved by Song.

A PARTY of northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last been the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," courteously answered the man of song; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking." The singer grasped the hand

of the Southerner, and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home, and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he had created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man, created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on board the steamer.—London Freeman.

DAILY ought we to renew our purposes and to stir up ourselves to greater fervour and say, "Help me, my God, in this my good purpose and in thy holy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly."

It was the sympathy of Jesus Christ with the degraded and lost classes of society which most took that old world by surprise. The fascination which the lowly, the weak, and the wicked had for him required a heart akin to his own even to understand it. He was spiritually hospitable toward the veriest castaways, and in his presence the worst found it easy to believe in the possibility of redemption. His whole life was given to the rescue of those who seemed unfit to survive in the struggle for existence. Compassion was his essential spirit, and salvation to the uttermost the sum and substance of the Gospel which he preached.—Rev. John Hunter.

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DEEP AND UNNECESSARY BRANDING.

When Days are Dark.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WHEN days are dark, remember
The brightness that is passed;
Call up the glad Spring music
To mingle with the blast;
Think of the merry sunshine
And hosts of scented flowers,
Let memories of the Summer
Take gloom from off sad hours.

When days are dark, be cheerful;
Because the leaves must fade,
Thy hopes need not be cast away
Nor thy heart be dismayed.
This is the time for laughter
And happy household song,
Hours that are filled with cheerfulness
Are never sad and long.

When days are dark, be trustful,
The sun shines after rain;
And joy goes not so far away
But it returns again.
Life is not ruled by sorrow,
But blessings reign o'er all,
And we can sing of mercy,
In spite of pain and thrall.

When days are dark, be thankful,
Light is not always best,
And useful are the shadows,
The silence and the rest.
God gives what'er is good to come,
The day and then the night,
And those who find their joy in him
Live always in the light.

—Christian World.

Cruelty to Animals.

WE are glad that a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been organized, or rather re-organized, in Toronto, and that on a basis which promises to make it really effective. Such a society is much needed, and it is one which may carry on its operations in an indefinite variety of ways and amid every diversity of surroundings. One great field for the operations of such a society is evidently in the home. Fathers and mothers can do much in leading their little ones to be kind and gentle with all domestic animals, and that especially by themselves being kind, considerate, and gentle with the little folks committed to their care. Cruelty begets cruelty, and often it is to be feared the first

lessons in that sort of work are received from the capricious and cruel treatment they receive from their parents. There is no need of going into a whole catalogue of particulars, but kind words generally awaken kind echoes, and kind treatment is not, for the most part, thrown away upon either man, beast, or boy. Of course there are cases in which persons from earliest childhood have been maniacally cruel in spite of all gentle and humanizing surroundings. But they are exceptional.

Then, beyond the range of the home, any one can see a frightful amount of cruelty almost at any time. Who, for instance, will say that there is not an outrageously unnecessary amount of it in the treatment of horses? If a dozen of butchers' boys or their masters were up before the Magistrate every day in Toronto alone and heavily fined, would the world not be all the better? Then the cruelty in driving and killing animals for food is something simply abominable. The very looks of some of the young savages engaged in that work might be sufficient to convict them. There is no fear of lowering the national courage by lessening the national cruelty. Cruelty and courage have very little in common. Indeed, as the one grows the other generally decays. We hope this society will have a very prosperous and useful career.

The object of the society is to prevent such cruelty as shown in the above cuts.

Doctor Paaren, Illinois State Veterinarian, writes: "I regard the dishorning of cattle as a cruel act, and especially so when practised upon cattle over half a year old. The operation is especially cruel during the colder seasons and in winter, when great irritation of the sensitive mucous membrane, thus laid bare, is unavoidable; and, during summer, flies are known to have entered these cavities in large quantities through

these apertures and caused great suffering and annoyance to the animal.

"The practice of dishorning cattle is not approved by the great mass of cattle-owners. It was practised more or less, here and there, many years ago in some parts of Great Britain. Many lawsuits on the score of cruelty were a consequence. It never came into public favour there or in any part of Europe, and, at the present time, I am not aware that it is practised in Europe except in a very few isolated cases."

The branding of cattle is very often done with much unnecessary cruelty.

Christian Work for Our Youth.

THE demand for Christian labour is most pressing, and the supply is sadly inadequate. Vast areas open before the Church in the South and West, and even our home work in the suburbs of our cities, and in the sparsely populated country, needs an immediate replenishing. The opportunities for Christian effort are wonderfully multiplying; the future will present fields hitherto unknown. Foreign shores are being depopulated by emigration to America, as never before since the settlement of this continent. Millions wait for the Gospel at our very doors. The mind has been quickened by recent providential revolutions, and is now ready to receive the seed of the kingdom. But, notwithstanding all this immediate and prospective demand, our Protestant Churches are offering comparatively few of their young men and women to God and his work. Is it not meet that we should pause, and inquire into the cause of this lamentable deficiency?

The truth is, the business activities of life absorb almost every other consideration. Men are running to and fro in quest of wealth. The brain is crazed by visions of sudden gains. The popular enthusiasm is quickly communicated to the family circle, and all hearts participate in the ruling impulse. Wealth brings with it fashionable display, secret rivalries, and sinful indulgence. Our young people thus lose the higher impulses of manhood and womanhood. We would be slow, indeed, to raise an antagonism between religious and material interests. "Godliness is profitable unto all things;" it is the unlawful pre-occupancy of worldly affairs that we would condemn. The greatest danger is just here. Plunged in this whirlpool, thousands are lost forever.

We believe that the chief cause of this notable dearth is the absence of Evangelical life in many of our Churches. Our pulpits should be on fire. Sermons, prepared under Divine influence, alive in the soul of him who

speaks, and uttered with the unction of the Holy One, are needed. Prayer in the pew, and in secret, for the success of ministers, is needed. Our weekly prayer-meetings should be crowded. Christians of advanced experience should enter with hearty zeal upon aggressive effort, inviting their neighbours to the sanctuary, and their children to the Sunday-school. Deep contrition on the part of Christians for their past neglect, godly concern for souls, Scriptural views of the Christian character and profession, readiness to unite in any hopeful project to suppress intemperance and kindred vices—these should be the characteristics of all who profess faith in the Lord Jesus. A new impulse would then seize the minds of our youth. Their hearts would soon turn to the higher duties of life. Moved by the example of the members of the Church, they would come forward, a mighty host, ready to respond to any call in the Master's service. Here, then, rests very largely the responsibility. Will not this be sufficient to awaken the Church? The Christian youth of our age are receiving that spiritual training which is to reappear in coming years. How solemn and weighty the thought! If the Church about them is lifeless, unaggressive, worldly, what reason have we to hope hereafter for a more elevated type of Christianity?

Casting a glance toward that great future, which is certainly to open upon the continents of this redeemed world, we long to behold our Christian youth preparing for their wonderful opportunities. Enlist them in Christian work immediately. Place upon them responsibility. Do not say that immaturity is a sufficient reason for religious inertness. Encourage them to speak and work for Christ. Do not hold them at a distance. The American Bible Society, for example, is proposing to resupply the whole land with the Word of Life, and calls for voluntary service to accomplish this desired result. Divide the community into districts, and invite Christian young men and women to share in this redistribution. What could fire the souls of youth more than to be thus engaged? Lofty inspiration very frequently seizes a soul suddenly, but no less powerfully on this account. A religious conviction, definite, sincere, and strong, usually comes while we are engaged in doing something for the glory of God and the salvation of men. It is just this impulse that our youth need. And the Church everywhere ought immediately to rise to a full appreciation of it.

"I AM to tell the truth." "Yes," said an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America."

In several of the German universities the students have formed missionary societies. Many of the professors are members of the same. They exist at Berlin, Leipsig, and Halle.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

IX.

THANK God we are at home again, which a month since I scarcely expected to be.

At Hackney, on Friday morning, March the 8th, I was startled out of my sleep in the early dusk before dawn by a heaving and a jarring, which made me think, in the confusion of waking, that I was at sea again with father and Hugh, and that the ship had struck against a rock, and was grating over it.

I sprang up instantly, with a vague fear of drowning; but I shall never forget the horror of utter helplessness which followed, when I perceived that it was Aunt Henderson's great crimson-damask four-post bed which was thus tottering—that it was the gigantic polished oak wardrobe whose doors were flying open, and the familiar white jug and basin which were rattling in that unaccountable way against each other.

It flashed on me at once that it was the earth that was moving—the solid earth itself heaving like the sea!

My first impulse was to throw myself on my knees by the bedside. Then I committed myself to God, and felt there was something yet that "could not be moved."

Then followed another shock and jarring motion. The fire-irons rattled, the water-jug fell and was broken, the wardrobe tottered and strained. And there seemed something more awful in the unwonted noises among these familiar things than there would have been in the roar of a cannonade or any other strange sound.

But besides these noises, and through and behind, and underneath them, came a low distant rumble like thunder, which yet was not thunder; not above but beneath, for it seemed quivering through the earth.

I sprang to my feet, and wrapping myself in my great cloak, rushed out to mother's room.

The frightened servants were already gathered on the landing, crying that the end of the world was come, and wringing their hands and wondering what would become of mistress, who has gone to the early prayers at the Foundery.

All had rushed together with the instinct of frightened cattle. No one had thought of striking a light.

I crept to mother's bedside, and kneeling down pressed her hand in both mine.

"My darling," she said, "I am so thankful we are together. If only Jack were here. Kitty! If only I could feel he was safe, whatever happened! Kitty, let us be still, and pray for Jack."

For mother thought, like most of us, that the end of the world was come.

Another shock, and jar, and rumble of that awful underground thunder;

and then a fearful crash above us, and a piercing shriek from all outside, with sobs, and cries of "Lord have mercy on me." Another crash, and another burst of shrieks and sobs.

And mother said nothing, but solemnly clasped her hands in prayer.

Then there came a stillness and a hush in the voices outside, and through the silence we heard the wind rustling in the tall elm tree close to the window, and saw that the dusk was slowly creeping into dawn.

And mother said solemnly,

"It was to be in the morning, Kitty! At least I always thought so. And, O child, it must be less terrible than death! If only I were sure about Jack! What are lightnings and thunders, and the rolling together of Heaven and earth as a scroll, compared with the severing of soul and body, of husband and wife, of mother and child! And then," she said, as if that hope absorbed all terror, and all other hopes, "His appearing! His glorious appearing! It is to come one day, and suddenly, we are told. Who can say when it may not come?"

It was very strange, the awful apprehension which terrified so many that night out of all their dreams of security, seemed to give mother a calm and an assurance I never heard her express before.

If at other times the question had been asked her, "Lovest thou me?" she would have answered, "I hope so. I fear it is very little; but I only trust it may be called love."

But now that she thought he might be indeed at hand, all thought of her short-comings seemed absorbed in the thought of him. She never thought of her love. She loved, and looked for him.

I remember it all so distinctly, because, after that little prayer by my own bedside, I cannot think why, but my terror seemed to vanish, and almost my awe. I felt almost ashamed of myself as if it were an irreverence, that I could not feel the apprehension others did. But after all, though the house trembled, it did seem to stand quite firm. And when that great crash came, I could not help thinking it was like a chimney falling; for afterwards I heard the stones and mortar rolling down; and when no harm followed, I thought, "Now, all that is likely to fall has come down, and the danger is over."

I feel quite angry with myself for being so insensible, but I could not help it. I suppose it was because I have so little imagination.

In a few minutes I heard father's voice rising in a tone of quiet command above the sobs of the maids, desiring one of them to bring him a tinder box. Then the house door was unbarred, and very soon father re-entered the room with a light, and said,—*"It is an earthquake, but not very violent. I have felt far severer shocks when I was on service in the West Indies. The crash was the*

chimney falling through the roof of the old part of the house. The danger is over for the present, but it may recur, and we should be prepared."

Not long after, Aunt Henderson came back in her sedan-chair from the Foundery. She told us that they were all assembled in the large preaching-house, when the walls were shaken so violently that they all expected the building to fall on their heads. A great cry followed, and shrieks of agonized terror. But Mr. Charles Wesley's voice immediately rose calmly above the tumult, saying,—*"Therefore will we not fear though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."* Evelyn was there, Aunt Henderson said, and observed to her that "it would be worth while to have an earthquake a week, to see the hearts of the people shaken as they were then." "Evelyn is a strange girl, but there is more in her than I thought," she concluded.

And I thought how strangely we shall all be revealed to each other, when the day really comes which will strip off all disguises, and take the blinding beams out of all eyes!

The danger was not over. One messenger after another continued to arrive with accounts of the tottering walls and falling chimneys they had seen, and with wild incoherent rumours of the ruin and destruction of which they had heard.

At eight o'clock, Aunt Beauchamp's coach drove up to the door, and she herself crept out of it with Evelyn, her grey hair streaming in dishevelled locks under her hood, her face wan and haggard with terror and the absence of rouge.

"My dearest sister," she exclaimed, throwing herself hysterically into Aunt Henderson's arms, "the chimney-stacks were crashing through the roofs in Great Ormond Street, the tiles raining like hail on the pavements, the people shrieking and crying, the streets full of flying coaches and men on horseback. I wanted to have escaped from the city at once, but Sir John said it was impossible for a day or two, so I have taken refuge with you for the night."

Poor Aunt Beauchamp was very tender and subdued. She was ready to listen to any amount of sermons,—provided she were in a safe place,—from Aunt Henderson, even when they descended to such details as hair powder and rouge-pots, although she decidedly objected to accompanying her to Mr. Wesley's five o'clock early morning service at the Foundery.

"My dear Sister Henderson," she sobbed, "you, and Kitty, and Evelyn, and every one, have become so good! and I am a poor, foolish, worldly old woman. I am sure I do feel I want some kind of religion that would make me not afraid to meet whatever might happen. If you really think it would make me safe, I would attend that

Chapel at the Foundery, or Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, or anything. But I cannot go back among the tottering houses now. It is too much to expect. If you could only find any one to preach in the open air, we might go in our chairs, and there would be no danger."

"My dear Sister Beauchamp," replied Aunt Henderson, grimly, "we cannot go in our chairs to Heaven."

"What do you mean, sister?" was the reply; "the Methodists do not recommend pilgrimages, do they? I am sure I have often wished we Protestants had something of that kind. Lady Fanny Talbot comes back from her retreat in Lent looking so relieved and comfortable, feeling she has arranged everything for the year. But the worst of the Methodists is, they seem never to have done."

Aunt Henderson's horror at this suggestion was so great, she seemed to have lost the power of reply.

And then mother said very quietly:

"Dear Sister Beauchamp, the Bible and good men say religion is not only a shield against destruction, it is a staff in all the troubles of life, and a cordial which we never want to have done with. For, if religion does anything for us, I think it leads us to God, and this is our joy and our rest."

Tears gathered in Aunt Beauchamp's eyes, not hysterical tears; and she looked at mother with something like one of Cousin Evelyn's wistful, earnest looks, and said very softly:

"I am afraid I do not know much of that, sister; I wish I did."

On the following night Aunt Beauchamp insisted on whirling father, and mother, and me away to Bath in her coach.

She would not wait an hour after Sir John was ready, and we started at midnight. Link boys ran beside us through the dark and silent streets. The city seemed deserted. We met no noisy rollicking parties. Only in two places did we encounter a crowd. One of these places was Moorfields, where a crowd of men, women, and children had collected, weeping and lamenting, with no one to comfort them; and the other was Hyde Park, where Mr. Whitefield was preaching to a multitude who had gathered around him in their terror, as little children round a mother's knee.

It was a strange scene, as we drove slowly on the outskirts of the crowd. Here and there the uncertain flare of torches revealed a group of awe-stricken faces, many of them wet with silent weeping; while the dense throngs beyond were only manifest from that peculiar audible hush which broods over a listening multitude, broken here and there by an irrepressible sob or wail, or by agonized cries, such as: "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" "What shall I do to be saved?"

We scarcely spoke to each other all that night, and it was very strange when the dawn crept up the sky to see

the highways thronged with coaches, and horsemen and pedestrians, flying as from a doomed or sacked city, and to feel of how little avail it was to fly if, after all, it was the earth itself,—the solid immovable earth,—that was being shaken.

It was very pleasant to me to see what a kind of tender reverence crept over the manner of both father's sisters towards mother, before we left London.

Aunt Henderson, as she packed up for us a hamper full of jellies and cordials, on the night of our departure said to me, authoritatively, as if she were completing an act of canonization: "Kitty, my dear, your mother and Aunt Jeanie are the best women I know. They are as good examples of perfection as I ever wish to see. They may argue against the doctrine as much as they like, but they prove it every day of their lives. You understand, my dear, Mr. Wesley only argues for *Christian*, not for *Adamic* or *angelic* perfection. He admits that even the perfect are liable to errors of judgment, which your poor mother also proves, no doubt, by her little bigotry about the church, and Aunt Jeanie by two or three little Presbyterian crotchets. But your mother's patience, and her gentleness, and her humility, Kitty, and her calmness in danger, I shall never forget. I should be very happy, Kitty," she concluded, "with all my privileges, to be what she is. And how she attained such a height in that benighted region is more than I can comprehend."

"But, dear Aunt Henderson," I ventured to say, "the grace of God can reach even to Cornwall!"

The parting between mother and dear Aunt Jeanie was like a leaving-taking of sisters; and for keepsakes, mother gave a beloved old volume of Mr. George Herbert's hymns, and Aunt Jeanie an old worn copy of the letters of Mr. Samuel Rutherford.

We stayed three or four days at Bath, during which Aunt Beauchamp's spirits revived, and also her colour, and her interest in cards, "For, after all," she observed to mother, "we have our duties to our children, and to society, and there is no religion, at least for us Protestants, in making ourselves scare-crows."

But on the morning we went away, when we went to her bedside to wish her good-bye, she said to mother:

"My dear Sister Trevelyon, if ever I should be ill, for we are mortal, and my nerves have been so terribly shaken, promise me that you will come and see me. For I am sure you would do me more good than any one."

And so we reached home again, and dear mother thinks,—as Evelyn says no doubt the sun does,—that this is a very warm and genial world.

There was a strange tenderness in Aunt Henderson's manner as she took leave of mother and me; and as we sat in the coach at Hackney, waiting

for the horses to start, she came forward again and took mother's hand with a lingering eagerness, as if she had some special last words to say. Yet after all she said nothing, she only murmured, "God bless you both."

And when I glanced back at Cousin Evelyn when we left Bath, expecting one more of her bright looks, she was gazing at mother with a strange wistfulness, and then suddenly she burst into a flood of tears, and turned away.

Can mother, and father, and I have been deceiving ourselves? She says she feels better and stronger, and so often on the journey she used to plan how we would resume all our old habits, and she would rise early again. "There is such life," she said, "in the morning air at home; and then, Kitty, we will read the lessons for the day always together. Perhaps I have not sought the especial blessing promised to the 'two or three gathered together' as I ought. And you shall read me sometimes one of those hymns of Dr. Watts or of Mr. Charles Wesley. I am an old-fashioned old woman, and I shall never be able to understand why people cannot be satisfied with the Bible and the Prayer-Book, nor how they can speak of their inmost feelings in those bands and classes your Aunt Henderson speaks of without danger. But I do like the hymns, and I am sure we ought all to feel grateful to the Methodists for helping the people, no one else ever thought there was any hope of helping, or of teaching anything good."

It was rather a sad greeting the night we came near home. It was growing dusk, and everything was very still, when a low chant broke on us from the opposite hill. Solemnly the measured music rose and fell, like the rise and fall of waves on a calm day, until, as we drew nearer, the hill-side sent the sound back to us so clearly we could distinguish it to be the deep voices of men singing as they moved along the moorland. From the slow, steady movement we knew too well what the sad procession must be. We did not say anything to each other. But when we were sitting at supper in the hall, mother asked Betty which of the neighbours was dead.

"It was old Widow Treffry," said Betty, "and Toby has joined the Methodists lately, and the members of his class carried her to the church yard to-day, singing one of Parson Wesley's hymns as they went."

"It was very solemn and sweet," said mother. "It made me think of the stories my father used to tell me, when I was a child, of the ancient Church and the funeral of the martyrs."

Yesterday afternoon, when mother and I returned from a little walk to the entrance of our cave, where she had rested a little while on a rock, to drink in the air from the sea, which was as soft as milk, and made the heart glad, like wine when one is weary, we found the parlour occupied by our new vicar, Cousin Evelyn's great-uncle. Betty was talking to him at the door; and when he had greeted us, the vicar observed in rather a nervous way to mother.

"Madam, I have been informed that their is a *conventicle* held on Sunday evenings in this house."

Mother coloured, and rose; but it evidently cost the vicar too much to make the assertion not to pursue it: he could not rely on his own courage for a second charge, and accordingly pressed it. "Yes, madam, a conventicle, in which is also perpetrated the further enormity of female preaching. I was also informed that in this conventicle the most pointed allusions are made to the clergy; that it is spoken of as a great marvel that any good gift or grace should be given to the bishops or curates; and that last Sunday evening it was actually stated, in the most offensive manner, that it would be a good thing indeed if the priests showed forth God's glory, either by their preaching or by their living. Madam," concluded the vicar, having, I suppose, exhausted his ammunition, and relapsing into his usual nervous and courteous manner,—"madam, a clergyman, a stranger does not know what to believe. I would have preferred seeing Captain Trevelyon; but since your servant told me he was out, I did not like to wait."

"Sir," said mother, who by this time had resumed her seat and her composure, "you have acted with true courtesy and frankness. On the winter Sunday evenings we have been in the habit of collecting our two servants with a few of our ailing and aged neighbours, to read the Church service to them and some passages from the Homilies."

"The Church service and the Homilies? A very primitive and praiseworthy custom, madam!" said the vicar, evidently greatly relieved, "and only a few aged people, within the legal number, no doubt; not more than thirty-nine?"

"I never counted them, sir," said mother.

"No doubt, my dear madam, no doubt; but you would in future be particular on that score. The times are perilous, madam, and these Methodists seem to have penetrated even here. No doubt my informant was mistaken."

"Perhaps, mother," I ventured to suggest, "the vicar's informant was a Dissenter. You always read the prayer, 'O God, who alone workest great marvels, send down on all bishops and curates,'—and last Sunday father read the Litany,—and you remember 'both by their preaching and living.'"

"Exactly," said the vicar, seizing at the escape, "the young lady's suggestion shows great acuteness. And my informant may himself be a dangerous person, a nonconformist, perhaps even himself a Methodist."

"It is very strange," however, said mother, when the vicar had left, and she related the interview to father, "that any one should confound me with the Methodists, and suspect me of holding conventicles. It is very strange!" repeated mother, in a tone of no little annoyance.

"Very strange, my dear," said father, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye; "but I have always observed it is the cautious people who get into the worst scrapes."

Finding Betty one day in an approachable mood, I took the opportunity of asking what her opinion was on Mr. Wesley's doctrine of "perfection."

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "I've got my thoughts on that matter. In the first place, my dear, it's my belief when a man's not a fool in general, when you do understand him, it's a wise thing to think he's not a fool when you don't understand him, but to try to make out what he does mean. That's my way: some folks, Mrs. Kitty, go just the other way,—however, that's no concern of mine. Now, my dear, when I heard the folks say that Parson Wesley said there are some poor mortals on earth who've got beyond sinning, I said to myself, Parson Wesley's no fool, that's plain if nothing else is, and he must have some meaning. And so I said to some of the folks, 'Did he say you were perfect and had got beyond sinning?' And when they said 'No,' I said, 'Well, leas'tways, he's right enough there.' And that quieted them for a bit. So I was left to think it out for myself. And, Mrs. Kitty, it's my belief Parson Wesley means this. He has seen, maybe, some folks sit down moaning and groaning over their sins as if their sins were a kind of rheumatism in their bones, and they had nothing to do with it but to bear it. For I've seen such folks, Mrs. Kitty, I can't deny, folks calling themselves Christians, who'd speak of their temptations, or their laziness, or their *flesh*, as they call it, as if their *flesh* were not themselves, but a kind of ill-natured beast they'd got to keep, that would bark and snap at times, and no fault of theirs. Some folks, if you speak to them of their faults, will shake their heads and say, 'Yes, we're poor sinners, and the flesh is weak, but when we get to Heaven it'll be all right. We can't expect, you know, to be perfect here.' And if Parson Wesley ever came across such I can fancy his being aggravated terribly, for they be aggravating, and have many a time angered me. And I can fancy his going up to them in his brisk way, and saying, 'You poor, foolish souls, you'll never get to Heaven at all in that way; and if you don't get sin out of your hearts now you'll find it'll be death by-and-bye. Get up and fight with your sins like men. The Almighty never meant you to go on sinning and groaning, and groaning and sinning. He says you are to be *holy*, you're to be *perfect*, and what the Almighty says he means. Get up and try, and you'll find he'll help you.' And if they do try, the Almighty does help them; and instead of keeping on sinning and moaning, they'll be singing and doing right. They'll be loving the Lord and loving each other. And," continued Betty, "that's what I think Parson Wesley means by 'perfection.'"

"Some folks," she resumed after a pause, "seem to think going to Heaven is a kind of change of air, that'll make their bodies well all in a moment. But I don't see that changes of place make the body any better, and I don't see why it should the soul. Parson Wesley says eternity and eternal life, and forgiveness of sins, and holiness, and Heaven itself, must begin in the soul, here and now, or they'll never begin there and then. And," she concluded, "Mrs. Kitty, my dear, that's what Parson Wesley means by 'perfection'; and if he means anything wrong, it's no concern of mine, my dear, for Parson Wesley's not the Bible, and it isn't at his judgment-seat we've got to stand."

(To be continued.)

A Mother's Care.

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care
If it were not for this
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender words of love or cheer,
To fill my heart with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell;
Things even my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift from me
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well!

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of childhood's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That tinneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word;
He knows what thought my heart hath
stirred,
And, by divine caress, my Lord
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then, upon his loving breast,
My weary head is laid to rest
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity.

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON X. [Sept. 4.

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Matt. 6. 24-34. Memory verses, 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Casting all your care upon him; for he
careth for you. 1 Peter 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Care.
2. His Care.

TIME, PLACE, RULERS, CIRCUMSTANCES.—
Same as last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Can serve two masters*—That is, at the same time. *Mammon*—A Syriac word, that meant riches or wealth, and was sometimes personified as the god of worldliness. Evidently so intended here. *Take no thought*—The phrase occurs three times in this lesson. It means, do not devote yourself to such thoughts to such an extent as to produce an anxiety which will shut the mind against every thought of God. *The life more than meat*—The true spiritual life, more important than the food which feeds the body. *One cubit*—A measure about a foot and a half in length. *Cast into the oven*—The Oriental oven was a hole dug in the hard earth, in which a fire was built till the earth was heated hot enough to bake whatever was put in. The fire and ashes were then removed, and the article to bake was put in, and the opening covered. The peculiar coarse growth, which Jesus called grass, was used for this fire.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Our Care.*
What are the cares which beset human life? What engrossing care does the service of mammon represent? Does Jesus mean to teach that a man can not be rich and serve God? What is the danger to a rich man? How did Christ once illustrate this? Does Jesus teach not to look after daily food and life's necessities? What is the teaching?

How can you reconcile the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," with this teaching, "take no thought what ye shall eat?"

Does Jesus mean to teach, "take no thought" of any kind at all for raiment? Explain the meaning. What is the effect on human life of anxious care?

2. *His Care.*

What one great lesson did Jesus mean to teach by this part of his sermon?

In how many ways is God's tender care shown in the world?

What is the one condition which he asks in return? ver. 24.

What great duty does the GOLDEN TEXT set forth?

How did Abraham show his absolute trust in God's faithfulness?

In what knowledge of God can we rest? Is the teaching of the text concerning God's care a safe teaching to follow?

What Psalm of David gives utterance to the same thought?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Man is not broad enough to divide his affections and service between two.

Worldliness must be banished as a principle of action.

God's care is sufficient for everything we need: for food for rest, for clothing, for joy, for comfort, for peace.

And God knows all our need. While all he asks is, SEEK righteousness FIRST.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The verses of this lesson should all be committed to memory.

2. The things that God does should be written down; thus: He feeds the fowls, he gives physical growth, he paints the lily, etc. There are at least seven.

3. The things that men do should be written down; thus: They serve mammon, they try to serve God at the same time, they worry about food, etc. There are at least seven.

4. Find from Scripture five instances where God cared for men in the matter of food or of drink or of clothing.

5. Review all the lessons so far on the Sermon on the Mount, and see how they differ from each other.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Trust.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. Was not the Redeemer still further humbled?

He was "tempted of the devil" (Matthew iv. 1), though he was the Son of God who could not sin.

A. D. 28] LESSON XI. [Sept. 11

GOLDEN PRECEPTS.

Matt. 7. 1-12. Memory verses, 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matt. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Brother.
2. Our Father.

TIME, PLACE, RULERS, CIRCUMSTANCES.—
The same as last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Judge not*—In a severe and unkind spirit. *Be judged*—Not only by others, but by God, who takes account of our hearts toward men. *Mote*—Or measure to others. *The mote*—Something very small. *The beam*—Or "splinter;" something much greater. *Hypocrite*—A pretender. *Cast out the beam*—Take away your own evils before you judge severely those of others. *Holy*—That which is pure and high. *Unto the dogs*—In the East the dogs are vile, homeless, ownerless, and despised; hence taken as a symbol of the wicked and worthless. *Pearls before swine*—Truth given to those who would not understand, but would despise it. *Read you*—Oppose and persecute those who try to do them good. *Everyone*—Who asks for the right things in the right way. *Bread*... *stone*—No father would so deceive and wrong his child. *Being evil*—Even the best of men are evil in comparison with God. *Whatsoever*—That is, what you should justly receive, that give.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Our Brother.*

What is the subject which is discussed in these verses?

By what other name did Christ call our brother in one of his parables?

If we, willing to justify ourselves, should say, Who is my brother? what would his answer be?

What great duty does the GOLDEN TEXT teach?

In Peter's ladder of Christian character (2 Peter 1) there are eight rounds, of which one of these is brotherly kindness?

In what relation does it stand to holy charity?

Where does our duty to our brother begin?

2. *Our Father.*

What relation between our Father and us is suggested by these verses?

What characteristics of the Father's heart is our heavenly Father said to have in much greater power?

Ask what? Seek what? Knock where?

How can you reconcile this precept with the last lesson?

Is it possible for a man to remove his own sins? ver. 5.

What should be a man's chief desire concerning his brother?

Is there any connection in thought between these three:

A man cannot cast the beam from his own eye.

He ought to want to see clearly so as to help his brother.

Ask—seek—knock.

How can ver. 12 be truly said to be "the law and the prophets?"

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How easy it is to judge another.

How hard it is to escape condemnation ourselves.

Was ever a more liberal promise? Ask—seek—knock. Have you done it?

Would you have good neighbours? Be a good neighbour. Good friends? Be a good friend. And so on through all the list of human wants.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Outline to this lesson is given as, 1. Our Brother. 2. Our Father. Which verses belong to (1), which to (2)?

2. Study the meaning of the following: "mote," "beam," "hypocrite," "dogs," "pearls," "sine."

3. When you understand all the allusions, and strange use of words, then read, and read, and read this lesson till you can study it without the book as well as with it.

4. You are in an advanced class. Teach this lesson to the younger children in your home, or help them study it.

5. Carry it so in your mind that as you go along the street, and here and there, you will think out Practical Teachings. And, whenever you get home, write down what you have thought.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian living.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What do we learn from this?

We learn that temptation is not itself sin, and also that our Saviour will help us when we are tempted.

Hebrews iv. 15; Hebrews ii. 18.

A TREE will not lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or away from him?"—*J. J. Gurney.*

WHEN Alexander the Great visited Diogenes, he asked if there was anything that he could give him. He got this short answer: "I want nothing but that you should stand from between me and the sun." One thing there is which should never satisfy and content us, and that is anything that stands between our soul and Christ.—*Bishop Ryle.*



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