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HOME SCHOOLS

Vol. I.]

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1883.

[No. 8.]

To-Day.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lo! here hath been dawning
Another new day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another new day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

The Sandwich Islands.

This group comprises ten islands. The three most important are, Hawaii, Maui, and Oahu. They are of volcanic origin, and contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiescent, in the world. They were first visited in 1778, by Capt. Cook.

In early times each island had a king, but under Kamehameha I., they were formed into one government. Kamehameha placed his kingdom under British protection, where it remained until 1843, when its independence was declared by the French and English governments. The principal product of the islands is sugar.

Honolulu, the principal city, and capital of the kingdom, is also the principal harbour. It is situated on the south side of the island of Oahu. Few cities have a more favourable situation than Honolulu. On entering the harbour it presents a very picturesque appearance. A chain of lofty hills, stretching from the north-west to the south east, is the most prominent object inland. The low-roofed houses, surrounded by the bright tropical foliage, the clear sky, the smooth water, the active boats skimming about the harbour, make up a striking and pleasing picture.

The Hawaiian race is dying out, and foreigners are taking possession of their country. When discovered, the population was estimated at 400,000; now there are less than 30,000 pure natives in the entire group. Another dark side of the picture is seen in the passage of a free liquor bill in the last legislature. Hitherto the laws have restricted the sale of ardent spirits to the foreigners. Natives, like all semi-civilized races, have a marked propensity for drink, and now that the vilest adulterations are open to them, their ruin is easy.

But another matter of interest is drawing attention towards the island,

king requested that some religious teachers might be sent out from England, but the request was not complied with. Meanwhile the impression made by Vancouver was not forgotten, and Kamehameha I., in his last sickness, forbade the customary offering of human sacrifice. The mother of the new king persuaded him to destroy the idols, and the whole nation arose and renounced their religion. The first missionaries who arrived there witnessed the singular phenomenon of a nation without a religion.

It was from the Sandwich Islands that missionaries were first sent to Japan.

year to \$4,500, probably a larger amount, in proportion to their possessions, than is gathered from any other church in Christendom.

During the years 1837-43, a wonderful wave of religious interest swept over this whole land. Gordon Cumming thus described it:

"It was like an electric thrill, affecting all the Isles, so that from every corner of the group came accounts of what we should call great revival meetings. In remotest districts, having no connection one with another, the missionaries found the people becoming restless and uneasy, crowding round the mission stations, and patiently

waiting for hours till their turn should come to have personal talk with the men who could teach them the right way. For months this continued, and the missionaries could scarcely get time for needful sleep and food. Many who lived at a distance of fifty and sixty miles came regularly to the Sunday services, devoting the whole of Saturday and Monday to travelling to and fro."

During the last summer another revival has visited the country. Mr. M. C. Hollenbeck was the honoured instrument, speaking through an interpreter, and assisted by three or four native Christians. The methods pursued seem to

have been much the same as those employed by Messrs. Moody and Sankley. Mr. Forbes says of it: "Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord as never before, and as I never expected to see it in this world." Though designed originally for natives, natives and foreigners have met together—English, Hawaiians, Germans, Swedes, Chinese—a mixed multitude, to whom the Gospel has come as the power of God unto salvation.

The best feature of all is that the work goes on after the special meetings have closed, and it is believed that many more souls will be gathered in.



HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

which throws a brighter light upon their future, and makes every Christian heart rejoice—the wonderful revival of religion which has been in progress there during the last summer.

The religious history of this country has been most singular. The first Christians who visited there were Capt. Cook and his followers, but of them the natives had no favourable impression, Cook himself having been killed there in a quarrel resulting from his own misdeeds. Vancouver, who was with Cook, subsequently returned and endeavoured to enlighten the natives in the Christian religion. The

The first missionaries were Americans. Five Hawaiian youths went to the United States to receive an education, and it was through them that the American Board were induced to send a mission to the islands in 1820. The details of the work are of remarkable interest. Never has a country been so readily won for Christ. Now pretty little churches dot the islands so frequently as to show quite conclusively that the natives are a church-going people. These churches are self-sustaining, and the contributions of these lately Christianized people, for other foreign missions, amounted the past

Upon the Shore.

MRS. M. F. W.

A LITTLE band of fishermen
In fruitless toil had passed the night,
Till, from the East, o'er Galilee,
The morn looked forth in glowing light.
Never had weary mortal eyes
Gazed on those glowing eastern skies
With less delight.

For One was gone, their Friend and Guide,
Their Pilot on life's stormy sea;
His foes had led Him from their sight
A captive, from Gethsemane;
The temple veil was rent in twain
At his last cry of mortal pain
From Calvary.

Twice, he had come into their midst,
Since on the cross he bowed;
And while each faithful heart rejoiced
In Jesus, risen from the dead,
They mourned their loss. And as he stood
In thoughtful, pensive attitude,
Nathaniel said:

"Peter, could I that day recall—
When first from Philip's lips I heard
Of our dear Master—I would fain
Retract each unbelieving word,
And never more pollute my breath
With scornful words of Nazareth
And of our Lord."

"We left Him to His foes and fled,
We all forsook Him," Peter cried;
"But could I meet Him on yon shore,
Whom I thrice wilfully denied;
No canting priest, no Pharisee,
Not death himself, should frighten me
From His dear side."

Said Thomas—while adown his cheeks
Flowed tears of penitential grief—
"Peter, alas! we all have sinned,
But of all sinners I am chief!
Mine was the hand to pierce again
His wounded side, His heart to pain
With unbelief!"

But hush! a voice—like some sweet strain
Of music, heard in days of yore—
Falls on the air; the startled crew
Have heard that gentle voice before:
It is the Lord! Lo! there he stands,
Reaching to them his wounded hands
From off the shore!

Lone mariner on life's great sea,
The longest night will soon be o'er;
The morn will dawn for you and me,
And Jesus stands upon the shore.
Fear not; for at His side at last,
Temptation, sin and pain are past
Forevermore.

And, though success thy life hath shunned,
Through years of arduous toil and pain;
Fear not, poor sailor; thou shalt find—
When once the heavenly port we gain,
And life's great treach'rous deep is crossed—
No honest effort can be lost;
No toil in vain.

And, though in looking sadly back
Upon the deeds of bygone years,
The sins we find recorded there,
Bring to our eyes repentant tears;
Ever, from off the heavenly strand
Is reached that gentle, wounded hand,
To guide us home, and calm our fears.

The Rescue.

It was in the month of February,
1831, a bright, moonlight night, and
intensely cold, that the little brig I
commanded laid quietly at her anchor
inside of the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating
about eleven days off the coast, with
cutting north-easters blowing, and snow
and sleet falling for the most of that
time. Forward, the vessel was thickly
coated with ice, and it was hard work
to handle her, as the rigging and sails
were stiff, and yielded only when the
strength of the men was exerted to the
utmost. When at last we made the
port, all hands worn down and ex-
hausted, we could not have held out
two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin,"
I said to my mate, as I tarried on deck
for a moment to finish my cigar.

The worthy Down Easter buttoned
up his coat more tightly around him,
looked up at the moon, and felt of his
nose before he replied, "It's a whistler,
captain, as we used to say on the Ken-
nebec. Nothing lives comfortable out
of blankets on such a night as this."

"The tide is running swift and
strong; and it will be well to keep a
sharp lookout for the floating ice, Mr.
Larkin."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the mate,
and I went below.

Two hours afterward I was aroused
from a sound sleep by the vigilant
officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you,
captain," said he, as he detected an
expression of vexation on my face;
"but I wish you would turn out and
come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter, Mr.
Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I've been watching a
cake of ice that swept by at a little
distance a moment ago; I saw some-
thing black upon it—something that
I thought moved—the moon's under a
cloud, and I could not see distinctly,
but I really believe there's a child float-
ing out to sea in this freezing night, on
a cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke
another word. The mate pointed out,
with no little difficulty, the cake of
ice, floating off to the leeward, and its
white, glittering surface was broken
by a black spot—more I could not
make out.

"Get me the glasses, Mr. Larkin;
the moon will be out of that cloud in
a moment, and then we can see dis-
tinctly."

I kept my eyes on the receding mass
of ice, while the moon was slowly
working her way through a heavy
bank of clouds. The mate stood by
with a glass. When the full light fell
at last upon the water, with a brilliancy
only known to our northern latitude,
I put the glass to my eye—one glance
was enough.

"Forward, there!" I shouted at the
top of my voice, and with one bound
I reached the main hatch, and began
to clear away the little cutter which
was stored away in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass
from my hand to take a look for him-
self. "My God!" he said in a whis-
per, as he set to work to aid me in
getting the boat—"there are two chil-
dren on that cake of ice!"

The men answered my hail, and in
an incredibly short space of time we
launched the cutter, into which myself
and Mr. Larkin jumped, followed by
two men, who took the oars. I rigged
the tiller, and the mate sat beside me
in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with
something black upon it, lads?" I
cried, "pull me alongside of that, and
I'll give you a month's extra wages
when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but
their strokes were uneven and feeble.
They were used up by the hard duty
of the preceding fortnight, and though
they did their best, the boat made little
more way than the tide. This was a
long chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was
suffering as he saw how little we gained,
cried out, "Pull, lads; I'll double the
captain's prize! Pull, lads; for the
love of Heaven, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told
how willing the men were to obey, but
the strength of the strong men was
gone. One of the poor fellows washed

us twice in recovering his oar, and then
gave out; the other was nearly as far
gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and
seized the oar.

"Lie down in the bottom of the
boat," said he to the man; "and cap-
tain, take the other oar; we must row
for ourselves."

I took the second man's place.
Larkin had stripped to his guernsey
shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I
waited for the signal stroke. It came
gently, but firm, and the next moment
we were pulling a long, steady stroke,
gradually increasing in rapidity until
the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-
locks. We kept time, each by the
long, deep breathing of the other.
Such a pull. We bent forward until
our faces almost touched our knees,
and then, throwing all our strength
into the movement, drew on our oars
until every inch of the space covered
by the sweep had been gained. At
every stroke the boat shot ahead like
an arrow from a bow. Thus we worked
at the oars for fifteen minutes; it
seemed to me as many hours.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr.
Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up;
for the love of our dear little ones at
home, captain, don't give up."

The oars flashed as the blades turned
up to the moonlight. The men who
plied them were fathers, and had father's
hearts; the strength which nerved
them at that moment was more than
human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pull-
ing, and my heart for a moment ceased
its beating, for the terrible thought
that he had given out crossed my mind.
But I was quickly reassured by his
voice. "Gently, captain, gently—a
stroke or two more—there, that will
do!"—and the next moment the boat's
side came in contact with something,
and Larkin sprang from the boat with
his heavy feet upon the ice. I started
up, and calling upon the men to make
fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the
centre of the mass, and found two
little boys, the head of the smaller
resting in the bosom of the larger, both
fast asleep. The lethargy which would
have been fatal, but for the timely
rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Lar-
kin grasped one of the lads, out off his
shoes, tore off his jacket, and then,
loosing his own garments to the skin,
he placed the cold child in contact with
his own warm body, carefully wrapping
over him his great coat, which he pro-
cured from the boat. I did the same
with the other child, and we then
returned to the boat, and the men, par-
tially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when
we had the subsequent delight of
restoring them to their parents, were
playing on the ice, and had ventured
on the cake which had jammed into
the bend of the river ten miles above
New York. A movement of the tide
had set the ice in motion, and the little
fellows would inevitably have perished
but for Mr. Larkin's spying them as
the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" said I to the
mate, the morning after this adven-
ture.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain,"
the noble fellow replied, while the big
tears of grateful happiness gushed from
his eyes—"a little in the arms, cap-
tain, but very easy here," and he laid
his hand on his manly heart. My
quaint, brave down easter, He who

lashes the sea into fury, and lets
loose the tempest, will care for thee!
The storm may rage without, but in
thy bosom peace and sunshine abide
always.

Effects of Tobacco on the Mind.

"The Pupils of the Polytechnic
School in Paris have recently furnished
some curious statistics bearing on to-
bacco. Dividing the young gentlemen
of that college into two groups, the
smokers and the non-smokers, it is
shown that the smokers have proved
themselves in the various competitive
examinations far inferior to the others.
Not only in the examinations on enter-
ing the school are the smokers in a
lower rank, but in various ordeals they
have to pass through during the year,
the average rank of the smokers had
constantly fallen, and not inconsider-
ably; while the men who did not
smoke enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere
of the clearest kind."

At other schools and colleges of
France the non-smokers have acquitted
themselves at the examinations far bet-
ter than those who used tobacco—they
were healthier, closer students, and con-
sequently better scholars. Smoking was
therefore prohibited in all public semi-
naries in France.

William Parker, M.D., of New York,
says of tobacco, "It is ruinous in our
schools and colleges, where it *dwarfs
body and mind.*"

But weakness of intellect, loss of
memory, etc., are not all the effects of
tobacco;—it will do greater mischief
than this—it will produce *insanity!*

Says Dr. Woodward: "Tobacco pro-
duces insanity, I am fully confident.
In one asylum, we found every patient
save one was a tobacco user previously
to coming there. In another we found
three insane clergymen, rendered in-
sane, we were told by the superin-
tendent, by the baneful power of to-
bacco. Painful spectacle! As we
entered their room they clamored for
tobacco. They reiterated their cry,
'Tobacco! Tobacco!'"

A certain eminent clergyman had to
be shut up in an insane asylum for
twenty years through the use of to-
bacco. Another minister died insane
through tobacco. Miss Dix, the dis-
tinguished philanthropist, refers to eight
cases of insanity produced by the use of
tobacco in one asylum in the State of
Massachusetts.

Dr. Kirkbridge, in his report of the
Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane
for 1849, states that "two cases in
men and five in women were caused by
the use of opium, and four in men by
the use of tobacco."

John Lizars, M.D., mentions five
cases of insanity through tobacco. It
has been proved that the increase of
lunacy in France, has kept pace with
the increase of the revenue from
tobacco.

Two boys began life in much the
same circumstances, but in their man-
hood days their paths were widely
divergent. A class of Sunday school
scholars were asked the question, Why
one was good and the other bad—why
one was happy and honourable, and the
other miserable and neglected? One
of the class answered, "Please, sir, I
suppose somebody put a good thought
in the best boy's heart when he was
growing!" That answer struck the
centre.

Flax Flowers.

BY ADLAIDE SPOUT.

We had not dreamed that any poetry
Beneath our Friend's calm, seeming life could
be

But in a deep-cut heart,
As new growths in the ploughshare's furrow
spring,
So tender thoughts than ever there had been,
To sudden life did start.

We turned away for very tender shame,
As not to seem to note the one who came
With small exquisite flowers, —
Those of the flax, that are serenely blue,
As were the eyes, that moist with love's pure
dew,
So often looked in ours.

"Fallen on sleep" the wife and mother lay,
(The light of home went out that bitter day);
The husband softly pressed
To the still room, and after, all the place
Seemed to be touched with heart-born ten-
der grace,
By love made manifest.

These dainty flowers seem made of light and
dew,
Yet they're upheld by fibre—knitted thro'
With nerve-life, strong and white.
I look and think of the deep eyes, from where
The strong soul leaned, the soul whose sight
was clear
And keen to see the right.

The wear of toil was hard on this still life,
Each day brought pain, and sometimes bitter
strife,
Met with a strength sublime.
Thou hadst the nerve that doth endure—thy
heart
At thought of all thy tension tears will start;
We knew thy trial time.

I note the flowers that look in tender wise,
(Soft and serene as were those loving eyes),
In the hands labour-scamed;
But dainty fibre of no leaf is fine,
As were warm pulses of this friend of mine.
At best we only dream

Of the deep love of one shy tender soul;
Only a quiver of one fine nerve stole
Down to the finger tips.
They were love eloquent; electric wire,
Never ran and trembled with as subtle fire,
As those dear hands and lips.

The lily-like and perfect souls may grow
Beside God's river—Peace, and hear its flow.
I think of some still place
Within the very shadow of God's throne,
I think of thee as loved, and fully known,
Because of just one grace

Brought to perfection,—worn unconsciously,
As the flax wears its bloom; thou wert to me
That angel whom we name
Patience, on earth; I dream of thee as fair,
With crown as modest as these flax flowers
are,
With which love shyly came.

Children Mission Circles.

ONE of the most important requisites
in an organization is to secure a good
leader. Among her qualifications, we
should mention fertility, tact, perse-
verance, and, above all, a genuine love
for children and for missions.

If such a leader be secured we might
safely leave to her all methods in detail;
but, through the kindness of some of
our best workers, we have received
suggestions which may be of service,
and from which we deduct the follow-
ing: One of the best pieces of advice
received, comprehensive and concise,
was, "Do it. Make it a success."
This we endorse. A great many good
opportunities are lost by hesitation and
procrastination. Some of these hesitat-
ing ones remind us of the man in Japan
who made up his mind to become a Chris-
tian "next New-Year's Day," three
hundred and sixty-five days off. The
first important point that we would
mention is the securing and holding a
large membership in the circles. The
seed-thought that led to the presenta-
tion of this subject at this meeting was

the question: Are we utilizing all the
children as much as possible in our
work? Are the older ones drifting
away from us? Are we securing all
the recruits possible from the little
ones? We confess to a fear, the last
year or two, lest we were losing either
the one or the other. This apprehension
led to the movement, a year or two ago,
for the formation of young ladies'
societies—links between the mission
circles and auxiliaries; and now we
wish to make an equal vigorous effort
for the little ones. May we not plead
with you most earnestly, dear friends,
that none of them be lost to our work?
It is this that we wish to make the
specialty for the year before us: a
thorough canvass of our churches and
Sunday-schools, to gather the children
into our big family—into our commu-
nity of labour and interest.

Aside from this general suggestion
we make a few others a little more in
detail. Let the children feel the res-
ponsibility of the circle as much as
possible; let them hold all the offices,
with an unseen power behind the
throne to see that it does not come to
nought. Let them be taught the proper
way to carry on meetings. Do not be
afraid of parliamentary order in them;
the children will like it. Let them feel
that it is not all play or entertainment.
They may be a little restless under it
at first, but they will soon enjoy the
feeling that they are "really helping"
—that their efforts mean something.
Let there be something for them to do
at home, so that the subject may be in
mind as often as possible. Let their
contributions be their own, not the
mere passing of pennies from their
fathers' pockets into the contribution-
box—the money they have earned, or
received to use as they please. Let
them be trained to systematic giving,
using envelopes or mite-boxes. Make
much of the opening of the boxes.
Let the children know that the con-
tents are really given to the Saviour
in the person of his little ones. When,
as in some cases, these boxes are in the
form of jugs, and a jug smashing is
the order, we may be sure that boys
will not be wanting to do the deed.

For the meetings, the suggestions
are: make them short and interesting.
Let there be little reading by older
people; talking, with questions and
answers, is much better. Never put
off a meeting except for most serious
reasons, and never give up one because
there are few present. Let as many
as possible take part in the meetings.
Let the older children prepare articles,
so far as practicable, and let the
younger ones give a recitation or dia-
logue, and bring in short items. Let
at least one third of those present take
part. Have as many object-lessons as
possible. Let the children draw maps,
secure pictures and curiosities, but not
so many as to distract their attention.
Adapt the time and place of meeting
to the circumstances of the children.
One circle of little girls is mentioned,
who managed to keep up their organiz-
ation and raise quite a sum of money
by having meetings only in school
vacations. Let the social element be
brought in, to a certain extent. An
occasional tea or picnic and a few
games help to give variety. Even a
little candy passed around at the close
has its effect. Teas have been utilized
in one circle, by having the girls inter-
ested in cooking classes cook the supper,
charging five cents to those who ate,
and so bringing fifteen dollars into the

treasury. Sales and entertainments of
various kinds have their place, but
their methods are too well known to
need repetition. Let the children be
brought out, with the older people, now
and then, in a grand missionary meet-
ing. Let the branches exercise a
fostering care over the children's soci-
eties, giving them an opportunity to
report in a State or county meeting.
It will be twice blessed, and will bless
those who give and those who take.

Temperance in Sunday-Schools.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

THERE is no question more vital to
the success of our work as Christian
teachers than that of total abstinence;
hence it is eminently appropriate that
we should give a little time and thought
to its careful consideration.

Why should total abstinence be
taught in the Sunday-school?

1. Because it has been demonstrated
that even the most moderate use of
alcoholic drinks may lead to intemper-
ance, and intemperance is sin.

2. We should make special effort
against the sin of intemperance, because
it consists in taking into the human
system an altogether foreign and des-
tructive element—a poison which inter-
feres with the functions of the body so
as to render it insensible to the influ-
ence of the Spirit who alone convicts of
sin.

3. Because alcohol is a mighty ag-
gressive force, antagonizing Christ at
every point in his effort to save the
world; denying his word; profaning
his name; desecrating his Sabbath;
defiling his house; defying his law;
scorning his love; breaking up the
home; hindering the church, by rob-
bing her of the men and money which
are hers by right; making her prayers
fruitless and the blood of Christ of no
effect in the salvation of the victims of
drink.

4. Because alcohol is no respecter of
persons. If it can but get the oppor-
tunity, it will as readily ruin the son
of the Christian home, the Sunday-
school boy or girl, as the child of the
vicious. It has no regard for consec-
rated flesh.

5. Because it has already done a
terrible work of death among the
children of the Church. A minister
came to me one day, saying:

"What can I do for my Bible class.
I have been in charge of my church
but little over a year. When I came
I found a class of seventeen young men
in the Sunday-school, known as the
pastor's class, all sons of members of
my Church. It came into my hands;
I soon found that they all drank.
During the year two of this number
have died from the direct effect of
drink, and the fifteen others are in the
gutters of this city, and I cannot reach
them."

That pastor wept as he told me this
story, and his class is but one of many
which I might name that have been
dragged from the Sunday-school by the
insidious influence of the drink traffic.

6. Because God's grace is the only
preventative and the only cure; and
his word which gives a knowledge of
this grace should be faithfully taught
so that the grace may be received.

7. Total abstinence should be taught
in the Sunday-school because, as a
rule, drinking habits are begun in the
ignorance of boyhood, and, once
formed, are like bands of iron and
hooks of steel.

Some one may ask, "How shall this
be taught in the Sunday-school?"

1. I think lessons should be prepared
from God's word, and that scientific
illustrations of the text should be given
as well as those drawn from the lives
of men. The children should be taught
why they should not "Look upon the
wine when it is red," and all that is
involved in the expression "moveth
itself aright."

2. Temperance should be correctly
defined to signify the moderate use of
all things good and wholesome, and
total abstinence from all things that
can harm or defile.

3. The lessons should be made to
come in their chronological or topical
order in the regular course—not as a
separate thing but as a part of God's
great unit of truth. When this is done
carefully, faithfully, and constantly, we
shall see the power of the saloon over
the boys of the land broken, and the
great barrier to the progress of the
gospel removed. To this end let us all
be truly workers together with God.

Non-Sectarian Lesson Helps.

THE following which lately appeared
in the *Baptist Record*, touches a point
of great importance, we think. There
are, probably, but few of us who have
not been more or less bored by attempts
made by outside parties to supplant the
Sunday-school literature of the Church.
As Methodists we believe in Methodist
literature, and also the importance of
teaching its doctrines to our children. If
our doctrines and polity are thoroughly
inculcated in the minds of our youth
there is not much danger of their for-
saking the Church of their fathers. We
heartily indorse the view of the *Record*,
when it says:

"The season has arrived when the
publisher of the non-sectarian helps
starts on his annual tour through the
Sunday schools, seeking whom he may
induce to subscribe. Perish the thought
that he is moved by a less worthy mo-
tive than the advancement of righteous-
ness; but his notion of righteousness has
respect primarily to the prices charged
by denominational publishers; whereat
his benevolent soul is sorely vexed, and
he cannot forbear launching a cheap re-
volution into the placid stream of Sun-
day-school literature. A careful com-
parison of prices soon shows the boasted
claim of cheapness to be an artful
manipulation of figures for entrapping
the unwary.

"Other claims to patronage are
based on the employment of 'the best
writers,' and on containing 'nothing
partisan or sectarian.' The first of
these claims may be dismissed at once;
for the best religious writers are not
those who have no convictions on the
vital doctrines of Christianity.

"If the other claim is true all discus-
sion of leading Christian doctrines must
be suppressed. Christianity, severed
from its doctrines, is like a man with-
out a skeleton. Its strength is gone.
What vital doctrine is not controverted
by some denomination calling itself
Christian? Sift out the doctrines con-
cerning which there is no controversy,
and the residuum will be small indeed.
If undenominational Sunday-school
helps contain 'nothing partisan or sec-
tarian,' they must exclude all intelligent
consideration of many of the fund-
mental truths of Christianity. If any
conviction touching these be expressed
the claim to be non-sectarian disap-
pears."

The Sowing.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening
withhold not thy hand.—Eccles. xi 6

BY REV. G. W. TUTTLE.

Sow, in the morning sow,
Nor cease at eventide. [grow,
Thou know'st not which to fruit may
Or which in earth abide

But watch with jealous care,
That all thy seeds be good;
For evil seeds alike will share,
Earth's fertilizing food.

Sow wide in every field,
The precious vital grain;
So shall the earth a harvest yield,
To compensate thy pain.

But water well thy seed,
With many a prayer and tear;
Nor suffer any noxious weed,
In all thy fields to appear.

Lord of the harvest, bless
The seeds Thyself hast given;
And may our fruits of righteousness,
Be garnered up in heaven.

CAPE BRETON, N. S.

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Home & School:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1883.

The Methodist Church and Education.

At the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on March 18th, the Rev. Dr. Burwash, of Victoria University, preached the educational anniversary sermon. He took his text from Matthew xviii., 5th verse—"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth Me." There was, he said, a wondrous breadth of significance in the words of Christ. The more the words were fathomed the greater the truth that seemed to be in them. There was Christ taking a little child and setting him up to the greatest of God's disciples, and from that little child teaching them lessons regarding their duty. Christ shows that duty to God and duty to man are one, and that man can properly discharge the duty of God which is at the same time discharging the duty to his fellow-man. Parents should educate the young and look after their spiritual and intellectual spirits for the sake of their own after life. They could not enjoy life if they had the young growing up in utter neglect and barbarity. Christ told them that it was not for their own sakes alone, but for His sake—for the sake of the obligations and duties which they owed to Him. When they came into the world they

came into Christian homes; homes blessed with all the affections of fathers and mothers, and with their love and devotion. The homes were blessed still more with the precepts of God's Holy Book. They found provided for them a system of Christian education, and they began to see something of the debt of gratitude which they owed God. Take the Bible out of a life; take the influence of Christianity out of it, and what would they be? What would wealth be to them? What would intellectual development be for them? The home is the holiest of places on earth. A man's true character was seen at home, and the consequence is that the child's character was moulded by the parent. Take a child after fourteen years of home life, and in nine cases out of ten his character was moulded for time and for eternity. The impressions made upon that child at home, would never leave him. They must brighten the atmosphere of home; they must lead a Christian life at home. They wanted the highest principles of truth taught at home. If they made their homes what they should be, they were doing everything to make the coming generations grander, nobler, and better than those which had lived in the past.

The Catechism in our Schools.

On a recent Sabbath I attended the Seaford School. The spirit, order, and general efficiency of the school were manifest; and a most hopeful indication is the general attention paid to catechism lessons. I taught, in the absence of the teacher, a class of six girls, who I judge were about 13 to 15 years of age. Five of them had the answer to the question, "How many persons are there in the Godhead?" without missing scarcely a word, and the proof text; the other probably would have recited as well, but she had been absent for a long time from the school. After lesson hour the Superintendent, Mr. Gray, asked the question from the desk, and nearly the whole school gave the answer. The lesson for the day is the question published in the *Banner* and *Berean Leaf*, and taken from Catechism No. 2, with the Scripture proof; and the first work of the teacher is to ask for the Catechism lesson, then the subject of the day, with the Golden Text, all of which are supposed to be well committed to memory. By using the lesson in the *Banner* there is no need of buying catechisms nor any danger of mistaking what the lesson is for the day.

ALFRED ANDREWS.

In our issue of March 17th, we printed a page of the New Dominion Hymnal, and described the music in the book as clear and sharp as copper-plate. We were sorry to find, however, that the selected page when printed looked dull and blurred. We wish our readers to understand that it was the original book to which we referred, which is most carefully and clearly printed. The page which appeared in this paper was only a copy taken by a mechanical process, and was far inferior to the original.—[Ed. H. & S.]

THE Island of Mackinaw, at the entrance to Lake Michigan, was the scene of some of the most stirring incidents in the early history of Canada, and possesses some very attractive



THE BERMUDAS.

scenery. It is, therefore, well worth a visit by summer tourists. But, before they visit it, they should procure a copy of the handsome illustrated guide-book to the Mackinaw region, by the Rev. J. A. Van Fleet, M.A., Detroit, Mich., 8vo, pp. 50. By its aid stay-at-home travellers may gain a very good idea of the island and its historic associations.

American Humorists. By the Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 15 cents.

H. R. Hawes, the author of *American Humorists*, the third book of the 1883 Series Standard Library, is a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, pastor of a church in London, a graduate of Oxford University, and the author of several literary works. Mr. Hawes has not been so popular a preacher as he is as a writer, owing, probably, to a defective delivery and a poor voice, for which, however, he has greatly atoned by the matter of his discourses, which he utters extemporaneously. No writer in England was, in all respects, better qualified to write a book on American humorists than he. He presents in a fine setting the wit and wisdom of Washington Irving, Oliver W. Holmes, James R. Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte, and he does it *con amore*.

The Hebrew Christian is the name of a well printed and interesting four page paper, published by the Rev. Jacob Freshman, No. 25 East 7th St., New York. It will be sent free to any one asking for it. It contains an admirable portrait of the late Hon. William E. Dodge, the Christian philanthropist. Of Brother Freshman and his work the *Christian Intelligencer* makes the following remarks:

"There are 80,000 Hebrews in this city. The Rev. Jacob Freshman is engaged in an endeavor to bring them to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Messiah and the Redeemer of Israel. His father was a Jewish Rabbi in Quebec, was converted, and became a Methodist clergyman. He was received into the Christian Church at a union meeting of all the Protestant churches in Quebec. Mr. Jacob Freshman came to this city with the cordial endorsement of Canadian Christians.

He is doing an undenominational work. The services are well attended, and many inquirers call on the missionary at his house. A church of twenty members has been organized. Tracts are distributed in English, German and Hebrew. Mrs. Freshman has a class of twenty Hebrew children under instruction. The enterprise needs the gifts, sympathies, and prayers of the Christians of this city and vicinity. It is earnestly commended to them. Contributions can be sent to A. D. F. Randolph, Esq., 900 Broadway. Mr. Freshman's address is 25 Seventh street.

The Winter Home of the Princess Louise.

THE above cut gives a bird's-eye view of the winter home of the Princess Louise. And, truly, to no more delightful spot could she go to escape the rigors of a Canadian winter, than to those

Summer isles of Eden, lying
In dark purple spheres of sea—

the lovely Bermudas. It is a perfect land of the Lotus Eaters—a land where it seems always afternoon—where the flowers ever bloom, and no storms ever blow. Lying about 700 miles southeast of New York, the waters of the Gulf Stream make the climate like a continual spring. In many of the lovely bays, as one looks over the boat side down through the transparent water, to his surprise and delight he finds that

Floating, he glides o'er the coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove.

And some of the grottoes near the shore are perfect, natural fish-ponds, where the most brilliant kinds of the finny tribe may continually be found.

Her Royal Highness seems to take to her winter home very kindly, and has won the love of the islanders, white and black, by her unaffected simplicity and affability. The red coats of the British soldiers, the blue jackets of the British sailors, and the red, white, and blue of the Union Jack, will make the Princess feel that Britain's prowess and protection are about her no less than in her Canadian or her English home.

We trust that her health may soon be so restored that she may return to the loyal hearts that love her in our fair Dominion.



THE WINE CUP.—(See next page.)

Weaving the Web.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
And she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done ;
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me !

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah ! how the colours will glow," she
said ;

"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace,
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah ! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short, though the days are
long !

This noon I will weave my beautiful web ;
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky ;
The burden and heat of day she bore ;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah ! life is too busy at noon," she said ;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence
wide !"

So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown.
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had
flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired, and heart was weak ;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colours
rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see !

"I must wait, I think, till another morn ;
I must go to my rest with my work undone,
It is growing too dark to weave !" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still ;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart ! Will she weave her beautiful
web
In the golden heart of a longer day !

The Wine Cup.

THE cut upon the preceding page should command the serious study of every reader, young and old. It is a picture true to life; we had almost written everyday life. It might well have been entitled, sowing and reaping. Up in the right-hand corner we have the convivial party quaffing the wine; perhaps on a matrimonial occasion. Unsuspecting gleefulness is in the ascendant, and wine is considered an essential ingredient. They pledge their love in wine. In wine they sow the seeds of hate, malice, shattered health, shattered fortune, shattered reputation, loss of credit, loss of home, followed by family brawls, tavern fights, and murder. This seed vegetates with wonderful rapidity, and usually produces an immense crop. On the floor, what a sight ! is the man dead-drunk, or has the quarrel in which he has been engaged resulted, so far as he is concerned, in the plunge of the murderer's knife into his heart ?

What of that poor, broken-hearted woman—a drunkard's wife—squatting on the floor with clasped hands, bemoaning her hard, hard fate ! How different to the position she occupied in the right-hand corner ! Little did she then dream that the glass she filled and handed to the man she proudly called her husband, would produce such sad, bitter, blasting results. The dear girl, shoeless and stockingless, the pledge of their once mutual love, now

a drunkard's child, clings to her broken-hearted mother. Thus early she sips the cup of sorrow, while as yet of years too tender to take in the situation in all its horrors. The police have rushed upon the scene, and have driven the murderer, knife in hand, to the wall, while the man licensed by the government to do all this mischief, stands within his "bar," revolver in hand, ready to assist the police to arrest the man to whom he sold the drink that filled him with the spirit of the demons, and nerved him for the murderous deed, for which, under the sanction of the law, he will be executed on the public gallows. Look at the picture once more ! Compare its parts ! The pleasure of the wine cup—the horrors of the wine cup—the bitter, thrice bitter fruits of the wine cup. Think of the eternal consequences of the wine cup. Is it in vain the Scripture hath said, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder ?" Is there no force in the questions, "Who hath woe ? who hath sorrow ? who hath contentions ? who hath babbling ? who hath wounds without cause ? who hath redness of eyes ?" Who ? "They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek mixed wine." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging : and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Have you joined the "Band of Hope ?" if not, go to the Secretary and sign the pledge to-day. Pledge yourself to drink no wine, no cider, no whiskey, no beer—nor anything that will intoxicate—to smoke no tobacco, nor to use any bad words—"Jesus will help you." Who was it said, "My son, give me thine heart ?" Have you complied with his request ? Will you do it now ?—*Ensign.*

Drink and Education.

It will not be denied that intemperance is the mother of ignorance, that fruitful cause of social debasement and crime.

Horace Mann asserts, "Intemperance is a upas tree planted in the field of education, and before education can flourish this tree must be cut down."

This is also strikingly confirmed by the statistics of Ragged Schools, as given by Dr. Guthrie. Fully ninety-nine hundredths of the scholars in those schools, he asserts, are the children of drunkards. With pathetic eloquence he exclaims : "With respect to them I may put into the mouth of our country the complaint, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' Ignorance is their sole, sad inheritance. They are punished for it, impoverished for it, imprisoned for it, banished for it, hanged for it. The 'voice heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping,' falls on our ears. Rachel is weeping for her children. Herod is dead, yet the innocents are slaughtered. Subjects in the time past only thought of punishment. I call on Justice to sheathe the sword, and lift up her shield, and throw it over the heads of these unhappy children. And next, I call on Religion to leave her temples, and, like a mother seeking a lost child, to go forth to the streets, and gather in those infants for Jesus' arms—save those gems for a Saviour's crown."—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

A Devil's Elixir.

THERE grows no wine
By the haunted Rhine,
By the Danube or Guadalquivir
Nor an island or cape
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged in their juice,
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the old world frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer,
For a poison malign
Is such Borgias wine,
Or at best, but a Devil's Elixir.

—*Longfellow.*

The Drink Traffic.

"BEFORE God and man," says Dr. Guthrie, "before the Church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and crime, and misery, and ignorance, and irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge, which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing a world of which but eight were saved." Of other vices, as compared with this, it might be said, "They have slain their thousands, but Intemperance its tens of thousands."

The whole system is accursed. It scorches, scars, and brands all who come nigh it, or have aught to do with it. There is contamination and pollution in its very contact. The drunkard himself is guilty of moral suicide. "This vice," said St. Augustine, fourteen hundred years ago, "is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever doth commit, committeth not a single sin, but becomes the slave of all manner of sin."

But the most solemn and awful responsibility rests upon the manufacturers and dealers connected with this vile traffic. "I would rather," says John B. Gough, "be what I have been as a drunkard, than I would be the man to stand behind the counter and give him the drink that made him drunk." The purest moralists of every age agree in the denunciation of this traffic in blood. "I never see the sign 'Licensed to sell spirits,'" says McCheyne, "without thinking it a license to ruin souls. Wretched men, do you not know that every penny that rings on your counter shall eat your flesh as if it were fire ; that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces, will only serve to kindle up the flame of the fire that is not quenched."

Lord Viscount Lonsdale, in the debate on the Gin Bill, in 1743, said : "I must look upon every man who takes out a license as a sort of devil set up to tempt men to get drunk."

The Rev. Albert Barnes writes : "The great principles of the Bible, the spirit of the Bible, and a thousand texts of the Bible, are pointed against it ; and every step the trafficker takes he infringes on the spirit and bearing of some declaration of God."

Even the publicans themselves have not the approval of their conscience in the wretched trade. "There is no hope for me," said one in a dying hour, "for I have been making a living at the mouth of hell." Another, who had spent years in the traffic, remarked,

"It is the most damnable business in which a man ever engaged." Another, who had abandoned the traffic, was asked why he gave up such a lucrative business, and replied as follows :—

"In looking over my account book one day I counted up the names of forty-four men who had been regular customers of mine, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, and ten of the remaining twelve were then living, confirmed sots ! I was appalled and horrified. To remain in such a dreadful, degrading, and murderous trade, I could not ; hence I abandoned it."
Withrow's Temperance Tracts.

THE May number of *The Chautauquan* will introduce to the literary world Mrs. Joseph Cook, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Cook, our famous lecturer. Some of the fresh and thoughtful observations made by the lady during her recent trip around the world, are to be furnished the readers of the magazine. These articles will be a continuation of the series by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, beginning in Italy, where she closed.

"Perfectly Lovely."

EVEN worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it is this universally used and senseless phrase ! It is applied to anything and everything. It seems to stand instead of ideas, of sentiment, of appreciation, and of common sense.

Go into the rooms of the young ladies in our colleges for women, where you expect something better, and where something better should be heard. But listen ! The first words that salute you are, "You are 'perfectly lovely' to come ;" and, "Isn't the day just lovely ?" and, "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely ?'"

With these young women, everything that isn't perfectly "horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite.

I took a young girl last spring with me from Brooklyn to Central Park. She was bright, agreeable, pretty, and animated. But her exclusive use of this phrase seemed almost intolerable before we had seen half the spring-time glory of that delightful place.

The phrase destroys conversation more easily than a series of sickly puns. It is an extinguisher of ideas. It certainly must eventually enfeeble the minds of those who allow it to express for them all they feel.

Children catch it who cannot speak plain, and pronounce a doll or plaything "perfly lubly."

Whenever I hear it, I always want to exclaim, "O girls, do stop ! Better take up the forcible language of your brother than weaken all you say by this meaningless, worn-out sentence."

Girls ought to be able to talk well on current topics—books, new and old, and all that interests their brothers. But do they show themselves competent to carry on a conversation that will stimulate and refresh those they meet ? Good talkers never fail to interest and to charm ; but a young woman whose ideas are only broad enough to be expressed in the words "awful," "horrid," and "perfectly lovely," will hardly be classed as one of them.—K. A. S., in *Youth's Companion.*

"The Little Cup-Bearer."

The little cup-bearer entered the room,
After the banquet was done,
His eyes were like the skies of May,
A glow with a cloudless sun,
Knocking beside his master's feet,
The feet of the noble king,
He raised the goblet. "Drink, my bege,
The offering that I bring."

"Nay, nay," the good king smiling, said,
"But, first a faithful sign
That thou bringest me no poison draught
Taste thou, my page, the wine."
Then gently, firmly spoke the lad,
"My dearest master, no,
Though at thy lightest wish my feet
Shall gladly come and go."

"Rise up my little cup-bearer,"
The king, astonished cried;
"Rise up and tell me straightway, why
Is my request denied?"
The young page rose up slowly,
With sudden paling cheek,
While courtly lords and ladies
Await to hear him speak.

"My father sat in princely halls,
And tasted wine with you,
He died a wretched drunkard, sire"—
The brave voice tearful grew.
"I vowed to my dear mother,
Beside her dying-bed,
That for her sake I would not taste
The tempting poison red."

"Away with this young upstart!"
The lords, impatient cry;
But, spilling slow the purple wine,
The good king made reply:
"Thou shalt be my cup-bearer,
And honoured well," he said,
"But see thou bring not wine to me,
But water pure instead."

Newton's Childhood.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father; and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste; he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play, spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been construing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys how to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school on dark winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would rouse the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, then very ignorant,

would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motions of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

At last, when he was about sixteen, his mother placed him in charge of a farm, and every Saturday he went with a servant to Grantham market to sell his corn and vegetables. But the affairs of the farm did not prosper; the young philosopher hid himself away in a room in a garret which he hired, studying mechanics, and inventing a water-wheel on a new model, while the sheep wandered away in the field, and the cattle devoured his corn.

Next he went to Cambridge University, and became a famous scholar. At the age of twenty-four he began his study of the spectrum, as philosophers call that brilliant picture of the colours of the rainbow, which is shown by the sun's rays shining through a three-sided piece of glass, called a prism. It is one of the most beautiful objects in science or nature, and Newton's study of its splendid colours led to his greatest discoveries of optics, or the science of the sight. In our time the use of the prism and its spectrum has shown us of what the sun and moon are composed.

One day, as Newton sat musing in his garden at his retired country home, an apple fell from a tree to the ground. A great idea at once rose in his mind, and he conceived the plan of the universe and of the law of gravitation, as it is called. He was the first to discover that famous law. He showed that the heavier body always attracts the lighter; that as the apple falls to the earth, so the earth is drawn toward the sun; that all the planets feel the law of gravitation, and that all the universe seems to obey one will. Newton soon became the most famous of living philosophers. But at the same time he was the most modest of men; he never knew that he had done anything more than others, nor felt that he was any more studious or busy. Yet he never ceased to show, even in late old age, the same love for mechanical pursuits and the study of nature he had shown when a boy. His most famous work, the Principia, proving the law of gravitation and the motion of the planets, appeared in 1687. He made beautiful prisms of glass and other substances, and fine, reflecting telescopes, the best that were yet known. He wrote valuable histories and works. He was always a devout Christian and scholar. He died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus the puny babe that was scarcely thought worth the care of his nurses, became an active and healthy boy and man, with the clearest mind of his time. He was stout, ruddy, healthy, and never, it is said, lost a tooth. But he preserved his health by avoiding all that was hurtful. He was a philosopher at twelve years old, and the world owes much of its progress to Newton's well-spent childhood.—*Harper's Young People.*

THAT cannot be good for the bee that is bad for the swarm.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons.**LESSON VII.****Alcohol and the Human Brain.**

QUESTION. What is the distinctive office of the brain?

ANSWER. The brain is the organ of the mind.

Q. What is the mind?

A. The mind is that part of us which thinks, and reasons, and feels.

Q. How may the mind be further described?

A. The mind is the highest and noblest part of man, that which distinguishes us from, and elevates us above, the brutes, and in which is our special likeness to our Creator, God.

Q. What is the greatest calamity that can befall a human being?

A. The greatest calamity that can befall a human being is, to have the mind unbalanced, or impaired, or destroyed.

Q. What is the first effect of alcohol on the mind?

A. The first effect of alcohol on the mind is to unbalance it?

Q. How is the mind unbalanced by alcohol?

A. By irritation, and thus exciting some portions of the brain to great and unhealthy activity.

Q. What portions of the brain are thus, usually, first irritated and excited?

A. Those portions of the brain are first irritated and excited which lie in the lower part of the head, although the coverings of the brain become highly irritated also.

Q. Why are these portions soonest irritated and excited?

A. Because here the veins are largest and the blood finds its readiest and completest flow.

Q. What part of the mind has its seat in this lower part of the brain?

A. The appetites and passions, which need to be kept in perpetual restraint.

Q. What is the common effect of this unnatural excitement?

A. The common effect of this unnatural excitement is vicious excesses of all kinds—sensuality, bad temper, quarrelling, fighting, cruelty, murder.

Q. If drinking alcohol becomes a confirmed habit, what is its next effect upon the mind?

A. It impairs it, weakens it, makes it both unwilling and unfit for work, and takes from it the power to do its best.

Q. What is the final effect of the continued and increasing drinking of alcohol on the mind?

A. The continued and immoderate drinking of alcohol impairs the mind hopelessly and forever, and the poor drunkard often becomes a mindless animal.

Q. What, then, is the general effect of alcohol on the immortal and godlike part of man?

A. The general effect of alcohol on the mind, the immortal and godlike part of man, is injurious always when used at all; injurious greatly when used habitually; injurious to ruin when the drinking habit is fixed, the will paralyzed, and the insatiate appetite made supreme.

Q. And what does all this mean?

A. It means not only the loss of the life which ends here, but the loss of the life which never ends.

Q. Where is the only safety?

A. The only safety is, IN LETTING IT WHOLLY ALONE.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

23.— U ru S
N ot T
I de A
T an T
E rk E
D ia S

24.—Garfield.

25.—Gladiator.

26.—Peri, ripe.

Mien, mine.

Vase, save.

NEW PUZZLES.**27.—CHARADES.**

A mat; a vowel; a low piece of land. A town in Mexico.

28.—Part of the body; to inclose; a sleeping-place; a well-known publisher.

29.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; block; an apostle; a number; a letter.

30.—ENIGMA.

10, 8, 12, 13, 11, 16, 5, mode of punishment; 15, 4, 5, 8, 12, a musical instrument; 14, 11, 15, a metal; 7, 11, 12, 1, part of a bird; 9, 3, 4, 2, an inflamed part; 14, 6, 16, a number.

A HEARTY MEAL.—A woman from Cape Girardeau, Mo., who had suffered from a husband's neglect, traced him to a bar-room, where he was playing cards with several companions. Setting a covered dish she held in her hands down upon the table, she said, "Presuming, husband, that you were too busy to come to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed. With a forced laugh he invited his friends to dine with him, but on removing the cover from the dish found only a slip of paper, on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal; it is the same your family have at home."

AN old Dutch dominie in the country, the Rev. Dr. —, was a shrewd man, and he once had a baulky horse, which always stopped at the foot of a certain hill, and took his own time for starting. One pleasant morning the dominie concluded he would try his way of curing the horse, so he put a day's provision and a day's reading into his carriage, and started for the hill. At the foot the horse baulked as usual. The doctor laid down the reins, and took out his book. After waiting some time the horse concluded he would go, but with rein and voice the doctor forbade it, so they stayed there all that day till it was too dark to read, when, hungry and thirsty and subdued, the horse went up the hill and never baulked again.

MR. Moody tells of a blind beggar sitting by the sidewalk on a dark night with a bright lantern by his side; whereat a passer-by was so puzzled that he had to turn back with: "What in the world do you keep a lantern for? You can't see!" "So't folks won't stumble over me," was the reply. Look out, teacher! Keep your light burning—yes, burning brightly—that none of those who are committed to your care stumble over you. What you are will tell upon them quite as much as what you say.

What Does it Matter?

It matters little where I was born
Or if my parents be rich or poor,
Whether they shrank at the cold world's
scorn.

Or walked in the pride of wealth, secure,
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care,
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and put are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land, or on the sea:
By purling brook, or 'neath the wave,
It matters little or naught to me,
But whether the angel death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 37-39.] LESSON IV. [April 22.

SAUL PREACHING CHRIST.

Acts 9. 10-31. Commit to memory verses 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He which persecuted us in times past, now
preacheth the faith which once he destroyed.
—Gal. 1. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The young Christian increases in strength
by study, by communion with God, by Chris-
tian work, and by trials of his faith.

TIME.—From midsummer, A. D. 37, to the
autumn of A. D. 39. Paul's visit to Jerusalem
was probably about September, A. D. 39.

PLACES.—Damascus, Arabia, Jerusalem,
Cilicia.

PAUL was thirty-five to thirty-seven years
of age.

RULERS.—Caligula, emperor of Rome.
Marcellus, governor of Judea, appointed A. D.
38. Herod Antipas, governor of Galilee
(41-48), deposed A. D. 39. Aretas, king of
Arabia, Petras, and now including Damascus.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This lesson follows close
upon the last lesson, and gives a brief history
of the first three years of Paul's life as a
Christian.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—19. *Received
meat*—After his three days' fast. *Certain
days*—Paul preached a short time in Damas-
cus, then he went for some time into Arabia
(Gal. 1. 17, 18) for study and communion
with God, preparatory to his great work.
Then he returned again to Damascus. 23.
After many days—This includes the time
from his conversion to his visit to Jerusalem,
three years (Gal. 1. 18), i. e., parts of three
different civil years. (See TIME.) 26. *They
were all afraid of him*—It was three years
since his conversion. They probably had
only heard vague rumours of the great event,
and they feared it might be a trick of the
great persecutor to get into their confidence
and betray them. 27. *But Barnabas*—Who
being from Cyprus, near Tarsus, probably
knew Saul personally. 30. *Cesarea*—A large
seaport of the Mediterranean, sixty miles
north-west of Jerusalem. 31. *Rest*—From
persecution, not from religious activity.
Edified—Built up as a temple, (1) in charac-
ter, (2) in numbers. *Fear of the Lord*—
Reverent fear, as subjects of his kingdom.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Saul's
stay at Damascus.—His retirement to Arabia.
—His increase in strength.—Why persecuted.
—His visit to Jerusalem.—Why they were
afraid of him there.—Rest of the Churches.
—Edified.—Fear of the Lord.—Comfort of
the Holy Ghost.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Over how much time
does this lesson extend? Who were the
rulers of the world? Give a brief account of
Paul's conversion? When and where was it?
How old was Paul at this time?

SUBJECT: THE YOUNG CONVERT.

1. **BEGINNING TO WORK FOR CHRIST** (vs.
19-21).—How long had Saul been without
food? How was his body fitted for work?
Should we ever take care of the body as the
instrument of the soul? How long did Saul
remain at Damascus at this time? What was

he doing? What did he preach? Does speak-
ing to others about our Saviour strengthen
us in the Gospel? What did the people
think of Paul? Was the change a proof of
divine power? In what way can young
Christians work for Christ?

2. **INCREASING IN STRENGTH** (vs. 22, 23).
—After a short time where did Paul go?
(Gal. 1. 17). Where in Arabia? How long
did he remain? What was the purpose of
this retirement? In what ways would it
prepare him for his future work? Are sea-
sons of retirement for study and communion
with God necessary for all Christians? What
was the effect of Saul's preaching and re-
tirement upon himself? In what did he
increase? To what place did he return?
(Gal. 1. 17.) How long a time does "many
days" include? (Gal. 1. 18).

3. **ENDURING TRIALS** (vs. 23-25).—How
did the Jews receive Saul's preaching? What
did they do in order to get him in their
power? How did those he came to destroy
now save his life? How does he speak of
this event? (2 Cor. 11. 32, 33). Why was
this method of escape a great trial to Saul?
How do trials increase our strength? (1 Pet.
1. 7. Jan. 1. 2-4).

4. **AT HOME** (vs. 26-30).—Where did Saul
now go? What was his object? (Gal. 1. 18.
Acts 22. 21). Which of the apostles did he
see? (Gal. 1. 18, 19). How was he received
at first? Why? Who introduced him?
How did Barnabas know Saul? What did he
do at Jerusalem? What would make it spe-
cially hard for him to preach Christ here?
Is it harder to speak of religion at home than
elsewhere? Why? What made Saul leave
Jerusalem? (v. 29. Acts 22. 17-21). Where
did he go?

5. **AT REST** (v. 31).—What was the "rest"
the Churches now had? Does rest imply
idleness? What is it to be edified? How
were the Churches edified? What is it to
walk in the fear of the Lord? What is the
comfort of the Holy Ghost? What follows
when we have these two?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Signs in Saul of a new heart: (1) choos-
ing Christian companions; (2) speaking to
others about Christ; (3) silent communion
with God; (4) courage in taking a stand for
Christ; (5) suffering for Christ.

2. We are prepared for work: (1) by work-
ing; (2) by study and meditation; (3) by
trials; (4) by intercourse with other Chris-
tians.

3. God saves us by human means more
often than by miracle.

4. Rest is freedom from outward hinder-
ances, and free joyous activity in doing good.

5. We are built up: (1) by holy living;
(2) by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.

6. The two needs of our Churches: (1) to
be edified; (2) to be multiplied.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School
in Concert).

18. What did Paul do as soon as he was
converted? **ANS.** He preached Christ at
Damascus. 19. Where did he go soon?
ANS. He retired to Arabia to prepare for his
great work. 20. Where is he next found?
ANS. He returned to Damascus. 21. What
befell him here? **ANS.** He was persecuted,
and escaped through the wall by night. 22.
Where did he then go? **ANS.** He went to
Jerusalem to counsel with the apostles.

A. D. 39, 40.] LESSON V. [April 29.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Acts 9. 38-43. Commit to memory verses 38-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9.
34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and
the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and
widows in their affliction, and to keep himself
unspotted from the world.

TIME.—A. D. 39, 40. Soon after Paul's
visit to Jerusalem in our last lesson.

PLACE.—Lydda, a city in Judea twenty-
five miles north-west of Judea; and Joppa,
ten miles further to the north-west, on the
Mediterranean.

PAUL, at Tarsus, aged thirty-eight.

RULERS.—Caligula, emperor of Rome (4).
Marcellus, governor of Judea. Great com-
motions at Jerusalem on account of an at-
tempt by Caligula to put a statue of himself
in the temple.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Churches now had
rest from persecution, the Jews having too
many troubles of their own to attend to. So
that Peter was able to leave Jerusalem for a
short visit among the Churches which had
been formed in various parts by those scath-
ered by the persecution.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—32. *Lydda*—
A city of good size in north-west Judea. 33.
Kept his bed eight years—Showing the dulli-
culty of curing him. *Palsy*—Paralysis. 35.
Saron—Sharon, the fertile and beautiful plain
in which Lydda was situated. 36. *Joppa*—
A large seaport city, now Jaffa. Here Jonah
embarked when told to go to Nineveh. *Tar-
bitha*—Aramaic (i. e., the common language
of the people) for *Dorcus*, which is Greek.
Both names mean "a gazelle," the symbol of
beauty. 37. *In those days*—While Peter was
at Lydda. 38. *Night to Joppa*—About ten
miles. 40. *Peter put them all forth*—That he
might be alone in prayer.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Peter's
circuit among the Churches.—Saints.—
Lydda.—Joppa.—Dorcus.—Her work among
the poor.—Woman's work in the Church.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—About whom was our last
lesson? Whom did he visit? Where was
Paul at the time of our present lesson? How
old was he?

SUBJECT: CHRISTIAN GOOD WORKS.

1. **AID AND COMFORT TO OTHER CHRIS-
TIAN** (v. 32).—What was the state of things
in Judea at this time? (v. 31). Where had
Churches been formed? By whom? (Acts
8. 1, 4, 5, 26, 49). How long was it now
since Christ's death and resurrection? What
did Peter do during the period of rest from
persecution? What cities did he visit? How
long was he gone? (v. 43). What was the
object of this visit? What good does it do
for the members of one Church to visit other
Churches? What can we do for our Christian
companions and friends?

2. **AID TO THE SUFFERING** (vs. 33-35).—
What suffering man did Peter find? Should
we seek out cases of need, or only wait till
they come to us? How long had this man
been sick? Why is the time mentioned?
What is the palsy? Who cured the man?
What are we taught by Peter's giving all the
honour to Christ where it belonged? Why
is the healing called a making whole? How
does curing us of sin make us whole? What
was the effect of this miracle? Why had it
such an effect? Does Christianity still help
and heal men? In what ways? Are we
Christians if we do not strive to help the
suffering?

3. **WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH** (vs.
36-43).—Where are Lydda and Joppa? Des-
cribe them? What good woman lived at
Joppa? What had she done? What hap-
pened to her? Why does God let such good
people die? Whom did her friends send for?
What did Peter find on coming to the house?
Could Dorcas have left a better memorial of
her life? What does the Bible say of true
religion? (James 1. 27). What can Chris-
tian women do now for Christ? What are
they doing for missions? What among the
poor? What in visiting the sick? What in
gathering children into the Sabbath-school?
What in teaching? What other work can
they do in the Church? What did Peter do
for Dorcas? Why did he send the friends
out of the room? When your pastor visits
the sick at your house do you let him talk
and pray with them alone? Was it a blessing
to be restored to life? What was the effect
of this in Joppa? Did all here and in Lydda
(v. 35) become true Christians?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. All true Christians are saints, i. e., holy,
consecrated.

2. We should seek for opportunities to do
good.

3. To be cured of sin is to be made whole
in soul, complete in spiritual health.

4. Give Jesus the glory of all the good
deeds He does through us.

5. Dorcas is a model for women in the
Churches.

6. Women have a great and glorious work
in the Church.

7. The best monument we can leave is in
the good deeds to Christ's poor and suffering
ones.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School
in Concert).

1. Where did Peter go after Paul had left
Jerusalem? **ANS.** He went on a visit to the
Churches? 2. Name two of the cities he
visited? **ANS.** Lydda and Joppa. 3. What
did he do at Lydda? **ANS.** He healed Eneas,
who had been sick of the palsy for eight years.
4. What did he do at Joppa? **ANS.** He
raised Dorcas to life. 5. What kind of a
woman was Dorcas? **ANS.** She was full of
good works and almsdeeds which she did?
6. By whose power were these miracles done?
(Repeat the Golden Text).

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