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# HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As Ye Would  
That They  
Should  
Do Unto  
You.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1887.

[No. 11.]

Vol. V.]

## Pictures from Japan.\*

BY REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

(Abridged from Article in METHODIST MAGAZINE for April.)

OF the many books relating to Japan and the Japanese, few are more interesting than Mr. Maclay's "Budget of Letters." The range of topics covered by these letters is large. We get a glimpse of old feudal times in Japan. We are treated to a vivid pen-picture of life in the interior.

would be an excellent book for Sunday-school libraries.

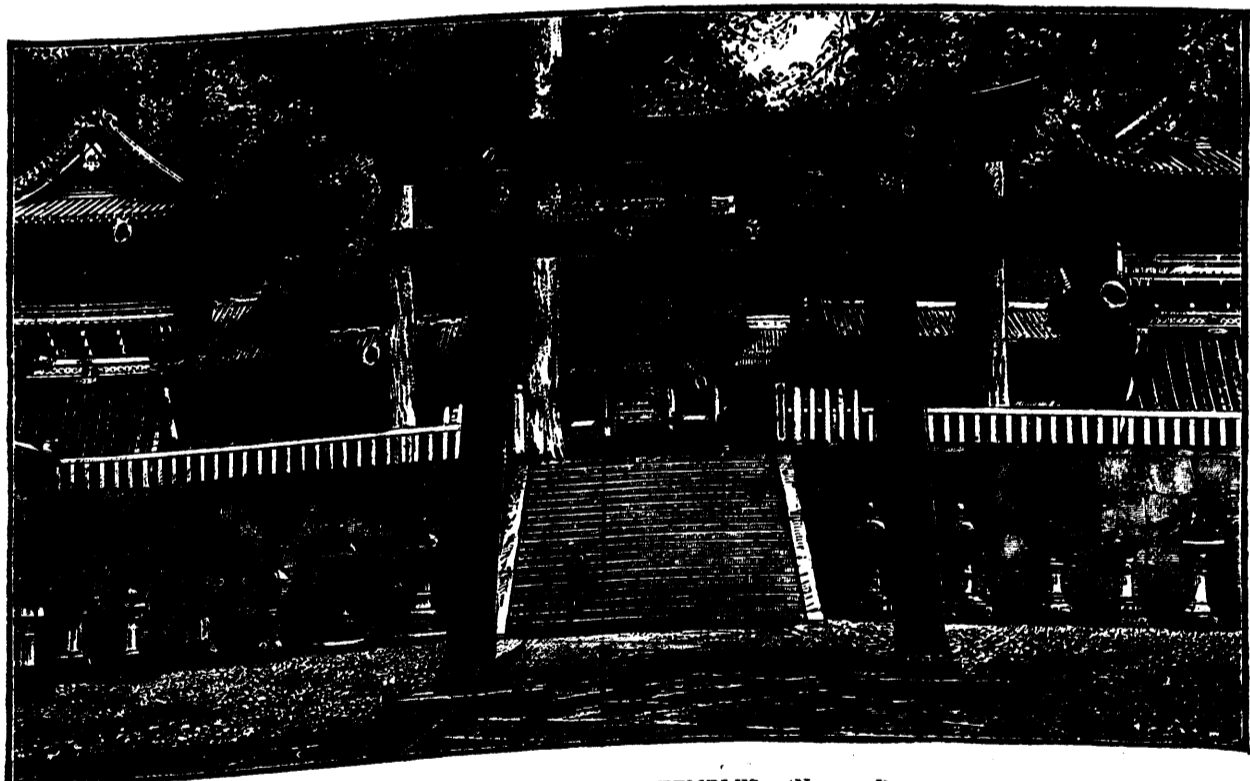
A Japanese house, as a rule, is but one story high, and, to our thought, quite small. The only covering of the floor are the *tatamis*, "heavily padded mats about seven feet long, three feet wide and about two inches thick. They constitute the principal feature in a native house, for, from their soft nature, they serve as beds, chairs, and tables. They are manufactured of

matter for surprize that one of the chief occupations of winter, with many of the natives, is the task of keeping warm; for while the thermometer does not often register a very great degree of cold, the air is peculiarly damp, and cold sea breezes seem to find their way to one's very bones.

Meals are served on small, square tables, about a foot in height, one table being provided for each person, who sits, of course, on the floor.

certainly the happiest little imps in the world; their parents fondle and spoil them most effectually, and, at the same time, never lose their control over them."

The liquor problem has not yet assumed the proportions in Japan that it has with us. The tame diet of the people, our author tells us, does not tend to produce violent appetites. It must not, however, be supposed that total abstinence is the rule; neither,



VIEW OF THE THIRD TERRACE, NIKKO TEMPLES.—(NATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.)

Some notion of school-teaching, its difficulties and characteristics, is imparted. Sketches are given of the principal cities and chief points of interest of the country. And, of greater moment than these, we learn of the social problems in Japan, and of the progress of missionary labour among this wonderful people. It

soft rushes, and are bordered with silken edges." Accordingly, in our eyes, a native house would seem very scantily furnished.

The cost of a Japanese house is small; one of three rooms can be built for a sum ranging between twenty-five to one hundred dollars, the furniture costing some fifty dollars additional. There are no doors, their place being supplied by sliding partitions of a not overly strong or thick material. The houses are heated by little braziers, or small square wooden boxes filled with ashes, upon which a few small pieces of red-hot charcoal rest. It is no

Frequent bathing, in water of a high temperature, is a habit of the Japanese. The bath is heated by a charcoal furnace, connected with one side of the tub. It is not always deemed needful to change the water for each bather, and guests at hotels find it difficult to secure absolute privacy during their ablutions.

Writing of the social condition of the Japanese, Mr. Maclay expresses the conviction "that, generally speaking, the Japanese men make kind and affectionate husbands, and the women make virtuous and exemplary wives and mothers, and the children are

when practised, that it is practised from principle. Public holidays, especially New Year's Day, are made the occasion of intoxication, and drunkenness is then common. Wine is not native to Japan. Beer, ale, porter and brandy have never been made. But the Japanese soon acquire a taste for these products of our civilization (?), and the need for prohibitory legislation will undoubtedly be felt in the near future. *Sake* is the native intoxicant. It produces drunkenness, mild compared with ours, but real enough in all conscience. But Mr. Maclay was not aware that *delirium tremens* was known in the

\* A Budget of Letters from Japan. Reminiscences of Work and Travel in Japan. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY, A.M., LL.B., formerly Instructor of English in the Keio Gakko-Rio, Tokio. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. 391 pages. Illustrated.

empire. Smoking, though not uncommon, is reduced to a genteel art. But minute quantities are smoked at a time, and only a couple of whiffs are taken at once.

The Spanish Jesuits were the first Christian missionaries who went to Japan. They began their labours in 1549, and in half a century counted their nominal converts by the thousands. But the mischief-making propensity of this sect soon manifested itself. Through interfering with things temporal, intriguing and conspiracy, the Jesuits brought banishment on themselves and so aroused public indignation against Christianity that, in 1587, a decree for the extermination of all Christians was published, a decree which, a few years ago, was found by Protestant missionaries upon every public place in the empire.

With slight exceptions Japan remained a closed country to all the world from the end of the sixteenth century until the middle of the nineteenth. In 1853 two treaty-ports were opened to American trade, and in 1858 six treaty-ports became open to foreigners, to whom liberty to reside at these ports was given.

Under these conditions, Protestant Christianity began its labours in the "Flowery Kingdom." The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States sent its first missionary in 1859. In 1867 the number of missionaries increased, and the people, beginning to distinguish between Romanism and Protestantism, gave more attention to the truth. In 1873 the grand influx of all denominations occurred, new stations were formed, and a brighter day dawned for Japan.

It was in 1873 that our own Church sent its first heralds to this distant field, the opening of which has been of such large blessing to the work at home. In April, 1886, we had 591 members, an increase of 144 over the previous year. We had also, at that date, nine missionaries, male and female (since when the staff has been increased), seven organized churches, five ordained native ministers, seven on probation, and eleven young hired local preachers, who are being tested before being received on probation.

No missionary field offers larger opportunities for faithful toil. Men and money will be needed in much more liberal supply than hitherto furnished, if, as a Church, we are to do our work as we should; and failure to "go forward" in the Master's name is to merit the condemnation of God and the contempt of our fellows.

To close up every saloon door, brewery, beer garden, variety theatre, negro minstrel show, and other places where people spend their money for that which is not bread, would be equivalent to opening all the mills and workshops and setting every man to work at better wages than he has ever received before.

### Three Thoughts.

Come in, Sweet Thought, come in;  
Why linger at the door?  
Is it because a shape of sin  
Defiled the place before?  
'Twas but a moment there;  
I chased it soon away;  
Behold my breast is clean and bare—  
Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay.  
The Sweet Thought said me, "No;  
I love not such a room,  
Where uncouth inmates come and go,  
And back, unbidden, come.  
I rather make my cell  
From ill resort secure,  
Where love and lovely fancies dwell  
In bosoms virgin-pure."

O Pure Thought, then I said,  
Come thou, and bring with thee  
This dainty sweetness, fancy bred,  
That flots my house and me.  
No peevish pride hast thou,  
Nor turnest glance of scorn  
On aught the laws of life allow  
In man or woman born.  
Said he, "No place for us  
Is here; and, be it known,  
You dwell where ways are perilous  
For them that walk alone;  
There needs the surer road,  
The fresher sprinkled floor,  
Else are we not for your abode"—  
And turned him from my door.

Then, in my utmost need,  
O Holy Thought, I cried,  
Come thou, that cleanseth will and deed,  
And in my breast abide.  
"Yea, sinner, that will I,  
And presently begin;"  
And ere the heart had heaved its sigh  
The guest divine came in,  
As in the pest house ward  
The prompt physician stands,  
As in the leagured castle yard  
The warden with his bands,  
"Ho stood, and said, "My task  
Is here, and here my home;  
And here am I, who only ask  
That I be asked to come."

See how in huddling flight  
The ranks of darkness run,  
Exhale and perish in the light  
Streamed from the risen sun;  
How, but a drop infuse  
Within the turbid bowl  
Of some elixir's virtuous juice,  
It straight makes clear the whole;  
So from before his face  
The fainting phantoms went,  
And, in a fresh and sunny place,  
My soul sat down content;  
For mark and understand  
My ailment and my cure—  
Love came and brought me, in his hand,  
The Sweet Thought and the Pure.  
—*Littell's Living Age.*

### Young Men and Tobacco.

THE use of tobacco puts a serious obstacle in the way of the success of a young man. There is no employment to which it recommends him; there are many employments in connection with which it was a formidable or a fatal difficulty. The use of tobacco is rarely, indeed, a predisposing term in favour of a young man with anybody; while in many cases, even with those who themselves use it, its use is a decisive objection when any position of delicate trust is under consideration. It lowers, both directly and by association, in very many minds, the sense of soundness and strength which they wish to connect with a young man whom they are to

encounter constantly in important relations.

Rarely, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to a temperate use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and grateful one to a young man in whom he was interested. How many fathers would give this counsel to sons? How very many, on the other hand, out of their own experience, would give with great urgency the opposite advice? A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on boys and young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the voice of their elders for their virtues, their errors for their excellencies. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, so succulent of moral malaria, without the habit, finds nothing in it to appeal to his growing judgment and experience.

The expense of this habit is an important and uncompensated burden on any young man. A wise economy is a universal condition of success. Here is an economy large enough to be of itself of considerable importance; one which in no way interferes with progress and self-improvement; and one which tends to remove the temptations to indolence and wastefulness in many directions.

The funds which a young man addicted to the use of tobacco devotes to this end, are quite sufficient, if he is without wealth, to reduce seriously his chances of success in business; while this form of expenditure will often anticipate for him very desirable outlays for social and intellectual improvement. He often chooses between this one habit, with its unfavourable associations, and a large variety of truly valuable attainments to be won at a much higher rate.—*President John Bascom.*

### Mrs. Crossman's Dream.

BY REV. N. R. KNIGHT, A.B.

ONE Sabbath morning in March, 18—, I was on my way to a regular fortnightly preaching appointment some seven miles from home. I was not in a very happy frame of mind. The sun was shining brightly, so brightly that the glistening snow made my eyes ache, and I was compelled now and then to close them, and proceed awhile by faith rather than by sight. The state of affairs in my soul was very much the same. I was not fully content to walk by faith from day to day and from year to year. I wanted to see where I was going and what I was doing. I was nearing the end of my ministry in that neighbourhood. A few weeks would terminate it. My work had been hard, the results as yet were very small, especially at the appointment to which I was then driving. I felt rather down-hearted at the thought of leaving so soon, with so little accomplished. My prayer was that my sermon that morning might be blessed.

Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind as my good horse plodded along through the alternate mud and snow-banks.

I had come in sight of the school-house where I expected to preach, when a young man, Crossman by name, met me at his gate with a look on his face as though someone had left him a fortune. Indeed, I don't believe that any fortune could make a man look so happy. His first words were:

"Mr. K—, come in and see my wife; she's converted."

I needed no second invitation. I went in, and what a change I saw. Mrs. Crossman had not been married many years. She had two small children. She had been a good living woman, industrious; a loving wife and fond mother, yet had manifested very little interest in religion. But what a change! The light that never was on land or sea was in her eyes. She had found the Saviour indeed, to the great joy of her soul.

"Well, Mrs. Crossman," I said, "how did all this come about? What led you to seek the blessed change?"

"O Mr. K—, it was last night I had a dream. I thought the Lord himself stood before me. And he said he would take away Roy and the baby, because I was not a Christian woman, and I was not fit to teach them and lead them to him. And he said it in such a sorrowful way, as if it almost broke his heart to have to do it. And I woke up in an awful way, and I made up my mind that I would have religion if it could be got. Then Henry went for uncle and aunt, and they all prayed with me, and I prayed and cried to the Lord to have mercy upon my soul, until he seemed to come in and drive all the darkness away. And by his help I'm going to be a Christian woman, and teach the children about Jesus, and be a help to Henry in his religion."

It was "glad tidings" to me. We knelt and thanked the dear Saviour, and prayed that Mrs. Crossman's conversion might be the beginning of good times in that community.

And so it proved. After that morning's sermon in the school-house, several arose for prayer. In spite of the bad roads we held special services, and special services they were, too, for three or four weeks, until nearly all the unconverted in the community were brought to the Saviour.

I am not superstitious as to dreams, but the Bible teaches us that God employed them sometimes to convey warnings or revelations to his people. And certainly in the case here related the dream, with a definite purpose, is not only a scientific fact, but was followed by blessed results. In itself and in its fruit none can fail to see its origin.

LITTLE YORK, P.E.I.

WE stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

## The People's Curse.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN.

CURSE of the land!—of every clime  
Where thou dominion hast,  
What havoc dire to thee is done  
Throughout thy fearful past!

The shattered lives and scattered homes  
Which thou hast rent and riven,  
For vengeance and for aid divine  
Send piercing cries to heav'n.

The marriage bells and marriage vows  
Are beautiful to hear,  
And each response devoutly breathed  
Falls sweet upon the ear.

A thousand blessings with them go  
As they from us depart;  
Their wedded lives seem truly one,  
In look and word and heart.

Yet ere one little year has sped,  
He falls within thy spell,  
And then her little paradise  
Becomes a dreaded hell.

His smile is banished for a frown,  
Each day his love grows less,  
And in the end she but receives  
A curse for a caress!

It cannot be that precious lives,  
And souls more precious still,  
Shall in the future as the past  
Be given thee to kill.

Enfranchised millions ev'rywhere  
Now freely think and vote,  
Yet still the demon fiend of drink  
Holds nations by the throat!

'Neath ev'ry sky thy victims swarm,  
They poison every land;  
As countless as are drops of rain,  
Or grains of shining sand.

A day of doom must come ere long,  
When men thy bonds shall burst,  
And give deliverance to a world  
By thee for ages curst.

There is the rushing of a wind  
Already heard around,  
Which in the fury of its wrath,  
Shall hurl thee to the ground.

Run riot yet awhile in crime,  
Scorch all the earth with fire,  
Then, in the zenith of thy power,  
With one wild shriek expire!

## Last Days of Chas. Wesley.

In old age Charles Wesley rode a little white horse, grey with age. It appears to have been brought every morning from the foundry—an arrangement which its master did not like, but which it was impossible to avoid. He was somewhat stouter than his brother, but not corpulent. Henry Moore says that he wore winter clothing even in summer. When he mounted his horse, "if a subject struck him, he proceeded to expand it and put it in order. This he used to write on a card in short hand with his pencil." Not infrequently he used to come to the house in City Road, and, having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out, "Pen and ink! pen and ink!" When these were given him, he proceeded to write out his hymn. This done, he looked around on those present, saluted them with much kindness, inquired after their health, and then gave out some short hymn.

What impression he produced on

strangers may be understood from William Wilberforce's account of his first interview with the venerable poet, at the house of Hannah More. He says: "I went, in 1782, to see her, and when I came into the room Charles Wesley rose from the table, around which a numerous company sat at tea, and, coming forward to me, gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst in tears, unable to restrain myself."

When City Road Chapel was built, Charles Wesley preached there or in some other Methodist chapel every Sunday morning and afternoon, except when he was supplying the congregations in Bristol, or was laid aside from his growing infirmities. His ministry was solemn and awakening, yet full of tenderness for the mourners. When in good health and under the special influence of the Spirit, as he often was, he was fluent and powerful. He used short, pointed sentences, full of Scripture sentiment and phraseology. "In prayer he was copious and mighty, especially on sacramental occasions, when he seemed to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus." If his thoughts did not flow freely, he was very deliberate in the pulpit, making long pauses as though waiting for the Spirit's influence. "In such cases he usually preached with his eyes closed; he fumbled with his hands about his breast, leaned with his elbows upon the Bible, and his whole body was in motion. He was often so feeble as to be under the necessity of calling upon his congregation to sing in the course of his sermon, that he might partially recover himself, and be able to finish his discourse." Till within a few months of his death he continued his ministry in the London chapels.

Every lover of Charles Wesley's poetry has been touched by the dying effort of his muse. For some time he had been lying quietly on his bed. At last he called for Mrs. Wesley, and asked her to write the following lines at his dictation:

"In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem;  
Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
O could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!"

On Saturday, the 29th of March, his happy spirit fled. Through the whole week the restlessness of death had been on him. He slept much, without refreshment. On Tuesday and Wednesday, he was not entirely sensible. His end was what he particularly wished it might be—peace. "No fiend," he said to his wife, "was permitted to approach him." Someone observed that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed. "Not with Christ," was his answer. He spoke to all his children with affection and hope of their salvation. Samuel Bradburn sat up with him the night but one

before his death. His mind was calm as a summer evening. On the Saturday all the family stood round his bed. The last words which they could catch from his lips were, "Lord, my heart, my God!" With his hand lying in his daughter's, the old saint passed home so gently that the watchers did not know when the spirit fled. It was afterwards ascertained that John Wesley was in Shropshire, and at the moment of his brother's death he and his congregation were singing Charles Wesley's hymn:—

"One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow:  
Part of his host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now."

—The Quiver.

## The Maiden's Song.

BY CHAPLAIN HENRY D. HIPPEL, U. S. N.

I SAW a maiden young and fair,  
At evening's quiet close,  
A flow'ret bloomed in her dark hair,  
And on her cheek the rose.  
She sang a song in plaintive strain,  
With mien of sage or seer;  
The echoes of the sweet refrain  
Still linger on my ear:  
"I fear not death; I love not earth,  
'Tis full of toil and pain;  
The soul is of celestial birth,  
To die in Christ is gain."

When a few days had floated by  
A down life's solemn main,  
I saw that gentle maiden lie  
Upon a couch of pain;  
The damp of death was on her brow,  
Her cheek had lost its bloom—  
"What is it," said I, "cheers thee now  
So near the voiceless tomb?"  
I bent down o'er the dying bed  
To hear the maid's reply;  
In whispered words she sweetly said,  
"I do not fear to die!"  
And while my own lips moved in prayer,  
Her eye beamed as of yore,  
And faintly on the evening air,  
She breathed her song once more:  
"I fear not death, I love not earth,  
'Tis full of toil and pain;  
The soul is of celestial birth,  
To die in Christ is gain!"

The fleeting years have passed away  
Like cloud-specks from the sky,  
Since on the summer evening day  
I saw that maiden die;  
Yet sometimes in the crowded throng,  
And sometimes when alone,  
I fancy that I hear the song,  
The sweet familiar tone—  
"I fear not death; I love not earth,  
'Tis full of toil and pain;  
The soul is of celestial birth,  
To die in Christ is gain!"

PATRIOTISM, humanity and religion all demand that you join this conquest against the saloon. Get on the right side, the strong side, God's side.

A VERY aged lady and gentleman were seen walking on one of our thoroughfares recently, the latter a little in advance of the former in crossing the street. He came very near being run over, and the lady shouted in notes of warning, "Willie! Willie!" It seemed odd to hear an octogenarian addressed by this pet name, but she had probably always called him thus, and he was the same "Willie" to her that he was sixty years ago.

## The Dingy Sod-House of Dakota.

I PASSED it far out on the prairie,  
The house of necessity born;  
No lines of its dinginess vary,  
So sombre, so dark, so forlorn.

It is bounded by measureless acres;  
Not a fence or a tree is in sight;  
But, though plain as the dress of the Quakers,  
It stands in the sun's broadest light.

The badger near by makes his burrow,  
The gopher his hallow of soil,  
And plows, with their mile-lengths of furrow,  
Go round it with infinite toil.

A well-urb, a washbench, a woman,  
With poultry and pigs, are outside;  
The clothes-line is wondrously human  
In look, and the vista—how wide!

You can go to the sunrise or "sundown"  
In straight lines, the left or the right,  
And leagues of long level are run down  
Before you escape from its sight.

The roof is well thatched with coarse grasses;  
A stovepipe peers out to the sky.  
'Tis a picture whose plainness surpasses  
All objects that challenge the eye.

Twisted hay serves its owner for fuel;  
He twists it at once by the roar  
Of a hay-fire, which parries the cruel,  
Harsh bite of the wind at the door.

Sometimes in an ocean of colour  
(In summer 'tis yellow or green)  
It stands. In November a duller  
Broad carpet about it is seen.

In winter, while blasts from the prairie  
Bring "blizzards" that cease not to blow,  
'Tis as warm as an isle of Canary,  
Deep under the tempest and snow.

—Harper's Magazine.

## Here and Hereafter.

THE Duke of Hamilton, it is said, had two sons. The older one was, of course, the heir of the dukedom and of the estate, but he was stricken with consumption. Two or three Presbyterian ministers visited him, and they asked him: "What is your hope and your expectation?" And he bade them take a little Testament out from under his pillow, and read the verse that he had marked: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." "There," said he, "stop there; leave me in the contemplation of that crown which the Lord Jesus has promised to give me in that day." He sent for his brother, and took an affectionate adieu of him, finally uttering these words: "Douglass, a short time, and the estate will be yours; but remember one thing, when you are a duke, I shall be a king; when you are in the possession of the estates, I shall come into an everlasting possession, the inheritance which Christ has promised to all his children."

THE *Daily Herald*, of Chicago, after a careful estimate, computes that the cost of the intoxicating drinks annually consumed in the saloons of that city is \$30,000,000, much the larger portion of which comes out of the pockets of labouring men.



**The Ten Commandments.**

1. Thou shalt have no gods but me ;
2. Before no idol bow the knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day of me
5. Give both thy parents honour due ;
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's, dare not covet.

How many children say,  
 "I'd like to go to heaven ;"  
 But never think that they  
 Must have their sins forgiven ;  
 Before they can in glory be,  
 Or Jesus in his beauty see.

**PRAYER.**

Jesus! take this heart of mine,  
 Make it pure and wholly thine ;  
 Thou hast bled and died for me,  
 I will henceforth live for thee.

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**Home and School**

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

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**Canadian Missionaries in Japan.**

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE BY A MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION.

WE have received from an English Baptist missionary at Tokyo, Japan, the following testimony to the service rendered by Dr. D. Macdonald, Canadian Methodist missionary, labouring in that field:—

(To the Editor of *The Globe*.)

Sir,—The Canadian Methodists have laid Japan under a lasting obligation, through the agency of the splendid staff of missionaries by whom they are represented here. They are strong in their evangelistic work, no less than in the educational department, and have cause for fervent gratitude because of success already achieved. But it is not only Japan and the Japanese who are indebted to the self-sacrifice and

generosity of Canadian Methodism; for the entire missionary band acknowledges the same debt. For the past seven years and more Dr. Macdonald has been labouring in Tokyo in the name of his honoured mission, and has made himself the best known and most popular of all the missionaries and foreign residents here. He is respected and trusted alike in the legations and in the homes of the poor, is necessary alike to Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopalian missions, bearing friendly comfort, physician's healing and brotherly counsel wherever he goes. His work has been most varied and he has seemed ubiquitous, though always bent on errands of helpfulness and utility. Wherever good was to be done and sound sense was needed, Dr. Macdonald has been looked to as a leader, and whenever pain and disease have stricken the family of a brother missionary, Dr. Macdonald has been in prompt and generous attendance. Now that he has gone for a twelve months' holiday, our sense of security is shaken, for he had the confidence of all. It was but a short while ago that a presentation was made to him by the many whom he has obliged, at no small personal sacrifice. During the cholera epidemic of last summer he alone of the few foreign doctors in Tokyo remained at his post and so had the care of the foreign community. It is an open secret that he was constantly experiencing symptoms of the disease himself, yet he was always devoted to those who sought his aid. Night and day he was running from one distant part of the city to another, summoned sometimes from much-needed rest by the baseless fears of those under the influence of the panic. The Japanese, of course, were removed to the cholera hospital whenever they were affected by that disease; but this regulation did not affect foreign residents or the Tsukiji concession; and some of the sufferers here succumbed, while many were brought through the attack only with the greatest difficulty.

No one expects the cholera to return this year, but all foreigners here commend Dr. Macdonald to the hearty welcome of his friends at home, pray for his preservation during his tour, for his recovery to health, and for his speedy return hither; for we all alike recognize in him a member of God's Legion of Honour.

*One Half-Million Temperance Tracts* in the German and Scandinavian languages have just been published by the National Foreign Department of W. C. T. U. They have also Tracts in the Polish, Holland, Italian, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and it is hoped that every church and Temperance Society will send for some *at once* for distribution. A sample package will be sent for 10 cents, and 1000 pages for one dollar. Address all orders to National Department of Foreign Work, Lock Box 837, Minneapolis, Minn.



GLIMPSE OF CHIUSENJI LAKE, JAPAN.

**The White Cross.**

AN association was formed a few years ago in England, children, called the "White Cross Society." It has now a number of branches in this country. Its object is to promote social purity. It aims, that is, to lead all who belong to it, and all others whom it can reach—boys and girls, men and women—to entire purity in thought, in speech, and in action.

This is a very important matter, and I want you all to read what I here say about it. Of course I am talking here only to the children. Older persons will find discussions of the subject elsewhere.

There are a great many temptations to impurity which children are constantly meeting. Girls, fortunately, are not so much exposed to these temptations as are boys. But it is hard, even for the most watchful parents, always to shield even them. There are bad children in school, whose language is too often foul and whose actions are too often disgraceful. There are bad books and low story-papers smuggled into school or displayed on the playground. Sometimes the reading of these wretched things is urged upon one child by another.

Now there are two or three things which you can always do, children, so as to keep yourselves from being injured by these evil companions or evil things. If your schoolmates use bad language, if their speech is at all impure, you must have just as little to do with them as possible. Be courteous to them, of course, when you meet them in connection with school duties. But you do not need to associate with them in hours of recreation. It is your only way of safety. You must leave it to older persons to try to influence them for good. Your association with them will not benefit them and it will hurt you.

Then if bad books or papers come into your hands from any source, don't read them. It will not take more than

a glance for you to see whether a book or paper is bad. If you even think from the source from whence it comes, that it may be bad, then do not examine it yourself. Ask your father or mother or teacher to tell you whether it is fit for you to read. I know the power of curiosity. I know how strong is the temptation to see things for yourself. But, dear child, do not yield to it. You would call that foolish curiosity which led a baby to feel the end of a red-hot poker. But these bad books and papers burn into the imagination, and it is almost impossible to remove the scars. You will be safe if you refer every questionable thing of this sort to some older person in whom you have confidence.

And then, once more, you need to pray to God to keep you from being brought under the power of this temptation. Ask God, dear child, to keep you pure. You remember that beautiful one of the Beatitudes, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." If your heart is pure, if evil thoughts are kept out of it, you will be able even now to understand better what God's pure and holy character is, and so you will really see God.

Is it not worth a great deal to keep thoughts, speech, and actions pure?

Remember that it takes very little to defile. You put a single, tiny drop of ink into a glass of pure, clean water, and all the water is discoloured. A single evil thought, if it is harboured, defiles the soul. You need to be on your guard constantly. You need to set a watch on your thoughts, on the words you speak, on the things you do, that all may be pure. God, your loving Heavenly Father, will give you all the aid you need for this if you ask him. But remember to ask him to keep your heart pure.—*Selected.*

SOCIETY has no moral right to regulate nor protect an evil, but to remove it.



RUINS OF THE CITADEL OF AIDZU CASTLE.—NATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

### "The Lower Orders."

Who are "the lower orders?"

Not those who toil all day,  
And for fair wages give good work,  
As honest workmen may,  
Faithful to wife, and kind to child,  
And true to self and God;  
Such men are of the noblest  
Who life's rough paths have trod!

These are the higher orders,  
The self-restrained and strong,  
Too great to yield to selfishness,  
Too proud to do the wrong,  
Who copy Christ of Nazareth,  
And live and toil as he,  
And claim their rights as freemen  
Since he has made them free.

Noble, not low, although they live  
In houses small and mean,  
Are these, the masters of themselves,  
With heart and conscience clean;  
With brave eyes lifted unabashed,  
With courage to endure;  
These are our blest and happiest,  
For "Blessed are the pure."

Men talk about "the masses,"  
And call them "lowly born,"  
But many are more worthy  
Of reverence than scorn.  
Ah! those of wealth and place might learn  
Of these heroic ones;  
And well for good old England  
Were these her only sons!

But of "the lower orders,"  
Enough and hosts to spare  
Has England for her sorrow,  
And have we all for care.  
The idle and the dissolute,  
The cowardly and base;  
Alas for countries and for homes  
That have to give them space!

They are "the lower orders"  
Who practice low deceit;  
The drones in hives of industry,  
The loungers in the street,  
The self-indulgent sons of vice,  
The sullen and untrue;  
Whose useless hands are stretched to take,  
But are not skilled to do.

There are no "lower orders"  
But these, the self-made low;  
Men are despised, and scorned, because  
They choose to have it so.  
Unworthiness, not poverty,  
Alone supplies the ban,  
Which keeps the hand of fellowship  
Of man from brother-man.

Cannot we lift the low ones  
Up to a fairer height?  
O! Love shall be the teacher,  
And God will speed the right.  
His heaven has room enough for all,  
Salvation is for each;  
Let us go down in loving quest  
These lowest ones to reach.  
—Marianne Farningham.

### A Summer Tour in Europe.

MANY persons would make a tour through the historic lands of Europe if they knew the best route to take, and could compute the exact cost, and were assured of pleasant companionship, and relieved of the worries of bargaining in an unfamiliar language with extortionate hotel proprietors and cab-men. Dr. Withrow, in response to numerous requests, has arranged to meet just these conditions. He will undertake to personally conduct a party of not less than twenty persons through the most picturesque and interesting route of Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, up the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland and France, including twelve days stay in London, and six in Paris. The trip will occupy eleven weeks, and the entire cost, except laundry and ship-steward's gratuity (which is optional), will be \$450. Carriage drives will be provided in London, Paris, Brussels, Heidelberg, and over the Brunig and Tête Noir Passes in Switzerland, and from Chamouny to Geneva. All travel will be strictly first-class by steamship and railway, and the party will stop at only first-class hotels. For particulars address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

"WINE-DRINKING," says Augustine, "is the mother of all mischief, the root of crimes, the spring of vices, the whirlwind of the brain, the overthrow of the sense, the tempest of the tongue, the ruin of the body, the shame of life, the stain of honesty, and the plague and corruption of the soul." What would he have said if he could have seen the effects of whiskey-drinking?

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

### II.

TO DAY I had a great pleasure. Last Sunday we went to a chapel in Bury Street, and heard a venerable old minister called Dr. Watts preach. It was a sermon on safety in death, to comfort parents who had lost little children. And I am sure it must have comforted any one; it went so far into the sorrow with the balm. He spoke of this world as like a garden in a cold place, from which God, like a careful gardener, took the tender plants into his own house before the winter came to spoil them. Yet sweet and touching as it all was for those whose hearts were already awake to listen, there was nothing of the rousing, penetrating tones which awaken those whose hearts are slumbering.

The good old man spoke so tenderly I thought he must have felt it all himself. But Aunt Henderson says he is a student and an old bachelor.

And to-day she took me to see the place where he lives. It is a beautiful park belonging to Sir William and Lady Abney at Stoke Newington. And there, five and thirty years ago, they brought Dr. Watts to be their guest for a week when he was lonely, and poor, and in delicate health. And they have kept him there ever since, caring for him like a son, and reverencing him like a father. He has nice rooms of his own; and they always are grateful when he joins their circle, so that he can have as much solitude and as much company as he likes, and have the good of riches without the responsibilities, and many of the pleasures of the family circle without the cares.

It seems to me such a beautiful use to make of riches. The holy man's presence must make their house like a temple; and when the dear aged form has passed away, I think they will find that the garden-walks, where he used to converse with them, and the trees

under which he used to sit, and the flowers he enjoyed, will have something of the fragrance of Eden left on them.

So they have their reward; yet not all of it. There will be more to come when they see our Lord, and he will thank them for taking care of his servants.

Dr. Watts writes such beautiful hymns. They have not the long winding music of John Milton's hymn on the "Nativity," or Bishop Taylor's in the "Golden Grove;" but they have a point and sweetness about them which I like as much, especially when one thinks that the very best thing in what they sing of is that it is true, for ever true. I shall never forget one they sang last Sunday at chapel:—

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

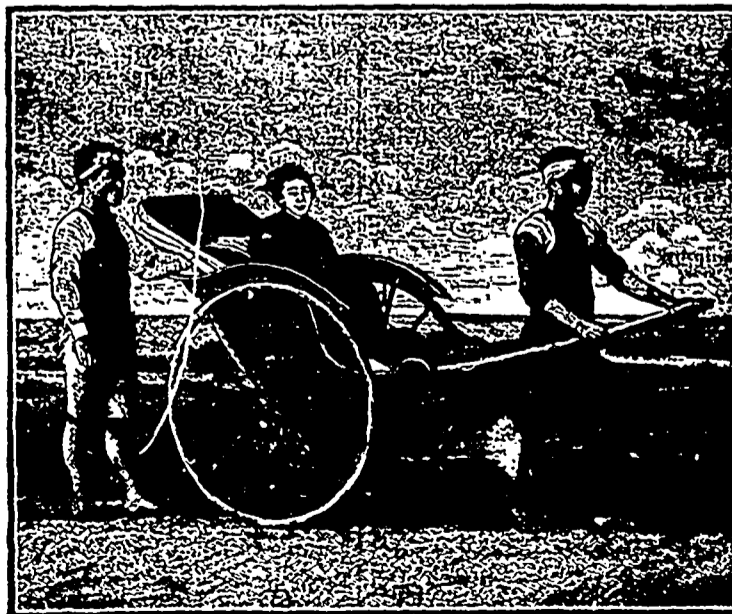
"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God!  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

It made the chapel seem as beautiful to me as any cathedral while they sang it, because one seemed to look through it straight into heaven, where our Lord is. And anything which helps us to do that makes it matter so little whether what we look through is a white-washed ceiling or a dome like St. Paul's. And then the comfort is, the poor can understand it as well as the most learned.

While we were at Abney Park, a consumptive-looking minister from Northampton was there, a great friend of Dr. Watts. Lady Abney had just brought him from London in her coach, a gentle, thoughtful-looking man called Dr. Doddridge. He also writes beautiful hymns, they say.



THE UBIQUITOUS JINRIKISHA.

To-morrow I am to leave Aunt Henderson to stay with Aunt Beauchamp at the West End of the town, in Great Ormond Street. Aunt Henderson has been talking to me very seriously about the dangers to which I shall be exposed. She says poor Aunt Beauchamp's is a thoroughly careless family, and they live quite in "the world."

They were all so kind to me when I left Hackney, I felt very sorry to go, and should have grieved more, had not the leave-taking been like a half-way house on the journey to my dear home.

Aunt Henderson gave me a little book with a very long name, which she hoped would prove, at all events, more profitable reading than Bishop Taylor.

When I reached Great Ormond Street, the butler said my lady was still in her chamber, but had directed that I should be shown up to her at once. I thought this very affectionate of Aunt Beauchamp, and stepped very softly, as when mother has a headache, expecting to enter a sick-chamber.

But, to my surprise, Aunt Beauchamp was sitting at her toilette, in a wrapper more magnificent than Aunt Henderson's Sunday silk. And the chamber was much more magnificent than the best parlor at Hackney, with a carpet soft as velvet, and all kinds of china monsters, on gilded brackets, and rich damask chairs and cushions; not stiffly set up, like Aunt Henderson's, as if it was the business of life to keep them in order, but thrown lavishly about, as if by accident, like the mere overflow of some fairy horn of plenty. Two very elaborately dressed gentlemen were sitting opposite her; what seemed to me a beautifully dressed lady was arranging her hair in countless small curls; while a shapeless white poodle was curled up in her lap; and a black page was standing in the background, feeding a chattering parrot.

It startled me very much; but Aunt Beauchamp, after surveying me rather critically for a moment or two, as I made a profound courtesy, held out two fingers for me to kiss, and, patting me on the cheek, said, "As rosy as ever, Kitty; the roses in your cheeks must make up for the russet in your gown. A little country cousin of mine," she said, introducing me in a kind of parenthetical way to the gentlemen in laced coats.

One of the gentlemen looked at me through an eye-glass, as if I had been a long way off, which made me indignant, and took away my shyness. The other, in a sky-blue coat, who seemed to me rather old, rose, and with an elaborate bow offered me a chair, and hoped it would be long before I withdrew the light of my presence again from the town. "The planets," he observed, looking at Aunt Beauchamp, "naturally gathered around the sun."

Aunt Beauchamp gave a little girlish laugh, tapping him lightly with her fan, called him a "mad fellow," and bade me go and seek my Cousin Evelyn.

It seemed to me very strange to see these elderly people amusing themselves in this way, like old-fashioned children.

I found Cousin Evelyn in dishabille, not elaborate, but real, in her room, one hand holding a novel which she was reading, the other stroking the head of a great stag-hound which stood with his paws on her knee.

Her greeting was not very cordial; it was kind, but her large penetrating eyes kept investigating me as they had on our journey from Bath. Having finished her toilette and dismissed her maid, she said, "What made you stay so long at Hackney? Did you not find it very dull?"

It had never occurred to me whether it was dull or not, and I had to question myself before I could answer.

"You need not be afraid to tell me what you think," she said. "Mamma thinks Aunt Henderson a self-satisfied Pharisee; and Aunt Henderson thinks us all publicans and sinners; so there is not much communication between the families. Besides, I suppose you know that the distance between America and England is nothing to that between the east and the west of London; so that, if we wished it ever so much, it would be impossible for us to meet often."

"I am not afraid to tell you anything, Cousin Evelyn," I said; "but I never thought very much if it was dull. It was of no use. I had to be there; and although, of course, it could not be like home, they were all very kind to me."

"And now you *have to be here*," she replied; "and I suppose you will not think whether it is dull or not, but still go on enduring your fate like a martyr."

"I am not a martyr," I said; "but you know it is impossible to feel anywhere quite as one does at home." And I had some difficulty in keeping back the tears, her manner seemed to me so abrupt and unjust.

Then suddenly her tone changed. She rose, and seating herself on a footstool at my feet, took one of my hands in both of hers, and said, "You must not mind me. I think I shall like you. And I always say what I like. I am only a child, you see," she added, with a little curl of her lip. "Mamma will never be more than thirty; therefore, of course, I can never be more than ten."

I could not help colouring, to hear her speak so of her mother; and yet I could not tell how to contradict her.

She always saw in a moment what one does not like, and she turned the subject, saying very gently, "Tell me about your home. I should like to hear about it. You seem so fond of it."

At first it seemed as if there were nothing to tell. Every one and everything at home are naturally so bound up with my heart, that to talk of it seemed like taking up a bit of myself and looking at it.

But Evelyn drew me on, from one thing to another, until it seemed as if, having once begun, I could never finish. When I spoke of mother, a tender, wistful look came over her face, and for the first time I saw how beautiful and soft her eyes were.

Evelyn next gave herself, with real interest, to the inspection of my wardrobe.

It seemed almost like sacrilege to see the things which had cost mother so much thought and pains treated with the imperfectly concealed contempt which curled my cousin's lips as she unfolded one carefully packed article after another. My best Sunday bonnet brought a very comical twist into her face; but the worst of all was when I unpinned my very best new dress, which had been constructed with infinite contrivance out of mother's wedding dress, Evelyn's polite self-restraint gave way, and she laughed. It was very seldom she gave any token of being amused, beyond a dry, comical smile; and now her rare, ringing laugh seemed to discompose Dragon, the stag-hound, as much as it did me.

She gave him a parenthetical pat, and then, looking up in my face I suppose saw the foolish tears that would gather in my eyes.

"You and Dragon seem aggrieved," she said. "I am afraid I have touched on sacred ground, Cousin Kitty. You seem very fond of your things."

"It is not the things," I said; "but mother and all of us thought they were so nice."

I could not tell her it was mother's wedding-dress. Rich people, who can buy everything they want immediately they want it, at any shop, and throw it aside when they get tired, can have no idea of the little loving sacrifices, the tender plannings, the self denials, the willing toils, the tearful pleasures, that are interwoven into the household possessions of the poor. To Evelyn my wardrobe was a bad copy of the fashions;—to me every bit of it was a bit of home, sacred with mother's thoughts, contriving for me night and day, with the touch of her busy fingers working for me, with the quiet delight in her eyes as she surveyed me at last arrayed in them, and smoothed down the folds with her delicate neat hands, and then contemplated me from a distance with a combination of the satisfaction of a mother in her child and an artist in his finished work. I could not say all this with a steady voice, but she only laughed, and said,—

"We must send for my milliner."

"But mother thought it so nice, Cousin Evelyn," I said at length; "I could not bear to have what she took such pains with pulled to pieces."

She looked up at me again with the soft, wistful look in her eyes, folded the precious dress together as reverently as I could have done, and, laying it on the trunk, said very gently,—

"Do not think any more about it, Cousin Kitty. I will manage it all."

At church Aunt Beauchamp encountered many of her little court, and distributed her nods and smiles and her deprecatory glances, as at a play.

During the Psalms people made profound courtesies to their neighbours in the next pews; and during the Litany there was a general fluttering of fans and application of smelling-bottles, as if the confessing ourselves miserable sinners were too much for the nerves of the congregation. But then it occurred to me that I was a careless as anyone, or I should have known nothing of what the rest of the congregation were about; and it was a comfort to confess it in the words of the Litany. Afterwards I stood up, and was beginning to join with all my heart in the Psalm, when Evelyn tapped me lightly, and whispered, "No one sings but the professional choir." Then I noticed that several people were looking at me with considerable amusement, and I felt very much ashamed of my own voice, and then felt ashamed of being ashamed.

The sermon was on the impropriety of being righteous overmuch; and every one said, as they met and exchanged greetings in the porch, that it was a most elegant and able discourse. It was a pity some of the Methodist fanatics could not hear it. Afterwards many important arrangements were made as to card-parties and balls for the ensuing week, or for Sunday evening itself.

On our way home Aunt Beauchamp said to me, "My dear child, you really must not say the responses so emphatically, especially those about our being miserable sinners. People will think you have done something really very wrong, instead of being a sinner in a general way, as of course, we all must expect to be."

There seems such a heavy weight of emptiness about the life here. The rigidity of Aunt Henderson's laws seems to me liberty compared with the endless drifting of this life without laws. In the morning the toilette, with the levee of visitors, the eager discussions about the colour of head-dresses and the shape of hoops. In the evening a number of beautifully-dressed people, paying elaborate compliments to their present acquaintances, or elaborately dissecting the characters of their absent acquaintances—the only groups really in earnest being apparently those around the card-tables, who not unfrequently fall into something very like quarrelling.

This kind of living by the day surely cannot be the right kind—this filling up of every day with trifles, from brim to brim, as if every day were a separate life, and every trifle a momentous question.

When our Saviour told us to live by the day, he meant, I think, a day encompassed by Eternity—a day whose yesterday had gone up to God, to add its little record to the long unforgetting history of the past, whose to-morrow



may take us up to God ourselves. We are to live by the day, not as butterflies, which are creatures of a day, but as mortal, yet immortal, beings belonging to Eternity, whose mortal life may end to night, whose longest life is but an ephemeral fragment of our immortality.

Evelyn seems very much aloof from the world about her. In society sometimes she becomes animated, and flashes brilliant sayings on all sides. But her wit is mostly satirical; the point is too often in the sting.

At present, I believe, she has passed sentence on me as Pharisical, because of something I said of the new oratorio of the Messiah. At first it seemed to me more heavenly than anything I had ever heard; but when they came to those words about our Lord's sorrows, "He was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and around us there was, not a hush of shame and penitence, but a little buzz of applause, suppressed whispers, such as "Charming!"—"What tone!"—"No one else can sustain that note in such a way!"—and at the close the audience loudly clapped the singer, and she responded with a deep theatrical courtesy—I thought of "When I survey the wondrous cross," wished myself in Dr. Watts' chapel, and felt I would rather have listened to any poor nasal droning, which was worship, than to such mockery. I could not help crying.

When we were in the house again, Evelyn said,—

"You enjoyed that music, Kitty."

"No, Cousin Evelyn," I said; "I would rather have been in Aunt Henderson's chapel at Hackney."

"Your taste is original, at all events," she replied drily.

"To think," I said, "of their setting the great shame and agony of our Saviour to music for an evening's entertainment, and applauding it like a play! One might as well make a play about the death-bed of a mother. For it is true, it is true! He did suffer all that for us."

She looked at me earnestly for a few moments, and then she said coldly,—

"How do you know, Cousin Kitty, that other people were not feeling it as much as you? What right have we to set down every one as profane and heartless just because the tears do not come at every moment to the surface. The Bible says, 'Judge not, and ye shall be not judged;' and tells us not to be in such a hurry to take the notes out of other people's eyes."

I was quite silenced. It is so difficult to think of the right thing to say at the moment. Afterwards I thought of a hundred answers, for I did not mean to judge anyone unkindly. I only spoke of my own feelings. But Evelyn has retired into her shell, and evades all attempts to resume the subject.

This morning at breakfast Cousin Harry (of whom we see very little) spoke quite as an ordinary occurrence, of a duel, in which some one had been

killed, in consequence of a quarrel about a lady; and of another little affair of the same kind ending in the flight of a lady of rank to the Continent.

I asked Evelyn afterwards what it meant.

"Only that some one ran away with some one else's wife, and the person to whom the wife belonged did not like it, and so there was a duel, and the husband was killed."

"But," I said, "that is a dreadful sin. Those are things spoken of in the Ten Commandments."

"Sin," she replied, "my scriptural cousin, is a word not in use in polite circles, except on Sundays, as a quotation from the Prayer-Book. We never introduce that kind of phraseology on week-days."

"Do these terrible things happen often, then?" I asked.

"Not every day," she replied drily.

"The next thing you will be thinking is, that you have lighted on a den of thieves. A great many people only play with imitations of hearts in ice. For instance, mamma's little amusements are as harmless to herself and all concerned as the innocent gambols of a kitten. The only danger in that kind of diversion," she added bitterly, "is, that it sometimes ends in the real heart and the initiation being scarcely distinguishable from each other."

The easy and polished world around me no longer seems to me empty and trifling, but terrible. These icicles of pleasure are, then, only the sparkling crust over an abyss of passion, and wrong, and sin.

There is excitement and interest enough, certainly, in watching this drama, if one knows anything of what is underneath,—the same kind of excitement as in watching that dreadful rope-dancing Cousin Harry took us to see at Vauxhall. The people are dancing at the risk of life, and more than life. The least loss of head or heart, the least glancing aside of one of these graceful steps, and the performers fall into depths one shudders to think of.

I trembled when I think of it. Dull and hard as the religion seemed to me at Aunt Henderson's, it is safety and purity compared with the wretched, cruel levity, this dancing on the ice, beneath which your neighbours are sinking and struggling in agony.

Religion is worth something as a safeguard, even when it has ceased to be life and joy.

The sweet hawthorn which makes the air fragrant in spring is still something in winter, although it be only as a prickly prohibitory hedge.

Evelyn looked at me one day with her wistful, soft look, and said very gravely,—

"Kitty, I believe you really do believe in God."

"You do not think that any wonder?" I said.

"I do," she said solemnly. "I have been watching you all this time, and I

am sure you really do believe in God; and I think you love him. I have never met any one who did since my old nurse died."

"Never met with any religious person!" I said.

"I did not say that," she replied. "I have met with plenty of religious persons. Uncle and Aunt Henderson, and several ladies who almost shed tears over their cards, while talking of Mr. Whitefield's 'heavenly sermon,' at Lady Huntingdon's—numbers of people who would no more give balls in Lent than Aunt Henderson would go to Church. I have met all kinds of people who have religious seasons, and religious places, and religious dislikes, who would religiously pull their neighbours to pieces, and thank God they are not as other men. At the oratorio I thought you were going to turn out just a Pharisee like the rest; but I was wrong. Except you and my old nurse, I never met with any one who believed, not in religion, but in God; not now and then, but always. And I do wish, Cousin Kitty, I were like either of you."

"Oh, Cousin Evelyn," I said, "you must not judge people so severely. How can we know what is really in other people's hearts? How can we know what humility and love there are in the hearts of those you call Pharisees; how they weep in secret over the infirmities you despise; how much they have to overcome; how, perhaps, the severity you dislike is only the irritation of a heart struggling with its own temptations and not quite succeeding? How do you know that they may not be praying for you even while you are laughing at them?"

"I do not want them to pray for me," she replied fiercely. "I know exactly how they would pray. They would tell God I was in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity; they would thank him for having, by his distinguishing mercy, made them to differ; and then they would express a hope that I might be made to see the error of my ways. I know they would, for I heard two religious ladies once talking together about me. One asked if I was a believer; and the other, who had expressed great interest in me and sought my confidence, said she 'was not without hope of me, for I had expressed great disgust at the world.' She had even told Lady Huntingdon she thought I might be won to the truth. The woman had actually worked herself into my confidence by pretended sympathy, just to gossip about me at the religious tea-parties."

I endeavoured to say a word in defence, but she exclaimed,—"Cousin Kitty, if I thought your religion would make you commit a treachery like that, I would not say a word to you. But you have never tried to penetrate into my confidence, nor have you betrayed any one else's. I feel I can trust you. I feel if you say you care for me you mean it; and you love me as me, myself,—not like a doctor, as a kind of interesting religious case. Now," she continued in a gentler tone, "I am not at all happy, and I believe if I loved God as you do I should be. That may seem to you a very poor reason for wishing to be good, but it does seem as if God meant us to be happy; and I have been trying, but I don't get on. Indeed, I feel as if I got worse. I have tried to confess my faults to God. I used to think that it must be easy, but the more I try the harder it is. It

seems as if one never could get to the bottom of what one has to confess. At the bottom of the faults, censoriousness, idleness, hastiness, I come to sins, pride, selfishness. It is not the things only that are wrong, it is I that am wrong,—I myself,—and what can alter me? I may change my words or my actions, but who is to change me? Sometimes I feel a longing to fall into a long sleep and wake up somebody else, quite new."

I said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." It is *we* that must be converted, changed, and not merely, as you say, our actions—turned quite round from sin and darkness to God and light."

She caught at the words "as little children." She said, "Cousin Kitty, that is just the thing I should like—that would be like waking up quite new. But how can that be?"

"It seems to me," I said, "that it must be like the blind man, who believing in our Lord's words, and looking up to him sightless, saw. Looking to him must be turning to him, and turning to him must be conversion."

Then we agreed that we both had much to learn, and that we would read the Bible together.

Since then we have read the Bible very often together, Evelyn and I. But her anxiety and uneasiness seem to increase. She says the Bible is so full of God, not only as a King, whose audience must be attended on Sundays, or a Judge at a distance, recording our sins to weigh them at the last day, but as a Father near us always, having a right to our tenderest love as well as our deepest reverence.

"And I," she says, "am far from loving him best—have scarcely all my life done anything, or given up anything, to please him."

I comforted her as well as I could. I told her she must not think so much of her loving God as of his loving her;—loving us on through all our ingratitude and foolishness. We read together of the Cross—of him who bore our sins there in his own body, and bore them away.

I cannot but think this is the true balm for my cousin's distress; it always restores and cheers me—and yet she is not comforted.

It seems to me sometimes as if while I were trying to pour in consolation, a mightier hand than mine gently put aside the balm, and made the very gracious words I repeated a knife to probe deeper and deeper into the wound.

And then I can only wait, and wonder, and pray. It does seem as if God were working in her heart. She is so much gentler, and more subdued. And the Bible says not only joy and peace, but gentleness, is a fruit of the Holy Spirit.

I often wish Evelyn were only as free as the old woman who sells oranges at Aunt Beauchamp's door, or the little boy who sweeps the crossings; for they may go where they like and hear the Methodist preachers in Moorfields or in the Foundry Chapel. And I feel as if Mr. Wesley or Mr. Whitefield could help my cousin as I cannot. If she could only hear those mighty, melting words of conviction and consolation I saw bringing tears down the colliers' faces, or holding the crowd at Moorfields in awe-stricken, breathless attention!

(To be continued.)



**A Nice, Clean House.**

I scarcely dared to tread within,  
So neat was every thing.  
The porch was clean as any pin,  
The stoop showed soap was king.  
Almost with awe I strode the floor  
Into the parlour prim,  
And as I closed the noiseless door  
The light was soft and dim.

The sofa stood in stately form,  
Each chair was in its place;  
I could not say the air was warm,  
Though order reigned with grace.  
No speak of dust no sign of rust,  
Profaned this nice, clean house;  
No cat, no dogs their bones discussed,  
Nor e'en a nibbling mouse.

I said unto my well-housed friend:  
"You're very quiet here."  
And as he speaks his cold words send  
A chill upon my ear.  
"No! no!" he said; "our child is dead;  
There's none about the place."  
Alas! within the life he led  
No sign of dust I trace.

No children round the well-kept house,  
No sound of pattering feet,  
No little ones to kiss and bowse,  
No dirty fingers sweet.  
Give me the toys and dust and noise  
And furniture awry—  
The work of baby girls and boys—  
And that will suit my eye.

--J. W. Watson.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 1491] **LESSON IX.** [May 29

**THE RED SEA.**

Exod. 14. 19-31. Memory verses, 19-21.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43. 2.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Cloud.
2. The Sea.
3. The Foe.

**TIME.** 1491 B.C. Just after the passover.

**PLACE.** Pihahiroth. The sea.

**CONNECTING LINKS.** The foretold destruction has come. In every house, from king's palace to peasant's hut, there was one dead. The call comes from Pharaoh in the night. Depart. A vast army had obeyed the man date. Desire for revenge takes possession of Pharaoh, who in his heart, charges this calamity upon the Hebrews. He sees them hemmed in by sea and mountain, and resolves to destroy them. Our lesson is the story of their escape.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The Angel of God*—See ver. 21, 22, chap. 13. *The pillar of the cloud*—The Lord himself did for Israel what the leaders of armies were wont to do for their troops. More than a thousand years after this, Alexander led his troops by similar signals. *A strong east wind*—The account distinctly claims that God used the forces of nature to aid in this work of power. *I will unto them*—No attack was possible on either flank, but only from the rear. *In the morning watch*—At sunrise; a little before 6 a.m., in the month of April. *Took off their chariot wheels*—The Septuagint translation says, *clogged*. *The sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared*—Doubtless the wind ceased, the waters receded, the tide may have been rising, and the full power of the sea would be once more felt. *The Lord overthrew*—Or shook them off from their chariots. Not so much as one—They perished utterly. Psa. 136. 15, says Pharaoh also perished.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Cloud.*  
When did the cloud, mentioned in ver. 19, first appear?  
Where was it wont to be when Israel was marching?

How long did this cloud remain as the guide of Israel? Exod. 40. 38.

What ought to have been the effect of the Lord moving to the rear upon the minds of the people?

What was the purpose of this cloud?  
Is it like anything in secular history?  
What did it become to the people in their years of wandering?

**2. The Sea.**

What part of the Red Sea did Israel cross?  
What led them to this entrapped position between the mountains and the sea?  
What was the means that opened the sea, natural or supernatural?

What purpose did Moses's outstretched hand subserve?  
Of what was the wide sea spread before them a type in our lives?

What was the one essential to deliverance?

**3. The Foe.**

How came Israel to have a foe in the rear?  
What was the first effect upon the people? ver. 10-12.

What promise did Moses make them of deliverance?

Why did these Egyptians follow so eagerly?  
How was their destruction effected?  
How complete was it? Psa. 136.

How does the fact that the Israelites were not molested in the peninsula corroborate the Bible story?

How generally was this story believed by the Jews even to latest times?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

In God's providence very often what is light to one man is dark to another. Why? The extremity of Israel was God's opportunity.

The command of God was explicit: "Go forward." What God wanted was not vain cries for deliverance, but action.

Let us learn these lessons.  
God is always ready to help when help is needed.

God could not have helped them then, if they had not obeyed.  
God never leads a man into difficulty without providing an escape.

If there is no way of escape opened, be sure God did not lead you. You went by yourself.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. This is an exceedingly important lesson; therefore, study it with great care. Read over and over till you can tell it, like a familiar story.

2. Try to picture to your mind the whole scene. The mountains in the rear; the sea before; a foe close at hand; no escape possible; a frightened people; a praying leader; and then the first sign of help, the slowly changing pillar of cloud.

3. Read chap. 15, to see how Moses describes the deliverance. Read also the Psalm which describes it.

4. Find other Scripture incidents where the waters of rivers or seas yielded obedience to God's servants acting under his direction. Can you think of four others?

5. Find for yourself two practical lessons not given already.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.** The supernatural in religion.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

25. Who is the devil or Satan?  
The chief of the fallen angels, who, before man's fall, sinned against God, and were cast out of heaven.

1 Peter v. 8; Jude 9.

B.C. 1491] **LESSON X.** [June 5

**THE MANNA.**

Exod. 16. 4-12. Memory verses, 7, 8.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. John 6. 35.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Manna.
2. The Bread of Life.

**TIME.**—1491 B.C. Later in this first year of national life.

**PLACE.**—The wilderness of Sin.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—The Red Sea is behind them. The song of Moses has been sung. The day of festivity, when Miriam and the women danced to the sound of the timbrel, is over. The hard life of the wilderness has begun. Marah and its

bitterness is forgotten in the delights of Elim. But they cannot rest in Elim, and food fails the mighty host, and the cry of hunger is for the plenty of Egypt. Then comes the manna.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Bread from heaven*—The food was to be supernaturally supplied. *A certain rate*—A day's portion. They were to gather only enough for the daily want. *Prove them*—This was the first restricting command. *On the sixth day*—Here was a direct remembrance of the Sabbath before the giving of the specific commandment. *The Lord hath brought you out*—They were continually murmuring against Moses personally, as though he, and not Jehovah, had brought them out. *The glory of the Lord*—Probably some appearance in the pillar of cloud; as yet there was no tabernacle or abiding place for this pillar of cloud and fire.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

**1. The Manna.**

What was the manna?  
Who gave the name to this food?  
What caused the gift of manna?  
Upon whom did the people charge their troubles?

Had they any reason to expect deliverance from this trouble?

How many manifestations had they previously received of God's presence and power?

How long did this daily gift of manna continue? ver. 35.

How was the memory of this food to be preserved?

What was the appearance of this food?  
How was it prepared for use? Num. 11. 8.

**2. The Bread of Life.**

What was one of the things that Israel learned from this gift of food?

What evidence in after history is there that the people believed that Moses wrought this miracle? John 6. 30, 31.

What did Moses himself claim concerning it? Exod. 16. 15.

What did Jesus say on this same point? John 6. 32.

What suggestion did Jesus make as to the spiritual significance of the manna?  
Who is the true Bread from heaven?

What is the meaning of this; how is Jesus bread?

The body grows by the earthly food it receives. Is there such a thing as spiritual growth?

How does the spirit grow? On what does it feed?

Of what is the Lord's Supper a great memorial?

How may we eat of this bread?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

See the patience of God with the weakness of his children. He is just as patient with us. They were very ignorant. So are we. They were very forgetful. So are we. They were trying. So are we. God was wonderfully loving. And so he is still.

See how God provides for his people. No doubt they hungered. We often do. No doubt they felt troubled because they could not see where food was to come from. So do we.

Yet God was able to feed them. And as the manna was free to them, so the Bread of Life is free and at hand for us.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY**

1. Trace on the map the probable course of Israel to Marah and Elim, and into the Wilderness of Sin.

2. Find the evidence that Moses stood nearer to God than Aaron, and that Aaron was nearer to the people than Moses.

3. Study the sixth chapter of John's gospel to see how Jesus used this history.

4. Compare Jesus in his relation to the people and the manna.

The manna was in great abundance.

It was no..... at h.....

It was fr.....

It never for forty years fa....., etc.

Find at least four more things about the manna. Then compare Jesus with them all.

5. Take the lesson to your bedside, and pray honestly the prayer in John 6. 34.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The Bread of Life.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

26. What is the employment of the fallen angels?

They tempt men to sin, and thus seek to bring them to their own place of misery.

Matthew xxv. 41; Ephesians vi. 12; 1 Thessalonians iii. 5; 1 Timothy iii. 7.

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