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# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1888.

[No. 7.

## Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE present writer has seen some of the most notable public buildings in the world, and he records it as his deliberate conviction that, for beauty and picturesqueness of situation and architecture, the Parliament Buildings at

compare with them. The Capitols at Washington and at Albany are both magnificent in architecture, though not as picturesque as our own; but in situation, though both occupying noble sites, they do not, we think, equal the stately buildings at Ottawa. The engraving only shows the central building of three groups. The departmental

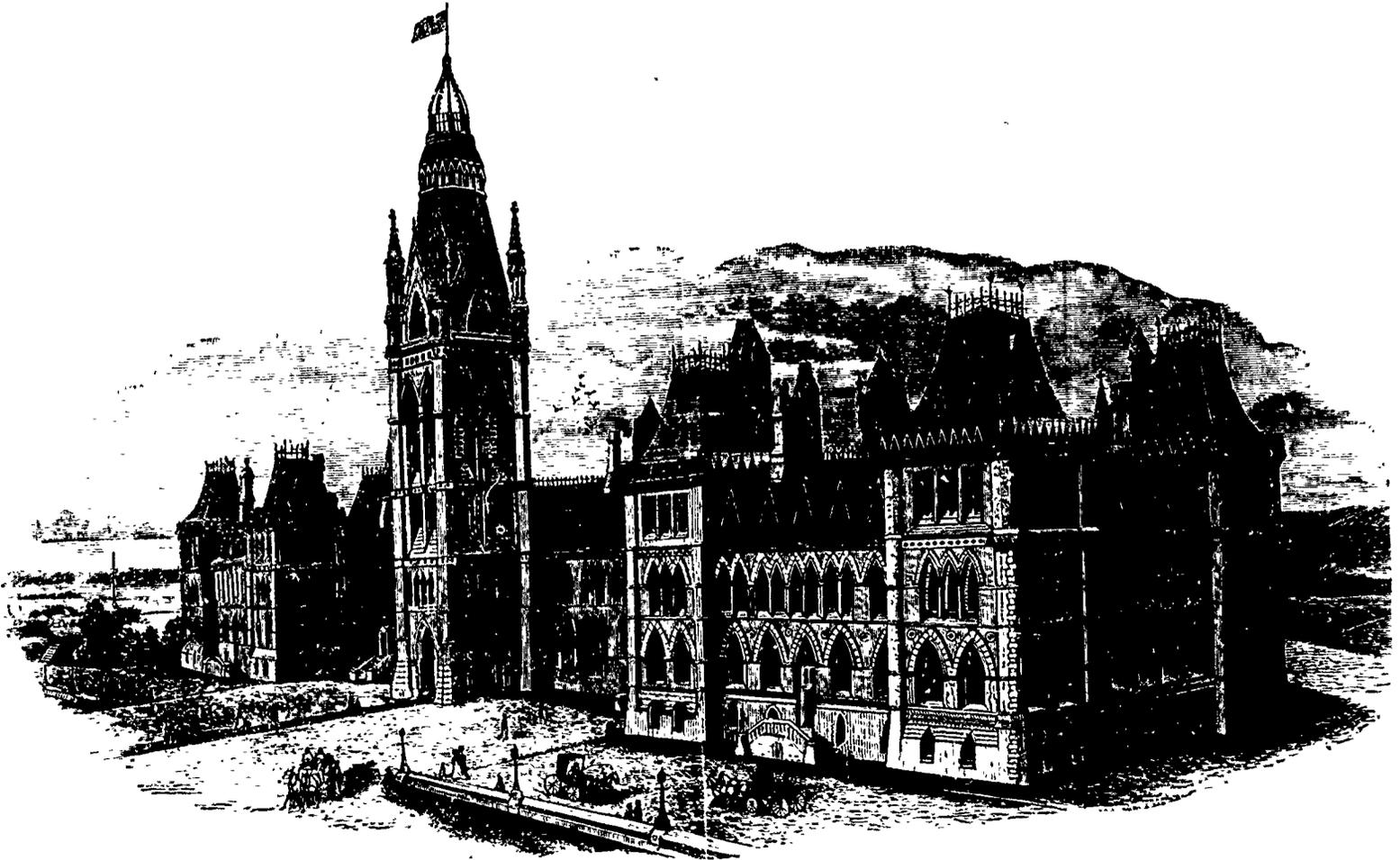
capitals of the columns, made up of Canadian plants and animals, are a study for hours. The library at the rear, both within and without, is one of the most beautiful buildings we ever saw.

The view, from the terrace, of the broad Ottawa, two or three hundred feet below, with its rafts, and steam-

stately buildings. They are well worth a long journey to see.

### The Way to Heaven.

ONE day, when Bishop Willberforce was travelling by rail, a young man in the carriage said to a companion that he would like to meet his lordship.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

are unequalled, so far as he in the world. The Parliament buildings on the bank of the Thames exceed them in extent and magnificence, but the site will not compare for grandeur. Neither the buildings of the Corps Legislatif at Paris; nor of the Kingdom of Italy at Rome; nor of the Republic of Switzerland at Berne; nor of the Kingdoms of Belgium or the Netherlands at Brussels or at the Hague, either situation or architecture

offices flanking this one, to the right and left, are also exceedingly fine. As seen against the western sky at sunset these many-towered structures present a sight of ever fresh beauty. And to walk about the terraces and note how the buildings and turrets group themselves in ever-varying combinations, is an unwearying delight. Then the details of the architecture—the quaint corbels, and gargoyles, and grinning faces, and grotesque animals, and the

boats, and barges, and its tree-clad banks, and in the distance the Suspension Bridge and boiling cauldron of the Chaudière, and the blue Laurentian mountains rolling away in gigantic billows to the far horizon, make one of the noblest sights one can behold. We once saw from this spot a thunder-storm come rolling down the valley, and it was really sublime.

It makes one proud of his country to stand upon this spot and view those

“Would you?” said the bishop, speaking under the shade of his newspaper; “and why?”

“I should like to give him a poser,” rejoined the youth.

“What would it be?” said the bishop. “Why, I should ask him to tell me the way to heaven.”

“And the bishop’s answer would be, ‘Turn to the right and go straight on.’” the prelate responded, looking up with a twinkle in his eye to his interrogator.

## A Toronto Sabbath.

Th' Sabbath, an' a holy calm  
Has fallen o'er the land;  
The city, 'mid its toil an' din,  
Has stopp'd to grasp the hand

Of God, receive fresh courage, hope,  
And strength the world to meet,  
Out of the seven one day spend  
In worship at his feet.

No sounds of labour vex the ear,  
Of strife or revel none,  
As on its hundred spires shines  
Another Sabbath sun.

The birds are singing in the trees,  
Whose leaves are only stirred  
By gentle winds, that come and go,  
O'er restless mother-bird.

The daisies whisper—whisper low—  
To clover and to grass;  
The little flowers are softly kissed  
By butterflies that pass.

While now the church bells, loud and  
Ring out the call to prayer; [clear,  
And far and near the echo floats  
Upon the quiet air.

The peace of Christ, that passeth far  
Our feeble human thought,  
Has settled o'er the worshippers  
In heavenly wisdom taught.

O city fair! the God you serve  
Shall greatly prosper thee—  
Shall spread thy glory through the earth,  
Thy praise from sea to sea.

E'en now the nations call thee blessed,  
E'en now they speak thy fame—  
Unto their daughters and their sons  
Repeat thy honoured name.

Toronto I may it never be  
That thou must lose thy crown  
Because thou hast forgot the Lord  
And thrown his altars down.

"Queen City of the West" indeed—  
Queen City of the world;  
O keep thy Sabbath sacred still,  
Thy banner white unfurled.

## Hugh's Anger.

## AN OCEAN TALK.

"Ye canna' go eeling this night,  
Hugh, for I'm a-needin' ye at the mill."

Thus spoke the miller, old Peter  
Wilson, to his nephew, Hugh, a tall,  
well-built lad of seventeen years,  
whose face would have been handsome  
had it not been just now distorted  
with anger.

"Guy can help ye," Hugh said,  
sulkily.

"Ay, ay, Guy wull help me, but  
he's a leetle chap, an' I need yer help,  
too."

"I've promised George Lawton to  
set night-lines with him."

"Ye can set yer lines another time,  
lad; but to-night ye must help me  
with the grist. So off with yer coat,  
Hugh, an' remember what the minis-  
ter told ye about yer fearful temper,  
for it will bring ye into trouble yet,  
I'm afear'd, if ye don't conquer it."

Hugh turned away, almost blind  
with rage, and, as he did so, his foot  
struck a table, overturning it and the  
lamp that stood upon it. With a cry,  
the old man sprang forward, but he  
was too late. The lamp shattered to  
pieces as it struck the floor, the burn-  
ing oil was scattered all around, and,

almost instantaneously, the flames  
gathered headway, mounted higher  
and higher, and by midnight the mill  
was a mass of glowing embers.

Hugh and Guy Wilson were or-  
phans whom their uncle had adopted.  
The mill was his only fortune. When  
it burned down he lost all but a few  
hundred dollars that he had saved  
years before. Hugh's act had cast  
himself, his brother, and his uncle into  
poverty; and, though he suffered bitter  
remorse, that would not build the  
mill again.

The year 18— was noted for its  
gales of wind. On sea and on shore  
the tempest was severe. Many a  
brave ship sank under the violence of  
the wind and waves, and many others  
came into port with machinery out of  
order, or with torn sails and broken  
spars.

On the 15th of December, in this  
year 18—, the steamer *Sea Bird*  
steamed out of Liverpool, bound for  
New York. She was an old-fashioned,  
wooden ship, originally built to carry  
only freight; but within the past year  
she had been fitted with accommoda-  
tions for passengers, of whom, on this  
voyage, she carried some twenty-three.  
Among these were the Wilsons, who,  
after the destruction of the mill, had de-  
cided to seek their fortunes in America.

During the first week of the voyage  
the weather was pleasant. The pas-  
sengers became familiar with the rou-  
tine on shipboard, and acquainted  
with each other. They confided their  
plans one to another, and had already  
begun to speculate upon the date of  
their arrival in New York. But, with  
the opening of the second week, the  
weather changed. The sky was over-  
cast with masses of dull, leaden clouds,  
the wind increased in force, and the  
sea grew rougher. The steamer pitch-  
ed and tossed in a manner which, to  
the passengers, seemed most alarming;  
nor were their fears lessened when  
they observed the anxiety plainly  
written on the captain's face.

The storm grew in violence until,  
on Wednesday night, the waves were  
running mountains high and the wind  
was blowing a hurricane. The pas-  
sengers were locked in the cabin, and  
none but the officers and crew allowed  
on deck. Before morning the captain  
had been washed overboard, and the  
mate took command of the ship. On  
Thursday there was no abatement of  
the storm. The ship groaned and  
creaked in every timber, until the  
frightened passengers thought that  
every lurch would rend her in pieces.  
As night fell, a tremendous wave  
broke on the deck, sweeping off several  
of the crew and all the boats save  
two, and putting out the fires in the  
engine-room. At length, after great  
exertions, the sailors managed to set  
a sail, hoping thereby to scud before  
the wind; but the canvas was rotten,  
and blew away in tatters.

The ship was now low in the water,  
but the storm was very perceptibly

abating. Affairs might not have been  
so desperate if the mate had remained  
sober; but, unfortunately, he sought  
refuge from his troubles in drink, and  
his example was speedily followed by  
the seamen. Crazy by the liquor  
which they had drunk, imaginary dan-  
gers had more terror for the crew than  
real ones; and in a fit of desperation  
they launched the life-boat, and, with  
the mate, put off from the ship.

The passengers, happily unconscious  
of their new danger, spent the night  
in prayer, whilst those who could  
caught short snatches of sleep; but  
when morning dawned, hearing no  
sound upon the deck, they burst open  
the doors that confined them to the  
cabin, and learned the terrible truth.  
They were forsaken in mid-ocean, and,  
to add to the horror of the scene, a  
thick fog shrouded everything. The  
wind had died down, and the sea had  
settled into that long, regular swell  
that follows a storm.

But the *Sea Bird* was well built,  
and her timbers and planking remain-  
ed intact in spite of the severe wrench-  
ing they had received. She was half  
full of water, it is true, but it had  
been shipped from the deck. Had  
there been among the passengers one  
who could have told the rest what to  
do, the voyage could have been quick-  
ly resumed; but all were ignorant of  
seamanship, and they could only put  
their trust in God, who stills the  
waves and holds the sea in the hollow  
of his hand.

So the day wore on and night came  
again, and one by one the weary pas-  
sengers retired, until only Hugh was  
left upon the deck. He could not  
sleep. All night long he paced the  
wet boards, his heart filled with bitter  
regrets and reproaches. But for his  
yielding to his anger, his brother and  
his uncle would have been safe in  
the old farm-house. His weakness  
had doomed them to death—for in the  
horror of that thick darkness and  
silence their doom seemed certain.  
Hot and bitter tears ran down his  
cheeks. Gladly would he have given  
his own life could that have assured  
the safety of those he loved. At  
length, in the extremity of his despair,  
he knelt on the deck and prayed that  
God would forgive and succour him.  
After his prayers were said he grew  
more calm, and at length he sought  
his berth and fell asleep. While he  
slept, a light wind blew the fog away,  
and the stars came out in a sky un-  
flecked by a single cloud.

Morning had scarcely dawned when  
Hugh was awakened by a shout. He  
sprang from his berth and hurried  
upon deck. The others were already  
there, gazing over the side of the  
vessel. Hugh looked, and saw a boat  
filled with water, yet floating, and  
bearing a man apparently helpless  
from injury or exhaustion, for he  
could only respond to the shouts and  
signals from the steamer by feebly  
waving his hand.

Hugh looked at the boat that swung

from the davits above his head, but  
he knew that it was a worthless,  
worm-eaten thing, which would not  
live ten minutes in the water, even if  
they could lower it, which they could  
not, for the ropes and blocks were  
jammed. If the man was to be saved,  
some one must swim to him with a  
rope. Who should that some one be?  
A sudden trembling came over Hugh.  
He knew how to swim; in the shallow  
mill-pond near his old home he would  
have had no fear; but the ocean  
seemed so vast, the sea so deep, that  
he felt a vague, indefinite dread about  
plunging into it. But he did not hesi-  
tate. He shut his teeth hard, and,  
with his eyes fixed upon the perishing  
man, began to strip off his clothing—  
for he, in common with the rest, had  
recognized the mate; and Hugh knew  
that, with him on board to tell them  
what to do, their chances of safety  
would be greater.

The mate was rescued, and the ship  
was navigated safely into port. Hugh's  
valour met with a substantial reward,  
for the law declared the passengers  
entitled to salvage: and the sum which  
came to the Wilsons was more than  
thrice the amount that had been lost  
by the burning of the mill.

But what Hugh valued more than  
the money was the lesson of self-  
restraint which he had learned. The  
experiences through which he had  
passed were never forgotten; and in  
after-life, though often tempted to  
yield to the angry feelings which had  
brought such trouble upon himself  
and others, he remembered the past,  
and, by God's grace, kept them in sub-  
jection.

"Boys," he would say to his own  
sons, "there is one text I want you  
to take to heart: 'He that is slow to  
anger is better than the mighty; and  
he that ruleth his spirit than he that  
taketh a city.'"—A. Dudley Vinton.

## A Word of Encouragement.

A DULL boy in a certain school was  
frequently reproached by his teacher,  
and made little progress. One day he  
made a first attempt to write. The  
scrawl was so wretched it amused the  
boys who sat near him. A gentleman,  
visiting the school, witnessing his dis-  
tress, said to him:

"Never mind, my lad, do not be  
discouraged, and you will be a writer  
some day. I recollect when I first  
began being quite as awkward as you,  
but I persevered, and now, look! See  
what I can do!"

He took his pen, and wrote his name  
in a large, legible hand. Years after-  
ward, when the dull boy had become  
one of the most celebrated men of his  
day, he met again the man who had  
spoken to him those few encouraging  
words. He said to him:

"It is my firm conviction that I owe  
my success in life, under God's blessing,  
to those few words you spoke to me  
that day when I sat so discouraged  
trying to write."

**"Thy Burden."**

To EVERY one on earth  
God gives a burden to be carried down  
The load that lies between the cross and  
crown.

No lot is wholly free;  
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,  
Open and visible to any eyes;  
And all may see its form and weight and size.  
Some hide it in their breast  
And deem it thus unguessed.

The burden is God's gift,  
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.  
Yet, let it press too heavily and long,  
He says, Cast it on me,  
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed his voice,  
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,  
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;  
And hopes light up the way  
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus  
Into thy hands, and lay it at his feet,  
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,  
Or pain or sin or care,  
It will grow lighter there.

It is the lonely load  
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,  
But, borne with him, the soul—restored—  
forgiven—

Sings out through all the days  
Her joy, and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farningham.

**Talks About the Queen.**

WHEN the Queen was about eleven she paid a visit to George IV. at Windsor, and we are told her "Uncle King," as she called him, was delighted with her "charming runners." Her grandmother at Cobourg wrote to her mother in regard to this: "I see by the English papers that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent went on Virginia Water with his Majesty. The little monkey must have pleased and amused him, she is such a pretty, clever child." Upon this a writer remarks, "To think of the great Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, being called 'a little monkey!' Grandmothers will take such liberties."

When she was twelve years of age, the Princess Victoria made her first state appearance at Court in February, 1831, on the occasion of a drawing-room given by her aunt, Queen Adelaide, for George IV. had died, and her Uncle William was on the throne. "We can without difficulty," says Miss Tytler, "call up before us the girlish figure in its pure white dress, the soft open face, the fair hair, the candid blue eyes, the frank lips, slightly apart, showing the white pearly teeth."

Most people now knew that if she lived she would be queen, and after she had passed her twelfth birthday circumstances arose which made it desirable that she should know the truth about her prospects. To do this a little device was resorted to. A genealogical table was placed in a historical book which she was reading. When she discovered it she exclaimed, "Why, I never saw this before." The Baroness Lehzen replied: "It was

not thought necessary that you should see it." The Princess examined it carefully, and then said—somewhat timidly and thoughtfully, we may well imagine—"I see that I am nearer the throne than I supposed." And then with quaint earnestness she uttered her thoughts aloud. "Now many a child would boast, not knowing the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is also much responsibility."

"And then with charming seriousness, her young heart quite full," the Baroness tells us, "the Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, now gave me that little hand saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now.' And the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.' I then said," continues her governess, "But your Aunt Adelaide is still young and may have children, and of course they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV., and not you, Princess." The Princess answered: "And if it were so, I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me how fond she is of children."

Was not our Queen a right noble and right loyal little child, and is not her conduct worthy of the imitation of every boy and girl who reads this paper? It may not be given them to be placed in high positions, but a life of more or less responsibility is before each of them. Will they, reading this paper, make a quiet resolve in their hearts, and in the Queen's words say, "I will be good?"

**A Woman's Practical Argument.**

"WHAT brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor-shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek and resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours; and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shopkeeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" said Tom, in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow; and surely I have sorrows to forget!"

"Woman! woman! You are not going to give that stuff to the chil-

dren?" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink—you see how much good it does your father!"

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers, with a melancholy pleasure, her first and last visit to the dram-shop.—*Selected.*

**Temperance Hymn.**

FROM Gallia's teeming wine-press,  
From Holland's streams of gin,  
Where thousands, in their blindness,  
Prepare the bait of sin;  
From many a fiery river,  
From many a poisonous rill,  
God calls us to deliver  
The victims of the still.

What though they sing of pleasure,  
While each the goblet fills;  
What though their bliss they measure  
By quarts and pints and gills;  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
Heaven gives us grain for bread;  
Distillers, in their blindness,  
Make whiskey in its stead.

Shall we, by temperance aided,  
In health and peace to live—  
Shall we to men degraded  
Refuse the boon to give?  
The fountain! Oh, the fountain!  
The balm of health proclaim,  
Till men, o'er sea and mountain,  
Shall speed to tell its fame!

Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till temperance in its glory  
Shall spread from pole to pole;  
Till health and peace and blessing  
Shall follow in its train,  
And Christ, all hearts possessing,  
God over all, shall reign.

**Put to the Test.**

JOHN DEAN was on trial in a large business house. He had been engaged for a month, and the understanding was, that if he proved satisfactory at the end of the month, he should be entered as one of the regular employees of the firm. Of course, as his future depended greatly on his conduct, the young man tried to do his best, and in every way sought to win the good will of his employers.

One day towards the close of the month, Mr. Foster, the head of the firm, called John into his private office, and, bidding him be seated, began talking pleasantly to him about his work.

"Dean," said he, "you have pleased us very much. You have been attentive to business, quick to understand what there is to be done, and faithful to our interests. If you keep on in

this way, I think there is no doubt of our giving you a permanent engagement. I say this to you for your encouragement, and because I feel an interest in your welfare. Continue as faithful as you have been, and your future is assured."

"I am sure," replied John, his cheeks red with the flush of joy Mr. Foster's kind words had brought to them, "that I am very thankful to you for both your praise and your advice. I know I want to do my duty, and there is nothing I should like more than to remain in your employ." Upon this he was about to rise, and go back to his place in the store.

"Stay a moment," said Mr. Foster, and, going to a small cabinet, he took out a bottle of wine and poured a glass full of the sparkling fluid. "Take this glass of wine before you go," he said, and, suiting the action to the word, handed it to John.

For a moment John's mind was in a whirl. "If I refuse to take this wine," he said to himself, "I may offend Mr. Foster and upset all my chances for the future. But how can I take it? I have promised mother never to drink anything that intoxicates; and besides that, it is wrong." He was a young man of principle, and his decision was soon made. Looking up to Mr. Foster, he said, quietly but firmly, "Excuse me, Mr. Foster, I never drink wine." "Why not?" said his employer. "A glass of good wine will not hurt you. Besides, it is not very polite to refuse an offer of this kind."

"That may be, Mr. Foster," said John, his cheeks again flushing, "but I promised my mother that I would never drink wine; and then, too, I am afraid that I might form the habit of drinking. You must excuse me, Mr. Foster. I really cannot take it."

He said this so firmly that his employer turned to put the glass back into its place. He was a good while about it, and when he turned again there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and as he spoke his voice trembled a little. "Dean," he said, "I have been putting you to a test. I wanted to see whether you could resist temptation. You have resisted it nobly. Give me your hand, my boy. Go home and tell your mother she has a son of whom she should be proud. When your month of trial is closed, you may consider yourself as a regular clerk in this house; and may God ever bless you and keep you faithful."

It need scarcely be said that John Dean went out from the office of his employer a happy young man. Nor was Mr. Foster ever after disappointed in him. The lesson he had learned proved a lasting one. When temptations came, he remembered the scene in the counting-room, and put them at once behind his back. In a few years he became a partner in the house, and was everywhere recognized as a man of sterling worth. God help all young men, when put to the test like him, to stand firm.

**God Bless Mother.**

A LITTLE child with flaxen hair  
And sunlit eyes, so sweet and fair,  
Who kneels, when twilight darkens all,  
And from whose loving lips there fall  
The accents of this simple prayer:  
"God bless! God bless my mother!"

A youth upon Life's threshold wide,  
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,  
Yet keeps, enshrined within his breast,  
Her words of warning—still the best;  
And whispers, when temptation-tries,  
"God bless! God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who gazes back  
Along life's weary, furrowed track,  
And sees one face—an angel's now;  
Hear words of light that led aright,  
And prays with reverential brow,  
"God bless! God bless my mother!"

**OUR S. S. PAPERS.**

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**Home and School**

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

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1888.

**The Ear of Shaftesbury's Nurse.**

Few knew of his unhappy childhood, and of the teaching of his faithful old nurse, of whom to the last he would speak as "the best friend he ever had in the world;" and although everyone knew of his strong fidelity to evangelical truth, and of his firm faith in God, perhaps comparatively few were aware how beautifully simple and childlike was that faith. The idea that he was little else than a narrow bigot will be considerably modified by a thoughtful perusal of the remarkably interesting volumes of his life.

And yet the home into which the future philanthropist was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man and of keen sense, but largely engrossed in public life; his mother, daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, named Martha Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his strength and strengthening with his strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but a childlike faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, and which, even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.—*The Quiver.*

**How Glaciers Make Soils.**

Up on the sides of the mountains the frost keeps splitting the immense edges of rocks into large and small pieces. These sometimes fall of themselves, and sometimes the snow avalanches carry them down. So the ice river, or glacier, has mixed in with it large numbers of rocks and stones of various forms and sizes. Some of these fall down into the cracks to the very bottom; others are carried along the sides, and grind with tremendous force against the rocks there. The moving ice grinds not only the sides of the gulch, but also grinds to powder the stones fallen in where they are under hundreds of thousands of tons of ice, it may be. They also grind and crush, and wear off the bed. These stones are in great part ground to fine soil. When this material flows to, or is pushed to, the lower end of the gulch, it is carried away by the water, and deposited as soil, far away. Why, the Arve river is so charged with this crushed rock, that it looks almost milk white, and as it runs swiftly you can see its white waters fifty miles down stream, where it enters the clear blue Rhone. Then the white Arve water is plainly seen for a mile, before it mixes with and is lost in the clear Rhone. The Rhone river, for many miles below its head, at the Rhone glacier, is also white with the ground up rock. But it enters the upper end of the broad Geneva lake (or Lake Lemman, as it is called on the map), which is fifty miles long and eight wide. Here it spreads out and runs so very slowly that the ground rock sediment, or soil, sinks to the bottom, and the water flows off beautifully clear at the lower end, near the city of Geneva.

Many glaciers are to-day making soil in Switzerland, which is carried off in the Arve and Rhone, and deposited in part in Southern France, and in part carried into the Mediterranean many hundreds of miles from Mount Blanc, where it was formed. The soil supplied to the Rhine river is carried to and enriches portions of



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

Germany, far north. Other rivers, like the Ticino, flow south-east and carry new soil to portions of Northern Italy. Various streams are doing the same in many other directions.

A large part of Greenland and of other far northern lands, is almost covered with glaciers, which are grinding down the mountains and carrying them into the ocean.—*Selected.*

**A Polynesian Idol.**

THE whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji Islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000; and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years, he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture above shows the char-

acter of some of the hideous idols, which the South-Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own Church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!  
And you, ye waters, roll!  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole!

**When She Said It.**

THE late Earl of Chichester was authorized by Queen Victoria in 1849 to write to the Youriba chiefs in Western Africa, that she was glad that they were encouraging commerce, but commerce alone would not make a nation great and happy like England. That, she said, has become so by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ. She was therefore glad that they had kindly received the missionaries, and to show how much she values God's Word, she sent a present of it to Sag-bua in both the Arabic and English languages. This settles the correctness of the report, which has been denied by Sir Henry F. Ponsonby, that Queen Victoria ever told an African chief that the Bible was "the secret of England's greatness."



HOMELESS.

### The Story of the Children's Home.

BY REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

#### V.

WE have always attached great importance to industrial training in the Home. The primeval curse of the ground was intended as a blessing for man. And in modern society the seed of pauperism is that many *will* not work, and a large number *cannot* work profitably. Of these, some have not the habit of industry. Steady application is to them a trouble and a difficulty; nay, it has become almost an impossibility. They are essentially "loafers." In all classes of the community the Micawber element—which is waiting for something to turn up, but never makes an effort to turn up anything—has its numerous representatives. And in proportion as a child is born near to the pauper class, in the danger greater of his taking readily to criminal ways, for the pauper spirit is not distantly related to the thief spirit. The pride of independence, and the sense of being able to earn an independent living, are enormous safeguards against both pauperism and criminality. If, therefore, you want to arm a child against the world, you must not only inculcate the fear of God and instil the love of home, but you must put him in the way to earn a respectable and comfortable livelihood.

Now, it does not much matter by what work a lad is broken in to industrious habits, if it only be honest work. But when you have some hundreds of children to train, you will certainly have amongst them a great variety of capacity and taste; and it is most desirable that you should be

able to afford a considerable variety and choice of employment.

Further, it is desirable that they should become acquainted with steady and recognised industries. Shoeblicking, woodchopping, street-step cleaning, and a number of similar occupations, will not provide permanent and satisfactory employment for the boys when grown up. Such employments, though useful for first breaking in the lads to industry, are not far removed from casual labour. We have, therefore, endeavoured to provide industrial training, which will open to the children hereafter spheres of permanent employment. In our country Homes we carry on farming and market gardening. To these I will refer more later on. In

London, besides the necessary household work and that of the kitchens and laundry, we are able to employ our boys in printing, carpentry, shoemaking, painting and glazing, and engineer's work. Then, for the girls, there is the work of the sempstress and some of the simpler processes of bookbinding.

In the printing-office as in the shoemaking department, contracts are undertaken, and fulfilled in good, workmanlike manner. Whilst not pretending to the highest and most finished styles, good, sound, average work is done, of which no establishment need be ashamed. And after doing this, our lads will be able to hold their places amidst their fellow-workmen of similar age in the ordinary labour-market.

But, it may be said, why complicate the arrangements of the Homes by introducing industrial pursuits? Why not give the children a plain, ordinary education, and let them begin work when they leave the Home? A full answer to this would require a long discussion of educational questions. Some, who can speak with authority, maintain that "half-timers" make as rapid progress in their intellectual pursuits as those children who devote two sessions daily to school work. However this may be, it is certain that the children of the Home take a very fair place, scholastically, as compared with those of ordinary elementary schools; whilst it cannot be doubted that the formation of the habit of industry is valuable to those who must depend on the labour of their hands for their future sustenance. Beyond all this, many of our boys acquire an amount of technical skill in their several industries which enables them to command good wages from the moment of their leaving our care.

The girls are, with rare exceptions,

destined for domestic service. We teach our girls to look forward to "service," either at home or abroad, as to a sphere in life not to be avoided, or to be accepted because nothing else is attainable—but to be welcomed and prized.

An increasing number of our girls is available for situations; and though we can by no means guarantee to meet all applications, we shall be pleased to receive them, and to meet them when possible; and, in any case, to send a prompt reply to any communication.

Thus, by the combined influence of religion, the family, and the workshop, the children are systematically trained; and, thanks be to God, with a large measure of success.

The physical change that comes upon many of them is very marked. Some of them have come to us in rags which would scarcely hide their nakedness. Some of these have been covered with itch, vermin, and sores; and the countenance, that quick and sensitive index of the inward condition, has told too plainly—by its vacant, or hungry, or downcast look—of the previous history of want, neglect, ill-usage, or injudicious treatment. And even of those children— orphaned or otherwise thrown on charity—who have never known these deeps of sorrow and shame, many have been underfed and indifferently clothed, and far too hardly worked, so that they frequently bring with them a bloodless complexion and heavy eyes, and a feeble, purposeless gait and deportment, which contrast strongly with the buoyancy and vigorous health to which most of them subsequently attain. Some, indeed, never lose—and never can lose—the effects of the sad experiences of their youth. They will always be undersized; and, alas! some will be, to their death-day, more or less crippled, and these, in some instances, through the drunken carelessness of a mother or the drunken cruelty of a father. But of the bulk of the children, it may be said, that a few months in the Home makes a wonderful difference in their appearance, and even works in them a sort of physical regeneration. Of course cleanliness soon takes the place of the hitherto habitual dirt. Sometimes a sort of "crisis" comes on, and there is an outbreak of boils or other sores, which give trouble enough for a time; but presently good plain food, regular hours, and cleanly habits, together with the calming influence of a contented mind, begin to tell, and soon "their flesh is as the flesh of a little child." The countenance usually accords with their general physical improvement; and most visitors are

struck with the free, happy, at-home look of our lads and lasses.

It must be acknowledged that there are some exceptions to this statement, as, indeed, might be expected. Some of the children come to us only to be nursed for heaven. The utmost that our care can do for them is to ward off for a while the enemy's attack, and try, meantime, to prepare them for Christ when he calls them. Several of the children have come to us with subtle but obstinate brain disease. Others have brought to us a constitution hereditarily and hopelessly unsound. A yet larger number have working within their systems consumption—that fell plague of our English race. Almost all the deaths which have shadowed the Home have been from these causes. One dear little girl came to us, with two brothers, from the far north of England. They were all doimed by consumption, and one by one we had to give them up at the call of their Best Friend. Dear little Maggie was a sweet, fair little flower, whom we almost grudged even to our heavenly Father's home. But she was ready to go; and after her spirit had departed, we found under her pillow her own little hymn-book, open at the page whereon was the simple hymn so many have learned to love:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast;  
There by his love o'ershadowed,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

When Dr. Guthrie was dying, he said, "Sing to me a bairn's hymn." If his great heart could find comfort, after the experience of his brilliant career, in the simple words of a "bairn's hymn," who can doubt that in such teaching little Maggie's soul found, for her faith, power to soar and to trust?

(To be continued.)



LITTLE MAGGIE.

## Coming into Port.

I HAVE weathered the turbulent cape of storms,  
Where the winds of passion blow;  
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam  
The shadows that lurk below;  
I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,  
And the wild, strong stress of the gale,  
As my brave back quivered and leaped, alive  
To the strain of the crowded sail.  
Then the masterful spirit was on me,  
And with nature I wrestled glad;  
And danger was like a passionate bride  
And love was itself half mad.  
Then life was a storm that blow me on,  
And flew as the wild winds fly.  
And hope was a pennon streaming out  
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh! the golden days, the glorious days  
That so lavish of life we spent!  
Oh! the dreaming nights with the silent stars

'Neath the sky's mysterious tent!  
Oh! the light, light heart and the strong desire

And the pulse's quickening thrill,  
When joy lived with us, and beauty smiled,  
And youth had its free, full will!  
The whole wide world was before us then,  
And never our spirits failed,  
And we never looked back, but onward, on-ward

Into the future we sailed.  
Ever before us the fair horizon  
Whose dim and exquisite line  
Alone divided our earth from heaven,  
Our life from a life divine.

Now my voyage is well-nigh over,  
And my staunchest spars are gone;  
And my sails are rent, and my barnacled bark

Drags slowly and heavily on.  
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore

With its odour dim and sweet,  
And soon in the silent harbour of peace  
Long-parted friends I shall greet.

The voyage is well-nigh over,  
Tho' at times a capful of wind  
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails  
And furrow a wake behind.

But the sea has become a weariness,  
And glad into port I shall come  
With my sails all furled, and my anchor  
dropped,

And my cargo carried home.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

## Brother Will.

THE following thrilling story was told by Major Hilton, of New York, in an address before Christian workers in Chicago not long since:

"Just at break of day of a chilly morning the people of a little hamlet on the coast of Scotland were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, the perishing fellow-beings clinging to the rigging; every now and then some one of them was swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered. "Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

"But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. O, how those on the shore watched their brave loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers:

"Are all here? Did you save them all?"

"With saddened faces the reply came:

"All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What, leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

"But who was this aged woman with worn garment and dishevelled hair, who with agonized entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother.

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. O stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you."

"The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a 'God bless you, my boy!' she released him and speeded him on his way.

"Once more they watched and prayed and wailed—those on shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast sinking ship by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

"Lifting his hand to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of landing, Hardy called back, 'Tell mother it is brother Will.'"

THE average thickness of one of the hairs of the head is about a four hundredth part of an inch, and its rate of growth about a line and a half a week, or from six to seven inches a year. Supposing a man to have had fifty years' growth, at seven inches a year, he would have produced a crop of the splendid length of about thirty feet.

## Rewards of Grace.

THE Duke of Burgundy was waited upon by a poor man, a very loyal subject, who brought him a very large root which he had grown. He was a very poor man indeed, and every root he grew in his garden was of consequence to him; but merely as a loyal offering he brought to his prince the largest his little garden produced. The prince was so pleased with the man's evident loyalty and affection that he gave him a very large sum.

The steward thought: "Well, I see this pays. This man has got £50 for his large root. I think I shall make the Duke a present." So he bought a horse; and he reckoned that he should have in return ten times as much for it as it was worth, and he presented it with that view. The Duke, like a wise man, quietly accepted the horse, and gave the greedy steward nothing. That was all.

So you say: "Well, here is a Christian man, and he gets rewarded. He has been giving to the poor, helping the Lord's Church, and see, he is saved. The thing pays. I shall make a little investment." Yes, but you see the steward did not give the horse out of any idea of loyalty and kindness and love to the Duke, but out of very great love to himself, and, therefore, had no return. And if you perform deeds of charity out of the idea of getting to heaven by them, why it is yourself you are feeding—it is yourself you are clothing. All your virtue is not virtue—it is rank selfishness; it smells strong of selfishness, and Christ will never accept it. You will never hear him say, "Thank you," for it.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

## The Slave Girl's Prayer.

A SLAVE girl in Africa once made her escape. Her cruel master, however, soon discovered that she had run away, and, calling together his neighbours, as cruel as himself, set out in search of her. Each of them was armed with a heavy whip, used by the slave-dealers when in charge of slaves whom they have stolen from their homes and families to sell. These whips are indeed terrible things to look at, and it makes one's heart ache to think that it could ever have been used to inflict punishment on a human being.

These men set out, but for a time they could not find a single trace of her. Natives of Africa, like the famed Indian scouts on the prairies, are very quick in tracking any one they wish to catch. The displacement of a twig, the leaf that has been moved by the hurrying footstep, are quite enough to put the hunters on the track of the hunted. They were baffled, but not for long.

The girl, in her eagerness to escape, had forgotten to use caution, and, in hurrying by a small stream, she disturbed some water-fowl, and they rose

in the air, flapping their wings and screaming in the most excited way.

Her pursuers saw this, and shouted in triumph. Nearer and nearer they came. At length the girl heard them. What was she to do? To go on was to be caught; to turn back would be to run into the very arms of her enemies. In an agony of despair she fell on her knees and prayed.

While she prayed, the footsteps were hurrying nearer and nearer; now she could hear their voices—now could hear their hard breathing, as they came on under the fierce sun. Suddenly there was a loud shriek, then retreating footsteps, then the silence of the grave. The girl looked up. She could see nothing. What had happened? Standing up she looked around, and there not ten yards away from her, was the cause of her would-be captors' retreat. A huge hippopotamus stood right in the way!

While she was praying it must have come up from the stream, and thus made itself a barrier between the girl and her foes. The men, coming upon it so suddenly, were terrified, and turned and fled. The girl hurried on once more, and soon gained a place of safety. "Truly the Lord preserveth all them that love him."

## A Great Sea on Fire.

THE shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveller:

Hiring a stearn barge, we put out to sea, and after a lengthy search found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning flax into the sea, when floods of light dispelled the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations, are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flames of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away; at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the scene.

In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators our barge was steered toward the flames and passed right through the midst of them—a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unwonted spectacle of the sea on fire.—*Selected.*

THE way of the transgressor is hard.

## A Lost Day.

What is the day I lost—  
The golden day  
And all price and cost,  
That slipped away,

Out of my wandering sight,  
My careless hold?  
Where did it lift in flight  
Its wings of gold?

What were the treasures rare  
It bore for me?  
What were the pleasures fair,  
I shall not see?

Ah, never day was yet  
So fine, so fair,  
So rich with promise set,  
So free from care,

As that we mourn and sigh  
When we do say:  
"Alas, how time doth fly,  
I've lost a day!"

## On Stilts.

"I REMEMBER," said the doctor, "a fancy which raged among the boys of my time for walking on stilts. Whether we were sent to school, or to the harvest-field, or to the village store, we must mount up on these high, unsteady sticks, and stagger along on them. It gave us a delicious feeling of superiority to look down on ordinary men and women, until suddenly we slipped, and fell flat in the mud.

"I remember my father saw me tumble into the gutter one day, and said sternly, 'Keep to your own legs, boy. Too many people in this world walk on stilts! Keep to your own legs.'

"I have never forgotten his warning. So many of us are on stilts! There is Judge C——, who was a leading lawyer in a Pennsylvania town. He lived in a large house surrounded by beautiful gardens, his family were the centre of a circle of cultivated and refined people, their life was busy, simple, and genuine, and therefore happy.

"Suddenly C——removed to New York, in order that his boys could have wider opportunities and his girls could make wealthy marriages. His large mansion in the village had cost two hundred dollars a year for rent, his cramped city flat cost three thousand. His wife and daughters had worn muslin; now they rustled in velvet and silk.

"Late balls took the place of the informal, friendly hospitality of their old home. The end of it was, the girls, having no dowry, were laughed at and neglected by the rich and fashionable men whom they courted, the boys plunged into all the vices of the city, and C——in three years was a ruined man. He had tried to walk on stilts!

"When I see plain men trying to imitate the leaders in business or politics, women aping fashionable life, college-boys pluming themselves upon their acquisition of the alphabet of knowledge, or girls smiling and lisping with an affectation of sweetness and innocence which they do not possess,

I feel like calling, 'Come down from your stilts!'"

Imitation and sham in any character are but synonyms for weakness.  
*Youth's Companion.*

## Father Daniel's Last Mass.

JULY 4TH, 1618.

(Written for the Orillia Packet.)

ALONE in the forest's verdant shade, 'neath a towering pine he stood,  
Erect, and agile, and strong of frame with a visage mild and good.  
One hand to his broad, low brow was raised, in the other was clasped a book,  
On which his half-closed eyes were cast with a dreamy, absent look.

Did a vision pass before his brain of the life he had left behind,  
Of lofty hopes in glorious France for the love of the Lord resigned?  
Or were his thoughts of the peril nigh, for the wolves prowled near the fold,  
Those hungry wolves, the Iroquois, blood-thirsty, fierce, and bold?

Then he lifted his head and a tender light shone forth from the radiant eyes,  
As he looked through a rent in the foliage green at the blue, unclouded skies,  
And murmured: "Father, thy will be done!  
I have driven the world from me;  
Without reserve my naked soul I humbly offer thee."

With a gesture meek he turned away, and walked with a solemn air  
Up the tangled, wild-wood path that led to the rustic place of prayer,  
Where his faithful flock of Hurons had assembled, young and old,  
To worship God at their pastor's feet in the shelter of the fold.

In gentle loving tones he told, in words they could understand,  
The story of Christ, the infant God, to that simple, reverent band,  
And, though full oft the wondrous tale he had told to them before,  
With abated breath and willing ears they heard it o'er once more.

Then lowly they all knelt down to pray, and the birds and the trees around  
Seemed to hush their songs and still their sighs as if filled with awe profound.  
But, hark! What was that? "The Iroquois!" rang the warning wild and shrill,  
And at once the dreaded battle-cry re-echoed from vale and hill.

Pere Daniel sprang erect to his feet, and a moment gazed around,  
There were none could fight, for the braves had gone to a distant hunting ground,  
And only the women, and aged men, and children met his gaze,  
As horror-stricken they turned to him with looks of blank amazement.

His eye flashed fire. He lifted his hands, and his voice, like a trumpet clear,  
Rang out o'er the din of approaching strife:  
"My children, do not fear!  
This day we shall be in heaven with Christ!  
Plunge not from the chastening rod!"  
And in tones of triumph baptized them all in the name of the Triune God.

Then wrapping his vestments round his frame, that seemed to increase in size,  
He strode to the door with a smile on his lips and a luminous light in his eyes,  
And facing undaunted his fiery foe, unflinching he braved the shock,  
And died with the name of his God on his tongue at the front of his little flock.

—Charles N. Jakerway.

## The Cunning Crows and Their Victim.

A TRUE STORY!

A WRITER in *Chatterbox* says: "I have a funny story to tell you from Burmah, about some clever crows. I dare say you have often noticed those bold, black birds, who gather so quickly over a newly-sown field, and are sometimes seen in hundreds holding a solemn conclave, or in ones or twos warming their feet on the back of some quiet cow!"

"The Burmah crows are not a whit behind their English cousins in boldness or cunning.

"One day I gave my dog, Rajah, a nice bone, and he went to enjoy it on the lawn opposite my window. Presently I saw about a dozen crows perch round him, at a respectful distance, with their glossy black heads first on one side and then on another. They seemed to be wondering how it was possible to get hold of the coveted morsel. Presently two old fellows hopped nearer and nearer to the tempting bait, when a deep growl from Rajah warned them that he meant to keep it for himself. They drew back, and then once more seemed to hold a whispered council. Soon, to my great amusement, I saw one of the conspirators hop quickly up behind the victim, and with his sharp, strong beak he seized the end of Rajah's tail! With a snarl of pain the dog turned upon his enemy, and in an instant the game was won. Before poor old Rajah very well knew what it was all about, his bone was gone! High up in the air went the wicked thieves, carrying their booty to some safe place, while Rajah lifted up his head and howled. He was answered by a distant 'Caw, caw, caw,' which sounded to me very much as if the crows were chuckling over their practical joke."

## A New Kind of Happiness.

MANY boys have tender consciences and a great reverence for religion, but shrink from becoming Christians lest the change may make them sober and sedate like men, and take away their boyish cheerfulness and love of sports. They forget that if a great joy fills the heart, from peace with God and the forgiveness of sins, this joy will make all life pleasanter to them in study and work and play. Dr. Nehemiah Adams gives an account of a boy who became a Christian, without quite knowing what the change meant, or why he felt so happy. Dr. Adams says:—

"A lad was on his way from school with other lads, in playful conversation. When he entered his home he laid down his books in the entry, went to his chamber, locked the door, knelt down, and heedless whether anyone was in the room adjoining, prayed in childlike language nearly as follows: 'O God, my heavenly Father, I have come to pray to thee. I don't want

anything in particular, but I love thee. I have come just to say that I do not know what has made me feel as I have felt this forenoon; but I haven't been able to think of much besides God. I never loved anything so. Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee. Yes, there is one thing that I do desire, and that is that all scholars may feel so towards thee.' After a few words more, he joined his brothers and sisters in their play."

This boy was happier than ever before in his life. He didn't know the reason, but it was because he had come to love God, and that made him love parents and brothers and sisters and schoolmates better, and all beautiful things in Nature better. He was much happier than his schoolmates who did not love God, and this new joy entered into his talk and play, and attracted their notice.

Religion helps children to better study and more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me—making fun for the scholars to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home—didn't like to run errands—and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interest and moral growth of youth, and will make life sunny and cheerful.

## Break the Chain.

THE fable story is told of some young and inexperienced sailors who once, when out fishing, cast anchor, as they thought, but soon found their boat moving along.

A great fish had hold of the chain, and was dragging them down to a rocky coast, near which was also a dreadful rapids.

What could they do? No time was to be lost. Their only hope was in breaking the chain. The fish was not in sight; but by cutting loose from it they could then move the boat with safety.

So it is every day in life. We seem to be safe; but a careful look will show us that we are moving towards danger. A bad habit, an ugly temper, laziness, dangerous company, evil desires, strong drink, and many other things, take strong hold on men.

Oh, break the chain! Cut loose from the enemy. Tear away from all that is unholy. And safety lies also in doing this at once. Waiting is dangerous. When too near the precipice death is certain.

## The Peace of God.

BY ALEX. A. B. HERD.

FATHER, the peace, the perfect peace  
Of him who's mind is stayed on thee,  
That calmly keeps his soul at rest  
While all around unrest may be.

Father, that peace I only ask;  
Whate'er my lot, whate'er thy will,  
In quiet confidence of heart  
To love, and trust and serve thee still.

Father, I cannot hide from thee,  
My sinful self's unworthiness,  
But for his sake who died for me,  
Pity and help my helplessness.

Give me, not as the world can give,  
But lasting sure, divinely free,  
Thy peace, on earth for thee to live,  
Thy peace through all eternity.  
SOMENOS, Vancouver Island.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] LESSON III. [APRIL 15

## CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

Matt. 24. 42-51. Memory verses, 42-44

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all,  
Watch. Mark. 13. 37.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Faithful Servant.
2. The Evil Servant.

TIME.—30 A.D. The Wednesday of Passion Week.

PLACE.—The Mount of Olives.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus had on the day before left the city behind him. He had given his last public teaching. He now, in the two days that remained before his crucifixion, gave some last necessary teachings to the twelve, and of these the lesson forms a part.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The good man of the house*—Or simply the occupant of the house. *To be broken up*—That is, forcibly entered by the thief. *Be ye also ready*—The duty of Christian watchfulness against every form of sin so as to be prepared for Christ's second coming. *Ruler over his household*—The custom alluded to is that of appointing a steward to provide for the wants of the family of one with a large estate. *Shall make him ruler*—The same moral as in the parable of the talents: promotion for fidelity. *Shall cut him asunder*—Or, cut him off, or utterly deprive him of every thing honourable, and give him to punishment for his offences.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

## 1. The Faithful Servant.

To whom were the teachings of this lesson directed?

What was the great duty that was here inculcated?

Why were the disciples bid to "watch?" How had Jesus in this same teaching described his own coming?

What impression did this figure, of a householder and a thief, make upon Peter? 2 Peter 3. 10.

How did Peter explain the apparent long delay of Christ's coming? 2 Peter 3. 8.

What is the reward which earthly masters give for fidelity?

By what parable did Christ very soon teach the nature of heavenly reward for fidelity?

## 2. The Evil Servant.

What will be the language of the unfaithful servant?

On what ground will he base his wicked action?

Give the steps in wickedness which characterize the evil servant?

Among whom does Jesus here class the intemperate, or as he calls them "the drunken?"

Is there to be any mercy for such an evil servant?

What is to be his portion?

Is there a hint here of another opportunity for watchful and faithful service? What is the evident teaching of Matthew's Gospel concerning future punishment?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

There is nothing more sure than that Christ is coming again.

We may not live to see him come in clouds. But to each of us he will come. When? We cannot tell. "Watch therefore."

Watchfulness will make us patient, faithful, honest, trustworthy, gentle, temperate, discreet, guarded, and ready for what may come.

Here is blessing for fidelity. Here is weeping for infidelity. Which is yours? Once more, watch.

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Look at the prophecy in vers. 1 and 2 of this chapter.
2. Find when this prophecy was fulfilled, and how.
3. Find what led to the discourse of Jesus.
4. Write down the things that a watchman stationed at a post of danger, ought to be. For example, a flagman at a railroad crossing; or a sentinel on a rampart; or a picket outside a camp.
5. Find how many of these qualities are shown in Christ's picture of the faithful servant.
6. Commit to memory all these verses.
7. Find and learn three other texts which say "watch," beside ver. 42.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Christ say might happen to the householder who did not guard his house? It might be broken up. 2. What did he say would happen to the evil servant who neglected his duty? He would be cut asunder. 3. What lesson did Jesus teach from these two illustrations? Therefore be ye also ready. 4. What did he call such an one as was always ready for his coming? A faithful and wise servant. 5. Were these teachings meant for more than the twelve to whom he spoke? "And what I say unto you," etc.

## DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fidelity.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. How is it proved that the Holy Spirit inspired the Old Testament Scriptures? Chiefly by the words of our Lord and his apostles.

Matthew xxii. 43. He saith unto them, How doth David in the Spirit call him Lord? 2 Peter i. 21. Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost.

A.D. 30] LESSON IV. [APRIL 22

## THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Matt. 25. 10.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Wise.
2. The Foolish.

TIME, PLACE, RULERS.—The same as in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ten virgins* . . . went forth—An allusion to Oriental marriage customs. After the bridegroom had received the bride at her father's house he led her to his own home, usually at night, and was met by some who waited to escort him. This fact furnishes the parable. *Lamps, and no oil*—Each party took something, one party that which would make a show for the time being. *Lamps and oil*—Prepared for any service. *The bridegroom tarried*—Delayed in the house of the bride. *They all slumbered*—They nodded and fell asleep over their waiting, so long the bridegroom delayed. *Trimmed their lamps*—Replenished and lighted their torches and were ready to meet the bridal procession.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

## 1. The Wise.

From what custom is the figure of our lesson drawn?

How did the five wise virgins show their wisdom?

What does the taking of oil show concerning the habits or character of these five?

What is the character which in this lesson

and the last Christ depicts as acceptable to God?

What were the advantages which the action of the wise virgins secured for them?

From what annoyances or fears were they delivered?

What is meant by the tarrying of the bridegroom?

In the present day who are represented by the wise virgins?

## 2. The Foolish.

How did the foolish virgins show their folly?

What does their action show concerning their character?

What trait of character is shown by their request in ver. 8?

What must have been their state of mind while going to buy?

To what mortification were they subjected by their folly?

Is there any hint here that the door was ever opened?

To whom in the present day can we compare the foolish virgins?

What similarity do you discover between the ending of this lesson and the beginning of the last one?

What great truth must have formed the burden of these teachings of Christ?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

There are wise ones in the world. There are also foolish ones. The wise reap reward. The foolish suffer loss.

It is of no use to buy oil after the bridegroom comes.

Preparation for the coming of Christ is an individual affair; it cannot be passed on from one to another. I cannot have oil enough for you and me both. No other man's righteousness will help you.

Is your lamp trimmed? There was a door that was shut on the foolish virgins. Jesus himself says the kingdom of heaven is like that.

Will you enter with the bridegroom, or will he say, "I know you not?"

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Begin by carefully reading this lesson three times over, slowly, thoughtfully, and with a purpose to remember it.

2. Now tell it over as accurately as you can without the aid of the book.

3. Write five questions, next, on each part of the Outline.

4. Now compare these questions with the questions of the Question Book.

5. Make a note of such things as you want to know about, and cannot find any thing about. Give it to your teacher.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How does Christ illustrate the principles of the last lesson? By the parable of ten virgins? 2. In what respects were they alike? They all took lamps and went forth.

3. In what respects did they differ? Five were prepared, five were not. 4. What was the result of the wise preparation of the first? They went in to the feast. 5. What happened while the foolish tried to repair their mistake? "The door was shut."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True Wisdom.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. How is it proved that the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit? The Saviour told his apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his words to their remembrance, and teach them things to come.

St. John xv. 26, 27. When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me; and ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

It will be just a thousand years before the three 8s come together again, A.D. 888, 1888, 2887. Could we not work out an equation suggests *The Interior*, by comparing the past period of eights with the second? As 888 with the dark ages then prevailing, is to 1888 with the 19th century enlightenment, so will 2888 be to the millennial glory.

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