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WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

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

ROLPH, SMITH & CO. TORONTO

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1887.

[No. 3.]

Vol. V.]

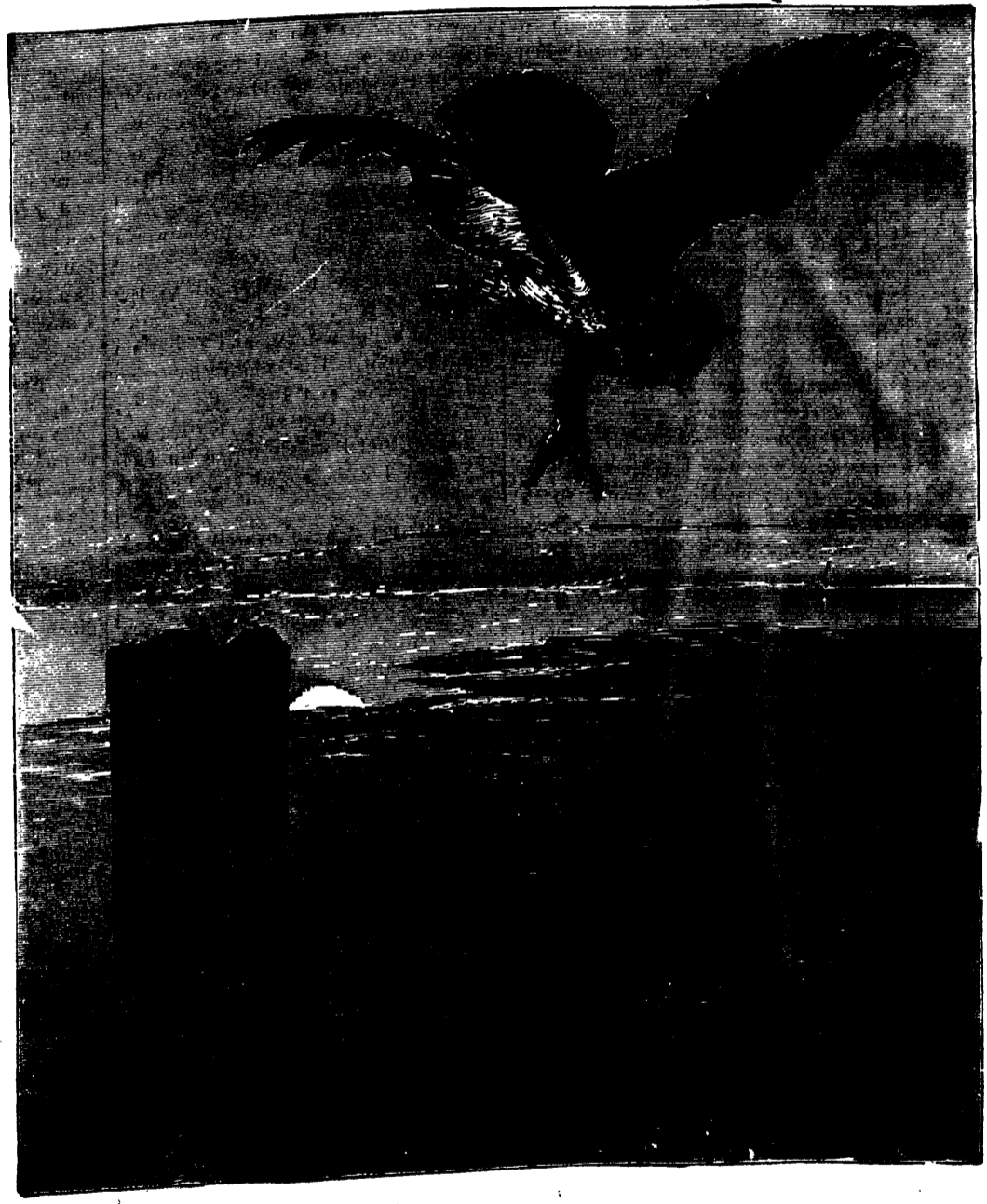
The Hawk-Owl and the Weasel.

THE owl has a large round head with enormous eyes. Its large eyes enable it to pursue its prey by night. It sleeps by day, thus protecting its eyes from the excessive light of the sun.

The owl has a dense covering of downy feathers, which enables it to fly so noiselessly through the air. Its prey is not startled by the movement of its wings.

There are a great many varieties of owls, as there are many kinds of chickens, and they differ in their habits. The hawk-owl has the habit of hunting by day. Its head is not so round or broad as are those of other owls. The large snowy-owl catches fish and also preys on hares and other small game. The burrowing-owl accompanies the prairie dog, and takes possession of his deserted burrow. It preys on mice and other small animals. The scops-eared-owl utters a monotonous cry as though it were repeating the letter Q. It feeds on beetles, grasshoppers, and other large insects. The great eared owl, or eagle-owl, is the largest. Being a powerful bird, it attacks young fawns, rabbits and birds. The barn-owl, when it can do so, resorts to the barn for rest and a hiding-place. It kills rats and mice, and many insects.

The weasel is very useful to farmers, as it destroys all the rats and mice about the barns and stacks. It has a sharp scent and tracks rats as a dog tracks rabbits. It is very brave and sometimes attacks men. It invariably aims at the throat; and having long sharp teeth, its wound is dangerous. It cuts a little hole into the throat of its prey and drinks its blood. The accompanying picture shows a



THE HAWK-OWL AND THE WEASEL.

hawk-owl flying with a weasel at its throat. It would seem that the owl has perched upon the weasel to take him as prey, but the weasel has fastened his teeth into the owl's throat and is drinking his blood. He will not let go until he has weakened the owl by the loss of blood and brought him to the earth again. Thus the owl in catching the weasel got caught himself.

The picture illustrates the result of doing evil for pleasure. Evil deeds repeated become habits. Habits once formed can never be broken. The boy who takes his first cigar or social glass for the fun of it has caught himself in a trap. Never take the first step in the way of any evil, and the evil habit will never fasten upon you to drink up your life.

Talking With God.

A LITTLE girl, whose father was an infidel, went to visit a friend of hers whose parents were both Christians. While they were reading the Word of God she listened very attentively, but when the father knelt reverently down and engaged in earnest prayer, she seemed amazed, and glanced all around the room to see with whom he was talking, and seeing no one looking at him she was puzzled. As soon as she had opportunity, after the service was over, she whispered to her friend and asked:—

“Who was your father talking with this morning?”

“Why, he was talking with God,” said her friend.

The little girl knew nothing about God, or his dealings with men, so they tried to explain to her who and what God was, and then told her the “old, old story” of the cross.

To all this she listened very eagerly, and when they had finished, she inquired earnestly, “Can't I talk with him too?”

“Certainly you can,” said they, “for he loves little children, and has said, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’”

She seemed very happy, and when she got home that night she jumped into her father's lap, and told him about those good people

that talked with God, and what they had told her about him; and then, with her little face beaming with joy, she exclaimed: “Oh, father, they said I could talk with him too, and he would hear me!”

She did talk with him, until her father and all the family learned to love and commune with God.—*Rev. J. G. Merrill.*

Song of the Printing-Press.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

I AM silent to-night in the basement dim,
And the shadows around me are vague and grim;
But my nerves reach out where the home-groups are,
Where the home-lights are flickering near and far;
And I feel a glad thrill in my iron heart
For the gladness and cheer that I there impart;
For although I am only a dumb machine,
I can move with a wonderful power, I wend!

There are beautiful stories that I can tell,
And that fall on the ear like a magic spell;
And I whisper them sweetly to one and to all—

So sweetly that even the tear-drops fall—
To the maiden who sits in the cottage low,
To the lover who longeth her heart to know,
To the poet who dreams, and the child who waits
For the princess to open the fairy gates.

I am King, and my subjects are scattered wide,
But wherever they be, they are leal and tried;
And though other kings fall and their kingdoms wane,

For ever and aye must my own remain.
It is one to grow greater with lapse of time,
And to tower through ages to heights sublime;

While the cry of my subjects for aye shall be:
"Give to PRESS! for our King is he!"

Oh, I day after day at my labour sing,
For I know of the gladness I widely fling
With my fingers of iron across the earth—
At the gate of the rich, and the cottage hearth—

And I feel that the living of all who live
Will be richer by far for the gifts I give;
And that millions of hearts shall look up and bless,

With the truest of blessings, the PRINTING-PRESS.

—Inland Printer.

Bob's Talking Leg.

"THAT wooden leg of yours must be rather inconvenient."

"Maybe, sir; but I walk with it better than when I had the natural pair complete."

Bob was our crossing sweeper, and a sort of public messenger—self-established, but recognized in time as one of the institutions of the Bank. The road just opposite our main entrance was rather wide for a country town, and it was here Bob kept a path carefully swept in all weathers.

When employed by the Bank or one of the tradesmen with a message, Bob would leave his broom leaning against the letter-box, and go on his way quite certain that the most mischievous boy in the place would not interfere with it. Bob was so good-natured and kind to all that even his broom was respected.

He was a bit of a character, and generally wore a post-boy's cap and an old red hunting coat when on duty. But these were only sort of trade signs; and work done, Bob put aside his "uniform" and assumed the garb of a respectable labourer.

And a labourer he had been once upon a time—a man well known in the town, and not a little notorious for his

drinking, but he shall tell his own story. Listen to him as he relates it to me.

"Walk better with a wooden leg than with two sound ones!" I said; "how can that be? I cannot fancy a wooden leg would be better than either of mine."

"I was not speaking of your legs, sir," replied Bob, dryly, "but of the pair I had. They were not given to walking very straight."

"That must have been your fault, Bob," I said.

"Well, yes, sir," he said, "of course it was; but I was speaking in a sort of meddlesor, you see."

"I hear you are fond of metaphor," I returned; "but tell me about this leg of yours. How did you get it?"

"Drink gave it to me," replied Bob, "and I must say that it ain't very grateful to drink in return; for all though it makes noise enough in ordinary, it knocks double as loud whenever I'm nigh a public house. It says 'don't' as plainly as you can, sir—meaning, don't go in. I was once nearly led back in the old ways, and was going into 'The King's Head' with a friend, as I hadn't seen for years, but this leg wouldn't go in; t'other went over the step right enough, but the wooden one tripped up, and down I went. 'All right,' I says, 'you knows how I got you, and I'll go back again,' and out I went, dragging my friend with me."

"Of course," he added, "I don't mean to say as the leg knows it's doing, that's my meddlesor way of speaking; but it's there, and it is always stumping out the same story, 'Don't drink, don't drink.' Just you listen to it."

He stamped rapidly up and down in front of me, and really the leg and his sound foot gave out sounds not unlike the words he had spoken.

"You hear, sir," he said, "the wooden leg says 'Don't,' and t'other says 'drink.' Put 'em both together, and you've got good advice—'Don't drink!'"

"Undoubtedly," I replied, "but will you tell me how you came to lose your limb? It is a quiet day, and you are not likely to be interrupted for a few minutes."

"It's soon told," said Bob. "Eight years ago I was a bricklayer's labourer, a smart, active fellow when I hadn't a drinking fit on; but I used to break out for the week and fortnight at a time and leave my work, and starve them at home in the way of drunkards generally. When the drink's in, kindness and love and industry is out, which is a meddlesor I'll thank you to make a note of."

I promised not to forget it, and with his hands crossed on the top of his broom he went on with his story.

"When sober, I worked as a runner. I headed a gang of labourers, and timed 'em, as it were. If there 'nt a runner they don't keep up the work, and get into confusion. One day, when I was

a little worse for drink, I went to the works, and kept at it all right until eleven o'clock, when a man from a public house close by came round. I had two pints of him, and that, with what I had taken, finished me. The next time I went up the ladder, I lost my hold, and the sky seemed to turn right over; then I heard a shout, and I lost my senses."

"When I came to," he said, "I found myself at the hospital, with a sensation of being as helpless as a child. At first I didn't feel any pain, but soon my leg began to throb, and I was going to put my hand down, when the nurse, as was close by, stops me. 'Don't touch it,' she said, 'you've injured yourself.' They gave me some medicine and it soothed me and I went off to sleep. When I awoke again several grave looking gentlemen were standing about the bed talking, but they stopped as soon as it was known I was awake. I asked for my wife, and they said she would soon come to me. To cut a long story short, sir, one of the kindest told me that my leg must be taken off, or I should lose my life."

"And what am I to do in the world with one leg, sir?" I asked.

"He told 'e to leave all to the wisdom of God, but I didn't know much of religion then, and found no comfort in it. That night they gave me something, and I lost my senses. While I was in that state my leg was taken off, and I shan't forget the feeling when I came round and found it gone."

"And yet it wasn't exactly the feeling in the leg that told me so, for at first I fancied it was there; and what is more, I feel it now, and a very curious thing it is. But I'll get back to the hospital, where, after my leg was taken off, my poor wife used to come and cry over me as 'if I had been the best of husbands, instead of one of the worst; but women, speaking in meddlesor, are angels on earth, they are."

"With my wife a gentleman used to come. He was grave and quiet and kind, and I recognized him through having often seen him down our street visiting the sick and poor. I wouldn't have nothing to do with him in the old days, but lying there maimed and helpless, I was glad enough to listen to him, and I'm thankful to this day that I did so; for there I first really understood what salvation through the Saviour meant for me and other sinners, and learnt to see the blessings of a sober life."

"I was a long time getting well, for my constitution was terribly cut up, and it was supposed at one time that I could not live; but prayer and faith saved me, and I got about at last, full of good resolve and hope for the future."

"Being only a labourer, I wasn't fit for much with a wooden leg; so after casting about, I thought I'd take this crossing—the man who had it afore having just died of drink—and try to

get a little public messengering. The young gentlemen inside the bank has their little joke, and calls me the 'Dot and carry one,' but I don't mind that. I shall not object to my leg so long as it keeps on saying, 'Don't' and the other leg may say 'Drink' as often as it likes. Don't drink. I've told lots of people what my legs say, and some as do drink thinks it funny to call me 'the man with the talking leg.'

"And this wooden leg have done some good to others. When I came out of the hospital and stumped around to my mates, and told 'em what I'd suffered, and that I'd signed the pledge, five of 'em did the same, and three have kept it to this day. The other two went back and one is dead, and t'other nobody knows where. He left a wife and three children behind him."

"When I first took my stand here I got hardly any messages. I had a bad name and people mistrusted my leg, but when they got to know that it was a leg that wouldn't go into a public house, work began to roll in. On Saturday I'm running about all day, and I lose a lot at the crossing, no doubt; but the messenger money is fairly earned, while a shilling a day gained at the crossing is very fair pay. I sweeps it in the morning about seven, then again at nine, and so on every two hours if I am here, and if you put it all together you won't make more than an hour's fair work of it. I like the messengering as it's honest labour, and I'm trusted and it fits in with t'other, so that I'm hardly ever idle."

"And what do you make per week?" I asked.

"One way and another, about as much as I did as a labourer," Bob replied; "and the misses does a bit of washing and clear-starching" (Bob himself was renowned for the linen he wore, "and we've got three children, and a little picture of a home. Mr. Sawyer, the photographer, he took me here one morning and he put a lot of my pictures in his window. I've got one at home he gave me, but it ain't quite right. He ought to have done the jacket red, and it came out white; but the leg is took splendid, and that is the chief point. They do tell me that the publicans hate the very sound of my leg, as the very noise it makes is a sort of accusation against 'em, and I do know that it is often cast into their teeth by angry customers."

"So you see, sir," said Bob, in conclusion, "that I walk better in every way since I had this wooden leg, and I'm content to travel so until it shall please God to call me away to dwell with him in heaven."

A voice from a house on the opposite side called Bob from me, and I walked away, musing upon what I had heard. The story was not without profit to me, and I trust it will be of benefit to the reader, who has yet to realize the deadly work drink is everywhere doing in this fair land of ours.—*The British Workman.*

Mother's Mending Basket.

Oven and under, and in and out,
The swift little needle lies;
For always between her and illness
The mending basket lies;
And the patient hands, though weary,
Work lovingly on and on
At tasks that never are finished;
For mending is never done.

She takes up the father's stocking,
And skillfully knits in the heel,
And smooths the seam with a tender touch,
That he may no roughness feel;
And her thoughts to her merry girlhood
And her early wifehood go,
And she smiles at the first pair of stockings
She knit so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden
Learning to knit at her side,
And tells her about those stockings
Uneven and shapeless and wide—
"I had to ravel them out, my dear;
Don't be discouraged, but try,
And after a while you'll learn to knit
As swift and even as I."

She takes up a little white apron,
And thinks of the woeful face
Of her darling when she came crying;
"Oh, mamma! I've torn my lace."
So she mended the child's pet apron;
Then took up a tiny shoe,
And fastened a stitch that was broken,
And tied the ribbon of blue.

The maiden has wearied of working
And gone away to her play;
The sun in the west is sinking
At the close of the quiet day.
Now the mother's hands are resting
Still holding a stocking of red,
And her thoughts in the twilight shadow
To the far off future have fled.

"Oh! where will the little feet wander
Before they have time to rest?
Where will the bright heels be pillowed
When the mother's loving breast
Is under the Spring's blue violets,
And under the Summer grass,
When over her fall the Autumn leaves,
And the storms of Winter pass?"

And a prayer from her heart she utters;
"God bless them, my dear ones all!
O' may it be many, many years
For sorrow them befall!"
To her work from the mending basket
She turns with a heart at rest;
For she knows that to husband and children
She is always the first and best.
—New York Ledger.

Missions and Sunday-Schools.

We are glad that our Sunday-schools do so much for the support of Christian missions. For the last year the Missionary Society reports an income of \$24,111.31 from the schools, an increase of \$9,410.31 from the missionary givings of all the Methodist schools in the Dominion in 1883, which amounted to \$14,701. Nevertheless we have not yet done all that we can in this respect. We look for still greater things in the near future. The schools may greatly aid in the removal of the burden of debt under which the Society labours. Apart altogether from the money value of their gifts is the vast benefit of their being brought into intelligent sympathy with our missionary operations through their becoming familiar with the good work that is being done thereby. The example set by the school whose method is described in the following letter is

one that we hope will be very widely imitated. A gentleman in St. John writes thus.

"In the Queen Square Methodist Sunday school, St. John, N.B., an increased interest has been taken in missionary work during the present year. A missionary society was formed some months ago, with a president, treasurer, and secretary. The Sunday-school collection is omitted upon the first Sunday of each month, and in its place a monthly missionary contribution is collected from each member of the school by collectors who have been appointed for each class. A record is kept of each member's contributions, and any who may not be present upon the first Sunday of the month are supposed to pay the amount of their contribution at another time. The amount collected in the school for the past year was double the amount of previous years, and it is hoped that this year's amount will be at least double that of last year's.

"The school does a little practical missionary work in the way of distributing Sunday-school papers to country schools. After the scholars have read their papers, many of them return them, and a committee mail them to schools whose funds do not permit of their subscribing to these valuable papers. Many letters of acknowledgment have been received, showing that the papers are highly appreciated. Many city Sunday schools might *go and do likewise*.

"On October 21st a Sunday-school missionary meeting was held, at which a novel feature was introduced. Two prizes were offered for the best essays upon Japan—one for scholars over fifteen years of age, and the other for those under fifteen—the essays to be written after having read the October number of the *Missionary Outlook*. The prize for the essay by a scholar under fifteen was allotted to Mary Edith Coombs, and as it gives a very fair synopsis of the contents of the *Outlook*, I take the liberty of sending it to you for publication, trusting that it will prove of great benefit to the many readers of your valuable paper."

JAPAN.

Japan, or Nippon, as the natives call it, means sunrise. It is divided into four large islands, with an area of 148,456 square miles, and a population of over 38,000,000. The empire was founded in 660 B.C., by the emperor Jimmu. The oldest Japanese books form the basis of the Shinto religion, and give their theory of creation. The present sovereign commenced his real reign in 1868, when he promised a constitution to his people. In 1890 an imperial parliament will be elected. Owing to lack of exercise, the upper classes of the people are not very healthy, while the lower classes appear to endure more of labour and fatigue. They are very polite; etiquette being taught in many schools, especially in

those for girls. Their food consists of rice and fish, with some vegetables. Many are now learning the use of meat and milk. In their own houses they sit on mats, where they have their meals, each person being supplied with a small table six inches high and a foot square. Instead of knives and forks they use chopsticks. The ceilings of their houses are low and the partitions are mostly paper. For doors and windows they have paper slides. They paper the rooms but have very little furniture. Their dress is long, with large sleeves. They are a very careless but happy people. The women of Japan are often very beautiful, with skins as white as their western sisters. Their ornaments consist chiefly of hair-pins, gay silks and enormous sash. All that a foreigner would notice is that married women blacken their teeth, but of late years educated people have done away with it.

Among the 38,000,000 of Japan the Gospel is as free and well protected as any other place on this planet, and audiences of thousands can be gathered any place where the Bible is presented. In 1872 the first Protestant Church was organized with about a dozen believers. The last year's increase was about thirty-four per cent. on the year previous. The number of members now in the churches is probably over 13,000. What is needed in Japan is more missionaries. Let the brothers and sisters all over this Dominion pray for Japan, have prayer-meetings, and plead that every worker may receive power from on high, and that a mighty revival may visit them there and bless them with speedy conversion.—*Mary Edith Coombs*.

Manners Between Boys.

There is a good deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another that is not really intended as such, but is not therefore any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of jolly good humor. But the overflow of the very best good humor, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility. We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well." It is well we can make such apology for them; for if their rudeness is really intentional they are not fit to be received into any good person's society. But they who mean well should also do well; and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth. The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearing toward other boys will be such as a man toward men, and in all his life he will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.

"MAMMA," said a little up-town boy, as he left his bed and crawled into her's the other night, "I can go to sleep in your bed, I know I can; but I've slept my bed all up."

As Others See Us.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian-at-Work* writes in this way of a Sabbath spent in Toronto:

"We arrived on Saturday evening, and soon began to realize the quiet of the city. On Saturday night all saloons are closed at seven o'clock, and are so kept closed until Monday morning, so that illicit selling is a very rare thing. The quiet of the Sabbath surpasses that of Edinburgh, or of any American city. I asked a friend to guide me to the homes of the poorest and the lowest of the inhabitants, but could not find any of the usual signs of disorder. No street cars run on the Sabbath, no newspapers are published, and no mail goes out; yet Toronto grows, and is not a whit behind the times. Her statesmen have found out that righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people. We do not know that this city has a greater proportion of religious people than our United States cities, but we do know that her political economists have found out that law and order are capital for the working people as well as the churchmen, and that the highest of police regulations is a legal insistence upon Sabbath rest. There is also a strong temperance sentiment in the community, although there is not any active prohibition movement."

Toronto is noted for a good many things. The rapid growth of the city, the educational institutions, the large number of young men who come here to study, the cleanliness of our city press, the good order on the streets and several other good things have often been pointed out by visitors. There is nothing, however, that strikes a stranger so much as our Sabbaths. We have, many say, the best kept Sabbath in the world. And the Sabbath is no better kept in Toronto than in many other parts of Ontario. Let Ontario honour God by remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and God will honour and prosper our beloved Province.—*Presbyterian*.

A MOVE in an unexpected quarter has been made against Sabbath labour, which it is hoped will receive encouragement and support. The Hackmen's Union of Montreal have issued a circular which contains the following: It having been represented to us that it was wrong to work on Sunday: First, because God commanded man to keep the Sabbath day holy; and second, because our horses require rest from labour on the seventh day; therefore, we, the hackmen of Montreal, believing that we should act in accordance with God's law, do hereby agree to abstain from labour on Sundays in future, and request all hackmen not to bring out their carriages for hire on Sundays, and may God help us and keep us steadfast in this resolution.

Home.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress of fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway;
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger;
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will ever
Cherish happy thoughts of home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Sure and lasting the control,
Home with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

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FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

THE growing interest in Sunday-schools, and increased recognition of their value as an important part of the work of the Church, is shown by an article in the January number of the *Methodist Magazine*, by the Rev. Dr. Carman, one of the General Superintendents of the Methodist Church, on "The Sunday-school as a Centre." It is written in his own vigorous style, and enforces great truths which should be pondered by every teacher and superintendent in our schools. In an early number the Rev. John Philp, M.A., of the great St. James Street Church, Montreal, will also contribute a valuable paper on "Methodism and Sunday-schools." Several schools have taken for a number of years from two to ten copies of this *Magazine* to circulate instead of libraries, as being

fresh and more attractive. To procure its general introduction for that purpose, special rates will be given to schools, which will be made known on writing to the publisher, Rev. William Briggs, Toronto.

Rev. E. R. Young on our Indian Policy.

"HAVING had the pleasure of spending three happy, busy weeks among our wide-awake neighbours south of us, I feel prompted to give you some items in reference to the trip.

"I went, at the cordial invitation of the "Women's National Indian Association," with the request to speak on the Indian question from our Canadian standpoint. I spoke out as plainly and as emphatically as I could in behalf of the vanishing race. They listened to me with patience and acknowledged that our methods of dealing with the Indians were vastly superior to theirs.

"It came as a great shock to the national vanity of some when I told that grand audience in the great Broadway Tabernacle, New York, with Gen. Clinton B. Fisk in the chair, how that when a company of us Canadians were travelling through the upper parts of the States of Minnesota and Dakota years ago, when the angry, war-like Sioux were roaming and chafing under the dishonest treatment of their agents and defeat by the troops, and were watching for opportunities to rob and murder all who fell into their hands, the talisman that had enabled us to pass safely through the very heart of the disturbed region was a British flag fluttering from a whip-stalk. They looked at each other for a moment in amazement, and then the building rang with their applause. The good people of that great nation wish to treat the Indians fairly, and this grand Women's Society is doing a blessed work in arousing public sentiment, and in bringing such pressure to bear upon the Government that treaties are being more respected and a better class of agents is being appointed. The ladies are among the noblest in the land, and their Association is becoming one of great power and influence."

Portrait of a Brahmin Priest.

SOME of our young readers, as they look at the picture, will be ready to ask, "Is this a man or a woman? and what is that queer thing on the forehead and nose?"

This is a Brahmin priest, who thinks his face is greatly beautified by that ugly mark. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning, when he dresses himself, bathes and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each



PORTRAIT OF A BRAHMIN PRIEST.

side, and joins them across his nose. To be without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half-naked Brahmins, all marked like this, makes one think of that verse in the Book of Revelation, which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand." (Rev. xiv. 9.)

I HAVE seen the precious old heart-broken mother; her boys had gone to the bad, and patiently the mother came up to me, and said: "I will have to give my boys up forever. I have prayed for them every day from their birth to the present: I have filled them with my prayers, and at night when they were asleep I bathed them in my tears; and yet my boy to-day said to me, 'Mother don't you ever mention religion to me again,' and scoffed me away from his presence." And she said, "I will just have to give up and quit." But the very next night I saw the two boys of that precious mother walk up to the altar and give their hearts to God, join the Church, and each say, "Glory to God! I am a saved man." And then I saw the old mother jump up and clap her hands together and say: "Glory to God! He has delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me. I thought my boys were gone forever; and, blessed be God! they are saved, when I thought they were lost forever."—Sam Jones.

The Singing Heart.

"Poor child! don't you feel very lonely living here all alone through the day while your mother is away at work?"

"I should, ma'am, if it wasn't for the singing."

"What singing, dear?"

"The singing in my heart, ma'am. The Bible says: 'And they sang a new song,' and I have thought so much about it, and when I'm alone I can hear it in my heart all the time now, and I don't get lonesome any more."

How many of us have thought of the promises in the Bible until we have singing hearts!—*Youths' Examiner*.

Mind.

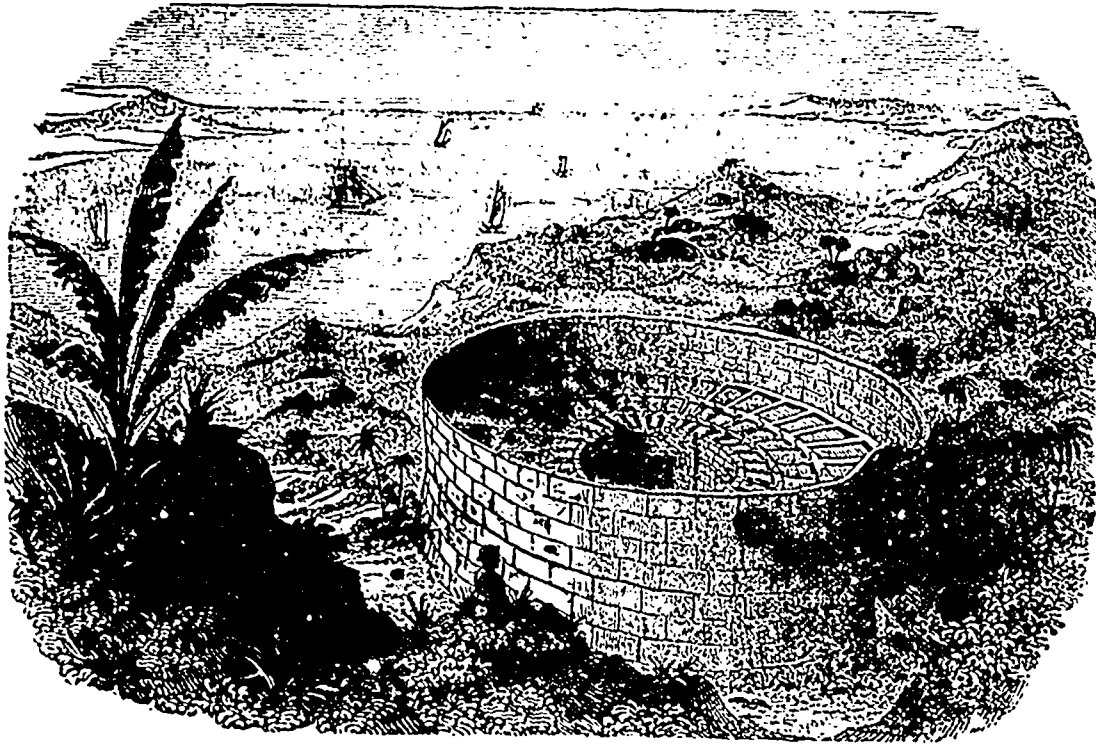
MIND your tongue! Don't speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

Mind your lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them.

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal, or fight, or write any evil words. Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his.—*Selected*.



THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

The Last Leaf.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By a crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmother has said—
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Towers of Silence.

BY SARAH LEE.

WHAT Central Park is to New York, the Bois de Boulogne to Paris, and Hyde Park to London, Malabar Hill is to Bombay. Here, after the intense heat of the day, come the wealth and fashion of the city to be refreshed by the cool delicious breezes from the Indian Ocean, and to listen to the music of the English band, which plays in the park on the summit. Here are the homes of the wealthy, and one sees hundreds of bungalows scattered about, embowered in thick foliage; and through the trees you see the occupants, half reclining in long bamboo chairs, watching the stream of riding and driving that goes down the broad avenues.

In a beautiful garden on the highest point of the hill stand three curious circular towers. They are about twenty-five feet high, are built of yellow stone, and have no opening, save one small door on the ground. In looking at them, one can but think of the brazen tower the old king of classic story built for the Princess Danae's residence. Tropical trees and wonderful flowering plants surround the towers; it seems to be the veritable "garden of God." The whole is enclosed by a wall. The tops of the trees are black with a fluttering cloud. It is not the brilliant plumaged birds one naturally expects to find in such a place, nor is the air filled with song, as in most tropical gardens. Instead, there is a harsh, grating sound, and, if you can come close enough, you will see the frightful beaks, and great bat-like wings of crowds and clouds of enormous vultures.

This is the burial ground of the Parsees, and if you watch you may see the frequent processions wending their way to it. When a Parsee dies, after

the elaborate ceremonies at the house are over, a procession of his friends is formed, preceded by a band of priests, each bearing in a small vessel a light. The dead is clad in white linen, and, uncollined, is borne upon a bier and carried through the streets. Upon arriving at the garden, prayers are said in the sagri, and the man presented to Aheuri-Magdi, who is represented by the fire, fed with perfumed oils, and burns on the brazen altar.

The bearers then resume their burden and carry it to the small door in the tower. That door stands open, and the passage within is lined with priests. They pronounce a blessing upon the bearers, who lay down the bier—their work is done, the dead is now in the hands of the priests; they take it up and disappear in the tower, and are lost to sight. What is to become of it, we ask. We know they cannot burn it, for worshipping the sun and every emanation of fire as coming from the sun, they cannot desecrate the flame by applying it to a dead body. They cannot bury it in the ground or cast it into the sea, for earth, air and water are equally sacred. There must be another method.

They are very jealous of any intrusion into their sacred rites, but occasionally some English dignitary has penetrated into the secret recesses of the towers and given us an account.

A winding stairway leads from the ground to the top. On the summit are three iron gratings the size and shape of a bier. Upon these gratings the dead, first having been stripped, are laid, and the priests retire to an inner chamber. In a few moments, if we watch from below, we hear a flapping and a whirring of wings, and see a black cloud rise in the air. The tower has no roof, but is entirely open at the top. Now we know why the vultures

are there, for we are told, "wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." With their great horned beaks and their horrible claws they fasten upon the body, and in an incredibly short space of time the work is done, and nothing but the bare bones left of what was so shortly a human being. The birds of prey, still unsatisfied, hover around the bier until they are driven off by the priests, who now emerge from the inner chamber armed with sharp sticks. With silver tongs they gather the bones together in a heap, and touching a spring, the grating slips to one side, disclosing a funnel-shaped conduit, down which they slide to a subterranean cavern below. Then with mops the grating is cleansed, sprinkled with perfumed water, and is ready for the next occupant. There are seventy-five thousand Parsees in Bombay, and as this is the only place for the disposing of the dead, one may imagine the priests who have charge of the revolting task have no sinecure.

Anything more repulsive cannot be conceived of, to see these horrible, voracious creatures hovering around, and waiting with eager, distended eyes and hungry looks for their next victim, who may be the friend at your side with whom you have walked, talked, lived and loved. We wondered if the Parsees feel thus, or if they accept it as the only way; if each one says to himself, with a shudder, as he leaves his dear ones at the foot of the terrible tower, "Shall it be so when I am dead?" Compared to this, the Hindu burning seems a blessed contrast, for there the funeral pyre is heaped with scented woods, and aromatic spices; flowers are strewn above it, while friends stand around the bier chanting sweet songs. Here the pyre is bare and barren, for the scented wood and spices are iron bars; instead of the rhythmic chant is heard the dull flapping of wings, and for the urn in which the ashes are sacredly gathered, we have a gruesome cavern of dry bones.

This Life is What we Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wako it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of mon,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wako it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it,
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

Mother's Girl.

She sits securely by my side,
My bonny, little lass!
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me,
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny, little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny little lass!
"Be angels shaking out their wings?"
She says, when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say,
"Angels have surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny, little lass!
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise
That through her lashes pass.
She pats my cheek with smile and nod,
And softly asks, "Does you know God?"

And though I cannot answer her,
My bonny, little lass!
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The rippling words that pass—
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny, little lass!
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper, "Mother's Girl!"
—*Good Housekeeping.*

Keep the Home Pure.

I was a guest once at a beautiful home in one of the Eastern States. Nothing that wealth and taste could provide was wanting to beautify and adorn it. The father was a man of business and immersed in its cares; the mother was a refined and cultured lady, who moved in the first circles of society. They had two children, one a young girl of some fifteen years of age, and the other a young man of more than eighteen years, who was attending the college in the town, and whom his fond parents designed for the profession of the law. The home was a hospitable one, and its hospitality had been conducted on the old-fashioned lines of what was called polite society. No entertainments were more elegant, no table more daintily supplied and none had costlier wines than were to be found in the home of this foremost business man. The latter were used to no excess in the private life of the family, and were dispensed with refined hospitality to the family guests. Father and mother, daughter and son drank of them with their guests, and, so far as could be seen, drank of them sparingly and prudently. Once or twice the young man had been noticed to fill his glass more than once, but neither father nor mother dreamed that excess would ever mark his conduct. He was brought up to use wine as a gentleman, and would never so far forget himself as to allow it to master his self control. So thought father and mother, if ever the matter became a subject of thought.

But who can answer for consequences when once the subtle spirit of drink and the warm blood of youth are mingled. The facts unseen by all was that the wine cup had already fatal charms for the youth. Often, when no eye saw him, did he quaff the extra glass, or take the half empty bottle to his chamber. And often, when his father and mother thought him with his student companions busy at work, was he to be found with companions, not at work, but playing the exciting game and drinking the still more exciting draught.

I had arisen early, and was reading in the pleasant little library, when an anxious, hurried step was heard in the dining-room, and through the half open door I caught the quick tones of a woman's voice, saying: "Where's Tom; his bed has not been touched last night, where can he be?" It was Mrs. A's voice. To it replied the slower, more careless words of the husband, "Do not be anxious, dear: Tom's all right. He has likely gone home with one of his friends; he will turn up presently." We sat down to breakfast, but the whole atmosphere was disquieted. I could notice the listening ear and the glancing eye of that stately mother as each step sounded near, or a form passed the window. But no Tom came. Breakfast had just ended when a servant brought in a note and handed it to Mr. A. He quickly opened it, turned as quickly pale, and then, with a hurried, anxious look at his wife, left the room, followed by the frightened mother. A half hour later I learned it all. Tom had been arrested the night before and taken to the lock-up, and the note was from the kindly keeper who wished to spare the respected family the disgrace of a public trial. I shall never forget the face of that mother. Pride, shame and love chased each other over it in varying light and shade, but love conquered and lighted it up with a sad, pitying, merciful glow. It was settled that she should go to the lock-up, and that I should accompany her. We alighted at the forbidding door, we entered the still more forbidding passage way, and were conducted to Tom's cell. With a cry of unutterable love and mingled bitterness the mother flung her arms about the neck of the boy whom she had nurtured so delicately, and wept hot tears of shame and pity. "Oh Tom, my son, how could you disgrace me so?" she uttered between her sobs. The answer came slowly, bitterly, almost defiantly, cutting into the conscience of that mother with the sharp, remorseless edge of retribution. "Mother, oh my mother, why did you teach me to drink? But for the wine on your own table, curse it, I should never have been here. It crept into my blood, fastened upon my will, and chained me fast. What I did last night I know not. I was mad drunk. Oh! if you had but kept it from me years ago."

That mother's face is before me now. Pale as death, agonized beyond possibility of description, every line of reproach for the wayward boy turned into a deepening furrow of self-reproach. She spoke but once. "Forgive me, my boy, I see it all now. And may God forgive me."

Tom was taken home. The disgrace was not suffered to become an open one. That night a lengthy and solemn conference took place between the proud mother and the wealthy father. And the next day no vestige of strong drink was to be found in the princely home. The evil spirit was cast out, but, alas! not before it had well nigh possessed the only son of those who had so thoughtlessly harboured it.

I have visited that house since. Wealth and refinement mark all its appointments as of old, hospitality reigns as royally, but the lesson of chastening is to be read in the absence of all that can intoxicate, and in the tender care and constant prayer that the Heavenly Parent may repair the error well nigh irrevocably wrought by the loving earthly parents.

Yes, dear reader, keep it out of the home. Have no deceitful ally within, working hand in hand with the guilty confederate without. Keep it out of your kitchen, away from your table, make the family circle secure.

It may be that some member of your family will fall a victim to the terrible power of the drink appetite, but what a pitiable and almost unendurable thought it would be to haunt you forever, if your conscience accused you of making it easy for the first step to be taken. If the lightning must strike your home, don't, for pity's sake, prepare the rod which draws the destroying bolt upon you.

Cider, beer, wine, may sound and seem harmless, but all these contain the subtle spirit of destruction, the fatal alcohol. They are the easy steps, the alphabet; once allow them to be learned, and you cannot stop the going forth and forward toward destruction.

Make your home pure. It is the cradle of youth, the refuge of middle life, the asylum of the aged. Whatever may be the temptations and the dangers without, give no place for them within.

Keep the drink out of the home.

The stately homes of Canada,
Long may they proudly stand,
Begrut with kindly temperance,
The glory of our land.

Try every day of this year to make somebody better and happier.

A LITTLE girl who had a thoughtful Christian mother, overhearing her little brother saying his evening prayer in a careless manner, said to him, "Willie, if you do not mind how you pray, God will not hear you. You would not ask mamma for anything you really wanted in such a careless way."

Out of the Depths.

BY LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

It was all very well while the sun shone, and the winds blew gently, and the ocean was calm. They could discuss all the modern phases of skepticism with perfect equanimity. They could express their admiration of Darwin and Ingersoll, and read extracts from infidel authors, to listening groups. They could make jokes of very solemn things, and go to prayerless pillows, after hours at the card-table, without one twinge of conscience. They were a wonderfully congenial set of travellers, making the return voyage from the South American coast. Most of them hailed from Valparaiso, Chili; and, to judge from their conversation, they had not found in it the "Val of Paradise"—its name would lead you to expect. Some had spent years there; others had gone out in the government service; and one was a distinguished scientist, who had been studying the wondrous Flora of that tropical land. The three best talkers among them were avowed unbelievers in our holy religion. True, there was no bitterness in their feelings toward it. They simply regarded it as an amiable delusion, something fit for the consideration of women and children; but unworthy the attention of a man of the world—a man who had not only read, but thought for himself.

It happened that they had picked up, at an obscure port, a young missionary, going back home to recruit his health. The deadly miasma of the South American climate had paled his cheeks, and shattered his nerves; but the spirit was yet strong within him, and he never missed an opportunity of putting in a word for his Master. There was not a man of more culture in the group that gathered round the captain's table; but his faith was as simple as a child's. He had read many volumes high in favour with those who scoff at revealed religion; and still, he daily searched the Scriptures with ever new delight. He was young, and some of his fellow-voyagers were wont to call him an enthusiast; but there had been more real heroism in his brief life than in all theirs combined. He had taken his life in his hand when he went to South America. His immediate predecessor had died of malignant fever in less than three months after his arrival; but that sad fact did not daunt his earnest soul. In spite of the tears of his mother, and the disapproval of a large circle of friends, he said to the Board: "Here am I—send me." The dreadful malaria of the undrained swamps spared him only to fall into the violent hands of a Jesuitical mob; and though life was left in him, he did not gather strength sufficient to go on with his work. The physicians had sent him home, hoping much from the ocean voyage; and, in the little company, there was not a more popular companion than this lowly servant of Christ Jesus. He was always courteous

always careful not to offend by word or deed; and even those who differed most widely from him, were fain to acknowledge that he well deserved the "grand old name of gentleman."

They had been many days out now; and eager eyes were watching, and pious hearts were praying, for their safe return. With fair weather, and no ill-luck, the captain hoped to sight their destined port to-morrow. Ah! these to-morrows, that we count on so certainly. They had almost lost all feeling of insecurity by their long familiarity with their ocean home. They had slept so many nights—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep—

why should not they go to their berths as usual on this last night, and fall asleep to the lullaby of the panting engines, and the splashing of the waves against the vessel's side! The "City of Charleston" had proved a staunch little craft, and there was a tinge of regret in the thought that their ways must soon divide, and the association, that had been so pleasant even in spite of its monotony, be a thing of the past. It was near midnight before they could bring themselves to say good-night; but no thought of danger disturbed them. Loved faces soon to be greeted fondly, loved forms to be embraced tenderly, seemed near each member of the happy group.

No one ever knew how it happened. It would seem that in the broad Atlantic, there should be room for two vessels to pass each other. The night had darkened suddenly, a rough wind had risen, and rain was falling in blinding sheets. There was some neglect or mistake in the display of signal lights; and without any warning, a great French brig bore down upon the poor, doomed "City of Charleston," and the terrified passengers were thrown headlong by the shock of the collision. The vessel careened, and for a few moments the sea seemed to swallow it up; but it righted itself by a mighty effort, and straining timbers settled back. The brig went on its way, scarcely injured at all; unable, they said, to find their wounded victim, though, they searched till morning dawned.

A very brief examination showed the officers that the pumps would make slow headway against the rushing tide that was fast filling the vessel's hold. The brig had made a frightful opening in its side. Could it be kept afloat until a boat from the life-saving station should reach them? The water was gaining at a fearful rate, although the pumps were being urged to their utmost force. The life-boats were launched. All the life-saving apparatus was put in readiness for immediate use; and then they watched and waited with death staring them in the face. Ah, what a precious thing this human life of ours is in times like this! All hearts were full of an intense longing to press the solid earth once more; and

prayers went up from lips that rarely used God's name save in unholy ways.

There was no looking at God from an intellectual stand-point now. Every man realized that there was a Supreme Arbiter of human destinies, in whose hands they stood powerless. It was the great admirer of the Evolution theory who clasped his hands in agony, and said, in a voice that trembled, despite his efforts to make it firm, to the young missionary:

"Sir, you are a praying man. Beseech your God to spare our lives. I cannot hope that my prayers will be heard; but he may listen to you."

The servant of God was calm. It was no new thing to him to trust his life to his Heavenly Father. He had said now as often before; "My times are in thy hand," and he was thinking how long ago Paul had besought the Lord to spare all who sailed with him. Now he raised his hand in response to this poor unbeliever's request, and prayed aloud that God would guide their efforts to save their lives, or give them grace to die. Fervent amens were uttered on all sides, and vows to lead better lives were silently registered. An awful stillness settled upon them, broken only by the cannon's report of their distressed condition. The moments seemed hours, and the hours long nights of horror. They could scarcely be convinced, when the life-saving corps had reached them and taken them ashore, that the day had not yet dawned.

They were saved. God was good, and some of them praised him for his great mercy; and out of the depths of their great despair one soul rose to walk forever in newness of life. The disciple of Ingersoll became the disciple of Christ, crying out in that supreme moment: "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

Temperance Notes.

DRINK is the keystone of the bridge which leads to moral degradation, physical deterioration, and political slavery.—*The Reformer*.

NEUTRAL! Neutral in the fight against drunkenness? Don't ask a mother to be neutral when a wild beast is destroying her child.—*Christian Advocate*.

NO WAY so rapid to increase the wealth of nations, and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting, as they do, an infinite waste, and an unmixed evil.—*London Times*.

WHEN public opinion shall place those who furnish the means of this destructive vice on a level with thieves and counterfeiters, then, and not till then, may we expect to see our land purged from this abomination.—*Judge David Daygett*.

AND when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave or a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

THE grog-shops must be shut. The power that will do the thing, whatever it be, is the power that must do it. So long as eighty-five per cent. of our prisoners owe their incarceration to drunkenness; so long as there is in our city one licensed place for the sale of liquor to every 170 inhabitants; so long as sixty thousand a year die drunk or from the effects of drink, there is no other side to the matter. The grog-shops must be shut. At any rate—whether of public inference or private self-denial, whether the law goes on the statue books or the wine comes off the dinner-table—by some means the grog-shops must be shut. He is either criminally ignorant of the facts, or criminally indifferent to them who can deny this.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*.

Two Angels.

BY M. K. A. STONE.

THE Lord from his glory spake
To an angel by his side,
"Go, wing thy flight to the green-robed earth
Where my well-beloved died;
For there, at the solemn midnight hour,
A sinner to me hath cried.

"Go, tell him that heaven hath joy
Over each penitent tear;
Go, clothe his nakedness in my robe,
That his shame do not appear;
Yea! give him my golden ring of peace,
The seal of his sonship here.

"Tell him the door is opened,
The feast of my love is spread;
That you bring him the Father's welcome
In the name of him who bled;
And the Spirit's oil of anointing
Outpoured on his bended head."

Then to another angel,
Of loving and gentle mien,
Whispered the Master: "An erring child,
Who hath grieved me by his sin,
Is asking pardon in Jesus' name,
That his blood may make him clean.

"Go, tell him where he mourneth,
How faith's instant flash can bear
His message swiftly from earth to heaven,
By the shining path of prayer,
While his answer from the Father's heart
Speeds back as on wings of air.

Tell him my love restoreth
His soul unto peace and light;
That my covenant stands unchanging,
More sure than the day and night;
That I clasp him now and forever,
In Jesus' blood washed white."

SICKNESS should teach us what a vain thing the world is,—what a vile thing sin is,—what a poor thing man is,—and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

Sam Jones on Praising God.

"IN everything give thanks." I reckon you all think that's the hardest thing in the world. "Thank God I was sick. Thank God I lost my child. Thank God I lost money." Whatever is a blessing you had better thank God for it. And the best way in the world is to put yourself in the hands of God fully, and then thank God for everything that happens. This incident will illustrate what I mean. A Presbyterian preacher who preached with glorious power, commenced bleeding from his lungs profusely; and for five successive sermons as he preached that bleeding took place. Finally the doctor said, "Sir, you can never preach another sermon. You must come down out of your pulpit." When he walked down from his pulpit the elders said, "Pastor, our new pastor's coming in about a week; you must leave this house." One noble man said, "Pastor, you can come to my house; the best room in my house is yours, the best place at table, the best place in our hearts." Just a little while after he left the parsonage, his only daughter took suddenly ill—about grown up, she was—and grew worse and worse, and died about the sixth day. And they buried their only daughter, and God took her to heaven. In a few days the wife was stricken with an eye trouble, and became quite blind. The pastor walked out one afternoon, and when he got back to his home, his wife walked up to him and put her hand on his shoulder, turned her sightless eyes toward him with a tremor in every muscle of her face, and the tears running down her cheeks, and said, "Husband, I got a great victory since you went out. I made up my mind to submit to God." He said: "Wife, that is a good thing, but let us go at it understandingly. We have got the best friends anybody ever had in the world. Will you submit to that?" And she said, "Yes." "Wife, we have got the best place to stay any mortals ever had. Will you submit to that?" "Yes." "Wife, our precious daughter is in heaven playing on her harp. Will you submit to that?" "Yes." "We have got all the precious promises to count on. Will you submit to that?" "Yes." "Well," he said, "God is going to come down in a few days and take us to heaven. Will you submit to that?" And she said, "Oh hush, husband, hush. I will never say another word about submission. I will praise God from this day out." Glory to God for the privilege of praising God in fire and out of fire; praising him when my body is rotting in a dungeon, praising him at the stake, praising him in gaol, praising him living, praising him dying, praising him everywhere. The Lord sanctify this talk this afternoon. I want every person to stand up that says, "I want my religion to make me rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." The whole congregation appeared to rise.

"White as Snow."

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

The snow is noiselessly falling
In whitened flakes from the sky,
Draping the earth with a mantle
Of purity from on high;
Covering the leafless branches
Of the trees with a garb of white,
Transforming them into beauty,
And objects of real delight.

I think as the crystal snow-flakes
Make the earth a vision fair,
Of the wondrous passage quoted
By the ancient seer Isaiah:
"Although your sins be as scarlet"—
I have sinned, all this I know;
"Must I always bear its impress?"
"They shall be as white as snow."

Can it be? My eyes glance outward,
And as far as I can see,
Only glimpses of rare whiteness,
As an answer come to me;
I look upward—I see clearly—
Christ the sinless Saviour dies,
Pleads his blood for my redemption,
Gives himself, my sacrifice.

Though the years have long since vanished
Since the Master spoke to men,
I can hear the echo ringing
Down the centuries again:
"Although your sins be as scarlet;"
Oh, that all the world might know
The fulfilment of the promise—
"They shall be as white as snow!"

The Brahmin and the Goat.

There is an old Sanskrit story told in India which shows the folly of being influenced into giving up what we know to be true just because so many clever people contradict it.

Three thieves once saw a Brahmin toiling along, carrying a fine goat on his back. Now these rogues made their living by outwitting people; and for this purpose, with diligence worthy a better cause, studied all the weaknesses and faults of the human race.

In this case a plan was speedily concocted, which they proceeded to carry out.

One ran swiftly through a by path till he was some distance beyond the Brahmin; then, striking the main road, he sauntered carelessly back till he saw the Brahmin coming.

"Ha," said he, accosting the latter, "it is a warm day to be carrying such a load. Is your dog lame?"

"Dog?" said the Brahmin; "what dog?"

"Why, the one you have on your back?"

"Man, this is a goat!" quoth the Brahmin, and pressed on, feeling a mild contempt for the idiot.

Soon he met a second pedestrian (the second thief).

"What is the matter with that dog, friend?" asked this second man, in a sympathizing tone; "you must have a kind heart, indeed, to lug that great brute, this hot day."

"Man, can you not see that it is a goat?" asked the Brahmin.

"Do you joke with me, old man? Don't you suppose I know a goat from that dog?"

"It is a goat, I tell you!" asserted the Brahmin, and pressed on, but not before the look of innocent astonishment on the other's face awoke perplexing doubts. Could his eyes have deceived him, or had he taken leave of his senses? Here was another stranger coming, he would refer the question to him.

He was saved that trouble, for the third thief, at the Brahmin's approach, struck an attitude of dumb amazement.

"What ails you, fellow?" said the Brahmin impatiently.

"Is it not enough to surprise a wiser man than I, to see one of your years carrying that great dog? But then, poor soul, poor soul, if it pleases you, what matter?"

This was too much for the Brahmin, and throwing his burden off, he strode away, leaving the thief with his booty.

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