

HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

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[No. 6.]

Scenes on the Pampas.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

ARRANGEMENTS had been made for us to see as much of station-life as possible during our short visit. Mr. Frer had sent a long way across the

About a hundred horses were driven into a large corral, and several gauchos and peons, some on horseback and some on foot, exhibited their skill with the lasso, by catching certain of the animals, either by the fore leg, the hind leg, or the neck, as they galloped round

round his body, in which case he would probably be almost cut in half by the sudden jerk.

The next proceeding was to cast a lasso at a *potro*, or unbroken colt, who was galloping about in the very centre of the troop, at full speed. His fore

sheepskin saddle was placed on his back, the man who was to ride him standing over him, with one foot already in the stirrup. All this time the poor horse was lying on the ground with his legs tied close together, frightened almost out of his life, trem-



SCENES ON THE PAMPAS—LASSOING WILD HORSES.

Pampas for some wild horses, belonging to him, in order that we might see them lassoed; and Colonel Donovan had brought with him one of his best domadors, or horse-breakers, that we might have an opportunity of seeing an unbroken colt caught and backed for the first time.

and round at full speed. The captured animal got a tremendous fall in each case, and if the mounted horse was not very clever and active, he and his rider were very likely to be thrown down also. There was the risk too of the man receiving an injury from the lasso itself, if it should happen to get

legs were caught dexterously in the noose, which brought him up, or rather down, instantly, head over heels. Another lasso was then thrown over his head, and drawn quite tight round his neck, and a bridle, composed of two or three thongs of raw hide, was forced into his mouth by means of a slip-knot rein. A

bling in every limb, and perspiring from every pore. When the man was ready, the horse's legs were loosened sufficiently to allow him to rise, and he was then led outside the corral. The lassoes were suddenly withdrawn, and he dashed forwards, springing and plunging upwards, sideways, downwards, in

every direction, in the vain effort to rid himself of his unaccustomed load. The man remained planted, like a rock, in the saddle, pulling hard at the bridle, while a second domador, mounted on a tame horse, pursued the terrified animal, striking him with a cruel whip to make him go in the required direction. After about ten minutes of this severe exercise, the captive returned to the corral, exhausted, and perfectly cowed, and showing no desire to rejoin his late companions. In order to complete the process of breaking him in, we were told that it would be necessary to keep him tied up for two or three days, rather short of food, and to repeat daily the operation of saddling, bridling, and mounting, the difficulty being less on each occasion, until at last he would become as quiet as a lamb.

Our Superintendent.

He's a timely man—

Neither hasty nor slow.
But a minute ago
Shaking hands by the door;
Only one minute more,
There he stands, in his place, *face*
As prompt as the hands on the dial

Not a wordy man—

He has thought what to say
To the scholars to day.
Mark how brief and how clear
The directions we hear!
And the story he told—
Why, every word was a grain of gold!

He's a quiet man—

Let us watch him awhile.
See him move down the aisle—
Not a sound! See him pass
To the desk, to the class,
Here and there, left and right—
How easy his movements, his steps
How light!

He's a loving man—

Little faces grow bright,
Little fingers clasp tight
To his own, when they meet
In the school or the street.
It is not a mere art—
He loves not in word, but in deed and
in heart.

He's a godly man—

Neither coward nor shirk
In his word or his work;
He is known in the town,
Head erect, money down,
Blest of poor, feared by wrong,
His life is a sermon, a prayer, and a
song.

Waymarks; or, Counsel and Encouragement for Penitent Seekers of Salvation.

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

"Set thee up Waymarks."—Jer. xxxi. 21.

PART II.

V. DO NOT WAIT FOR THE FEELING OF JOY AND PEACE TO SPRING UP IN THE HEART, BEFORE YOU BELIEVE IN CHRIST.

First believe, and then you shall see the salvation of God. Peace is the fruit of faith. Sometimes a penitent sinner keeps looking into his own heart, to find something in its condition that would warrant him to trust in Christ. You think, perhaps, you have not felt deeply enough for your past sins. But if you are willing to renounce them all, and give yourself fully to Christ, that is all the feeling necessary. It is a great mistake to let our faith in Christ depend upon our changeful moods of feeling. Look away from self to Christ; our salvation cometh from Him. We can never discover anything in ourselves that would justify our confidence. The ground of our confidence is Christ

Himself. It is a right apprehension of the faithfulness, power, and compassion of Christ, presented by the Holy Spirit, which alone can inspire true faith in the heart. Neither is it right to take any special type of experience, and imagine you must have a precisely similar experience. That will probably never be. Difference of mental character will produce corresponding difference in the outer phases or circumstances of conversion. *There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.*

There may be instances of persons who say they sought for months, or even years, before they found peace in believing. But this was not because God was unwilling to receive them at any time during this period, if they had fully trusted in Christ. The hindrance is never on God's side. It is an error to suppose that for some purpose He sometimes arbitrarily keeps a soul out of the joy of salvation. Not so; when the sinner comes in faith to Christ he always receives him. Others are converted with great demonstration of feeling. Their whole nature receives a violent shock, which arrests and awakens them from their indifference. The great deeps of emotion are broken up. They pass through an agony of remorse and despair. When the light of faith flashes on their darkness, there is a wonderful revulsion of feeling from despondency to exultation. But it is wrong to assume that such an experience is the exact pattern of what all others must pass through. It is not these outward circumstances, which arrest the attention of observers, that are the vital and essential thing; but the inner purpose and trusting faith of the soul, which may exist without these external signs of feeling.

The great matter is to get the heart changed from sin to holiness; and to possess an assurance of God's adopting love, and the joy of His salvation. Whether that experience is realized like a sudden flash of light scattering the darkness, or as the gradual dawn of the morning, is quite a secondary matter. Seek the blessings your soul needs, leaving the manner and way, in which your desires shall be fulfilled, to the all-wise God. Any way that leads to Christ is a good way.

VI. DO NOT YIELD TO THE DESPONDENCY WITH WHICH UNBELIEF SO OFTEN ENFEebles THOSE WHO ARE SEEKING SALVATION.

You may say in your heart, "I could have some hope that my prayers would be answered, were I not so utterly unworthy of His grace. It is too much for me to expect that God will ever forgive all my sins, heal my backslidings, and give me the seal of His favour." It would indeed be too much to hope for, if the ground of that expectation was any goodness or merit in yourself, anything you have done or can do. But it is not too much to expect from the infinite love of our Father in Heaven; not too much to expect from Him who shed His precious blood to redeem us from sin and death, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us. But you exclaim, "Ah! I am so great a sinner; I have so long and willfully rejected the salvation of the Gospel, that I dare not hope for mercy." Though you are a great sinner, Christ the great Physician, is mighty to save. Yield not to despair. No dark decree of reprobation throws its shadow across

the path of a sinner's approach to Christ. No stain is too deep for Him to wash away. God has solemnly sworn that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Listen to His words of boundless mercy and love:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." "And He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." For ALL the sins of ALL the world. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "He gave Himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time." Can you doubt these gracious assurances? Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall endure forever.

If all this is not sufficient to induce you to trust His love, look to Calvary. There behold in the death of Christ the glorious display of the everlasting love with which God loved our guilty race, and let it rebuke your unfounded fears. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" And as you wonder at the grace that led the blessed Redeemer to die for us, remember there is no change in His love. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him." Consider how greatly your unbelief dishonours Christ. You profess to believe in His power and willingness to bless, and yet you doubt His word; as if He did not really mean what He says, when He promises rest to the weary and heavy-laden who come to Him. If some kind earthly friend, in whose good-will you had confidence, had power to forgive and bless you, you would have no hesitation in believing he would do it freely. But you greatly wrong the blessed Redeemer, when you think of Him as less willing to save you than the dearest earthly friend. His love vastly surpasses all your unbelieving thoughts. He loves with an everlasting love. He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. *Be not afraid, only believe.*

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

VII. BEWARE OF THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY TO DELAY, WHICH HAS CAUSED THE RUIN OF MULTITUDES.

Many who once seemed to be "not far from the kingdom of God" have come short of obtaining salvation, by putting off to some future time the act of closing in with Christ, and trusting in Him. As soon as the prodigal son had resolved, *he arose and came to his father.* There is nothing to be gained by delay. The excuses by which it is justified will not bear an impartial scrutiny. Your guilt will not grow less by waiting. Christ is as worthy of your acceptance and full confidence now as He ever will be. God the Father will not become more merciful, nor the Redeemer more willing to receive you, nor the Holy

Spirit more ready to renew your heart by delay. Every moment you delay to accept Christ by faith, you dishonour His grace and endanger your soul's safety. You cannot prepare yourself to come to Jesus.

"All the fitness He requires,
Is to feel your need of Him."

If ever you are saved, you must be saved for Christ's sake, by God's free grace, and not for the sake of any worthiness in yourself. And as there must be a point of time when you will let go every other ground of hope, and trustingly venture on Christ to forgive and save you, why not now venture confidently upon His faithful and gracious promises, and trust for salvation to His infinite love? "Come, for all things are now ready." Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. Nothing is wanting but your hearty acceptance of His offered mercy. There is no risk in trusting in Him. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." Fear not, He will not fail you in your soul's need. The everlasting arms of love are extended to receive you. Even now, O trembling and doubting one, He rebukes your delay! "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." He asks,—*"Wilt thou be made whole? Dost thou believe upon the Son of God? Hesitate no longer. Dare to believe. Let your heart reply, Lord, I believe—help Thou my unbelief."*

"With faith I plunge me in the sea;
Here is my joy, my hope, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there."

At the formation of the Manitoba Conference last August, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N.Y., was introduced, and spoke as follows:

"I see most of you are young men; it brings back my own early years. I rode over Indiana and Illinois in their early days; the people then thought they would never be settled. All the early inspirations of my ministry were in just such work as yours. I am in profound sympathy with you. It is the most honourable, manliest, and most Christian work to which a man can be called; the work of laying foundations. After all my other experiences I would like to go back to the experiences of my early life. One of the grandest inspirations of the Scriptures is in this: 'To you it is given to take part in the sufferings of Christ—not to reign with Him only.' Our God is no Grecian God, but a God who could suffer for those He loved. Yours is the most honourable work to which a man can be called. But when we reach heaven, drawn by the great heart of God, it will matter very little whether we laboured in the populous cities or on the prairies. We will touch for the first time, and eternally, satisfaction. You will ere long have to divide and to form other Conferences. I wish you God-speed."

It is the same with a book as with a man. With a good title, the demand for the book or the man will be measurably increased.

No sin is small. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch. Retribution may be slow, but it is unfailing.

Dies Irae.*

TRANSLATED BY MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

As a number of readers have asked us to publish the "Dies Irae" in the original Latin, we do so with a new translation. It is only one of a hundred, of which not one can be called good, a good translation in the original meter being impossible.

(From the Independent.)

| | |
|---|---|
| DIES IRAE, dies illa! Solvat saeculum in favilla, Teste David cum Sybilla. | Oh! that Day, that Day of Burning When, the Earth to ashes turning, Is fulfilled the seer's discerning. |
| Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta striete discussurus! | Ah! how great the agitation When the Judge arraigns Creation Making strict investigation! |
| Tuba, mirum spargens sonum Per sepulcra regionum, Coget omnes ante thronum. | When the wondrous trump sounds, swelling Wheresoe'er the Dead are dwelling All to Judgment throne compelling. |
| Mors stupebit et, Natura, Quum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura. | Death and Nature it surprises When the creature thus arises Summoned to the great Assizes, |
| Liber scriptus proferetur, In quo totum continetur, Unde mundus judicetur. | Lo! the Book wherein recorded Every deed of man is hoarded; Thence shall sentence be awarded. |
| Judex ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet, apparebit, Nil inultum remanebit. | When the Judge is set, is taking That dread Book, investigating Each man's life, all open making, |
| Quid sum miser! tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Quum vix justus sit securus? | How shall wretched I endure? Of what Advocate be sure? When the Just are scarce secure? |
| Rex tremende majestatis, Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salve me, Fons pietatis! | King supreme, whose will disburses Pardon against that Day of Curbs, Rescue me, Thou Fount of Mercies! |
| Recordare, Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuae vite; No me perdas illa die! | Think how, for me, Jesus faithful, Was Thy earthly life so scathful, Lose me not, on that day wrathful! |
| Quarens me, sedisti lassus, Redemisti crucem passus Tantus labor non sit cassus! | Since Thou painfully hast sought me, With Thy bitter passion bought me, Let not, then, such toil as naught be! |
| Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis! | Oh, dread Judge, whose just decision Fixeth every soul's condition, Ere that Day, grant me remission! |
| Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpa rubet vultus meus; Supplicanti parce, Deus! | Prostrate, penitently sighing, Guilt and shame my forehead dyeing, Spare me, Lord, for mercy crying! |
| Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti! | Thou, who Magdalen hast shaven And the thief didst promise heaven Hope to me hast, also, given. |
| Preces meae non sunt dignae Sed Tu bonus fac benigne, Ne perenni cremer igne! | In my prayers no worth discerning, Yet, let Pity, o'er me yearning, Snatch me from the eternal Burning! |
| Inter oves locum praesta, Et ab haedibus me sequastra, Statuens in parte dextra. | 'Mongst the sheep may I be rated, From the goats be separated, On Thy right hand be instated! |
| Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me, cum benedictis! | While the accursed wend, distressed, Of the undying flame possessed, Call me up among the Blessed! |
| Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis! | Suppliant, prostrate, Lord, I tarry, Ashes all the heart I carry, Praying, in the end, Thou spare me! |
| Lacrymosa dies illa! Qua resurget ex favilla Judicandus homo reus; Huic, ergo parce, Deus. | Oh! that Day of tearful mourning, When each comes, from dust returning, All undone, and mercy needing— Spare me, Lord, for mercy pleading! |

Amen!

Amen!

* This is one of the most famous hymns ever written. It is ascribed to Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan monk who lived over six hundred years ago. Dr. Schaff calls it "the most sublime of all uninspired hymns." It was a great favourite with Dr. Johnson, who could never repeat the touching words, "Quarens me, sedisti lassus," without tears. The triple rhymes ring out like the successive blows of a hammer upon an anvil. Mozart, Haydn, Goethe, Schlegel, Dryden, Scott, and Jeremy Taylor, have avowed their supreme admiration of it. Scott introduces it with wonderful effect in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and Goethe in his "Faust."—ED. HOME AND SCHOOL.

Why Jack Did Not Go to the Park.

"I ain't goin' to no mission, to day," said Jack Bailey to himself one Sunday morning, after having breakfasted on the hot biscuit and cold meat which his mother had served for the morning meal. "Can't stand it any longer and I wont." Jack took his hat and, going out of doors, sat down on a box near the front door. "They're bringin' the thing too close home to a fellow." Then his jack-knife came out of his pocket, and a short season of almost unconscious whittling was begun. "They'll get so down there before long, they'll say it's wrong for a fellow

to eat his breakfast on Sunday." The notches in the box were fast increasing in number. "It's the only day a fellow has to himself, and I'm just going to have it after this, mission or no mission. Dave Hackett goes out to the park on Sundays to see the animals and things, and that's where I'm going after this." "I'd just as soon yo wouldn't notch up that box any more, if yo please," came the sharp voice of Jack's mother just then. "I've got a use for that box, and notches aint wanted in it."

"All right," said Jack, and rising with unusual alacrity, he was soon out in the street, with his face turned in the

direction of the park. "I'll go where nobody'll be tellin' me what I mustn't do; that's where I'll go, for once, any way," he said. "Everything's getting to be 'mustn't do it,' down to the mission and at home, too. I'll do as I please one day. I'll be free, just to see how 'will seem." Jack sauntered along with his hands in his pockets, his whole bearing indicating a purpose which took in nothing but the easiest, freest way possible of spending the time. Suddenly he stopped and looked about on either side the street as if seeking an open alley-way into which he might turn; but no such refuge presented itself just there. "I'd just as soon meet anybody as that lame Dick Stanton," he muttered, "and here he comes, and I can't help myself. He's one of these goody folks that kind o' touches a fellow—count of his lameness, I s'pose—and—I wish I could get away from him."

But "How are you, Jack?" came the greeting at that moment from the approaching cripple, and Jack felt that now he must walk straight along and meet this one whom he would have gladly avoided. "Where are you bound for so early?" asked Dick, as he came slowly along. "Oh, out for a little walk," was Jack's reply. "Anything particular on hand just now?" "No, nothing special." "Then you can come with me and call on Dave Hackett, can't you?" Dick asked. "What's the matter with him?" Jack asked, looking up suddenly. "Why, haven't you heard how he went out to the park last Sunday, and when he was coming back in a waggon, with some friends, some careless firemen ran into them with an engine, and Dave was out all up?" "Hadn't heard of it," remarked Jack, hanging his head, and kicking at a small stone that lay at his feet. "Well, that's what happened to him, and he's having a hard time of it, now, I tell you. I don't believe it pays in any way you've a mind to think of it to break the Sabbath."

Just here Dick's eyes were cast upon the ground. "I've had some experience in that matter myself, for if I had been where I should have been one Sunday, I'd never have had to limp around with a crutch and a cane as I do now." "I didn't know that was what made you lame," said Jack, beginning to feel here was something else that was "brought pretty close home to a fellow." "Well, this lameness just came from Sabbath-breaking, and nothing else," said Dick, with feeling; "and you mustn't think I'm too hard if I seem to be pretty strict on the Sabbath question. It means a good deal to me. Come over to Dave's with me, won't you?" And Jack turned and went with his friend, and the afternoon found him in his usual place in the Mission Sunday-school.—*Evangelist.*

Rock of Ages.

When Prince Albert was dying, his lips were seen to move, and one stooping down caught the chiming of the departing soul in these words:

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me."

What a grand testimony to the "King Eternal!" What a blessed testimony to leave behind! What strong pinions on which to bear the ransomed spirit to its heavenly home!

Dr. March tells of one who, overcome by the heat while travelling in the wilds of southern Africa, found

shelter in the shadow of a great rock, which, leaning against a cliff that towered above it, left a single spot of cool earth, out of which bubbled a spring of crystal water. He drank, was refreshed, and then the Christian heart within him went out to God as never before, and he sang with grateful fervor—

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

In the far north of Scotland, many years ago, there came suddenly down a blinding snowstorm in the month of May. So unusual was it, that it is yet spoken of as "the May snowstorm." On the night of the tempest a poor widow, carrying her infant in her plaided bosom, set out for home across a lonely moor and down a deep, long glen. Benumbed by the cold and blinded by the darkness, she was soon overcome. No human habitation being in immediate reach, she resolved to make some disposition of her child, and then push forward for help and return. She came upon a rock, a cleft in which offered shelter for the babe. Taking from her person such raiment as she could spare, she wrapped the babe in it, committed him to God, and turned away. She had gone but a short distance when she swooned and fell. In the morning she was found by the villagers frozen to death. As they lifted her dead body, a cry near by attracted their attention, and hastening to the rock they found her child alive and well. The boy grew to be a man and, to the great grief of the kindly woman, who, for the godly mother's sake, had adopted him, he went prodigal. Finally he enlisted in a Highland regiment and in the Crimean war lost a limb. While in the hospital, the past, with the story of how his mother had saved his life at the cost of her own, came to him with great power of impression. It so happened that while thus moved one of the lady nurses sang in his hearing "Rock of Ages!" He wept bitterly, and it was hoped that the morning of a new life was about to dawn upon him. Contrary to the expectation of all, he recovered, and returning to his native land soon sought his old haunts of iniquity. Time passed, and he resolved to make a visit to his old home. No one knew him. All was strange. On the Sabbath-day all lonely and alone, he wandered into the churchyard, and stood in silence by his mother's grave. It was abloom with daisies, for she was unshrined in blessed memory for her piety and maternal devotion. Much moved, at length he followed the crowd into the lonely "kirk," and listened to the gospel. At the close the hymn sung was

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me."

Old memories swept over his soul like a flood; as never before he appreciated his deliverance and felt his sinfulness. He bowed in his pew and wept, wounded of Him who alone can heal. From that moment his life was Christian. He lived but a few years longer, and was finally laid by the side of his mother. He sleeps well while this blessed hymn sounds on, the voice of God summoning the sinful to Jesus, and voicing out the rich experience of thousands who know whom they have believed.

THERE are 21 Schools in connection with the Wesleyan Mission, Ceylon.

A Handful of Dust.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

BEFORE Pope Boniface there stood
Two men, whose hatred was their life;
One Guelph, the other Ghibeline,
Heirs to a century of strife.
One wore a bishop's holy dress;
The other wore a noble's sword,
Guelph hated every Ghibeline,
And Ghibeline all Guelphs abhorred.

They met before Pope Boniface;
(It was a dark and stormy age)
With scornful, passionate retorts,
Each angered each to bitter rage.
Awhile Pope Boniface look'd on;
Then with an anger stern and just
Unto their feet he quickly stooped
And filled his hands with summer dust.

"Bishop and Noble, tell me now
Whence sprang the Guelph and Ghibeline?
And when you both shall journey hence
Will the world care that you have been?
Have you considered in your pride,
The while you one another spurn,
That beggar, Guelph and Ghibeline
Shall all alike to *this* return?"

In open palms he showed the dust,
"Oh, haughty Guelph! this handful see
Thou shalt ere long be even so,
And Ghibeline, this dust is thee.
From dust the both of you have sprung;
Both shall return to dust at last."
Then in their faces, dark and proud,
The Pope the dusty handfuls cast.

"Hence! both of you! and seek in prayer
Pardon for all the ills you've done;
Perchance by penitential tears
The heavenly mercy may be won."
With sullen faces they obeyed,
And glances full of proud disgust;
But still within each conscience lay
That handful of reproving dust.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1884.

Progress in Union.

We are glad to learn that in many places union revival services are being held, and that, by multitudes of conversions, God is placing the seal of His approval on the cause of Christian union. District conventions have also been held to aid in re-arranging the work, with the happiest results. The following is an extract from a report of the convention on the London District:

"The most perfect harmony prevailed. Committees were struck on the re-adjustment of the different circuits, and the reports brought in revealed the fact that the union will consolidate the circuits, save a vast amount of that hardest part of a Methodist preacher's work, long drives,

and facilitate that important branch of a minister's work, pastoral visiting. The re-adjustment of one circuit alone will save a drive of twelve miles per week, and make that circuit far more effective.

"Looking over the events of our meeting, not one unkindly word was spoken, not a fling; no effort on the part of any one appointment to take advantage of another. But the one grand idea seemed to be to put our circuits into a shape that the largest amount of real good might be obtained from the work done. The day and a half we were together put us into a very pleasant position of making the acquaintance of one another, and really we could not see what had kept us apart so long. All the arguments against the union seemed to sink out of sight in the spirit of unity and love that prevailed. If we may predict, we should say that if the re-arrangements suggested by this convention prevail, no doubt but Methodistic mission, spreading scriptural holiness through the land, will be immensely facilitated.

"We came from that convention feeling that Methodism united was not a thing of sentiment, but of life, and power, and peace; and the best of all is, 'God is with us!'"

Thank God for such delightful progress in the bringing together of the late scattered forces of Methodism in this land!

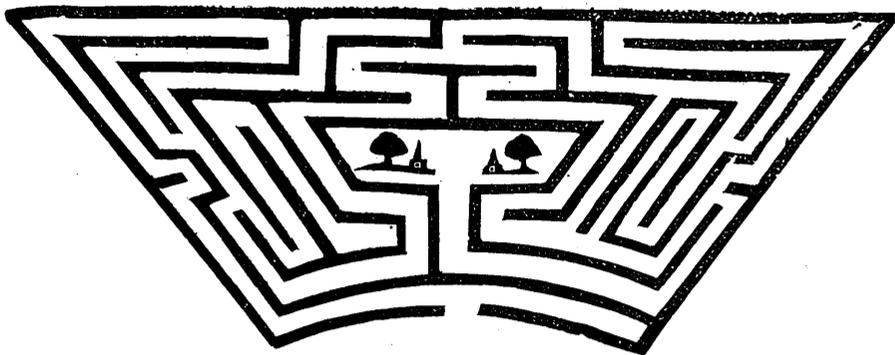
Book Notices.

The New Sunday-school Teacher's Biblical Dictionary. With an introduction by the Rev. J. F. Kitto, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, White-chapel. 8vo., pp. 1,220, illustrated. London: Elliot Stock. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$3.50.

This book is a remarkable illustration of the valuable literature created by the Sunday-school movement. A Bible Dictionary enables a student to help himself, and cultivates a habit of investigation that will often pour a flood of light upon the sacred page. Another advantage of a good Bible Dictionary is this: It does not do one's thinking for him. It supplies the facts, and lets one think out conclusions and opinions for himself. It cultivates the intellectual, the reasoning faculties. The book under review, wherever we have examined it, we have found exceedingly well edited. The engravings are very numerous, and are not mere embellishments—they are pertinent illustrations of the text. For preachers, teachers, and indeed all Bible students, we know nothing so compendious, yet full, so good and so cheap as this book.

Queen Victoria: Her Girlhood and Womanhood. By Grace Greenwood. Montreal: Dawson Brothers; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Pp. 401. Price \$1.00.

All loyal subjects are glad to get glimpses, even through the printed page, of the person and home-life of a Sovereign than whom none was ever more beloved. The author gives many anecdotes of the public and, so far as is seemly, of the private life of Queen Victoria. "I have long felt," she says, "that the wonderful story of the life of the Queen of England—of her example as daughter, wife, and mother,



THE HAMPTON COURT MAZE.

and as the honoured head of English society, could but have, if told simply, yet sympathetically, a happy and ennobling influence on the hearts and minds of my young countrywomen." It is a beautiful picture of domestic happiness, of a depth and tenderness and purity not often seen in palaces, that is revealed to us. The story of the death of Prince Albert, and of the Queen's lonely, grieving widowhood, is touchingly told. Its pathos affects every heart, and makes the Empire join, as with one impulse, in the prayer:

"May all love,
His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

Mumu, and the Diary of a Superfluous Man. By Ivan Turgeneff. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dey Street, New York) Standard Library, No. 107. Price 15 cents. Wm. Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

The recent death of Turgeneff, the great Russian writer, has greatly intensified the interest in his tales. In England his writings are becoming all the rage. In France they have been so for some time. The two stories here given are excellent representatives of his powers. "Mumu" depicts in graphic style the serf-life of Russia; and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man," the condition of Russian upper classes. The translations here given are direct from the Russian, made by an accomplished fellow-countryman of the writer.

The Marquis of Lorne. Messrs. Dawson Bros. publish a neat volume entitled, "Memories of Canada and Scotland: Speeches and verses by Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., etc. The Canadian pieces begin with the poem on Canada written in 1882, the first verse of which is:

"Are hearts here strong enough to found
A glorious people's sway!
Ask of our rivers as they bound
From hill to plain or ocean sound,
If they are strong to-day?
If weakness in their floods be found,
Then may ye answer 'Nay!'"

The collection ends with a sonnet on "The New Province 'Alberta,'" which was named after the Princess, one of whose Christian names is Alberta:

In token of the love which thou has shown
For this wide land of freedom I have named
A province vast, and for its beauty famed,
By thy dear name to be hereafter known,
Alberta shall it be! Her fountains thrown
From Alps unto three oceans, to all men
Shall vaunt her loveliness e'en now; and
when
Each little hamlet as a city grown
And numberless as blades of prairie grass,
Or the thick leaves in distant forest
bower,

Great peoples hear the giant currents pass,
Still shall the waters, bringing wealth
and power,
Speak the loved name—the land of silver
springs—
Worthy the daughter of our English kings.

The Hampton Court Maze.

THIS famous Maze or Labyrinth was built in the early part of the reign of William III. It is located in the "Wilderness," a short distance from the castle, and is formed of hedge trees, growing so close and matted together as to make it impossible to see through the hedge at any point.

It is simply a puzzle—the object being to get into the centre of the Labyrinth, or, being in, to get out again. A gentleman or lady may be hours, or perhaps days, in accomplishing the feat.

At the present time there is an observatory overlooking the Maze, in which a man is stationed to direct visitors the way in, or out; which he does by giving the word of command in the following fashion:

"Gentleman with white hat will now turn to the right." "Lady in the blue dress to the left," and so on, until the embarrassed party finds the way. This guide is, of course, only for those who have not time to accomplish the by no means easy task of finding it out for themselves.

We give here a correct drawing of this celebrated Maze, the paths of which have so often been pressed in years gone by, by the feet of the celebrated beauties of the Courts of the British kings.

The black lines represent the hedge, which is as fresh and green as though it had been planted but five years ago. The reader will probably have to make many attempts before he will be able to trace with the point of his pencil the way to the centre of the Maze.

But how much easier for him to do this, while looking down upon the engraving than to attempt to find his way through the many paths of the Labyrinth itself.

It is now reported through the Methodist press that the Bible Christians of Wisconsin, formerly a part of the Bible Christian Church in Canada, met on January 16th, to consult as to their future ecclesiastical relations. After a thorough canvass of the forms of Church government and the various questions involved, it was decided almost unanimously to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church as a body. The Bible Christians in question have five ordained ministers, 426 communicants, 700 Sunday-school pupils, thirteen churches, and five parsonages, the two last valued at \$21,500. — *Canada Christian Advocate.*

Dews of the night are diamonds at morn.
So the tears we weep here
may be pearls in heaven.



A JAPANESE FESTIVE DAY.

Glimpses of Japanese Holidays.

BY HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

THE Japanese have many festive days. Unlike most heathen nations they are exceedingly devoted to their children, sparing neither time, labour, nor expense, for their amusement. Even their system of education is made a source of pleasure; and corporal punishment is a thing unknown in the family. Masquerades, domestic comedies, picnics, and many feast-days, are enacted and observed for the benefit of the little folks, giving a very strong impression that it is a shrewd method of enjoyment for the elders also. There are five national festival days, including New Year's, which, under the old laws, was not begun with ours, but on the ninth day of February. The second is called the "Festival of the Dolls," and is a great day for the little girls; during which the various specimens of dollhood are conducted into the state chamber of the house, which is beautifully decorated with blooming peach-blossoms and evergreens. These favourite automatons are made to personify grand personages, from the ancient Mikado and his Imperial Court to the various families of the princes. For days before this greatest of great days to the daughters of the house, the shops are gay with these splendidly dressed images, and afterward are seen no more till another year brings the demand. Every respectable family has a number and variety, ranging from four inches to a foot and a half in height. In some old families the display is very large. A family banquet is served, and afterwards the girls make offerings of *saké* and rice-cakes to the effigies of emperor and empress, and then spend the day mimicking the entire round of Japanese life, as child, maiden, wife, mother, and

grandmother. Other toys, representing the table service, utensils of the kitchen, toilet set, and travelling apparatus, many of these very elaborate and costly, are in use on this day. This festival is celebrated on the third of May.

On the 5th of July occurs a corresponding feast for the boys. Previous to this day of rejoicing the shops are again gay with toys suited for the "Feast of the Banners." These consist of all the regalia and equipments of a *damio's* (prince) procession, the contents of an arsenal, flags, streamers, banners; effigies of heroes, warriors, soldiers on foot, horseman, geni of strength, valour, etc. Such toys are bought for every son born into the family, hence the display is imposing and brilliant. The streets are gaily decorated, and planted with bamboo staffs, which are ornamented and trimmed with every device of oddity. Gay banners are placed in all conspicuous points, blazoned with national designs, heroic sentences, and family titles. Troops of boys in parti-coloured clothes, wearing miniature swords and sabres, and each carrying a flag, throng the streets, while parents, priests, and police look on in pleased admiration. Outside of the door of the home, a bamboo pole is erected, and hung by a string to the top of the pole is a large paper fish, representing a carp, which the Japanese consider the type of swiftness and strength. The paper being hollow, is easily filled by the breeze, and the huge body flaps its tail and fins in a most natural manner. The carp, being able to swim swiftly against the current, is a favourite type of the young man who mounts over all difficulties.

New Year's Day we had looked forward to with eager anticipations. This is not altogether a *file* day. The

national idea of justice is shown in the law requiring all debts to be adjusted, and no one allowed to begin the year with unsettled accounts. Therefore, no one gives himself up to unrestrained enjoyment on this day until those matters are satisfactorily arranged.

Festive preparations had been going on for many days, such as thoroughly renovating and cleaning the houses, planting evergreen and bamboo branches along the streets, and either side of the vestibules or doorways. The bakeries were unusually alive, and teeming with delicacies. Professional rice pounders, with their immense mortars and pestles, were hurrying from house to house. Flowers and ornamental shrubs, of exquisite varieties, were vended on every hand, and the shops displayed their daintiest wares and toys.

Households, on this day, not only prepare an abundance of good things for feasting themselves, but provide a liberal supply for those that are poorer than they. Each home, too, must be decorated, which is not a difficult matter in this ever-blooming land. Every house and street was brilliantly illuminated for the inauguration of the new year, till the entire city, bay, and adjoining country, were lit up with a brilliancy we had never seen equalled. During the morning, a Sabbath-like stillness prevails, while accounts are being adjusted, and family life reigns supreme. Indeed, it has been said that New Year's Day is the only Sabbath of Japan. After that, all is astir, every one in festive garments and smiling faces exchanging polite greetings.

One of the most popular amusements of the day is masquerades, in which children, parents, and servants delight in mystifying each other by personifying various families of rank. Here and there fathers, with their big and little boys, were intent upon the use of the top, in which they were very expert, while bevy of pretty girls and young women merrily played with battledore and shuttlecock.

At one time, we were mystified by sweet musical sounds in the air, resembling those proceeding from an Æolian harp, and discovered that these came from a great number of *kites* flying over the city. Our Japanese teacher explained this mystery to us by showing us a strip of fine bamboo stretched across the frame of the kite. This creates the strange, sweet music. But the toys—could I venture to enumerate them? Nay, not even to name them, or designate a use. Some, however, were familiar. It has been well said that in the toy-shops of Japan one may see the microcosm of Japanese life; for in the children's life one may see enacted the miniature drama of the serious life of the parents.

Among the toys are bows and arrows, artificial birds, and hen and chickens, true to nature with marvellous fidelity, exquisite dolls parading the streets with automatical regularity, families of mice, rabbits, and monkeys, eggs and fruits, in brilliant coloured crapes. Here are cranes, parrots, dragons, and wild beasts, all in mimic—that is, toys in mortal combat; feats of jugglery, impressive as impossible, and all entered into with the heartiest earnestness, hilarity, and mirth. But one is told with sudden gravity, "It is all for the children!" Blessed childhood! And it is plain to see that these people revel at will within its sacred precincts to drown the cares and sorrows of their ripper years.

Here the man with the magic swimming-birds tips his tiny water-fowl with camphor, and floats them in a long, narrow trough of water. The dissolving gum propels the fowl from side to side, and imbues them with life, to the widening eyes of the uninitiated. The bug-man harnesses paper-carts to the backs of beetles, and a half dozen will drag a load of rice up an inclined plane. The fire-eater rolls balls of camphorated paste, glowing with lambent fire, over his arms and face, and then extinguishes them in his mouth. Raree shows, in which one sees some famous bit of natural scenery, or the inside splendors of a *damio's* palace, dancers, flute-players, posturers, conjurers, acting charades, throng the streets. Here are a bevy of pretty girls, dressed in their gayest robes and girdles, with painted lips and cheeks, till they resemble beetles' wings, their beautiful hair still more beautifully dressed, playing battledore and shuttlecock. There is a knot of boys laughing uproariously over a huge image of Daruma, the snow-man of the northern and western coasts. In America the boy's snow-man is a Paddy with a caved hat, clay pipe and shillalah in hand; but in Japan the snow image is Daruma, one of the followers of Buddha, who by long prayers in kneeling posture lost his legs from paralysis.

Banquets are spread in the streets for the police, and the benefit of those who prefer this repast to the more private dinner at home. Buckets, barrels, and porcelain jars, are everywhere flowing with new *saké* (rice beer), which everybody drinks, and yet, to the credit of these people be it said, there is little drunkenness; and although we are ashamed, yet are we glad to know that the temperance laws of Japan are far stricter than in America.

The Japanese are determined to enjoy life as they go. Probably much of the habit of devoting so much time to recreation and amusement is due to the sad tenets of Buddhism and the steady growth of infidelity. We live in the faith of a joyous immortality, but annihilation and transmigration can hold up but little to brighten the cares and toils of the present. Therefore we see all classes of this people leaving their labours to go on short journeys into the country, where, under the rustic shade of blossoming fruit-trees, or in one of the endless tea-houses, they may rest, refresh, and enjoy themselves.

These tea-houses are a character—if I may be allowed the expression, idyllic certainly. Charming retreats with flowers, arbors, and climbing plants; flowers growing even upon the thatched roof. Ah! lover of the *theatrecar*, would you have it in perfection? Come, then, and sip from dainty cups, ambrosia fit for the gods! and with it, on some of these fair hills, drink inspiration not only for your poet or artist's brain and eye, but enthusiasm and high resolve to enter in and possess this land for the King of kings and Lord of lords! The harvest is ripe, but the reapers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest.

MR. JOHN HOLMES, of Boston, was recently asked by a stranger who was presented to him: "What! Are you a brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes?" "No," said Mr. Holmes, "he is a brother of me."

Afraid?

"Aren't you afraid in the least?"

I'm waiting for Jesus to take me
To the home that He has made,
I am waiting to hear His longed-for knock,
My hand already to turn the lock—
Of what should I be afraid?

Is the daughter afraid to go home
When the long school days are ended?
Afraid of the welcome of father and mother,
The glad, ringing voice of sister and brother,
In loving welcome blended?

Is the child afraid to turn homeward
When the evening hour is come?
Does he fear when he hears the summons
sweet,
Sounding so clear his ears to greet,
And give new strength to his weary feet—
"Come, my darling, come home?"

Does the maiden fear the blissful hour
When the chosen of her heart
Shall come to claim her as his own,
To live with him, and for him alone,
Never till death to part?

No, I have no fear, for my trusting heart
Can see nor doubt, nor shade,
I am the daughter whose school days are
over:
I am the tired and wearied rover;
I am the maiden awaiting her lover,
Then how can I be afraid?

But aren't you afraid of the River
That rolls its sullen tide
Between this life and the other shore—
The awful River you must pass over,
So dark, and deep, and wide?

Who told you there was any River?
My dear and tender Lord
Has told me everything I know
About that home to which I go;
But of that River's restless flow
He has never said one word.

But, then, there is the valley
Of the Shadow of Death,
Do you not fear the awful shade,
Is not your very soul afraid
Of that Valley's icy breath?

Yes, there is the Valley of Shadow,
Of that my Lord has told me;
But He says it is a restful shade,
Wherein I cannot feel afraid,
For His "rod and staff" my help are made,
While on His breast He will hold me.

Your sins, surely they must afflict you?
They were all on Jesus laid,
"In His own body on the tree"
He took them all away from me,
And cast them deep into the sea;
Then how can I be afraid?

No, my sun shines brighter and brighter,
My sky is without a shadow,
I know He will come to bear me to rest,
I know that the waiting servants are blest,
I know that my longing His face to see
Is nothing compared to His longing for me.
I know—He prepared near His Father's
throne.

A place for me, His very own,
I know that in that blessed place
I "shall serve" and "see Him face to face"—
Then how can I be afraid?
—From "The Valley of Achor."

Only Looked on.

The music and the patriotic speeches
were over for the day, but the boys
gathered at evening around a bright
bonfire in the street, laughing and
chattering, adding fresh fuel and stir-
ring it to a brighter blaze. The cheer-
ful light—and perhaps the warmth
also, for it was a cool night—attracted
one unlike the others of the group. A
bareheaded, ragged boy drew near, and
hovered on the outer edge of the com-
pany for a few minutes, but presently
made his way nearer to the fire and
stood beside it in evident enjoyment.

Then the largest, roughest boy in
the crowd suddenly discovered him.
"Hello, Tatters! Where did you
come from?"

The boy tried to draw back, but he
was too late.

"Baro feet and such a cap as that!

Well, you're too fine entirely. Don't
you think that kind of a cap is better
roasted?" and a quick blow sent the
faded head covering into the fire.

"That was mean, Jim," said one of
the boys, faintly. The others said
nothing, and one or two laughed.

The forlorn stranger drew back,
escaped from the group, and sat down
on a door-step at a little distance, draw-
ing his ragged sleeve across his eyes to
wipe away the tears of anger and grief.
A pitying, indignant little face looked
down upon him from an upper window,
and a pair of childish eyes that had
watched the scene, grew tearful in
sympathy, and then brightened with
hope of comforting. Lily hurried away,
and was back in a few minutes with an
outgrown cap of her brother's—a pack-
age of sandwiches and cookies that she
had coaxed in the kitchen, and a bright
silver dollar of her own. She put the
other articles into the cap, fastened a
string to it, and lowered it softly to-
ward the boy on the steps, dropping the
end of the string as it reached him.

"Why, Lily, what are you doing?"
asked a voice as she drew back.

Lily shook her bright hair, and
looked up at her brother.

"Doing what that speaker-man said
this morning. He said, 'Let some of
your blessings fall into the lap of those
who haven't so much,' and I did. It
fell right straight into his lap, and I
guess he didn't know whether it came
from a window or from heaven, for he
looked up real quick and queer, and
said, 'Thank you. Amen!' and then
ran away."

Guy laughed, but Lily's face was
reproachful.

"You were there by the bonfire all
the time. O, Guy, I don't see how you
could do it."

"Why, I didn't knock his cap off,"
said Guy. "It was Jim Gregg; he's a
rough fellow always. I didn't do
anything or say anything, and the rest
of the fellows didn't either."

"That was just the trouble," said his
aunt, gravely. "I, too, watched the
whole thing from the window, Guy,
and if I were going to talk to American
boys on a day like this, I should care
far less about urging them to join this
or that political party than about
warning them against belonging to the
great party in the world—those who
only stand and look on. I believe
they are responsible for the larger share
of its evils. They do not help any-
good cause, they only look on and do
nothing. They never hinder a wrong
cause, they only watch it, and say
nothing. O, Guy, did you ever think
how our Lord's parable makes the final
condemnation rest, not upon actual
transgression, but upon omission? 'I
was a stranger, sick and in prison, and
ye did it not to me.' They only looked
on and did nothing."—*Morning Star.*

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, the
noted music publishers, send us nine
good pieces of music, with the hint
that they can do as well as this, in the
way of publishing, every four days of
the year. The pieces are—

Under the Old Apple Tree, 30 cents,
The Mocking Bird, 50 cents, Le Bijou
Gavotte, 30 cents, Lakme Waltz, 30
cents, Why? (Perche,) 40 cents,
Italian and English Words, O, That
We Two were Maying, 35 cents,
Soprano and Tenor Duet, The Absence
Makes Memory Dear, 40 cents, For
You, For Me, 35 cents, The Farmer's
Daughter, 35 cents.

The Grobe's Nest; or, Trust.

BY T. C. JEFFERS.

In the marsh the rushes are tall and green,
Merrily flits the wren behind,
Singing so shrilly when their screen

And saucily peeping,
Above, the sky is blue and fair,
The red-shouldered blackbird clings in air,—
The gallant pipes now here, now there,
Its day watch keeping.

In the heart of the marsh—a place I know
Where the tall, swaying rushes more thinly
grow,—

There in the Spring the grebes come and go,
A building their nest.
They trust not to sand, or rush, or branch,
But fair in the water their bark they
launch,
For they know right well that the fabric
Unharm'd will rest.

No anchor it has, no rope or stay,
But when the mother-bird flies away,
Lest the gleam of her eggs her haunt should
betray.

With innocent guile
Over her darlings she draws a veil,
And I put it aside to read the tale
Of maternal love in that ark so frail,
With a tear and a smile.

A storm came up from the East last night,
Wild raved the wind and the sky was alight
With lightning that hissed 'mid the rain red
and bright

Ere the shock of the thunder!
Beneath its fury in peaceful state
The expectant mother slept with her mate,
And safely, oh, safe! on her nest she sat
With four eggs under!

Take Time.

A TEACHER cannot make ready for
his lesson-teaching all at once. To
study a lesson takes time. To learn
how to teach a lesson takes yet more
time. No teacher can be prepared for
the teaching of his class by merely
giving an hour or two to Bible study
on Sunday morning or on Saturday
evening. Nor can he be prepared
merely by going to the teachers' meet-
ing and having a part in the discussions
there—valuable as is that help to pre-
paration. A teacher ought to be
studying his lesson, and making plans
for its teaching, all through the week.
One point at one time, and another
point at another time; a fresh reading
of the lesson, or a few minutes given
to hunting illustrations, or to planning
applications, added thought and added
prayer, day by day—will ordinarily
secure more of thoroughness in the
understanding of the lesson, and in the
mastery of its using, than the closest
study on a single occasion could do.
And this is commonly the method of
the best Sunday-school teachers.—*S. S.*
Times.

Sow Good Seed.

GIVE God's word to the children, the
more of it the better. Even though
the soil is not very promising, withhold
not the hand from sowing. Children
often carry their worst traits outside.
The seed sown in them is not dead; it
cannot die, because it has a divine
germ of life in it. Perversity may
choke it for a while, but the chances
are in favour of its springing up and
growing into beauty in the minds of
properly instructed children. Teach
and train, and train and teach with
unwearying vigilance and the labour
will not be lost.—*Teacher's Mentor.*

A MAN, he told us, who bore a grudge
against him had poisoned his dog,
"That was a low thing for a man to do,
now wasn't it? It wasn't like a man
that, nohow. But I got even with him
—I poisoned his dog."

The teacher should become thoroug-
ly familiar with the Lesson-help used
by pupils in his class. Not that the
"Helps" should be used during the
session, but that the lesson should be
taught in the line of the pupil's study
during the week, and as an encourage-
ment to such study. The carefully
graded helps now furnished, ought to
result in better teaching work than
ever before.

MERELY talking about or over a
lesson, is not necessarily teaching it.
Because one has some knowledge of the
Bible, and is fluent in speech we must
not think he has aptness to teach. The
best means of fixing knowledge is that
whereby the pupil is caused to exercise
his powers of thought. Yet he may
be really instructed in Scripture know-
ledge, and this first and necessary step
of instruction may be his last, because
the teacher has failed to hold him close
to the divine Saviour, that so eternal
life may be gained. This power comes
only through a true life in Christ.
They who win souls must be wise, and
the wisdom needed can be had for the
asking.—*Baptist Teacher.*

MONTREAL'S CARNIVAL.—The city of
Montreal was the scene of much gaiety
and festivity lately. It was the city's
civic holiday, and the grand gala
day of the carnival. Canadian sports
were very thoroughly enjoyed by the
natives, and tested by the visitors from
the United States. In the afternoon
the Governor-General and Lady Lans-
downe held a reception at the Windsor
Hotel, at which a brilliant gathering of
citizens and visitors assembled. Among
the latter were numbers of Americans.
The grand sleighing parade attracted
thousands of on-lookers, who stood in
every available spot where a glimpse of
the parade could be obtained. Never
before has Montreal witnessed such a
wonderful collection of sleighs. They
were of all varieties, styles and sizes.
The crowning glory of the carnival was
the attack, defence and capture of the
ice palace, in the evening, by the snow-
shoe clubs of the city and vicinity.
Around the palace were ranged in
quadruple column 2,000 snow-shoers,
picturesquely attired in the various
costumes of their different clubs. The
explosion of a bomb was the signal for
the assault. Immediately the air was
filled with fiery missiles from the at-
tacking party, and the garrison prompt-
ly answered with a heavy fire. Then a
perfect hail of fiery missiles of various
colours was poured over the palace,
and its walls and parapets glistened
like coloured crystal. The uproar was
not terminated until an outburst of
flames from within the walls of the
palace seemed to suggest that the
magazine had been fired, and amid loud
cheers the castle capitulated.

WEQUETOQUECK, in the town of
Stonington, which has lately come
into prominence, has long been noted
for its family fights. A story is told
of a Wequetequoek man being brought
to a Stonington doctor in an ox-cart,
having been handled without gloves
by a brother. While the doctor was
dressing the wounds the man asked,
"Doctor, if I die from the effects of
this beating, will they hang my brother?"
"I'm afraid they will," was the
doctor's reply. "Then let me die,"
said the Wequetequoek.—*New Haven*
Register.

Always a River to Cross.

TURNER'S always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the place we long to fill
We must push and struggle and drive,
And always and everywhere
We'll find in our onward course,
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve;
For the glory we hope to win,
Our labours we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountain's high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at
the helm
When the difficult river we cross!

—Josephine Pollard.

Christian Deathbeds.

BEHOLD the splendour of Christian deathbeds! Those who deny the Bible, or deny any part of it, never die well. They either go out in darkness, or they go out in silence portentous. You may gather up all the biographies that have come forth since the art of printing was invented, and I challenge you to show me a triumphant death of a man who rejected the Scriptures or rejected any part of them. Here I make a great wide avenue. On the one side I put the deathbeds of those who believed in an entire Bible. On the other side of that avenue I put the deathbeds of those who rejected part of the Bible, or rejected all of the Bible. Now, take my arm and let us pass through this dividing avenue. Look off upon the right side. Here are the deathbeds on the right side of this avenue. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Free grace!" "Glory! glory!" "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb!" "The chariots are coming!" "I mount! I fly!" "Wings! wings!" "They are coming for me!" "Peace, be still!" Alfred Cookman's deathbed! Richard Cecil's deathbed! Commodore Foote's deathbed! Your father's deathbed, your mother's deathbed, your sister's deathbed, your child's deathbed. Ten thousand radiant, songful deathbeds of those who believed in an entire Bible. Now, take my arm and let us go through that avenue and look off upon the other side. No smile of hope. No shout of triumph. No face supernaturally illumined. Those who reject any part of the Bible never die well. No beckoning for angels to come. No listening for the celestial escort. Without any exception they go out of the world because they are pushed out: while on the other hand the list of those who believed in an entire Bible, and went out of the world in triumph, is a list as long as it seems interminable.—Talmage

TAVATER said, what it will do us no harm to ponder upon, that "he who purposely cheats his friend would cheat God if he could."

An Old Song Analyzed.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four-and twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king who is represented as sitting in his parlour counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen who sits in the dark kitchen is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen—is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset.

In Peace.

EVERY day there are foes to meet,
And fighting that must be done;
We stand each morn where the battles rage
That have to be lost or won;
But God can give us for weakness, might,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
When the cause is that of right.

Every day there are cares that spread
Like mists across the skies;
There are fears that silence the happy song,
And sorrows that dim the eyes;
But the sun is shining the clouds above,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
With rest in the Father's love.

Every day is a fading time,
Some leaf, some flower must go,
Wherever the night dews fall around,
Wherever the cold winds blow;
Yet winter is but the nurse of spring,
And troubles cease,
When the heart has peace,
And the trustful soul can sing!

And so, whatever the day may be,
We may raise our song of rest,
If God be for us then all is well,
We are rich, for we have the best,
And all beside can be left to Ham,
For the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
Let the days be bright or dim.

FIFTY years hence, and it is to be hoped that Japan will have become a thoroughly Christian nation, consecrating her gold and silver to the Lord, and bearing her part in diffusing abroad the gospel amongst the yet unconverted nations. It is to be hoped that China, with all her millions, shall read in her own tongue the wonderful works of God, and that India with all her vast population will have welcomed the gospel, and that the "Dark Continent" will have been flooded with heavenly light, and that none by the Isles of the Sea shall have waited in vain for God's law. Fifty years hence, it is to be hoped there shall not be a dweller on all the face of the earth who shall not have heard of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. A blessed thing will it be to live in those blessed days. But long ere that time will the writer have gone from the world. It is his hope, that in a better world he may be greeted with the glad tidings of these things, and that for them, with millions of redeemed souls, and with all the holy angels, he may join in ascribing praise to God and to the Lamb.

A Missionary Revival.

THE "signs of the times" indicate that we are on the eve of a great missionary revival. The prayer and faith and thought of the Churches are gathering around the vast field of unevangelized heathendom. Plans are being matured for aggressive work, and the expectation is becoming general that the next decade will witness a grand onward movement of the entire host. Missions are no longer a side-issue: they are the main question of Nineteenth Century Christianity; and the conviction is growing that on this issue the Church must stand or fall.

Our own branch of the Church universal is sharing in this revival. Hitherto we have been only *playing* at missions; but the time for earnest effort has fully come, and there is a growing desire to measure up to the responsibilities of the hour. There is a disposition to "undertake great things for God, and to expect great things from God" that is prophetic of grand results. The Lord never disappoints the faith of His people when they show their faith by their works. Our disappointments in the past have not arisen because we expected too much, but because we attempted so little.

The demand of the hour is for a radical change in the Church's missionary policy. A fearless, aggressive spirit must replace the timid, hesitating policy of the past. We do not advocate reckless administration or lavish expenditure; but we do plead that the missionary army be placed without delay upon a war footing, ready for either home or foreign service. Let us fill up the ranks and reorganize the Commissariat. We must strengthen alike the Home Guard and the Foreign Contingent. We have spent enough time in reconnoitring the enemy's position. The hour has come to advance in solid battle array.—REV. D. SUTHERLAND, in *Missionary Outlook*.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant holding it to him on a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed in them! He who had commanded the great armies in Europe, and had long used the throne of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your home talk, remember "if you please." Among your playmates don't forget "if you please." To all who wait upon you and serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words—"if you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

An old lady in Iowa was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whisky. She replied, "I would have it made into starch to stiffen the backbone of many of the temperance people."

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

80.—1. Bun; run; sun; Burns. 2. Saw, cot, irritate, sell, Sir Walter Scott.

81.—1. Chair, hair; air. 2. Spain; pain. 3. Mabel, Abel; Bel.

82.—PARACLETE
FALLACY
FLEET
APT
S
BYE
CEDAR
CHARTER
PREDATORY

83.—T
RED
TEXAS
DAY
S

NEW PUZZLES.

84.—CHARADES.

1. To mark with specks; a pronoun, children; a public room. A school mentioned by Dickens.

2. Part of the body; a seat. A prop.

85.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. Clothing; a tulip.

2. To feed; a mythical character in Tennyson's works.

3. A spy of the tribe of Ephraim; a book of the Old Testament.

86.—PRINTER'S PI.

1. Styenoh si hte setb Licopy.

2. Rthut husrred ot heart lwl sire ainga.

3. Het naltere, rayes fo dog era resh.

87.—WORD SQUARES.

1. A path; an O T. character, to mention a bird.

2. A thousandth of a dollar; a thought; a mineral; to load.

NEVER restrain an impulse to pray. Who can tell with what treasure He is laden when the Holy Spirit in this way knocks at our heart's door?

REV. DR. MACKAY writes from Yamsui, Formosa: "I regard this year, 1883, an era in the history of this mission. After years of toil on the east coast, the Lord has at length opened a large, wide door for his own blessed gospel. I sent a telegram some time ago to say that 1,000 were asking Christian instruction. I state below the mark, now, when I declare that upward of 2,000 have thrown their idols away, and wish to follow the Lord of hosts."

A TEAMSTER, driving a cart to which were attached four oxen, was heard calling out to them in the following most extraordinary fashion. "Wo, Methodist!" "Gee, Presbyterian!" "Haw, Campbellite!" "Get along, Baptist!" When asked why he called them such names, he said, "Cause they are like them. That feller in a lather balks a little, and pulls on a spurt. He's Methodist. That slow, steady-going, cold-blooded one is a Presbyterian. That one next to him, who rushes for the water and lies down in every stream, is the Campbellite. And then that last one, a rascal, won't eat a mouthful unless I give him a trough to himself, and he is the Baptist."

Gather Them In.

BY THE REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A. GATHER THEM IN at the Master's call To the banquet of His love; Gather them in, there's room for all In the Father's house above; Go, then, and tell them, Go and compel them, And out of the woe and the mire of sin Gather them in, gather them in!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES. A.D. 52.] LESSON XII [March 23 CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE. 2 Thess. 3. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not weary in well-doing. - 2 Thess. 3. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. TIME. - This Epistle was written A.D. 52; soon after the first Epistle.

PLACE. - Written by Paul at Corinth.

OBJECT. - This second Epistle is a supplement to the first. The Thessalonians seem to have misunderstood some things he wrote in his first Epistle about the coming of the Lord, and he now corrects these misunderstandings.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES. - 1. Finally - Introducing the practical instruction of the Epistle. Have free course - Have no hindrances in its work, as by persecution, indifference, slanders, or bad conduct on the part of the disciples. Be glorified - By being successful in saving souls and making men better. 2. From unweariness, etc. - One of the hindrances. 3. Into the love of God - Our love to God. Christ directs our hearts to this love (1) by His own love; (2) by showing the love of God; (3) by His lovable character; (4) by the influence of the Holy Spirit. Patient waiting for Christ - Better the patience of Christ, patience like His who works on steadily without anxiety or discouragement, biding His time, and winning success. 6. Withdraw yourselves - (1) In order to make him feel the evil of his conduct, (2) so that the church may not be regarded as endorsing or approving the bad conduct. 11. Busybodies - Busy about trifles, and interfering with the concerns of others. The excuse they made was probably that if the Lord was coming so soon, they need not engage in regular business. 16. The Lord of peace - Who alone can give peace, since He controls all the elements that can make or mar our peace. Give you peace - Peace within, peace without, peace from trouble, from a restless conscience, peace with God, peace eternal. 17. With mine own hand - The rest of the Epistle had been written by an amanuensis.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS. - Second Thessalonians. - Free course for the Gospel. The Lord is faithful. - Treatment of erring Christians. - Diligence in business. - Paul's example. - Weary in well-doing. - Peace.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY. - When was the second Epistle written to the Thessalonians? From what place? Who were the Thessalonians? What was the chief subject of this Epistle?

SUBJECT: CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE.

I. PREPARATIONS. - (1) Prayer (vs. 1, 2). What was Paul's first exhortation? What good would their prayer do for such a great man as Paul? What three things did he desire them to ask for him? What things hinder the free course of the Gospel? How is the Gospel glorified? What had been one of the chief hindrances? Give some examples from Paul's history. (Acts 13: 50; 14: 19; 18: 6, 12.) (2) Confidence in God (vs. 3, 5). Who would keep these Christians from evil? How was this the result of God's faithfulness? To what two things would the Lord direct their hearts? How does He direct them to the love of God? How does the love of God aid us to obey His will? What is "the patience of Christ?" How would that help us to obey?

II. CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE (vs. 6-15. - (1) The idle (vs. 6, 11-15). How did some of the Thessalonian Church behave? What are busybodies? What harm does idleness do? How might their views of Christ's coming be perverted so as to lead to this? What ought it to have led them to do? (Matt. 24: 42-44.) How were these disorderly persons to be treated? Why? (Prov. 1: 10, 15, 16; -13, 20; Ps. 1: 1; 1 Cor. 15: 33.) How would this treatment help them? How would it be well for the Church? What danger in this were they to avoid? (v. 15. Gal. 6: 1.) What else should they do for Him? (Matt. 18: 15-17.) (2) Paul's example. What had Paul's example taught them? What was his business? (Acts 18: 3.) Why did Paul work thus instead of preaching all the time? What two things do you find to imitate in this example? (3) What is required. How should the idle be compelled to work? (v. 10.) Is it benevolent to support able-bodied persons in idleness? How should we work? (v. 12.) What leads people to be weary in well-doing? What does the fourth commandment say about the duty of work? Why is it better for us to be under the necessity of working? How will habits of work affect your future life and happiness?

III. REWARDS OF PEACE. - Why is Christ called "the Lord of peace?" What is peace? What kinds of peace does He give us? (John 14: 27.) How will obedience to God lead us to peace? (Rom. 12: 10; 2 Cor. 13: 11; 1 Pet. 3: 10.) Can we obtain true peace except from Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Hindrances to the free course of the Gospel: (1) persecution; (2) slander of the truth; (3) indifference and carelessness; (4) faults of Christians; (5) coldness of piety. 2. Faithfulness of God, - to keep His promise, to continue His love, to keep all who go to Him. He is good enough, wise enough, strong enough to keep all who trust in Him. 3. The patience of Christ, - the patience that works, that uses means, that continues long, that hopes for success. 4. Diligence, - the condition of prosperity, keeps from many temptations, provides things needful, enables us to help the needy, an aid to true piety and real manhood. 5. Peace from God, - peace of conscience, peace in trouble, peace within the soul, peace with our fellow-men, peace like that of heaven, peace eternal.

REVIEW EXERCISE. - (For the whole School in concert.)

- 17. What did Paul ask the Thessalonians to do for him? (Repeat v. 1.) 18. To what would he direct their hearts? (Repeat v. 5.) 19. What should be their manner of life? (Repeat Central Truth.) 20. What was Paul's example? (Repeat v. 3.) 21. What warning did he give? (Repeat v. 13.) What would be the reward? (Repeat v. 16.)

LESSON XIII. [March 30.

REVIEW.

Scripture Lesson. - The Golden Texts of the Quarter.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. - Isa. 9: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel makes progress by wider conquests, increasing numbers, and fuller truth.

QUESTIONS.

I. EXTENT OF TIME. - (1) From the beginning. When did the Church begin to exist? What day may be called its birthday? (Acts 2: 1.) How long had it now been in existence? (See Time in Lesson IX.) (2) During this quarter. At what date did the events of this quarter begin? Over how many years does it extend?

II. RANGE OF COUNTRIES. - In what grand divisions of the earth had the Gospel been preached? Name over the various countries where disciples had been made. Point out on the map some of the chief cities.

SUBJECT: THE CONTINUED PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

I. PROGRESS IN MANY COUNTRIES. - (Lessons 5, 6, 8, 9, 10). How many great missionary journeys were made by Paul? Which of them is described in this quarter? Who had been with Paul in his first journey? Who went with him now? Why this change? What countries did he visit? What led him to go to Macedonia? What chief cities did he visit there? What two events occurred at Philippi? How was the Gospel received at Thessalonica? How at Berea? What did Paul do at Athens? Give the chief events at Corinth. In what country are these two cities?

II. PROGRESS OF DOCTRINE. - (Lesson 1, 7, 11). What great question arose in the Church? Where did Paul go to have it settled? What was the result of the conference? Was this a great step forward? What great question did a jailer ask Paul at Philippi? Under what circumstances? What was Paul's answer? How did the jailer show the change wrought in him? What other great doctrine was discussed in the Church? What did Paul teach about the coming of the Lord? How should we live in view of it?

III. PROGRESS IN MORAL LIFE. - (Lessons 2, 3, 4, 12). From what Epistles are lessons for this quarter taken? Which lesson teaches the nature of true religion? What are the teachings about it? What special sins are condemned in Lesson III? Give Paul's four illustrations of the power of the tongue. What are the right uses of the tongue? What are the wrong uses? What is taught in Lesson IV. about living near to God? How can we live near to Him? What blessings flow from it? What are we taught about Christian diligence? What about the peace which Christ gives?

Coming to Jesus.

THE Saviour bled for all! For all the Saviour died! And all who boldly come to Him May feel His blood applied.

The vilest of the vile (Too vile he cannot prove), The fount from the Redeemer's side Will every blot remove.

Oh! then, while Mercy's voice Invites the wand'rer home, Be it my chief desire to say With hast'ning steps I come.

A USEFUL man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. The bridges were swept away so often by floods, or burned by the enemy, that Miles was as necessary to the Confederate army as Jackson himself. One day the Union troops had retreated and burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Jackson, determined to follow them, summoned Miles. "You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer shall furnish you the plan; and you can go right ahead." Early next morning Jackson, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridge-builder. "Well," said the General, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?" "General," returned Miles, slowly, "the bridge is done; I don't know whether the picture is or not!"

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