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# Home School

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1890.

[No. 8.]

## Mr. Gladstone.

ONE of the most famous of living men is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who for a long time was "Premier," or prime-minister, of England, and really governed the country. His whole life, from boyhood until now, has been remarkably interesting, and blessed to the good of his countrymen and the world.

Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, in 1809. He was the son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of that city. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, where he graduated in 1831. Mr. Gladstone entered parliament the following year, and quickly distinguished himself by his splendid oratorical powers.

In 1835, he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel under-secretary of state for the colonies; and in 1841, vice-president of the Board of Trade and privy councillor. In 1846, he ably supported his chief's great measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1847 Mr. Gladstone was returned to parliament by the University of Oxford, which he continued to represent until 1865. In 1852, under Lord Aberdeen's "coalition" ministry, he accepted office as chancellor of the exchequer, and held the same post subsequently in Lord Palmerston's cabinet. In this capacity he proved himself to be the ablest financial minister England had known, and warmly supported Mr. Cobden's commercial treaty with France.

After the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the House of Commons, retaining the chancellorship of the exchequer in Earl Russell's second administration. On the retirement of the Lord Derby cabinet, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the helm of state as first minister of the crown. In the same year he introduced a measure before parliament for the dissolution of the establishment of the Irish Church, which passed into a law after a prolonged and obstinate resistance on the side of the Conservative party.

In February, 1871, the Gladstone cabinet also introduced a measure before parliament for the modification and adjustment of the Irish land question; and Mr. Gladstone's sturdy champion-

ship of this cause, in the various forms which it has assumed under his inspiration, has given him pre-eminence not only at home, but in all the liberty-loving nations abroad.

Mr. Gladstone has acquired no mean celebrity as an author while forging his way to the van of

always welcome the great man thither, and speak with true affection of his gentle, unaristocratic intercourse with them, and of his active Christian labours in their parish church.

A number of ministers of the Church of England favour disestablishment. They also prefer that Mr. Gladstone should champion the cause, as they are confident that under his *regime* the interests of the church will not be passed over lightly. Politics alone will not adequately account for this influence. A great part of it is due to the deeply religious tone of Mr. Gladstone's mind.

Mr. Gladstone's devout habits of thought and life are familiar to all. But what is possibly less known is the fact that, in his Oxford days, under the full stress of the tractarian movement, Mr. Gladstone earnestly desired to be a clergyman, and only yielded to strong parental pressure in abandoning a clerical for a political career. Had the young tractarian persevered in his intention of taking holy orders, there would, probably, have been some day another "Life of an Archbishop of Canterbury," which would have exceeded in interest any of Dean Hook's celebrated volumes.—*Sunday-school Visitor.*



MR. GLADSTONE.

modern statesmen. His contributions to the literature of his time are characterized by all the ripeness of scholarship, originality of thought, and vigour of expression, which have given him so high a rank in oratory and diplomacy.

In his private capacity, also, Mr. Gladstone is highly esteemed; and, perhaps, the most lovable phase of his life is that exhibited in his occasional reticence at Hawarden. His neighbours and friends

vessels using the railway from 500 to 700 miles. All the details of the hydraulic ship-lifts at either end, the cradles to convey the vessels, etc., have been carefully worked out. But ten minutes, it is estimated, will be required when the cradle is in position to lift a vessel to the level of the railway.

Work has already been begun, and the contract requires that it shall be completed by July 1, 1892. The estimated cost is \$5,000,000. The prospective

## The Chignecto Marine Railway.

THE Chignecto Marine Railway is the name of an enterprise which promises to become widely known both as making practical the Eads' principle of a ship-railway, and of affording to our coastwise and other vessels a short cut to Canada.

The plan is to connect the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy by a railway across the Isthmus of Chignecto capable of carrying vessels loaded with one thousand tons of freight. The length will be about seventeen miles, the grade almost level, and the saving in distance to

accommodation which this railway, if successful, will offer, not only to our fishermen—who by its use could make two trips to the fishing-grounds a year—and to the adjoining commercial ports, but also to grain ships from Chicago, is very great.

### The Universal Prayer.

BY THE REV. D. A. FERRIN.

OUR Father and our love  
Who dwell'st in light above,  
Within thy home;  
Thy hallow'd name we praise,  
And on thy glories gaze,  
To thee, the prayer we raise,  
Thy kingdom come.

Our Father and our peace,  
Let all our murmurings cease,  
Thy will be done;  
By all who dwell below,  
By all who mercy show,  
By kindred spirits lo,  
They are but one.

Our Father and our life,  
Save us from evil strife,  
Thyself reveal;  
Give us our daily bread,  
That we by thee be fed,  
By thy great spirit led,  
To fountains real.

Our Father send our hope,  
Not in the dark we grope  
Our sin confess;  
Forgive our trespasses,  
As, we, our enemies,  
Forgive, as thou wilt please,  
In righteousness.

Our Father and our strength  
To thee we flee, at length,  
In time of need;  
Lead us not to the hour,  
Of fierce temptation's power,  
O, from the evil power  
Our souls be freed.

Our Father and our all,  
On thee our spirits call,  
To thee aspire;  
Thy kingdom ne'er remove,  
But come with power and love,  
With glory from above,  
Celestial fire.

Managan, III.

### The Noble Self-Devotion of Fidelia Fiske.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

SOME forty-six years ago, a very unusual state of feeling was apparent one day among the young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary, in Massachusetts. With serious countenances, the pupils said one to another: "Dr. Perkins, the famous missionary, from Persia, has asked Miss Lyon to select one of us to go with him to Persia, as teacher to the Nestorian women and girls in that far-away land!"

This feeling became more intense when Miss Lyon, their principal, called the teachers and pupils of the seminary together, and pressed them to think deeply and prayerfully of the request of Dr. Perkins, and, if moved thereto, to consecrate themselves to missionary work in Persia.

Among those young lady pupils was Miss Fidelia Fiske, whom Miss Lyon asked to go with Dr. Perkins. She was willing, but her widowed mother objected, saying: "Fidelia's health is too delicate for such work."

Another young lady was then selected, but her friends positively refusing to let her go, Fidelia was asked again. After passing a sleepless night,

she bravely replied: "Yes, I will go, if my mother gives consent."

It was late in the day when her answer was reported to Miss Lyon. As Dr. Perkins was soon to start on his return to Persia, the case was urgent, and Miss Lyon proposed to go to Shelburne at once. Fidelia consented, and they immediately started in the midst of a driving snow-storm. It was eleven o'clock at night when they reached Mrs. Fiske's modest homestead. The family was called together directly. Miss Lyon stated the case, begging them to consider, to pray, and to decide as quickly as they conscientiously could.

Doubtless there was a stern conflict between mother-love and Christly duty in that good mother's breast. But she was a descendant of a family known to have been godly for three hundred years. Mrs. Fiske's grandmother had been wont to spend whole days praying that her children might be holy—even to the latest generation. So wonderfully was this prayer answered, as Miss Fiske's biographer states, that, in 1857, three hundred of her descendants were members of Christian Churches! It is not surprising therefore, that after a night and a day, mostly spent in thought and prayer, Mrs. Fiske turned to Fidelia, and with deep feeling said:—

"Go, my child, go!"

It was no trifling sacrifice for Fidelia to break away from such tender mother-love as this, and from the pleasant home of her childhood. But her Christ-love proved sufficient to lure her away from those innocent delights, and to go into the unknown perils and hardships of mission-life among the mountains of distant Persia.

Follow her, if you can, in imagination, on her thirty-six days' voyage to Smyrna, next to Trebizonde, and thence on her toilsome journey of seven or eight hundred miles by land, through an inhospitable country, to the scene of her labours, in a Persian town on the borders of Lake Urumiah. To a young lady delicately reared, the hardships of that journey would have been almost unupportable but for the love which Christ had breathed into her pure, aspiring soul.

But these hardships were trifles when compared with the trials of her patience which awaited her. The Nestorians—whose wives and daughters she sought to teach—were a wild, lawless, ignorant, corrupt people. Their ancestors had once been Christians, but had fallen from the truth into very deep degradation. Their women they called by a name which was equivalent to our term "donkey." "A woman," they said, "has no soul." Several generations of them lived together in a single room without a chimney. There they ate and slept. Their habits were very filthy, and their houses abounded in disgusting vermin.

Think of this well-bred young lady mingling with such people! No wonder that, after beginning her work, seated on an earthen floor indescribably filthy, and swarming with vermin, among a little group of Nestorian mothers, she wrote: "I little knew the pit of degradation I was descending." After reading the history of the creation to them, she asked:

"Who was the first man?"

They replied: "What do we know? We are donkeys!"

But Christ-love is not easily quenched. It led Miss Fiske to perceive that, to succeed, she must get the Nestorian girls out from their filthy homes, and rear them in a family school. It was thought to be a bold, if not a hopeless scheme, but she resolved to try it.

On her opening day not a scholar appeared; only offers of day-scholars. Her heart began to sink, until a man named Max Yohanan came to

her, leading two little girls. Placing their childish hands in hers, he said:

"They are your daughters—no man shall take them from you."

Miss Fiske's heart leaped with joy. Tears of gladness bedewed her cheeks as she inwardly said: "I will educate these dear girls for the Lord!"

After some time, other girls were given her. She had to cleanse them, clothe, wash, feed, teach, and care for them—both when in and when out of school. In itself this was a trying, and, in some things, a disgusting task. But she did it gladly, saying to herself: "Oh, they are a precious charge! I find myself going forth to meet them the same as to children at home."

Her home seminary, after some time, numbered twenty-five boarders, in spite of a persecution which compelled her to temporarily dismiss her pupils. But heaven so blessed her teaching that many of her pupils were converted to God. In subsequent years, other outpourings of the Spirit cheered her heroic spirit. Just before she left Urumiah, ninety-three converted females met to wish her godspeed. And these were only a few of the fruit of her faithful toil.

After sixteen years of labour, Fidelia became aware that symptoms of a mortal disease made her return to America a necessity. The people, on hearing of this, clung to her with such strong affection, that for a time she felt she could not leave them. One day, while sitting on her mat, during public worship, almost sinking to the ground through weakness, a Nestorian woman sat behind her so as to support her frail body. As she did so she whispered: "If you love me, lean hard."

But her work in Persia was finished. She must return to America or die. For a brief period she became Principal of Mount Holyoke Seminary. So blessed were her labours there, that, in one year, "out of three hundred and forty-four scholars, only nineteen left it unconverted." Some of these scholars afterwards entered the missionary field.

The approaches of death having compelled her to quit the seminary, she sent her dying message to her beloved pupils. "Live for Christ," she said in it; "in so doing you will be blessed for time and eternity."

One morning, while a minister was praying beside her couch, her glad soul spread its wings and soared to the throne of Him whom she loved so truly, and for whom she had toiled so bravely. "I never saw one," said the Rev. Dr. Kirk, "who came nearer to Jesus in self-sacrifice. . . . She was a martyr. She had given up her will. . . . To burn at the stake for awhile, to be torn on the rack, to be devoured by wild beasts, is as nothing when you have torn out your own will and laid it on God's altar."

This is all true. And Fidelia Fiske, by her noble self-devotion, her patient endurance of trials in Persia, which, though not terrific in aspect, must have been almost constant torture to her refined nature, and her sublime faith in Christ, proved herself the possessor of the very highest type of heroism.—*Our Youth.*

"I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it! Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frowns, and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow, a woman can do by a frown."

## The Voice of the Christ-Child.

BY MRS. M. C. PRATT.

It is told,—in a quiet village,

After the waning light

H. I. said it, with lingering blessing,  
In the sombre wrappings of night;And children were cozily nestled  
In the midst of blessing and love,  
While the white wings of peace lay softly  
As sheltering hands from above;When out of the peace and silence  
Lo! a pitiful wail wandered by—  
A child's voice startled the shadows  
With a questioning, pleading cry.It pierced through the window-casing  
Till each mother-heart stood still:  
"What if my child were wandering  
In the darkness dreary and chill!"But as each for the other waited,  
To see who would answer that tone,  
The voice went out in the distance,—  
The echo of footsteps was gone.The story is: Into that village  
The Christ-child had wandered; it said  
That he found no place of shelter,  
And not where to lay his head.Out from the gathered shadows,  
From the streets and byways of sin,  
I can hear a sad voice calling,  
"Is there no one to let me in?"In my heart's deep chamber it echoes,  
That lonely, pitiful moan—  
As I hold my dear ones, sheltered  
So safe in the love they have known.But not as some fabled legend,  
With mythical meaning and lore,  
With glamour of romance and rhythm,  
Is this story repeated o'er;But clear as God's truth and sunlight  
Is the message he sends to-day:  
"Your children are safely sheltered,  
And mine are wandering away."Shall we give to our own so largely,  
Or hold with such jealous care,  
That we have no gift for the stranger,  
No room for the wanderer?O mothers, whose lips seem purer  
Because of the kisses that fell  
From the sweet mouths of babes that left  
Such blessings you only can tell!For the sake of the Giver and Helper,  
For the sake of the mothers who sleep  
Where the shadows of ignorance gather  
And Christ's "little ones" wander and weep,—Oh! give, without stint, without measure;  
Give your prayers,—on faith's wings let them go;  
Give your gold, give your costliest treasure;  
Give your dear ones, if God will it so.

## Japan, the Sunrise Kingdom.

THE story of Japan, from a missionary point of view, is exceedingly fascinating. The name itself suggests beauty and promise. "Zipangn," the original, means "Root of day," and recalls the appropriate and encouraging Bible text, "So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the West, and his glory from the rising of the sun."

Japanese history covers a period of more than two thousand years. Their earliest literature was written A.D. 720, and prose and poetry existed even before this date.

Christianity was first introduced by François Xavier, a Roman Catholic missionary. But Romanism, true to her traditional policy, began intriguing against the government of the country. Persecution followed—which lasted twenty years—

ending with the slaughter of many thousand converts, who preferred death to renunciation of the new faith. This closed Japan to Christian efforts for more than two hundred years.

In 1853, Commodore Perry, a descendent of the Pilgrim Fathers, sailed into Yeddo. One Sunday morning he opened his Bible, and read the One Hundredth Psalm. There is every reason to believe that earnest prayer followed for the redemption of this beautiful land from the thralldom of heathenism.

The first Protestant missionaries entered Japan in 1859. They began teaching in Government schools, and translating the Bible. In 1872, some Japanese students, who had studied in the private classes of these missionaries, joined in the English prayer-meetings at Yokohama, where parts of God's Word were read and explained. The mighty Spirit of God took hold of these students, and they became workers together with God for the salvation of Japan.

The population is variously estimated at between 30,000,000 and 38,000,000. During the past four years, many remarkable changes have taken place in Japan. They have what General Grant pronounced to be, the very best system of education he had met in his circuit round the globe. It provides for eight universities, thirty-two high-schools, two hundred and fifty-six grammar-schools, and fifty-five thousand primary-schools. Christian teachers, native and foreign, are employed in these schools, at salaries equal to those in our own country, though we understand they are not permitted to teach religion in school hours.

Tokyo has a medical college, with eight German professors, and several hundred students.

The Japanese have a regular mail system, and post-office savings-banks, and the deposits last year amounted to \$12,500,000. Before the arrival of Perry they had no papers; now they have a public press and five hundred periodicals. They have also steamboat, telegraph, and telephone—all made by natives. Universal religious toleration prevails. The ancient religions are discarded, and the government acknowledges itself without a religion. What an opportunity for Christian effort!

We gratefully record a most encouraging fact, namely, the Christian Sabbath is legally recognized as a day of rest by government offices, banks, and public-schools. This year, 1890, witnesses the establishment of the new constitution—the first native example of it in Asia.

With such a record, it is not surprising that Japan presented to the Christian Church a most promising field for evangelization, and hence almost every church in Christendom—to their honour be it said—has its missionary operations there. So far as we can read, all accounts agree in reporting success and encouragement.

Considering these facts, in conjunction with the subject as one of prayer for the month, may we not also pray that, upon these workers of all denominations, may come the spirit of unity, that to the heathen mind there may be presented a Christian church, with front unbroken by slight differences of non-essentials; a united church, strong in the essentials of New Testament teaching in which all agree. Would not this be less confusing to the heathen? Would it not economize means and workers, and greatly hasten the "coming of Christ's kingdom in the earth?"

In 1873, our Church planted their first mission in this interesting field, sending out the Revs. Drs. Cochran and McDonald, who were reinforced in 1875 by Drs. Meacham and Eby. All of these are still at work in their several departments, assisted by an efficient staff of native workers.

## The Knight and the Dragon.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

In the town of Barcelona,  
In that storied land of Spain,  
Stands a statue, tall and stately,  
Of a knight untimely slain  
In the very hour he triumphed  
(So the olden legends tell)  
O'er a feared and famous dragon—  
You shall hear now it befell.

As the monster lay before him  
With its life-stream gushing out  
(Poison was that tide), the warrior  
Waved his sword with boastful shout;  
Praised himself, forgetting wholly  
God, through whom he thus had won;  
Cried, "Well done, right arm, so mighty!  
Sword of mine, well done! well done!"

From a bloody blade uplifted  
Fell a drop of deadly gore,  
In a wound found fatal lodgment,  
Sank the knight to rise no more.  
So the victor soon was vanquished,  
Stricken by his fallen foe;  
Scarcely conscious of his conquest  
Ere defeated and brought low.

Ah, my brother, younger, older,  
Warring with thyself and sin,  
Vaunt not when, by grace enabled,  
Thou some victory dost win;  
Ne'er—triumphant o'er temptation—  
Do we deem ourselves to be  
In ourselves alone sufficient,  
But we fall full speedily.

## The Valley of the Nile.

BETWEEN Philæ and Cairo, in Egypt, runs the beautiful and fertile Valley of the Nile—a narrow strip of land, rarely more than ten miles wide, and sometimes much narrower. This little river-belt of rich land is sheltered from the burning winds and sands of the desert by two ramparts of mountains, or high hills. The stream is shadowed first by one, then by the other, of these protecting walls. Both chains of hills are utterly barren. Not even the friendly grass, which creeps up between pavements, and grows under all sorts of difficulties in so many countries, is to be seen on these rocky steeps. And beyond them lies the desert.

Between these yellowish-brown walls lies the green plain on each bank of the river, the flat surface varied by beautiful clumps of feathery palms and acacias, with other and smaller trees. Innumerable channels are dug across the plain. Great birds stand in the water, or float on its surface—serious-looking pelicans and cranes, beautiful white herons, and ducks; and to the banks come the poor tired camels for the drink which is to last them so many days as they cross the hot desert.

What makes this beautiful valley so green and fertile is the annual rising of the waters of the great river. This begins with wonderful regularity, about the end of June. Between the 20th and 30th of September, the river rises twenty-four feet at Cairo, and falls as much by the middle of May. In falling, it leaves behind it a coating of rich mud, very thin, but sufficient, without the use of any other fertilizer, to prepare the ground for the sowing of the seed. The sowing is done while the mud is still very wet, and no ploughing goes before it; but, after the seed is scattered, it is trodden in by pigs and goats.

The beautiful date palm-trees provide, besides their fruit, beams for building, twigs and branches for basket-weaving; leaves, which make mats, brooms, and baskets; and flints and ropes are made of the strong, cloth-like skin which wraps the young branches.

The clay from the Nile Valley is made into bricks, sometimes with a mixture of chopped straw—sometimes without; and these bricks are dried in the sun.—Selected.

The Daughter of a King.

BY WM. H. CLARK.

A PRINCESS of the royal line,  
The daughter of a King;  
She lives beneath the smile benign,  
And wears his signet ring.

Her robes of purity and grace,  
With royal splendour shine;  
Her matchless beauty all can trace,  
In lineaments divine.

Her hands are full of loving deeds,  
For human nature's weal;  
And earnestly her spirit pleads  
For heaven's approving seal.

With faith and hope and holy love,  
Those crowning graces rare;  
Her treasure is laid up above,  
In yonder mansions fair.

The fallen ones are lifed up,  
The outcasts gathered in;  
Her hands reject the poisoned cup,  
The poisoned cup of sin.

Her feet are swift to find distress,  
As swift to bring relief;  
Her spirit yearns the poor to bless,  
Of sinners though the chief.

Her youthful life is given all,  
To him whom angels sing;  
Her love goes out to great and small,  
Though daughter of a King.

In death's dark vale if called to tread,  
With radiance 'twill be bright;  
While walking with her living head,  
Whose presence giveth light.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1890.

How to Use the Blackboard.

THE judicious use of the blackboard is very helpful in illustrating the Sunday-school Lessons. We have not seen better illustrations anywhere than those by Mr. A. Rice (the worthy son of the honoured General Superintendent of our Church, the late Dr. Rice), at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. He has quite a genius for drawing, and he spares no time nor trouble to make the drawing a success. While not many have the same artistic skill, yet many have skill enough to bring out the strong points of the lesson, by reproducing from The Banner the blackboard illustrations. We strongly commend the plan.

Houses in the East.

AN interesting article on the subject of Oriental houses was lately contributed to the Sunday School Journal, by Prof. James Strong. He says:—

"The dwellings that people occupy affect very largely their mode of life, and are, in turn, greatly modified by it. In the East they are especially an index of domestic habits and social usages. Of course houses there, as elsewhere, vary considerably in size and elegance, according to the wants, the wealth, and the tastes of the tenants; but, in the main, like all other Oriental customs and appliances, they are proverbially alike in general form and style; and those of to-day very nearly represent those of ancient times.

"The Israelites dropped their tents on emerging from the desert, and stepped at once into the finished and furnished abodes of the Canaanites whom they dispossessed. The scarcity of wood in Palestine, and the abundance of limestone, have always indicated the usual materials of architecture there; and, accordingly, houses are almost invariably of rubble walls laid in plaster, with as little timber as possible.

"Isolated residences are very rare, the houses being generally massed, for convenience, economy, and safety, in villages and towns, and in many cases surrounded by a wall, with guarded gates. To enter one of these dwellings, the visitor is ushered through a dark and narrow alley in the middle of the ground-floor into an open court, with a corridor running on its four sides. The better class of houses are of two stories, often with a dome on the roof.

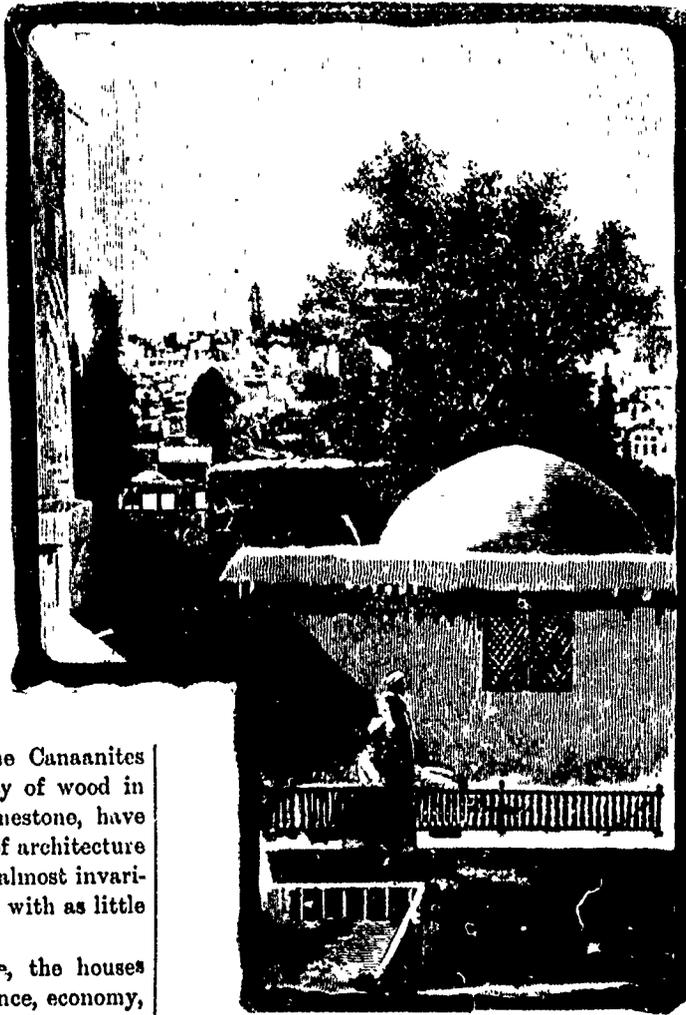
"The lower floor is for rough purposes, such as reception-rooms, storage, kitchen, etc.; and the upper part for residence—the front for the men and the rear for the women.

"The house-top has a parapet around, according to the Mosaic injunction. In the villages the streets are so narrow, and the roof-beams project so far over the streets that one can readily run from end to end on the roofs. When our Lord said, 'Let him that is on the house-top not come down,' he meant let those who are on the house-top in time of attack upon the city, not try to come down into the city, but jump across from roof to roof to the end of the town, and then escape into the country.

"Town-meetings are held on the house-tops, proclamations are made on the house-tops; the olives, figs, and grapes are here spread out to dry. Before the wheat is ground it is washed and spread on the house-top, and the children watch it while drying, to keep away the sparrows. Here the washed clothes are hung out; and here the women of the household meet and lean over the parapets, either to see what is passing in the street or to talk with the neighbours. The Mohammedans pray on the house-tops, turning their faces toward Mecca.

"In the cities the roofs are made of cement, and in the mountain villages of earth, a foot thick. I once preached on a house-top to several hundred people, in a Lebanon village.

"Sometimes bonfires are built on the house-tops; and watchmen often watch the village vineyards, in fruit-time, sitting in booths on the highest house-tops in the village. An Oriental house-top is a great convenience; but, alas! these flat roofs too



often leak, and sometimes—when covered with earth and soaked with rain—they fall in, and bury the whole family alive in the ruins."

Mother's Turn.

HAVE our girls seen the following, taken from one of the Church papers? If so, it will do no harm to give it another reading, now that vacation-days are bringing the leisure that will make it possible for "mother" to have her "turn":—

"It's mother's turn to be taken care of now!"

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks, told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had an air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now! Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love for their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved.

Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls! take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which for years they have patiently borne.

A NATIVE of Western Africa, who visited this country, when asked what he would call ice, said, "Him be water fast asleep"; and when asked what he would call the railroad car in which he was riding, said, "Him be a thunder mill."



### On the St. John's.

THE St. John's River is the natural avenue of Florida, although since the year 1881 more than a thousand miles of railroad have been built in the State. The mouth of the river for a distance of many miles, or to Jacksonville, forms a beautiful harbour, of which Jacksonville—some fifteen miles distant from the sea—is the port-town. It is a river of swamps, palmettos, and orange groves.

The river is lazy and calm—the air is languid. The fruits of the tropics, and of almost all zones, wave in the air when a breeze breaks the silence and sleep of nature. Great alligators dwell amidst the tall reeds and white lilies, and are sometimes seen. Birds of gorgeous plumage doze among the eternal green of swamps and savannas.

The St. John's is a water-street. There are little towns everywhere, and airy balconies. Magnolia, with its red towers, is a city or town partly sunk in a green sea of magnolias and live-oaks. Three-quarters of a mile or so from Magnolia are the Green Cove Sulphur Springs. Palatka is situated about half-way in the usual steamer-route of the St. John's, and is built on a high bluff known as "Palatka Heights." It is in the orange-grove section, and is the usual starting-point for the Ocklawaha—one of the most beautiful of tropical rivers, that branches from the St. John's some miles above.

From Palatka one may go to Sanford by steamer and thence by rail to Tampa, near which De Soto landed and began his famous march that ended in the discovery of the Mississippi.

The Gulf winds warm the orange orchards  
stir,

And from dark trees like walle,  
In long festoons and threads of gossamer,  
The trailing gray moss falls.

And ships come in from tropic seas, and go,  
And sails the Gulf winds fan;  
And few do know, or seem to care to know,  
That here that march began

That set the crown of empires in the West  
And gave the nations faith  
That stand like gracious queens above the  
rest

Upon the thrones of earth.  
De Soto's bones lie deep beneath the wave,  
Dust are his cavaliers;  
The cypress waters, murmuring o'er his  
grave,

The silent pilot hears  
In that far river where they laid him down,  
Where low the ring doves sigh,  
And oft the full moon drops her silver  
crown  
From Night's meridian skies.

And here, where first his banners caught  
the breeze,  
The peopled towns arise,  
And his great faith that piloted the seas  
Beneath uncertain skies.

And dared the wilds by Christian feet  
untrod,  
Is strong with hope to man;  
And here, where touched the New World's  
ark of God,  
Fair skies the rainbows span.

### A Great Reformer.

FATHER CHINIQUY, a converted Catholic priest, is doing much to enlighten Romanists, whenever he can reach them, to the evils of popery,

and the blessedness of the new life in Christ. He is now in Baltimore, stirring up things wonderfully, and *The Baptist* of that city gives the following interesting account of his life:—

"For twenty-five years the Rev. Chas. Chiniquy was the most influential Roman Catholic priest in Canada. He wears on his breast to-day a gold medal given him by the Archbishop of Canada, as the apostle of temperance. He was a leader among them.

"In the year 1851, the Bishop prevailed upon Mr. Chiniquy to go to Illinois, for the purpose of forming a colony of French Canadians, and thus take the west for the Roman Catholic church. Mr. Chiniquy went, planted his cross in the wilderness, wrote letters to Canada, to France, and to Belgium, giving graphic descriptions of the fertility of the soil, and the ease of making a living; and soon he had gathered about him 75,000 French colonists.

"With his own money he built at St. Anne's, Illinois, a Roman Catholic church. Against the protest of the Roman powers, he circulated the Bible in their native tongues. He insisted upon their reading it. The result was he became unsettled in his views; and one Saturday afternoon, while in his room meditating and reading, there came upon him the power of God in the conviction of his sins. He felt that they were rolling on him like a dark mountain, and crushing him. He cried with many tears to God for salvation, and there for the first time he accepted Jesus Christ as the gift of God, and eternal life through him—and, on his knees,

with his hand upon his Bible he swore that he would follow God's book, and not be subject any longer to the Pope; that he would accept Jesus Christ as the complete Saviour, without the addition of penance, purgatory, Mary, or the saints.

"He went to his church next morning to find a crowded congregation. He told them that on yesterday he ceased to be their pastor. They cried out in astonishment, and there was great confusion. 'Shall I tell you why I have decided to leave the Church of Rome?' he asked them. They shouted as one man, 'Yes, tell us!' and then for two hours he preached unto them Jesus. At the close, he asked all who would now take Christ as their complete Saviour, renouncing penance and purgatory and the saints—take Christ also as master, and the Bible as their guide—which meant that they were to come out from the domination of the Pope—to make it known by rising to their feet. One thousand sprang up at once. They wept together, and shouted for joy.

"For three months, meetings were held in that church for preaching and inquiry, and one thousand more converts were added. Within two years the number swelled to 4,000, and of the five hundred families in the congregation, only fifteen remained faithful to the Pope. That church, built and paid for by Mr. Chiniquy, went into the hands of the Presbyterians, and he remained as their pastor for twenty-seven years.

"Thus began the work, which has gone on increasing in volume until more than 35,000 French Canadians have accepted Jesus as the gift of God, and have come out of Rome.

"For the past ten days, 'Father' Chiniquy has been in Baltimore, telling his experience, explaining what the Church of Rome means by liberty of conscience, and showing its attitude toward the Bible; and, as the result of his work, already not less than thirty persons—formerly Roman Catholics—have been converted. Whole families have come out, and, after hours of instruction from him, have determined to unite with Protestant Churches.

"Mr. Chiniquy is, of course, soundly abused by servants of the Pope, and those in sympathy with them; but he is a man of God—humble, cheerful, spiritual, and as bold as a lion. Though eighty years of age, he seems to have lost little of his vigour of mind or body. He is extreme; but it is well to be extremely right. Not a particle of bitterness is in his soul.



FLORIDA SCENE.



### Christ the Living Water.

AN EPWORTH LEAGUE HYMN.

BY T. CLEWORTH.

God's eternal tide is flowing  
Living waters deep and free,  
And Thy blessed promise knowing,  
Jesus, Lord, I come to thee.

Give to me the living water,  
All thy spirit force impart;  
Thou didst prove Samari's daughter,  
And thou knowest all my heart.

Here I wait thy deeds recounting,  
Let thy light with me abide,  
Lead me to the glorious fountain  
Opened by thy precious side.

Let me drink, no longer wasting  
Life in vain regrets and sighs,  
But, thy endless goodness tasting,  
Find in thee my constant prize.

Thomasburg, Ont.

### TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

April 20. *The Love of Christ.* 1 John 4. 13; Eph. 3. 19; John 15. 9; 15. 12; 15. 13; 13. 1; Eph. 5. 2; Rom. 5. 8; Eph. 2. 4, 5; Jer. 31. 3.

April 27. *How to Hear.* Luke 8. 18; Deut. 29. 4; Psa. 40. 4; John 7. 17; Acts 17. 11, 12; Jas. 1. 5; 1 John 2. 27; Psa. 25. 14; John 14. 25; 15. 2; Psa. 119. 11; Luke 11. 28; Jas. 1. 22; Heb. 4. 2.

### The Epworth League.

OUR church societies for the young people are schools for the development of the highest type of Christian character. We are to take man as he is, cultivate in him the Christian graces, harmonize discordant elements in his nature, teach him how to live, and keep him ever in the way that leads to life eternal. This means that his growth and development must be harmonious, that we must touch him upon all sides, and yet that all of these currents of life and activity must blend in character as pure as the distilled dew of heaven, as stable as the everlasting hills—character that can “triumph over the most adverse circumstances, turning them into means of its own advancement; character that can transfigure and glorify the humblest lot.” It may be that in the past too much attention has been given to development along one line. It is a very easy matter to give too much prominence to, and to make too much of, the social feature in young people's societies. There are those who believe that in some organizations too much attention has been given to intellectual culture, and there are also those who believe that in still other societies social and literary development have received too little attention. The idea of the “new departure”—the Epworth League—is to take man as he is to recognize the qualities—moral, mental, and social—which make him what he is, and to use all of these for the glory of God and to make man what he ought to be.

To do this and to attend to the usual business of an organization we have divided the work of the League among six divisions, each of which is called a department, just as is done in a store or factory or in national affairs. Certain kinds of work are detailed in the diagram to be planned for and looked after by each department. This is done in this way: As soon as possible after the election of officers the

cabinet (that is, the officers) take the list of names of the members and assign them to the various departments, aiming to place each member in that department for which he is best fitted and where he can and will do the best work. A is a person of influence and peculiarly fitted for service in the department of Christian work, and he is assigned to that. B is a lover of books, and he is placed in the department of literary work. C is a comparative stranger or needs the attention of a leader to keep him in the way, and he is assigned to the department of Christian work. In this way every name is carefully canvassed. When the work is completed it will probably be found that many more are assigned to the department of Christian work than any other, and that in number they grade down from Nos. 1 to 6. This is permissible and sometimes is desirable, and hence the number of members in each department is left for the officers at various times to determine according to their membership and the needs of the League. Now and then it may be advisable to transfer a member from one department to another. It is not desirable (it may sometimes be necessary when the membership is limited) to place any member in several of the departments. No one ought to be overburdened, and because a person is a good worker it is no reason why he should be permitted or compelled to do all. Every member ought to have a place and work to do, and the nearer this can be accomplished the stronger and the more prosperous the League will be. We will suppose that the assignment of members to the various departments has been completed, approved by the League, and posted or framed so that all may look it over and consult it from time to time.

How are the departments managed?

This assignment to departments does not mean that the members of a given department are the only participants in the work detailed under that department. It means that these members are to study and plan these certain lines of work in which all members of the League are to participate. This distribution of work enlists more workers, systematizes the work, brings about more study and consideration of methods to be used, and accomplishes more. It generates its own enthusiasm and works from within out, and from the individual to the mass. These department divisions of members are only large committees planning for all.

Now out of the members of his department each officer selects a smaller committee of three or five. A still further division of members and of work can now be made if desired. It is possible in this way to reach and interest every member of the League, and to keep every member in the line of duty. Department meetings now and then are of great value. With the above explanation, and a careful study of the diagram and of Article IV of our Epworth League Constitution, the theory of “the new departure” can readily and easily be reduced to practice.

The work that has been done, the interest that has been created, the enthusiasm that has been aroused augur well for the future of the Epworth League and of Methodism. Let us be workers in His vineyard, “laboring ever ‘for Christ’ and doing valiant service ‘In His Name.’”

### An E. L. Reading-Room.

THE Epworth League of Asbury Church, Des Moines, Ia., has instituted a new and a most commendable idea in the line of church-work. This church is blessed with a very large number of young people, especially young men. The pastor, an enthusiastic lover of young men, suggested some time ago that a room in the church be fitted up where

these young people could come and spend their evenings. Accordingly the trustees so voted, and now may be seen one of the cosiest and home-like rooms to be found in any church. It is the Asbury church reading-room. All the young people are invited to come there, and spend their evenings reading good books and papers with which the room is well supplied. The idea is a novel one, and is, we hope, only an initiatory step in the right way which other churches will imitate. That this line of work is needed is seen in the fact that this first church reading-room is being well patronized, and young men who used to spend their evenings in gambling and loafing now spend their evenings in good society, among good books and elevating literature. Welcome and success to this new and noble enterprise!—*Iowa Daily Capitol.*

### The Chautauqua Idea.

No ancient or modern educational movement ever acquired wider celebrity or greater impetus in the short space of sixteen years than has that known as Chautauqua, or as Joseph Cook calls it, “The summer university.” It was in the summer of 1874 that Lewis Miller, Esq., and Dr. John H. Vincent held the first Chautauqua assembly, the parent of all the Sunday-school gatherings since held under various names throughout this country and even in England, from De Funiak Springs to Bay View, and from Ocean Grove to Long Beach, California. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has become to us on this side of the Atlantic all that the British Association has been for many years to our cousins on the other side, with this difference, that it is broader in its aims, and that the purpose is never lost sight of—to work in harmony with the religious idea. What Chautauqua has become during its brief existence we know. What it is to become we can only dimly imagine. It is distinctively an American institution, and it promises to become American in the vastness of its proportions.

On the 27th ult., Bishop John H. Vincent was fifty-eight years old. The *New York Mail and Express* made the event an occasion for an extended symposium on Chautauqua. Here are some of the sentiments newly expressed, or appropriately recalled:

Culture in the better sense, with the varnish scratched off.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The Chautauqua is the most American thing in America.

PROF. H. H. BOYSEN.

The Chautauqua movement, by reason of its intrinsic merit and its history, speaks for itself. It has answered the sneers of the skeptical and deserved the praise of all who have commended.

J. G. FITCH,

English Educator, London.

I cannot but think that the Chautauqua movement must be doing the kind of work wanted in America, and that if there be defects or excesses in its scheme, they will surely be rectified by the wisdom and temperance of its leaders.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY,  
Dublin University.

What a godsend the Chautauqua institutions would have been to such a man as the talented and uneducated father of Thomas Carlyle. It would have given him fellowship with the genius that had sprung from his loins and a view of the realm of thought and culture in which the brilliant son was walking and winning renown.

J. G. HOLLAND.

The Chautauqua system is the most important organized system of education at work in the nation. I see no reason why its range should not be extended much farther. Indeed, I look to it

for the accomplishment of John Adam's hope, that every man and every woman in the nation might receive a liberal education. EDWARD E. HALE.

A vigorous Canadian Chautauqua is established at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where a splendid summer programme is arranged for. Chautauqua readings are a recognized department of the Epworth League.

### Redemption Song.

BY REV. T. CLEWORTH.

"Sing ye praises with understanding."

Oh, sing out loud praises to God !  
With angels in rapture combine,  
Come, sound ye His triumph abroad  
Who reigneth in glory divine !

He sendeth the nations his light ;  
He visits the earth with his peace,  
He rules out the minions of night,  
And maketh their boastings to cease.

His kingdom is founded in love,  
And cometh the fallen to raise,  
Its glory descends from above  
To fill the round world with his praise.

All hail to the Saviour of men,  
The Plant of eternal renown,  
Who comes by his spirit again  
The word of his mercy to crown.

He comes in the might of his grace,  
The nations respond to his call,  
The light of his reconciled face  
Is shining to rest upon all.

The contrite are brought to his rest ;  
The feeble are filled with his might.  
The fulness that flows from his breast  
Is a fount of abiding delight.

Pour forth blessed stream from above,  
The life giving waters are thine ;  
Roll on precious river of love  
In beauty and healing divine !

Come, sing by the river of God !  
Let all men in praises combine.  
The Lord's blessed ransom by blood  
For ever and ever shall shine.  
*Thomasburg, Ont.*

### The Influence of a Word.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, disabled by an incurable wound, and living on half-pay, was walking one day in London with Lord Langdale. Napier had been dabbling in painting and Scripture, and had written for the *Edinburgh Review* an able article on Jomini's great work on military operations.

The two friends conversed, while walking, on "Southey's Narrative of the Peninsular War," then fresh from the press; and Lord Langdale was greatly struck by Napier's remarks concerning the events of the struggle, in which he himself had achieved distinction.

"Napier, what are you going to do?" suddenly asked Langdale.

"Do you mean where am I going to dine?" answered Napier.

"No, no. What are you thinking of for an occupation? You ought to give yourself to literature. Your article on "Jomini" proves that you can write. Why not write a history of the war?"

Napier went home to tell his wife what Lord Langdale had said. He added that he doubted whether he was clever enough to write a history of the war. She believed in her husband's talents, and was anxious that he should take up some serious occupation, and, accordingly, encouraged him to try.

He did try. Day after day he laboured at the desk. His wife, though burdened with the cares

of a large family, was his counsellor and amanuensis. She deciphered the whole of Joseph Bonaparte's secret correspondence, written in a cipher which had baffled all the experts who had undertaken to read it.

"I would have given twenty thousand pounds," said Wellington, on hearing of her success, "to any person who could have done that for me in the Peninsula."

Five years after the conversation with Lord Langdale, the first volume of the "History of the Peninsular War" was published. It made its author famous. The public were delighted to read the book of one who had nobly shared in making the history he so eloquently narrated. His descriptions of battles, sieges, and marches, stirred the hearts of readers; and school-boys declaimed his most brilliant passages. But the simple word of a friend had started the historian to his work.—*The Christian Guardian.*

### Faithful Unto Death.

Two piles of faggots were placed about the feet of Huss, which had been stripped of their covering. Bundles of straw were placed erect around the stake, reaching as far upward as the neck of the victim. Everything was now ready for the kindling of the flames. Before the torch was applied, however, one more effort was made to induce Huss to recant.

It was the wish of the Emperor even yet, undoubtedly, to save—if possible—his honour with the prisoner's life. And it was probably by his direction—given beforehand, for he did not choose to witness the scene—that the marshal of the empire, with the elector, approached the funeral pile, and exhorted Huss to yet save his life by retracting and abjuring his doctrines.

It was the last opportunity. Would Huss now hesitate? In a loud, clear voice, he replied, with a firmness which the immediate prospect of death could not shake, "I call God to witness that I have never taught nor written those things which, on false testimony, they impute to me; but my declarations, teachings, writings—in fine, all my works,—have been intended and shaped toward the object of rescuing dying men from the tyranny of sin. Wherefore I will this day gladly seal that truth which I have taught, written, and proclaimed—established by the Divine law and by holy teachers—by the death."

### Canadian Jottings.

THE Woman's Missionary Society has some wide-awake workers.

Windsor nearly doubled her last year's missionary offerings.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have been leading in a great revival at Montreal.

Niagara Falls has swelling congregations since the new church was opened.

Rev. Dr. Cochran, missionary in Japan, is recovering from recent serious illness.

The Victoria College Missionary Society offers to send two missionaries to Japan.

Hon. John Macdonald's will provides for a gift of \$25,000 to the new college building.

The Endowment Fund of Wesleyan Theological College has been increased by Senator Ferrier's bequest.

The Toronto Preachers' Meeting talked about "Young Methodists." Rev. A. M. Phillips read an excellent paper.

First Church, Hamilton, is being re-seated with opera chairs, and otherwise improved. The Rev. W. H. Laird has done a good work in that important field.

### Whither.

BY T. R. LAIRD.

A WOMAN stood by a running stream  
Watching its waters glance and gleam;  
As the tangled sunbeams struggle and fret  
To break the meshes of glassy net,  
That the wavelets are weaving in endless play  
In their witching wayward wilful way.

Her eyes take on a far off look  
As she follows the course of the flying brook;  
Follows on and on, this running stream,  
Follows its track in bewildered dream.  
Where is it going? Where has it gone?  
The tide that is flowing or has flowed on;  
Does it wander still in some distant land,  
Or passing from sight does it sink in the sand?  
Lost, forever lost!

Doubt pictures the stream in a dismal dell  
Where darkness and shadows forever dwell,  
And joys are always descending;  
But love with clearer vision far  
Watches it burst each shadowy bar,  
And the mists that would build its prison;  
Hope tells of an ocean sparkling and bright  
Rolling in billows of crystal light;  
Home of the stream that is lost from sight  
In the heart of the Father of Waters.

But the woman's eye sees the "Stream of Life,"  
Its curling flow and rush and strife,  
In a kind of second vision  
And wonders much if this life shall be  
Like the stream she watches so thoughtfully;  
Will it flow though the banks of an earthly grave  
Till lifted to life is each buried wave,  
As it joins the Living Ocean?  
At home in the heart of an Infinite God  
Leaving forever the cumbering clod  
Of the banks that soiled its waters?  
*Bueno Vista, Col.*

### Bits of Fun.

—My little sister, aged three, seeing a bottle on the window-shelf, asked what was in it. She was told that it was empty.

"Then please give me some empty," was her innocent request.

—Lady (who has just discovered that she has been sitting on a newly-painted seat)—"Oh, dear, there's all the paint come off on to my dress."

Painter—"Never mind; it don't matter, mum. I can soon paint the seat again."

—He—"My dear, in return for the poem that I wrote for you, you have sent me a lock of hair. But, alas! how is it that I see it is not from your own head?"

She—"That is fair enough. Neither was the poem from your own head."

—A peddler comes to a tumble-down tenement-house, and offers his wares. Having sold nothing, he finally says:

"Well, I have rat-poison, perhaps that will suit you?"

"Ah, but we have several cats," answers the housewife.

"Oh, it's good for cats, too," says the peddler.

—Tommy Traddles (threateningly)—"I'll tell my father on you."

Willie Waffles—"What do I care for your father? He can't hurt me."

Tommy Traddles—"He can't, can't he? My father is a doctor."

—"I see," he said, "as he met an old soldier comrade in the city hall yesterday, that our generals are having a hot dispute as to which of them contributed the most to save the day at Gettysburg. You were there, I believe?"

"Yes; but I have no right to talk."

"For why?"

"Because I was simply a private soldier, and only had three bullets shot into me."

## The Blessed Brood.

GATHER them close to your loving heart—  
Cradle them close to your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding  
care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,  
That their restless feet will run;  
There may come a time in the by-and-by  
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh  
For a sound of childish fun.

When you long for a repetition sweet,  
That sounded through each room,  
Of "Mother! mother!" the dear love calls  
That will echo long through the silent halls,  
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to  
hear  
The eager, boyish tread,  
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,  
The busy bustle in and out,  
And pattering over head.

When the boys and girls are all grown up  
And scattered far and wide,  
Or gone to the undiscovered shore  
Where youth and age come never more,  
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart,  
Cradle them on your breast,  
They will soon enough leave your brooding  
care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN LUKE.

A. D. 28] LESSON IV. [April 27

## THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Luke 8. 4-13. Memory verses, 12-15.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed therefore how ye hear.—  
Luke 8. 18.

TIME.—A. D. 28.

PLACE.—In a boat, close beside the Lake  
of Genesaret.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of the  
life of Jesus runs continuously from lesson  
to lesson. He went on his great preaching  
tour, interrupted now and then by the  
thronging multitudes, who forced him to go  
into the desert for seclusion. Wherever he  
finds the people gathered together he re-  
lieves their distresses, and wherever he has  
opportunity he proclaims his blessed truth.

## EXPLANATIONS.

*Much people*—There is a wide difference  
between the conditions of life in Palestine  
in A. D. 28 and the conditions of life in this  
country in A. D. 1890. We can form little  
idea of the immense throngs that followed  
Jesus from town to town, leaving their  
work and pleasure, and willing to sleep  
without roof or tent for covering, if neces-  
sary, readily lured from their homes and  
responsibilities by this latest of sensations  
—the wandering Messiah. In the East,  
even to-day, such crowds would follow any  
wonder-worker, very much as groups of  
children are sometimes attracted from block  
to block, far from home, by a wandering  
brass-band. *Sower*—It was spring-time, and  
very probably Jesus and his hearers saw  
such a sower go forth. Every incident in  
this parable was thoroughly familiar to the  
people. *Wayside*—A path trodden across  
the field. The only sort of road in Pales-  
tine. *Fowls of the air*—Little birds. *Upon  
a rock*—Stony ground. *A hundredfold*—  
This would be an enormous harvest. But  
so large a crop has been known in the East.  
*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear*—It  
would sound oddly to-day for a public  
speaker to gravely say, at the close of his  
address, "Listen with your ears;" and,  
doubtless, it sounded as oddly to the crowd  
that clustered about Jesus' boat. But it is  
an exhortation that we should pay attention

to. Few people more than half use their  
ears. *Parable*—Any wise saying that con-  
tains a truth wrapped in it as a kernel is in  
a nut, or a treasure in a box. It may be a  
story, or it may be a mere sentence, the  
true meaning of which does not lie on the  
surface, but can be reached by research and  
study. *Mysteries*—Hidden things—*That  
seeing they might not see*—Jesus means sim-  
ply that he has wrapped this truth up in a  
story so that those who really desired the  
truth could get it, and those who wanted a  
story merely might have that. The majority  
of his hearers had sight, but not insight.  
*Word of God*—Divine truth, written or  
spoken. *Had no root*—This is the matter  
with most of the boys and girls and men  
and women who are making failures in life.  
*Patience*—The greatest of virtues. He who  
has it will never make a complete failure.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Sower*, vs. 4, 5, 9, 10.  
To whom did Jesus speak this parable?  
From whence had the people come?  
Where was Jesus when he gave this  
teaching? Matt. 13. 2.  
What is first said about the sower?  
What question did the disciples ask?  
What privilege did Jesus say was given  
to them?  
How did he speak to others?  
Why did he speak in parables?
- The Seed*, ver. 11.  
What did the seed in the parable repre-  
sent?  
Where do we find the word of God?
- The Soil*, vs. 5-8, 12-15.  
Upon what four kinds of soil did the seed  
fall?  
What became of that which fell by the  
way-side?  
Whom do the fowls represent?  
What does the devil do to the way-side  
hearers?  
What became of the seed upon the rock?  
Who are represented by this part of the  
parable?  
What occurs when temptation comes?  
What effect had the thorns upon the good  
seed?  
How did Jesus explain this teaching?  
What occurred when the seed fell on good  
soil?  
Who are the good-soil hearers?  
With what warning did Jesus close the  
parable?  
What is his warning to us? (Golden  
Text.)

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did Jesus tell the story of  
the sower? "A great multitude." 2. Who  
asked Jesus to explain the meaning of the  
parable? "The twelve disciples." 3. What  
did Jesus say this parable would teach?  
"The mysteries of the kingdom of God." 4.  
Who are the sowers of good seed?  
"Teachers and preachers of truth." 5.  
What is the seed they sow? "The Word  
of God." 6. What did Jesus cry aloud  
when he finished his story? "He that  
hath ears to hear, let him hear."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Natural law in  
the spiritual world.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. What is the Gospel?  
The good news of salvation through our  
Lord Jesus Christ.

A. D. 28] LESSON V. [May 4

## THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Luke 8. 41, 42, 49-50. Mem. verses, 54-56.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not; believe only, and she shall be  
made whole.—Luke 8. 50.

TIME.—A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus crossed the  
lake after telling the story of the sower and  
the seed. A storm broke out, which he  
miraculously quelled. Passing to the other  
side he encountered with his disciples some  
strange experiences in the land of the  
Gadarenes. He returned, and performed  
more miracles, of which this was one.

## EXPLANATIONS.

*Synagogue*—The place where pious Jews  
assembled on the Sabbath for religious  
worship. There was one in almost every  
town. *Fell down*—Orientals never attempt  
to conceal their emotions. *Thronged him*—  
Pressed him to discomfort. *Bewail her*—  
There are professional mourners in the East,  
who are employed to cry and wring their

hands and talk well of the dead. This  
seems absurd, but was as sincere and  
pathetic, on the one hand, and as open to  
abuse, on the other, as many of our own  
customs. *Spirit came*—Called back from  
the heavenly world.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Prayer*, vs. 41, 42.  
What praying man is here spoken of?  
What was his official station?  
To whom did he offer his prayer?  
For whom did he pray?  
What was the ruler's request?  
What did he wish Jesus to do to his  
daughter? See Matt. 9. 18.  
Who went with Jesus to the ruler's house?
- Faith*, vs. 40, 50.  
What word came to Jairus when near the  
house?  
Who overheard the message?  
What encouragement did he give the  
father? (Golden Text.)
- Power*, vs. 51-56.  
Who alone entered the house with Jesus?  
What were those in the house doing?  
What did Jesus say to them?  
How did his words affect them?  
What did Jesus do?  
What were his words to the girl? Mark  
5. 41.  
What result immediately followed?  
How much power has Jesus to-day?  
Matt. 28. 18.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the name of the ruler of the  
synagogue? "Jairus." 2. For whose life  
did he pray? "That of his daughter." 3.  
What word came from his home? "Thy  
daughter is dead." 4. What did Jesus  
say? "Fear not; believe," etc. 5. What  
did he say to the girl? "Maid, arise."  
6. What then happened? "Her spirit  
came again."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Answer to  
prayer.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. What is the Gospel history?  
The account contained in the New Testa-  
ment of the coming of Jesus Christ into  
the world, of his teaching, his manner of  
life, his miracles, his death, his resurrec-  
tion, and his ascension.

## Loving Back.

LITTLE Alice was playing with her  
doll while her mother was writing.  
When her mother had finished the  
writing, she told Alice she could come  
and sit in her lap, and Alice said:

"I'm so glad. I wanted to love you  
so much, mamma."

"Did you darling?" and she clasped  
her tenderly. "I am very glad my  
Alice loves me so; but I fancy you  
were not very lonely while I wrote.  
You and dolly seemed to be having a  
happy time together."

"Yes, we had mamma; but I got  
tired after a while of loving her."

"And why?"  
"Oh, just because she never loves  
me back."

"And is that why you love me?"

"That is one reason why, mamma;  
but not the first one, or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?"  
—and the blue eyes grew very bright  
and earnest. "It's because you loved  
me when I was too little to love you  
back. That's why I love you so."

"We love him (Jesus) because he  
first loved us."

THE grave is not deep; it is but  
the lustrous footprint of the angel  
who seeks us. When the mysterious  
hand lets fly the last arrow at the  
head of a man, he bows his head, and  
the arrow only carries away from him  
his crown of thorns.



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