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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. III.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

[No. 5.]

A Prayer by the Sea.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

SAW the ships on a windy sea
In the light of the morning's gold,
And the shout of the sailors came to me
Like songs from the days of old.

Wild waves leaped up on the crags and beat
On the edge of the rock-bound shore;
And the thought of a coming time was
Sweet,

When the sea should be no more.

No more, no more shall mothers and wives
Dream of loves that the blue wastes hide;
No more shall the vigorous hearts and lives
Be flung to the wind and tide.

Kazan.

KAZAN is an important city of Russia, capital of the Government, and ancient capital of the kingdom of the same name. It is situated on the river Kazanska, four miles from its mouth in the Volga, and four hundred and thirty miles east of Moscow. It was founded in 1257 by a Tartar tribe, and captured in 1552 by the Russians under Ivan the Terrible. It has long been famous for its beautiful churches and educational institutions. It contains no less than seventy churches,

The Printer Boy.

ABOUT the year 1725, an American boy some nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander around seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office, and enquired if he could get employment.

so appropriate and powerful, that at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster-General, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honours; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties,



THE CITY OF KAZAN, RUSSIA.

O Father! follow the gallant ships
Through the light of the morning pale!
Thou hearest the prayer of the loving lips,
Thy mercy never can fail.

And guide us all to some haven blest
Where never a tempest is known;
For life is sad, and the secret of rest
Is hidden with Thee alone.

—Sunday Magazine.

It is discouraging to see so many excellent women, blessed with plenty of time, money, and brains, content with trifles, when so much grand work is waiting to be done; and in the doing of it they would find the genuine culture, happiness, and success which so ennoble life.—Miss Alcott.

nine mosques, a University, Theological Seminary, and many other educational establishments. Its university, founded in 1804, has a large number of professors, upwards of four hundred students, a library of thirty thousand volumes, an observatory, botanic garden, and several museums. Kazan is the see of a Bishop of the Greek Church. The population of the city is about sixty thousand.

THE first stone of the monument erected to the memory of the late John Williams, who was killed in the South Sea Islands, was laid by the son of the man who slew him.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof

towns and villages in America named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

To show us the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceedingly frugal in the disposing of that; for he never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second till he has withdrawn the first, still keeping the third in his own hands, so that we are in a perfect uncertainty whether we shall have it or not. The true manner of preparing for the last moment is to spend all the others well, and ever to expect that.

Caste.

A SUDRA boy by the wayside lay,
Moaning with hunger and pain,
The son of a Brahmin came that way,
Merry and haughty and vain.
He turned his eyes on the child who cried,
And quickly passed on the other side.

He'd scorn to bring, for a Sudra's sake,
A drink from the nearest spring;
And the Sudra would not dare to take
From his hand the smallest thing.
So the sick boy waited there to die:
Are not Sudras low, and Brahmins high?

O pride of false teaching! pride of caste!
Wild tares in the vineyard sown!
Will the Lord of the harvest find at last,
Ye were all in India grown?
Does a Christian's child, in heart a'er cry,
"My neighbour is low and I am high?"

Such was the story Miss Teachwell told
To the girls in her mission band enrolled,
As they sat with her one day to sew,
She called it "A Tale of Weeds that Grow
In a Precious Garden." When 'twas done
They pitied the Sudra, every one,
And blamed the Brahmin, and said that they
Could not have acted in such a way.
Susie and Caroline guessed at last
"Hearts are like gardens, and pride makes
caste.

In every country its weeds will start
To choke love's flowers from the human
heart."

But I think Katie a lesson caught
Deep in her mind from the story short;
For she looked no more, with scornful curl
Of her lips, at Amy, the stranger girl,
But gently told her, as they went home,
"I'll lend you patterns, when next you
come."

I was glad for this, and thought 'twas plain
That the heathen children o'er the main
Had a true friend in a child who tried
From her heart-garden to weed out pride.

—Josephine Tyler, in *Little Helpers*.

"A Button-hole Hand."

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

THE girl whose voice was making
the dismal house cheery was young,
and neatly dressed in spite of the evi-
dent poverty of her surroundings; and
her bright red cheeks and smooth coils
of golden hair seemed as much out of
place in the musty court as did the pot
of fresh daisies blooming on the win-
dow-sill. It was not much light that
the flowers got there, for the window
was in the attic, which was overhung
by the roof of the house opposite, and
the space between was so narrow that
you could almost reach across to the
window on the other side. The air,
too, that reached the daisies was heavy
with offensive smells from the court
below, and yet the flowers and their
owner thrived under these opposing
circumstances as goodness and purity
do thrive under all conditions, however
adverse. Meg did not rise from the
low stool on which she was sitting as
a tap was heard at the door, but she
paused in her singing to call out a
cheery "Come in" to her visitor, and
greeted Miss Maynard's entrance with
a smile, while her busy needle flew
backward and forward without stop-
ping.

"I heard you singing as I was on
the stair, and thought you would allow
me to come in and rest awhile," said
the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, to be sure," answered
Meg quietly; and then she looked up
brightly as Miss Maynard laid a half-
open rosebud on the table beside her.

"It's rare and pretty," she said wist-
fully; "but maybe you can't spare it."

"Oh yes," was the reply; "I see
you like flowers, and that one will last
some time if it is put into water."

"Thank you, kindly," said the girl;
"it will look bonny in Jim's button-

hole on Sunday; for he likes them
almost as much as me, Jim does."

"And who is Jim?" asked Miss
Maynard, though the half-blushing con-
sciousness of the girl made the question
almost unnecessary.

"Jim is my intended, ma'am," an-
swered Meg, with a look of proud
possession; we have been engaged more
than two years, and as soon as he gets
a shop we'll be married."

"So Jim is in business," said Miss
Maynard, pleasantly; "and where does
he live?"

"Well, ma'am, he drives the coster's
cart, but about a year ago he broke his
leg, and it is a cripple he has been ever
since."

"And can he work still?"

"Yes, ma'am; he drives the cart
around, and I go with him most days
to sell."

"But does it not hinder your own
work?"

"Yes ma'am, it did at the first but
I manage pretty well. You see, ma'am,
I am a button-hole hand, and I make
button-holes for most of them as takes
in sewin' in the court. When I get
my hand in I can make a' many more,
and faster, than if I did the sewin'
and gatherin' as well, so they give me
the shirts and I make the button holes."

"But does that pay you?" asked the
visitor.

"Well, ma'am, not so well now, for
I'm out most mornin's with Jim; he
does the cryin' and sits on the cart to
mind the donkey, while I sell the green
stuff, so I can't do quite so much; but
I get up an hour sooner, and can do a
deal o' work before it's time to go
round with the cart."

"But yours must be a very hard life.
Are you not tired at night?"

"Yes, ma'am, mostly, but I sleep all
the sounder. There's Jim, now, he
don't do much except wait in the shop,
and he can't sleep at night. He lies
awake whole nights with the pain
while I'm fast asleep. Then button-
holes is very cheerful work I always
think; I told Jim one day our lives
were like button-holes; they gets cut
but there is One that works them over
for us, and the knots that worry us
only go to make the cut places tidy to
look at, and useful beside; and Jim
said how he wished his poor leg might
get healed, and worked over soon."

And Meg gave a little laugh, while
Miss Maynard continued:—

"And do you work on Sundays?"

"No, ma'am," said Meg, "Sundays
is our best days; Jim and me we take
a little trip into the country as we call
it. It is only an old graveyard; but
we can see a nice bit of sky with clouds
on it sometimes; there, Jim says they
are like sheeps' wool, but I think they
must be like the angels I used to learn
about in the ragged-school. Once, be-
fore Jim's leg was broke, we went to
Victoria Park. Heaven can't be beau-
tifuler than that, can it, ma'am? There
was a sight o' flowers as I could hev
kissed, they was so pretty; but Jim
said as curlyflowers was the flowers he
liked most. That was only his fun,
ma'am," continued Meg, apologetically;
"he walked ever so far to fetch me
that pot of daisies; they was in a field
somewhere by the river. I sit and
think about them when I am alone;
and when Jim can walk we are going
where I can see 'em all a-growin' in
the grass for myself."

"And have you never gathered
flowers?" asked the lady gently.

"Oh yes, ma'am; it wasn't so long

ago as I went with Jim to where they
grow groundsel for the birds, and a rare
time I had gatherin' them, only it
seemed kind o' pitiful that birds should
eat them, they was so pretty. The
next day he went round sellin' them,
and I could hev cried to see the gentle-
folks buyin' them to be eat; but Jim
said it was all in the way o' business.
Jim has a pitiful heart, for all his jokes,
and he is so brave and patient with his
poor leg. Why, ma'am, when it was
broke he wanted me to give him up;
but I told him he would want a wife
now more than ever, and it were no use
his tryin' to run away from me, for he
couldn't go very fast;" and Meg
laughed her pleasant little laugh again.

"But suppose Jim never gets better?"
said Miss Maynard. The bright face
clouded over for a moment, and then a
sudden light flashed in the earnest eyes
as Meg answered bravely: "Ah, ma'am,
an' if he didn't I'd only hev to give up
my attic and go on the ground floor,
for Jim couldn't climb those stairs with
his crutches. Eh, but that would be
a pity; it's a deal better away from
the people below; they are a bad lot
downstairs."

"Well, I hope you and Jim will
soon be very happy," said the lady as
she rose to go. "May I come again to
see you?" she asked, as Meg rose to
open the door.

"If you please, ma'am," answered
the girl, and then the visitor descended
the steep stairs again, and was soon on
the road to her pleasant home. Soon
after a promised visit called her from
town, and months passed before Miss
Maynard visited the dim court. At
last in the early spring she found time
to call again on Meg.

Miss Maynard knocked gently at the
attic door; it was opened by Meg; a
little older and graver-looking, but
with the same strong, calm spirit, and
patient light in her earnest eyes. She
was still working at her button-holes,
and something like tears came into her
eyes as she took the bunch of primroses
her visitor had brought.

"It's fine an' glad Jim will be to
hev them, ma'am," she said. "I go to
see him every Sunday now, for he has
had to go to the hospital, an' it's beau-
tiful to see how every one there takes
to him."

"So Jim is no better?"

"No, ma'am, his leg is no better
than it ought to be; the doctors do say
as it must come off; but I tell Jim he
has no call to fret about it, my two are
strong and willing to work for him.
Besides that's what I hev been workin'
for this many a day. The button-
holes is comfortin' now I haven't Jim
to talk to, an' the daisies is dead.
They didn't live through the winter,
but there's no need to miss 'em when I
hev the button-holes for company."

After talking over Meg's prospects
a little longer, Miss Maynard left; but
she soon called again bringing with her
another bunch of flowers; and soon it
became a regular thing for her to climb
the steep stair, taking the flowers that
Meg treasured for Jim's sake.

So the summer wore on, and Miss
Maynard again left the hot city. On
her return one of the first visits was
paid to the court where Meg lived.
There was no need for her to ascend to
the attic this time, for she was met at
the entrance to the court by Meg, who
ushered her, with evident pride, into a
room on the ground floor. The furni-
ture was the same as that to which she
had been accustomed, but it had an air

of difference only accounted for by the
presence of another occupant of the
room.

On the floor, busily engaged in chop-
ping wood and tying it into sma-
fagots, was seated a grave, stolid-look-
ing, young man, about twenty-five, who
only stopped in his occupation to steal
a look at Meg, who had seated herself
and was busily stitching at her button
holes.

"You see, ma'am," she explained to
her visitor, "when Jim's leg was took
off, I told him as how it was no use
frottin' after him if he didn't give me
the right; so as soon as he left the
hospital we was married; and we hev
been as happy as two could be over
since."

"Jim, he earns man, a penny by
choppin' wood, an' 't' other day a
gentleman as comes to read to us told
us how a great poet—that's a man as
writes things you can sing to, you
know, ma'am,—once said something
about a Providence as was shapin' our
lives for us, no matter how cross-
grained we make 'em ourselves, just as
Jim, there, is cuttin' that wood; so,
what with my button-holes an' Jim's
wood-cuttin' we hev something nice to
think on all day long."

"Yes, ma'am, we're very happy;
an' when Jim gets his cork leg, he'll
walk without crutches, and won't feel
to want Meg no more."

The glance Jim gave in answer to
this spoke more eloquently than could
any contradiction have done, but he
appeared to be of a taciturn disposition,
and did not join in the conversation till
Miss Maynard rose to go; then he
pointed with a grave forefinger at Meg,
still busy over her button-holes, and,
saying solemnly, "She is a good 'un,
Meg is," relapsed into silence.

How Postage Stamps are Made.

IN printing, steel plates are used, on
which two hundred stamps are en-
graved. Two men are kept hard at
work covering them with coloured
inks and passing them to a man and a
girl who are equally busy printing
them with large rolling hand-presses.
Three of these little squads are employed
all the time. The gum used for this
purpose is a peculiar composition, made
of the powder of dried potatoes and
other vegetables, mixed with water.
After having been again dried, this
time on the little racks which are
fanned by steam power, for about an
hour, they are put in between sheets
of paste-board and pressed in hydraulic
presses capable of applying a weight of
two thousand tons. The next thing is
to cut the sheet in half; each sheet, of
course, when cut, contains a hundred
stamps. This is done by a girl, with a
large pair of shears, cutting by hand
being preferred to that of machinery,
which method would destroy too many
stamps. They are then passed to two
other squads, who perforate the paper
between the stamps. Next, they are
pressed once more, and then packed
and labelled and stowed away for
despatching to fulfil orders. If a
single stamp is torn or in any way
mutilated, the whole sheet of one
hundred stamps is burned. Five
hundred thousand are burned every
week from this cause. For the past
twenty years, not a single sheet has
been lost, such care has been taken in
counting them. During the process of
manufacturing, the sheets are counted
eleven times.

A Mother's Love.

Some day

When others braid your thick brown hair,
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hands and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day

Among strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee,
O then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day

When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years;
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with thy tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid,
Within their shadows I have prayed.

Some day

Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall,
Then you will smile in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear, forgotten prayer,
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day

A flower, a song, a word, may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me,
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,

At longest, it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the Golden Gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part! Never again!

A True Gentleman.

An old English dramatist calls Jesus of Nazareth "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." He is correct, if the true meaning of the name is borne in mind, though the remark may at first seem a light one. The Master was gentle in everything; in carriage, temper, aims and desires. He was mild, calm, quiet and temperate. He was not hasty, not overbearing, not proud, not oppressive, not exorbitant. He was not only quick to forgive those who had injured Him, but He sought them out, as in the case of Peter, that He might offer them His forgiveness. Again and again He illustrated, by His acts, His own words to His disciples: "If, therefore, thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

A story of the Crimean war may, perhaps, illustrate these words of the Master, and also teach us that the true gentleman is anxious to forgive an injury. During the first winter of the siege the British soldiers suffered from cold, wet, hunger and disease. A young surgeon, anxious about his regiment, was somewhat exacting in his requests to his colonel, who did not always follow the doctor's suggestions. On one occasion, the surgeon was urgent in pressing the colonel to do something which he, as commanding officer, did not think necessary. The refusal to follow the surgeon's recommendation so irritated him, that, losing his temper, he angrily said:—

"Colonel, you are the only commanding officer I ever served under, who seemed to me to be indifferent to the welfare of his regiment."

It was a rude, insubordinate remark. The colonel flushed, but, restraining himself, simply pointed to the door of

his tent. The angry doctor departed, and for two days did not go near the colonel's tent. On the afternoon of the second day, as the surgeon was seated in his tent, nursing his wrath, the colonel's Scotch orderly presented himself with the following message:

"The colonel's compliments, an' he'd be glad if yo'd stop up an' partake of some refreshments wi' him, which he's just gotten frae ane o' the ships."

The kind-heartedness which prompted the colonel to be the first to offer reconciliation, though an apology was due to him, caused the surgeon's anger to vanish. He started on a run, determined to ask the colonel's pardon. But as he entered the tent the colonel held out his hand and said:

"Not a word about what happened the other day. Do not speak of it. Do not think of it. Perhaps I was more in the wrong than you were; so tell me again what you want me to do, and if I can help you I will."

The young surgeon was overwhelmed. He felt keenly the reproof conveyed in this quiet way, and respected the nobility that could gently restore a subordinate to favour.

Do.

The girls who have pored over the pages of the little book called "Don't," are now invited by an exchange to accept advice in regard to things they should do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex: the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do recollect that your health is of more importance than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast. Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned, there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration, if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes, at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Be Happy.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household, there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for a companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," and his assertion proved conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the cloud of disorder and unamiability.

Is It "Blood Money?"—Was John Wesley a Fanatic.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

"I DON'T believe a word of it. It isn't blood money," said a prominent Methodist layman recently; and judging from the fact that Methodists have recently gone to the polls and deliberately voted "for license," instead of "against" it, we are led to enquire who are the true Methodists? And as there is an effort made by Methodists to justify the reception of a revenue from the liquor traffic by the Government, simply "because the traffic exists, and it should therefore be taxed," the question forces itself, what did Wesley teach on this subject? In a letter written to the Hon. W. Pitt, in 1784, and quoted in the *Wesleyan Magazine* in 1850, Mr. Wesley says, "And this duty last year, (if I am rightly informed) amounted only to twenty thousand pounds; but have not the spirits distilled this year cost twenty thousand lives of his majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for the twenty thousand pounds—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which was occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches have any souls? . . . But I may urge another consideration to you. You are a man. You have not lost human feelings. You do not love to drink human blood. You are a son of Lord Chatham. Nay, if I mistake not, you are a Christian. Dare you, then, sustain a sinking nation?"

In 1773, in his "Thoughts on the Present Scarcity of Provisions," he says, after showing the amount of grain consumed by the distilleries, "not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into a deadly poison; poison that naturally destroys not only the strength and life, but also the morals of our countrymen. 'However, what is paid (the duty) brings in a large revenue to the king.' Is this an equivalent for

the lives of his subjects? Would his majesty sell a hundred thousand of his subjects yearly to Algiers, for four hundred thousand pounds? Surely, no! Will he then sell them for that sum to be butchered by their own countrymen? 'But otherwise the swine for the navy cannot be fed.' Not unless they are fed with human flesh. Not unless they are fattened with human blood. Oh, tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

In his "Works" (Vol. VI, p. 576), speaking on this subject of revenue, he calls it the "price of blood." "It is amazing that the preparing or selling this poison should be permitted (I will not say in any Christian country, but) in any civilized state. 'Oh, it brings in a considerable sum of money to the government.' True, but is it wise to barter men's lives for money? Surely that gold is bought too dear, if it is the price of blood. Does not the strength of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants? If so, the lessening their number is a loss which no money can compensate. So that it is inexcusable ill-husbandry, to give the lives of useful men for any sum of money whatever."

In his sermon on the use of money, in 1760, he says of the traffic: "But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners in general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood, is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! thou that art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day,' canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so, for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

Need we hesitate to be as radical as was John Wesley? Or have the claims of political parties so blinded our eyes that we cannot see the truth?

SOMEBODY says we spend too much for foreign missions. The same people say it costs too much to run our home churches. Is that true? England pays \$680,000,000 for intoxicating liquors; \$350,000,000 for bread; \$290,000,000 for woollen goods; \$175,000,000 for butter and cheese; \$150,000,000 for milk; \$100,000,000 for tea, coffee, and cocoa; \$70,000,000 for cotton goods; \$55,000,000 for education, and only \$5,250,000 for Christian missions. Reflect on these figures a while.

DR. BOXTON recently related that, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, he said: "What do you do when you've outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one. "We let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed that she had the advantage of him there.

The Hand that Rocks the World.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

BLESSINGS on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace,
In the cottage, palace, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbow ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Powers may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From them souls unresting grow:
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman! how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep, O keep the young heart open
Always on the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from Mother-Love imparted;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

—Farmer and Manufacturer.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

The Starry Heavens.

THE following extract is taken from the condensed report in the *Globe* of Bishop Foster's lecture on the "Spirit Forces of the Universe":—

Opening his eyes in this world, man was attracted by his environment. He saw the heavens above him studded with points of light, and bearing also the larger bodies of light, the sun and the moon. Generally no note was made in the popular mind of the differences in the views of these phenomena. There were in the audience few to whom the moon appeared the size of a Mexican dollar; to about one-third it appeared the size of a small plate; to one-third it appeared the size of half an American bushel, about sixteen inches in diameter; to one-eighth it appeared two feet across; to one-sixteenth it appeared about four feet across; and to a few it appeared even seven feet across. The number of the movable stars was but nine, and only four were ordinarily seen, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, and perhaps in a lifetime, Mercury. There were visible to the human eye about 2,700 fixed stars, and each of them was a sun, the centre of a system

like ours. He dwelt upon the magnificence of our system. The sun had a diameter of 880,000 miles, something which men who found it a great matter to go around even their own earth with its diameter of 8,000 miles, found it difficult to comprehend. Elucidating this thought he gave a striking illustration. Supposing the sun could be hollowed out, leaving a crust of a thousand miles thick; suppose that a great augur could be set to work to bore a hole through that crust; suppose that the earth was dropped in so that it would rest in the centre of the hollowed-out sun, and the moon after it, so that it would revolve about the earth at the same distance that it did now. The moon in that case would be as far from the inner edge of the crust as it would be from the earth. The planets revolving round the sun were a family of which Neptune was the eldest. Vulcan was the nearest to the sun, thirteen million miles away; next came Mercury, then Venus, then the earth, and so on to Neptune, which was three thousand million miles from the sun. These figures

DROWNED THE IMAGINATION.

To assist his hearers in grasping them, he supposed a railway built from the sun to Neptune, and a locomotive running at the standard rate of 28½ miles an hour. It would be three hundred years before it reached the earth, and nine thousand before it reached the planet Neptune. If Adam and Eve had started on a bridal tour to Neptune, they would be only about half way, and it would require three thousand trains reaching from the earth to the sun to hold the descendants born on the journey. But so far they had considered only the solar system. The nearest of the fixed stars, which was the centre of a system also, was so far distant that the train he had supposed would occupy 180,000,000 of years in reaching it. The average distance from a fixed star to its nearest neighbour was 60,000 of millions of miles, and the human eye could reach stars twelve times that distance from the earth; yet this universe, as the eye of man beheld it, magnificent beyond the power of man to comprehend, was but an atom of dust compared with what science had shown to exist. The Milky Way, which looked like a cloud, had been shown by Herschell's great telescope to be a magnificent realm of systems till that time unknown to man, and upon the end of the instrument hung other Milky Ways. These in turn had been examined by late scientists with similar results. The power of human vision had been increased by two thousand times, and as far as the eye thus assisted could reach were systems of worlds, with the same indications as the eye has in the Milky Way that still further realms remain to be discovered. If he had succeeded in dislodging from their minds the mere sense conception of the universe, and given them however faint an idea of the vastness of which we were a part, they would be able to think of the magnificence of the Being whom they called God.

Book Notices.

The *Missionary Review* of Princeton, N. J. \$1.50 a year in advance. We are glad to call attention to this *Review* and commend it to our readers. Its editor, Rev. R. G. Wilder, a missionary of 30 years' experience, deserves success and has won it. His *Sketches*



A CHINESE RAT MERCHANT.

of *Mission Fields*—their climate, products, people and missions, from their origin to the present time—are accurate and exhaustive; the *Letters* from workers abroad are fresh and full of interest; his annual *Reviews* of all *Foreign Missions*, and their *Boards in Christendom*, are just, impartial and stimulating; his notices of *Independent Missions* are considerate and generous, nor less so his annual reviews of *Woman's Boards and Work*. One of the many facts demonstrated is that the net gain in communicants the past year is *nine times greater* in foreign missions than in Christendom. His *Field Notes* bring items of freshest interest and prime importance from *all missions and lands* of the world.

A Yankee School Teacher in Virginia. By Lydia Wood Baldwin. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

A series of sketches of life in the Old Dominion immediately after the close of the war. The author has drawn largely upon her personal experience, and the result is a work that has all the value of truth and all the interest of fiction. We could not name another volume where life among the negroes of the South is portrayed with such evidences of intimate knowledge of their habits, beliefs, superstitions, and modes of everyday life. It is a book that fills a most important niche, and does it in a manner eminently satisfactory. The dialogues are reproduced, dialect and all, with remarkable skill.

Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer. By Wm. Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs. Price 15 cents.

This is much more than a mere critique; it is a valuable and lucid exposition of the main facts in the life of Buddha, and the claims which his religion can justly make upon mankind. Mr. Wilkinson believes that Mr. Arnold's poem has had a weakening effect on the faith and conscience of America, and in a most trenchant yet courtly fashion he lays bare the discrepancies between the facts and the fictions in reference to Buddhism. His dealing with the literary qualities of "The Light of Asia" startles one at the very outset with the boldness and calmness of his denunciation. The conscience of the critic is felt on every page, and the skill of the dialectician revealed in every sentence. The spirit

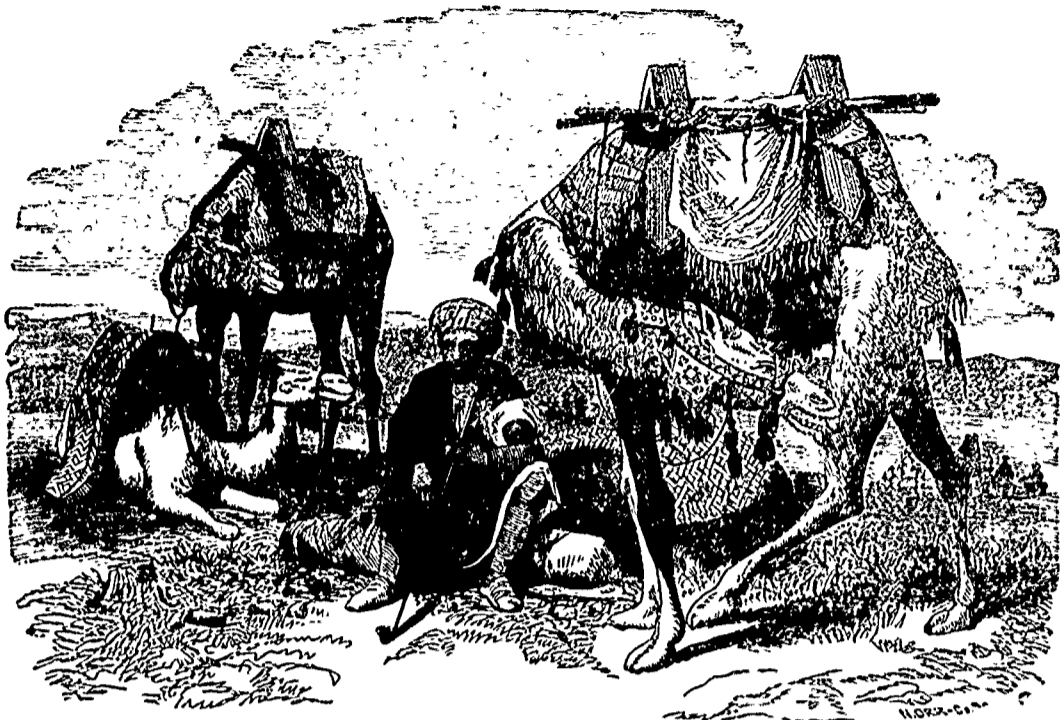
displayed is at once generous and severe, the points made are sharp and stinging, and the good-natured raillery at Mr. Arnold and at some of his eulogizers becomes at times very amusing. It is a work of permanent value for the student of literature and the student of comparative religion.

'Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er the loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Throug'd haunts or mossy dell.

These thoughtful lines, which are set to very good music, are found in a song which is one of a number of pieces of music sent us by the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, who bring out one or two such pieces every day of the year. The titles are: "A Song of the Heart." 30 cents. By William Burr. "Bid me Good-bye." 35 cents. Song by Tosti. "See-Saw." 40 cents. Waltz song by R. E. Lawson. "Coming Home at Last." Song and Chorus. 30 cents. Words by Will Carleton. "Sunset beyond Missouri." March. 25 cents. By J. Fairfield. "Alicia Schottische." 30 cents. By A. H. Fernald. "An old English Ballad gone Wrong." 30 cents. By Grossmith.

Chinese Rat Merchant.

The great empire of China contains a population of 400,000,000 persons, about one-third of the human race. To feed such a multitude requires the most strenuous efforts and the utmost economy of food. Nothing must be wasted, and much that would be rejected in more favoured lands as unfit for food for human beings, is eagerly consumed. The flesh of dogs, cats, rats, and other animals which we regard as unclean is exposed in the markets and purchased by the poor. In the picture we see a pedlar of rats vending his unsavoury wares from place to place. It is this habit of living on what white men would reject that creates the antipathy to Chinese labour on the Pacific coast. But as they earn better wages they will eat better food, and we do not think there is much danger of their seriously affecting the wages of white men. Instead of abusing and insulting them, we should rather seek to give them the blessing of the Gospel, and of a Christian civilization, remembering the Saviour's injunction, "Inasmuch as ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

Cato's Song.

"Cato, have you quite forgotten
How you used among the cotton
Still to sing some pleasant strain?"
"Laws, miss, I can sing again."
And the clear voice clearer rang,
As he swung his hoe and sang:

"Ef you want de purest water,
Jist go up de mountain side,
Whar de ribber start his running
Down to catch de great sea tide.
Ef yo want de reddest roses,
Yo will find them nodding high,
Whar dem catch de blessed dew-drops,
Whar dem see de morning sky.

"Would you eat dem sweetest peaches,
Juicy, red, or yellow bright?
Den you hab to climb up fur dem
Whar dey grow right in de light.
Ef you seek true friend or lover,
Upward too de road you take:
Hearts should neber trabel downward,
Else dey mighty apt to break.

"Ef you look fur fame or glory,
You must climb up with a will;
Fur 'tis jest the same old story—
Up, and up, and upward still.
We am born down in de valley,
But if heart and feet don't tire,
We can still be going upward,
Upward, higher, higher, higher.

"Higher! higher! higher! higher!"
And at every cotton hill
Well and swift he did his hoeing,
Singing louder, clearer still,
Till I heard the echoes ringing
In my spirit brave and strong,
Till I homeward turned me singing,
Singing over Cato's song.

—Harper's Weekly.

Superstitions of the Blackfeet.

BY THE REV. J. McLEAN.

(Methodist Missionary to the Blood Indians,
Fort McLeod, N. W. T.)

MR. FRANK H. CUSHING, who was commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington to investigate the history of the Zuni Indians, and who spent five years among them, becoming so influential as to be made second chief of the tribe, said to a friend, "If you are told that any primitive people is ignorant of its history, don't believe it. They know all about it."

In accordance with this statement we ask, "From what country came the Blackfeet?" Some of the aged Indians have stated that they remember when they were children hearing the old warriors tell how they came across the Rocky Mountains and were accustomed

to engage in battle with flint-headed arrows. All their early history is shrouded with uncertainty. From their traditions it appears that the great ancestor of the Blackfoot nation dwelt on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, that his children crossed the mountains and dwelt for a time on the Pacific Coast, where they mingled with other tribes and finally returned to the country in which they now live. That they must have associated with some other leading branches of the human family is evidenced by their language, religious ideas, customs and festivities. There are resemblances in the Blackfoot language to that of the Aztecs. In the numerous Indian migrations that took place, probably they were driven by tribes stronger than themselves and compelled to seek an abiding home on the plains of the Canadian North-West.

Indians are strong believers in dreams. They attach a great deal of importance to the visions that pass in review during the silent watches of the night. They impart a reality to the object seen that oftentimes haunts them on their journeys over mountain and plain. They are afraid of their dead friends, and when they dream that they have seen them they assert that the spirits of their dead friends have appeared unto them. An Indian chief died suddenly in one of the Blood Indian camps, and a few days afterwards two chiefs dreamt that they had seen him, and so great was their fear that they departed with all their people and sought another location several miles down the river.

Returning home one stormy winter evening a Blood Indian friend desired me to stay with him, but I politely refused. As he persisted in his entreaties I asked the cause, and he told me that I had to pass by two large trees, in the branches of which were two men buried, and that as I proceeded, the spirits of these men, which hover in the vicinity, would pursue me and try to carry me away to the land of the spirits. I enquired what he would do under the circumstances, and he replied that he would shoot his gun, shout several times and then run. As I smiled at his superstitious fears he sought to impress me with the advisability of whistling, that the noise made

by this performance might drive the spirits away.

I sat in conversation with several Blood Indians, amongst whom were some chiefs, and directing my enquiries to the belief of spirits elicited some information on the subject. During our social gathering I learned that the spirits will linger for some time around the house of their friends and will then depart to the favorite haunts of the spirits. Some of the men solemnly asserted that they had seen the spirits of their deceased friends; several stated that they put out of their lodges pieces of bread with pipes and tobacco, and that the spirits fed on the soul of the things and enjoyed the feast, although to our eyes they remained the same. This idea of object-souls is a prevalent one between Indian and savage tribes in the first periods of their existence. The dead fed on the souls of the things while the objects still remained the same.

While distributing Sunday-school papers among some children, I gave away a copy with an illustration of the raising of Lazarus. On my departure a boy came running after me, stating that the paper was bad, because it had the picture of a ghost on it and he could not keep it. Some Indian nationalities ascribe to inanimate things the thoughts and feelings of intelligent beings. The Blackfoot nation possesses ideas akin to these. Winds are said to result from the flapping of the wings of a great bird in the mountains, and other phenomena are said to arise from the influences of animate things, or because the dead objects inherit the powers of living things. These Indians have, like many others, a superstitious dread about portraits. They seemed to feel that part of their personality left them and was reproduced in the photograph. It is only within the past year that the fear so prevalent has begun to subside. Superstition is interwoven in many of their customs and also in their religious worship. When a person is lying sick, and the medicine-man is praying preparatory to performing his incantations and dispensing his medicine, no one is allowed to enter the lodge. The strange mysteries that enshrouded these superstitions of the past are losing their power, and the Indian mind, groping in the

darkness for the light to direct, is gradually assuming an attitude of independence that will ultimately bring success.

The Ship of the Desert.

WITHOUT the aid of this faithful beast of burden the trackless deserts of the East would be almost as impassible as a stormy sea without a ship or vessel. The camel is the most uncouth and ungainly of living things; but its very apparent deformities are the features which give it its distinguished usefulness. Its clumsy-looking and widespread feet prevent it from sinking into the sand, and give its gait an elasticity peculiar to itself. Its long pendulous lip is its organ of prehension by which it gathers the thorns and prickly plants of the desert; and its nostrils can be closed at will against the wind-driven sand. The hump upon its back is a storehouse of food, which is slowly reabsorbed through its long marches, and secures it against death from the unavoidable privations of the desert. The rough callosities on the chest and legs are the points on which it rests when it kneels to receive its burden. The stomach contains a number of large cells which the animal can fill with water to the amount of several quarts, and thus carry a supply for its own wants for about a week—a supply which sometimes yields with its life to save that of his master. The camel supplies the Arab with milk, and occasionally with its flesh, which resembles beef, for food; the hair seems to make clothing, and the skin for leather. The chief value of the camel, however, is as a beast of burden; its strength, power of endurance, ability to subsist on the coarsest food, to go without water, and to travel over the yielding sand, has justly earned for it the title of "Ship of the Desert." The ordinary load of a camel is about 600 pounds, though for short journeys it can carry a thousand pounds. Its speed is seldom more than three miles an hour, and the swiftest dromedaries will not exceed ten; but the pace can be kept up for twenty hours without rest. Riding on a camel is a most terrible way of travelling to the uninitiated, as the peculiar swinging and jerking gait jolts one almost to a jelly. The camel is frequently mentioned in the Bible, as our young readers will see by referring to Genesis 12. 18, 24; 19. 44, 64; 30. 43; 37. 21; Judges 6. 5; 7. 12; 8. 21; 2 Kings 8. 9; 1 Chron. 5. 21; Esther 8. 10; Job 1. 3, 17; Isaiah 21. 7; Matt. 9. 4; 19. 24; 23. 24. We recommend that these passages be turned to. They throw much light on the uses, etc., of this strange animal.

Those who believe that there's nothing in a name, would do well to consult this list from the Philadelphia directory. A man by the name of Shanks teaches dancing; one Drinkwater inconsistently keeps a liquor saloon; Black is a coal merchant; one Saylor is a mariner; Painter is an artist; Law practises his name; Birch teaches school, and Lamb sells beef.

In the city of Damascus, which contains a population of 200,000, a missionary reports "that in many of the Mohammedan houses groups of men are gathered to read and study the Bible, and while engaged in discussion the inmates of the harem had gathered about the windows and listened, and seemed much interested."

The Child's Creed.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

I BELIEVE in God, the great,
He who did all worlds create;
Rocks and hills, He made them all,
Clouds from which the rain-drops fall,
Every star and every flower
Were created by His power.

I believe in His dear Son,
He who said, "Thy will be done,"
Ere they brought Him to the cross,
There to bleed and suffer loss;
Son of Mary, lowly born,
Crucified in hate and scorn.

I believe He rose again
From His sorrow and His pain,
And a cloud of silver white
Took Him up far out of sight;
Swiftly rose the cloud away
Through the portals of the day.

There was joy when He returned,
Whom the cruel world had spurned,
Cherubs came in happy throngs,
Angels sang their sweetest songs;
Beautiful the crown He wore,
Richer, brighter, than before.

He shall come again I read,
Judge of all. O let us heed
All His words, lest we offend
Christ, our Brother and our Friend;
When He cometh may I be
Ready my dear King to see.

As a dove the Spirit mild
Comes to me, a little child;
He has come to be my guide,
I will all to Him confide;
Oft I feel Him in my heart,
Nay, I cannot say depart.

In the church, a place for me,
I believe; O may it be
Ever my delight to share
In the holy work of prayer,
Till I come at last to dwell
With the dear Immanuel.

I believe the good are blest,
I would love them most and best;
If I sin I must repent
On my knees in sorrow bent;
Jesus will my sins forgive,
In His smile I then shall live.

I believe the Lord will call
From the grave His children all;
Happy will the meeting be
When we all shall Jesus see;
We shall dwell together then
In His presence all. Amen.

Trying My Hand at Country School-teaching.

BY THE LATE DR. CARROLL.*

It was the fall of 1827, when I was two months past eighteen—but looking much younger, slightly made and very light-complexioned as I was, and attenuated by several weeks' sickness, from which I was just rising up, I did not look a very formidable pedagogue to manage the usually turbulent elements of a country school, which seemed the only position which offered itself just then—a promising opening occurred.

A Methodist gentleman by the name of Beek, with the suavity and urbanity which characterize educated English Protestants, who had lived several years in the Province of New Brunswick, where he had experienced some losses in business and reverses in circumstances, and took to school-teaching, first in that country, in which employment he was very popular, and liked his pupils and the work of teaching himself; but having a relative or acquaintance in York, U.C., in the person of the late J. S. Howard, Esq., he came on to this Province and located his family in the capital, but employed himself till a

* This paper and another to follow, from the pen of our lamented friend, Dr. Carroll, will be read with great interest by many who have read with delight and profit his other writings.

better opening occurred in teaching a school during the summer of 1827, conducting it in what used to be called "Denniah's," or "Thompson's School-house," in Scarboro', just east of town line; but his friend finding a better opening for him, and he himself shrinking from putting in the winter with the roundabout system of boarding which obtained in country school districts, he gave his trustees notice of quitting. Yet he was very desirous not to leave them destitute, but to provide them with a teacher; and coming to town, where he spent his Sundays, and having heard of me, he kindly came to see me at our humble home. That visit was as life from the dead to me. He told me of the opening, described its peculiarities, gave me suggestions about managing both patrons and pupils, promised to commend me to the place; and when I expressed my fears about my deficient penmanship, he said he would write me out all the copies I required (and he wrote, indeed, an excellent copy-hand) before he left, a promise which he afterwards faithfully performed. I resolved, therefore, to make application for the vacant school.

Monday came; I saw the trustees and engaged the school, and then went around the neighbourhood to see how many scholars I could obtain, for each one of whom I was to receive a dollar a quarter and my share of the small allowance given to the county from the public school funds, which was supposed to be graduated by the number of pupils taught in each school, as far as it went. But the percentage deducted was necessarily very considerable. What we got I do not now remember; but, as far as I can recollect, the total sum that accrued to me for three months' tuition was about \$35.

Then I received free board besides. That was enjoyed by a system not unlike country tailors and shoemakers in old times in this country, which we used to call "whipping the cat." They went from one house to another, and measured, cut, and made up the leather or full cloth into shoes and clothes, till the members of each family, big and little, were shod and clothed for the winter, or the materials were used up, receiving along with the price of making what he needed to eat and drink the while, and then he packed up his kit and went somewhere else. In like manner the country schoolmaster of those days "boarded around," stopping one week for each child sent to the school by any one family, until he had gone the round of the whole and returned to the place of beginning. This was what now lay before me; and, although I had been used to no niceties—albeit my previous homes had always been cleanly—the sight of some of the places made me shudder. It was agreed, however, that Timmie Webster's house was so small, and his property principally consisted in children, I need not go there, but spend the time that belonged to him among the rest. By a sort of tacit understanding, I gave P. P.'s small house, large family, French wife and blood puddings the go-by; one inside view of the premises sufficiently satisfied my stomach for three months. Yes, and there was —'s, a well-to-do man's place, intelligent and influential, where the want of intellect and energy in the wife made it so dreary that after one night's lodgings I went back no more. I was shut up, therefore, to the others, and as good

places as I could desire, and where I enjoyed myself exceedingly.

The school itself and its duties interested me much. We had daily devotion. Once a week I reviewed the lessons and addressed them earnestly on the state of their souls. All were more or less serious, and one young woman from an unprivileged neighborhood, who spent the winter with some friends to attend the school, was savingly converted to God by its instrumentality. Our conveniences were not so great as now. The seats had no backs, excepting those against the wall. We had no stove, but kept up a roaring fire of cordwood in the open chimney, and I saw that each class had its turn on the bench before the fire for the purpose of getting warm after a spell of shivering.

Perhaps I attended too many meetings through the week to make the progress in mental improvement I ought to have made; but teaching imprinted on my mind what I had before learned, and out of hours I plodded through a large part of Mosheim's voluminous Ecclesiastical History (a work then new to this country) and analyzed it, and wrote some notes thereon. I found it too artificial in its construction to fascinate me like some works on the same subject that I have since read.

As the period of my engagement was lessening, school prospects of a better kind were thrown open before me. The school in Mr. Asa Patrick's neighbourhood was to be vacant, and I had the offer of the place, with the privilege of boarding in his house, where I was to receive his instructions in science and mathematics. I would also have had the companionship of his son (a noble youth, to whom I was much attached) in my studies; and, perhaps a greater benefit than all, I would have had the refining influence of his family—an opening which I now wish I had followed up. But a letter from Elder Case led me to change my plans.

This letter was sent out to me by private hand, as we had no mails traversing the interior then. It was to ask me if I "might be depended upon when my term was up to go and teach an Indian mission school at Scugog Lake." Any immediate work for God took precedence of anything else in my mind; and hearing that Elder Case was to hold a missionary meeting in York one night not long after receiving the letter, I resolved to go and see him and learn what it meant. I tramped my way in the darkness the weary eight intervening miles, and arrived while the meeting was yet in progress. The old Elder's address, the recitations of the Indian children, a young Indian exhorter's account of his "dizortin" down at Rice Lake, and some stirring speeches from members of Parliament present, so inflamed my heart, that when Mr. Case put it to me, Would I hold myself ready at his call? I agreed at once. Meeting my old leader as I turned away, I said, "Brother Patrick, I have traded myself off." "What are you to get in exchange?" said he. "A hundredfold more in this life, with persecution, and in the world to come life everlasting," said I. "A good trade," was his judgment on the case. With a light and hopeful heart I retraced the eight miles, mostly through the woods, under the shimmering light of the stars overhead. The remaining four or five weeks my heart and thoughts were more with my prospective Indian pupils than with my present white ones.

Nevertheless, when I came to give the latter my parting address on the last day of my school, both they and I wept excessively, and little ones went home to their parents exclaiming with tears, "We'll never have a teacher like Mr. Carroll again."

True Royalty.

In the year 1837, on the 20th of June, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, the moment after King William IV. breathed his last, two of England's highest dignitaries, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, hurried away from Windsor palace to Kensington palace, where the Princess Victoria lived, who was then but a month more than eighteen years of age. This place they reached at five o'clock in the morning, says the historian. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. They were again kept waiting in the court-yard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, so the record goes, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. The attendant replied that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. They said, "We are come on business of state to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did. She did not keep them waiting long, but was soon invested with queenly robes and royal prerogatives.

I wish God would give me grace to speak to every young woman in this land with the force with which the royal messengers spoke to the young Queen. Not long would any of you wait, I feel sure, before you arrayed yourselves on the side of the people of God. The message I bring is from no representative of an earthly kingdom, but from the King of kings. It calls upon you, every one, to exercise queenly rights, to exert a queen's influence, to fit yourselves for a queen's place above, and to arise now, that you may assume these new duties. The place of God's humble servant is a more royal place than that which a queen occupies. Victoria is great because she is an earthly monarch. She is greater because she is a professed Christian.

I entreat you, young women, to take this queenly place for which you are fitted. There is nothing unreasonable about this demand. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain could give Victoria good and sufficient reasons why they should arouse her from her comfortable slumbers. The nation demanded her. She was the rightful heir to the throne. The moment her uncle, King William, breathed his last, responsibilities and duties fell upon her which she could not shake off. Those men had a right to demand, in the twilight of that summer morning, that she should arouse from her slumbers and arise to her duties.

Nothing is more common among the counterfeit coin of the pulpit than the attempt to pass off cloudy, overwrought, or obscure phraseology for depth and subtlety of thought. In two cases out of three in which the minister is not understood, the fault is in the pulpit, not in the pew.

The Switchman's Child.

At Littleton Station lived little Lem Fitch, who manded the depot and tended the switch— A gay hearted fellow, with dark, wavy hair— His home was a haven of sunshine and joy, With his happy young wife and his bright little boy.

'Twas late on a midsummer, mild afternoon, The train from Topeka was due very soon. Lem stepped from the station and sidetracked a freight; Then, having a few idle moments to wait, He twitted the brakeman of falling in love With a red-headed girl at the station above, And said, in conclusion, "Let marriage alone Till the fuzz on your lip to a moustache has grown."

Then came through the cut, with a crash and a roar, The train from Topeka. In ten minutes more The child would be cruelly mangled and crushed Neath the wheels of the train. To the switch-bar he rushed; When the terrible thought through him suddenly thrilled: The train will be wrecked, and the passengers killed!

Far out of his reach sat his beautiful child, Who called out his name and in innocence smiled, Lem loosened his grip from the switch, and stopped back: He shouted in terror, "Get off from the track!" Then, playfully plying each plump little hand, The baby crept off, and rolled down in the sand, As past leaped the train with a thundering sound.

"God's hand helped my baby," said little Lem Fitch, "Because I was trusty and true at the switch!"

-Chicago Tribune.

The "Scarlet Line."

(From the Northern Christian Advocate.)

WHILE spending a few days in Hamilton, Canada, recently I came upon a device for Christian work which impressed me very favourably. It was in connection with Dr. Hunter's labours of Wesley Church. This church, one of the eight Methodist churches of the city, under the new union, has a membership of 300. "Not a large membership, compared with some of your churches," said the Doctor, "because with us attendance upon class is made a test of Church membership; but we have large congregations, our church being packed, gallery and auditorium on Sabbath evenings."

"But do all your members attend class?" I enquired.

"I have not yet been here one year," he replied, "but all of the 300, excepting two or three, have been in class since I came."

"Do they attend prayer-meeting as well?"

"We have large prayer-meetings," was the reply, "usually from 150 to 200, sometimes more."

"How do you account for the large attendance?"

Various reasons were given, which in the writer's judgment reflected great credit upon the ingenuity, originality and holy tact of the pastor. Among them we regard the Monday night cottage prayer-meetings as one of the great feeders to the general prayer-meeting. For, we found that in connection with all the churches with which we became acquainted, the

contenary, King Street and Wesley Church, there are from four to five cottage meetings held by each church in different localities on Monday evening. These, I was told by one of the leaders, are earnest lively and excellent places in which to help beginners. The character of these meetings may be seen somewhat from a remark of a Christian lady. As I was at tea with her, I asked, "Will I see you at Wesley Church to-night?"

"I wanted to go very much," she replied, "but I cannot, for a young man who was seeking religion at our Monday night meeting has promised to come to my home this evening for me to pray with him." She was an elegant lady, of "leisure and culture," the wife of one of the wealthiest men in Hamilton. Is it any wonder that with such prayer and class-meetings the churches are in a constant revival? Rev. Mr. Langford, of King Street, said to me: "Not a week passed in my church last year without conversions, they came right along in the hot season as well as in the winter, for it is our custom to hold an altar service every Sabbath evening at the close of the sermon."

"Will the people respond quickly in prayer and testimony?"

With a smile, he said: "Why, I could stop in the midst of a sermon any time and change to a testimony service, and these would be given quickly and gladly."

I secretly thought, "This must be an exception," but my heart cried, "would to God He would multiply the exceptions."

But the device to which I refer was found in Dr. Hunter's church. As we were speaking of the large attendance on prayer-meeting, I said: "You probably do not have any long pauses with such an attendance." "Never," he replied, "for my Scarlet Line are always there and they are pledged to fill the first opportunity."

"Your 'Scarlet Line,' what is that?"

Dr. Hunter explained: "It is a company of Christian workers who are willing to band themselves together by solemn promises. I got the idea from a word of D. L. Moody's, 'A Scarlet Line runs through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation,' but the plan is mine. This is the pledged card:"

Wesley Church Scarlet Line.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

I,..... solemnly promise and covenant that, with the help of God,

1. I will live up to the light which He gives, and will not rest satisfied short of "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

2. That I will not allow myself in any habit, temper or indulgence which I know to be offensive to God and injurious to the soul.

3. That I will never be present at any religious service where an opportunity to speak for Christ is afforded, without availing myself of such opportunity.

4. That I will cheerfully accept and perform such service for the Master as in the judgment of the Pastor and the Executive of the Scarlet Line, approved by my own conscience, I ought to undertake.

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RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. The pastor of Wesley Church shall be President of the Scarlet Line.

2. A Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected annually by the members present at a meeting called for that purpose.

3. An Executive Committee, composed of officers and six additional members, elected

by annual meeting shall arrange for Christian work and any public meetings to be held under the auspices of the Line.

4. The members of the Line shall be formed into divisions with leaders selected at any monthly meeting, and the leaders shall report the work of their divisions at each monthly meeting of the Line.

On the reverse side are simple rules and regulations. The society consisting simply of a president, the pastor, one vice-president, secretary and treasurer, —the executive committee being composed of the officers and six additional members, to plan for Christian work. The members are formed into divisions with leaders who report the work at a monthly meeting held at the close of the weekly prayer-meeting.

It has been a great blessing to the Church, said Dr. Hunter, as it plans and lays out work, for the want of which many Church members languish or die, while personally some fifteen or sixteen of the members of the line have entered consciously into "the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ" since the society was organized. How to furnish religious work for the rank and file of our Church members producing a healthful activity and growth is an important and vital question. While many are willing to work, few are competent to plan and devise. Without religious work of some sort there can be no strong and vigorous Christian manhood. Such a pledge as that of the Scarlet Line carefully taken and held to can but be helpful.

MRS. M. N. VANBENSCHOTEN. Newark, Dec. 31, 1884.

Blest.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill, Whose words are always true, That keeps the "law of kindness" still, Whatever others do.

Blest be the ears that will not hear Detraction's envious tale; 'Tis only through the listening ear That falsehood can prevail.

Blest be the heart that knows no guile, That feels no wish unkind, Forgetting provocation while Good deeds are kept in mind.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid The great world's ceaseless need— The hands that never are afraid To do a kindly deed.

Blest be the thoughtful brain that schemes A beautiful ideal, (dreams, Mankind grows great through noble And time will make them real.

Do good in thought. Some future day 'Twill ripen into speech; And words are seeds that grow to deeds, None know how far they reach.

Like chaffle down upon the breeze; Swift scattered here and there, So words will travel far, and these A fruitful harvest bear.

Where goodness dwells in heart and mind Both words and deeds will be Like cords that closer draw mankind In peace and charity.

-Selected.

Royal Companionship of Good Books.

NEARLY all our associations are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would, and those whom we know we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are to those beneath only momentarily and partially open. We may by good fortune obtain a glimpse of a great poet and hear the sound of his voice, or put

a question to a man of science and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a Cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch once or twice in our lives the pleasure of throwing a bouquet in the path of a prince, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet, and spend our years and passions and powers in pursuit of little more than these, while meantime there is a society continually open to us of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly-furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our book-case shelves—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say all day long.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice and life is short. You have heard as much before, yet have you measured and riapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid and stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entree* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be out-cast by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly attested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.—*Ruskin.*

BEER, wine, and spirits are neither useful nor economical as food; they depend for their popular use on their stimulating properties, which are due to the alcohol they contain, and vary in degree according to the quantity of alcohol. The testimony of all the great authorities who have lately had the opportunity of observing their effects on masses of men exposed to excessive cold or heat, and on those who are required to exert great and continuous labor, is decidedly against the use of these stimulants.

"BEWARE OF THE FIRST STEP."—This was the appropriate advice affixed to the entrance of a wine and spirit shop in the city of Leeds, when alterations were recently being made, and the first stone step leading to the shop was somewhat dangerous. The double application of the notice was not, of course, in the landlord's mind when he posted it on his door-way.

LESSON NOTES

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A.D. 58.] LESSON X. [March 8.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Acts 24. 10-27. Commit to mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.—Acts 24. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A clear conscience, an hope toward God; a guilty conscience, and a terror at the judgment to come.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 24. 10-27. T. John 16. 1-13.
 W. Phil. 3. 7-21. Sa. John 5. 17-29.
 Su. Prov. 1. 20-33.

TIME.—Tuesday, May 30, the fifth day after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Caesarea, 47 miles north-west of Jerusalem. A residence of the Roman governor. The home of Philip, the evangelist, and Cornelius, the centurion.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Paul, having escaped from the murderous attempt upon his life at Jerusalem, by being brought to Caesarea under guard, is kept in prison for five days, till his accusers came from Jerusalem. They brought a lawyer with them, who made three charges against Paul: (1) of sedition, exciting a tumult; (2) of heresy, preaching a false religion; (3) of sacrilege, profaning the temple. The lesson begins with Paul's answer to these charges.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—10. *Many years a judge*—About six years, unusually long for a governor of Judea. *I the more cheerfully answer*—Because Felix had had opportunity to know the character of Paul's accusers, and also the good character of the Christians. 12. *Neither in the temple disputing*—He here denies the charge of sedition.

14. *But this I confess, etc.*—Here he answers the charge of heresy, or founding a sect. *First*—It is only called a sect by them. It was a sect only as the Sadducees and Pharisees were sects, and these were allowed by Roman law. *Second*—He worshipped the same God as the Jews. *Third*—He believed in the same Bible. *Fourth*—He held the same hopes as the majority of his nation. *Fifth*—His desire was to do right.

17. *After many years*—It was 21 years since his conversion, and 10 since he went as a missionary. He now answers the charge of profaning the temple. *First*—He came to help his nation by alms, not to overthrow it. *Second*—He brought the temple offerings for the feast, and for purification.

18. *Purified in the temple*—His third answer. He was not profaning, but going through Jewish ceremonies in the temple. 22. *Felix . . . having more perfect knowledge*—He knew enough about these things to see that the charges would not hold. 24. *Drusilla*—She was the daughter of Herod Agrippa I., and the wife of Azizus, king of Emesa, whom she left to live with Felix. 25. *Temperance*—Self-control, mastery over every passion and appetite. 27. *After two years*—Paul now had opportunity for rest, for meditation, for helping Luke write the Gospel and the Acts.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening events.—Felix.—Drusilla.—The three charges against Paul.—Paul's answer to the first; to the second; to the third.—v. 16.—Paul's sermon to Felix.—Why Felix trembled.—Paul's two years in Caesarea.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why did Paul leave Jerusalem? Where did he go? How long after did his accusers come? Who argued the case for them before Felix? What three charges did he make against Paul?

SUBJECT: AN APPROVING AND A CONDEMNING CONSCIENCE.

I. A GOOD CONSCIENCE (vs. 10-23).—How did Paul begin his answer? How would Felix' acquaintance with the Jewish nation aid Paul?

THE FIRST CHARGE ANSWERED (vs. 11-16).—What was the first charge against Paul? What was his answer?

THE SECOND CHARGE ANSWERED (vs. 14-16).—What was the second charge? What was Paul's first answer? Meaning of heresy? The second answer? Did he worship the same God as the other Jews? What was the foundation of his religious belief? How was this another answer to

the charge? What was his fourth answer? (v. 15.) What is the Christian's hope? Is this a fear to the sinner? What other answer did he make to this charge? (v. 16.) Meaning of "exorcise myself?" Does it require training to live without offence?

THE THIRD CHARGE ANSWERED (vs. 17-25).—What was the third charge? How did Paul explain his conduct? What was the answer to the charge? Who should have come to accuse him? What did Felix do at the close of this trial? Why did he not give Paul his freedom? What favours did he grant him? What friends did Paul have in the city?

II. A CONDEMNING CONSCIENCE (vs. 24-27).—About what did Felix have interviews with Paul? What was his object? How could he expect money from Paul? What was the subject of Paul's discourse before Felix and Drusilla? What is temperance? Were his audience guilty? What was the effect upon them? Why should Felix be terrified before Paul? How did Felix attempt to quiet his conscience? Did the convenient season ever come? How do such excuses harden us in sin? How long did Paul remain at Caesarea? What may he have been doing? Was this rest of any advantage to Paul?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The charges against Christianity by unbelievers are best answered by the simple facts.
2. The Christian's life is full of hope.
3. The Christian must exercise and train himself in virtue, as a soldier in arms, or an artist in art.
4. Paul convinced men of sin by preaching righteousness.
5. The conscience of the sinner makes him tremble when he thinks of his sins.
6. The folly of putting off repentance till a more convenient season.
7. Even in prison one need not be useless.

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

6. With what did the Jews charge Paul before Felix? ANS. With sedition, heresy, and profaning the temple. 7. What was Paul's answer? ANS. He refuted every charge by a simple statement of the facts. 8. About what did Paul discourse before Felix in private? ANS. About righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. 9. What was the effect? ANS. Felix trembled, but put off repentance. 10. How long did Paul remain a prisoner at Caesarea? ANS. For two years.

A.D. 60.] LESSON XI. [March 15.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Acts 26. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.—Acts 26. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel is shown to be true by what it does for men.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 25. 13-27. T. Matt. 17. 1-9.
 W. Acts 9. 1-20. Sa. Luke 1. 67-80.
 Su. Isa. 42. 1-12.

TIME.—First of August, A.D. 60, two years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Caesarea, 47 miles north-west of Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Nero, emperor of Rome. Porcius Festus, governor of Judea. Herod Agrippa II., king of Trachonitis, and the country east of the upper Jordan.

CONTEMPORARY EVENTS.—Gov. Felix is recalled to Rome, accused by the Jews, whom he had tried to please. Porcius Festus succeeds him, reaching Caesarea in June, A.D. 60.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul had lain in prison at Caesarea when a change was made in governors. Immediately on his arrival in Jerusalem (July 1-12), the leading Jews ask the governor to send Paul to Jerusalem, intending to kill him. The governor refuses, and summons the Jews to Caesarea. They accuse Paul bitterly. Paul denies the charges, but, fearing lest the governor be persuaded to send him to Jerusalem, he appeals to Caesar, and it is determined to send him to Rome for trial; but Festus can find no charges to send with him. King Agrippa and his sister Bernice about this

time visit Festus, and Paul is called before him, in order that he, being a Jew by education, may discover some accusation.

THE TRIAL SCENE.—(1) *The place*. Herod's judgment-hall, or palace. (2) *The prisoner*. Paul, aged 58, bound by one hand to a Roman soldier. (3) *The judges*. Festus, of good character, comparatively; Agrippa, a bad, hard man; Bernice, his sister, living with him as his wife. (4) *The audience*. The leading people of Caesarea, officials in their rich robes, military officers in gorgeous uniforms, and a brilliant assembly.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—3. *Expert*.—Agrippa was trained as a Jew, and had studied their sacred books. His father, though not a Jew, lived in the Jewish ways. 5. *Straightest*.—Most exact, particular. 7. *Our twelve tribes*.—The nation as a whole. Many of what are called the lost ten tribes were mingled with the tribe of Judah, and the Jews were a commingling of all the tribes. 11. *Compelled*.—Strove to compel. 14. *Pricks*.—Goads with which oxen were driven; the more they kicked against them, the worse they were hurt.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Festus.—The preliminary trial before Festus.—Agrippa.—Object of the trial before him.—The scene of the trial.—Why Paul recounted his early experience.—Kicking against the goads.—The object of Paul's conversion.—The darkness of worldliness.—The light of Jesus Christ.—The inheritance of the saints.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long did Paul remain in prison at Caesarea? What change was made in the governors of Judea? Who did the Jews ask of the new governor? Where were they summoned to accuse Paul? What was the result of this trial? Why did Paul appeal to Caesar? How was this aiding him in his desire to go to Rome? Who came to visit Festus? What favour did Festus ask of them? Why? What trial was now held? Who were the audience? Was this a favourable time to preach the Gospel?

SUBJECT THE GOSPEL DEFENDED AND PROVED.

I. BECAUSE IT IS THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PROMISES (vs. 1-7).—How did Paul open his address? What can you tell about Agrippa? What special fitness had he for judging Paul's case? What does Paul say of his early life? Why does he refer to this? What was the promise made by God to the fathers? (Job 19. 26; Dan. 12. 2, 3; Luke 20. 37, 38; Psa. 72. 8-11; Isa. 9. 7; 10. 1-22; Dan. 7. 9, 10, 14, 27.) How did the Israelites feel toward this promise? Meaning of "instantly serving God day and night?" How was the Gospel a fulfilment of this hope? How does this show the truth of the Gospel?

II. BECAUSE IT IS REASONABLE (v. 8).—How did Paul come now to speak of the resurrection? Why was it not incredible? Had he been raised from the dead? (1 Kings 17. 22, 23; 2 Kings 4. 32-35; 13. 21; see also Luke 20. 37, 38.) Is the Gospel reasonable? Are all its teachings reasonable?

III. BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFUL CHANGES IT WORKS TO INDIVIDUALS (vs. 9-16).—Give a brief account of Paul's conversion? Did he see Jesus in the bright light? What did he hear him say? Was this a proof that Jesus was living, and divine? (v. 16; ch. 9. 17.) Meaning of "hard to kick against the pricks?" How did it apply to Paul? How does it apply to us? What change was wrought in Paul? How do the wonderful changes the Gospel works in the character of men prove the truth of the Gospel?

IV. BECAUSE OF ITS RESULTS IN THE WORLD (vs. 16-18).—Why did Jesus appear to Paul? Was he to have a new light? How does this bear upon the inspiration of his epistles? What was to be the effect of the Gospel? What is the darkness referred to? How does the Gospel bring light? What are the four steps in the Gospel work in v. 18? What is the inheritance of the saints?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The hopes and promises of the Old Testament are fulfilled in the Gospel.
2. The Gospel is proved by the marvellous changes it has wrought in men.
3. It is proved by its purpose and work. Note the results of Christian missions in transforming nations.
4. When God calls us to be converted, he calls us to some worthy work.

5. Christian knowledge and experience is progressive.

6. We should all join with all our hearts in turning men from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God.

(REVIEW EXERCISE. For the whole school in concert.)

11. What was done with Paul after two years' imprisonment? ANS. He was tried again before Festus, the new governor. 12. What was the result? ANS. He appealed to Caesar, and they determined to send him to Rome. 13. What hearing did he have before he went to Rome? ANS. Before King Agrippa. 14. What was his argument here? ANS. He proclaimed the Gospel to be true because (1) It was the fulfilment of the Jewish Bible; (2) It was reasonable. (3) It wrought marvellous changes in the character, lives, and hopes of men.

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