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# COME AND TO SCHOOL

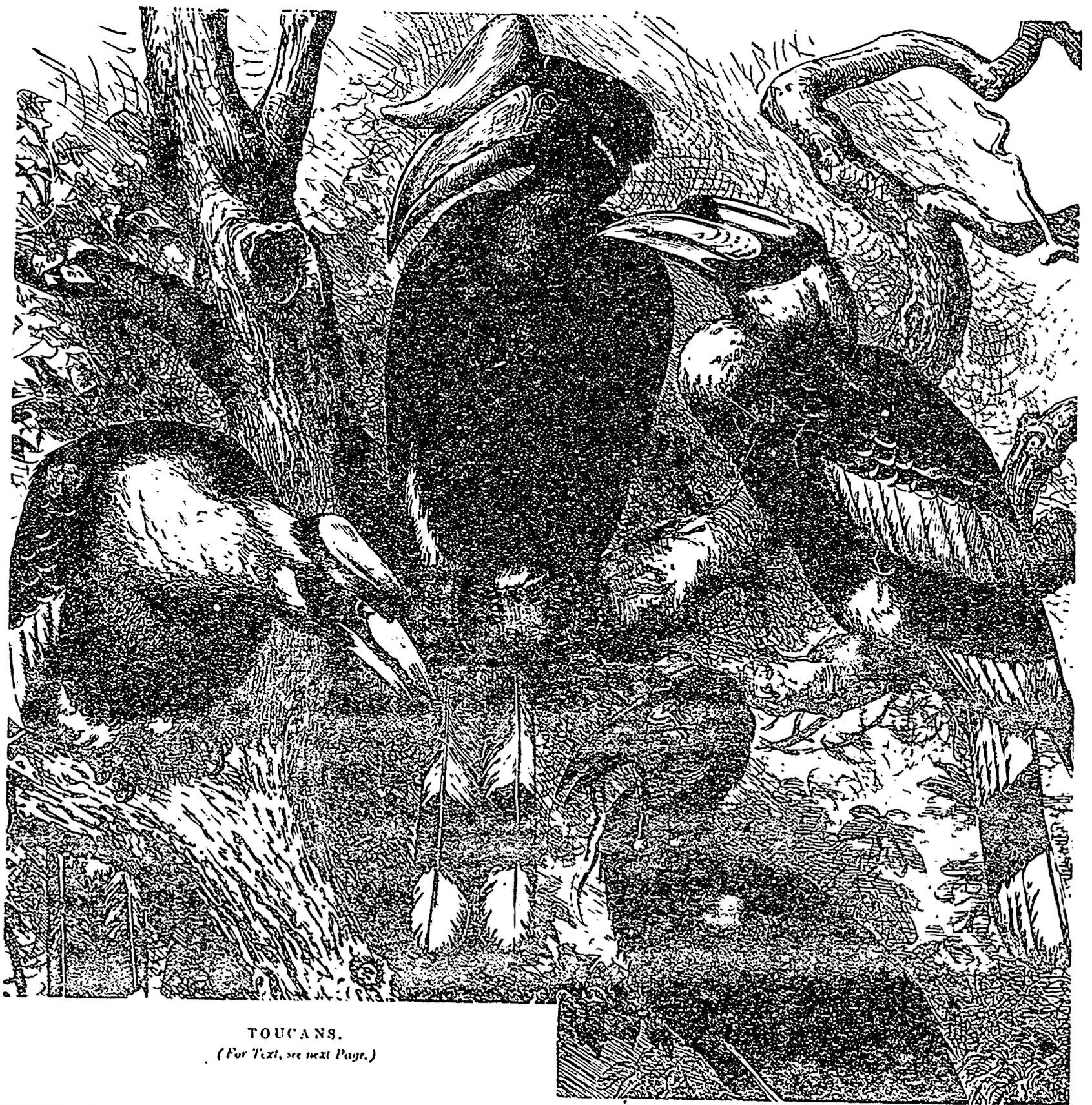
Do unto others  
as you would  
that they  
should  
do unto  
you.

ROBERT SMITH & CO. TORONTO

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

[No. 17.]



TOUCANS.  
(For Text, see next Page.)

## A Mother's Story.

"Come, Molly, will you have a glass?"  
 "No, thank you, sir, not I—  
 I've never tasted not a drop since twenty  
 years gone by—  
 When I lost my little Willie—would you  
 like to hear the tale?  
 Even the very thought of it makes me turn  
 cold and pale.

"My Joe he took to drinking ways; it  
 made me fierce and wild,  
 For we'd one little baby boy—a merry,  
 winsome child;  
 We lived close to the dockyard gate, in the  
 great city throng;  
 I was but weak and sickly—I never had  
 been strong.

"It was just after three o'clock, one dreary  
 winter day,  
 My little lad had fallen asleep, for he was  
 tired of play,  
 He had been gazing at the snow with wonder  
 and delight,  
 'Let me have some to play with, mother; it  
 looks so soft and white.'

"'No, no,' I said, and shut the door, for  
 the wintry blast blew chill;  
 I told him fairy stories, kept him amused  
 until  
 He fell asleep upon the floor, my darling  
 little lad,  
 And then I had a drop to drink, I felt so  
 weak and bad.

"It seemed to cheer me up, a few drops  
 taken warm,  
 And soon I heard, as in a dream, the howling  
 of the storm.  
 And saw, as in a hazy mist, the little sleeping  
 form.  
 I emptied the whole bottle out—a few drops  
 more, I said,  
 Will do no harm—I never felt the slightest  
 pang of dread  
 As the demon spirit mastered me, and crept  
 into my head.

"Then did a deep drowsiness over my senses  
 creep,  
 Making me deaf to every sound in heavy  
 drunken sleep.  
 I do not know how long I slept, the time I  
 did not mark,  
 But when I woke the fire was low; a little  
 glimmering spark  
 Glowed fierce at me between the bars out of  
 the gloomy dark.

"I started up and looked around, with a  
 dull, lifeless stare,  
 Then called for Willie, called again, Oh, God,  
 he was not there!  
 I stumbled through the darkness, and quickly  
 struck a light,  
 Peered into every corner, trembling with  
 speechless fright;  
 Found the street door was open? My darling  
 must have crept  
 Again to watch the snowflakes, whilst I, his  
 mother, slept;  
 No doubt he ran, unthinking, to catch the  
 flakes of snow,  
 Then turned and wandered blindly, uncertain  
 where to go.

"I never shall forget that hour—I sped with  
 hurrying feet,  
 Half mad with agony of dread, heedless of  
 snow and sleet—  
 I asked at several houses, no one had seen  
 the child,  
 I gave one piercing shriek of woe, despair  
 had made me wild.

"Then a policeman saw me, he hurried to  
 the place,  
 Turning his bull's-eye lantern full on my  
 haggard face,  
 'Oh, sir,' I said, and caught him, and would  
 not let him go,  
 'Sir, have you seen a little child wand'ring  
 all through the snow?"

"A little boy, a lovely child, with sunny,  
 golden curls,  
 And large blue eyes, tender and sweet, just  
 like a little girl's.  
 Do help me now, advise me, tell me what  
 course to take,  
 Oh, give me some relief, kind sir, or else  
 my heart will break."

"I haven't seen him, missus, saro 'tis a  
 sorry plight  
 For such a little lad as him to be abroad to-  
 night.  
 Had he no coat on, did you say? Ho must  
 be froz'n outright."

"'No, no; how dare you say it?' with  
 vehemence I cried,  
 And then I crept back home again, my  
 broken heart to hide;  
 I prayed and sobbed and prayed again, the  
 grey dawn came at last,  
 And the whole world was wrapt in white,  
 the snow was falling fast.

"My Joe was with me, he was kind. 'Cheer  
 up, my lass,' he said;  
 'Molly, I'm sure he's somewhere safe, I'm  
 sure he is not dead.'  
 I pressed his hand, I could not speak; just  
 once I feebly smiled,  
 Then these dread words came from the door,  
 'They've found a little child,

"Quite dead and cold a few streets off;  
 they've brought the news to me,  
 Ho lies down at the station there, you'd  
 better go and see.'  
 I followed the policeman with a low, stifled  
 moan,  
 And all at once it seemed as if I had been  
 turned to stone.

"There lay what *might* be Willie, all covered  
 with a sheet;  
 They raised a corner, would I look? oh, how  
 my heart did beat!  
 I turned away, I could not bear my darling's  
 form to trace,  
 I could not bear to be quite sure that it was  
 Willie's face.

"Then some one spoke, a low soft voice,  
 'This child has dark brown hair,  
 His face is wan, he must have known much  
 poverty and care,  
 You were afraid to look, poor soul, but now  
 perhaps you'll dare.'

"'Yes, now I dare,' I whispered, and quickly  
 raised my head,  
 Looked at the boy, one searching look, and  
 all my terror fled,  
 "'Tis not my child,' I said aloud, "'tis not  
 my child that's dead.

"And in that very moment my pain and  
 grief were o'er,  
 A ripple of sweet laughter came to me from  
 the door,  
 And Will, my Will, with one glad bound,  
 was in my arms once more.

"Some one had found him, kept him safe,  
 brought him to me again,  
 All through that night I'd tried to weep, to  
 ease my burning brain,  
 But now the tears came rushing down, like  
 blessed summer rain.

"Since then I've never touched a drop, and  
 one more thing I'll tell,  
 I said that I was weakly, but now I'm strong  
 and well;  
 I feel so full of life and joy, and if you'll  
 only try  
 To give the beer and spirits up, you'll know  
 the reason why.

"Yes, that's my Will, sir, over there, isn't  
 he fine and tall?  
 Why, when the volunteers are out, he over-  
 tops them all,  
 The early promise of his youth has not been  
 unfulfilled—  
 And now, good-night, but let me say, 'God  
 bless our Temperance Guild!'"

—From the C. E. T. Chronicle.

## Toucans.

I IMAGINE I hear some of the chil-  
 dren who read this paper, exclaim,  
 "What curious birds! Such large  
 bills! And they have caps on their  
 heads, too. I have never seen a bird  
 that looked at all like these, I am  
 sure." Yes, they are really curious  
 looking birds, and their bills are cer-  
 tainly more ponderous than elegant;  
 especially is this the case with the  
 bird in the centre of the group. We  
 have no such birds as these in North  
 America; they are Toucans, and their  
 home is in South America. There are  
 several varieties, but these are some of  
 the largest.

You will notice that they have  
 large, strong-looking feet and claws,  
 which enable them to hold firmly on  
 to large limbs of trees, and which  
 they use in procuring their food.  
 The one in the lower right hand cor-  
 ner of the picture, you will notice,  
 has just selected for his supper a small  
 snake which he no doubt considers a  
 very dainty morsel. We read in the  
 Bible of a kind of bird that ate  
 snakes, and of its being made use of  
 by a noted leader of Israel. Can the  
 children tell who it was, and what  
 was the purpose in view?

## Make a Note On't.

This is a busy, distracting world.  
 One is so apt to forget things, and it  
 is very trying to have no excuse but  
 forgetfulness. Here is a little pre-  
 scription for young memories, well-  
 meaning memories that wish to keep  
 the smaller duties of life well in mind.  
 Let us call the patient John. John  
 has an aunt, besides his father and  
 mother, to remind him of his work,  
 and he goes to school, and has his  
 lessons to think of, besides his engage-  
 ments with the other boys. These  
 are most apt to be remembered, but  
 he really means to do the things he  
 ought to do. One night he goes to  
 bed quite sorrowful in his mind. His  
 mother had asked him to get some  
 buttons in the village, at the store  
 next but one to the school-house, so  
 that she could finish his new striped  
 shirts, too. His father told him to  
 speak for Mr. Chase's red horse for  
 the next two days to help in the farm  
 work. John forgot that, and the red  
 horse was promised to somebody else,  
 and he forgot the kindling-wood which  
 he usually brought before he went  
 away in the morning; he forgot to  
 mend the hen-coop where he had seen  
 a slat loosened, and the chickens got  
 out and travelled through the flower-  
 garden. Nobody else had seen the  
 slat, and it was his affair; he really  
 did remember to take the hammer and  
 a nail or two when he went through  
 the yard again. Yes, and his aunt  
 asked him to look out some words in  
 the big dictionary at school. At last  
 poor John got discouraged, and won-  
 dered what he had better do to restore  
 his failing wits. Dear me! how he  
 tosses about in the bed, and tries to

think what he must do to-morrow.  
 This is a bad case indeed. Let us  
 whisper the prescription into his ear—  
 "Make a little list, Johnny, take your  
 pencil and a bit of paper, and set  
 down the errands and everything else  
 that you want to remember."

The patient takes heart, and here is  
 the record, with a blank space at the  
 bottom for last additions in the morn-  
 ing:

Pick some peas for mother.  
 Mend the gate-latch.  
 Look out those words.  
 Get my shirt buttons.  
 Tell Bill Downs I don't want his  
 old woodchuck.

Lick him for cheating me about that  
 arithmetic lesson.

Make that list of all the birds I  
 know by sight that the teacher wants.

So it went on, and twenty times  
 next day John pulls out the business-  
 like strip of brown paper, and consults  
 it with care; by night he has crossed  
 off everything but the woodchuck  
 item, for the reason that he and Bill  
 Downs made up, and were friends  
 again after they had worked off their  
 animosity in a good supper, and John  
 went home with him after school, and  
 was so pleased with the woodchuck's  
 looks that he allowed his offer of its  
 value in pond lilies to stand. John  
 had planted some lily-roots in a small  
 pond back of his garden, and guarded  
 them with jealous care. The other  
 boys liked to have them to sell in the  
 cars.

Now this prescription seems at first  
 thought to be quite silly. One might  
 forget also to look at the list, but  
 somehow one doesn't, and it is a great  
 pleasure to cross off things when they  
 are fairly done and out of the way.  
 Then there are two other good reasons  
 for keeping a list: first, you get into  
 the habit of thinking over what you  
 have to do, and arranging your day a  
 little, and so growing systematic;  
 secondly, after a little while you can  
 keep the list in your own mind by  
 force of habit, and need not even  
 write it down. Your memory is trained  
 to serve you as it should; there is  
 really no reason why we should annoy  
 ourselves and disappoint other people  
 by letting the thought of our duties  
 be indistinct and unreliable.—*Wide  
 Awake.*

JESUS CHRIST is the resurrection and  
 the life.

In a recent address of the National  
 W. C. T. U. to the workingmen and  
 women of the United States the  
 following passages occur:—"Four-  
 teen hundred million dollars annually  
 drawn, chiefly from the pockets of  
 workingmen, by saloon-keepers and  
 cigar dealers, means less flour in the  
 barrel, less coal in the cellar, and less  
 clothing in the labourer's family.  
 Life insurance statistics prove that  
 while the average life of the moderate  
 drinker is but thirty-five years and  
 a half, that of the total abstainer is  
 sixty-four years."

## Self-Help.

The road to honour and wealth, boys,  
You all would like to know;  
The secret in a nut-shell lies—  
Just pay your way as you go.

Don't borrow of your chums, boys,  
A nickel now and then,  
The debt will keep increasing,  
And be dollars when your men.

Just practice self-denial, boys,  
And keep your conscience clear,  
It is the road to happiness,  
And wealth, too—never fear.

Just go without, there's no disgrace  
In patches on the knee;  
Abo Lincoln wore his trousers so,  
And who so grand as he?

Don't go in debt to rum, boys,  
T'will hold with iron grip,  
When once it fastens on your throat  
You can't give it the slip.

Don't let tobacco chain you,  
And keep your breath impure,  
'Twill steal away your pennies,  
And keep you always poor.

Be sure and pay your mother, boys,  
For all her patient care;  
Don't let her work alone, boys,  
But try and do your share.

So keep your courage up, lads,  
And fight old Satan down,  
He's waiting 'round the corner—  
But just greet him with a frown.

He'll slink and quail before the eyes  
Of purity and truth,  
And turn his coward back on you  
If you're a proper youth.

## Remarkable Conversions.

BY I. METCALF.

ANY conversion is remarkable, indeed a miracle, a creative act, hence deserving the attention of the thoughtful. But I know of none more wonderful than those of Gilbert West, Esq., and his friend, Lord Lyttelton. They lived through the early part of last century, were reared by pious parents, and were the subjects of many prayers. As Mr. West says, in a letter to Dr. P. Doddridge (14th March, 1747), when writing of the benefits of an early education in the principles of religion, "I owe to the early care of a most excellent woman, my mother, that bent and bias to religion, which, with the co-operating grace of God, hath at length brought me back to those paths of peace from whence I might have otherwise been in danger of deviating forever."

To tell how he was brought back is the object of this notice, and the reader will also observe the power of God's Holy Word when the Holy Spirit gives it effect.

West and Lyttelton were, to some extent, model young men. They found no pleasure in the fast life which young persons in their sphere generally lived. The race-ground, the bull-ring, or the bear-garden had no attraction for them. They were cultured *litterati* whose tastes ran in more laudable directions. Lyttelton was at this time known as the writer of some polite letters, which he often afterwards wished out of existence because of their

immoral tendency. Mr. West was known as a poet and a translator of classic authors, and both stood high in London society. But they were infidels, and as such were characterized by the same gross assumption which we find in the infidels of our own day. No doubt, looking at their acquirements, and comparing themselves with others in their own sphere of life, who had possessed the same splendid opportunities, but whose tastes and habits were base and grovelling, they had a right to feel proud of their talents, as well as their morals, which, infidels though they were, were not bad, but what we should call exemplary.

When in the height of this pride of intellect they conceived the idea of writing a book which would have the effect of quashing or extinguishing the Holy Scriptures, and by previous arrangement met for the purpose of considering the plan of the work at the house of Lyttelton, being perfectly confident in their own intelligence and ability to do all they desired. After consulting together till a late hour, and having arranged the plan of the work, Lyttelton said to his friend, "Well, West, I shall have to depend on you for all the knowledge of Scripture necessary to this undertaking," to which Mr. West replied, "I was going to depend on your Lordship," upon which it transpired that neither of them had ever read the Book they were to reply to—a curious predicament for two such men to find themselves in—(for West some years after describes Lyttelton as "the best critic, the best friend, and the best man in this world.") But they saw at once the absurdity, and determined at once to make themselves acquainted with the Bible, and there and then determined to meet at each other's houses alternately three evenings a week, reading eight chapters at each meeting, till the Scriptures were read.

It was while pursuing this determination that the Holy Spirit touched their consciences. They read through the Pentateuch, and on and on, till the second Psalm was reached, when it became West's turn to read the verse, "Kiss the Son lest he be angry," when he was mastered by the conquering and converting power of the grace of God, and with great difficulty concealed his perturbation from his friend, of whose jeers he was afraid. The meetings continued. The Book of Psalms, etc., were read, and the 53rd of Isaiah was reached when it became Lyttelton's turn to read the verse, "He was wounded for our transgressions," etc., when he was struck by such power as to make him leap from his seat and cry out; when they rushed to each other's arms to rejoice over a Saviour's redeeming love, and from such a conversion there was no backsliding.

Cowley's lines on Crashaw have been happily applied to West:

"Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and  
heaven."

While Melmoth says of him, "In him the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman were happily united."

Some time after their conversion, while conversing on the evidences of the Christian religion, Mr. West observed to his friend, that he thought, if properly considered, the circumstances attending the Resurrection would afford ample proof of the truth of their religion; upon which Lyttelton asked him to write out for him his "Observations on the Resurrection," which he did in a tract, while Lyttelton returned the compliment in a tract on "St. Paul." Both of these remain to us as abundant proof of the ability and piety of the writers.

North Wiltshire, P. E. I.

## "Toward Evening."

COME and abide with us to-night!  
The day has made us very tired,  
And, pensive in the fading light,  
We watch the blessings we desired  
Grow dim before us, and depart  
Out of the reach of hand and hear.

Is it because our weary eyes  
Are hidden, that we do not see  
The golden promise of the skies,  
The beauty that there used to be?  
Sad hearts can make the whole world sad,  
And thou alone can'st make us glad.

But though the time of gloom is brief,  
We need thee, gracious Saviour, now;  
Thy touch, thy word, can give relief;  
There is no friend so dear as thou;  
Oh! come, and near to us abide,  
And comfort us this eventide.

We wait for thee beside the cross;  
But thou, O Lord of life and day,  
Has triumphed over shame and loss,  
And borne the sins of the world away;  
And lo! our eventide grows bright,  
Light of the world, in thy great light.  
—Marianne Farningham.

## A True Story.

UP among the hills of India a woman lay sick and dying. It was a barren, cheerless room in which she lay—a desolate home, for homes in India are not the joyous, happy institutions they are in America. Home to us means almost heaven—a sweet retreat from the world's frowns and storms—a quiet resting-place when cares are over and duties done. But no such charm dwelt in this sick one's home. In her home were but four bare prison walls; a shelter from the storm 'tis true, but not a sweet shelter for that woman's heart that yearned for woman's love and sympathy; no dainty dishes to tempt her failing appetite; no gentle soothing of her pillows; no one to arrange with snowy whiteness her bed, for she was a woman, and lived in India; and to be a woman there meant little more than to be a beast of burden here. Many long months had passed since disease had seized that body. Long and weary hours had been spent, the eyes had ached, the brain had throbbled, the brow had burned with fever heat—but no relief had come. She was a woman, and for women there was no help, no

hope, only to suffer on until "life's fitful fever was over."

The last rays of the setting sun were still lingering about the hill-tops as this sick one lay watching their changing hues, and wondering, no doubt, where all the brightness was going, and if the sun would ever again come back to her; or if, perchance, there was a God who cared for her, when her attention was aroused by a woman's voice. She eagerly listened; but it was only another Hindoo woman, whose life was as cheerless and hopeless as hers, and again she turned wearily away. But, hark! strange words she heard. What were they saying? A "foreign lady" had come to help the sick women. Could that be true? Hope sprang up within that breast, and she strangely yearned to see the "foreign lady" who had come so far to help poor, needy women. Alas! she was in another province, and this sick one was very weak and weary. Somehow the journey was taken. Strength was strangely given, and the plains below were safely reached. To the "foreign lady" she had come; and now one of our own medical missionaries was beside her, soothing with gentle, cooling touch, her fevered brow; counting the weak and fluttering pulse, bathing again and again the aching limbs, while she whispered in her ear the sweet old story of Jesus and his love—of his coming down to this earth that he might lift us up to heaven; how he gave his own life to save even hers, and had now gone to prepare a place for her, even a many-mansioned home. For the first time she listened to what to us is indeed "an old, old story." For the first time she *knew* there was a God. "O why have I never known this before!" she said. "Why has no one ever come to tell this to the women of my province?" The words were full of sweetness and rest to her, for she was sad and weary. She had come for physical healing, but she had found the Great Physician of souls. With a quiet, resting smile, she fell asleep—the sleep that knows no waking—but with her parting breath she said, "Won't you send some one up among the hills to tell these sweet words to the women of my province?" She was gone—gone to the many-mansioned home—gone to dwell forever with her Saviour, of whom she had just heard.

But for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of America she might have gone down through the valley whose shadow is said to be dark, with no ray of light to cheer her soul.

God bless our medical missionaries in their double work of healing body and soul. God bless our Christian women with wide-planning and liberal giving that many hungry hearts may be fed with the bread of life. Our work is not in vain; but "the fields are white already to harvest," the grain is nodding for the sickle, while the earnest labourers are few.

**The Sculptor Boy.**

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,  
As an angel dream passes o'er him;  
He carved the dream on a shapeless stone,  
With many a sharp incision;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture  
shone  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life dream passes o'er us;  
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

**\$250,000**

**FOR MISSIONS**

**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**Uniting with the Church.**

EVERYONE ought to be where he belongs. The place of everyone who is a true child of God is in the Church of God. Those who have actually come to the Saviour should make haste to come into organized association with other Christians. When Peter and John had been released from prison, we read, they immediately "went to their own country." In matters of this sort there are more dangers in delay than in haste. Notice has been made of the large numbers who united with the various churches on some given Sunday; but we suspect there were many others who did not then openly confess Christ, but who should have done so. To such we would address a few earnest and friendly words.

First. You have begun to believe in Christ to the saving of your soul. You are conscious of having received the gift of God which is eternal life, though it be in his fainter beginnings. You welcome to your soul the presence

of the Holy Spirit, the glorious and precious renewer and helper—the gift of gifts to every Christian. Be thankful, then, for all this. Express your gratefulness. One of the most obvious ways of doing this is to offer yourself, a thank-offering to his Church and his avowed service.

Second. You cannot be obedient to him and disregard the sacraments which he has appointed. To every disciple his own word is, "Do this in remembrance of me." There is no command in the Decalogue more explicit than this.

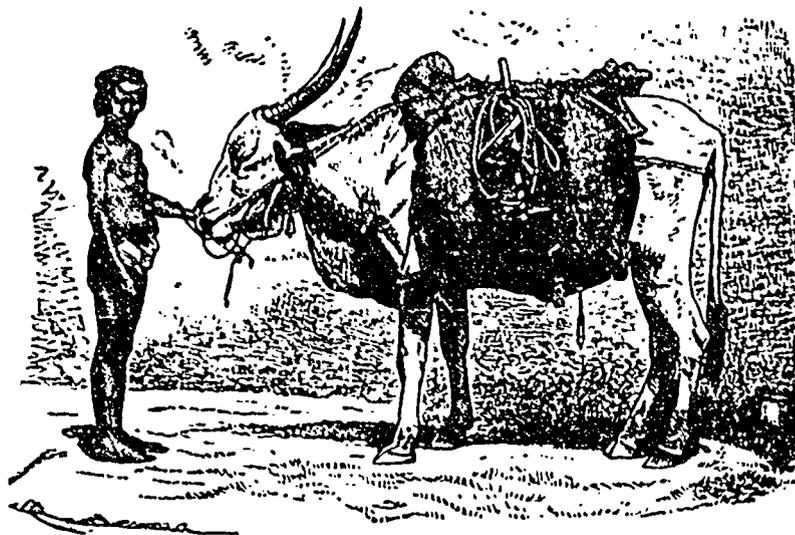
Third. There is no duty the hearty doing of which is surer both to bring, and to confer, some of the richest blessings. The distinct and public committal of one's self has a strong effect in giving completeness to our Christian purpose. The bridges from behind are burned, with no thought left but to go straight forward. Those who go on from one communion season to another, putting off a duty so distinctly seen as this, are in extreme danger of losing their interest.

Fourth. You wish to spend and be spent where your life will tell most effectively in the cause of Christ. The institution of the Christian Church was divinely constituted with just this in view. Combined effort is more than added, it is multiplied, efficiency. In it there is a fit place and part for every believer. Every unselfish impulse prompts one to do what he can, and that too in accordance with the most advantageous line of endeavour. To say that one can do most good outside of any Church organization, is to set up one's opinion as wiser than his who ordained that Christians should be set apart from the unbelieving and gathered into close associations.

Fifth. Even if you do not need the Church, for the sake of its sanctified companionships and friendships, you are needed by others. The Church exists hardly more for its divine communion in worship and instruction, than for its sweet and helpful fellowship of the saints.

Sixth. It is a doubtful kind of humility which, under the name of self-distrust, persistently keeps one from obeying so plain a requirement. Self-distrust is not a good reason for distrusting our Lord and Saviour. True humility is obedient, and with all its self-distrust knows how, with serene exultation and joy, to say: Unto him that is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of his glory, be the dominion!  
—S. S. Record.

JOHN BRIGHT made a speech at Glasgow University, in which he made the statement that the promulgation of the English language, the sciences and religion among the people of India, would awaken them to their servile condition, and arouse feelings which will be hostile to permanent subjection to England.



AN INDIAN OX

**Indian Ox.**

THE ox represented in the picture is such as religious mendicants in India sometimes lead about. This one carries waterskins for supplying water where it is scarce. But the mendicants often train them to nod assent to certain questions and shake their heads in disapproval of others. Then they put artificial horns on to the natural ones, making them very long indeed, and adorn the horns and neck and body with bright coloured rags. Taking them through the streets as they beg, when anyone gives them food, they ask the ox if the gods will bless that house and the ox answers "Yes" by nodding. When they are turned away from any house they ask the ox if any blessing will come to that house, and it shakes its head in dissent. And the poor, ignorant people think they will be blessed or cursed as the ox indicates, and they are afraid to refuse them food.

**Midsummer Words.**

WHAT can they want of a midsummer verse  
In the flush of the midsummer splendour?  
For the Empress of Ind shall I pull out my purse,  
And offer a pony to lend her?  
Who wants a song when the birds are a-wing,  
Or a fancy of words when the least little thing  
Hath message so wondrous and tender?

The trees are all plumed with their leafage superb,  
And the rose and the lily are budding;  
And wild, happy life, without hindrance or curb,  
Through the woodland is creeping and scudding.  
The clover is purple; the air is like mead,  
With odour escaped from the opulent weed,  
And over the pasture-sides flooding.

Every note is a tune, every breath is a boon;  
'Tis poem enough to be living. [June  
Why fumble for phrase while magnificent  
Her matchless recital is giving?  
Why not to the music and picturing come,  
And just with the manifest marvel sit dumb,  
In silenced delight of receiving?

Ah, listen! Because the great Word of the Lord,  
That was born in the world to begin it,  
Makes answering word in ourselves to accord,  
And was put there on purpose to win it.  
And the fulness would smother us only for this—  
We can cry to each other, "How lovely it is!  
And how blessed it is to be in it!"

**The Two Purses.**

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

ONE for the Lord, and one for myself. Let every one provide two purses or boxes or banks, made of no matter what, and no matter where. Only be sure to have two places for money—one of which shall be consecrated to the Lord, and the other for personal and business purposes.

A young lady said to her father, "I would like to put something into the box as it passed around on the Sabbath."

Her father willingly gave her a part of his donation, and thus she added the influence of her example to the custom, but nothing to the increase of the collection. This did not satisfy her, for she wanted to give something of her own. She had positively of her own only about six or eight dollars yearly of interest money on a small invested capital. This she had been accustomed to use for Christmas and birthday gifts among her friends. She resolved to have two purses, and to put into one, for the Lord, at least one-tenth of her income. Although it made but a small sum, she had more satisfaction in giving than ever before. But the delightful part came when from one cause and another, wholly unexpected, she received the next year a far greater sum for her own disposal than she had ever had before; and a good portion of it went into the Lord's purse.

"I never think of touching what is in the Lord's purse for any but religious purposes," said she, "and never borrow from it for my own use. It is sacred to the Lord. It is his purse. And I never enjoyed my money before as I do now."

Another young lady who was listening said, "I also keep two purses, and conscientiously put one-tenth of all I receive into the Lord's purse. It is not much, but I am glad to do it, and in consequence always have a little money ready for every good cause."

Ah! it is a good way—it is a right way. If you have not tried it, begin now, and learn its blessedness by your own experience.—*Christian Giver.*



MUSICAL SOUNDS OR HARMONIES.

## Victoria R. and I.

In the bloom of early girlhood, in the sweet  
spring-tide of youth,  
The time of flowers and sunshine, when un-  
known is care or ruth,  
Came Victoria to her people, laid her girlish  
plays away,  
Thought for England's weal and honour;  
loved and trusted from the day  
When she knelt before God's altar with the  
crown upon her head,  
And that beam of summer sunshine\* on the  
circlet's gold was shed  
"Happy omen!" then was whispered:  
"Happy omen!" say we now,  
Now, when fifty years have ended, since  
that ray illumed her brow.  
Fifty years, not all of sunshine, times of  
woe and cloud have been!  
She has sorrowed with her people, we have  
sorrowed with our Queen.  
In these fifty years our England has had  
times of war or peace,  
Times of peril, times of triumph, times of  
failure or increase.  
Yet, glance back through half-a-century,  
behold, on every side  
How the silver stream of knowledge has  
been spreading far and wide;  
Science, art, and education, shed their light  
throughout the land;  
Philanthropy and learning everywhere go  
hand in hand.  
Now from torrid zones to frigid stalwart  
sons call England "home,"  
Serve Victoria of "old England," plant her  
flag where'er they roam.  
England circled round the globe unites in  
jubilant refrain,  
"God bless our Queen and Empress! Long  
may Victoria reign!"

It sounds comical to hear an ordi-  
nary congregation singing, "Jesus, I  
my cross have taken, all to leave and  
follow thee!" Think of a woman with  
a silk gown on, and a stuffed bird in  
her hat, standing up, and singing,  
"Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou  
from hence my all shall be."—*Sunday-  
school Times.*

\* At the coronation the sun shone brightly down on  
the Royal group as the Queen received the Com-  
munion.

Musical Sounds or  
Harmonies.

CERTAIN sounds are agreeable to the ear, and are called musical sounds. These sounds, to make what we call music, are further dependent upon their relations to each other. Musical sounds at certain intervals produce harmony or concord, while others at different intervals cause discord. For example, two notes of the same pitch are harmonious sounds; so also are two notes one of which is an octave above the other in pitch. Less perfect harmonies are formed by the first note of a scale and the major fifth above it, or the minor fourth, or the third above. An illustration will make this principle in sound clear. Suppose you have the

string of a harp or a violin stretched so that it will give a low, musical tone. You wish to make the string sound a tone an octave higher. There are three ways of doing this. 1. If you shorten the string to one-half its sounding length, the note will become a full octave higher. 2. If the tension of the string is equal to a weight of one pound, you must increase that tension fourfold, or until it is equal to a weight of four pounds. It will then sound a note an octave above the first note, without changing the length of the string. 3. If you can split the string lengthwise into two parts, so that each part will be just one half as thick as the original string, then each half will sound a note an octave higher than before, without changing the length or the tension of the string.

The strings of a harp and a piano are of unequal lengths, and vary in accordance with the first principle. The strings of a violin are of equal length, but vary in thickness, and hence are capable of sounding different notes in accordance with the third principle. This alone would not be sufficient to give satisfactory harmonies, and hence pianos, harps, and violins are "tuned" by increasing or decreasing the tension of the strings.

1. But the process stated above would give only two notes, one an octave above the other. The intervening notes of any octave may be gained by further applying either or all of these three fundamental principles in regard to sound. If you take a string 180 lines or 15 inches long, which will give C, or the lower note of any octave, you must shorten it twenty lines, or one-ninth of its length, to get the next tone above C; 16 more lines, or one-fifth of its length, to get the third; but only 9 more lines, or to

three-fourths its first length to get the fourth note, and 15 more lines to get the fifth, and so on up the scale. Careful scientific experiments have shown that if the lower note be counted one, the relative lengths of the string for each of the notes of the ascending scale will be as follows:

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
1	$\frac{8}{9}$	$\frac{4}{5}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{5}{6}$	$\frac{8}{15}$	$\frac{1}{2}$

Hence, if you begin with a string one yard or 36 inches long, to sound the lower note, it must be 8-9 of a yard or 32 inches long to sound Re or the second note, 4-5 of a yard or 28 4-5 inches long to sound the third, or Mi, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard, or 27 inches, to sound Fa; and so on according to the fractional lengths represented above.

These figures inverted also correctly represent the relative number of vibrations made in sounding these successive tones as follows:

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
1	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{5}{4}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{5}{3}$	$\frac{15}{8}$	2

2. The vibrations of a stretched string are also in proportion to the tension. The tighter you draw a string the greater the number of its vibrations and the higher the note it will sound.

So when you see a person tuning his violin, when it sounds too low a note to be in harmony with the others, he tightens up the string; or he loosens the string when it is too high or sharp. If he wants a string to sound an octave higher than it does when he begins to tune it, —that is, make it give twice as many vibrations in a second of time, — he must tighten it until the strain on it is four times as great as at the low note.

Piano strings are made heavy and thin to aid in producing low and high notes. They are also stretched with comparatively little tension, and with great tension, as you may see when any one is tuning a piano. This further aids in securing different notes of the scale.

You can now understand why piano strings vary in size and in the material of which they are made. It also explains why some are long and some are short. The heaviest and longest string of the coarsest material and of the lightest tension will give the lowest note in the first octave because it makes the fewest vibrations per second of any of the strings in the instrument—that is, only about 64. The thinnest and shortest string of high tension gives the highest note, since it makes the greatest number of vibrations,—about 7,680 per second.

Wonderful as the numbers of these vibrations in a second seem, it is greatly surpassed by the vibrations necessary to produce the buzzing and humming sounds made by some well-known insects. The buzzing of the gnat is caused by a muscular action of the tiny insect's wings, which make the astonishing number of 15,000 vibra-

tions in a second. This would give a note two octaves higher than the highest note of a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  octave piano.

The familiar chirp of the cricket and the song of the cicada or grasshopper are the result of a still more rapid series of vibrations, while the hissing noise of some serpents has been computed to result from the almost incredible number of 24,000 vibrations in a second of time! If the Psalmist, when thinking of the wonderful works of the Creator, was forced to exclaim, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" then what feelings of awe and reverence ought such marvellous facts as these, which science in our times has revealed concerning the works of God, to excite in our minds.

## Perseverance.

YEARS ago a German boy read of the siege of Troy, and made up his mind to find the ruins of that ancient city. Troy had perished three thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. But, said the little German, "I will find it though." Though a poor lad, slaving at work until bed-time, he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He pushed on and prospered, until as a merchant he had made a fortune. Every step of this study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of labourers, and for long, long years pursued his search. At last he found Troy. His discovery was a sensation through all Europe. A short time ago the treasures of gold, silver and bronze dug out of the palace of the Trojan king were exhibited at South Kensington. For three thousand years the burned ruins of that city had lain covered with sand, and by many it was regarded only as the fabled creation of poetry, but Dr. Schliemann, at his own stunted expense, and by his own amazing enterprise, proved the discovery to the world. Think of it. A poor lad, learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in far-away deserts, sustained through a lifetime by one fixed resolution. He vowed in boyhood that he would find Troy, and he did find it. This German lad said, "Put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in hacking his way into the Temple of Fame.

Now, if we can find truth and God, if we can find "Glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life," is it not worth while, for the sake of these imperishable possessions to summon up our uttermost resolution and to pursue our aim with diligence through the swift years of our mortal pilgrimage? "They do it for a corruptible crown, but we for an incorruptible." Do it with thy might.

Write on thy heart this holy principle;  
Nobly resolve and do as thou resolvest;  
Thou shalt not die till victory crown thy brows.

## Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Rise Canadians, leal and loyal,  
Sons of leal and loyal sires,  
Also and grandly greet the Royal  
Ruler of our hearts and lyres!

Herald her across the ocean,  
Mid the universal glee,  
Loving reverence and devotion  
On her joyful Jubilee.

Greet her as the Queen of Britain,  
As the Empress of the East,  
She upon whose shields is written—  
Power by virtue is increased.

Empress, whose dominions measure  
More than Caesar could conceive,  
And whose people at their pleasure  
Wealth from wildernesses weave;

Whose renown as Queen and woman,  
Wise, sagacious, good and great,  
Rings and rolls wherever human  
Songs or sighs reverberate

While she's held the mighty sceptre,  
Ne'er by her to evil lent,  
God, the King of kings, has kept her  
People prosperous and content.

While she reigns no foe or faction  
E'er can hope to shake her throne;  
While she lives, in aim and action,  
British hearts will be her own.

Who in history can match her?  
Or to what high soul serene  
Can historians attach her  
Peerless record as a Queen?

As a woman, wife and mother—  
All that renders home divine—  
Who can point to such another  
In an earthly royal line?

Call from gracious Heaven upon her  
All that she may still require  
To maintain the Empire's honour  
Gainst revolt or foreign fire.

Nor let this be e'er forgotten,  
Mid our charges and our cheers,  
That the fields our fathers fought on—  
Fought and won—in bygone years,

With their fame in song and story,  
And the love which they allured,  
Still are ours, with all the glory  
And the greatness they secured.

This remembering, let Canadians,  
English, Irish, Scotch and all,  
Still united stand with radiance  
Though the starry heavens should fall.

While Britannia's glorious banner  
Floats supreme o'er soil and sea,  
Proud Canada's, in like manner,  
Shall forever flourish free.

Long may our loved Queen reign o'er us!  
And with loyal hearts may we  
Bravely face whate'er before us  
Till the eternal Jubilee!

HAMILTON. —William Murray.

LITTLE TOMMY has a very perverse disposition—a fact which the doctor, who was called to prescribe a course of treatment for him, recently, seems to have taken fully into account. When the doctor called, two weeks after he had told Tommy what to do in order to get well, he found the boy plainly much better. "Well, how are you, Tommy?" the doctor asked. "O, I'm all cured, now," said Tommy, with a grin. "That's very good, I'm sure." "Yes; but I didn't do a single one of the things you told me to, doctor!" "Of course you didn't. I knew you wouldn't, and that's the reason I told you to do them," said the doctor.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## VIII.

It was a bright future that seemed to spread out before us when poor Dr. Spencer died. We had so many plans, Hugh and I, for getting at every cottage in the parish, and ministering to the sick and aged, and collecting the children to teach them, and inducing the men and women to come to church. I pictured the old church full of earnest, attentive faces, such as we had seen at Gwennap Pit, drinking in the "words of this life" from Hugh's lips, and "in their eagerness and affection ready to eat the preacher," as Mr. Wesley said.

And mother there too, and father, and by-and-bye Jack—all in the old pew Sunday after Sunday, receiving help and comfort from Hugh's words.

But I must not think of it now. It is a great blessing mother does not think so badly of the Methodists as she used, or it would have been a terrible sorrow to her to know that Hugh had lost the living because the patron had heard that he had "a dangerous leaning to the Methodists."

Cousin Evelyn is especially indignant because the clergyman appointed instead of Hugh is her great uncle, the Fellow of Brazenose, who has exchanged a living in the east of London for this. She says he is a mere dry scholar, and only looks on human beings in general as a necessary but very objectionable interruption to books.

Men and women, she says, begin to be interesting to him when they have been dead about one thousand years, and his sermons will probably be either elementary treatises on the impropriety and danger of stealing and resisting magistrates, or acute dissections of the controversies of the ante-Nicene centuries, which Betty will have to apply as best she can.

Hugh told me first of this appointment when we were alone. We had walked to our own dear old cave; and as we paced up and down there, Hugh told me of the change which makes all our future uncertain, and of his desire to go as an evangelist to America.

I have told Evelyn. She talks beautifully of the wonderful joy of teaching the truth that makes the heart free to the poor slaves in the West Indies, and of preaching the life-giving Gospel to the American colonists, who have never, perhaps, heard of it except as a faint echo of what their forefathers were taught. There are scarcely twenty clergymen, she says, in all the southern colonies, and many of those are men who have taken refuge there because their characters were too bad for them to remain in England any longer. And then, she says, there are the convicts working out their sentences beside the negroes in the plantations.

"How they must want the consolation of the truth," she said; "and what a glorious destiny to carry it to them!"

I have told mother Hugh's purpose to become a missionary, and she is not displeased. She says she has often wondered how it was that the kingdom of Christ has not seemed to spread for so many years; that it should be limited to one quarter of the world when all the rest are still lying in darkness. She even said that she would have thought it her greatest glory that a son of hers should have gone on such an errand to the outcasts, and wretched, and lost.

Cousin Evelyn has been urging much that we should all return with her to London. She says dear mother has a very delicate and suffering look, and she feels sure that some of the learned physicians Aunt Beauchamp knows could restore her to health, since there seems to be nothing dangerous the matter. Moreover, change of air, she says, works wonders, especially with a little troublesome, unconquerable cough, such as mother has.

Betty, on the other hand, is very much opposed to the move. She says it is a plain flying in the face of Providence. The Almighty, she says, knows what is the matter with Missis, and he can cure her if she is to be cured; and if not, all the journeys, from one end of the world to the other, will do nothing but wear out her strength the sooner. Least of all should she expect any good thing to come out of London, which she considers a very wicked place, where people dress in purple and scarlet, and fare sumptuously every day.

She knows, indeed, sure enough (this in answer to my humble remonstrances), that we are to "use the means;" but she will never believe that it is using the means to fly all over the country, like anything mazed, after the doctors. There is peppermint and horehound, and a sight more wholesome herbs, which the Almighty has set at our doors; and there's a doctor at Falmouth who has bled, leeches, and blistered all the folks for fifty years, and if the folks haven't all got better, there's some folks that never will get better, if you bled and blistered them forever. She says, also, that there is plenty against doctors in the Bible, and nothing for them that ever she saw. King Asa got no good by seeking after them; and the poor, foolish woman, in the Gospels, spent all her living on them, and was nothing better, but rather worse. She hopes it may not be the same with Missis; although if it were, she adds significantly, it is not Missis she should blame, poor, dear, easy soul!

Nevertheless, Evelyn has carried her point, and in a week we are to start.

To-day Hugh and I went to bid Widow Trellry good-bye. She was out; but we found Toby cowering over the fire in much the same hope-

less attitude as Evelyn and I had found his mother. He had been to the justices, he said, and given up the purse, but he was no better.

"Master Hugh," he said, in a hollow, dry voice, which made me think of the words, "All my moisture is turned into the drought of summer;" "Master Hugh! I do believe that poor hand that clutched the purse was dead! They say dead hands do clutch fast like that; but yet, I'd give the world to have that poor lad's body on the sands again, just to bring it up to the fire and chafe it, as mother did father's, when he was brought home drowned. All her chafing and wailing never brought father's eyes to open again; and t' mightn't that poor lad's. Oh, Master Hugh! the devils may say what they will, but I do think it wouldn't. But, oh, I'd give the world to try."

"Toby," said Hugh, very gently, stooping down, taking both his hands, so that his face was uncovered, and he looked up—"Toby, you will never see that poor lad's face on the sands again."

"Don't I know that, Master Hugh!" said Toby, with almost a sob of agony.

"Suppose that poor lad *was* not quite dead," Hugh continued, "and you *might* have brought him to life, what would your crime be?"

"Oh, don't make me say the word, Master Hugh," said the poor fellow. "I can't, I can't, though the devils seem yelling it in my ears all night."

"It would have been *murder!*" said Hugh, very distinctly and slowly, in a solemn tone.

Toby trembled in every limb, his eyes were fixed, and he opened his lips, but could not bring out a word. Convulsively he sought to pull his hands from Hugh's grasp, as if to hide his face from our gaze; but Hugh held him fast, and he looked at him with steadfast, kind eyes.

"It would have been murder," he repeated; "but there is pardon even for murder. The thief on the cross had committed murder, I have no doubt, for he felt crucifixion no more than he deserved. King David had committed murder, and meant to do it. Listen how David prayed when he felt as you do."

And Hugh repeated the 51st Psalm. As he spoke, the fixed look passed from Toby's face. He was listening, the words were penetrating. When Hugh came to the verse, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," he said, "The hyssop was an herb with which the blood of the slain sacrifices was sprinkled on the guilty. That prayer is clearer to us, Toby, than it was to King David; for since then the Lord Jesus has really offered himself up for us, and his blood cleanseth us from *all* sin, and cleanses us whiter than snow, so that we may start afresh once more." And then he repeated on to the end of the psalm.

"There is forgiveness, you see, even for murder. Suppose it possible that the tempter is right, Toby, in whispering that terrible word to your conscience, yet he is not right when he says 'there is no forgiveness for you.' That is the lie with which he is seeking to murder your soul. You must meet whatever terrible truth he says by laying your heart open to God and confessing all to him; and you must meet the devil, lie with the truth, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' There is nothing else that can; and I am sure if you do this the devil will flee, and you will overcome and be saved."

We knelt down and prayed together, and as we rose Toby gasped out, "God bless you, Master Hugh! You do think that there is hope!"

Before we went, Hugh found Widow Trellis's prayer-book, and set Toby to learn the fifty-first Psalm. When we left he was sitting toiling at it, spelling it over as if it had been a letter fresh from heaven for him.

"I hope I was not abrupt and harsh," he said, as we walked home, "but I felt the poor fellow's anguish was too real to be lightly cured, that the only chance was to probe it to the bottom. It is a blessing for Toby that reading is such hard work for him. Every verse he reads costs him more labour than carrying a heavy load up from the shore. The work will bring calm to his poor, bewildered mind, so that he will better be able to estimate what his sin really is. And the words, I do trust, will bring peace to his poor, tossed heart."

A letter has come at last from Jack. It is short, and full of the most exuberant spirits. He has been in one or two skirmishes, which he describes at some length. He is only longing for a battle. Hitherto his adventures have only brought him a scratch or two, a little glory, and some friends. He mentions one or two young noblemen as his intimate companions, at whose names Evelyn looked doubtful. She says they had the reputation in London of being very wild, and one of them is a notorious gambler. He finds his pay, he says, very nearly sufficient so far, with prudence, and the kind *parting gifts* he received at home. A young officer, he says, and the son of an old Cornish house, must not be outdone by upstart fellows, the sons of cockney tradesmen; and if he is now and then a little behindhand, some good luck is sure to soon fall in his way, and set all right.

He has not yet made his fortune. But there are yet cities to be won; and after all, he remarks, there are nobler aims in life than to make fortunes. In a postscript he adds,—

"Tell Kitty that some of her friends the Methodists have found their way to Flanders. Some of those fellows have actually hired a room, where they preach and sing psalms, and make loud, if not 'long' prayers, to their hearts' content. They are, of

course, laughed at unmercifully, and get pretty rough usage from their comrades, which they receive as their portion of martyrdom, due to them by apostolic succession, and seem rather to glory in. But we must give even the devil his due, and I must say that one or two of the best officers we have, and our colonel among them, will not have them reviled. Our colonel made quite a sermon the other day to some young ensigns who were jeering at a Methodist serjeant. 'Keep your jests till you have smelt as much powder and shot as he has,' said the colonel; and, as we were turning away, he continued, 'At Maestricht I saw one of them (poor Stamford) shot fatally through the leg. He had been a ring-leader in vice before he became a Methodist, and as his friend was carrying him away (for they stick to each other like brothers), the poor, dying fellow uttered not a groan, but said only, "Stand fast in the Lord." And I have heard them, when wounded, cry out, "I am going to my Saviour!" or, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" When Clements, one of their preachers, had his arm shot off, he would not leave the battle—he said, "No, I have another arm to hold my sword; I will not go yet." When a second shot broke his other arm, he said, "I am as happy as I can be out of Paradise." I saw the preacher, John Evans, laid across a cannon to die, both his legs having been shot off; and I heard him praising God, and calling on all to love him, till he could speak no more. I call that a brave death for any man. Indeed,' said the colonel, 'it might be better for all of us if we were more like them. Drinking and dicing may be very gentlemanly amusements, but they don't make quite so good a preparation for a battle or an hospital-bed as the psalm-singing and preaching—you despise. At least,' he added, rather sarcastically, 'not for privates and non-commissioned officers. It is easier, at all events, to collect the men from the meeting-house than from the tavern, and on the whole, their hands are steadier. But, however that may be, in my regiment I choose to have religious liberty.' And," concluded Jack, "some of the young officers went away looking rather foolish, for there had been a little difficulty in our last affair in collecting officers who were sober enough to lead the men. And we all know our colonel is not a man to be trifled with."

"I am glad Jack has such a commanding officer," said father; "but as to those Methodists, Kitty, they seem to overrun the world, like locusts."

Our journey to London was like a holiday trip all the way after Aunt Beauchamp's coach met us at Plymouth. Two old servants had been sent on horseback to guard us from the dangers of the way; and two Flemish cart-horses were added to the four sleek carriage-horses to pull our massive machine up the Devonshire hills, or out of the deep ruts in the

miry roads through the marshy grounds of Somersetshire. In addition to our escort, Hugh rode beside us armed with two pistols; and father, inside the coach with us, carried a loaded cavalry pistol, so that we could have opposed a formidable front even to a combined attack of mounted highwaymen. We met, however, with no adventure beyond being once or twice nearly "stugged," as Roger would say, in the mud, and once or twice missing our way, and being belated on the moors.

Mother's conscience was rather disturbed by the pomp in which we travelled, especially when the landlords and landladies came bowing and curtsying to receive her "ladyship's orders."

"Kitty, my dear," she said, "I really think I ought to tell them that this is not our coach. I feel like an impostor."

She was consoled, however, by the reflection that but for a few accidents as to priority of birth, father might have been riding, by his own right, in a coach quite as magnificent; wherefore, for his sake, she abstained from such confessions.

We did not enter the city till midnight, by which time the street lamps are all extinguished; so that we plunged into deep puddles and ruts, in spite of our huge coach lanterns and two volunteer link boys, who terrified mother by flaring their torches at the windows. Once or twice her terrors were increased by encountering some noisy parties of gentlemen returning drunk from various entertainments, and showing their valour by knocking down the poor old watchmen, or wrenching off the street-knockers. One of these parties actually surrounded our coach, armed with pistols, bludgeons, and cutlasses, with hideous yells and demoniacal laughter, when father (Hugh having left us), taking them for highwaymen, presented his cavalry pistols, with some very strong military denunciations, at the head of one, demanding to know their names, whereupon the whole company decamped, leaving father in great wrath at the constables, the King's ministers, and the whole "sluggish Hanoverian dynasty."

At length we arrived at Great Ormond Street, to mother's unspeakable relief. She recommended me to add to my devotions selections from the Form of Thanksgiving after a storm, with that after Victory or Deliverance from an Enemy; "for certainly, Kitty, my dear," she said, "at one time I thought we were in the jaws of death, and gave all for lost—our goods and even our lives. And now being in safety, we must give all praise to him who has delivered us."

I do not find the household in Great Ormond Street the same as when I left. Evelyn has more to suffer at home than she ever hinted at to me; not, indeed, exactly persecution, but little daily annoyances, which are

harder to bear—those little nameless irritations which seem to settle like flies on any creature that is patient and quiet, as Evelyn certainly is.

Poor Aunt Beauchamp has become fretful and irritable, and keeps up a continual gentle wail against Evelyn and her eccentricities. Cousin Harry, from his masculine heights of the race-course and the gaming-table, treats her "Methodism" with a lofty superiority as a feminine peculiarity.

Uncle Beauchamp alternately storms and laments. He had absolutely forbidden her attending any of those "canting conventicles," as he calls the preachings at Lady Huntingdon's, the Tabernacle, or the Foundry. Moreover, he actually made an *auto-da-fé* of all her religious books. But this Evelyn considers to have been, rather a help than a hindrance, as at the particular time when her further acquaintance with this literature was arrested, it was falling deep into fiery controversies concerning the Calvinistic and Arminian doctrines; and she says she finds it more profitable to draw the water of life from the source before the parting of the streams. By the time the streams are open to her again, she hopes they will have met once more, and each have left its own deposit of mud behind.

But, although I have seen her face flush and her lip quiver often at many an unjust and bitter word, she will by no means be pitied.

"I am so sorry for you all," I ventured to say to her one day; "I wish you understood each other. You have many things to suffer, dear Evelyn."

"I am no martyr, Cousin Kitty," she replied, with something of her old scornfulness, though it was turned on herself; "and please do not try to persuade me I am. Half my troubles are, no doubt, brought on by my own wilfulness, or want of tact; and the other half are not worth calling troubles at all. I think we sometimes miss the meaning and the good of little trials, by giving them too long names. We bring a fire-engine to extinguish a candle; and the candle probably burns on, while we are drenched in our own shower. We take a sword to extract a thorn, and drive it further in. But, oh, Kitty," she said, her whole countenance suddenly changing into an expression almost of anguish, "what miserable selfishness to talk of my burdens! Think of the void, the pangs of those who are dying from the hunger of their hearts for God, and will not call it hunger, but 'sensibility,' or 'repressed gout,' or 'the restlessness of youth,' or 'the irritability of old age,' or 'the inevitable worries of life,' or anything but that great hunger of the souls God created for himself, which proves their immortality, and proves their ruin, and might lead them to him to be satisfied. How can I to help them to find it out?"

(To be continued.)

**Weaving.**

Yes, I'm a weaver, and each day,  
The threads of life I spin,  
And be the colours what they may,  
I still must weave them in

With morning light then comes the thought,  
As I my task begin  
My Lord to me new threads has brought,  
And bids me "weave them in.

Sometimes he gives me threads of gold,  
To brighten up the day;  
Then sombre tints, so bleak and cold,  
That change the gold to gray

His love, alas! I oft forget  
When these dark threads I spin,  
That cause me grief and pain, but yet  
He bids me "weave them in

And so my shuttle swiftly flies,  
With threads both gold and gray;  
And on I toil till daylight dies,  
And fades in night away.

Oh, when my day of toil is o'er,  
And I shall cease to spin,  
He'll open wide my Father's door,  
And bid me rest within.

Then, safe at home in heavenly light,  
How clearly I shall see  
That every thread, the dark, the bright,  
"Each one had need to be!"

S. L. Cuthbert.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON VIII. [August 21  
JESUS AND THE LAW

Matt. 5: 17-26. Memory verses, 17-19  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. Matt. 5: 17

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Old Law.
2. The New Law.

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

EXPLANATIONS.—*To destroy*—Some feared (and others hoped), that Jesus would at once abolish the laws and customs of the Old Testament, and establish others. *The law, or the prophets*—A general name for the Old Testament Scriptures. *Fulfil*—To obey the law, to accomplish the prophecies, and to unfold the meaning of the word. *Verily*—Truly. *Our jot*—The smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet is a very little letter. It is now called *guth*, the *th* being sounded like *th* in *thou*. It was probably called *jot*, when this translation was made. *Title*—A synonym for the other expression. *Title* is defined in the English dictionary as a "small particle." The whole is a very strong pledge that God's word shall be fulfilled. *Let commandments*—That which seems to be of small account in God's word. *Teach men*—By example and by word. *Least in the King's dam*—The violator of the least shall himself be least. *Your righteousness*—Your standard of character, to which you try to attain. *Exceed*—The Pharisees aimed for an outward obedience, the Christian must aim for an inward obedience, of the heart. *Them of old time*—The ancient explainers of the law. *Danger of the judgment*—Of trial before the court of law. *But I say*—Christ's authority is higher than that of the teachers. *Angry*—Anger is the source out of which murder springs. *With his brother*—All men are considered brothers. *The judgments*—Not of man, but of God. *Raca*—A word meaning "blockhead." *The council*—A higher court than the one of "judgment"; meaning, that angry words deserve heavier punishment than angry thoughts. *Thou fool*—The word here implies a charge of wickedness and disbelief in God. *Danger of hell fire*—Of eternal death. *Gift to the altar*—With purpose of worship. *ught against thee*—A just complaint for a real wrong, or, perhaps a feeling that may not have had just foundation. *Leave thee thy gift*—Do not try to

worship God while any one has cause of complaint against you. Reconciliation with men before acceptable service. *Thine adversary*—One with whom you have a quarrel. *In the way*—Without waiting for the decision of the law court. *To the officer*—The sheriff or officer in charge of prisoners. *Farthing*—A piece of money worth not quite half a cent.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Old Law.*  
What is meant by the phrase in ver. 17, "The law, or the prophets"?  
Who was the author of the old law?  
What was Christ's purpose concerning the law of Moses?  
How does he show in the verse we are studying that he was not a destroyer?  
How important does he make even the least offence against law?  
What text of Moses' law does this lesson use as a text for a short sermon?  
In what way did Christ rebuke the formalism which kept the letter but not the spirit of the law?  
How could his hearers' righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees?
2. *The New Law.*  
How was Christ the fulfiller of the law?  
In what does Christ make the crime of *lolling* to consist?  
Who is my brother?  
What does Jesus make the great law of acceptability with God?  
What precept for conduct between men who have differences with each other?  
What would be the condition of society if the principles of this new law were observed?  
What should be the one universal condition of the Christian Church?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Christ fulfilled the law. He kept it. Christ fulfilled the law. He showed how others could keep it. If there was no anger, there would be no murder. What! call a man with a soul, a creation of God, Raca? Fool? Do not try to pray with hate, or rancor, or unpleasant memory in your heart. The world says for broken law, punish till full reparation is made. What does the law of God say? See Matt. 25: 46.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. In this lesson is expressed a purpose is recorded a promise: is written a law: is stated the condition of heirship in heaven. Find them.
2. Study all the references in Lesson Book to other Scriptures, for light on this teaching.
3. Make an application of the rules for conduct here given to your own self. No one need know it but write down just where this lesson would touch you: then look carefully at what you have written. Then act.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The law of God.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

10. What was the humiliation of God?  
He was made man, and lived a life of poverty, suffering, and neglect.  
Isaiah liii. 3; Philippians ii. 7; Matthew xx. 28.

A. D. 28] LESSON IX. [August 28  
PIETY WITHOUT DISPLAY.

Matt. 6: 1-15. Memory verses, 7-15.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16: 7.

**OUTLINE.**

1. False Prayer.
2. True Prayer.

TIME, PLACE, RULES, CIRCUMSTANCES.—Same as in the last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The first part of the Sermon on the Mount is taken up with an exposition of God's law as given by Moses, and might be called a series of rules for public Christian living. Jesus now passes to the effects of the law in private character, and gives a set of rules pertaining thereto.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Alms*—Acts of generous kindness to the poor. Almsgiving is one of the three principal characteristics of a Christian life spoken of in this chapter. *Before men*—Ostentatiously, simply to attract attention. *Do not sound a trumpet*—Not a literal trumpet blowing, but giving with so much noise and bluster as to make men know it

simply by the noise. *As the hypocrites*—The word means originally *one who answers back*. It came to be used only of speakers in dialogues, and finally of actors in dramatic performance. Jesus meant to call the religiousists of his day simply pretenders. *In the synagogues*—Buildings for religious public service, at this time very common in Palestine. *In the corners of the streets*—When the hour for prayer came, a Jew would pray wherever he was. The hypocrites of the day would take care to plan their movements so that they would be over taken at the street corners, and so they would be seen *into thy closet*—The special place for prayer in a Jew's house was a little room on the housetop. But figuratively it means pray in quiet seclusion from the world. *Faint repetitions*—A common practice to-day among the heathen, saying over and over again certain forms of words which mean nothing, when so used. *Hallowed be thy name*—That is, let God's name be held in highest reverence in the world.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *False Prayer.*  
What is prayer.  
Of what is prayer an index.  
What state of mind is suggested by the man pictured in ver. 1-4?  
What would be the whole object of prayer offered by such men?  
What custom of Oriental peoples is pictured in ver. 5?  
How does reward come to such prayer?  
What makes prayer a necessity or desirable?  
Why, then, did Jesus say, "your Father knoweth," etc.?  
What are the characteristics here given of false prayer?
  2. *True Prayer.*  
Did our Lord mean that men were only to pray in the words which he here gives?  
What direction of his own would be broken by so doing?  
What does "after this manner therefore pray" mean?  
What should be the uppermost desire of the Christian believer?  
What three petitions are men taught to make for themselves?  
What sentiment of the last lesson is repeated in this? Compare chap. 5: 23, 24, and 6: 14, 15.  
How does the spirit of this prayer differ from the spirit of the hypocrite's prayer?
- PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**
- There is such a thing as false prayer. But we should not, therefore, distrust all prayer. God is the judge of prayer, not we. This is not a lesson against almsgiving, or church going, or public prayer. It is a lesson against hypocrisy. "When thou dost alms," implies that, of course, you pray. Every one ought to have a quiet place for private prayer. Every one who has it, ought daily to enter it.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Here are three principles for almsgiving. Find them.
2. Read Matt. 23: 13-36, for a description of hypocrites.
3. Find in the Book of Luke an example given by Jesus of a false prayer, and of a true prayer.
4. Take the first chapter of Nehemiah and see if you can analyze it, so that the same elements may be found as are here in the Lord's Prayer.
5. Seek the help of the Spirit to understand this lesson. Pray that you may know how to pray. Luther said, "Beu orasse est bene studuisse," to have prayed well is to have studied well.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Prayer.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

11. What lessons does this teach us?  
The high honour put upon human nature, and the great virtue of humility.

MAMA. "Now, Ellie, I am going to allow you to sit at the table with all the company; but you must not forget to be polite, and say, 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'" Ellie, (with an unlimited capacity for dinner) "All right, ma; but I don't think I shall have to say, 'No, thank you.'"

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