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HOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROBERT SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1887.

[No. 10.]

Iona, Staffa, and Fingal's Cave.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE south-western isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations of any part of Great Britain. The little steamer *Iona* leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the river Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land

whose quiet "God's-acre" sleeps the dust of "Highland Mary," the object of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

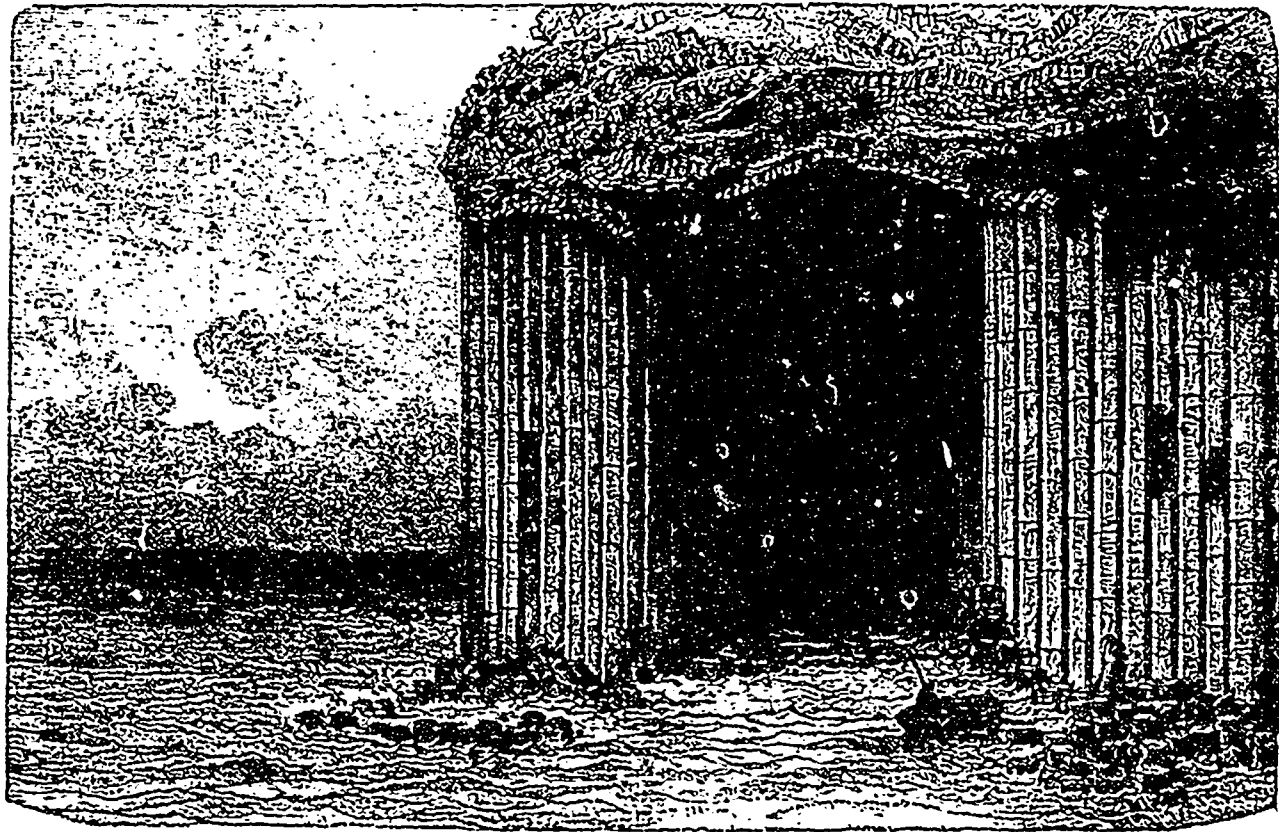
We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the cliffs rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked lake. Crossing Loch Fyne, we enter Crinan Canal, which saves a *detour* of seventy miles around the

burned for long ages the beacon fire of the Christian faith, when pagan darkness enveloped all around.

Among the wild mountains of Donegal, in Ireland, early in the sixth century, was born a child of royal race, destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity to Scotland, and the patron saint of that land, till he was superseded by St. Andrew. This boy was Colum, or

pillow. The sea-girt isle became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the transcription of MS. copies of the Scriptures.

The pious Culdees, as these missionaries were called, in their frail osier



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

which throng the busy port. On the north shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilpatrick, the reputed birth-place of the patron saint of Ireland. According to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Saints. Satan, enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive. If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dumbarton Rock, crowned with its lofty castle, 560 feet in air. To the left is the Port of Greenock, in

Mull of Cantyre, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and crags, we glide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban.

From Oban, a staunch little seaworthy steamer—for the passage is often very rough—conveys one around the rugged island of Mull, calling at Iona's holy isle, and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill, the Isle of St. Columba's cell—is very small, only two miles and a half in length, by one in breadth—but here

Columba, who in his youth had a passion for borrowing from the convent founded by St. Patrick, and copying manuscripts of the Gospel and Psalms. When grown to man's estate, in fulfilment of a vow, he became a missionary to the pagan Picts and Scots. With twelve companions, in skin-covered osier boats, he reached Iona's lonely isle, amid the surges of the melancholy main. Here he reared his monasteries of wattled huts; his chapel, refectory, cow byres, and grange. The bare ground was their bed, and a stone their

barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda; to the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands; and even to Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic books, bells, and crosses, have been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.

The island has no harbour, and only one very rude pier; visitors, therefore,

must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fisher-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising 70 feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying-place of St. Columba himself. "That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, amid an archipelago of sister islands.

The island rises at its highest point 144 feet above the sea. It is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The entire facade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honey-combed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave, the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof 30 feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

Wayfarers.

[The story connected with the following touching lines, whose author is not known, adds new beauty to their tender pathos. A few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-three, there died in Boston a Christian man who for three years before his death had read the following verses to his aged wife every evening after family prayers before retiring. One of the wayfarers has reached home; the "tired feet" of the other are nearing the same blessed country.]

"The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But, oh, my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come,
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling—
So tired the tender feet!
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!

For lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We've lost the flowers we gathered
So early in the morn!
And on we go with empty hands,
And garments soiled and worn.
But oh! the great All-Father
Will out to meet us come,
And rarer flowers and whiter robes
There wait for us at home.

Art cold, my love, and famished?
Are faint and sore, athirst?
Be patient yet a little while!
And joyous as at first!
For oh, the sun sets never
Within the land of bloom,
And thou shalt eat the bread of life,
And drink life's wine, at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkening shadows creep!
But oh, my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set
We two are going home.

—Advance.

The Distiller and His Son.

IN the first year of my ministry there occurred an incident within the bounds of my congregation which a half-century has failed to efface from my memory. At that early day the cause of temperance was gradually spreading its influence through our country, and we thought it well to organize a temperance society in our community. In my congregation there was a gentleman thirty-one years of age, of more than ordinary intelligence and business activity. It was desirable that he should join our new society, and I did my best to bring him to that point, but without success. On one occasion, when trying to persuade him to connect himself with the temperance movement, he said to me, "I never expect to be a member of a temperance society, and yet I rejoice at their existence. Not on my own account, but for the sake of that boy;" pointing to his little son of four years. "When he has grown to manhood he will be under better influences than those which have surrounded his father. He will have temperance men for his companions—drinking usages will then have ceased."

I replied in most serious tones, "Mr. S—, whatever effect temperance societies may have on the community at large, one thing is certain, which is that the destiny of *your little son* is in *your hands* more than with all others; that such is your influence on that boy that it may well be expected that his future will be shaped by *you*, more than by the whole outside world."

I regret that my words were too prophetic! In about two years after the above-mentioned interview I was called to bury that dear boy. He was burned to death! His father had a small distillery on his farm. One evening, while engaged in removing some apple-brandy from the "receiver"

into a cask, the boy standing by with lighted candle, the liquor was ignited, an explosion followed, and both father and son were covered with flames! The father was taken to his bed, and slowly recovered after weeks of suffering. But where was the son, who was to live and grow up under the happy influence of a temperance community! where was *he*? On the day of the funeral, as I entered the chamber of the suffering father, he turned his face to the wall, and raising his wounded hand as if to shun my sad look, he exclaimed in agony, "Oh, I know what you are going to say!"

Too Late.

A story is told as authentic of a young man in the Highlands of Scotland who became a drunkard, a gambler, and in the expressive Scotch phrase, "a ne'er-do-weel." His father owned a small farm which had been in the family for two hundred years. But to save Jock from the consequences of his misdoings, he was obliged to mortgage it, far beyond the possibility of redemption.

The old man sunk under the disgrace and misery, and died, leaving his wife, two or three children, and worthless Jock. But the shock of his death brought the boy to his senses. He forswore cards and whiskey, came home, and turned into hard work. He toiled steadily for years. At last his mother was "struck with death."

Jock, now a middle-aged, grizzled farmer, stern and grave, was sent for in haste. He stood in silence by her death-bed a moment, and then broke forth: "Mither! mither! gin ye see feyther there, tell him the farm's our own agen. An' it's a' recht wi' me!"

The story reminds us of Doctor Johnson, who came when he was an old man of seventy to stand in the market-place of Uttoxeter, his gray head bare to the pelting rain, in bitter remembrance of some act of disobedience to his father on that spot when he was a boy.

But of what avail are these tears or acts of atonement when the old father or mother whom we have hurt and slighted so cruelly is dead? Do they see? Do they forgive? Who can say?

"It is only," said a mother lately, "since my own children speak to me with rudeness and contempt that I understand how great the debt was which I owed to my own mother, and how poorly I paid it."

Many a gay girl who reads these words, who treats her mother as a member of the family who does the work of a servant without a servant's wages, or a lad who flings about the money which his old father is fast spending his feeble life to earn, will waken some day to utter their remorse in an exceeding bitter cry; to which, alas, there can come no answer!—*Youth's Companion.*

The Weary Curse of Rum.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

We hear, until our hearts grow dumb,
Of all the ruin wrought by rum;
Men plead in prayer and speech and song
Against this endless, world-wide wrong,
While from ten thousand wretched homes
A ceaseless wail of sorrow comes,
Where husbands, fathers, children, wives
Weep o'er dishonoured, blighted lives,
Or gather round the hopeless graves
Where lie entombed rum's ruined slaves—
A sad, funereal, endless train,
Who mourn their dead as doubly slain.
What curse in all this world of woes
So wide and deep a shadow throws?
What plague so dire pervades the earth
As that which has from rum its birth?
War, famine, pestilence—a train
Of triple plagues—have never slain,
Through all the woeful ages past,
A multitude of men so vast
As that which makes the total sum
Of those who've lost their lives by rum.
Those plagues but steal man's mortal breath,
This smites him with the "second death";
Those make the body's grave their goal,
This kills the body and the soul;
Those stay where once the victim fell,
This digs his grave as deep as hell;
Those leave beyond all harm and loss
A place for mercy's healing cross;
This for the man who by it fell
No object but the drunkard's hell.
O men who love our human kind!
Are ye so careless or so blind
That ye will shield by voice and vote
This monster at the nation's throat,
And give him still a stronger hold,
All for the cursed love of gold?
O justice! canst thou bend thy bow
From storm-clouds o'er this scene of woe
And stay thy bolts nor smite the wrong
For human hands too old and strong?
O thou who rulest over all!
And hearest where'er thy children call,
Come to our rescue, Father, come,
And stay this blighting curse of rum!
—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A Startling Fact.

I KNEW a gentleman who married a sweet and lovely girl. She was very devoted to him, and when she discovered his dissipated habits, she endeavoured to shield him. When he stayed out at night, she would send the servants to bed, while she waited and watched for him; and then, in her night-dress and a pair of slippers on her feet, she would glide down very gently and let him in.

One night he came home late. The servants were in bed. The house had a front door, then a marble vestibule, and then an inner door. She opened the one, stepped upon the cold marble, and opened the outer door. The drunken husband entered, seized her by the shoulders, swung her round, opened the inner door, quickly passed through, and locked it before his wife could enter. She would not speak or cry out, lest she should disgrace her husband before the servants.

In the morning she was found with her night-dress drawn under her feet, crouching in the corner, almost chilled to death. On her death-bed, she told her father all about it, or the circumstances would never have been known. There is much that is never known, as well as a vast amount of misery and degradation that does crop out, and which is startling in its reality.

Strength for To-Day.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such grave and sad persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ill
That as yet has no existence.

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labour,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbour.

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not;
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,
In their search for light, may fail not.

Strength for to-day—on the down-hill track,
For the travellers near the valley,
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to set of sun
On a sure and strong foundation.

Strength for to-day—in house and home
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

A Touching Picture.

WHEN the case of Mary Silk was called in Justice C. J. White's court the most interested spectators were a little boy of seven years old and a girl a year or two older. The woman had been disorderly, and was fined \$10 and costs. The boy stepped up to an officer and asked: "What are they going to do with my mamma?" I am afraid they will have to send her to the Bridewell unless you can raise \$11 to pay her fine," was the response. The boy looked up at him a moment, while his under lip quivered and his eyes grew moist; then, with an air of determination, said: "Come on, Hattie, we'll get the money." A few hours later the lad came back to the station and stood in front of the desk serjeant, twirling his hat in his hand. His head just came above the desk, "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" "Please, sir, I came to see if I couldn't get my mother out of jail," replied the urchin, as two big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I've got \$2.60 which was given to me; please take it and let me go in mamma's place. I can't work as hard, but I'll stay longer." With this the little fellow broke down and commenced to sob. "Don't cry, my lad," said bailiff Kelley, who had overheard the conversation; "I'll not send your mother to Bridewell. I'd pay ten lines myself first." The officers of the station became interested in the boy's manly bearing and his efforts to get his mother released. Justice C. J. White was seen, and he consented to suspend the fine. The children were taken down to their mother, who was told how they had tried to beg the money to pay for her release. It was

the one touch of nature, and mother, children, and officers held a little jubilee in the station. "A woman with such children as yours ought not to be here," said the bailiff. "No," was the sobbing answer, "and she never will be again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

His Bible Saved His Life.

SAMUEL PROCTOR was a soldier in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and took part in the terrible scenes of Waterloo. He had received religious impressions in early life, and these were deepened in after years, so that he became identified with the few pious men of the regiment who met for devotional purposes. He always carried his Bible in his trousers pocket on one side, and his hymn-book on the other. In the evening of the 16th of June, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a certain wood, from which they greatly annoyed the Allies. While so engaged he was struck on one hip with such force that he was thrown some four or five yards. As he was not wounded he was at a loss to explain the cause. But when he came to examine his Bible, he found that a musket ball had struck him just where the Bible rested in his pocket, penetrating nearly half through the sacred book. All who saw the ball said it must have killed him but for the Bible, which thus literally served as a shield. He was filled with gratitude to his Preserver, and ever kept the Bible in his house, as David laid up the sword of Goliath, as a memorial. He used to say, "The Bible has twice saved me instrumentally: first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."—*The Quiver for April.*

Beyond.

NEVER a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait—
The silent nudes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the hero is over there;
For the common deeds of a common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.
—Henry Burton.

METHOD and dispatch govern the world.

THERE is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it, mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

Interesting Facts.

Keys were originally made of wood; and the earliest form was a simple crook similar to the common picklock. The ancient keys are formed of bronze, and are of remarkable shape, the shaft terminating on one side by the wards, on the other by a ring. Keys of this description were presented by husbands to wives, and were returned again upon divorce or separation.

Hats were first made by a Swiss at Paris, in 1401. They are mentioned in history at the period when Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1449. He wore a hat lined with red velvet and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. It is from his reign that hats and caps are dated, which henceforth began to take the place of chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France. Previous to the year 1510 the men and women of England wore close-knit woollen caps.

A Woman's Work.

A FEW weeks since, I received a visit from my old co-worker during the war, the veteran army nurse, "Mother Bickerdyke." She had spent the rainy day in searching for an old soldier, who for the last ten years has lived dissolutely, in Boston. She had visited police courts, jails and houses of correction, and was wet, weary and depressed. I remonstrated: "My dear friend, why do you, an old woman at the age of seventy-three, waste yourself on such a worthless fellow as B—?" Turning to me with a flash of her blue eyes, and a straightening of the curves of her yet beautiful mouth, she gave me this rebuke: "Mary Livermore, I have a commission from the Lord God Almighty to do all I can for every miserable creature who comes in my way. He's always sure of two friends—God and me!" What if this spirit dwelt in all of us.

By This Conquer.

IN the year 312 A.D., Constantine, a Roman officer, was marching with his army toward Rome for the purpose of making himself master of the Roman empire.

Suddenly he beheld a luminous cross in the sky, upon which was written, "By this conquer." From this time Constantine became a Christian. He went in the faith of that cross, and overcame Maxentius, who opposed him. At that time the people of Rome persecuted Christians; but when, afterward, Constantine became emperor of Rome, he protected the Christians, and in 324 A.D. made Christianity the state religion.

Although Constantine professed to be a Christian, yet he was one in theory more than in practice. He no doubt did many things which Christians nowadays would not deem right. But children, and especially young Christians, may learn a lesson from Con-

stantine's vision. Whatever may be your trouble, your temptation, your weakness, conquer it by the cross of Christ. It is a sure stay. I know to what peculiar temptations young Christians are exposed; but the cross is sufficient for all these. The scorn of friends, the taunts of enemies, the struggles of passion, are warded off, and fall harmless at the foot of the cross.

No wonder Paul said, "I glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" He had tried it; and at the end of a long life of persecution and trial, of labour and anxiety, he could triumphantly say, "My glory is in the cross of Christ," because his trust had been in the same cross.

Think more of the cross, read of it, trust in it, and in the end you may rejoice in it.

Dandelion.

A DANDELION in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips
yellow;
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,
To catch the first sweet breath of coming
day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait
Until the long, cool night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,
I paused beside this tiny, bright
flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he
could,
The secret of his joy through sun and
shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said:
"I know the sun is somewhere, shining
clear;
And when I cannot see him overhead,
I try to be a little sun, right here."
—St. Nicholas.

THE *Quiver for April* publishes for the first time a sermon delivered by the Rev. Wm. Jay, in Argyle chapel, Bath, on the accession of Queen Victoria, July 9th., 1837. The text of this sermon was an appropriate one, taken from Isaiah, "As for my people, children are their oppressors and woman only over them." A portrait of Queen Victoria taken in 1837 is given. "The History of Sabatai Sevi," the pretended Messiah in the reign of Charles the Second is given. "Some Curious Pulpits," describes with pen and pencil some beautiful and some quaint old pulpits of England. Cassell & Company, 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year.

THE heart gets weary, but never gets old.

You can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.

WE have no need to search other continents for work, while a neighbour's child is ill for want of food, or a brother or a sister unhelped in our own house. God does not send us out on distant duties, while pressing ones are left at home undone.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colours in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled:
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet,
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

A Protecting Providence.

It will not be difficult to mention cases in which eminent individuals have been preserved from danger and death by the manifest hand of Providence.

John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, had many enemies, who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, he would neither occupy his accustomed seat nor allow anybody else to do so. That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair which he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

It is related of Augustine that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way, and got into a by-path. It was afterwards discovered that a party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.

Charles, of Bala, was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his journeys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put into the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed, but he afterwards learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost, and all its passengers drowned.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call mere chance, but which was no other than a special Providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labour of his servants nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford, where he attended. One day a man whom he had reproved for his idle and dissolute habits resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

The Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding the hand of God in everything, however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothberry, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the seashore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."—*The Quiver for April.*

Eleven Weeks' Excursion to Europe for \$450.

In compliance with numerous requests, the Rev. Dr. Withrow proposes to organize a tourist party of not less than 20 for a Summer Excursion to Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, France. It will occupy eleven weeks, and cost \$450, which covers all expenses. Persons joining; this party can enjoy one of the finest routes in Europe, with great economy of time and money, under the personal guidance of a traveller familiar with the whole of the journey. For particulars, address him at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.



STAFFA.—(See first page.)

Dog-Teams in the North-West.

BY THE REV. E. R. YOUNG.

WHERE is the genuine noble boy, who does not love a splendid dog. Somebody has styled the dog man's most intimate dumb companion, the first to welcome, the foremost to defend.

In the Wild North Land, the dogs are much more to the inhabitants than mere companions and guardians. In those vast dreary regions, where there are no railroads, or street cars; no horses or carriages or waggons; no roads, or paths of any description, the dogs, with their long, narrow sleds, supply the place of all the other modes of travel and traffic in winter. The picture on the opposite page is a common every-day scene in the regions lying away north of the fertile prairies of our own great western country.

See how contentedly the "boss" sits on the dog-sled, smoking and watching the cautious Indians trying to harness up that vicious, wolfish Huskie dog. They have need of caution, for he seems bound to make a stubborn fight for his liberty, even if the odds are against him.

THE SLED.

The sled upon which the men are sitting will give you a fair idea of the ones used in that country. It is made of two oak boards, each about twelve feet long, eight inches wide and one inch thick. These two boards are strongly fastened together by cross-bars, then one end is planed down thin, and after being well steamed is bent up to form the front end. A good train of four dogs is supposed to be able to draw about five hundred pounds on one of these sleds. The speed at which they travel, of course, depends very much upon the nature of the country, and the character of the dogs and drivers. I have travelled through some wild, rough regions where the high rocks were so numerous, or the forests so obstructed with dense underbrush or fallen trees, that after toiling along as hard as we could all day, we

did not make more than twenty-five miles. Then, to make up for this slow rate, I once went ninety miles in a day, but this was on the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg, with a "blizzard," a North-West storm, blowing us on.

THE DOGS.

The dogs of that land are called Huskies or Esquimo'. They are a wild, wolfish lot of fellows, good to work, if well broken in, but they are terrible thieves. They have warm, furry coats of hair, sharp, pointed ears, sharp muzzles, and very bushy, curly tails. They sometimes say in fun, out there, that if you want to get a real, genuine Huskie dog, you must get one with his tail curled up so tightly, that it lifts his hind feet from the ground. They have wonderful powers of endurance, and will tug and pull away at the heavy loads long after horses would have been wearied out. Like their masters they are exposed to many hardships, and often suffer from starvation and the bitter cold.

GREAT THIEVES.

These dogs are great thieves, and it seems to be natural to them. Poor fellows, they are often so sadly neglected by their owners that they must either steal, or die of hunger. And like the ostrich, it does not seem to make much difference what they make their meal out of. I have known them to eat the harness from each other's backs, and the leather fastenings from the sleds. Some of them think the whip is a dainty morsel, and others delight to steal and eat leather mits or gloves. I knew some of them, that found a drunken Indian asleep one day, and they eat the moccasins off his feet without waking him up. They share the fortunes of their poor Indian masters, and are fat or lean just as their owners are, and that is according to the abundance or scarcity of fish or game.

THEIR HARDSHIPS.

When a company of Indians returned to a Trading Post, or Mission,



HARNESSING DOG-TEAMS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

after a long winter's absence, we could always tell by the appearance of the dogs how they had prospered during the winter. If the dogs were fat and numerous, we knew at once that all, both Indians and dogs, had a good time, and plenty to eat. If the dogs were thin and poor, we knew the times had not been extra good, or game plentiful. If the dogs were not to be seen, we knew that the times had been very bad, and the poor Indians, not succeeding in getting enough food to eat in hunting, had killed and eaten their dogs. Boiled or roasted dog is not very bad eating *when you have nothing else*. Among some of the tribes, dog-feasts are great state occasions, and it is considered a great boon to be invited. If you should visit some of those Indians, and they wished to treat you with honour, they would kill and roast one of their favourite dogs, and, *of course*, you would be expected to eat it with them, and Indian etiquette expects you to eat all that is put on your plate.

The dogs are generally broken into work when about a year old. The breaking-in process is not always very pleasant. Some dogs take to the work naturally and quickly, while others stubbornly resist, and desperately refuse to submit to the loss of liberty.

It is really amazing what an amount of ferocity and vindictiveness some of them will develop, when they begin to realize the nature of the duties required of them. They will not hesitate to bite and cruelly mangle the hand that tries to harness them, even if it is the hand of their own master. See how cautious these two big stalwart dog-drivers are going to work to get the harness on that dog in the picture. They had better be careful, or in spite of their strength and knowledge of dog-nature, they will both get bitten, and he will slip away from them after all. The best way to break in a young, stubborn dog is with the aid of a good train of old experienced ones. Three of these are harnessed before

the one to be conquered, and a steady, strong one is put behind him. The harness must be securely fastened on him, for he will use the most desperate efforts to squeeze or wriggle himself out of it. If he does escape he is like a horse that has once run away, he will be apt to try it again and consequently is not so highly valued. When well harnessed in this way, the driver shouts "Go," "*Marche*," the word used for "Go," and the well-trained three dogs ahead spring off on the jump. Generally at first, the new dog is half frightened out of his wits, when he finds that his freedom is interfered with, and that he cannot romp and play around in the same independent way that he could in his happy puppyhood. So he pulls and jumps, and springs this way and that way, and makes the most frantic efforts to get out of his harness. When he finds this to be impossible, he sometimes stiffens out his legs and tries to stop and think a little, but the strong dogs ahead are not of his mind; just then, and they jerk him along in spite of his stiff legs. Then he tries another plan, and fancies that he would like to rest *just now*, so he throws himself down on the snow, but the steady dogs in front say, "No, you don't," and as they push on, he is obliged to keep on the move.

Poor brute, he is to be pitied, he cannot move sideways, for the strong dog and heavy sled behind keep him in line, and he is in a bad fix. Some dogs quickly accept the situation, and settle down to steady work, and give no more trouble. Some give a great deal of trouble, and often break out into stubborn rebellion. Some will shirk most cunningly, and while pretending to be tugging away, are not drawing a pound. Sometimes a dog will throw himself down, and submit to be jerked along for a great distance by the dog ahead of him, while the driver is most severely whipping him, and shouting at him to get up.

DOG TRICKS.

At one place the people had a dog

so stubborn and obstinate that it seemed to be impossible to make him move when harnessed up. So one day they took him away a mile or so from the house and then securely harnessed him to an empty sled. Then they went away and left him, and waited to see how long it would be before he came home with the sled. He waited only until they were out of sight, and then with his teeth cut off his traces and ate up the greater part of them, and then deliberately walked home. I forget, just now, whether his flesh supplied the family that day with a capital dinner, or whether they made a pot of soft soap out of his fat.

The poor dog drivers have a hard time of it when they have a train of sulky, lazy dogs. Once, when I reproved a French half-breed for swearing, he replied, "Oh! missionary, don't you know that it is very hard work for a man to keep his temper, or keep from swearing, and drive dogs."

For years I travelled over my large circuit, in the winter time, with these dogs. How they used to amuse me with their tricks and antics, and sometimes what hardships and suffering they caused, by cunningly stealing and eating all our provisions in the night, when we were scores of miles from a human habitation. Sometimes, when the nights were bitterly cold, they would leave their beds in the woods, and come and crowd into our camp, where we were sleeping, and fight with each other over us, for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our heads.

DOG TRAVELLING.

Travelling with dogs, in that cold, dreary North land, is more pleasant to read about than to actually endure. The bitter cold, that used to cause us the most intense anguish; the bruised limbs and bleeding feet; the long days of painful toiling along through the deep snow, in the pathless forests, where we had to go ahead on our snow shoes to pick a track for the poor dogs, that had all they could possibly do to

drag the loaded sleds after them, will never be forgotten.

Then, wearied as we were, when night came down upon us, instead of having a friendly home to shelter us, we had to go to work and dig out a place in the snow, and prepare our camp; and then how uncomfortable it was after all our toil. Here we had to prepare our food, and here we rested and slept. We had no roof above us but the star-decked vault of heaven, and yet it was often forty, and sometimes fifty degrees below zero.

We often suffered intensely on these long, toilsome journeys, but they were not in vain. The poor Indians received us so gladly, and treated us, in their simple way, so kindly, and listened to the Word of God with such rapt attention, and were so willing to learn all they could about the way of salvation, that we often forgot all about the frost-bites, and cramps, and bruises, and bleeding feet, and rejoiced that we were counted worthy to be permitted to undertake these journeys, for the sake of telling the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," to precious souls who were so very anxious to hear it.

The Blessed Brood.

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

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

For a sound of childish fun.

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

There may come a time when you'll long to hear

The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

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

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

—Good Housekeeping.

My Mother, and our Old English Homes. By Rev. SAMUEL MASSEY. Second Edition. Price 10 cents.

This neat little book, which contains a portrait of the author, who is a minister in Montreal, is full of incidents taken from the life of his mother, and abounds with practical suggestions for Christian mothers. The design of the author is to encourage mothers in the discharge of their maternal duties. They will be greatly encouraged by its perusal.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.*

I.

WEDNESDAY, May 1st, 1745.

MOTHER always said that on the day I became sixteen she would give me a book of my own, in which to keep a diary. I have wished for it ever since I was ten, because mother herself always keeps a diary; and when anything went wrong in the house, she would retire to her own little light closet over the porch, and come out again with a serenity on her face which seemed to spread over the house like fine weather.

And in that little closet there is no furniture but the old rocking-chair in which mother used to rock us children to sleep, and a table covered with a white cloth, with four books on it,—the Bible, Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Thomas à Kempis on the "Imitation of Christ," and the diary.

The three printed books I was allowed to read, but (except the Bible) they used in my childish days to seem to me very gloomy and grave, and not at all such as to account for that infectious peacefulness in mother's face and voice.

I concluded, therefore, that the magic must lie in the diary, which we were never permitted to open, although I had often felt sorely tempted to do so, especially since one morning when it lay open by accident, and I saw Jack's name and father's on the page. For there were blots there, such as used to deface my copy-book, on those sorrowful days when the lessons appeared particularly hard.

It made me wonder if mother too had her hard lessons to learn, and I longed to peep and see. Yes, there were certainly tears on mother's diary. I wonder if there will be any on mine.

To-night, as we were supping, and Hugh Spencer, the vicar's son with us, Betty the maid came, in great agitation, into the room, and exclaimed that a church parson had been mobbed, and all but killed, at Falmouth.

He had been preaching to the people in the open air, and was staying quietly in Falmouth, when the mob were excited against him, and led on by the crews of some privateers in the harbour, attacked the house in which he was, swearing they would murder the parson. The family fled in terror, leaving him alone with one courageous maid-servant. The mob forced the door, filled the passage, and began to batter down the partition of the room in which the parson was, roaring out, "Bring out the Canorum.† Where is the Canorum?" Kitty, the maid, through whom Betty heard of it, exclaimed, "Oh, sir,

what must we do?" He replied, "We must pray." Then she advised him to hide in a closet; but he refused, saying, "It was best for him to stay just where he was." But he was as calm as could be, and quietly took down a looking-glass which hung against the wall, that it might not be broken. Just then the privateers-men, impatient of the slow progress of the mob, rushed into the house, put their shoulders to the door, and shouting, "Avast, lads! avast!" tore it down and dashed it into the room where the clergyman was. Immediately he stepped forward in their midst, bareheaded, that they might all see his face, and said, "Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you?—or you?—or you?" So he continued speaking until he had passed through the midst of the crowd in the street. There he took his stand, and, raising his voice, said, "Neighbours, countrymen! do you desire to hear me speak?" The mob stood hesitating and abashed, and several of them cried vehemently, "Yes, yes; he shall speak!—he shall! Nobody shall hinder him!" and two of their ring-leaders turned about and swore not a man should touch him. Then they conducted him safely to another house, and soon after he left the town in a boat.

"A brave heart the parson must have had, truly," said father. "I had rather face an army than to be pulled to pieces by a mob. But what did the mob attack him for?"

"Because he will preach in the fields, Master," said Betty, "and the people will go to hear him, and the parsons won't have it, and the magistrates read the Riot Act on him the day before."

"But parsons and privateers-men do not usually act in concert," said father, "and the Riot Act seemed more wanted for the mob than for the parson?"

"I have heard of them, sir!" said brother Jack. "Some say this parson has been sent here by the Pretender. The common people go to hear him by thousands, and he speaks to them from a hedge or a door-step, or any place he can find; and the women cry, and fall into hysterics."

"Not the women only, master Jack," interposed Betty. "My brother-in-law, as wild a man as ever you saw, was struck down by them last summer, and he has been like a lamb ever since."

"What struck him down, Betty?" said mother, in a bewildered tone.

"It is the words they say?" said Betty,—"they are so wonderful powerful! And they do say that they be mostly Bible words, and the parson is a regular church parson—none of your low-lived Dissenters—and if he comes in our parts, I shall go and hear him."

"But, Betty, you must take care of what you are about," said mother. "There are wolves in sheep's clothing; and I do not understand women going into hysterics and men being struck

down. There is nothing like it in the Acts of the Apostles. I hope, indeed, it is no design of the Jesuits."

But Betty stood her ground. "I am no scholar, missis," said she; "but I should like to hear the parson that turned my brother-in-law into a lamb."

"And I," said father, "should like to see the man who can quiet a mob in that fashion."

"And I," said Hugh Spencer quietly to me, "should like to hear the sermons which bring people together by thousands."

I do not know that I should have thought so much about it if our vicar had not preached about it on the next Sunday.

The things our vicar preaches about seem generally to belong to times so very long ago, that it quite startled us to hear him say that in these days a new heresy had sprung up, headed by most dangerous and fanatical persons calling themselves clergymen of the Church of England. This new sect, he said, styled themselves Methodists, but seditiously set all method and order at defiance. They had set all England and Wales in a flame, and now, he said, they threatened to invade our peaceful parish. He then concluded by a quotation from St. Jerome (I think), likening the heretics of his day to wolves, and jackals, and a great many foreign wild beasts. He gave us a catalogue of heresies from the fourth century onward, and told us he had now done his part as a faithful shepherd, and we must do ours as valiant soldiers of the Church.

Betty thought our vicar meant that we should be valiant like the privateers-men at Falmouth; but I explained to her what I thought he really meant.

But in the evening, as I was reading in the Acts of the Apostles how the magistrates and the mob seemed to agree in attacking the Apostles; and about the riot at Ephesus and the calmness of St. Paul, I wondered if the Apostle looked and spoke at all like that brave clergyman at Falmouth.

And my dreams that night were a strange mixture of that old riot at Ephesus, and this new riot at Falmouth, and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Hugh says the clergyman's name is the Reverend John Wesley, and that he is a real clergyman, and fellow of a college at Oxford.

To-day a letter came from Aunt Henderson to father, inviting him and me to pay a visit to them and Aunt Beauchamp in London. She said it would be a pity to let slip this opportunity, it was time I should be learning something of the world; and Aunt Beauchamp, who was staying at Bath for the waters, would fetch me in her coach from Bristol, if we could get as far as that.

Father would not hear of going himself, saying he had seen enough of the world, and had done with it; but he was very earnest that I should go. He said I ought not to mope my life away in Cornwall.

Mother turned rather pale, and spoke of the perils of the world for such a child as me.

But father would not heed her; he has found a ship about to sail from Falmouth to Bristol, and he himself will accompany me thus far. So all is

settled, and mother says no doubt it is best.

My box is packed, all but the corner into which I must squeeze my diary, if it were only for the precious words at the end in mother's handwriting.

I am glad, now it is settled, that it is so near. I cannot bear to meet mother's eyes, and see her try to smile as she turns them away, and feel how long they have been resting on me.

Oh, I wish I were back again, or that things need never change!

Mother came in as I had finished these words, and brought me some little bags of lavender she had just finished to lay in my linen. She saw I had been crying, and bade me go to bed at once, and finish my packing in the morning.

Then she knelt down with me by the bedside, as she used when I was a little child, and said the Lord's Prayer aloud with me, and saw me safely into bed, and tucked me in as when I was a little child, and kissed me, and wished me good night in her own sweet, quiet voice.

But when she went away I cried, and almost wished she had not come.

All the days and nights I am away from her shall I not feel like a child left alone in the dark?

But then came on me the echo of her voice saying, "Our Father which art in heaven," and if I can keep that in my heart, I cannot feel like a child alone in the dark.

I suppose that is why our dear Saviour taught it to us, and not only taught it us, but said it with us, that we might feel, as it were, his hand in ours when we say it, and so be wrapped all around with love.

HACKNEY, near London.

It has happened as mother said. The first few days were dreadful. I felt like a ghost in another world,—I mean a kind of heathen ghost in a world of shadows it did not belong to.

Mother stood like a white statue at the door when I rode away on the pillion behind father; Jack laughed and made jests, partly to cheer me up, and partly to show himself a man; Betty hoped I should come back safe again, and find them all alive, "but no one ever knew;" and the only refuge I could find was to fly from all the uncertainty; straight to him with whom all is life and certainty; to fly from circumstances to God himself, and say,— "Thou knowest. Thou carest. Keep them and me."

And then I became calm, and could even talk to father as we rode along, and think of the last requests I wanted to make for the animals and the flowers, which had to be cared for while I was gone.

It did make me proud to see how noble father looked in his plain old suit of clothes. Every one knew he was a "born gentleman;" and when cousins met us in their velvets, and laced suits, and hats, I thought he looked like a prince in disguise among them.

It is worth while coming into the world a little, if only to learn what father is.

And cousins felt it too. One of the first things Cousin Harry said to me when we were all in the coach on our way to London was,—

"Your father looks like an old general, Kitty. One would never think he had been rusticiating for is

* Condensed from "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevilyan," by the author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family."

† A slang name for Methodist in Cornwall. See Wesley's Journal, 1845.

quarter of a century among the Cornish doors."

"Captain Trevelyhan could not fail to look like a gentleman and a soldier," said his father, Sir John Beauchamp.

I like Sir John's manners far better than Cousin Harry's. He is so grave and courteous, and attends to all I say as if I were a princess, in the old cavalier manner father speaks of; and never swears unless he is very angry with the groom, or the coachman. But Harry spices his conversation with all kinds of scarcely disguised oaths, and interrupts not me only, but his mother and Cousin Evelyn, and is as free and easy as if he had known me all my life.

Yet I think he is good-natured, for once when I coloured at some words he used, he was quite careful for an hour or two. Cousin Evelyn and he had most of the conversation to themselves, although Evelyn was not very talkative. Frequently when I looked at her I found her large dark eyes resting on me, as if she were reading me like a book. Aunt Beauchamp was busied among her furs and perfumes, and seemed every now and then on the point of going into hysterics when the horses dashed round a corner into a village, or the carriage jolted on the rutty road.

In one place, not far from Bristol, she was very much frightened. We had to stop while way was made for us through the outskirts of a large mob who were collected to hear a great preacher called Whitefield. Uncle Beauchamp says he is a wild fanatic, and that the magistrates were not worth their salt if they could not put such fellows down. Aunt Beauchamp said we might as well travel through some barbarous country as be stopped in the King's highroad by a number of dirty colliers, who made the air not fit to breathe.

But as we waited, I could not help noticing how very orderly the people were. Thousands and thousands all hanging on the words of one man, and so quiet you could hear your own breathing! All quite quiet, except that, as I listened, I could hear repressed sobs from some, both men and women, and I saw tears making white channels down many of the sooty faces.

And the preacher had such a clear, wonderful voice. He seemed to speak without effort. His whole body, indeed, not only his tongue, seemed moved by the passion in him, but the mighty, musical voice itself flowed easily as if in familiar conversation, and the fine, deep tones were as distinct on the outskirts of the crowd where we stood as if he had been whispering in one's ear. He looked like a clergyman, and the words I heard were very good. He was speaking of the great love of God to us all, and of the great sufferings of our Lord for us all.

I should have liked to stay and listen with the colliers. I never heard music like that voice; yet the words were more than the voice; and oh, the reality is more than the words! It made me feel more at home than any words since mother's last prayer with me; and I should like Hugh Spencer to have been there.

Uncle Beauchamp asked me soon after we had gone on, what made me look so thoughtful.

I said I was wondering if these were like the people they called Methodists in Cornwall, who come together in thousands to hear a clergyman called Wesley preach.

"Are they there, too?" said Uncle Beauchamp. "Confound the fellows, they are like locusts. The land is full of them, but if ever they set their feet near Beauchamp Manor, I shall know how to give them their deserts!"

"They have met their deserts in more places than one, sir," said Harry; and he proceeded to relate a number of anecdotes of Methodist preachers being mobbed, and beaten, and dragged through horse-ponds; which seemed to amuse him very much.

But they made me think again of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Suddenly Cousin Harry paused, and said,—

"Cousin Kitty looks as grave as if she were a Methodist herself; and as fierce as if she could imitate the Methodist woman who once knocked down three men in defence of a preacher they were beating."

"I cannot see any fun in hundreds of men setting on one and ill-using him," I said.

"Well said, little Englishwoman," interposed Uncle Beauchamp. "I have no doubt if she did not knock the assailants down, she would have picked the preacher up and dressed his wounds, in face of any mob."

"I hope I should, Uncle," I said. And since that, Uncle Beauchamp generally calls me his little Samaritan.

But Aunt Beauchamp checked the further progress of the conversation by languidly observing that she thought we had been occupied long enough with colliers, and mobs, and Methodists, and all kinds of unwashed people.

"John Wesley is certainly not that," said Harry. "He looks as neat and prim as a court chaplain."

"Is the fellow a dandy, too?" exclaimed Uncle Beauchamp,— "more contemptible even than I thought."

"Dandy or not," said Harry, contemptively, "I have heard he is a gentleman."

It was three days before we reached London. And then I was not so much surprised with it as my cousins wished.

The streets were certainly wider, and the houses higher, and the shops grander, and I saw more sedan chairs, coaches, and magnificent footmen in all my life an hour than I had seen in all my life before. But that seemed to me all the difference. The things man makes seem to me, after all, so very much alike, only a little larger or smaller, or a little richer or poorer.

The great wonder is the people, and that is quite bewildering. Because the stream never ceases flowing, any more than the river or the sea at home.

And so many of the faces look so white and wan and defeated, as if the people had been tossed and broken and beaten back so very often. Only God will not let his human creatures struggle and be tossed about and baffled for nothing. I am quite sure of that.

I wish the preacher I heard near Bristol, Mr. Whitefield, could speak to these poor London crowds. I think he might comfort them. Perhaps he has spoken to them, and has helped those who would listen.

The place Aunt and Uncle Henderson live in is called Hackney. I had no idea a merchant's house could be as pretty as this is. Father always spoke of his sister Henderson as "poor Patience," implying that she had lowered herself irremediably by marrying a tradesman. But I find that Aunt Henderson as commonly speaks of father as "my poor brother," appar-

ently regarding Cornwall as a kind of vault above ground, in which we led a ghostly existence, not strictly to be called life.

And, indeed, as to what are called riches, handsome furniture, and costly clothes, Aunt Henderson is certainly right.

It is very strange to me the idea some of the people in London seem to have, as if the rest of the world were a kind of obscure outskirts of this great town.

Uncle Henderson is a Dissenter. Mother warned me a little against this. But I find they have their own good books, just as we have, although they are not the same.

Quite a different set of names there are on the book-shelves in the best parlour; Baxter and Howe, and Owen, and a number of tall, old books, bound in calf, which do not look much read, and which seemed to me to go on very much from page to page, with very long paragraphs.

Some of the books, however, seem to me as good as Bishop Taylor, and easier to understand, especially "The Saint's Rest," by Mr. Baxter, and a small book called "The Redeemer's Tears over Lost Souls," by Mr. Howe.

There are also some new hymns, some of which are delightful, composed by Dr. Watts and by Dr. Doddridge.

I do not think mother knows anything of all these good people. She will be pleased when I tell her. It is so pleasant to think how many more good books and men there are and have been in the world than we knew of.

Uncle Henderson, however, does not seem at all pleased with mother's good books. When he asked me one day what we read at home on the Sabbath, and I told him (although mother does not read her religious books only on Sunday), he shook his head very gravely at Bishop Taylor, and said he was very much in the dark, quite an Arminian, indeed, if not a Pelagian, besides his natural shortcomings in common with all Prelatists.

Then I said that mother's principal good book was the Bible, and that I liked it much the best of all.

And Uncle and Aunt Henderson both said,—

"Of course, my dear, no one disputes that."

Neither do I like the service in Uncle Henderson's chapel very much.

At home the sermon was very often beyond my understanding, but then there were always the prayers, and the psalms, and the lessons. But here the prayer seems as difficult as the sermon, and is nearly as long, and all in one piece without break. And when it is done I feel as if I had been only hearing about sacred things instead of speaking to God (although, of course, that is my own fault). The minister does not preach about Socrates and St. Jerome, like our vicar; but somehow or other, when he speaks about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, it seems just the same as if they had lived in the past, and made decrees and done great things a long time ago.

And the people do not look interested. They are all, however, handsomely dressed. Aunt Henderson says she has counted five coaches at the door; almost as many, she says, as there are at the church Lady Beauchamp attends at the West End.

I suppose the poor go somewhere else. I should like to know where.

Uncle Henderson says this was quite

a celebrated chapel in the days of the old Puritans. The minister used to preach in it, and the people to come to it, at the risk of their lives, or, at the least, of having their ears slit, and being beggared by fines.

I should like to have seen the congregation then. Probably none of them went to sleep. I suppose the poor came there then; and the coaches went somewhere else.

On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go.

It was in a great open space called Moorfields. Thousands of dirty, ragged men and women were standing listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different-looking man; a small man, rather thin, with the neatest wig, fine, sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright, steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said,—

"It is John Wesley." His manner was very calm, not impassioned like Mr. Whitefield's; but the people seemed quite as much moved.

Mr. Whitefield looked as if he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw, but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitefield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and, by the force of his own calm conviction, to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher; it was with the bare reality of the things he said.

But they were moved, indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping, some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as if they would not weep, stir, nor breathe, lest they should lose a word.

I wanted so much to stay and listen. But Uncle Henderson insisted on driving on.

"The good man means well, no doubt," he said, "but he is an Arminian. He has even published most dangerous, not to say blasphemous, things against the immutable divine decrees."

And Aunt Henderson said,— "It might be all very well for wretched outcasts such as those who were listening, but we, she trusted, who attended all the means of grace, had no need of such wild preaching."

But he was not speaking of the immutable decrees to-day, nor of anything else that happened long ago. He was speaking of the living God, and of the living and the dying soul, of the Saviour dying for lost sinners, of the Shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

And I am so glad, so very glad, the lost sheep were there to hear.

Because in Uncle Henderson's chapel it seems to me there are only the found sheep, or those who think they are found; and they do not, of course, want the good news nearly so much, nor, perhaps, on that account, do they seem to care so much about it.

(To be continued.)

May Blossoms.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

It is May, all May around us,
In the flush of its summer-glee;
Its blossoms, like smiles of childhood,
They are sparkling on every tree.

O blossoms, May blossoms, how beautiful!
But what is your fruit to be?
Ye are waving and shining everywhere;
But what is your fruit to be?

It is May, all May around us;
And how softly its moments flee;
The birds in the sunlight's singing
To the hum of the happy bee!

It is May, all May around us,
Over garden and vale and lea;
The scent of the flowers goes past us,
And the shadows are wandering free.

It is May, all May around us,
And, with eyes all glistening, we
Are watching the waving blossoms
That are sparkling on every tree.

It is May, all May around us,
And we lift up our eyes to thee,
To whom all this May belongeth,
With its beauty of earth and sea.

O blossoms, May blossoms, how beautiful!
But what is your fruit to be?
Ye are waving and shining everywhere;
But what is your fruit to be?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491] LESSON VII. [May 15

THE CALL OF MOSES.

Exod. 3. 1-12. Memory verses, 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee
what thou shalt say. Exod. 4. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Moses. 2. The Call.

TIME.—1491 B.C.

PLACE.—Horeb, or Mount Sinai, in the Arabian peninsula.

RULER.—A successor of Pharaoh, the oppressor.

CONNECTING LINKS. Eighty years, or nearly so many, have passed since the Hebrew waif was drawn in from the Nile by the Egyptian princess. The princess was dead. The Pharaohs who had known Moses were dead. For forty years Moses himself had been a fugitive because of his hasty act in trying to right the wrongs of his people. The prince has become a peasant. He is now only a keeper of sheep in the desert. But God has not lost sight of him. Our lesson takes us to the burning bush. Let us draw nigh with reverent hearts.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Back side of the desert*—The part of the desert farthest from the land of Goshen. Desert does not here mean a barren, sandy waste, for in such a place there would have been no pasture, but a wild, deserted place. *The mountain of God*—Horeb, not so called then, but, when this record was written, it had become so known, and Moses calls it by anticipation by its well-known name. *The angel of the Lord*—The manifestation of God by fire in the bush. See Psa. 104. 4. Jesus Christ, the eternal Son. *God of thy father*—This means, as so often, the God of your forefathers. Abraham was not his father. Amram was. But the Jews called Abraham their father. *Land flowing with milk and honey*—That is, a land of marvellous fertility. The expression is a common one in Oriental literatures. *Place of the Canaanites*—The particular place of the nation to be is thus again designated. In Egypt these nations were well known. *Who am I*—An expression of humility and feeling of unworthiness for so great a mission. He, doubtless, remembered his first failure.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Moses.

How came Moses to be in Midian?

How came he to be a member of Jethro's family?

How many years did he live in Midian? What was the value of this life to Moses? Is there evidence that Moses knew the voice that called him?

Why was he so ready to believe the announcement of ver. 6?

What characteristic of Moses is shown by ver. 3?

What characteristic is shown by ver. 11? What change had these forty years wrought in Moses?

How do we know that it was forty years since Moses fled from Egypt? Acts 7. 30.

2. The Call.

From whom did the call in this lesson come?

What was the call? ver. 10.

What dangers were involved in the acceptance of the call?

What discouragements had experience taught him to expect?

Did this call come as an answer to prayer? How had Moses long years before shown that he had felt called to this work?

Why did he hesitate now?

What personal sacrifice was then involved? What was now?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

God often comes to men who faithfully do the duty of the hour, with new commissions for service.

Moses turned aside to see. Do we?

Moses, like Jacob, was on holy ground and did not know it: and we are many times.

The faithful shepherd became the faithful leader. Fidelity is the great lesson of the word.

See God's compassion, "I know their sorrows." Read Isa. 53. 4-6.

The bush became a "holy place" because God was there. So our hearts can be, if we will.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Perhaps you have already read all of the Questions, Explanations, and Practical Teachings. Perhaps you could no. answer some question. Do not give it up. Think. Think till you find what the answer must be. Think when you are unoccupied about this whole story.

2. Take a reference Bible and look out carefully all the references to other parts of the Bible.

3. Find every place where God appears in fire, or by fire, or shows his power in fire.

4. Find how many men were spoken to by God by their names. See if you can find ten.

5. Find how many times the purpose had been expressed to give Israel the land of Canaan.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Divine compassion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23. But are all mankind, being born in sin, born without hope?

No; for a Saviour was provided from the beginning, and all that come into the world receive of his grace and his Spirit.

Genesis iii. 15; John i. 5; John i. 9, 10.

B.C. 1491] LESSON VIII. [May 22

THE PASSOVER.

Exod. 12. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.
1 Cor. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Passover.

2. Our Passover.

TIME. 1491 B.C. Later in the same year as last lesson.

PLACES.—In Egypt. The land of Goshen.

RULER.—Thotmes II.

CONNECTING LINKS. From Midian back again to Egypt. The divine commission is accepted. Aaron and Moses have met, have aroused their people, have given God's message to Pharaoh, have been rebuked and refused. The land of bondage has fallen still heavier on the Hebrews. God has arisen in might. The plagues have only hardened Pharaoh's heart, and now comes the Angel of Death and of deliverance.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The beginning of months*—The first month of the first year of the new nation so soon to be. It was called Abib or Nisan, and corresponds nearly to our April. *The congregation of Israel*—Simply the people as a whole.—According

to the house of their fathers. That is, one lamb for each family. *The household be too little*—Tradition said there must be at least ten persons to make a sufficient number. *Keep it up*—That is, keep the lamb thus chosen with great care from the tenth day. *Kill it in the evening*—At some time between three o'clock and six, when the new day begun. *Unleavened bread*—Simple cakes of flour, baked without the use of anything to ferment, as a symbol of haste in departing. *Solden at all with water*—Not boiled, but roasted with fire. *Let nothing of it remain*—The whole substance of the animal, except the blood, was to pass into their substance as nourishment and support. *Loins girded*—The flowing skirts tied up out of the way of the feet, ready for a hurried march.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Passover.

Of what two national observances does this lesson tell?

Do the Hebrews, who observe their national religion, still begin their ecclesiastical year with the month Abib?

Of what actual event was the passover a sign?

How long was it to be kept by the nation?

Was the law concerning it observed through their history?

How extensive was the destruction of the first-born in Egypt?

On what day was the preparation to begin?

How long did the feast last?

What was the food eaten at this passover supper?

In what manner was it to be eaten?

Why was this?

2. Our Passover.

Of what was this passover a type?

How does Paul in 1 Cor. 5. 7, apply the memorial to Christ?

Of what was the blood sprinkled upon the door-posts a sign?

In what respects was the paschal lamb a type of Christ?

On what day does tradition declare our Lord to have made atonement for his people?

Why was it to be "roasted with fire," and not to be "solden with water?"

Of what was the eating of the whole lamb symbolical?

What observance in the Christian Church commemorates the ancient passover feast?

What do the broken bread and the wine symbolize to the believer?

Do you believe in the historical truth of the passover?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The passover was for every Hebrew family. The provision was ample: the means easy to obtain; the requirement easy to be met. Even so it is in Christ.

It was the mark upon the door that showed obedience, that saved the household. Even so in the spiritual house which we build. It must be by the blood upon the door post, or no salvation.

Who will say that the Egyptian family that should by any possibility have imitated its Hebrew neighbour would not also have been saved?

Who will say that the Hebrew family that neglected would not also have suffered the loss of its first-born? It is so in Christ. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. You cannot possibly understand this lesson, and what immediately followed, if you do not study from chap. 3 all between to chap. 12.

2. Learn the plagues in their order.

3. Find how many times Moses had been before Pharaoh; all that he had threatened. See how bold he had grown.

4. Learn the whole law of the passover. vers. 15-24, 43-48.

5. Find from the Scriptures notable instances in which the passover was observed by Hezekiah, by Josiah, by Ezra, by Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

24. By what means were our first parents led to commit so great a sin against God?

By the subtlety of the devil, who made use of the serpent to beguile Eve.

Genesis iii. 13; 2 Corinthians xi. 3.

THE silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.

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