



# HOME & SCHOOL



TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

[No. 4

Vol. I.]

## God's Ways Best.

God's ways are always best,  
Though ofttimes they may lead  
Through gloomy wilderness,  
Where feet may tire and bleed;  
'Neath scorching sands and burning sky,  
No cooling streams or palm-trees nigh,  
By hunger oft and thirst sore pressed,  
And yet "God's ways are always best."

God's ways are always best,  
If He but with us go,  
No fear shall dare molest,  
No care nor envious foe. [gush,  
Clear streams shall from the hard rock  
Sweet oases 'midst the hot sands blush,  
Soft winds at eve shall soothe our rest,  
And so "God's ways are always best."

God's ways are always best, [sea,  
Even though through death's dark  
Whose waters never rest,  
The Father leadeth me.  
His hand the rough waves shall divide,  
Till we have reached the "other side,"  
And safe within His sheltering breast,  
And so "God's ways are always best."

## Homes of the Poor.

HOMES! Strange sort of home that is where the wretched poor cower and huddle on the cold stones of filthy alleys, as shown in our picture. Yet that is the only home the thousands, yes, thousands of poor boys and girls, wretched men and women in London ever know. Mr. Stephenson tells about one of his midnight hunting expeditions after homeless boys. He found one in a pile of packing boxes, and asked if there were any more there. "Yes," said the boy, and with a little effort he turned out, I think the number was fifty-seven, homeless boys, who had taken refuge in the packing cases.

As the bull's-eye of the policeman's lantern flashes the light on the slumbering groups, it reveals a poor boy and his sister, lying in the London slums like the Bibles in the Wood, only even worse off in their surroundings than they. And this is the wretched result of drink.

Mr. Stephenson, the founder of the Children's Home, was brought as a minister from country duties to reside in the midst of London, and fourteen years ago or more found himself in Lambeth, in the neighbourhood of the notorious New Out. "I soon saw little children," he says, "in a condition that made my heart bleed. There they were, ragged, shoeless, filthy; their faces pinched with hunger, and premature wretchedness staring out of their too bright eyes; and I began to feel that now my time was come. Here were my poor little brothers and sisters, sold to hunger and the devil, and I could not be free of their blood if I did not at least try to

save some of them." Long before he had been brought to the conviction that "the religion which does not fathom the social deeps, and heal the social sores, cannot be Christ's religion."

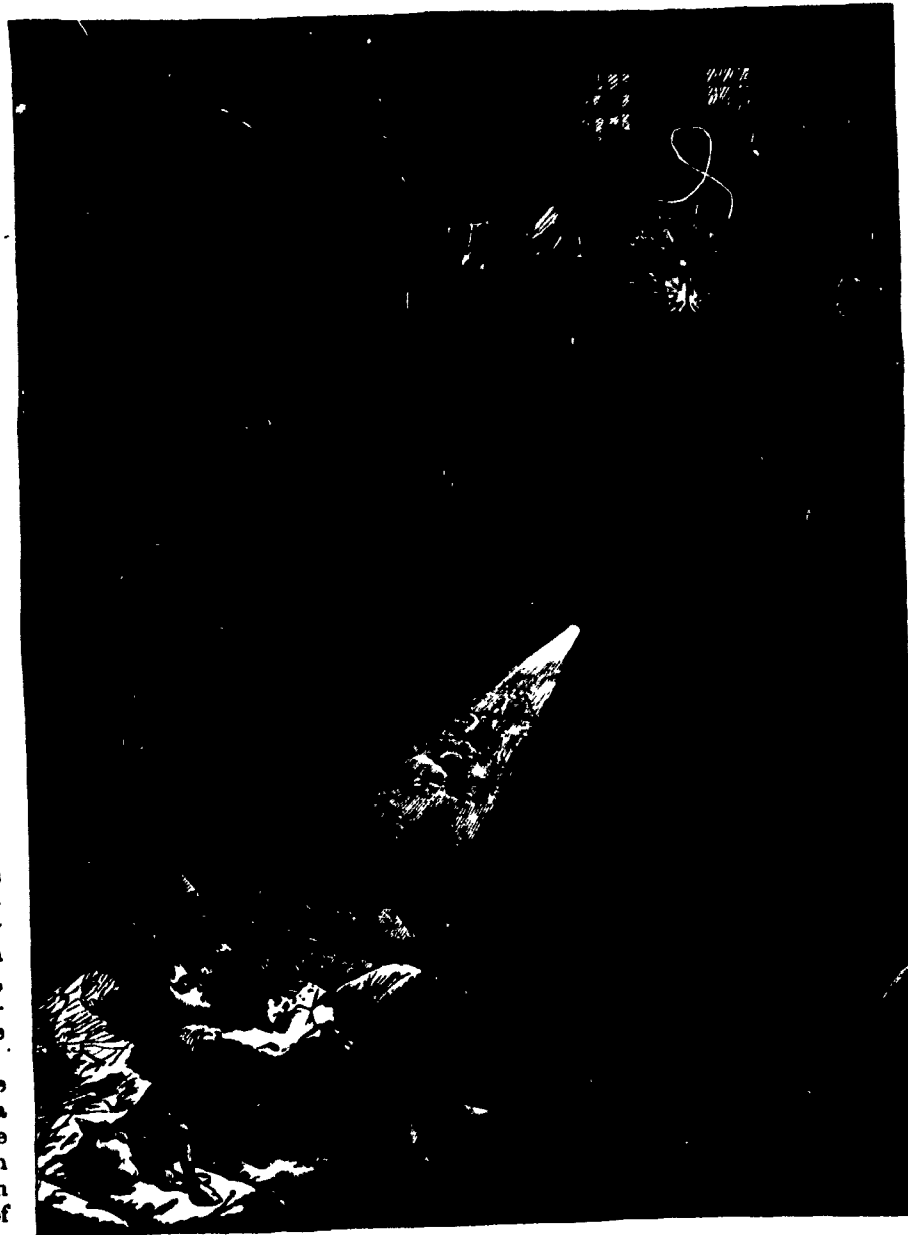
A few friends were first consulted, and a beginning made, by way of "private venture." A house was taken that was little more than a cot-

rapidly grew upon them, and in like proportion the means came in, so that week by week all debts were paid. A small committee was formed; and a year had hardly passed when the adjoining house was taken, and the number of boys under care increased to thirty-seven. The more that was accomplished, the greater seemed the

pose, and gradually fitted to the still growing work.

The institution has since developed into a wider field; it has now a Certified Industrial School associated with it near Gravesend; it has a Farm Branch near Bolton, in Lancashire; and it has a Reception Home in Canada. Mr. Stephenson is widely known as a Wesleyan minister, and his special work, gradually demanding his almost exclusive attention, could not but be recognized with thankfulness by his brethren in the ministry. The Children's Home has, therefore, been adopted as a Methodist institution. Let Mr. Stephenson's account of one case serve as an illustration of one aspect of the work that he is doing:

"One night I had been out on a search-expedition; and after visiting several likely places, but without success, I was moving homeward about one o'clock in the morning, with feet very weary and heart rather heavy. I came at length to the Mansion House, and was just turning up Threadneedle street. . . . Just at the corner of the Bank of England stood a group of three boys, and a little farther on were two others. It was a strange and moving sight. There, of all places in the world, to meet five boys, as thoroughly heathen as any savages in Africa! . . . I went up to them, and got into conversation with them. They told me many lies, and some truth. But this was plain enough: that they needed a friend and a home—some one to tell them of God, and to teach them a trade. So I offered them a supper, and took them to one of the very few eating shops that were still open. There they had as much to eat as they liked; and then with one accord they came with me, through the silent streets and the now grey dawn, to the Children's Home. There they soon had a welcome; for at any hour of night or day, when God sends us a poor waif, we manage to open the door and spread a table for the famished and forlorn wanderer. The eldest of these boys, whom we will call 'Big Joe,' had been for a long time friendless, save for one brother, whom he saw occasionally. For months before I met Joe, he had been living by his wits—sleeping in low lodging-houses when he could get the money, and coiling himself in any temporary refuge when he had not the necessary pence at command for a bed. His face was sullen and forbidding, yet now and then it would brighten up with the gleam of a kindly heart on it. And we did not despair, for



HOMES OF THE POOR.

tags. "A stable at the back was made the dining room and lavatory. The loft above became a dormitory, and the only playground was a patch some four yards square, with a gateway, meant for the passage of a single cart. And this was workshop, too! But here they contrived to receive and shelter twenty poor lads. The work

need; the applications for admission were soon too numerous; children were being turned almost daily from the doors, and beyond them and around them was a great world of wretchedness all untouched. Another effort was made, and premises at length found on the site of the present buildings, which were adapted to the pur-

what need is there that God's grace cannot meet? So thinking that Joe's strong limbs would best be employed in subduing the earth, and that Joe's Bohemian instincts would be most likely to be tamed if he were sent to the quiet and regularity of country life, we despatched him to our Farm. It was hard work for our brethren there to love Joe, as they wished to do, and to bear with him, as they were often compelled to do. His sullenness, his waywardness, his selfishness were terrible to see. But at length the flow of his life became steadier; he was less liable to those half-insane fits; and now and then, when the Bible was being read, or words of peace were being spoken, Joe's eyes, fixed upon the speaker, would tell that the Word was finding lodgment. And at length the day came when I stood on the deck of the ship at Liverpool, with Big Joe's hand in mine. What a contrast, that parting from our first meeting! Now Joe was a strong, healthy-looking young man, with respectable clothes (partly paid for out of his own earnings), with a face from which the hang-dog look was gone—with the fear of God before his eyes. He was just about to put the broad ocean between himself and his miserable past. A few months afterwards I saw Joe in Canada, standing beside his master, an intelligent, Christian farmer, who told me that Joe was doing well, and giving promise of a useful and respectable life.

A Branch of this excellent Institution is in Canada, near Hamilton. In a future number we will give a picture of it, and an account of the work it does.

#### "It is More Blessed to Give than to Receive."

In the small town of M—, in the Province of Ontario, there lives a very aged woman, who subsists wholly on charity. During the extreme cold week of the past month a lady, having had a small donation given her to lay out on this poor person, called to see what she most needed, and ascertained that a pair of boots, in which to attend the house of God, would be acceptable. The following Sunday, while she was leading her juvenile class after Sunday-school, the thought occurred to bring this poor woman's case before the children. She acted on the suggestion, and very cheerfully did all present promise something towards furnishing the boots. The next Wednesday at half-past four was the hour appointed to meet at their leader's home to present their contributions. In the meantime the lady purchased a suitable pair from a merchant, who, knowing the object, kindly reduced the price. According to arrangement, twelve little girls and one little boy, with smiling faces and happy hearts assembled, when their leader passed around the plate, and very soon the jingle of penny, five-cents, ten cents, fifteen cents, and as high as twenty-five cents was heard until the required amount was raised. After singing a hymn, leader and children wended their way to present their willing offering. In addition to the above, one little girl took a nice parcel of cooked meat, &c. The aged woman thanked the little ones most heartily, pronouncing again and again, "God bless you!" "God bless you!" Thus giving the dear children to realize, on leaving that humble home, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### Weariness.

O little feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
Have still to strive or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatience, feverish heat,  
Such lustless and strong desires;  
Mine that has so long glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven their source divine;  
Refracted through the mists of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine.

—Longfellow.

#### How a Smoker got a Home.

I BEGAN to chew at the age of twelve. A few years later I commenced smoking. The practice grew upon me till I was smoking a large portion of the time except when asleep. At length I united with the Church, and very soon abandoned the filthy habit of chewing tobacco. I still, however, enjoyed the cigar.

Just at this time I met a friend, who, with a countenance beaming with love, said, "It don't look well to see a member of the Church smoking." "You are right," said I, and taking the cigar from my mouth threw it into the gutter. That was the last cigar I ever smoked. I was emancipated from a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage.

I now deposited the money I had been so long squandering for tobacco, in the Seaman's Bank for Savings. I will tell the boys what I did with it, that they may see how unwise and inexpedient it is to commence the expensive, demoralizing habit of smoking or chewing tobacco.

We had long lived in the city, but the annual visit of the children to their grandfather's made them long for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place for sale. There were over two acres of land, with abundant shade and fruit trees, a good garden, a fine view of Long Island Sound—near the academy, churches, and schools, and a convenient distance from New York. The cigar money was drawn upon to purchase the place, and it is mine.

I wish the boys who are tempted to smoke could see how the children enjoy their new home, as they watch the great steamers and the vessels with their white sails as they course along the Sound. Sometimes over a hundred are seen at one view.

Just before or after a storm we hear very distinctly the roar of old Ocean. It is then we think of the perils of the sea, and realize the great dangers to which the brave sailors are exposed. The children are also interested in the horse, cow, calf, and chickens. They enjoy their plays and sports on the green grass, which give them health and happiness.

My smoking was moderate compared with that of many, only six cigars a day at 6½ cents each, equal to \$136.50 per annum, which, at 7 per cent. interest for forty-nine years amounts to the small fortune of \$51,719.99. This has afforded means for the education

of my children, with an appropriate allowance for benevolent objects.

Great as this saving has been, it is not to be compared with improved health, a clear head, and a steady hand at the age of threescore and ten, and entire freedom from desire for tobacco in any form.

L. P. HUBBARD.

#### How to Save Boys.

WOMEN who have sons to rear and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for the love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public houses in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Appleton's Journal*.

#### Use of Illustrations.

THE secret of Jesus' power as a public teacher lay in his apt use of illustrations. The power of Spurgeon in England, and Beecher here, as popular preachers, is owing largely to this faculty of illustrating. Arnold, of Rugby, was a prince of teachers, mainly from this cause. The use of illustrations is governed by five general laws:

1. The illustration must be within the comprehension of those addressed.
2. There must be an obvious resemblance between the illustration and that which it is intended to make more clear.
3. It must not be so absorbing as to attract from the main subject it would illustrate.
4. It must not be long drawn out.
5. It should be suggestive always, by association, of the thing to be illustrated.

THREE things should be thought of by the Christian every morning—his daily cross, his duty, and his daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

MR. HERBERT G. PAUL of this city, a contributor to PLEASANT HOURS, has published in the *Geolph Herald*, a long and striking poem, entitled, "The Opium Smoker." It describes in very graphic language the opium dream of the joys of heaven, and the woes of hell.

The following is a specimen of this admirable poem, which contains about eighty stanzas.

O, little I care for the charms of this world,  
For I sail on a magic sea,  
And my soul is deluged in glorious mirth as I  
float like a sea-gull free,  
Uphorne by the purple arms of the flood that  
flows from eternity.

For I sport in the airy clouds that I build, in  
a wonderful world so bright,  
And I revel in seas of milk white foam when  
the earth is drowned in night,  
Entranced, intoxicated, and lost in a raptur-  
ous sea of delight.

O, gently the breezes blow on my cheeks as I  
sail on the pathless tide,  
And my pulses tingle with merriment as I  
float on the ocean wide;  
For I feed on the incense of heaven so sweet  
that I want for nothing beside.

O, I feel no pain, and I have no care, I'm wild  
with excessive joy;  
Nor can the petty vexations of life my peace-  
ful mind annoy;  
For I sail where mortal ne'er sailed before,  
where death cannot hurt or destroy.

Then little I care for the charms of this world,  
for I sail on a magic sea,  
For my soul is deluged in glorious mirth as I  
float like a sea-gull free,  
Uphorne by the purple arms of the flood that  
flows from eternity.

Then the scales of the darkness of earth were  
removed, and I saw with a vision so clear,  
Far, far through the limitless depths of the  
space of that colourless atmosphere,  
That the far away gates of the home of the  
gods shone like a satellite near.

#### The Hanoverian Schoolmaster.

THE schoolmaster unites in one person the duties of sexton, grave-digger, and bell-ringer. All teachers must have passed an examination held by the State, for which they are prepared by some years' study at preparatory schools, and a three years' course at one of the eight normal schools in Hanover. In order to enter these schools, the applicant must be eighteen years old and be able to pass an examination in elementary studies. Teachers earn from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. In E., the teacher received eighty-seven cents a year from each of his one hundred pupils, fifteen dollars a year from the church for his services as a sexton, besides fifty cents for each adult's and twenty-five cents for each child's grave dug by him. From the State he got eighty-two dollars, and from the village seven dollars and fifty cents a year, with six acres of good farming land and a house. All the books and maps I saw were of the most old-fashioned sort, and the teacher was drunk whenever he had money enough to buy schnapps. The church consistory appoints and removes the village teachers throughout Hanover. Teachers are not considered socially equal to nor do they associate with ministers. With the teachers ends the list of village officers, and next comes those communal servants for whom we in this country have no equivalent.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE seal of suff'ring impressed upon our destiny announces in clear characters our high calling.—*Gerando*.

## If I Could Keep Her So.

BY LOUISE C. MOULTON

Just a little baby lying in my arms,  
Would that I could keep you with your baby  
charms,  
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden  
hair,  
When the sunshine fingers, caught from  
otherwhere;  
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek,  
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe,  
Thus I am would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old,  
Foot that never weary, hair of deeper gold;  
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,  
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day,  
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world  
about,

Here you come to tell them—what an eager  
shout!  
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbours  
know;  
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of  
books,  
And such grave importance in your puzzled  
looks;  
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,  
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar-  
plums;  
Reading books of romance in your bed at  
night,  
Waking up to study in the morning light;  
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,  
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden sitting by my  
side,  
All the world's before you, and the world is  
wide;  
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there  
to break,  
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to  
wake!  
Is that rose of dawn glowing on your  
cheek,  
Telling us in blushes that you will not speak?  
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego  
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,  
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;  
Now the rose of dawn turns to lily white,  
And the close shut eyelids veil the eyes from  
sight.

All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—  
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me  
now.  
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I  
know—  
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

—Interior.

## Ed. Hardy's Escape.

"Yes, I guess I'll take another cup,  
mother," said Mr. Wells in answer to  
his wife's question—"another cup?"  
"Yes," he continued, "your tea's good  
to-night, and, perhaps, it will help us de-  
cide about that boy."

"It wouldn't take many cups to help  
me decide," said Mrs. Wells, shortly.

"Yes, I know you always make up  
your mind quickly; but you change it  
sometimes, too,"—with a boyish twinkle  
in his eyes.

"Yes," she admitted, "but, John,  
just look at the thing in the face. Ed.  
Hardy is getting to be one of the wild-  
est boys in town, and to think of invit-  
ing him here to our house to spend an  
evening with our own Frank,—why,  
John, I can't do it."

"I know, Susan, there are two sides  
to it, as well as a face; and instead of  
looking at it in the full face, as you  
spoke of, you are looking at just one  
side. You are thinking what the church  
folks and neighbours would say, and  
not how."

"No, no, John," interrupted his  
wife; "I don't think I'm thinking of  
that; I try not to. I'm thinking of  
the harm it may do Frank."

"And not the good it may do Ed.,"  
put in her husband.

"Well, Frank is my own boy, and of  
course I would think more of the influ-  
ence over him."

"Yes, of course; and so would I.  
Now let's see how it would do Frank  
harm."

"Well, in the first place, if we in-  
vited him to the house, Frank would  
think we considered him a safe young  
man, and he would become more inti-  
mate with him, and likely to be led  
away."

"In answer to which," said Mr.  
Wells, "I would say that we could  
explain matters to Frank—he is old  
enough to understand them,—and cau-  
tion him against associating too much  
with him. Frank is a good, steady boy,  
or I might not be quite so ready to  
trust him."

"Well, in the second place, if we  
should invite him here he might think  
we looked lightly on his faults, and  
in that case it would certainly do  
him no good, even if it did Frank no  
harm."

"And yet," said Mr. Wells, "don't  
you think all three of us could manage  
to put in a word of advice once in a  
while? Now listen to me awhile: Ed.  
has no home here in the town—he has  
no relatives. Unfortunately he has  
fallen in with a hard set. He has got  
into this set not so much from inclina-  
tion, I think, as from a natural love of  
company. His boarding place is not a  
home; they do not try to make it so.  
For some reason, I don't know why,  
the respectable young people did not  
take a fancy to him; they snubbed  
him, and so he took up with such com-  
pany as he could get. The more I think  
of it, the more I think we ought to ask  
him here. Why, Susan," getting up  
and pacing the room, "why didn't we  
think of this before? We have been  
to blame; we should have opened our  
doors to him long ago."

"Well, John," spoke up Mrs. Wells,  
"I don't know but you are right. In-  
vite him here to-morrow night, and we  
will do our best to save him,—and  
Frank, too."

"I think, Susan, after doing what  
we can for Frank we can leave the rest  
in God's hands."

The next morning, on his way to his  
office, Mr. Wells met Ed. "Good  
morning, Ed." shaking hands; "how  
are you? Mrs. Wells and I were  
wondering if you couldn't call round  
some evening to make us a visit. The  
town is quite dull just now,—nothing  
going on. Do you suppose you could  
come to-night?"

Ed. had looked surprised at the com-  
mencement of Mr. Wells' remark, but  
gradually a hardened look crept over  
his face, and at the close he said indif-  
ferently, "I don't know, sir;" then  
looking Mr. Wells full in the face  
added, "I am afraid it is too late."

Mr. Wells caught the double mean-  
ing of the words, and said sadly,  
"Yes, Ed. it is late I know, but not  
too late. Come to-night, will you  
not?"

"Well, thank you, Mr. Wells," said  
Ed. softened by the old man's manner,  
"I have an engagement for this even-  
ing, but perhaps I can come. I will  
see."

"Yes, that's just the way," he con-  
tinued to himself after Mr. Wells had  
passed; "it's a pretty time of day now  
to open your doors. If this invitation  
had come a year ago, when I first came  
to the town—yes, or six months ago,  
it might have done some good. But  
I've gone down, down. I don't sup-

pose I know how to act any more  
among decent people. No, I thank you,  
Mr. Wells; you are very kind, but I  
guess—and yet, there's his son, Frank,  
of all the first-class young men here,  
he is the only one who has treated me  
with any kind of decency. I guess I'll  
go; if I don't, I will not have a chance  
to go again."

So that night found Ed. Hardy in  
Mrs. Wells' comfortable parlour. To  
say that he enjoyed himself would be  
unnecessary; and to say that the  
Wells' family were agreeably surpris-  
ed and delighted with Ed., would be say-  
ing only what was true.

The next day Ed. entered Mr. Wells'  
office in a very excited condition, and  
going straight up to the desk, said:  
"Mr. Wells, let me tell you what you  
saved me from last night. The engage-  
ment I had, but which happily I did  
not keep, ended in a drunken carousal.  
They got to fighting during the even-  
ing and oh! Mr. Wells, it is terrible!  
one of the boys was killed. Another  
one is in jail for committing the deed,  
and I might have been there," and the  
poor, worn-out boy dropped his head  
on the desk and sobbed. We do not  
know what Mr. Wells said, but we  
know Ed. went away with a happier  
face than he had worn for a long while,  
and was ever afterwards welcomed at  
Mr. Wells' home as a son.

No one can measure the influence of  
a single kind act.

## A Sociable.

THEY carried pie to the parson's house,  
And scattered the floor with crumbs,  
And marked the leaves of his choicest books  
With the print of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick  
With a lot of a healthy cake,  
While they gobbled the buttered toast and  
rolls  
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck  
Their apple-parings for sport;  
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout  
Spilled his tea on the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees  
With his wife—but not to pray;  
Oh, no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt  
From the carpets and stairs away.

## Plain and Pointed Logic.

I was invited to lunch with a clergy-  
man, who is now a bishop of Carlisle,  
and we had a discussion of two hours.  
A titled lady was present, and she  
helped him. I was alone and had to  
bear the brunt of the battle in the  
Scriptural argument.

"The Bible permits the use of  
wine," said he.

"Very well," said I, "suppose it  
does?"

"The Bible sanctions the use of  
wine."

"Very well, suppose it does?"

"Our Saviour made wine."

"I know He did."

"Why, we thought you were pre-  
paring to deny this."

"I do not deny it. I can read."

"Wine is spoken of in the Bible as  
a blessing."

I replied there are two kinds of  
wine spoken of in the Bible.

"Prove it."

"I don't know that I can; but I  
will tell you what it is. The wine that  
is spoken of as a 'blessing' is not the  
same as a 'mocker,' and the wine that  
is to be drunk in the kingdom of  
heaven cannot be the wine of the

wrath of God. So that, although I  
cannot prove it learnedly, I know it is  
so."

"Now, there are others who can go  
further than I can go, but you will  
please let me go just as far as I can  
understand it. If I cannot go farther,  
don't find fault with me. I hold the  
Bible permits total abstinence; and I  
would rather search the Bible for per-  
mission to give up a lawful gratifica-  
tion for the sake of a weak-headed  
brother who stumbles over my exam-  
ple into sin, than to see how far I can  
follow my own propensities without  
committing sin and bringing condem-  
nation upon any one's soul."

Another gentleman, who came to me  
for a long talk, said, "I have a con-  
scientious objection to teetotalism, and  
it is this: Our Saviour made wine at  
the marriage of Cana, in Galilee."

"I know he did."  
"He made it because He wanted  
it."

"So the Bible tells us"

"He made it of water."

"Yes."

"Then He honoured and sanctified  
the wine by performing a miracle to  
make it. Therefore," said he, "I  
should be guilty of ingratitude, and  
should be reproaching my Master if I  
denied its use as a beverage."

"Sir," said I, "I can understand  
how you should feel so; but is there  
nothing else you put by which our  
Saviour has honoured?"

"No, I do not know that there is."

"Do you eat barley-bread?"

"No," and then he began to laugh.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't like it."

"Very well, sir," said I, "our  
Saviour sanctified barley-bread just as  
much as He ever did wine. He fed  
five thousand people with barley-loaves,  
manufactured by a miracle. You put  
away barley-bread from the low motive  
of not liking it. I ask you to put away  
wine from the low motive of bearing  
the infirmity of your weaker brother,  
and so fulfilling the law of Christ." I  
wish to say that man signed the pledge  
three days after.—*John B. Gough.*

## Love Teaches the Teacher.

"How do you succeed so well with  
your flowers?" asked one lady of an-  
other, who was showing her an array  
of beautiful plants. "I love them,"  
was the simple, yet comprehensive  
reply.

This is the secret of success in more  
things than floriculture. Love is the  
one thing imperatively needed in chil-  
dren's culture. Lacking love the teacher be-  
comes as sounding brass and a tinkling  
cymbal—very polished possibly, and  
correct and pleasing, but powerless to  
lead and fashion the heart. Love is  
keen to observe, quick to learn, swift  
to adopt the best ways, and untroubled  
in carrying out the wisest plans. Moon-  
shiny sentiment, or cheap, evanescent  
sensibility, is not love. Love is stead-  
fast through all moods, and does,  
whether it feels deeply or not.

How can this love be implanted, and  
made to grow in the heart of the  
teacher? It is not a natural product,  
a development of the unrenewed heart.  
Love is a fruit of the Spirit. The  
heart that abides in Christ will have  
the Spirit and the fruit. Then all  
knowledge, all philosophy, all aptness,  
all tact, all utterance will be obedient  
to love's purpose. And there will be  
success, blessed and abiding.

New Every Morning.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning, Every morn is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you; A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over, The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever; Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight, With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them, Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in his mercy receive, forgive them; Only the new days are our own, To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly, Here is the spent earth all reborn, Here are the tired limbs springing lightly To face the sun and to share with the morn In the crisp of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Listen my soul, to the glad refrain, And spite of old sorrow and older sinning, And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, Take heart with the day, and begin again. —Susan Coolidge in Christian Union.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, The Wesleyan, Sunday-School Banner, Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, Quarterly Review Service, Home & School, Pleasant Hours, Berean Leaves, and Sunbeam.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

Missionary Notes.

We copy from the Missionary Report for this year, the following interesting items about the Mission work of our Church.

From Norway House, N. W. T., the Rev. O. German writes:—"I have begun to write out the Gospel of St. Mark, and if I get time will try to get it ready for printing by the next autumn. Our catechisms have not yet arrived, but will, no doubt, be here by first steamer. Nothing of any weight is brought by the winter packets. I am doing the second catechism, and thought I should have had it ready for this packet, but fear I shall not. I do not think it best to teach the syllabic in schools such as this; but in places where neither old nor young can read, and where they have no

school the Cree Bible ought to be liberally supplied. A new supply of these Bibles is needed at all our Missions. May we ask you once more to have a large number sent from England, where, I think, they may be got through the Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

"Employment will, it is expected, be given to all who are able and willing to work on the Churchill Railway, work on which has already been commenced, the coming season. It is also expected that another railroad from here to York Factory will be begun this year. For two or three years, at least, if these roads are carried on, there will be plenty of work for our Indians. But, on the other hand, their associating with un-Christian white men will do them no good, but harm.

NELSON RIVER.

"It is the opinion of some who know the place, that the Missionary should never have been withdrawn from this our most northerly station in this country. Retrogression is not a good maxim. Perhaps, however, in this case we have not really gone back. The living presence of a Missionary constantly on the ground, has a good deal of influence, no doubt, with those even who come very seldom to the Mission. Yet it is possible to teach them to expect too much. A not very large band, leading a roaming life, so that unless one should adopt their style of living, it would be next to impossible to follow them up, can hardly expect to have a "minister," ready to receive them when, now and then, they have occasion (not for reasons religious) to come to the station. In many cases we must maintain a regular paid agent. Formerly this was true of Nelson River. Now the gentleman who has charge of the Hon. Hudson Bay Co.'s post, has, of his own free will, taken charge of the Mission, so far as his duties allow him, and I am not sure that he does not do almost as much as a regular Missionary. He is a native of (born in) the country, so that he is perfectly at home in the use of the Indian language. He takes great delight in the Sabbath and week evening services. In addition to preaching and leading class, he has a regular Bible-class in which his people are greatly interested. He has a kindly address, and is much loved by his people. He often finds an opportunity of dropping a word of counsel to any one who comes to the fort for a night, or even only for a few hours, as is often the case, when the Missionary would not see him at all."

From Oxford House, N.W.T., the Rev. E. Langford writes:—"Several Indians from a distance, who remained but a short time at Oxford House during the summer, were baptized last August; eighteen persons at one service. They have had no teacher to instruct them, yet many read and write readily in their own language, and are striving to walk in the path of duty amid all their destitution in their forest homes. Last week I received a letter from one of them, from which I give a few extracts. After speaking of some Christian Indians with whom he had formerly been acquainted—their thankfulness for the Gospel, and earnestness in God's service—he states, 'I only am poor, pray for me, my minister. . . . I am less than the

least of all God's people. Oh, I tell you, my brethren. I want to give myself away! . . . Only those whom you baptized are living Christian lives.' (He has several brothers and other relatives who are still pagans.) 'Adam truly is faithful to his God; he makes me happy, for he prays from his heart.' With many such testimonies are we cheered; but the knowledge of the immorality of some of our Oxford House Indians is humiliating, yet we are neither afraid nor discouraged, but more fully impressed with our responsibility and the necessity for more thorough work. Our present object is to be plain, practical, and earnest; and our aim the conviction, conversion, and regeneration of our Indians.

"The school has become a very important auxiliary in our work, and is progressing favourably."

The Youth's Companion, of Boston, is a sprightly, entertaining paper, deservedly popular, and is, without exception, the best of its kind published in America. It is filled to overflowing with the choicest original matter, of so diversified a character that it never fails to interest, instruct, and amuse, and is welcomed in the household by young and old alike.

The Pansy, the Boys' and Girls' Pictorial Weekly, edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), is a capital juvenile. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass. For the low price of 75 cents a year. It is full of charming illustrations, stories, and sketches. We will enrich our pages by frequent quotations.

The Wide-Awake, by the same publishers, is a large 80 page monthly, handsomely illustrated. Price \$2.50. Will be given to subscribers to the Methodist Magazine for \$1.50.

California Sketches. Second Series. By Dr. Fitzgerald, Editor of Nashville Christian Advocate, with an Introduction by Bishop Pierce.

This is a neat little volume of 288 pages, containing thirty sketches of persons and scenes with which the author became familiar while he was a Missionary in California. Dr Fitzgerald wields a facile pen. His powers of description are vivid, and none can fail to read these sketches without being interested. Such a volume will be especially attractive to our young people, for it has all the charm of a novel, without a single particle of poison. Such a volume would be very suitable for Sunday-School libraries. The volume contains a steel engraving of the author, which is no mean attraction, and considerably enhances the value of the work.

Our Young People. By Dr. Rivers. Edited by Dr. Summers.

This is another attractive little volume, and will repay a careful perusal. It is a series of pithy papers well adapted to young people. The following are the titles of a few, of which there are more than twenty: The Model Boy, Elements of Success, Habit, Conscience, Dead Flies, The Model Girl, Human Deceit, Causes of Failure, The Battle of Life, Joseph, The Beautiful Queen, etc. The style of the book is easy. Dr. Rivers knows well how to interest his youthful readers, and it augurs well for the

future of the Southern States, that its young people are disposed to read such books as that now named.

The Child in the Midst; or, The Sunday-School of To-Day. By Dr. Leitch.

This charming little book might be designated a Sunday-School Manual. It is written by a gentleman who has long held an important position in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He has especially been prominent in the ranks of Sunday-School workers, hence he is qualified to discuss the subject of which the book treats. The first part treats of Sunday-Schools; second, the pastoral relation to Sunday-Schools; and third, formulas for conducting Children's Meetings, Conventions, Annual Meetings, Bible Readings, and other services. The work is eminently practical, and we would be glad if all those connected with Sunday-Schools in our Church would avail themselves of the results of the careful study which it is evident the author has given to the subject. Dr. Cunningham, the Sunday-School editor, has written a brief Introductory Note, and begs to call special attention to what the author says respecting "the religious susceptibilities of children."

These books are all published by the Methodist Book House, Nashville, Tenn.

Remember the Poor.

Ah! when ye sit by your bright warm fire, Through the evenings cold and long, Think of the numbed and shivering poor. The children of want and wrong; And when ye gather around the board, Covered with viands rare, Remember the squalid, famishing crew, Who search the gutters for fare.

Think of the children who roam the streets, Older in crime, than years; Think of the home that shelters them— Think of its woes and fears; And give to them as God gives you, For He tells us in His Word, That what we give to the needy poor, Is lent unto the Lord.

THE Secretary of the Aurora Sunday-School writes as follows:—

"About a year ago our School decided to give the scholars' contributions for 1882 to the Crosby Girls' Home. The collections for the first quarter amounted to \$10.68; for the second quarter, \$9.27; and for the third quarter, \$7.22. The collections for the first three quarters I sent to Rev. Dr. Sutherland. I send to you the collections for the fourth quarter. The scholars increased their contributions on Christmas Sunday, upon our superintendent asking them to try and make up \$50.00—enough to educate a girl for a year. We had a letter from the Rev. Thos. Crosby; it was read to the scholars, and they seemed much interested to hear what they are doing. The first three quarters the collections amounted to \$27.17; I now send you \$22.83, which makes \$50.00 in all. We will decide to-night what we will do next year."

Well done for the Aurora School! How many others are there that will do as well for the Crosby Home, or Mission Boat, or McDougall Orphanage, or some other connexional object? If all the Schools would do as well as Aurora and some others, it would go a good way to solve the question, What shall be done with the surplus missionaries after Methodist Union?



### The Garden of the King.

Oh, the blessedness of living  
In the garden of the King,  
When the air is full of fragrance,  
And the birds their carols sing,  
When the flowers bloom forth in beauty,  
And the fruit weighs down the vine,  
Oh, 'tis pleasant then to linger  
Where the grape and ivy twine.

But the wind sweeps o'er the garden,  
And the flowers fall like snow;  
While the air is mute with wonder,  
And the tender plants bend low.  
All around the bleeding branches  
Fall before the tempest's wrath;  
And the vines are torn and twisted  
Over every hidden path.

Oh, 'tis sad to see destruction  
Sweep the garden of the King,  
Crushing out the life and vigour  
From the trembling form of Spring;  
Sad to see the branches broken,  
And the trees in fragments strewn  
In that fair and lovely Eden  
Which the Gard'ner calls his own.

Would that we might see our mission  
In the garden of the King,  
Where the shadows of destruction  
Float above the grave of Spring;  
Where the vines are bruised and broken,  
And the flowers smile no more;  
Oh, may we be now more faithful  
Than we ever were before.

Binding up the bruised and bleeding,  
Helping that which needs our care,  
Till the fragrance of the flowers  
Floats again upon the air;  
Lifting vines upon the trellis,  
Forming bowers where birds may sing;  
Bringing back the bloom and beauty  
To the garden of the King.

Working where the wreck was greatest,  
Tolling through the heat of day;  
Heeding not the lengthening shadows  
As they fall along the way;  
Waiting for the Master's advent,  
Knowing that the time draws nigh,  
When the King shall come in glory  
From his regal home on high.

Oh, the blessedness of living,  
Where so much remains undone;  
Oh, the joy and peace in toiling  
For the Father's only Son;  
Watching, working, waiting, hoping,  
Yes, it is a blessed thing,  
Carrying burdens for our Brother  
In the garden of the King.

### The Young Gleaners.

It is quite a relief after the severe winter weather that we have had, to look on such a pleasant summer picture as that on the previous page. The merry maidens and the little lad and the ripe wheat sheaves bring with them the very breath of summer. How pretty the older one looks as she stretches out her hand to see if the rain is over!

Gleaning was practiced in the long ago. Our heavenly Father showed His care for the poor in the olden times, in the special laws relative to this very matter of gleaning. In Lev. xxiii. 22, we read, "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest." They were to be left for the poor and stranger. See Lev. xxiii. 22, and Deut. xxiv. 19, 22.

We suppose that all our readers have been more or less interested in the story of Ruth, the Moabitish widow, who accompanied Naomi when she returned from the land of Moab to Bethlehem; where, that she might obtain food for her mother-in-law and herself, she went to glean, and her hap was to enter the field of Boaz, who instructed his men to let her glean "among the sheaves, and let fall some handfuls on purpose for her."

In England, the poor people living

in the country look forward hopefully to the gleaning time. It is no uncommon thing for a mother and her children to glean enough wheat to find the family in bread for several months. Their usual practice is to gather as many straws having heads as they can hold in one hand, then tie it together with part of itself; then gather another, and so on to the end. A bag is provided for the ears broken off short.

Our "young gleaners" appear to have entered the field before the grain was carried; a very unusual practice. They must have been favoured like Ruth. It looks as though they had taken shelter under a "shock" of corn from a rainstorm which has passed away, and to satisfy herself that the rain is over, the eldest is holding out her hand, that some of the drops, if there are any, may fall on it. Judging from their cheerful countenances, they are well pleased with their task.

When on some of the home Missions we have many times watched the gleaners at their work; gone into the field and helped them, and rejoiced heartily to see them returning home laden with the fruit of the day's toil.

Gleaning is every-day work—Sunday not excepted; and all our readers are gleaners. We shall do well to ask, Where have I been gleaning to-day? What have I been gleaning to-day? Possibly we have been in bad company, or we may have been reading a silly book, and have picked up bad words and bad thoughts—only tares—which we had better try and get rid of as soon as possible. If we have gleaned some good thoughts,—real wheat,—let us seek grace whereby we may serve God acceptably all the days of our life. We are gleaning good or evil all the time. Let us beware.

### A Professor of Hand-shaking.

At a recent anniversary in London, Mark Guy Pearse, the well-known author of "Dan'l Quorn," gave an account of the first religious meeting he attended in London; at the close of which he hoped somebody would say "How do you do? we are very glad to see you;" but as no one said it he returned to his dismal lodging and sat down to his solitary chop, and "wondered if there was anybody in London that had any heart in him, anyhow." Shortly after he was invited to dinner by Mr. Duncan, where he met the minister, Thomas Vesey, who invited him to come to tea on the following Saturday, and that invitation turned the course of his life, and led him into the path which he had since followed. The minister said to him:

"Young man, God wants you."

Pearse replied, "I believe he does."

"You must give yourself to his ministry," said Mr. Vesey; and he did so.

Mr. Pearse said he did not wonder that Mr. Duncan had more than a hundred members in his class, for as soon as a young man entered the chapel where he was, one of Mr. Duncan's "retrievers" was sent to look after the stranger. Nine years' experience in London, and some years in the country, had convinced him of this—that the biggest human power in the church was hand-shaking. They had got their professors of elocution and their professors of theology, but if these were to be turned to right good account there must be others to take hold of men and shake their hands, with all their hearts. When

a hearty welcome was given to one, that one would be encouraged himself to invite others in. In one case which had come within his own experience, five or more persons had been led to God through the instrumentality of a policeman to whom a cordial reception had been given; and in one Bible class there were to-day no fewer than ten policemen.

We second the suggestion for a "professor of hand-shaking;" but as we have heard it intimated that in some theological seminaries there are professors appointed to teach men to preach, who themselves never could preach acceptably; and teachers of pastoral theology who never succeeded in a pastorate; we respectfully suggest that no man be appointed a professor of hand-shaking unless he knows how to shake hands himself. And to do this he must have a hand to shake, and a heart behind it. If that minister, the shake of whose hand was described by one of his flock as "like taking hold of a dead cod-fish's tail," were appointed "professor of hand-shaking," we fear that the state of things would not be greatly improved. But if a man full of faith and power, anointed with the Holy Ghost and burning with zeal for the salvation of men, were selected, he might give some very good lessons on this point. But in order that good shall be effected, there should be a broad and comprehensive charity, a communion of saints, and a longing for sinners, which is, alas! too rare.

When Christians come to overlook some of the petty divisions and subdivisions into which the people of God are separated, when they come to regard every man as a Christian *saved*, or a sinner to be *saved*, they will perhaps be less chary about shaking hands with strangers, and more ready to give the hand of fellowship to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and the hand of helping sympathy to all who are yet strangers to his grace, and afar off from God by wicked works. Many a man is brought into the fold by the grasp of a warm hand. We remember once after preaching in D. L. Moody's Tabernacle, in Chicago, he asked us to dismiss the meeting, and vanished from the platform. We saw no more of him until the congregation had dispersed and we were passing out, when, behold, there at the door stood Moody, shaking hands with every mother's son of them as they passed out. That is about the sort of a man whom we think would make a "good professor of hand-shaking."—H. L. Hastings.

### The Missionary Potato.

It wasn't a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the wall; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in Southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday they stood together, over by the square box-stove, waiting for Sunday-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth, as he spoke.

James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he spy, lying in one corner of a seat, but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it the day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Steve, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to any body."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said: "I'm in earnest."

"Honour bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honour bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put half in the plate?"

"No," said Stephen laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess, but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause. There'll be another chance, this isn't the only collection the Church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before, and, though their faces were rather red when the box passed to them, and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato, and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth, and the dew, and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything like it! "Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill! Another thing while the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass-meeting for missions, that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed their forty-one potatoes carefully, they wrote out in their best hand this sentence, forty-one times:

"This is the missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to the missions. Signed, James and Stephen Holt." Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted on its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing: They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.—The Pansy.

**Not Knowing.**

I know not what will befall me! God hangs  
A mist o'er my eyes,  
And o'er each step of my onward path He  
Makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet  
and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days  
of the year,  
But the past is still in God's keeping, the  
future His mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance, may  
brighten as I draw near.

For, perhaps, the dreaded future has less bit-  
terness than I think;  
The Lord may sweep the water before I  
stoop to drink;  
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand  
beside its brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of  
my lot,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy  
so strangely sweet,  
That my lips can only tremble with the  
thanks I cannot speak.

Oh, restless, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed  
not to know,  
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will  
not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom  
which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing! I would not if I  
might,  
I would rather walk in the dark with God,  
than go alone in the light,  
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than  
walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the  
future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear  
Lord chose;  
So I send the coming tears back, with the  
whispered word, "He knows."

—Selected.

**After Dark.**

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

THE difference between day and night is universally perceived and universally acknowledged, and the varieties of its effects still afford a large field for intelligent observation.

We shall not go into this subject extensively, showing the reciprocal influence of the physical and psychical natures of man and the modification of this influence by broad daylight and by dark night. There is one point, however, to which we wish to call special attention, and that is, the relation of night to children in cities.

We say in cities, because ordinarily in the country there is but one thing for a child to do at night—namely, to stay in the house. Another reason is, that the writer, alas! knows very little of child life in the country. He knows something of it in the city. He was born in the city. Until he was ten years of age he knew nothing of country life. He has spent more than half his life in cities in Europe and America. This has given him some experience and some opportunity for observation. He has watched also the growth of many children in many families, and has taken pains to notice the effect of different kinds of culture.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different to that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day

will say things at night they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown till sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy, it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children, and are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Childhood should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority; but whether these are at the command of the parent or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable for the safety and honour of the family—namely, that while the child is small he shall never go off the lot without his parents or some other proper guardian; and that when he grows older, until he comes of age, his parents ought to know where he is every moment of his time, and ought to know that he is in bed before eleven o'clock. When this cannot be obtained by the exercise of gentleness, it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if kept in, but better endure eight or ten years of such heat than to have that child ruined, and the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys, because we do not suppose that any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the streets after dark.

We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if these were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to begin to make quiet observation upon the condition of their children at night, to find where they are, and to prepare to answer to God our Heavenly Father for the painstaking care which they give to their children.

**All or None.**

We had listened together to a solemn sermon—my young friend and I—and as we walked homeward, I said to him:

"Why is it that you cannot be convinced, and become a Christian?"

"Oh," he replied gaily, "I am convinced. There's nothing the matter with my head; the difficulty is with my heart. I don't want to be one—at least not yet. I have ambitious plans for life which it would be very bitter for me to forego, and I would have to forego them if I became a Christian."

"Why so?"

"Because it is not my nature to halve things. It must be all or none, with me. Now, if I became a Christian—I don't mean one of your mere professors, but an out-and-out follower of Christ—I could see no stopping-place between that and becoming a minister: and a minister I will not be! It would be to abandon the

cherished ideas of a life-time. The traditions of my family lead me into politics, and there I must find my arena—not in the narrowness of the pulpit."

After some urgency on my part, we separated, and this peculiar subject was never renewed between us again.

Years passed away, and the same friend and I met at a large social gathering. After a little desultory talk he suddenly and somewhat bitterly turned to me:

"Do you know I am a disappointed and thwarted man?"

I expressed my surprise.

"Yes," said he, "all paths in life seem closed to me. You know with what high hopes I began my career which was to end in noble statesmanship. The fortunes of war soon put an end to that. Then I sought military distinctions, and threw myself with all my soul into the terrible struggle. My health was utterly wrecked before I had seen one year of service. I turned, after the close of the war, to literature—my education at least remained to me; and that hope has collapsed of late, and you see me now, a thwarted and broken-spirited man."

My thoughts went to the deliberate choice that that brilliant mind had made on the well-remembered Sabbath night. I wondered if my friend's did the same; if it did, he gave no sign.

Only a few years went by and in silence and sorrow my friend went out of life, into the great hereafter. Whether the heart that had so long held out, despite the conviction of the head, yielded at last, who dare say? If it did, he left no record of it.—*Christian Observer.*

**The Sea.**

THE sea, the sea, the glorious sea!  
Who would not joy to see the sea!  
No waving corn, but rolling waves  
Spread o'er it all, until each laves  
The sun-glint sands upon its shore.

The sea, the sea, the glorious sea!  
What have I seen if not the sea?  
So broad and deep, so calm in sleep,  
The little child to its side may creep,  
Lured by its "sough, sough," evermore.

The sea, the sea, the glorious sea!  
Hark to the roaring of the sea!  
When the storm-clouds rush along the sky  
To meet the billows leaping high!  
God curbs the fury of the storm.

The sea, the sea, the glorious sea!  
The smiling and the angry sea;  
How like to every human heart,  
Where calm and storm have each a part.  
"Peace, be still!" 'tis Jesus quiets the storm.

Otho.

O. GERMAN.

**The Straight Path.**

"THE Bible is so strict and old fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written now-a-days that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, don't use a crooked ruler!"—*Churchman.*

**Puzzledom.**

Answers to Puzzles in January 24.

- 5.—Dun-bar.
- 6.—Anthony Wayne. William Cullen Bryant. Benjamin Disraeli. Charles Wesley.
- 7.—Don, Cape, Fear, Tagus.
- 8.—

D O G  
O N E  
G E T

9.—The eye.

**NEW PUZZLES.**

10.—CHARADE.

A conveyance; a term of endearment; the turning of a ship in its course. Is used in great numbers at house-cleaning time.

11.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behold a ruffie, and leave a small stream; again, and leave sick. Behold a ridge of rocks, and leave a rim. Behold to dance, and leave to dare.

12.—HALF SQUARE.

Pertaining to the sun; the burden; a kind of sail; a preposition; a letter.

13.—SQUARE WORD.

An animal; masticated; a beverage.

**Boys and Girls' Temperance Lessons.\***

LESSON IV.

*Alcohol and the Human Stomach.*

QUESTION. Besides a sedative, what is an effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body?

ANSWER. A first effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body is, to produce what is called irritation.

Q. What is irritation when applied to the animal body?

A. Irritation is an unusual action in any of its parts.

Q. How is irritation in any part of an animal body caused?

A. Irritation in any part of an animal body is caused by contact with what is both disturbing and injurious.

Q. How is it known that alcohol, when taken into the animal body, produces this irritation?

A. We know it from the character of alcohol itself, to which may be added the demonstration of universal experience.

Q. Suppose this irritation is continued by the frequent use of alcohol, what follows?

A. One of two things follows: either the mouth, and throat, and stomach lose sensibility, or irritation is followed by inflammation.

Q. What is the consequence of the loss of sensibility in the stomach and in the organs leading to it?

A. Much of the natural pleasure that comes of taking common, healthy food and drink is at an end.

Q. What is inflammation?

A. Inflammation is the pain, redness, heat, and swelling, caused by an irritation, of any part of the animal body.

Q. Does inflammation always follow irritation?

A. It does, unless the cause that produces the irritation is removed.

\*We propose giving a series of these Temperance Lessons, which, we hope, will train up our boys and girls to be thorough teetotalers.



**Rest.**

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—  
My soul oppressed,  
And with desire have I long desired  
Rest—only Rest

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways,  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best,  
And I have prayed—but vain has been my  
prayer—  
For Rest, sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart oppressed,  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,  
For Rest—for Rest.

My path has wound across the desert years,  
And cares intense  
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for Rest.

'Twas always so: when still a child I laid  
On mother's breast  
My weary little head—even then I prayed,  
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,  
For down the West  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall Rest.

—Father Ryan.

**LESSON NOTES.****FIRST QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.**

A. D. 30-33.] **LESSON VIII.** [Feb. 25.

**ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.**

Acts 5. 1-11. *Commit to memory verses 9-11.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord.  
Prov. 12. 22.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

The hope of the hypocrites shall perish.

**DAILY READINGS.**

M. Acts 4. 29-37.  
T. Acts 5. 1-17.  
W. Matt. 23. 18-39.  
Th. Joshua 7. 1-26.  
F. Acts 8. 13-23.  
Sa. Rev. 21. 1-8, 27.  
Su. Psalm 51. 1-19.

**TIME.**—A. D. 30-33. Within two or three years of the last lesson.

**PLACE.**—Jerusalem.

**CIRCUMSTANCES.**—After the release of Peter the Church prospered. The Christians lived together as brethren, preached, taught, helped the poor, rejoiced in the Lord. Many sold their property to give aid to the poor. Among the number was Barnabas, who afterwards became the companion of Paul. In contrast with him, and with the holy life of the Church, an instance of hypocrisy is given in the case of Ananias.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—1. *Ananias*—(grace of God) nothing is known of him but what is related here. *Sapphira*—(a sapphire, or beauty). *Sold*—Ostensibly to give to the poor. 2. *Kept back part*—While pretending to give it all (v. 8). *His wife being privy to it*—Mentioned to show that the sin was deliberately committed. *Laid it the apostles' feet*—In public, at a meeting, thus seeking to gain notoriety as a generous man and a saint. 3. *Lie to the Holy Ghost*—Because the offering was made to God, rather than to man. 4. *What is remained*—Undedicated to God. No one compelled him to give away his money. 5. *Gave up the ghost*—His spirit, life. Peter did not kill him. It was the direct act of God. 6. *Buried him*—The Jews usually buried their dead the same day they died. 7, 8. *His wife*—Peter gave her an opportunity of confession. But he did not wait for her to know how her husband had died, for then her confession would have been insincere. 11. *Great fear*—Or awe. *On the Church*—They feared to do wrong and to be hypocrites. *As many as heard*—Others feared on account of their sins. And they feared to join the disciples unless they were real Christians.

**SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.**—The state of the Church at this time.—Barnabas.—Ananias and Sapphira.—Their motive.—Their sin.—Lying.—Hypocrisy.—Lying unto God.—Their punishment.—The effect upon the Church.

**QUESTIONS.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**—When did the events of to-day's lessons occur? What was the state of the Church at this time? (Acts 4. 31-35.) What would have the effect been if only such a picture had been handed down to us? Give one example of heroic self-sacrifice. (4. 30, 37.) What do you know of this Barnabas?

**SUBJECT: HYPOCRISY.**

1. **AN EXAMPLE OF HYPOCRISY** (vs. 1-4).—Who are mentioned in contrast with Barnabas? Meaning of their names? For what purpose did they sell their property? (4. 34, 35.) What did they do with the money? Meaning of "laid it at the apostles' feet"? What was their motive, or what did they seek to gain by this course? What was their sin? How was it "lying not unto men, but unto God"? What shows that the sin was deliberate? (vs. 2, 7-9) Was the sin worse on that account? In what ways do people commit this sin in our time? If we try to be Christians, but are not willing to give up all to Christ, do we keep back part of the price? Why is hypocrisy one of the worst of sins? What other sins are almost always joined with lying? Is lying a common sin? In what ways is this sin oftenest committed by young people?

2. **HYPOCRISY PUNISHED** (vs. 5-10).—How was Ananias punished? Was this Peter's act? Was the punishment too severe for the sin? What was done with Ananias? How long after this did his wife appear? What did Peter say to her? Her reply? What betel her? What is the punishment threatened against hypocrisy? (Job 8. 13; 15. 34. Matt. 24. 51.) What is the punishment of lying? (Rev. 21. 8, 27.) Why is the punishment so severe?

3. **THE EFFECTS OF THE PUNISHMENT** (v. 11). What was the general effect of this sudden punishment? What upon the Church? (v. 14.) Why this result? What upon those outside of the Church? (vs. 13, 17.) Why is such a story as this related of the early Church? How is it a warning? How a comfort?

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.**

1. We must be either examples or warnings to others.
2. In the best of wheat there will be some chaff.
3. Lying proceeds from malice, cowardice, or vanity.
4. Hypocrisy is sure to be detected.
5. Sometimes the greatest severity is the greatest mercy.
6. Christians should be afraid of sin, but afraid of nothing else.
7. Sinners should be afraid because they have sinned.

**REVIEW EXERCISE.** (For the whole School in Concert.)

17. What trouble now arose in the church? **ANS.** Some hypocrites joined them. 18. What did Ananias and Sapphira do? **ANS.** They brought some money, pretending it was all, while they kept back a part. 19. What was their object? **ANS.** That they might seem better than they were. 20. How were they punished? **ANS.** They fell down dead. 21. What was the effect? **ANS.** Great fear upon all, so that the Church was purified and grew, and many others repented of their sins.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON IX.** [March 4.

**PERSECUTION RENEWED.**

Acts 5. 17-39. *Commit to memory vs. 27-29.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

We ought to obey God rather than men.  
Acts 5. 29.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

In vain do men oppose the Gospel of Christ.

**DAILY READINGS.**

M. Acts 5. 1-26.  
T. Acts 5. 27-42.  
W. Acts 4. 1-21.  
Th. Psalm 142. 1-7.  
F. Acts 12. 1-19.  
Sa. Acts 16. 16-40.  
Su. Phil. 2. 1-18.

**TIME.**—A. D. 30-33. Soon after the last lesson.

**PLACE.**—Jerusalem. Solomon's Portico and the Hall of the Sanhedrin, both being within the Temple area.

**CIRCUMSTANCES.**—The sudden punishment of Ananias and Sapphira not only filled the people with awe and increased the growth of

the Church, but all this excited the rulers to stronger opposition, the results of which are told in to-day's lesson.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—17. *Then the high priest*—Annas. *Rose up*—From his inactivity into action. *They that were with him*—In sympathy. He was a Sadducee, and the Sadducees joined with him in this attack. For all that the apostles had done was in direct opposition to their doctrines that there is no future life, no spirit, no angel. 19. *The angel opened the doors*—This was (1) a direct overthrowing of the Sadducees' belief; (2) Encouragement to the disciples, (3) A warning to the rulers. 20. *In the temple*—The temple area, probably Solomon's Porch (v. 12.) 21. *Sanct*—Same as council, all the council. 24. *Captain of the temple*—Chief of the band of Levites who guarded the temple. *Whereunto this would grow*—What would be the result, how many people would believe, and what might become of their religion. 28. *Strictly*—Strictly. *Filled Jerusalem*—A testimony to the success of the apostles. 32. *We are his witnesses*—They bore witness to what they had seen and heard.—Christ's words, miracles, resurrection, mighty works, changed lives, experienced blessedness. *So is also the Holy Ghost*—By the wonders of Pentecost, and miracles of healing and conversion of souls by the power of the Holy Ghost.

**SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.**—The Sadducees.—Why opposed to the apostles.—The apostles' release.—The Sanhedrin.—Peter's defence.—The exaltation of Christ.—The witness of the apostles.—The witness of the Holy Spirit.

**QUESTIONS.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**—What event had just made a great impression on all classes? Its effect on the people? (5. 13.) Its effect on the Church? (5. 14.) Its effect on what classes do we study to-day?

**SUBJECT: VAIN EFFORTS TO OPPOSE THE GOSPEL.**

1. **THEY ARE VAIN BECAUSE GOD IS ON THE SIDE OF THE GOSPEL** (vs. 17-24).—Who was high priest? Of what sect was he? Why were the Sadducees especially opposed to the truths of the Gospel? How did they show their indignation? Where were the apostles imprisoned? How were they released? How did this very Act confute the Sadducees? How does it show that God was on the side of the Gospel? What argument did Gamaliel use of this kind before the Sanhedrin? (Acts 5. 34-39) Were they fighting against God? Was it possible for them to succeed? Who were gathered together early in the morning? What did they find? What were the rulers afraid of? (v. 24.)

2. **BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WANTED AND NEEDED THE GOSPEL** (vs. 20, 21, 25-28).—Where did the apostles go as soon as they were released? What would the rulers think of this? What did they preach? Why? Do the people need the Gospel? What has it done for them? How does the fact of this need give confidence in the success of the Gospel? Why were the rulers afraid of the people? How had the apostles "brought this man's blood upon the rulers"? What testimony to the success of the Gospel at that time is found in verse 28?

3. **BECAUSE JESUS CHRIST IS A PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR** (vs. 29-32).—How did Peter reply? Was he right in obeying God rather than man? Why? With what did he charge the rulers? What had God done in opposition to them? In what sense is Christ a Prince? Phil. 2. 9-11. Eph. 1. 19-21. Rev. 17. 14. Dan. 7. 13, 14.) What does he do as a Saviour? How does Jesus "give repentance"? Can we be forgiven without repentance? Of what were the apostles witnesses? Of what are we witnesses? How did the Holy Spirit bear witness to these things? (Acts 2. 1-4, 41-46; 4. 14, 16) How does he bear witness now? (John 16. 8. Rom. 8. 14-16. Acts. 2. 4. Gal. 5. 22, 23.) To whom does God give the Holy Spirit? (v. 32. John 14. 16, 17.) What was the result of this trial before the Sanhedrin?

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.**

1. God is ever ready to defend and deliver his people.
2. God is wiser and stronger than all our enemies.
3. God delivers us from trouble that we may serve him more faithfully.
4. True religion does right, regardless of the consequences.
5. "If a man will take care of the right, God will take care of him."
6. "There is no having Christ for a Saviour, unless we are willing to take him as our Prince."
7. Where there is repentance, there is also forgiveness.

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