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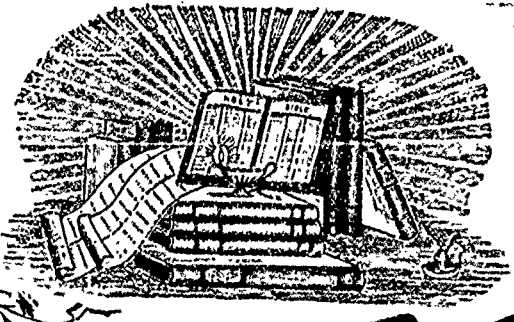
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HOME & SCHOOL



VOL. III.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

[No. 4.]

The People's Prayers.

Up to the Merciful Father
The prayers rise day and night,
Away through the mist and darkness,
Away on the wings of light,
And none that was really earnest
Ever has lost its way,
And none that asked for a blessing
Ever was answered nay.

Passionate, quick, and eager
Are some of the prayers that rise;
Leisurely, long, and thoughtful
Are others that reach the skies;

And why, but because He loves us
With measureless mighty love,
For as dear are His earth-bound children
As the safer ones above.

And so let none of the people
Ever neglect to pray,
For prayer can bring some sunshine
Into the darkest day;
And patience, and strength, and courage,
And power to work or to bear,
And peace, and wonderful gladness
Are the answers unto prayer.

—Marianne Farningham.

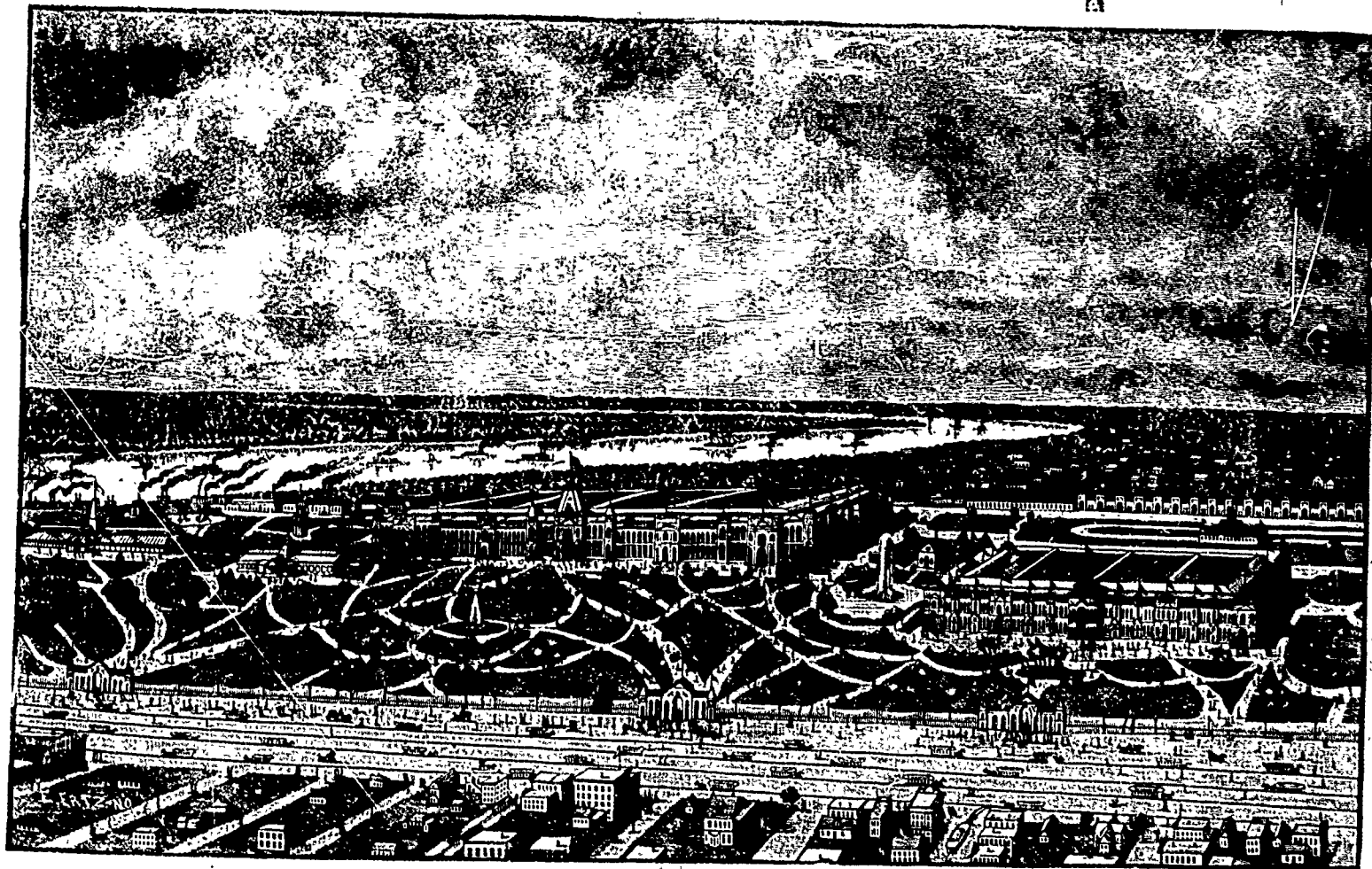
broad country, gathered along 17,000 miles of navigable streams of water. This mighty river is capable of affording a harbour for the largest ocean vessels, the deepest soundings in front of the city being 200 feet.

In the foreground are seen the arched gates to the Park, newly erected hotels, street cars, carriages and promenaders, the whole forming a map of busy life.

The grounds embrace the space of

—was far on its way toward completion, and everything gave promise of an exceedingly interesting and instructive Exposition.

Aside from the material claims to general interest, there is a quaintness, a charm and a life peculiar to the old time Latin city, which almost instinctively attracts the stranger and furnishes a valued and gratifying experience. The time is also propitious. At New Orleans, the period



WORLD'S FAIR—BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS—NEW ORLEANS.

And some are sung in the temple
In solemn or joyous tones,
And some are spoken in whispers,
And some go forth in groans.

But so that they reach the Father
We know that all is well;
Sad were our hearts and restless
If our troubles we could not toll
To the tender Sympathizer,
And feel that He will care;
But the heart grows still and joyous
That pours itself out in prayer.

But why will the Father hearken?
If we cast away our sin
And knock at the gate of mercy
He graciously lets us in;

The New Orleans World's Fair.

The large engraving accompanying this article is a graphic view of the site of the World's Fair. Only that part of the park containing the largest Exposition buildings is shown in this view. The green forests on the opposite bank of the great river, stretching away in the dim distance, add much to the beauty of the scene.

The chief natural feature is, of course, the Father of Waters—the Mississippi river. Numerous steamboats may be seen descending the river laden with the rich products of our

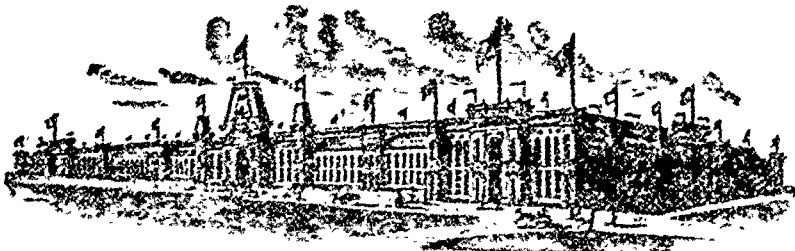
247 acres, bounded on the north side by St. Charles Avenue, on the south by the Mississippi river. The buildings front east toward the main portion of the city. An electric railway encircles the grounds.

As many Canadians will doubtless wish to visit this Exposition, we have taken a good deal of trouble to obtain the information and illustrative cuts given in the following article. We had the pleasure of visiting the Exhibition Grounds last June. The Main Building, by far the largest ever erected—covering over thirty-one acres

is but a springtime—vernal foliage clothes the earth, fragrant flowers give forth their perfume, choice fruits ripen, balmy winds prevail.

The World's Exposition will be favoured in transportation rates above all of its predecessors. The regular rates of travel to and from the Exposition will be unprecedentedly low. Rates for special excursions will reach a figure never before secured.

All the accommodation of the city is listed and classified, its character and rate of charges determined, so that no imposition or extortion can prevail,



THE MAIN BUILDING.

and the promptest information and assistance will be at all times available to the visitor. In a city of 250,000 inhabitants, in a climate like that of the Crescent City, with houses of more than ample capacity, it will not be impossible to secure comfortable and acceptable accommodation for fifty thousand extra people. In addition to the accommodations now afforded, numerous Hotel Companies are preparing to establish capacious buildings near the grounds.

The Mexican and New Mexican exhibit will be of special interest. There is to be a beautiful Mexican garden, made up of tropical plants in tanks and pots. In the centre of this garden a Moorish building is erected, which is octagonal in shape. In the inner court of this structure will be placed a specimen of silver valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. One of the palm trees in the garden required the labour of several hundred natives, to transport.

The Main Building is the largest ever erected. It is 1,378 feet long by 905 feet wide, without courts, and has a continuous roof composed largely of glass so arranged as to afford an abundance of light without subjecting the interior to the direct rays of the sun. Within, the view is unobstructed, from one side or corner of the building to its opposite, the interior, showing all the phases of industrial activity. There are no partitions, and the lofty pillars, wide apart, supporting the roof structure, present no impediment to one's vision, but only serve to assist the eye in measuring the vast expanse. The interior is surrounded by wide and spacious galleries, twenty-three feet high, which are reached by twenty elevators having the most approved safety appliances, and by convenient stairways.

The Music Hall, with a seating capacity, in commodious chairs, for 11,000 people, a platform capacity for 600 musicians, and a mammoth organ, built to order for the Exposition, occupies the centre of the interior.

The United States and State Exhibits Building is 885 feet long by 565 feet wide. It is one of the largest Exposition buildings ever erected. At the time of the adoption of the plans it was supposed that the Main Building, having the largest capacity of any building heretofore erected, in conjunction with the Horticultural Hall, and such minor outside buildings as were necessary, would afford ample

accommodation for all exhibits; but the interest in the World's Exposition had become so widespread, and the inquiries and applications of space became so numerous, that the necessity for additional accommodation became imperative, and the management determined upon the erection of this magnificent structure specially for the United States and State exhibits.

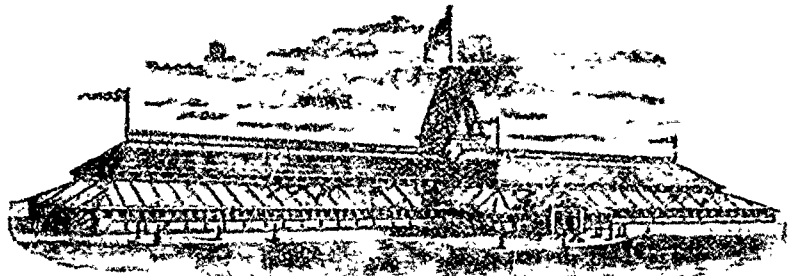
The Treasury Department exhibits coast survey, light housing, life-saving service, customs, internal revenue, engraving, printing, etc. The War Department shows arms, ordnance, engineering, medical, surgical, and hospital services, progress in same, etc. The Navy Department shows naval arms, ordnance, projectiles, torpedoes, dynamo electro machines for firing, models of war vessels, ancient and modern, etc. The Interior Department—everything pertaining to the inventions and improvements in American industries and to the history, customs and habits of the aboriginal races, etc.

The Horticultural Hall is 600 feet in length and 194 feet wide through its centre. It is the largest conservatory in the world. It is substantially built as a durable structure, becoming, by arrangement with the city, a permanent feature of the Park. It is located on high ground in the midst of live-oak groves. Surmounting the centre is a magnificent tower, 90 feet high, roofed with glass. Beneath this tower, in constant play, is a grand fountain. Around the hall are arranged an infinite variety of rare tropical and semi-tropical plants, flowers, and shrubbery. There is a tropical hothouse, 250 feet long by 25 feet wide, in which the most delicate flowers from the South are nurtured and made to bloom in their most brilliant perfection.

The Art Gallery is 250 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is a structure built of iron. The building is an elegant and artistic structure so arranged for mounting, accessibility and light as to present the best effects, and with ample accommodation for as large a collection as was ever exhibited on this hemisphere. It will be fireproof—even the partitions being of iron.

The *Great Eastern* steamship has sailed from England with the British exhibits, and will prove herself one of the attractions of the Exposition.

To reach New Orleans from central Canada, the best route, in the judgment of the present writer, is by



THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

the Credit Valley and Michigan Central Railroad to Toledo, thence by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, and Louisville and Nashville Railroad. By the last-mentioned road, which is probably the best equipped in the entire South, one may pass in a few hours from lands of snow to lands of sun—to the everglades of Florida and the orange groves of the Gulf Coast. Return tickets from Toronto by the above-named roads cost only \$31.85—a good deal less than one cent per mile.

There is one thing which we greatly regret in connection with the New Orleans Exhibition, and that is, that we understand through papal and foreign influence—it is open on Sundays. Here was a grand opportunity to give a national testimony in favour of keeping holy the Sabbath day. But the sentiment of the native American portion of the community is almost completely overborne in the great cities of New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and here in New Orleans, by the large mixed population. All honour to Quaker Philadelphia for closing the gates of her World's Fair on the Sabbath.

At the Door.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure—
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock,
My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside th' unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead
"Tis I, O Father! only I!"

—The Current.

WHAT notoriety attaches itself to the man who is the accepted suitor for a royal maiden's hand. Prince Henry of Battenburg is about to marry Princess Beatrice of England, and an enterprising London picture dealer has imported ten thousand of his photographs from Berlin, to satisfy the English craving for a picture of the Queen's prospective son-in-law.

To Cure Gossip.

ADOPT this rule: Let all who come to you with stories about mutual acquaintances, know that you intend, as soon as your duties allow, to wait upon the parties spoken of disparagingly and repeat just what was said, and who said it. Still better, take out your memorandum book and ask the party to allow you to copy the words, so that you can make no mistake.

You will have to do this probably not more than three times. It will fly among your acquaintances on the wings of the gossips, and persons who come to talk against other persons in your presence will begin to feel as if they were testifying under oath.

But you ask, "Will it not be mean to go off and detail conversation!" Not at all when your interlocutor understands that he must not talk against an absent person in your presence without expecting you to convey the words to the absent person and the name of the speaker. Moreover, what right has any man or woman to approach you and bind you to secrecy and then poison your mind against another? If there be any difference in your obligations, are you not bound more to the man who is absent than to the one who is present? If you can thus help to kill gossip, it will not matter if you lose a friend or two; such friends as those, who talk against others to you, are the very persons to talk against you to them.

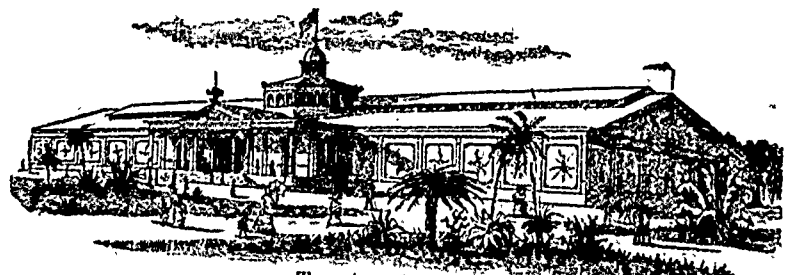
Try our rule. We know it to be good. We use it. It is known in the church of which we are pastor that if any one speaking to us disparagingly of an absent member we hold it our duty to go to that absent member immediately and report the conversation and the names; or, still better, to make the party disparaging face the party disparaged. We have almost none of this to do. Amid the many annoyances which necessarily come to the pastor of a large church, and still larger congregation, we think that we are as free from the annoyance of gossips as it is possible for a man to be who lives among his fellow-men.

Try our rule, try it faithfully, with meekness and charity, and if it does not work well, let us know.—Rev. Dr. Deems.

Give a tramp the cold shoulder one day and he will come back the next day for potatoes to go with it.



UNITED STATES AND STATE EXHIBITS.



THE ART GALLERY.

atching.

BY BELLA G. G. PAGE.

I SAID, when the early dawning
With its rose-tints flushed the sky,
"I must set my house in order
For the Master comes by and by,
I must garnish it, swept and ready
With spices and odors a-reet,
For perhaps in the early dawning
I shall hear his coming feet."
But dawn passed into morning,
The rose-tints died away,
And the Master came not for me;
I sighed, "Where doth he stay?"

I said, once more, in the morning,
"My house must be sweet and fair,
No spot nor stain to defile it,
And bedecked with blossoms rare,
Cool, shaded, calm and quiet,
From dust and tumult free,
For it may be in the morning
That the Master comes for me."
But morning slipped into noontide,
And more sultry grew the day,
And the Master came not for me;
I waited, "Where doth he stay?"

I spake again at the noontide:
"I will deck my house once more,
I will draw the curtain coolly
And half open set the door;
In doubt and in anxious longing
I have waited all the day,
Perhaps in the sultry noontide
The Master will come this way."
But noon stretched to quiet evening,
And died in its calm, still gray,
And the Masters foot still lingered;
I sighed, "Where doth he stay?"

Again in the dusk of the evening
I lighted my lamp with care,
So that all might see I waited
A guest expected there,
I throw my shutters wide open,
And I said, "This livelong day
I've watched. Sure, now in the gloaming
The Master will come this way!"
But the evening gave place to midnight,
The stars twinkled far away,
And still did the Master tarry;
I cried, "Will he always stay?"

The midnight came and it found me
Still listening to hear His feet;
And I wept, "The Master tarryes,"
When, lo! far adown my street
Came an angel, tall and stately,
Passed beneath my threshold tree,
Where in despair I waiting cried,
"Will the Master no'er come for me?"
In doubt have I looked and waited,
And watched all the night and day;
Yet the Master came not for me;
Oh, why doth His coming stay?"

And the angel spake to me, gently,
"Dear child, watch a little while;
Keep fair and garnish thy dwelling,
Pray and labour with a smile;
For the Master cometh to thee
At an hour thou dost not know."
So I labour, and watch contented,
Though His coming may be slow;
Some time in the midst of my labour,
A voice will sound on my ear,
"Thou hast wrought and hast had patience.
My beloved I am here!"
—Zion's Herald.

Cap'n Sam's Sermon.

CAP'N SAM was in no mood for jokes or banter, and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor a few minutes later addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards called "a perfect brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows, and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise toward the captain's neatly kept place.
"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad, about the age of you boys, I was what they call a 'hard case,' that is, not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild.

"Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in my life.

"I know it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After a while, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea; and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and liked journeying from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something besides empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence! At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of her son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

"So, when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow; and I know I had helped blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful, and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't straightened them out—and—I—never—shall! never!

"When they lay my mother, my fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads; it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddy Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddy, my boy," said the quavering voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to make the rough path smooth, but you cannot straighten out the old furrows, my laddies; remember that!"

"Guess I'll go chop some wood," mother spoke of, "I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do?" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off keeping step in a thoughtful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterwards that Billy was really getting to be a comfort instead of a pest; guessed he was a-copying the captain, trying to be good to his ma—"Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked: that Jimmy always meant to be a good boy, but he was actually being one now-a-days. "Guess your stories they liked so much have morals to them

now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Captain Sam, with folded arms and bent head, said softly to himself:

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if any word of mine will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mother's brow; for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows!"—*Christian Weekly.*

Richly Rewarded.

HONESTY is its own reward to every honest person. When a man or a boy expects pay for being honest, his virtue is worth little or nothing. The old negro in the following story, told by the *Atlanta Constitution*, had the right of the matter:

Anderson, the coloured porter of the Butler House, picked up an open roll of \$100 at the door of the post-office. At once he approached a man who he thought had dropped it.

"Mister," he said, "is dis yourn?" The gentleman paid no attention to him.

Again he asked, "Mister, is dis money yourn?"

Still the man gave no heed.

"Boss," he asked again, with the rising inflection, "is dis money yourn?" The man then turned and stared at the negro, searched his pockets, said yes, and gave the negro twenty-five cents.

Anderson could have kept the money, as no one saw him pick it up. Some one rallied him afterwards, and asked him why he did not keep it?

"No," said honestly, "I feel richer wid this quarter dan wid \$100 da. want mine."

Scrap-Books.

THE scrap-book is a useful friend, and you owe it to yourself and the children to have one. I find a half-dozen not only useful but necessary. I want one for bits of missionary news and jottings of personal interest from the foreign field. Scattered through the religious papers and magazines are many articles of real value, and to find the information which they give in brief and comprehensive form I should have to go through libraries or ransack encyclopedias. She who has her carefully kept missionary scrap-book, properly indexed, will never be at a loss when called upon to lead a meeting or to assist in entertaining a circle of young people with something more serious than mere frivolities.

I want a scrap-book for poetry. Some of the sweetest and most comforting strains in the language are floating about in the newspapers, waifs of song, fragments which will never find their way into volumes, but which do find an open door to many a weary heart.

A scrap-book for receipts is exceedingly "handy" to the housekeeper:

To the Sunday-school teacher a scrap-book filled with short anecdotes, stories, illustrations and notes on the various lessons is beyond price. It grows imperceptibly, costing only a few moments now and then, but, like all growths, it becomes very precious after awhile.

A charming scrap-book might be made containing only thoughts for devotional seasons, culled from many sources, sometimes from a quaint old divine, again from a modern sermon or a suggestive editorial.

The children's scrap-book should be rather miscellaneous, and they should be allowed to make their own selections for its pages.

It is a good plan to cut out, paste in a book and keep for reference the notices and reviews of current literature which appear in the daily or the religious journal. These notices give you a good idea of the books that are coming out. You cannot possibly read them all, but you want to know something about their general scope. When you can treat yourself to a book, there is your scrap-book to aid you in buying intelligently. Books should be selected for the family collections with great care.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Her Last Ball.

DRESSED in delicate silk and lace, Alice Leslie sat for a few moments in the drawing room, waiting for the carriage that was to take her to the ball, where she intended to dance away all the earlier hours of the night. As she sat there one of the housemaids came in on an errand, and Alice noticed that the girl's eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"Is anything the matter, Lucy?" asked Alice kindly.

The girl coloured up, not liking to speak, till Alice repeated her question, when she told a sad story of her sick father and delicate mother having been turned out of their cottage because they could not pay the rent.

"I give them every shilling I can spare of my wages; but you see, Miss Alice, it is not enough, for father has been ill a long time, and things have not behindhand."

Alice said a few kind words and the girl left the room. But when Alice was left alone her thoughts were busy as she glanced at her rich dress and ornaments.

"Why, the money I spent for these would make those poor people quite happy," she said to herself.

But the carriage was announced, and she hastened off to meet her friends. All was gay and bright, yet Alice did not enjoy the ball; Lucy's sick father kept coming before her eyes, and she wondered if he had any bed to sleep on that cold night. Then deeper thoughts came, and she wondered how she, an immortal soul, dare waste the hours in such a way, when there was an eternity before her, a heaven to seek, and work to be done.

That was Alice's last ball. She sought some of God's servants, and from them learned the true source of joy; and then her greatest happiness was to do good to others, and bring comfort to sad hearts. Thus God blessed the simple words of the maid to arouse in her young mistress' heart desires which He alone could fully satisfy.—*From Our Darling.*

A CYNICAL old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."

"Your daughter! It is impossible. Why, you look more like twin sisters." "No, I assure you she is my only daughter," replied the pleased mother. And the polite old gentleman spoiled it all by remarking, "Well, she certainly looks old enough to be your sister."

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

BY ANNIE L. DYER.

HAST thou heard the precious promise,
Never tried in vain?
Jesus says, "Leave here thy burden,
I will thee sustain."

Cast thy burden on Him fully,
Trust Him day by day,
Serve the Lord, and serve Him only,
Keep the narrow way.

Pray that He may take thee wholly,
Now, without reserve;
For He's promised to receive thee,
And thy soul preserve.

As thou know'st that He can never,
Never break His word,
Wilt thou trust His precious promise,
And obey the Lord?

Take thy cares and trials to Him,
To the throne on high,
He will comfort thee, and make thee
Perfect by and by.

Do you say, "The words He uttered
Were not meant for me?"
Surely, you can test the promise,
You can come and see

Are you weary with the burden?
Has it heavy grown?
Why, then, bear it any longer?
Why not lay it down?

Take it to the feet of Jesus,
Take it, leave it there!
Do not trouble more about it,
It will be his care:

Trust more fully and completely
In the word He's given;
Leave thy doubtings; launch out boldly
On the way to heaven.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

Thoughts for Mothers.

You are tired, weary mother. The careworn, anxious look on your face, the long-drawn sigh of discouragement, and the dejected attitude, all indicate that the duties of the day have been more than your willing heart could plan, or your ready hands execute. But can you not see by the expression of your child's face as he stands before you, that thoughts which bid defiance to submission are rising in his breast, and wait only to be quickened into life by a hasty, passionate reproof? Control your irritation; speak kindly, lovingly to him. Note now the change; the I-will-if-I-want-to look has disappeared from his face, and submission is plainly written on every feature.

An hour later. Your little ones are quietly sleeping, and you wonder as you sit there in the gathering darkness, if there is no release from this weary

load. Must one weary day succeed another, and so the years of life wear away? There may come a release at any hour of our lives. The little one who clings to you through the long weary day, may be lying white and still ere another day shall have passed away, and the lips that weary you with their prattle now, may never again lip the sweet words in your ear. As these unwelcome thoughts come crowding into your mind, you cry out in agony of spirit, "Not that! Oh, not that?" Involuntarily, you clasp your sleeping babe closer to your heart, and as your eyes rest on the dear boy, sleeping so sweetly in his little bed, you feel thankful that you were patient with him to-night.

Dear mothers, we stand among the shadows of earth. Around us there is turmoil, confusion and strife; but if we will open our hearts from within and drink deeply from the "Fountain of Life," we shall find our souls refreshed. Then shall the dear ones whose sunshine is the smiles of mother, and whose happiness depends upon the cheerfulness of the wife, abundantly reward us for all our efforts. Oh, let us be patient and tender with these little children! Too quickly they pass from our homes out into the world's great battle-field. God grant they may then look back upon a childhood made happy by a mother's patient forbearance. Treasure up this lesson in your heart, apply it to your life, and remember that the little trials which meet you on every side, may be but rounds in the ladder which reaches to the gate of heaven.—*Church and Home.*

Trying to be Useful.

A GENTLEMAN whose name was Harvy was riding slowly on horse-back along a dusty road. As he did so he was looking about in every direction for a stream, or for a house, from the well of which he might refresh his tired and thirsty horse with a good drink of water. While doing so, he turned a bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable-looking farmhouse; and at the same time a boy, ten or twelve years old, came out into the road with a pail of water, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvy stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was just wondering where I could get it."

Mr. Harvy thought, of course, that the boy was in the habit of doing this to earn a few pennies; and so, when his horse had taken his drink, he offered the boy a bit of silver, and was very much surprised to hear him refuse it.

"I wish you would take it, my little man," said he, as he looked earnestly at the boy, and noticed for the first time that he was lame.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough that I can do for myself or anyone else. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; but mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we can do, God loves it as much as He does a larger favour; and this is the most that I can do for others. You see, sir, it is eight miles from here to the next village, and I happen to know that there is no stream crossing the road in all that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here is sure to have a thirsty horse, and I try



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

to do a little good by giving the poor creatures a drink."

Mr. Harvy looked with great interest on the boy. He thanked him for his kindness; and as he went on his way, he felt that the little fellow had preached him a sermon that he would not soon forget.

The Watching Angels.

A LITTLE girl was lying on a sick bed from which she was never to rise again. She was in great pain of body, but the sweet young heart that believed in Jesus was at rest. A little while before she went away to be with Him she opened her blue eyes and whispered, "Angels are all around my bed!"

And so they were. And it is not only at such times that the watching, waiting angels are about us, but always, everywhere, in the daylight and in the dark, at work or at play, with a heart full of love, or a heart in which angry, selfish passions are burning.

Think of it, dear children, when the hasty words rise, when the temptation to run away from the right comes—the loving angels are watching, and, as far as you will let them, are helping you to conquer! Don't let them turn away grieved to say, "I tried, but failed." Listen, and you will hear the spirit voices calling you to the right path! Look, and you will see the spirit hands beckoning! Do not think that this watch-care is for a chosen few only, and that you may not be in the number. It is for you. "He shall give His angels charge concerning you."

Chautauqua in the South.

THE growth of the Chautauqua idea is marvellous. Its latest development is the establishment of an Assembly in Florida. It opens at Lake de Funiak, on February 10th., and closes March 9th. It offers a grand programme rivalling that of the original Chautauqua itself—in addition to the attractions of the balmy Spring of the land of flowers. The trip is easily made in connection with the visit to the World's Fair; and by the same routes of travel. A large hotel and several boarding-houses offer accommodation at reasonable rates.

For information address C. C. Banfill, Lake de Funiak, Fla.

The Sea of Galilee.

BY MRS. M. G. KENNEDY.

It is a little egg-shaped lake, twelve and a half miles long and six miles wide, shut in by tiresome limestone rocks, and lying away down in a hollow, its surface six hundred and fifty feet below the level of the ocean. But there is something which honours it more than all the seas. Jesus said to its waves: "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."

There is in every boy and girl something very much like this sea; and when the winds of temptation are blowing hard, how the waves rise! One minute it is all quiet and beautiful, and the next there comes something that ruffles it all over. There is a wave of anger, and one of selfishness, and one of disobedience, and one of fretfulness—oh, what a lot of waves all over the boy or girl that was so calm a little while ago! Read Isaiah lvii. 20, 21; and then read John xvi. 27, where Jesus says: "My peace I give unto you." Oh, what a peace that is—how calm!

Has Jesus ever looked over the troubled sea in your heart, and said: "Peace be still?" Oh, how He wants you to ask Him to do it!

DR. SUTHERLAND, our Missionary Secretary, forcefully says; "What are our Sunday-schools doing for the great missionary cause? Some of them are doing nobly; some are doing nothing. Two years ago the income from this source was over \$23,000; last year it fell off more than \$1,000. Why should not all our Sunday-schools fall into line in this the greatest enterprise of the Church? Where is the next generation of missionaries and missionary givers to come from if not from our Sunday-schools? And what hope of finding them there unless they are trained aright? Our Sunday-school superintendents and teachers have it in their own power to determine whether the Church of twenty years hence shall be a missionary Church or not."—*Wesleyan.*

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we got to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.



EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOYS.

A Little Talk with Jesus.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road; How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load. When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim, There's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell him I am weary and I fain would be at rest, That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon his breast; And he answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love, "I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see; And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting me He gave his life a ransom to make me all His own, And He can't forget His promise, to me His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime, But a little talk with Jesus will wile away the time; And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore, It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could; He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food. He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare, The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

Egyptian Donkey Boys.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, B.D.

I HAVE to confess to an ambition. It was the darling wish of my heart to get astride a donkey. I am not a success on horseback. But the donkey, the meek-looking, good-natured little beast, surely one could display fine riding powers on him. Accordingly, as soon as I had secured my room in the Grand New Hotel, Cairo, charmingly situated opposite the Ebekeeyah, a magnificent garden, the Champs Elysées of the Capital, I was ready to ride to the Citadel to see the sunset. The donkey owners and boys were ready. "Donkey, sir?" "Me good donkey." "Me donkey George Washington." "Me donkey, Gladstone." And I am hustled, and shoved, and pulled and carried, until I find myself astride one of a size, that if I fall I will not have far to go, and that if I get tired riding, by stretching out my legs, I can do a little walking at the same time. We started for the Citadel, the donkey, myself, and the boy. Away went the donkey at full gallop, the boy behind using his prod, whacking the animal, and vociferating "A-h!" "A-h!" Now, in the old streets there are no sidewalks, and so people, camels, donkeys, carts, and carriages go drifting along in *pèle mele* confusion. Imagine the comical spec-

tales, the donkey at full gallop, twisting and winning under every stroke of the boy, myself flopping first on one side then on the other, and holding on for dear life; the noise around increasing, "O—A," take care: "Yo Meenak," to the right, "She-nia-lak," to the left; running down goats, dogs, veiled women, and naked children, cracking against the wares of pedlars and the loads of camels, grazing carriages and carts, and having at every moment a hairbreadth escape. It was getting too exhilarating. "Hold on," I shouted to the puffing young Arab; but the more I shouted the faster the boy ran, and the harder he punched. At length we reached the foot of the steep ascent, when the lad came up to my side, dripping with perspiration, and said, "See dat, fast donkey. Me want you to say good boy, good donkey, and so give good back-sheesh." He did not know how the perspiration was rolling down my back, and how much I would have given him to have slackened up. But I had got there in safety; to this day I cannot tell how, and can testify, "Uneasy sits the man who rides an ass."

Firmness of Senator Wilson.

SENATOR HENRY WILSON was a self-controlled as well as self-made man. He left his New Hamp-

shire home early in life, and changed his name in order to get out from under the baleful shadow of intemperance. He began on the lowest round of the social ladder, and climbed up, rung by rung, until he became a political power in the nation.

The first step he took in the ascent placed him on the pledge never to drink intoxicating liquors. The second step he took made him an industrious labourer, the third a diligent reader.

He was sent to Washington to carry a petition against the admission of Texas into the Union. John Quincy Adams asked him to a dinner party, where he met with some of the great men of the nation. He was asked to drink wine. The temptation to lay aside his temperance principle for a moment, in order not to seem singular, was a strong one. But he resisted it and declined the glass of wine. Mr. Adams commended him for his adherence to his convictions.

After Mr. Wilson was elected to the United States Senate, he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston hotel. The table was set with not a wine-glass upon it.

"Where are the wine-glasses?" asked several, loud enough to remind their host that some of his guests did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, rising

and speaking with a great deal of feeling, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget 'the rock whence I was hewn and the pit whence I was dug.' Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape I fled from my early surroundings and changed my name. For what I am, I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow and my adherence to it.

"Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the paths of another the snare from which I have escaped."

Three rousing cheers showed the brave Senator that men admired the man who has the courage of his convictions.

A Deadly Serpent.

SOME time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased, the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless, but afterwards it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

THE peal of a breakfast bell often fails to wake a man up. The peal of a banana will do it every time.

THE idea is gaining ground that the Emperor of Russia contemplates being crowned Emperor of Central Asia this year. One would think that he had enough emperor business on hand just now without adding to it. However, there is a likelihood that he will have to consult some of his neighbours before he plants his imperial heel upon any more territory.

It is not hasty reading, but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bees' touching on the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates on divine truth, that will prove the very choicest, wisest, strongest Christian.

ONE of the "notices" in the porch of the church at Hawarden, England, near Mr. Gladstone's castle, reads thus: "On your way to the Lord's house be thoughtful, be silent, or say but little, and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults; think of your own, for you are going to ask forgiveness. Never stay outside; go in at once, time spent inside should be precious."

Praying for Shoes.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On a dark November morning
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace on her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop-window,
An urohin timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook, and a yearning
look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and varied clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread,
Some shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen,
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered;
"(Just look at the splendid show!)"
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so."

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended,
And his small, brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer,
And the marvellous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over and whispered:
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy!—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"
—Independent.

The Revision of the Old Testament
Ready for the Press.

On the 10th of February, 1870, now over fourteen years ago, a resolution was unanimously carried through both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury to appoint a joint committee "to report upon the desirableness of a revision of the authorized version of the Old and New Testament, whether by marginal notes or otherwise, in all those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Hebrew or Greek text originally adopted by the translators, or in the translations made from the same, shall on due investigation be found to exist." This led to the formation of two companies—one to labour on the Old Testament and the other to labour on the New Testament; and these companies, though including eight of the most accomplished English bishops, were enlarged by other eminent scholars without regard to nationality or religious creed; and further, an American committee on each of the Testaments was invited to co-operate with the English revisers. The results of the New Testament Committee have already been given to the world; with what success our readers have had ample opportunity to know.

Owing to changes resulting from death and otherwise, and the introduction of new members into the Old Testament Committee, it was deemed advisable not to be content with a second final revision of their work, but to seek greater thoroughness and accuracy by reviewing it a third time in the most critical manner. This has been the occasion of some delay; but we understand that at their meetings during the latter part of October and November, the American scholars will throw into an appendix certain omissions which they originally proposed, but which were not adopted by their English brethren into the text, and that then the task of publishing the completed Old Testament will be rapidly pushed forward. It will not, however, be out probably before the first of May. The only authorized editions will be those from the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge, but from these, doubtless, there will be innumerable reprints in various forms. Two reasons conspire to render the publication slow; first, because it is intended to print one edition in four volumes on heavy paper—not for the market but for presentation to every person who has contributed \$25 or more toward the publication. The labour done on this will be largely by hand and very elegant, but, of course, tedious. A second reason for slowness will be the necessity of getting a vast number of copies ready in advance of attempted sale, so as to be able to meet the immense demand that will certainly be made for them.

The Revisers, wishing their work to stand or fall on its completed merits, and not by any partial criticisms on particular and disconnected passages, are pledged to secrecy as to the specific character of the changes made. It seems, however, to be pretty well understood that they have been much more conservative than were their New Testament colleagues, and that, to quote the language of Dr. Chalmers, "they have confined themselves in the main to such changes as were deemed indispensable, instead of embracing all the cases which might seem desirable." In corroboration of this, Dr. Conant says:—

"One who has not committed much of the Bible to memory could read the new edition without knowing that any changes had been made. The revisers have been very conservative and have left the old text undisturbed wherever possible. Some of the broader passages, however, have been softened, and a number of minor changes made, such as retaining the old Hebrew word 'Jehovah' instead of the modern rendering, 'Lord.' The English revisers, however, cling to the word 'Lord.' We have found in our labours that the old revisers were better Greek than Hebrew scholars, and that many of their mistakes were due to a too slavish adaptation of the Septuagint." The established order of the books will not be disturbed. The Apocrypha will not be included, but will be revised by an English Committee, independent of the Revision Committee. And it is supposed that some such changes will be introduced as the following: In place of the Hebrew plural cherubim there will be the English plural cherubins, and in the same way seraphims, nethinims, anakims, etc. Intelligible words and phrases will take the place of archaisms such as "taches," "ouches," "knops," "nessings," and "all to," meaning altogether. Again, unifor-

mity will be sought in the spelling of proper names and places, retaining, however, as a rule, the Hebrew forms for Hebrew names, except where a foreign name has been thoroughly naturalized and unalterably fixed in English usage. Again, there will be a revision of orthography, pronunciation, capitals, and perhaps a metrical arrangement of poetry according to the laws of Hebrew parallelism. These and similar changes were at least foreshadowed in an article long since published by Dr. Schaff.

But whatever the alterations may be it is to be hoped that they may be expressed in pure, idiomatic and excellent English. The New Testament revision is, unhappily, marred in many passages by an inappropriate diction and an awkward, bungling style—a style more suggestive of Greek constructions than of simple, natural and elegant idiomatic English. Its authors, in learning Greek so thoroughly, forgot in part their mother-tongue, and therefore gave to the world a version sadly handicapped with literary blemishes. Possibly the Old Testament revisers have taken warning from the just criticisms which in this respect were showered upon the work of their colleagues, and will give us a translation as beautiful and perfect in its language as it certainly will be learned and conscientious in its attempt to convey the very meaning and power of the inspired Hebrew. The entire Christian world looks with eager interest for this new rendering of God's Word; and is prepared to welcome it with joy and thanksgiving.—*Christian at Work.*

The Two Neighbours.

A MAN in New Jersey told the following circumstances respecting himself and one of his neighbours:—"I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up. But one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings, so that they could not fly. One day when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbours had been there full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over in my yard. I was greatly enraged because he had killed my beautiful hens that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged, to sue him, or in some way to get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbour about hens, and thereby make him my bitter enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would be better. After dinner I went to my neighbour's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke out in a great fury, 'You have abused me. I will kill all of your hens, if I can get them. I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.' 'I am sorry for it,' said I; 'I did not wish to injure you; and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.' The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky, then down at the

earth, then at his neighbour, then at his club, and then at the poor hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing. 'Tell me now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you sixfold, and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and goodwill of my neighbours, and quarrel with them, for hens or anything else.' 'I am a great fool!' said my neighbour. 'The damage is not worth talking about, and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine.'—*Our Boys and Girls.*

Bishop Taylor's Programme.

HE said: "We expect to open a mission south of the Equator, where they had found several new nations of higher type of civilization. North and south of these nations are tribes of fierce cannibals, on the west, bands of man-stealers. Into these regions no white man had ever penetrated before. According to Mr. Stanley's method of computation there are about 75,000,000 inhabitants. They are of very quiet disposition. It will be a good place for a mission, but it is hard to get into these nations, being about one thousand miles through the wilderness infested by the tribes and bands by which they are surrounded. There are 428 languages, and to translate accurately the Scriptures into these would be the work of a quarter of a century. We will get a short cut in the English, and have only one text book which begins 'God created the heavens and the earth.' In three or four years we will have hundreds who will be able to read. On our journey we will live in tents. People at home will pay our travelling expenses until we are planted. Then we will be self-supporting, trusting in God and the savages, and our salaries will be paid in the bank of heaven when our work is done. At first I would not consent for the ladies to go into Africa among the naked cannibals, but now I do permit them, and they will have to tramp about one thousand miles through the wilderness. Still the heroines and heroes present themselves, having counted the cost. At the close of a meeting which I addressed, a father and mother came forward with a son and beautiful daughter, saying they had not much money for Africa, but they gave their children for the work. They were all fully consecrated to God, and I said to the daughter, 'perhaps we will have to put you into a hole and go on.' She answered, 'It was as near to heaven from there as here.' I have already about thirty, and they are all ready to go to heaven through a cannibal if it is God's will. I have a son and wife and children who are going. The little one six years old says he is going to be a missionary in Africa, and the one three, 'me go too.' We propose making the children, when they are six years old, missionaries, by teaching the black children the language. I am not going there to die, I am going to live, for I have faith in God."

In the midst of hopes and cares, of apprehensions of disquietude, regard every day that dawns upon you as if it was to be your last; and superadded hours, to the enjoyment of which you had not looked forward, will prove an acceptable boon.—*Horace.*

The Little Gift.

BY MRS. MARTIN.

God's goodness gave a little gift
Unto a child,
That often did its heart uplift,
That oft beguiled
It of its woe;
That lightened labour, sweetened toil,
Gave hope for fear,
For grief's sad tear, gave joy's glad smile;
How it did cheer
That child did know.

It was not any great, grand gift
God gave that child,
But just a beam through a cloud-rift,
When it had faded,
Its heart to cheer,
How that poor timid child had strayed
But for that beam,
That with its daylight beauty made
Life's pathway seem
So bright and clear!

It was the gift of sacred song
God's goodness gave,
To go with that poor child along
Down to the grave,
And cheer its gloom.
Though with no bright obblazing flame
Shone that small light,
Though with no nimbus round a name,
But that child's night
It did illumo.

Perchance some scintillating ray
From that small light
May brighten up some darkened day
And cheer some night
As it did thine,
Poor child! Then Him who gave to thee
That gift, I'll praise,
And bless through all eternity
The wondrous grace
Of love divine.

—S. S. Visitor.

The Truth at All Hazards.

Some time after the beginning of the present century there were living in a busy country town in the North, a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these, very especially, a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years the boy's school-days were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in the country town; and as there was no prospect for him there, he came up to England, to one of the great sea-ports, and by and by he got a good position in a merchant's office.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he had received about truth.

It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when the ship came into port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived, and was now awaiting instructions where to discharge the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager of the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after this lad from the North came to the office, a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the captain came; but, somehow or other, no answer was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, but still no word came back. Now that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo, it had to lie idle in the dock; and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too. So at the end of a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship has been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo, that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain, he was very angry. He sent for the little lad from the North and said to him, "Didn't I send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his coals?"

The little lad said, "No, sir; I do not remember being sent down."

"O, but I did," answered the manager. "You have forgotten." And there for a time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, he took the matter of the office to law. And by and by, his complaint came before the judges in the court of law.

The day before the trial, the manager came to the little lad from the North and said to him, "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions to discharge the coal."

"But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so," said the lad.

"O, yes, but I did. You have forgotten." It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent; and foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would certainly offend the manager, and lead to the loss of his excellent place.

On the morning of the trial, he went to the court. The manager came up, and the poor lad tried once more to assure him that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It is all right," he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly."

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Capt. Smith's ship came in. And then this: "You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember taking instructions to Captain Smith to discharge his coals?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal-ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir."

"Nor next day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the questions was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for him. But when he heard the little lad's replies, he turned to the judge, and said: "My Lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof can be got from him."

So the case ended in the captain's favour and against the office in which the little lad had found so excellent a place. He went to his lodgings with sorrowful heart and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his little trunk to be ready to go home next day; and in the morning, expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk and said, "We lost our case yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad; "and

I am very sorry I had to say what I did." By and by the manager came in; and, after a little time, he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long while before he came out. Then the little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed," he thought to himself. But the master said to him: "I was sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth; and to mark my approval of what you did, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings and sales of our Glenfardle mine." Then he sent for the manager and told him what he had said, and added, "And the young man will make his reports direct to me."

Six months afterward the manager left the office, and young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place. And before many years had passed, he was admitted as junior partner in the firm; and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.

In his case truth was the best. But I want to say that, if things had turned out other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it would still have been the best for him to speak the truth.—*Dr. McLeod, in Sunday Magazine.*

A Bad Character, and How it Follows Us.

SOME years ago, in a farming neighbourhood, a middle-aged man was looking about in search of employment. He called at the house of a respectable farmer and told his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"John Wilson," was the reply.

"John Wilson—the same that lived near here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"Then I do not want you."

Poor John, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the house of the next farmer, and there a similar reply was given. And he found no one in the neighbourhood where his earlier years had been spent who was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the old school-house. "Ah!" said he, "I understand it now. I was a school-boy three years ago; but what kind of a school-boy? Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and once caught in deliberate lying; and though since I have been trying to reform, they all think me the same kind of a man that I was as a boy. O that I had done as I ought to when at school. Then people would have confidence in me now."

So it is, and school-boys and school-girls should remember it, that character follows us, and is remembered, and that those who have known us in our early days will be very apt to look upon us in later years as they did in our youth.

A lazy boy generally makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. And so a shiftless, careless, mischievous, untruthful boy is likely to have the same character as he grows up to manhood. And even if he has changed, it is hard to make people believe it; for, as some one has said, if the crack has been mended, people will always be looking where it was.

The great mass of idlers, thieves, paupers, vagabonds, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses have come to be what they are from wrong conduct and wrong habits in youth; as, on the other hand, those

who make the great and useful men of the community are those who began right courses in their early days. As the general rule, we expect to see the traits of youth continued into manhood, and confirmed and strengthened rather than weakened by years. And even where the character is really reformed, one suffers for a life-time for the errors and sins of youth; as the father told his son, "You may draw out the nails you have driven, but the holes in the post will remain!"

Let all the young remember it, that character is early formed, and it follows us wherever we go.—*Sol.*

Odds and Ends.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "I think I've got ammonia." "You must not say ammonia, dear; you must say pneumonia." "But it ain't new, for I think I had it yesterday."

A CHIP of the maternal block: Mamma—"Yes, my child, we shall all know each other in heaven." Edith—"But, mamma, we can make believe we are out when some of them call, can't we?"

PARENT (angrily)—"You have been in the water! You were fishing!" Son—"Yes, ma'am; I was in the water, but I got a boy out who might have been drowned." Parent—"Indeed, who was he?" Son—"Myself."

How little we know of the inner life of our closest friend! While we may imagine that his thoughts are of friendly serenity, he, in thinking may muse: "Strange he does not think of the five dollars he borrowed from me." Ah, human nature, thou art a deceptive rascal. Thou smilest the smile of the sweet herb, and thinkest the thought of quinine.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

OATHS are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

THERE is a land suit in Germany which was begun in 1604. They must be poor lawyers there not to have gobbled that land four centuries ago.

THE following advertisement, it is said, appeared recently in a French newspaper: "Found—On Sunday last, a lace mitten, embroidered with pearls. If the person who lost it will be kind enough to leave the other one at the office of this paper, she will greatly oblige the person who found the first."

AN Austin man who went fishing recently lost his lunch on the road, and went back to look for it. Meeting a negro who was picking his teeth, he asked, "Did you pick up anything on the road?"—"No, sah, I didn't pick up nuffin—couldn't a dog have found it and eat it up?"

A few days ago in a New York police court a fine of ten dollars for drunkenness was imposed upon Miss Mary Hoyt, a lady of select society and a daughter of a millionaire. She had been arrested for disorderly conduct, creating a disturbance and assaulting the police. The trail of the serpent is everywhere; no social rank is free from the curse; and the law, that fines the already sorely-punished victim, sanctions and protects the horrible business that has wrought her degradation and shame. Such is our boasted licensing system.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

A.D. 58.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 22.

Acts 23. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul.—*Acts 23. 11.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

DAILY READINGS.

M. *Acts 22. 17-30. Th. Rom. 1. 1-17.*

T. *Acts 23. 1-11. F. Ps. 91. 1-16.*

W. *Mat. 22. 15-40. Sa. Ps. 116. 1-19.*

Su. Ps. 130. 1-8.

TIME.—Wednesday, May 24, A.D. 58, the day after the mob in the temple courts.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. In the council hall, just outside the temple, adjoining the western cloister.

THE SANHEDRIM.—The chief Jewish council, consisting of 72 members: 24 chief priests, or heads of courses, 24 elders, leading Jewish laymen, 24 scribes, or doctors of the law.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—As soon as Paul, in his address which we studied last week, mentioned his call to preach to the Gentiles, the Jews in the court of the Gentiles below him grew greatly excited, and shouted, and threw dust in the air. Lysias, the chief captain, not understanding a word Paul spoke, it being in Hebrew, and thinking that he must be a great criminal to awaken such hatred, took Paul into the castle, and commanded his soldiers to torture him by scourging, to compel him to confess his crime. Paul then declared that he was a Roman citizen, and it was contrary to law to scourge such an one. He was then kept in prison over night; and the next morning Lysias brought him before the Jewish council, in order to learn with what crime they charged him.

THE SCENE.—Ananias, the high priest, was in the president's chair. On one side were ranged the Sadducees, on the other the Pharisees. Among the Pharisees were two sons of Gamaliel, Paul's old teacher. Among the Sadducees were Caiaphas, who had procured our Saviour's crucifixion, and the sons of Annas, who had joined with his son-in-law Caiaphas. Here was also Theophilus, from whom, when high priest, Paul had received his commission to persecute in Damascus.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—2. *Smile on the mouth*—As was the custom in the East to punish for speaking words not liked. It was usually done with a shoe, as more insulting. 3. *Paul said*—They probably had not struck him. *Whited wall*—A mean mud or stone wall covered with whitewash to make it look like marble. A term for hypocrite. 5. *I wist not*—I did not know, or it was not in my mind. He either did not know that the command came from the high priest, or he forgot in his indignation that he was high priest. 6. *I am a Pharisee*—See Phil. 3. 4-6. *Of the hope, etc.* Paul believed with the Pharisees, in the future life, and in the resurrection, and preached Christ as the one by whom they could be attained. 11. *Be of good cheer*—Paul would be tempted to be discouraged, lest his life should be taken, and he should fail to preach the Gospel in Rome, as he had desired and prayed. (See Rom. 1. 10-12; *Acts 19-21.*)

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—Paul as a Roman citizen.—The Sanhedrim.—Pharisees and Sadducees.—Smiting on the mouth.—A whited wall.—Was Paul wrong in his indignant answer?—Why Paul needed encouragement.—What were the sources of good cheer from the vision?

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul speaking, in our last lesson? To what audience? How did they behave when he spoke of the Gentiles? What did the chief captain command to be done to Paul? For what purpose? How did Paul escape? What were the privileges of Roman citizens? Where was Paul taken the next day? Of whom was the Council, or Sanhedrim composed? Who were some of its members?

SUBJECT: GOOD CHEER IN THE HOUR OF TROUBLE.

I. FIRST TROUBLE.—HIS ANSWER INTERRUPTED (vs. 1, 2).—Why did Paul gaze earnestly at the Council? What was his first sentence? Had he lived in all good conscience before he was converted? (*Acts*

26. 9.) What more do we need than a good conscience? Should every one live according to the dictates of his conscience?

THE COMFORT.—Would Paul have been likely to have won the Jews to Christ if he had been permitted to go on? How would this comfort him?

II. SECOND TROUBLE.—INJUSTICE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE (vs. 2, 3).—What did the high priest command to be done to Paul? What did this act signify? Was it a great insult? Did they probably do it?

THE COMFORT.—What did Paul say to this? Was it said in indignant passion? Was it a threat, or a prophecy? Was it fulfilled? Did Paul speak the exact truth in calling Ananias a "white wall"? Is it a relief to speak out indignation against wrong? Would this occurrence tend to produce a reaction in Paul's favour?

III. THIRD TROUBLE.—HASTY WORDS (vs. 3-5).—What did the bystanders reply to Paul's indignant remark? Was Paul wrong in saying what he did? Is it right to be indignant at wrong? What harm might come to his cause from speaking so to a high priest?

THE COMFORT.—Did Paul confess that he had done wrong, or did he explain the seeming wrong? Meaning of "Wist not"? How could Paul help knowing? What good rule does he quote as to speaking about parents, teachers, and rulers? What comfort is there in confession? In explanation?

IV. FOURTH TROUBLE.—THE INTENSE HATRED OF THE JEWS (vs. 6-9).—Why did the Jews hate Paul? What did they wish to do to him? (*Acts 21. 31, 22. 22.*)

THE COMFORT.—DIVISION AMONG HIS ENEMIES.—Into what parties were the Council divided? What was the difference between them? How did Paul gain one party to his side? Was this wise? Was it right? How was Paul on trial for his hope, and the resurrection of the dead?

V. FIFTH TROUBLE.—ANOTHER MOB (v. 10).—What was the effect of Paul's apple of discord in the Council? Why were they so fierce?

THE COMFORT.—How was Paul rescued? Where did he spend the night?

VI. SIXTH TROUBLE.—THE SEEMING FAILURE OF HIS HOPES.—To what dangers was Paul yet exposed? How would the reaction after the last two days' excitement affect him? What was the result of his efforts to convert his countrymen? What other great hope seemed likely to fail? (*Acts 19. 21; Rom. 1. 10, 11.*)

THE COMFORT (v. 11).—How did Jesus comfort Paul? How would the mere fact of his presence comfort him? What was there in this vision to meet each of the troubles noted above? What similar good cheer may we have in trouble?

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

16. How was Paul's address interrupted? *ANS.* By the angry cries of the mob. 17. How was he rescued? *ANS.* By the Roman commander, and through his Roman citizenship. 18. What took place the next day? *ANS.* He was brought before the Jewish council. 19. How was he treated? *ANS.* With gross injustice. 20. How did he escape? *ANS.* By appealing to the Pharisees of the Council against the Sadducees. 21. How was Paul comforted and encouraged? (Repeat v. 11.)

A.D. 58.] LESSON IX. [March. 1.

PAUL SENT TO FELIX.

Acts 23. 12-24. Commit to mem. vs. 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—1 Pet. 4. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God makes all things to work together for good to those who love him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. *Acts 23. 12-24. Th. Ps. 37. 1-40.*

T. *Acts 23. 25-35. F. 1 Pet. 4. 1-19.*

W. *Ps. 7. 1-17. Sa. Dan. 3. 1-30.*

Su. Dan. 6. 1-23.

TIME.—Thursday, May 25, A.D. 58, the day following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem; the castle of Antonia. CIRCUMSTANCES.—Paul had been rescued from the contending parties in the Sanhedrim, and sent back to his prison in the Castle Antonia. There, in the night, Jesus appeared to him in vision, with promises and encouragement. At the same time the Jews were plotting in private to kill Paul, and by morning had matured their plans.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—12. *When it was day*—After the night of Paul's vision.

Under a curse—i.e., that they invoked certain curses on themselves if they did not do as they agreed. 15. *Bring him down into you*—From the Castle Antonia, north of the temple, to the hall of the Sanhedrim on the south-west. On the way they would mob him. *Inquire more perfectly*—Or exactly, since they failed to do anything at the meeting yesterday. It was a very plausible request. 22. *Tell no man*—Lest these Jews got wind of it, and make another plot. It was also safe for the young man. 23. *Two hundred soldiers*—Common soldiers or legionaries. These, and the 200 spearmen, went as far as Antipatris, about 45 miles, i.e., beyond the point of greatest danger. Then these returned to Jerusalem, and the 70 horsemen went the remaining 25 miles. To *Cesarea*—70 miles by road, north-west of Jerusalem; 47 miles in a straight line. This was the residence of the Roman governors. *Third hour*—9 o'clock. 24. *Felix, the governor*—From A.D. 62-60. He was a wicked, unscrupulous man. They reached Antipatris the same night. The next day, Paul, guarded by the 70 horsemen, went on to Cesarea, and was presented to Felix. He was then sent to prison, to await the coming of his accusers.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The review of the last lesson.—The conspiracy.—Bound under a curse.—How the conspiracy was discovered.—The journey to Cesarea.—The letter of Lysias to Felix.—God's promises, and the use of means.—God's overruling the plots and plans of men.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was Paul doing in our last lesson? Where did he spend the night? What vision came to him in the night? Give the time and place of this lesson.

SUBJECT: GOD'S OVERRULING PROVIDENCE.

I. THE CONSPIRACY OF THE JEWS.—SOMETHING TO BE OVERRULED (vs. 12-15).—What plan had the Jews formed in the night? How many joined in this conspiracy? How were they "bound under a curse"? What did they ask the Council to do to further their plans? From what place was Paul to be brought down? To what place? What was to be done on the way? Would Lysias naturally grant their request? Of what sins or crimes were the Jews guilty in this conspiracy?

II. THE CONSPIRACY OVERRULED.—BY DISCOVERY (vs. 16-22).—What relative of Paul learned of this plot? What did he do about it? What did Paul do? What promise had been made to Paul? (*Acts 23. 11.*) Why did he need to do anything, since God had promised that he should be safe? Give another example from the life of Paul. (*Acts 27. 24, 31, 43, 44.*) Has God given us many promises? Name some of them. Does faith in these prevent us from doing our part, or are they a reason for doing it? Show from this incident what good a young person can do.

III. THE CONSPIRACY MADE TO FURTHER PAUL'S WORK (vs. 23, 24).—What measures did Lysias take to prevent the Jews from carrying out their plot? Why so many soldiers? When did they start? How far did they go that night? (v. 31.) Who then returned? Who went on to Cesarea? Why was Paul taken to Cesarea? Who was governor there? What message did Lysias send to him? What was Paul's desire, and God's plan for Paul's future work? (*Acts 23. 11; Rom. 1. 11.*) Will God always overrule man's works for the good of his cause and people?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We should be more earnest for good than these men were for evil.
2. We should never make a promise to do wrong.
3. But if we have done it, it is better broken than kept. Two wrongs do not make one right.
4. God's promises do not take from us the duty of doing our part.
5. The divine promises strengthen us to go on with every means for their accomplishment.

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

1. What did the Jews do next against Paul? *ANS.* Forty of them formed a conspiracy to kill him. 2. By whom was this discovered? *ANS.* By a young nephew of St. Paul. 3. What did he do? *ANS.* He revealed it to the chief captain. 4. How was the conspiracy frustrated? *ANS.* Paul was sent under a guard to the governor at Cesarea. 5. What good came from this? *ANS.* It was part of the plan by which Paul was to be sent to Rome, and preach the Gospel there.

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