

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

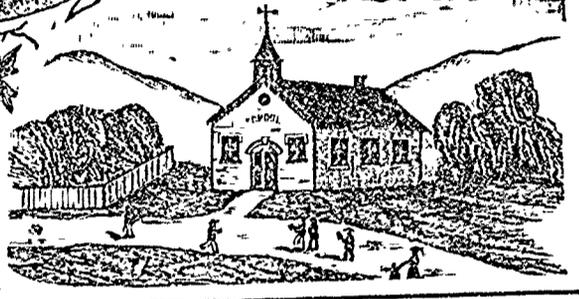
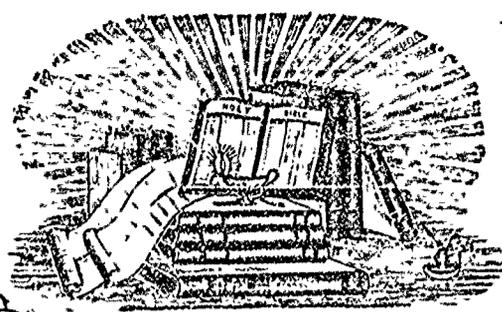
Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Généric (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

HOME SCHOOLS



TORONTO, MAY 23, 1885.

[No. 11.]

Vol. III.]

A Clever Act.

JOSE asked an Indian road officer what was the cleverest act he ever knew an elephant to perform; and he told me how once, when unloading some steel tubing from on board a ship, it was the elephant's task to carry the pipes by means of his trunk from one part of the wharf to another. The pipes had been oiled to prevent them from rusting; and when the elephant took one up it slipped from his grasp. He tried it again with the same result, and at last seemed to comprehend what the reason of all this was; for he shortly afterward pushed the pipe with his foot to where there was a heap of sand, and then rolled the piping backward and forward. The sand, owing to the oil, adhered to the tube; and the elephant then put his trunk round it and carried it with ease. He did the same to the remainder without aid or suggestion from his mahout — *Vanity Fair*.

The Hour of Prayer.

OUR engraving represents a young girl of Flanders wearing the picturesque costume of her native land. The veil and wreath seem to indicate that she has just observed that important event in the life of young people in Roman Catholic countries — her first communion. The Church of Rome attaches much importance to religious ceremonies, and trains up the young to become members of the Church through the observance of these ceremonies. After religious instruction and examination in the catechism they are solemnly initiated, as it were, into membership in the



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Church. With many this is doubtless only a form and nothing more. But with some it is a time of self-examination and prayer. Such it seems to

be with the young girl in the picture. The clasped hands, the upturned gaze at the sunset sky, the rapt expression of the countenance, all bear witness to

the religious emotions which fill the heart at this solemn hour. God does not leave Himself without a witness in the human heart, and even in a Church which has corrupted the primitive purity of the Gospel and persecuted the saints, there are those who

Groping blindly in the darkness,
For some good they comprehend not,
Touch God's right hand in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

A Star in the Crown.

A YOUNG lady was preparing for the dance-hall, and standing before a large mirror, placed a light crown, ornamented with silver stars, upon her head. While thus standing, a little fair-headed sister climbed in a chair, and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus: "Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown!" Said the little one: "I was looking at that, and thinking of something else." "Pray, tell me what you are thinking about — you, a little child." "I was remembering that my Sunday-school teacher said, that if we save sinners by our influence we should win stars in our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown I wished I could save some soul." The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation. At a seasonable hour she left the hall and returned to her home; and going to her chamber, where her dear little sister was

sleeping, imprinted a kiss upon her soft cheek, saying, "You have one star for your crown," and then kneeling, offered a fervent prayer for mercy.

A Plea for the Heathen.

I PLEAD with those whose lives are bright,
For those who dwell in gloom,
On whom there breaks no starry rift
Of hope beyond the tomb;
I plead with those whose homes are fair,
For those whose homes are dim,
O guide them in the way to Christ
That they may learn of Him.

Borne far across blue rounding waves,
A wailing voice I hear,
"Uplift us from this place of graves,
Alas! so vast and drear!"
That call from China's crowding host
Blends with the Hindu's cry,
"O sisters of the blessed life,
Come hither ere we die!"

Turn Eastward still; the Rising Sun
Looks down on eager bands,
Sweet daughters of sea-girt Japan,
Who stretch imploring hands,
And beg with eager hearts to-day
For Christian knowledge fair:
It cannot be their earnest plea
Shall come to us in vain?

Well may we scorn for gold and gems
And brodered garments fine,
To cumber Christ's victorious march,
To shame His conquering line;
The banner of the Cross shall float
From every mountain crest,
For He must reign o'er all the earth,
By all their King confessed.

He stoops to-day our aid to ask,
His name He bids us wear,
The triumph of His onward path
By sovereign grace we share:
O loiter not: to heathen gloom
Bear on the torch, His Word—
What glory for a ransomed soul
To help the Almighty Lord!

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box.

"THAT there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlor mantel, "That there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Malcolm, the things I've been alearnin' of, ever sence Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' sot it out on the dinin' room shelf, an' told me she brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've half a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginnin' of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now—my niece you know. You've just got her colored hair and you're light complected like her, and you laugh something like her, too. Mary Pickett always was a master-hand for laughin'. I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she come in with them two boxes an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She knowed I warn't the missionary kind. I do no but she done it jest for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scrapin' along with my boarders, an' rents was high and livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked criss-cross to me, and I had got to have hard feelings against every one't looked's as if they got along easier'n me 'n I'd most give up goin' to church at all, for all I was a professor, an' I won't say but what I had murmurin's against Providence—fact is, I know I had—if you be a minister's wife. And so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, an' I never

thought of nothin' else. Then Mary Pickett she come home from school, where she'd been ever since she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her, to get an edication, so'st to teach; an' she got a place in the grammar school an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about missions to that school till she was full of 'em, an' the very fust meetin' day after she came she walked out into the kitchen an' says she:

"Aunt, a'n't you comin' to missionary meetin', down to the church?" says she. 'I'll meet you there after school,' says she.

"An' if you'll believe me, Mis' Malcolm, I was that riled I could have shook her! I says:

"Pretty doin's 'twould be for me to go traipsin' off to meetin's an' leave the it'nin' an' the cookin' an' set alongside o' Lawyer Stapleton's wife hearin' about—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home an' see to their work," says I. But law! nothing ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She jest laughed and said good-bye, an' I stayed and pattered over the kitchen work till I was hot as fire inside an' out; an' 'long about five o'clock back she come with them two boxes.

"I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy," says she, settin' of it down, an' when I see what it was, I jest stood an' stared. 'Twarn't that one there, 'twas one jest like it, an' it had a motto written onto to one end, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?'

"Well, you're smart!" says I, an' Mary she jest dropped into a chair an' laughed till I couldn't help laughin' too. 'Great benefits I have,' says I, standin' with my arms akimbo an' lookin' that box all over, 'Guess the heathen won't git much out o' me at that rate!'

"I s'pose that depends upon how much you render," says Mary, says she. 'You might try at a cent apiece awhile, jest for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,' says she.

"Bout's many as grapes off bean vines, I'd get!" says I, for I was more than usual low-spirited that night, an' I jest made up my mind I would keep count, jest to show myself how little I did have. 'Them few cents won't break me, I thought, an' I really seemed to kinder enjoy thinkin' over the hard times I had, while I was settin' the table, with Mary helpin', an' I kep' sayin' little mean things about how I s'posed she wanted me to put in a cent for the smokey stove, an' for bread that warn't light, so't I knew all the boarders would be grumblin' at supper, an' plenty more in that line, that she never took no notice of. Miss Stapleton said once that Mary was a girl of great tact, an' I guess I know it better'n any one else.'

"Well, the box sot there all the week, an' I used to say it must be kinder lonesome with nothin' in it, for not a cent went in till next missionary meetin' day. I was settin' on the back steps, gettin' a breath of fresh air, when Mary came home, an' I called out to her to know what them geese talked about to-day. That was the livin' word, I called 'em—'them geese!' Well, she come an' set down along side o' me an' begun to tell me about the meetin', an' it was about Injy an' the widders there, poor oreturs, an' they bein' abused and starved an' not let to think for themselves—you know all about it

better'n I do—an' before I thought I up an' said:

"Well, if I be a widder, I'm thankful I'm where I kin earn my own living, an' no thanks to nobody!"

"Then Mary she laughed an' said there was my fust benefit. Well, that sorter tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go clear off to Injy to find 'em an' I dropped in one cent, an' it rattled around a few days without any company. I used to shako it every time I passed by the shelf, an' the thought of them poor things in Injy kep' a-comin' up before me, an' I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, an' felt as if I'd oughter put in another. An' next meetin', Mary she told me about Japan, an' I thought about that till I put in another because I warn't a Jap. An' all the while I felt kinder proud of how little there was in that box. Then one day when I got a chance to turn a little penny sellin' eggs, which I warn't in the habit of, Mary brought the box in where I was countin' of my money, an' says:

"A penny for your benefit, Aunt Mirandy," an' I says:

"This ain't the Lord's benefit; 'an' she answered:

"If ta'n't His, whose is it?" an' she begun to hum over something out of one of the poetry books that she was always readin' of:

God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.

"Well, I dropped in my penny an' them words kep' ringin' in my ears, till I couldn't help puttin' more to it, on account of some other things I never thought of calling the Lord's benefits before. An' by that time, what with Mary's tellin' me about them meetin's, an' me most always findin' somethin' to put in a penny for, to be thankful that I warn't it, an' what with gettin' interested about it all, an' sorter searchin' round a little, now an' then to think of somethin' or other to put in a cent for, there really come to be quite a few pennies in the box, an' it didn't rattle near so much when I shook it. An' then, one day, Mary she brought me a little purplish pamphlet, an' she says:

"Aunt, here's a missionary magazine I've subscribed to for you, bein' you're so interested in missions."

"Me interested in missions! But when I come to think it over I didn't see but what I was, in a way, an' I said it over to myself, kinder curious, to see how it sounded. It was jest what they said about Mis' Stapleton, she't was the president of the missionary society. An' that night our new boarder he picked up the magazine, an' said:

"Why, what's this?" An' I said, quite pleased, before I thought:

"That's a magazine that my niece, Mary Pickett, she's subscribed to for me, bein' I'm so interested in missions."

"My mother used to take it," says he. He was a young man, not much mor'n a boy, an' homesick, I guess. 'I'd like to look it over, if you don't mind,' he says. "It looks like home." So I was so pleased to hear him say that, for the boarders they don't most generally say much, except to find fault, that when I went out in the dinin' room, I jest put another cent in the magazine itself, part for what he'd said, an' part for what I'd been readin' out of it that afternoon; an' while I was droppin' of it in, Mary she come up behind me an' give me a big hug.

"You dear old inconsistent thing she says, an' then I know she'd heard what I'd said in the parlor.

"Well, it went on that way for quite awhile, an' it come to be a regular thing that a cent would get in there every time I heard about the meetin'. I thought Mary would 'a' died laughin' the time I put one in because I warn't born a cannibal; an' one day—I'll never forget that day—Mis' Malcolm, she was atellin' me about Turkey, an' she told how some missionaries heard a little girl sayin' how the smallest thing in all the world wa'n't any smaller than the joy of her father when she was born. Them words went right through me I was standin' over the ir'nin'-board, Mary was opposit to me, but all o sudden, instead of her, I seemed to my husband's face, that had been dead ten year, an' him a-leanin' down over our little baby that only lived two weeks—the only one I ever had. Seemed to me I couldn't get over it, when that baby died. An' I seemot to see my husband smilin' down at it, an' it lyin' there all soft an' white—she was a white little baby, such a pretty baby—an' before I know it, I was droppin' tears all over the starched clothes an' I turned round an' went an' put another cent in that box, for the look on my husband's face when he held her that time. An' Mary she see somethin' was the matter, I guess, for she walked off an' never asked no questions. But all the rest of the day I kep' seein' that little face before me, an' thinkin' how I'd had her for my own, an' how I know she was in glory—I'd only felt it hard that I couldn't keep her before that—an' before I went to bed I went out in the dinin' room, an' I put in a little bright five-cent piece for my baby, because I couldn't bear to count her jest like everythin' else, an' I found myself cryin' because I hadn't enough money jest then, to spare anythin' bigger. I suppose it was from thinkin' about her so much, that that night I dreamed about mother. I could see her as plain, an' father with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was kissin' of them both, I heard some one sayin', 'As one whom his mother comforteth.' An' I woke up an' I was sayin', 'O Lord, I am a wicked, ungrateful woman!'

"Mis' Malcolm, I don't suppose you could understand—you that's a minister's wife, an' thankful to the Lord in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' an' cryin', an' yet not all sorry, for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I jist prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent apiece,' I kep' sayin', 'a cent apiece for all his benefits!' Why, they came over me that night while I lay there prayin', till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all 'round me. In the mornin' I went up to the box, feelin' meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for mother, an' a cent for father, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things that I'd been forgottin' in them hard times. An' when I couldn't spare no more, I went to work, an' do believe I was a different woman after that. For there was the verses in the Bible, that I used to get up early to read them mornin's, an' there was the love of God, that I'd never rightly

understood, an' there was the church, that I couldn't bear to miss now, an' there was the daily bread, that I'd never thought of bein' thankful for till after that night when I found out how much I'd had in my life, an' begun to look about me for what I had now. And so it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had it, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top, an' said:

"That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one! an' Mary she cried when I said it."

"So when the day come, I said I was goin' too, an' I left the ir'nin' an' we went off together, an' there was singin' an' everythin', jest as there always is, only it was all new to me, an' every one seemed as glad to see me as if I'd ben rich as any of 'em, an' at last it come time to open our boxes. An' I brought mine, an' I says, 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if over there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I'm the one; for I've ben a-keepin' count of my mercies, at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I says, beginnin' to cry, 'for when I begun to find out what I had 'o be thankful for, I says to myself, 'Mean you'd oughter feel, an' mean you shall feel! You'll jest finish this here box the way you begun!' An' here't is, I says, 'an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies, 'so I set down, cryin' like a baby, an' Mis' Stapleton, she begun to count, with the tears a-runnin' down her own cheeks, an' before she got through, we were all cryin' together, for there was three hundred and fifty blessed cents in that box, not countin' the little five-cent piece that nobody knew what it meant."

"And now," says I, "for mercy's sake give me another box, but don't let it have that molto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart!"

"So they gave me this one, with 'The Love of Christ constraineth us' on it, an' Mis' Barnes, that was the minister's wife then, she prayed for us all, about havin' thankful hearts, an' lovin' the Lord for what he's done for us, an' I went home with the new box, that's standin' there on the shelf, an' life's ben a different thing to me sence that day, Miss Malcolm, my dear, an' that's why that missionary box is worth it's weight in gold."—*Miss Eddy, in the Advance.*

Never be Idle.

Idleness is the great destroyer of young men. It is sure to work out the ruin of the most talented. Give a young man plenty to do and he is safe. Allow him to spend his hours in idleness—to loaf around bar-rooms—stand on the street corners or stay about home, with no higher ambition than just to eat, drink, sleep and smoke, and you lay for him the broad foundation of future disgrace. Parents, you may depend upon it, that your grown-up boys find little that adds to their manhood in the walks of idleness. Better to give them some honourable trade than to trust to chance for some windfall of luck or fortune to benefit them in after-life.

If young men are out of employment, let this great truth be impressed upon their minds, that time, even though it brings no money, is valuable. Self-improvement should be kept up, so

that every spare hour may bring to its possessors some valuable acquisition. Enrich your mind by the careful study of some good work, for you may rest assured your labor is none the less for being intelligent. Better be found studying at home, thereby improving and disciplining your mind, than to be seen on the street corners with hands in pockets, a cigar between your lips—the very picture of laziness.

Nothing can be accomplished without labour. Excellence in every trade or profession depends upon it. It is not the idlers that make their mark in the world, but the earnest, go-ahead men who never stop for little troubles or give up for great ones, but who go forward, determined to be and do something in this world. Young man, turn over a new leaf—place before you the object of your desires and work for it.

A Heathen Woman's Cry.

TAKE me nearer to your Jesus!
Scarcely I know of whom I speak,
But my life is very weary,
And my heart is very weak;
And you say that He can help me,
That the Christ of woman born
Will not spurn my feeble pleading,
He my sorrow will not scorn.

Take me nearer if you love Him!
To His throne, you know the way!
Let your stronger faith support me,
Teach my lips the words to say.
Help, oh help me find His presence,
For my feet in darkness grope;
I may die and never find Him,
Christ my last, my only hope!

Take me nearer to the Healer!
For my soul is sick with sin,
And I need the strong Life Giver
Who can make me new within.
And I need the tender Shepherd
Who will lift me to His breast,
And content my longing spirit
With His love and home and rest.

Take me nearer, ever nearer!
For I faint beneath the weight
Of the burdened life I carry,
And I dread to meet the fate
Which must come, or soon or later,
With its swift and stealthy tread,
To enshroud my soul in darkness
With the cold and silent dead.

Take me nearer to your Jesus!
And the blessing yours shall be
Of a soul that near to perish
From the captor is set free;
And another star in glory
So shall shine to Jesus' praise,
And another heart shall love Him
Through the bright eternal days.

Student Life at Yale.

THE daily life of a student may be briefly stated. The great bell of the college arouses him from his slumbers at seven o'clock. He makes a hasty toilet and repairs to his "club" for breakfast. By "club" is meant simply the dining-room in any boarding-house in the vicinity of the college where six or a dozen men take their meals. Conning his lesson and making his breakfast at the same time, he neither masters the one nor enjoys the other. At eight the bell summons him to chapel, where the whole college assembles to profit by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the venerable President and the singing of the student choir. At 8.30 he attends his first lecture or recitation, which lasts an hour. He is then free to do as he pleases until noon, when the bell rings for attendance on the second recitation. At one he dines, and the afternoon is his own until five o'clock when another lecture or recitation is held. He is absolute master of all the rest of his time. The dormitories are never locked. He can stay out of col-

lege all night, if he please, and no one is the wiser. There is no surveillance, no stringent rules. The authorities expect all to act like gentlemen, and, as a rule, the liberty and privileges are not abused. For sports there are boating and football, tennis and baseball, and many others. The event of the junior year is the promenade concert or reception given in the Opera House in town by the class to their friends. It occurs in February and makes a pleasant break in the long winter term.—*Walter Squires, in Cassel's Family Magazine for March.*

The Harvest Field.

SEE the fields of ripened grain
Ready for the reaper's blade,
Bending in the summer breeze
Or by fiercer tempests swayed.

Soon the autumn rains will fall,
Shall this precious grain be lost?
All was purchased by our Lord,
Purchased at a fearful cost.

Send, O Lord, Thy reapers forth!
Jesus bids us thus to pray:
Send us; use us as Thou wilt:
We would work while it is day.

Give Thy reapers, Lord, success!
Let not Calvary's price of blood,
Paid this very grain to save,
Fail to make the purchase good.

—*Thos. Hill.*

Humble but Faithful.

REV. W. C. BLACK, of Natchez, Miss., relates the following instance of true-hearted sacrifice, showing how a noble action becomes doubly so when neither means nor opportunity have made it easy:

"An honest Irish lumberman in one of the vast cypress forests on the banks of the 'Father of Waters,' fell very sick of pneumonia, and lay dying in his cabin. When near his end, he called to a fellow-workman who watched with him, and said: 'Mike, if I should be buried here in these lonesome woods, where the water would cover me whenever the river overflows, and where me dear old mother could never come to strew flowers on me grave, I do believe 'twould run the darlin' old soul ravin' distracted. Mike, as far as I'm concerned, it don't make any difference; but, Mike, for me dear old mother's sake, won't you promise to carry me home?'"

"Certainly, certainly I will," said Mike.

"The poor fellow died, and Mike set about preparing for his journey. The dead man had left no money, for he had sent all his wages to his mother. Mike had none. But he had promised, and his promise was sacred. His employer denounced the idea of such an undertaking without funds, and he did not offer to lend him any. Mike told him that he did not intend to go by steam-boat, but in a canoe. At this the master lost patience entirely. A canoe voyage in the winter!

"Mike Ryan, you are a ravin' maniac! What on earth are you talkin' about? Go fifty miles on the Mississippi River in a skiff, such weather as this, with the wind blowin' from the north all the time like blue blazes! Why, I'd sooner sign my death-warrant!"

"But Mike was inflexible. Said he, 'D' you think I'd make a poor fellow a promise on his death-bed, and then go back on me word? No, sir; that's not Mike Ryan. I'll take him to his mother, or perish in the attempt.'

"So Mike procured a boat, placed

the body in it, and started down the river. The boat was so small that it was impossible to build a fire in it. Mike had no overcoat. He wore a red flannel shirt and a working man's woollen jacket.

"Reader, just think of a fifty miles' skiff-ride on the 'Father of Waters' in such apparel, with a furious north wind whisking about you, and the thermometer at its minimum point for this climate. Mike was obliged to stop at every landing to warm himself. When night came on he endeavoured still to pursue his journey; but the night being quite dark, he came very near overturning the boat by running against some obstruction. He then stopped at the first negro cabin, and slept soundly until morning.

"Sunrise found him again afloat in the midst of a storm of sleet. Yet on he went, stopping at every plantation to thaw his benumbed extremities. After two days and a night he reached his destination. I was called upon to repeat 'Earth to earth' over the remains of the deceased woodsman.

"When I heard the story, as I have here related it, I confess I looked upon that rough-looking, coarsely-clad son of Erin with feelings akin to veneration. One thousand dollars in gold would have been no inducement to me to take such a trip at such time and in such apparel. Yet here is one, poor in purse and lowly in station, who had voluntarily passed through this fearful ordeal without either hope or possibility of reward. I said to myself, 'This man is a hero; one of nature's noblemen!'"

—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

Wellington's Last Words.

WHEN the Duke was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and had long used the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your home-talk remember "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget "If you please." To all that wait upon you and serve you believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words—"If you please." Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure the comfort.

COMBINATIONS have been formed in New Zealand, Victoria, and South Australia for the purpose of reinstating the Bible in the public schools.

EIGHTY years ago William Carey wrote from Bengal: "The people here hate the very name of Christ, and will not listen when His name is mentioned." To-day Rev. W. R. James writes from Serampore: "By all means see to it that the name of Christ is plainly printed on the title-page of every book or tract that we print."

None but God.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longing still.
Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	2 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly—per year	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to, semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month, number—semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Methodist Book Room
Halifax.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1885.

The Rebellion and Sunday Newspapers.

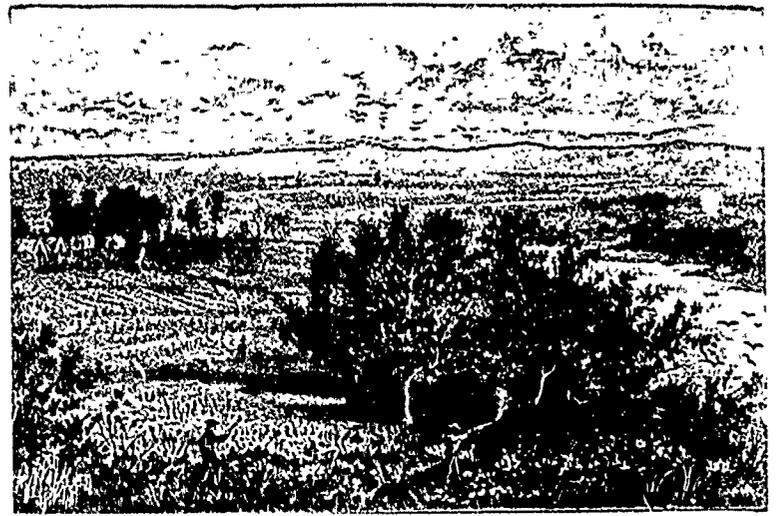
At many of the Toronto churches on Easter Sunday prayer was offered for the safety of the troops in and on their way to the North-West, and for the speedy and bloodless end of the rebellion.

THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH

was crowded to the doors in the morning. The Rev. President Nelles offered the opening prayer. Referring to the troubles in the North-West, he prayed that Providence would exercise over the events in connection with the rebellion a careful guidance, and that each step taken would be for the great object which we all have in view, namely, the spread of temporal, intellectual, and spiritual blessings throughout all parts of the Dominion.

Before announcing his text the Rev. Hugh Johnston said:—How sweet it is to have breathed upon us this Easter morn Christ's "Peace be with you." Never an Easter dawned upon us in a more disturbed state. And yet there is hope of a speedy quelling of the rebellion. How gallant and enthusi-

astic the response of our volunteers to the call of the Government for help. God bless the young men who are not to-day in their accustomed places of worship, but on their way to the scene of disturbance. How united and unstinted the support of the authorities. The presentation of the flag last Monday to our Queen's Own and Grenadiers on the route by Mrs. Blake, the estimable wife of the great Opposition leader, was a touching and beautiful symbol of the union of both political parties in the hour of danger. Let faction sleep and party passions die when such a trouble threatens our fair Dominion. Let us rejoice in the spirit manifested by the whole country, and hope that the rising may yet be quelled, and the insurgents lay down their arms without further bloodshed. Whether the Half-breeds will be joined by the Fenian desperadoes, who are so anxious to invade England by way of Canada, and by the leading Indian tribes, are still matters of conjecture. One thing is certain, we have not spent our missionary money in vain upon the Indian work over that vast land. Do you know that there are 10,000 Indians up there under Methodist influence and teaching, and of them all not one that will join in the rising, not one but is loyal to their Mother, the Queen? One missionary, Mr. McDougall, with his Stoneys, may come down from the base of the Rockies to the military support, and each one of them is a Spartan and a match for any five Half-breeds. Every hour gained is strengthening the forces of law and order. Meanwhile let us look to ourselves, that under cover of this excitement there come not greater and more lasting evils. On the very threshold we are threatened with the loss of the power and sanctity of the Sabbath, which is the perpetual memorial of Christ's great Easter Victory. We must have noted with regret that last Sabbath all the dailies, with one noteworthy exception (*the Globe*) were out as usual. A show of justification might be found in the exceptional circumstances of panic and alarm of the public mind, but it becomes a very different thing when a regular Sunday issue is proposed. Do not let a morbid desire for news lead us into any kind of acquiescence with this form of Sabbath desecration. The strain of six days' eager search for news is surely enough. Newspaper editors and employees need the Sabbath as much as anybody, and they must be made to keep the Sabbath, too. This day, rightly observed, is the ally of virtue, morality, and true religion, while lax notions and practices generate immorality and vice in every way. The people who have made this city what it is are they who honour God in their households, and whose Sabbath walk is to the house of God. And they will stand as a wall against these encroachments. This question is vital to the dearest interests of our Sabbath-loving city. Have you studied the history of Sunday papers on this continent? They started on the other side with the demoralization of the war, and simply led the way to the Sunday theatre, Sunday traffic, and the opening of the flood-gates of Sabbath desecration. Are we going to allow the safeguards to be broken down? Shall we give up our Sabbath for the Sabbath of Chicago, or St. Louis, or New Orleans? Break down the Sabbath, and you enthroned wickedness of every form. The nation cannot stand upon the foundations of



CAMPING OUT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

infidelity and immorality. This insurrection has got to be put down at the cost of the blood and treasure of Protestant, Sabbath-keeping Ontario, and if Toronto needed to be true to her vital interests it is now. I tell you this, the man who loves the Bible loves truth, religion, morality, and good order can find only one place to stand on this matter. We must speak kindly but firmly here; no countenance in any way to Sunday newspapers, and the papers that can live without our influence and support on Sunday will have to live without them all the other days of the week. I speak for a congregation of two thousand. I believe I but voice the sentiments of the 60 or 70 congregations of this city. It is God's best and brightest day. It commemorates our Saviour's rising. It is our perpetual obligation and we will keep it holy.

Working People and their Employers.

By Rev. Washington Gladdon, New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

The author of this work is extensively known as one of the most sprightly and spirited writers and authors we have among us. He grapples here with one of the difficult and vital problems of the times. He is, however, at home with his theme. He says:—"The greater part of my life has been spent among working people, in working with them, or in working for them." Sure of his "audience," he uses plain and forcible words, both to employers and employees. The questions discussed by him so sensibly and practically are among the most important and pressing involved in what is called "The Labor Question." The book ought to have a wide circulation. It cannot fail to do good.

The Canadian Bee Journal. D. A. Jones & Co., Publishers, Beeton, Ontario. This well printed paper will be of interest to all engaged in bee culture.

Bishop Cleary on the North-West Trouble.

In the course of an eloquent sermon on Easter Sunday, Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, said:—We, as Christians, are bound to regard those misguided men who have been led into rebellion, as our brothers in Christ and children of our common Father, entitled to our consideration for their errors and ignorance; and consequently we should indulge no spirit of hatred or revenge towards them, how criminal soever they or their leaders may be. Once they lay down their arms, our voice should

arise for mercy to them and for the equitable adjustment of their claims in the interest of the peace of the Dominion. They are a depressed race, and, like all depressed races, they feel more keenly than others the least injustice done to them. On this score they are entitled to our tender consideration. They are, moreover, the first settlers upon that territory, and we all know that priority of occupation is regarded as

A SPECIAL CLAIM TO PROTECTION

against all appearance of encroachment from the new settlers representing a dominant race. They are the weaker section of the community, and by the same instinct that makes us feel tenderly towards the woman and the child because of their weakness, we must be disposed to feel tenderly towards those poor, weak, and dependent people smarting under what they believe to be unjust dealing towards them. These reflections will help to maintain our minds firm in duty towards our civil rulers and the cause of the Dominion, whilst at the same time tempering our loyalty with sentiments of mercy, and brotherly consideration for the weak and dependent, thus combining vigour in the advance against rebellion, with peaceful dispositions towards the vanquished.

THE military and political problems to be solved in the North-West are grave and perplexing. The vast extent of the country; the long distances between towns and settlements; the wild, roving habits of the Indians and Half-breeds—all make it extremely difficult for any force, however large and brave, to protect every place against the assaults of local risings of rebels. The first duty is to put down the rebellion and protect the loyal people in settlements now in peril. But no time should be lost in opening communications with the rebels, in the interests of peace. We think a proclamation pointing out the folly and great evil of rebellion, and giving assurances of the Government's purpose to deal justly and fairly with all, might have a good effect. Though this outbreak is a great and inexcusable crime, we must not forget that most of those drawn in to it are half-starved, ignorant fellow-countrymen who are easily misled by unscrupulous leaders. It will not do to be governed by a spirit of revenge towards such people. We fully believe that, in the present juncture, "wisdom is better than weapons of war."—*Guardian.*



A PRAIRIE TOWN IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Toll Us More.

In far-off India, o'er the seas,
A group of heathen women sat
And listened to the Word,—
How God so loved our sinful race,
Lost and enslaved in Eden's fall,
When our first parents erred.

That, from the bosom of His love,
God's own, His only Son went forth
To suffer and atone,
To dwell with sinners here on earth,
Who there had ruled the host of heaven,
And shared the Father's throne.

With eager eye and ear attent
See India's daughters bow and weep
For gladness at the tale,
The "old, old story," gospel true,
How Christ laid down His life for us,—
How love can never fail!

Those cords of everlasting love
Lay hold of each poor darkened heart,
Captives to might divine,—
Hearts that are hungering and void,
Although they know not of their need
Nor of the Virgin's sign.

The message-bearer turns to go,
Her blessed work for Jesus done,
The Master's errand wrought.
But will they let her go? Ah, look!
The women kneel and clasp the feet
That have good tidings brought.

As once the Marys knelt to hold
His feet, unto love's clasp restored
You resurrection day,
So now the women, weeping, cry,
"Oh, go not yet, but tell us still
The more of this sweet w. y!"

O dusky sisters, won for Christ,
Your winged words swell o'er the sea,
And storm our citadel;
The word is in our hearts a fire,
Shut up within; we may not stay
The love of our Emmanuel!

Oh, tell it out afar, anear,
The glad, glad news from Asia's main,
Of souls, once bound in sin,
Who cry from out their breaking dawn:
"Come, tell us more of this sweet way,
That we may walk therein!"

Ah! who will answer? Who will go
To win the promise of God's word,
Of feet made beautiful
To tread the hills of gospel truth,
Bringing the lost, the straying, home
To joy ineffable?

ETERNITY is crying out to you louder
and louder, as you near its brink. Rise,
be going! Count your resources; learn
what you are fit for, and give up wish-
ing for it; learn what you can do, and
do it with the energy of a man.—*F. W.
Robertson.*

Scenes in the North-West.

ALL eyes in Canada are turned to
the North-West. Day by day we
eagerly scan the papers for news from
the scene of insurrection. At many a
family altar, and from many a father's
and mother's heart prayers go up to
God for loved ones exposed to suffering
and peril in those far-off regions. Our
brave volunteers cheerfully encounter
this suffering and peril in their en-
deavour to maintain the majesty of
law and the authority of the Queen,
and to protect the settlers in the scat-
tered forts and frontier villages from
threatened Indian raids. It is matter
of thankfulness that of the ten thou-
sand Indians within the influence of
the Methodist Missions not one has
risen in rebellion against the Queen.
It is a matter for regret that of the
Indians and half-breeds under the in-
fluence of the Church of Rome a large
number have joined the revolt. It is
cheaper to send Protestant missionaries
to keep the Indians in restraint than
it is to send detachments of mounted
police and soldiers.

The picture on the opposite page
shows an immigrant train camping out
in the broad valley of the Saskatche-
wan. The second picture—a new
town in the North-West—is a mere
clump of houses planted on the prairie.
So peaceful and friendly have the In-
dians been, that no protection against
them was thought necessary. The red
men pitched their tents in the very
outskirts of the village, and no thought
of danger was entertained. Let us
hope that the present troubles are only
a brief disturbance, and that soon a
firm and lasting peace and friendship
shall prevail.

How the Volunteers Spent Easter
Sunday.

From the *Globe* correspondence we
clip the following:

Easter Sunday the whole camp was
astir at 5 o'clock, and the place was
presently a scene of such bustling ac-
tivity as it had never been before.

Port Monroe and its surroundings
present the loveliest scenery that has
not my gaze on the north shore. The
bay in front is a perfect harbour, as
large or larger than Toronto Bay, with
huge rock mountains, covered more or

less plentifully with trees, almost sur-
rounding it and dropping from an
altitude in some places of over a thou-
sand feet precipitately down to the
water's edge.

The number of teams here was only
sufficient to carry the stores and bag-
gage, so that the men had to march
along the ice of Lake Superior (which
is frozen 30 miles out) to McKellar's
Bay, 20 miles distant. It was a charm-
ing sight when the men in light march-
ing order and the teams were drawn
out in a long line on the harbour. It
was about eight o'clock, and the sun's
red rays were streaming over the high
head of the eastern mountain, and
lighting up

THE HIGH ROCKY CRAGS

on the opposite side of the harbour
with a bright splendour that compelled
admiration and delight. What also
added to the beauty of the scene was
a white cloud which obscured the
eastern mountain half the way down,
but left the summit clearly defined in
the bright rays of the sun. The bugles
sounded the advance, and the men took
up with heart and soul the stirring
melody of "Hold the Fort for I am
Coming," which was echoed and re-
echoed a hundred times in the rocky
recesses of the mountains, producing
an effect of the most extraordinary
nature. The long column poured out
of the harbour's mouth, and entered
on the ice of the broad Superior as
merry and as gleesome as if they had
known none of the hardships of the
past four days, and were celebrating
some joyful occasion.

The march across to McKellar's was
done in splendid form. On the way
over could be seen the mouth of the
great tunnel at Red Sucker Cove and
the vast tressle which spans the river
there. The blaring sun made the use
of goggles necessary in order to avoid
the terrors of snow blindness. Not
one of the men suffered from it, which
was a circumstance sincerely to be
thankful for. The wind was strong,
and this with the heat of the sun
scorched the boys' faces badly, some
of them being

VERY BADLY BLISTERED.

A rest of ten minutes was given
every hour and a half. The track lay
among the many rock islands studding
the coast. The scenery was an un-
varying succession of huge mountains
of rock, some of them covered with
trees, others quite bare. It would
make a lovely summer trip.

Hardships of the Troops.

ON Easter Monday, says the corres-
pondent, going down the railway, a
scene of indescribable grandeur was
met at Gravel Bay. I will take occa-
sion in another letter to describe it,
and pass hurriedly on to describe the
most trying situation of the whole
journey, that is the march of seven
miles across the ice to Nepigon. It
was ten o'clock when we arrived at the
end of the track. The clouds were
lowering and a cold, damp, marrow-
twinging wind had set in from the
north-west. The men were immediately
got into light marching order, their
packs being stowed in the sleighs
which were to follow. Col. Grasett in-
structed Capt. Mason to tell the men
if any of them felt unequal to the task
they could remain and go over on the
sleighs. The announcement was made.
Not a man responded! Not one was

willing to shirk the march. All the
officers, except Capt. Mason, who had
charge of the transport,

WALKED IN THE COLUMN,

which moved away into the black
night shortly before 11 o'clock. Be-
fore they had gone a mile over the ice
it began to rain,

A PITILESS, PELTING RAIN,

that sent almost every drop home to
the skin. Almost from the beginning
of the march the lights at the destina-
tion could be seen, and they served as
a beacon for the advancing column.
The rain had softened the track trav-
elled by the sleighs, and the men's
feet began to break through the crust
and go down to the knees in watery
slush. The storm grew heavier, and
with it the track grew softer, so that
at almost every step the men plunged
deep into the snow and water. Any-
one who has had to walk half a mile
under such circumstances knows what
this means,—how thoroughly exhaust-
ing to the energies, and dispiriting to
the mind. As the volume of rain
increased, too, the lights at the destina-
tion grew dimmer and apparently
farther away. It was plunge, plunge
forward. Now and then a man would

DROP OUT FROM THE RANKS,

and throwing his exhausted form in
the snow, lay where he dropped await-
ing the arrival of the teams to carry
him on. At last the end was reached,
and a train of comfortable, well-heated
coaches was awaiting to take the men
on board. All were right thankful it
was over, and in a quarter of an hour
after getting into the train scores of
the men lay asleep from sheer exhaust-
ion. It took five and a half hours to
tramp that terrible seven miles.

How It Works.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, of Kansas,
says:—Prohibition in Kansas has
closed every distillery, nearly all of the
thirty-two breweries that thrived under
the old license system, and is rapidly
driving every saloon from the State.
Up to the first of last December,
embracing thirty-one months of pro-
hibition, 972 violations of the law have
been prosecuted and 720 convicted.
Fines amounting to \$100,000 had been
assessed against them, and imprison-
ment imposed aggregating eleven years
five months and nineteen days. The
State has gained nearly 200,000 in
population, and increased about \$50,-
000,000 in taxable wealth. Her
corn crop last year reached nearly
200,000,000 bushels, exceeding that
of any other State in the Union, not
a grain of which, it may be said to
her credit, can within her borders
lawfully be made into strong drink
as a beverage; and this is the way
that "prohibition has ruined Kansas."
The people of Kansas are in favour of
more bread and less whiskey. More
churches, school-houses, and comfort-
able homes, and no saloons. They
possessed the courage in the territorial
days to choke the life out of African
slavery and forever dedicate her soil
to freedom, and they can and will now
protect her homes against the curse of
the dramshop.—*Casket.*

MORE than twenty Protestant chap-
els have been destroyed in the Quang
Tung Province, in which Canton is
situated. No chapels in Canton are
open, and mission work is about at a
stand-still.

A Monosyllabic Poem.

We recently joined in singing a hymn, written for the occasion, which among its merits had this one hundred and twenty-nine of its one hundred and fifty-one words were words of one syllable. The singers praised it because it was easy to sing. The following poem, written by the late Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., shows that monosyllables may be made to utter nervous, musical poetry. If it should correct in our young readers the vice of using "big words," it will serve the purpose for which the author wrote it:

"Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard"
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
Whom want, or woe, or fear is at the throat
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleams and shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

"Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that dash the rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die,
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice, as well;
For them that far off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh and dance and clasp the hand,
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme."

Plum Pudding.

JOHN B. GOUGH tells us a story, which we venture to reproduce here, with the object of adding to the suasion which we ourselves urge.

We know well what men will do to gratify this appetite, what they will sacrifice, what they will suffer. And when the pinch comes—oh, the battle! I love to see a man fight, don't you? It is a grand thing to see a man struggle. I like to whisper in his ear, "Courage, my brother!" I like to lay my hand on his shoulder, if by laying it there I can give him sympathy—can give him strength of arm to fight. It is a grand thing to see a man fight; and I tell you my heart's sympathy goes out to the drunkard when he makes up his mind that he will fight. He will have to fight. Ah yes! I want to go to that man, and say to him, "You must fight. It is not as easy a thing for you to give up the drink as it is to turn your hand round. You must fight!"—and some men are fighting all the days of their lives.

A minister of the Gospel said to me, "I was once a sad drunkard, and I signed the pledge. Many times I had been in the ditch. When I became converted, I made up my mind I would

study for the ministry. I was a student. I had no desire for the drink. I had an idea that my religion had driven all that out of me. The grace of God had taken away the appetite for, and the love of Jesus had taken away the love of drink. I thought myself perfectly safe. I was invited out to dinner. If the gentleman had asked me to take a glass of wine, it would have been 'No,' or a glass of ale, 'No;' but he gave me some rich English plum pudding, pretty well saturated with brandy, and with brandy-sauce over it. I thought nothing of it. I liked it. I ate freely. I sent up my plate for a second helping. On returning to my study I began to want drink. I wanted it. The want began to sting and burn me. My mouth got dry. I wanted it. 'Well, surely, if I go now and have some—I have not had any for six years—certainly if I take just one glass now, it will allay this sort of feeling, and I shall be able to attend to my studies.' No! I thought of what I had been; I thought of what I expected to be; and now, I said, 'I will fight it.' I locked the door, and threw away the key. Then commenced the fight. What I did that night I do not know. I know I was on my knees a good deal of the time, but what I did I do not know. Some one came in the morning about eight o'clock, and knocked at the door. 'Come in.' 'The door is locked.' I hunted about, found the key, and opened the door. Two of my fellow-students entered. 'Why,' said one, 'what is the matter with you?' 'What do you mean?' 'Why, look at your face!' They took me to the glass, and my face, I saw, was covered with blood. In my agony, I had with my nails torn the skin from my forehead—look at the scars now!—in my agony of wrestling against the desire for drink that cried through every nerve and fibre of my system. Thank God, I fought it, but it was forty-eight hours before I dared to go into the street."

You say "That is a rare case; such cases are very rare." I wish they were. See to-day what men are sacrificing for the drink. See what they are giving up—home, friends, reputation, ay, even life itself; and that which is better than life, hopes of heaven,—dissolving the Pearl of great price in the cup, and drinking away their very hopes of heaven at a draught. Oh, it is awful when we go among them, and see them! What will they not do? What will they not sacrifice? What will they not give up? Do you say it is because they are weak-minded? No; it depends more on the temperament, constitution, and nervous organization of a man whether, if he tries to follow your example, Mr. Moderate Drinker, he becomes intemperate or not—more than it does on what we call his strength of mind.—*Public Coffee-House News.*

In making the beautiful golden inscriptions on the backs of volumes, hot type overlaid with thin leaves of gold are pressed upon them, the heat causing the gold to adhere, without which the inscription would not be permanent. It is even so in the world of thought and speech. If we would make lasting impressions upon the character of hearers or readers we should not only press upon them with the hand of eloquent earnestness words overlaid with golden thoughts, but they should be burning words from hearts aflame with love.—*Rev. J. R. Goodpasture.*

The Harvest Waits.

Lo, the harvest waits for reapers!
Christian, whereto waitest thou?
Blessed labour for the Master,
In broad fields, awaits thee now.

He who blessed the seed in sowing,
With the sunlight of His care,
Made it ready for the reaping,
Bids *you* to the garner bear.

Christian, dost thou pray with pleading,
"Lord, into Thy harvest send
Labourers to do Thy bidding,
Toilers for the far-off lands?"

Lift thine eyes, and, e'en while looking,
Gird thee for the reaper's share
In the whitened fields now gleaming
With the fruit so ripe and fair.

Haste, oh haste! the shadows falling,
Soon the land in darkness leaves;
Hasten to fulfil thy calling—
Quickly bind the golden sheaves!

He who bids thee to the reaping—
Christ—will all thy labour crown,
Till o'er vale and mountain ringing,
"Safely gathered" comes the song.

War and Christianity.

WHILE admitting the lawfulness of war for the maintenance of national life and independence, we think that very few of the wars that have ravaged and desolated the world have been of this just and righteous character; and that when the sword is drawn to gratify the madness of ambition and the frenzy of revenge, or to indulge the greed of conquest or the lust of military glory, it is the most atrocious crime against God and man that can be perpetrated. War may be dressed up in the gaudiest attire; it may be blazoned with all the trappings of glitter and grandeur, and surrounded with every possible illusion of fame and glory, but what does it mean? It means thousands of happy dwellings darkened with gloom and sorrows, the massacre of myriads of ignorant and innocent victims. It means the laying waste of peaceful homesteads, and smiling villages, and flourishing towns, and fair and fertile provinces, and a filling of a land with rapine and carnage. It means hundreds, thousands of men alive and well in the morning, at night smitten, lacerated, mangled, or dead—gashed and bloody, and ready to be tossed indiscriminately into the grave. It means the storming, sacking, burning of towns, and shattering and sinking of fleets. It means disconsolate parents, and broken-hearted wives and children mourning their mutilated or destroyed relatives, or sinking that mourning in terror for themselves. It means the devastation of the bounties of nature and the fruits of industry, and the wasteful consumption of labour, art, science, and genius in creating or applying the machinery of human destruction. Its course is tracked by fire and slaughter, by ruin and desolation, by the curse of the vanquished, and the wail of the widowed, and the anguish of an untold bereavement.

Such is war when stripped of its meretricious bedizenments. Men for the time transformed into savages or beasts of prey, the worst passions of the human heart let loose to slay and destroy without let or hindrance, an inundation of violence and wickedness over the countries where it prevails, and uncounted multitudes of immortal beings, mad with hatred and rage, and with hands reddened with their brothers' blood, hurried from the fury of the battlefield into the dread presence of the righteous Judge. Surely every one ought to pray that, weary of this

diabolical science, men may speed "learn war no more;" that nations may combine wisdom to settle the differences by peaceful arbitration, and not by hurling against each other hosts of armed men who know not why or wherefore they fight; and that the time may quickly arise when the mass strength of kingdoms shall no longer be at the absolute disposal of a few individuals for this very business of strife and bloodshed. It is the duty of every Christian to set himself systematically to counterwork the maddening enchantment of the "glory" of war-war, that is, considered merely as a field of great exploits; and to strive to break up in young and ardent minds this pestilent delusion about heroic conquests, fame, and glory.—*Methodist Recorder.*

Lost in the Fog.

CAN you not see that fold of cold purplish haze along the rim of the sea? Young Steve, an amateur oarsman, asks old Ben, the fisherman with his grizzled beard, what that means. The old fisherman, to whom storm and surf and hard work have given an outside rough as an oyster-shell, exclaims, "That 'ere, that bank off the sou'-east? That is fog. Were you goin' off in that 'ere toy-boat o' your'n?"

"Yes, I thought of it."

"Wal, I'd stop with the thinkin' and go no further. That is fog. You'd better row your boat on land."

"I wanted to fish."

"You'd better sink your line in my fish barrel. Bad for a stranger, without experience, to be off in a fog."

Steve mutters something about "I know," and "I'm an oarsman," and launches his "toy-boat." He rows, he fishes, then he fishes, and rows. At last he looks up and whistles, "Whew-w! There is that fog!"

The soft-footed fog has been noiselessly approaching. Like a cunning enemy, it has thrown out masses to right and left, as if to flank and surprise some victim.

"It is coming fast!" says the startled boy, looking up from his lonely boat out on the chilly, misty sea.

Coming? Yes. It drops a heavy fold before the boat. It winds another about the boy till he is hopelessly wrapped in the folds of this marine anaconda.

"Which way do I go?" he asks. "To the right? I—J—didn't see where the shore was. Over to the left, I guess." No, over to the right he goes, and he is rowing away from it. The wind laughs at the frightened boy and smites him in the face with its cold, damp wings. The night may overtake him, lost in the fog, to row in the cold, the wet, the dark; fortunate if some despised "Ben" may find him in the morning, or drifting unhappily on some perilous rock, only to be found as a corpse on the sands by and by!

Lost in the fog! Thousands of boys and girls are venturing to day off on some risky voyage. A bad book may tempt them. Wrong associates may allure them. The tempter says, "Give up your Bible, forsake the Church, be your own master or mistress on Sunday. Launch your boat!" All the while ruin lies in wait for themselves far from home, far from God, crying out in alarm. If to-day they would only cry out to be kept from the step that means night and the cold, the bewildering, blinding fog!

Our Mother.

Many lips are saying this,
Mid falling tears to-day,
And many hearts are aching sore,—
Our mother's passed away;
We watched her fading year by year,
As they went slowly by,
But cast far from us o'er the fear
That she could ever die.

She seemed so good, so pure, so true
To our admiring eyes,
We never dreamed this glorious fruit
Was ripening for the skies;
When at last the death-stroke came,
So swift, so sure, so true,
The hearts that held her here so 'ast
Were almost broken too.

She robed her in familiar dress,
To smooth her gray hair down,
To give one last kiss, then laid her 'mid
The autumn leaves so brown;
In each took up the broken thread
Of life and all its cares;
And sad the heart 'mid daily tasks—
To miss our mother's prayers.

None shall know from what dark paths
They may have kept our feet;
How holy will their influence be
While each fond heart shall beat;
As we tread the thorny way,
Which her dear feet have trod,
We shall feel our mother's prayers
Leading us up to God.

For the one still left to us—
Our father, old and lone,
Who hears perhaps by night and day
The old familiar tone—
Will gather closer round him now
To guard from every ill,
Near the darksome river side
Who waits a higher will.

And when the storms of sorrow come
To each bereaved heart,
A faith glance upward to the home
Where we shall never part;
Here one awaits with loving eyes
To see her children come,
One by one we cross the flood
And reach our heavenly home.

Letters from Florida.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE reprint from the *Toronto Globe* the following account by the Editor of HOME AND SCHOOL, of his visit to Florida:

It is a very striking change from the old and blustering March morning on which I left Toronto, to the warm, summer-like day on which I write these notes by an open window, and gladly seek the shade when out of doors. I rode over the Credit Valley, and the Canada Southern Railways through Western Ontario, the fields were covered with snow. As I passed through Michigan and Ohio the snow gradually disappeared, at Cincinnati I took the comfortable buffet sleeping car of the Louisville and Nashville road, and in twenty-six hours passed from the domain of winter to that of summer. One of the most striking characteristics of the South is the ubiquitous presence of "our brother in black," and a very picturesque object he is. There is about him a strange immobility of attitude. As he stands motionless as a statue he looks like a black bronze antique. But to see him at his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black. Then

HE IS ALL LIFE AND ENERGY,

his white teeth gleam, his eyes flash, and his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an inexhaustible flood. A very small joke causes infinite merriment, and you feel that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it."

Pensacola, on the Gulf of Mexico, is the first Florida port at which we stop. It has a noble harbour, and sometimes floats more square-rigged shipping

than any port in the United States. It is a favorite sail down the harbour to the historic Fort Pickens, Fort McRae, and the U. S. Navy-yard. The principal exports are timber and naval stores. All through Alabama and Northern Florida are vast "turpentine orchards" of the long-needed pitch pine. The trees are scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine, tar, and resin. A very picturesque and rather uncanny sight it is to see the night-fires of these stills and the gnome-like figures of the blacks working amid the flames.

THE SOUTHERN CHAUTAUQUA.

There are few more striking evidences of the growth of the Chautauqua movement than the existence of a successful Chautauqua Assembly here in the heart of Florida. It bids fair in time to rival its Northern prototype. The grounds are magnificent—260 acres, surrounding a lovely lake a mile in circumference. At night, when illuminated with a score of blazing camp fires, it looks like fairyland. The programme covers a month, and embraces lectures, concerts, readings, stereopticon entertainments, illustrations in costume of oriental life, etc. New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Paul, Toronto, and other remote places are represented. Prof. Sherwin, Col. Cowden, Governor Perry, General C. B. Fisk, President Hopkins, Dr. Deems, Col. Bain, Bishop Walden, Dr. W. H. Withrow and a host of others give variety to the exercises. If, in this sparsely-settled country, such a successful Assembly can be held, we think it

BEYOND QUESTION THAT A CANADIAN CHAUTAUQUA

on the Niagara would be an equally great success. Here the local patronage is almost nil, the great bulk of the visitors are from the North, and a great attraction it is to exchange our March winds for out-of-door amusements and pleasant company in the Sunny South. The management of this Assembly think that they can greatly help our Canadian Chautauqua by organizing summer excursions to take in the Falls, Niagara, and Toronto. Canadians might reciprocate by returning the visit with benefit to both parties.

JACKSONVILLE.

This pleasant city is the great rendezvous of tourists and health-seekers in the South. It is the largest city in the State, its resident population being about 16,000, but probably 100,000 tourists pass through it during the winter months. It is always a surprise to the Northern visitor. On one side of the car is the St. John river, with its palmetto-fringed shore, and on the other side an almost metropolitan city greets his eyes. Fine buildings, crowded streets, and the rush and bustle of a Northern city are something unexpected in a region long considered almost a wilderness. A large business is done in lumber, cotton, sugar, fruit, fish and early vegetables. Of the red Florida pine about 50,000,000 feet are shipped annually. It is a remarkable wood, heavier and harder than oak, of a very fine grain and taking a beautiful polish. It is so saturated with resin that it catches fire from a match like tinder. This resinous quality makes it very enduring when used for ship-building.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

From Jacksonville you go everywhere in east Florida. A favourite trip is up the St. John river and by rail to St. Augustine on the Atlantic coast. The railroad traverses barren pine flats where not a house or sign of life meets the eye. St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in the United States, and its history carries one back almost to the middle ages. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1565, more than half a century before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It still retains much of its Spanish aspect, strangely quaint and in harmony with its romantic history. The medieval fort and gateway, the narrow crooked streets, the Moorish bell tower, the shovel-hats and black gowns of the priests, the gliding figures of the nuns, and the dark brown and black eyes and hair of the people seem like a chapter from life in old Spain. The indolent sweet-do-nothing air of the natives complete the resemblance. The most interesting feature of the town is the old fort San Marco, now Fort Marion. It was captured from Spain by the British, and was said to be the handsomest fort in the King's dominions. Its castellated battlements, its frowning bastions, bearing the royal Spanish arms; its portcullis, moat and drawbridge; its commanding look-out tower and time-stained, moss-grown, massive walls impress the observer as a relic of the distant past, while its heavy casemates, its dark passages and gloomy dungeons suggest still darker memories. Anything more thoroughly quaint and unfamiliar to Canadian eyes it would be hard to conceive.

Both Sides.

A MAN in a carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed:
And said as he worked with his saw on a log:
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face, like the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
/hile humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage: the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair with her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

Too Late.

To all who have ever felt remorse the mere thought of it should be caution enough against breaking the laws of duty and right conduct; but thousands who are uninfluenced by higher moral restraints rush into wrong-doing without thinking of self-reproach and punishment that are sure to come. The following contains a lesson to hot-headed youth who are in danger of

breaking their mothers' hearts by disobedience or hasty, unfilial words:

They were sitting in the waiting-room of the depot together—the dapper little man who looked as though he might be a commercial traveller, and the great, rough fellow whose cowhide boots, shaggy garments, and broad brown Mexican hat told that he was fresh from some semi-civilized region of the West. The Westerner sat looking out of the window upon the dreary confusion of tracks, switches, frogs, and snorting freight engines. Just at that moment he seemed like a man without a friend in the world, and out of pure sympathy the commercial traveller attempted to strike up a conversation: "Got long to wait?" he asked, in a friendly tone.

"Bout an hour," was the short answer.

"Going far?"

"Nigh onto a hundred miles back into the kentry."

"Yes, where?"

"Stranger, I'm going home. Home."

"So! Been away long?"

"'Bout ten years."

"Ten years, and now you are going home! Well, that's pleasant. I know I'm only away about a month at a time, yet when I come back I'm as happy as a gosling in a sun-shower. Fact; you wouldn't think I'm sentimental, yet when I'm on my way home the cars never seem to go fast enough, and I can't think of anything but home, home, all the time till I'm there. My! but I'd like to be in your shoes for a short time, just to feel how happy you must be! Folks all well, I suppose?"

"Stranger, I'm going back to my mother's funeral. It's ten year, ten long, long year, since I saw her last, and then I went away saying I never wanted to see her again. I did that to my mother. But I was not much more than a boy then, and I didn't know what I was doing. It was my mother, but I'm not to be blamed too harshly. And after I went away I never sent a letter home—not one, but I always meant to. She used to write me such heart-breaking letters that I, great, rough miur as I was, couldn't keep the tears back. You see, I didn't write because I was always a—thinking that I would strike rich, and then I would go home and just show the old folks what money and ease was; but—but—but, stranger, I put it off too long. I was going home next week. I was going to surprise 'em, and I had enough money to make their old age comfortable; but, stranger, she went home before I did."

And he wiped his horny, sun-browned hand across his eyes. There was silence for a few minutes, then he continued: "Don't think the worse of me for that, stranger; I may be a grown man, but somehow, I can't keep tears out of my eyes. They will come. You see, I was the youngest. I was the baby—her boy, she used to call me; and when I grew up I wanted to see the world, to see life. But she wanted me to stay at home, and I was hot-headed and—and I went away. But I always dreamed of coming back, and here when I was ready it was too late, too late. Ah, stranger! I can't help it."

But the other said nothing. There was a lump in his throat that prevented, and he looked toward the window under pretence of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, but it was only to conceal the moisture that came unbidden to his eyes.—*Set.*

LESSON NOTES

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 66.] LESSON IX. [May 31.
PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 3. 14-17, and 4. 1-8. Commit to mem. vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—2 Tim. 3. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Bible is God's word, man's light and guide.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Tim. 1. 1-18. Th. 2 Tim. 4. 1-22.
T. 2 Tim. 2. 1-26. F. 1 Pet. 1. 1-16.
W. 2 Tim. 3. 1-17. Sa. Deut. 11. 13-28.
Su. Rev. 2. 1-11, 26-29.

DATE.—The Second Epistle to Timothy was written about A.D. 66, just before the martyrdom of Paul.

PLACE.—It was written from Paul's prison at Rome, to Timothy, who was at Ephesus.

AUTHOR.—Paul, now 64 or 65 years old. After writing the first letter to Timothy at Corinth, Paul went to Nicopolis in Epirus, north-west of Greece, and spent the winter there. Then he went through Macedonia to Troas, and to Ephesus, where he was again made prisoner and taken to Rome. He was beheaded by Nero, probably in A.D. 66.—*Lewin.*

INTRODUCTION.—The Second Epistle is Paul's dying charge to Timothy. The words come to us with the power which belongs to the crowning experience of a long life, from one who stands like Moses on Pisgah looking back over all the past, and forward on the promised land, and brings us the combined wisdom of both.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—14. *Of whom thou hast learned them*—Of Paul, and his pious parents and teachers. 15. *Holy Scriptures*—Timothy in his childhood had only the Old Testament. 17. *Perfect*—Complete, having all his faculties and powers trained. *Thoroughly furnished*—Completely equipped, having all he needed for doing good works. 1. *The quick*—The living, those living at the coming of Christ. *At his appearing*—I charge by his appearing, because he is certainly to come. *And his kingdom*—For the time is coming when Christ will rule the whole world, and all nations be subject to him. 2. *Instant*—Urgent, intent. 3. *After their own lusts*—See Revised Version. The people would refuse to hear the truth, but seek teachers who would preach to please them, and not interfere with their sins. *Itching ears*—Ears desiring to hear pleasant things. 5. *Do the work of an evangelist*—One who does not merely care for one Church, but goes out after the lost. *Make full proof*—Fulfill, do the whole work of. 6. *Offered*—As a sacrifice to the Gospel, as a martyr. 8. *Crown of righteousness*—The prize given to those who have won righteousness, and gained a victory in the cause of righteousness. *The Lord*—Jesus. *At that day*—The day of judgment.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Paul's life after writing First Timothy.—The Second Epistle to Timothy.—Studying the Bible in youth.—The Bible making wise unto salvation.—The inspiration of the Bible.—Its power in making good men.—Seeking false teachers.—Paul ready to be offered.—The race run.—The warfare ended.—The crown of righteousness.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What account can you give of Paul's life after writing the first letter to Timothy? When was Second Timothy written, and where? What value attaches to it as the last words of Paul?

SUBJECT: THE WORD OF GOD.

I. EARLY TRAINING OF THE SCRIPTURES (vs. 14, 15).—In what things should Timothy continue? From whom had he learned them? How was this a confirmation of their truth? How early had he begun to study the Bible? What reasons can you give why we should begin its study very young? What can the Bible do for us? In what way? Why is it wise to seek salvation.

II. THE BIBLE GOD'S WORD (v. 16).—What is said here of the Bible? How does the new version read? What is meant by the Bible's being given by inspiration? What reasons can you give for believing the Bible to be the word of God?

III. THE WORK OF THE BIBLE (vs. 10, 17).—For what things is the Bible profitable? Meaning of "doctrine" here? What does it reprove? What does it correct? In what does it instruct? What kind of man does it make? For what does it fit them? Do these effects of the Bible appear in the history of the world?

IV. THE BIBLE TAUGHT (vs. 1-4).—What did Paul charge Timothy to do? By what solemn motives? How would these influence him to faithfulness? What is it to preach? Meaning of "instant?" What is meant by "out of season" here? What three things must he do in his preaching? Why with long suffering? Why with doctrine, or instruction? What kind of people would he sometimes find in the congregation? Is there any such danger now? What should be done about it? (v. 5).

V. THE TRIUMPH OF FAITHFULNESS TO THE SCRIPTURES (vs. 6-8).—What did Paul say of himself? What good fight had he fought? (Eph. 6. 12.) What race had he run? (Phil. 3. 13, 14.) What faith had he kept? What was to be his reward? Why is it called a crown of righteousness? When was it to be bestowed? Who may have a like reward?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. *The Bible makes us wise unto salvation*: (1) By showing our sin, our need, our danger; (2) by showing us what we can be,—holy, happy, children of God, heirs of heaven; (3) by teaching us the way to these things; (4) by giving us motives for seeking them; (5) by the Holy Spirit it reveals. 2. *Proofs that the Bible is inspired*: (1) The good men who wrote knew they were inspired; (2) Christ's promise (John 16. 13); (3) Christ's testimony to the Old Testament; (4) the purity of its morals; (5) its wise plan of salvation; (6) miracles; (7) prophecies fulfilled; (8) its harmony with science; (9) its unity although written in 3 languages by 36 persons, during 1500 years; (10) its adaption to our needs; (11) its effects; (12) experience of its truth.

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

1. How does the Bible make us wise unto salvation? (Repeat Practical Suggestion No. 1.) 2. What are some of the proofs that the Bible is inspired? (Repeat Practical Suggestion No. 2.)

A.D. 62-64.] LESSON X. [June 7.
GOD'S MESSAGE BY HIS SON.

Heb. 1. 1-3, and 2. 1-4. Commit to mem. vs. 1. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation.—Heb. 2. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should give most earnest heed to God's message to us by his Son.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Heb. 1. 1-14. Th. Heb. 4. 1-16.
T. Heb. 2. 1-18. F. Heb. 5. 1-14.
W. Heb. 3. 1-19. Sa. Heb. 6. 1-20.
Su. Heb. 7. 1-28.

DATE.—The Epistle to the Hebrews was written probably A.D. 62-64.

PLACE.—Somewhere in Italy (Heb. 13. 24), perhaps at Rome.

AUTHOR.—Unknown. Some attribute it to Paul, others to Apollon or Barnabas. Many believe it to be Paul's ideas put into form by some friend, as Luke.

FOR WHOM WRITTEN.—To the Jews of Palestine first, and also to all Jews.

ITS SUBJECT.—The revelation of Christ superior to all former revelations from God.

INTRODUCTION.—Without preface or salutation. The author states in the first three verses the subject of this letter.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *At sundry times*—In divers portions, some at one time, some at another, during 1500 years. 2. *In these last days*—The last age of the world, the times of the Messiah. 3. *The brightness of his glory*—The effulgence by which, as the sun by its rays, God's glory is seen by men. *Express image of his person*—Of his substance, his nature. Christ showed what God is. *Purged our sins*—By his atonement, and his teaching and power. 4. *Being made*—As mediator, the God-man. *By inheritance*—Because he is a son. *Excellent name*—Higher honour, dignity, the name Son of God, Lord of all. 5. *Thou art my Son*, etc.—Quoted from Ps. 2. 7, Septuagint Version."Son" is used here in the highest sense, not merely a spiritual child. *And again*—2 Sam. 7. 14. Spoken first of David's son, but fulfilled perfectly only in David's greater son, the Son of God. 6. *And again*—Rather, when he again bringeth; spoken of the coming of Christ in his kingdom on earth. *He saith*—Deut. 32. 43; Ps. 97. 7 (Septuagint Version). If the angels worship him, he must be their superior. He must be divine, or the worship would be idolatry. 7. *His angels spirits*—Or winds. He employs the angels as winds or lightnings to do his will. They are servants. 1. *We should let the word slip*—We should drift away from them. 4. *God bearing them witness*—By doing wonders, in attestation of the words, which only God could do.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Epistle to the Hebrews.—Former revelations from God.—The superiority of the revelation by Christ.—Christ as the express image of God.—Christ the Son of God.—Christ superior to angels.—Reasons why we should give heed to Christ's message.—The great salvation.—The danger of neglect.—Why men neglect it.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is known about the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews? When and where was it probably written? To whom? What is its subject?

SUBJECT: GOD'S MESSAGE BY HIS SON.

I. SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER REVELATIONS (vs. 1, 2).—To whom had God spoken in former times? Through whom? In what manner? Does it make any difference to us through whom we have the message provided it is from God? What newer and better revelation has been given to us? Meaning of "these last days?" How did Christ bring this message from God? How was he specially fitted to reveal God's will to us?

II. THE SUPERIORITY OF THE MESSENGER (vs. 2-8).—In what sense is Christ God's son? How is greatness shown by his works? (John 1. 1-3.) What is meant by Christ being "the brightness of his glory?" By the express image of his person? How would this enable him to reveal God to us? (John 14. 9.) What did he do for us? Where is he now? In what is he superior to the angels? What name is referred to? How does this greatness of the messenger give value and authority to the message? How is his superiority to the angels proved through the Bible? Meaning of v. 7.

III. THE DUTY OF GIVING HEED TO THE MESSAGE (vs. 1-4).—What is the first reason for this duty? (v. 1.) What are "the things we have heard?" In what ways do people let them slip, or "drift away from them?" What is the second reason? (v. 2.) What word is meant? Are the promises and threatenings of the Old Testament certain to be fulfilled? How is it with God's laws as revealed in nature? What is the third reason? (v. 3.) In what respects is the salvation by Christ a great salvation? Why do men neglect it? What will be the result of neglect? What is the fourth reason? (vs. 3, 4.) How did God bear witness to the truth of Christ's words? How did the Holy Spirit bear witness? (Acts 2. 1-4; 43-47.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. *The Superiority of the Message*: (1) It came by the greatest being in the universe, who knew all things; (2) it came in human words; (3) it came by a perfect life and example; (4) it manifested the highest love of God.2. *The Greatness of the Salvation*: (1) It was brought by the Son of God; (2) at the greatest cost; (3) it saves from the greatest evils,—sin and misery; (4) it brings the greatest blessings,—goodness and heaven; (5) it shows the greatest love of God; (6) it required great wisdom to plan; (7) it was proved by the greatest miracles; (8) it has done the most marvellous works in changing men.

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

3. Wherein is the superiority of God's word through Christ? (Repeat Practical Suggestion No. 1.) Wherein is the greatness of his salvation? (Repeat Practical Suggestion No. 2.)

You keep the Sabbath in imitation of God's rest. Do so by all manner of means, if you like, and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work.

WALL MAPS

FOR

Sunday-Schools.

Carefully compiled from the best Author-
ities and Latest Surveys.

GOOD AND CHEAP.

Names of Places are in Large, Clear
Letters, easily read at a Distance.St. Paul's Travels. A new Map—
Size, 4 x 6 feet. On muslin, \$3 net, mounted
on rollers, \$1.50 net.Paul's Travels. Part of Europe
and Asia, and by Colored Lines, showing the
Journeys of the Apostle Paul. On fine
white muslin, 25 x 41 inches, \$1.50 net,
mounted on rollers and varnished, 25 x 41
inches, \$2.00 net.Palestine on the New Testament,
and Small Map of Jerusalem in one Corner,
shows all places mentioned in the New Testa-
ment. On fine white muslin, 28 x 41
inches, \$1.50 net; mounted on rollers and
varnished, 28 x 41 inches, \$2.00 net.Palestine—Old Testament History.
shows all places mentioned in Old Testa-
ment. On fine white muslin, 28 x 41 inches,
\$1.50 net; mounted on rollers and varnished,
28 x 41 inches, \$2.00 net.Travels of the Patriarchs from
the East to Canaan; and of the Apostles in
Asia Minor and Greece. Also,Travels of the Apostle Paul.
(Same map). Mounted and Varnished, size
26 x 32, \$1.25 net.Route of the Israelites from
Egypt to Canaan, and Ancient Jerusalem
and its Environs; also, Bible Lands and
parts of the Ancient World. Mounted on
Rollers, 26 x 32, \$1.25 net.Journeys and Deeds of Jesus. On
a new map of Palestine, by Rev. E. P. Stott.
Mounted on Rollers and Varnished; size,
11 x 36, \$4.00 net; mounted on rollers and
varnished, 34 x 22, \$1.50 net; Pocket Size, folded
in cloth case, \$1.00 net.Atlas of Scripture Geography,
containing 16 maps, with questions on each
map, \$0.30.Map Illustrating St. Paul's
Travels. 118 x 80 inches, in fine white
Muslin. Price \$10.00 net.Sunday-school
Decorations

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Beautifully Illuminated Scripture Texts
on prepared cloth.

Banners, \$1.50 net.

Shields, \$1.25 net.

Ribbon Texts, \$1.25 net.

Short Scrolls, 45 cents.

Long Scrolls, \$1.50 net.

Send for Lists.

LAPILINUM

or Blackboard Cloth, (46 inches wide) per
yard, net \$2, used by W. F. Crafts and
other Blackboardists.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

CONDENSED FROM THE WORKS OF
SIR SAML. W. BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S.
With Map. Paper, 25 Cents.READ THIS ABOUT THE
SOUDAN AND KARTOUM.The *Evening Gazette*, Boston: "Of special
interest at the present time are the chapters
on the SOUDAN and its capital, KARTOUM."The *Traveller*, Boston: "The narrative,
as here presented, covers the entire journey
up the Nile, through the Soudan to Lake
Nyanza."WILLIAM BRIGGS,
78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.