

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.

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 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.

- 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/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1884.

[No. 5.]

Mirage.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Beyond the plain sirocco-fanned,
The heat and hush of desert sand,
A belt of feathery palms arise,
Traced like a vision on their skies.
Cool waters ripple at their feet,
O dream divine, be real as sweet !
We near, the mocking shadow flee ;
But could we mount as eagles do,
High and yet higher, we should see
Where far, far off the real palms be,
Behind the false there hides the true.

Beyond the fog wreaths curling gray
Lies the bright stretch of clear noon
day
There seas are blue and glad, and
Of white waves leap on yellow sands,
The merry fisher trims his sail
With never thought of cloud or gale.
We sadly sit, - but could we rise
Above these vapors hovering dun,
Which are of joy the thin disguise,
We too should laugh -neath laugh-
ing skies,
Behind the shadow hides the sun.

Ah, coward heart ! be not so blind,
Be not so shaken, valiant mind,
As the grim shadow all men fear
Draws nearer with each urging year,
A hovering shape which flits and
flies,
And stains and blots the sunniest
Did we but dare to rise above
As angels do, emparadised,
Our eyes should see the cloud re-
move ;
Behind the dread, the Eternal Love ;
Behind the death, the welcoming
Christ !

Crossing the Desert.

ONE might imagine that the arid Sahara had been the bed of some great sea, and that weary of its burden of waters had refused to hold them, and being doomed never more to know the blessing of its cooling and life-preserving presence. The oases are depressions, and are of such a geological formation that the water from some hidden spring is retained, and a verdure nourished which has won for them from the desert travellers the name of Islands of the Blessed. Were it not for these resting-places it would be impossible to traverse the desert even with the aid of an animal so wonderfully adapted to endure the peculiar hardships, as is the camel. Supplied by nature with wonderful store-places for food and drink, it can subsist for a long time with but very slight nourishment. The hump which we in our childhood days imagined was especially provided to afford a seat for the rider,

is a reservoir of fat from which the camel draws nourishment, so that sometimes when the animals come in from a long journey, the hump is greatly diminished. The countries adjoining the desert are almost as effectually

here and there, and which no other creature would deign to touch. His foot is so adapted to the sandy ground that he can travel without difficulty where a horse would fall exhausted on the yielding soil, before half his

New Mexico and California, and the commander of one expedition testifies that camels have carried water for the mules used by the men sometimes for more than a week without once tasting it themselves.

The general ignorance concerning the whole continent of Africa, and especially the desert portion of it, has afforded a strong temptation to such as have penetrated into its secrets to exaggerate them, and as we are becoming better informed, some of the traditions of the past are losing their terror. Desert journeys are certainly not luxuriously comfortable, but they are probably attended with no severer suffering than has been experienced in mountain climbing. But men are less inclined to defy obstacles under a scorching sun whose enervating rays, reflected from the burning sand, acquire terrible power, than amid a cold and bracing atmosphere.

Monsieur Pouchet graphically describes his approach to one of the deserts of Upper Egypt :

"The eye only sees an unbroken sheet of burning sand. Not a cry, not a murmur is heard, and scarce even a loitering vulture devours the last fragment of some camel which had fallen on the sand, and the bleached skeleton of which will soon be added to so many others now marking out the desert routes. Not a cloud tarnishes the azure of the sky, not a breath refreshes the air ; a sun, the ardor of which nothing moderates, pours down its sparkling light and fiery rays, burning even through one's clothes. The motionless and heated atmosphere tortures the face with its fiery breath, and even the sand attains an extreme heat. My thermometers being broken, I tried to ascertain the temperature by plunging my hands into the superficial layers, but at the end of a few seconds a stinging pain compelled me to withdraw



CROSSING THE DESERT.

separated as if a sea rolled between, and were it not for this "Ship of the Desert," as the poetical Arabs call it, the separation would be greater. The desert is the camel's home. He can eat the scanty herbage that springs up

day's journey was accomplished. But stranger still is the wonderful provision which enables these patient creatures to toil beneath the burning sun for days without drinking. They have been used in explorations in

them.
"Instead of the rolling waves and cool breezes of the sea, this funeral region only gives out burning gusts and scorching blasts which seem to issue from the gates of hell ; these are

the *simoom*, or poison wind, as the word signifies in Arabic. The camel driver knows this formidable enemy, and as soon as he sees it looming in the horizon, he raises his hands to heaven and implores Allah; the camels themselves seem terrified at its approach. A veil of reddish black invades the gleaming sky, and very soon a terrible and burning wind rises, bearing clouds of fine impalpable sand, which severely irritates the eyes, and makes its way into the respiratory organs. The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travellers have no chance of safety, except by making a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and covering their heads so as to protect themselves against this scourge."

It is said that entire caravans have sometimes perished in these sand-storms, and that it was one of them that buried the army of Cambyzes when it was traversing the desert.

Our artist represents some travellers resting in the shadow of a rock in a weary land, and we can readily imagine how the metaphor of the prophet Isaiah would be understood in a country where, after hours of toiling over the sand with no shade from the sun, such a resting-place would be greeted with grateful delight.

The cases vary in size from such as are just large enough to afford a halting place for a small caravan, to those which are really kingdoms. Of the latter, Fezzan is one of the largest and most noted. Its population is variously estimated at from 75,000 to 150,000. The inhabitants are a mixed race, speaking a language corrupted from the Arabic. Far behind surrounding nations in civilization, they devote themselves to raising and manufacturing the most indispensable necessities of life. Caravans from the interior of Africa to the coast make here some exchange of merchandise. Their chief traffic has been the slave-trade. Muzuk, the principal town of Fezzan, being the great starting-point from the north for the interior of Negro land.

We present a vivid sketch of a caravan of Arabs, who have pitched their camp for the night near a refreshing oasis with its towering palms, as drawn by Mr. Gifford during his recent travels in the East.

The mirage which entrances while it deceives the traveller, is nowhere else seen in such perfection, and the aurora of the desert is described as gorgeous in the extreme. So there is no spot in this wonderful earthly home of ours so barren that God's touch has not left its impress in exquisite charms of colour and outline.

"God Speaks Through You."

ONE of the early pastors of the town of Norwich, Conn., by the name of King, a very faithful and engaging preacher, had in his large congregation a converted Indian woman whom we will call Sarah, "one of the last of the Mohicans," who constantly waited on his ministry, a most devout and godly listener. She had her accustomed seat near the pulpit, and on one occasion was so deeply affected by what she had heard that she stopped at the foot of the pulpit stairs till Mr. King came down (and those stairs numbered not a few in those days), and then said to him, "Massa King, you preach to my very soul to-day; you do me good like an angel," and then quickly disappeared

in the throng. Not many minutes elapsed, however, before she was seen crowding her way back again toward the pulpit until she had reached her pastor, when she hurriedly broke out with these words: "Massa King! Massa King! you be the quill! God speak through you!" and then turned once more and departed.

Astute, brave, faithful Indian Sarah. For though not a philosopher like Addison, to know how a man can be "transported with the praises of his fellows," yet she had come by other routes to the same reasonable apprehension of the perils that lie in such praises, even when they issue from the humblest of lips; and she hastened to deliver her beloved teacher from any net that she might incautiously have cast for his feet. And no one of all the *elite* of that great Norwich congregation could have taught "Massa King" a more truthful or more useful lesson than that he was only "a quill," and that it was God who spoke through him.—*Rev. John G. Hall, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The Father's Pity.

THROUGH wof of gloom and sorrow,
Through warp of pain and tears,
There flashes bright a silver thread
Amid the flying years:
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So with compassion failing not,
God watches from above,

And sees our need and weakness,
And not in vengeful wrath
Sends down the dark calamity
That blocks the tangled path.
But ever wise to guide us,
And always full of love,
A Father's tender pity seeks
To draw our thoughts above.

Sweet when our hearts are heavy:
Clear, though our eyes are dim,—
The old, old word of blessed trust
Which lifts us up to Him.
O dear, when the flesh is failing,
That breath of heavenly Dove,
Which whispers in the silent hour
Of God's paternal love.

Life hath its desert shadow,
Its interspace of tears;
And yet, a sunburst often breaks
And scatters swift our fears.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watcheth us
With pity from above.

Our feeble frame he knoweth,
Remembereth we are dust;
And evermore His face is kind,
His ways are ever just.
In evil and in blindness,
Through darkened maze we rove,
But still our Father leads us home,
By strength of mighty love.
—*Margaret E. Sawyer in S. S. Times.*

Street Preaching.

THERE is one justice in America who does not believe that the singing of a revival hymn on the street makes any more noise than a brass band on its way to a picnic at a beer garden. The police of Trenton, N.J., arrested George Sorter, the Methodist revivalist, for singing hymns and preaching in the street, and Justice Caine, before whom the prisoner was tried, discharged him, saying, "There are few who have enough moral courage to go into the streets and preach the Gospel. So long as the rights of others are not infringed, I know no law that would punish the preacher. I admire the prisoner's zeal." And we admire the judge's good sense. May his tribe increase. The Salvation Army is certainly no noisier than the beer garden. Certainly it teaches no worse morals.

A sober man, singing "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" on the street Sunday afternoon makes better music than a drunken man howling the same song out of tune Sunday night. Yet the people who want to arrest the street preacher only laugh at the other fellow. Give the street preacher a fair show with the Sunday garden. Street preaching is eminently respectable. At least, it has the respectability of ancient and eminent example, if it was never very popular. Paul preached in the streets, on the steps of temples. True, he got clubbed and stoned for it, by the same sort of riff-raff that persecute the street preacher of to-day. Yet Paul was a good preacher. He could say enough in a little three-line paragraph to keep our parson of to-day going for fifty minutes. And a greater than Paul preached good sermons by the seaside, in the desert, on the mountain, and in the streets. The people who didn't like His preaching crucified Him for it, but those people don't stand very high in public esteem to-day for what they did. Barnabas and Peter and Silas and Stephen and James and John were street preachers. Aaron preached in a tent; Jonah preached in the street—why, the street preacher has as much to be proud in the line of glorious precedent as the man in the pulpit. And, sometimes, even in these latter days, he preaches about as well. Give the street preacher a show. And as often as he is arrested by the mob, we hope he may be taken before such a magistrate as Justice Caine.

A Lofty Style.

"STYLE," says Lord Chesterfield, "is the dress of thoughts." Some thoughts, like certain persons, are thin, lean, lank, yet they are arrayed gorgeously as a belle in full dress. There is nothing but the dress to attract attention. Here is an illustration:

Coming into court one day, Erskine perceived the ankle of Mr. Balfour, who generally expressed himself in a very circumlocutory manner, tied up with a silk handkerchief.

"Why, what's the matter?" said he.

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck."

If Mr. Balfour had replied to the question, "What's the matter?" "I fell from a gate," both his style and his good sense would have been of better repute.

"Almost But Lost."

How important it is to sail on a ship which has the Master on board. Some years ago a minister, now preaching in New York city, was preaching in Liverpool, England. It became there his duty one evening to bring a message of sadness to the wife of the first mate of a steamer, the *Royal Charter*. The ship had gone round the world in safety, and had reached Queenstown, where its arrival was telegraphed to Liverpool. When two or three hours out of Liverpool the ship was overwhelmed with sudden calamity, and over four hundred per-

sons perished. Among them was the unfortunate officer. The minister, who brought the dreadful intelligence to the wife, found her sitting in her parlor, with the table spread, and all things in preparation for the anxiously expected return of her husband. The news was appalling as an earthquake shock; and the woman, with a look of inexpressible grief on her face, with an anguish too deep for tears, could but seize the minister's hands with both of hers and exclaim:—"O, so near home, and yet lost!"

Have you ever thought how near one may reach the harbour of heaven, and yet be forever lost? Many a soul is stranded in the sea of unbelief and sin, and never gains the heavenly port. Jesus once said to a man: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," and yet we do not learn that the man ever entered in. Be sure that you are on a vessel that has Jesus aboard, and the safety and ultimate success of the voyage is assured.

How Two Boys Built a Chapel.

HENRY and Andrew were great friends; they had just entered their teens, and had already begun to pray in prayer meetings.

Being of a frugal turn of mind, they had saved a considerable portion of their pocket money, and at the time which we now have in view the accumulation amounted to the handsome sums of eighteen and twenty pounds respectively.

The chapel in which they worshipped was destroyed by fire. Some thought the calamity was purely accidental, and others considered it to be the work of a mad incendiary; but the real cause remains a secret unto this day.

Through some serious neglect the chapel was uninsured, and the Methodists in that town being rather poor at that time were anxious about the money required for its restoration.

A happy thought occurred to our young heroes; and with a promptitude and business tact that would have done credit to persons of riper years, they put it into execution.

Having formed themselves into a committee of ways and means, they moved, seconded, and carried unanimously the following resolution:

"That we give all we have, and beg all we can, to build a chapel; and that we begin at once."

Acting on that spirited resolution, they proceeded to prepare a subscription list with the following heading:

Master Andrew £20 0 0
Master Henry 18 0 0

After securing the hearty concurrence of their parents and ministers, they sallied forth on their first begging expedition.

Their generosity and manly courage moved the town; Churchmen, Dissenters, and persons who were by no means religious at all, rallied round them, and promised substantial assistance. In an almost incredibly short time a chapel larger and prettier than the former was erected, and great was the gladness of the promoters and their numerous friends.

God has since blessed those youths with a considerable measure of prosperity. Andrew is now a professional man of undoubted respectability and considerable means. Henry is a prosperous business man; and both attribute their successes to the blessing of God.

A Nameless Hero.

This is the song of a nameless man,
Listen awhile till the deed is told
Of one who ventured his life to save
Another's, but not for fame or gold.

Winter had been both hard and long;
Spring set in, and the brooklets ran,
Swamping the meadows and breaking the ice
Into mighty blocks. Then the floods began.

Red and roaring, the rushing stream
On its heaving bosom the ice blocks bore;
Stemmed at length by a bridge of might,
It foamed and crashed with a sullen roar.

Crashed and dashed on the piers of stone,
They yield at last to the fearful strain;
The centre arch, with the keeper's house
And helpless inmates alone remain.

Fiercer and fiercer roars the flood,
Wildier the wind in the stormy sky.
The keeper springs to the rocking roof:
"Mercy! have mercy, great God on high!"

"Help for my helpless wife and child!"
They heard him loud o'er the torrent's roar;
Help, alas! there is none to bring;
No boat could live if it left the shore.

Whose steed comes galloping hot with haste,
And stops by the river raging wild?
Count Allen, who offers red gold to him,
Who'll save the keeper with wife and child.

Ears, a thousand, the offer heard,
Hearts, a thousand, with grief are sore;
They look at the ice, the flood and the sky,
But never a boatman leaves the shore.

"Boatmen, then, are ye cowards all?
And must they perish within our sight?"
"Try it yourself, Lord Count," they cried,
"Alas!" said he, "for my strength is slight."

Out from the crowd a waggoner steps,
A boat is launched with the speed of thought,
Twill save but one with his mighty weight;
But his arm is strong, and he cares for naught.

Thrice he guides her with giant strength;
Thrice has he brought her safe to shore;
Scarce had the last foot touched the planks,
When with awful crash the arch fell o'er.

Who was this valiant man of men?
A simple labourer, brave and bold.
"Grand was the deed," I hear you say;
"But still he did it for goods and gold."

Listen, then, "Gallant the deed you've done,
And well," said the Count, "have you
earned the prize."
Frankly and modestly answered then
The valiant man with the fearless eyes.

"My life, Lord Count, is not for gold;
Your money all to the keeper give;
Lost in the flood is his little all,
Yet he and his wife and child must live."

With a careless smile he turned and went,
This man with the frank and fearless eye.
We sing of his fame; but what was his name
Is known alone to the Lord on high.

—Harper's Young People.

How I Made My First Thirty Dollars.

My mother often said that I had only one gift—I had clever fingers. I could use my hands deftly, cut out paper dolls and fashion curious nick-nacks out of pith or cones or cork; but all that seemed senseless compared with the charming things other girls could do.

One day the children got hold of some coloured tissue paper, and, as usual, they called upon me to cut it up for them. Jennie was going to a child's party, and was greatly excited over a spray of tiny rosebuds to be worn with her white frock.

"Just the colour of my flowers," she said, taking up a slip of the paper. "Say, Nellie, why don't you make us some paper roses?"

The idea had never entered my head before, for tissue paper flowers were more of a novelty then than now. To

me, at any rate, they were a novelty—I decided to try. I soon found that it required a great deal of ingenuity to make even a rosebud; and now, when I look back at my first attempt it makes me laugh. But the first success is never easy. The way I made up my bud was this: I cut out four leaves in rose-coloured paper; then, twisting up a tight little lump for a foundation, I arranged the leaves around it, lapping one over the other and making the points meet. For the little calyx I cut a sharp diamond with four points out of common brown paper, made a little hole in the centre, and fitted the cup around the bud. This was my clumsy beginning. We all laughed at it, but it interested me, and I determined to do better.

The first time I could spare the money, I bought for sixteen cents a quire of French tissue paper, of many colours and shades, and following the suggestions of the saleswoman, I took two more sheets of dark green glazed paper, to be used for leaves and other green parts. I made some very thin paste of gum arabic and alum (two cents' worth of each) dissolved in water, in which I stirred a little flour to give it body. I had a pair of fine pointed scissors and a pair of tweezers, but no other tools.

I determined to try a rose again, and bought a model. And the rose cost me ten cents. I had no idea that I was really investing money in a profitable business, and I thought myself very extravagant for laying out thirty cents upon a mere fancy.

I took an old drawing board for a work-table, picked my rose to pieces, counted the leaves and dissected it generally. I laid each leaf upon the paper, outlined it in pencil and then carefully cut it out. For the head of the flower I took some cotton wool and pressed it into a flat ball and covered it with paper carefully gummed on; around this, piece by piece, I gummed the leaves, placing them further from or nearer to the centre as I remembered they had been in my natural rose. The first specimen was a failure, the second better; and in time I found that by a little ingenuity I could construct a rose, which at a little distance looked remarkably well. Later on I found that many flowers are far easier to make than roses; but I had to buy my experience.

One day after I had finished a bunch of yellow roses somewhat to my mother's satisfaction I placed them in a vase on the mantel.

"Nellie's work," said mother, proudly, soon after, to a lady visitor. "Nellie is clever with her fingers."

"Why, Nellie," said our friend, that is well done! Do you know you could earn money at that?"

I laughed at the idea, though my heart jumped at the suggestion, for we needed money badly.

"Paper flowers are just now all the rage," our good friend went on to say, "especially sunflowers."

I bought a sunflower, also some deep yellow paper and some dark brown paper for the heart. I made out of folds of paper a firmer foundation than I had for the rose. Afterwards I learned how to make such foundations properly of plaster of paris mixed with gum arabic; but my first sunflower had a paper foundation. I cut a calyx out of dark green-glazed paper, and pressed it up the wire stalk, pressing it tightly against the foundation. I

covered the stalk with green paper, and regarded my specimen complacently. Then I made another.

Next day I took "my courage in my two hands" and proceeded to one of the large dry goods stores up-town, asked for the head of the fancy department, and showed my flowers.

"Make them yourself? Ah! quite natural," she said, coldly, and walked off with them. Returning, she bade me follow her, and led the way to a gentleman sitting at a desk.

"How many could you make in a day?" he asked. I said I did not know.

"Well," said he, "we will take as many sunflowers as you can make at seventy cents a dozen, you to find the paper; as for your roses you can have fifty cents a dozen for them."

You may imagine my delight! I soon found that I could buy my paper at a considerable discount, and that by sitting closely at it I could make twelve sunflowers in an hour. I worked at them early and late, and became so expert that I could turn out more than that number. I soon averaged five dozen sunflowers a day; roses I made still more quickly, and as I persevered I soon had quite a reputation. The second week I had made thirty dollars, and after that I was satisfied to work more slowly.

The "rage" for paper flowers did not last a great while, but as long as it did I had more work than I could do. After it was over I had my business experience, and my fingers were so well drilled that I easily found other paying uses for them. I do not say that every girl who can make tissue flowers, or any other particular fancy thing, will have my good luck; but I do say that every girl, whose fingers are as skillful as they ought to be, can find paying uses for them.—*Mastery.*

The Scott Act in Halton.

At the semi-annual Convention of the Halton Branch of the Temperance Alliance, which has just closed its deliberations at Milton, there was elicited a large amount of encouraging testimony as to the successful operation of the Scott Act. Delegates were present from every section of the county, and all of them bore cheerful tribute to the beneficial effects of the measure in their own districts. All agreed that since the adoption of the Act drinking and drunkenness had largely decreased in the towns and villages, and almost, if not entirely, ceased in the rural municipalities. The temptations of the open bar were removed from the young, and the little drinking alleged to be carried on was being gradually crushed out by the stigma of illegality and disrespectability imposed upon it. Respectable people would not violate the law, and as the good effects of the Act become daily more apparent hundreds of converts to the improved order of things were being made without an effort. It was estimated by the Alliance that crime in the country had decreased 70 per cent, while for the last three sessions there were no criminal cases in the docket. All this is eminently encouraging to temperance workers and of infinite value to the Scott Act advocates in the various counties where it is now proposed to submit the measure to vote. Here is incontrovertible evidence that the Act is a success, and that it accomplishes the ends aimed at by its friends. Temper-

ance workers throughout the country have the testimony secured by a practical test of the Scott Act, and they have now to prove how effectively they can use the weapon thus put in their hands.—*Globe.*

Helping Mother.

DOMESTIC training cannot begin too early. Children can be taught to play in setting a store cupboard in order, to unpack stores, to take care of twine, of paper and nails, to have a place for everything, and to understand (in play) that if there is not a place just made for everything, things cannot be put away properly. If this instruction grows with their growth—and it is sure to do so by habit—how much comfort in a home there will be when the little one is a woman!

The regular routine of a mother's work in the kitchen after breakfast should be shared by the child, and the instructions given to a young servant will not be for her ears alone; the child will share it. It won't understand much at first, neither will the servant, but by reiteration, repeating this or that over again, knowledge enters the brain, however young and inexperienced. It is also good to let a child have her own brushes and dusters, and be taught (as play) to keep her bedroom clean, or a certain part of a nursery. A mother's watchful eye will teach her child to have corners clean before the middle of a room is swept. A proper method of dusting should be observed. The room should not be swept with the windows and doors open, but shut, and for the reason that the dust in sweeping would, with windows open, fly out of the door to the passage or on the furniture, which, however, should first have had cotton wrappers put on; but if the door and windows be shut, and after sweeping the rooms the dust be left to settle for ten minutes—still with closed doors and windows—the sweeping process can then be gone through by first wiping off the dust carefully, shaking the duster out of the window, and then carefully going over the process again. The dust will not have fluttered from one place to another, but will have been removed altogether. And last of all, the wrappers are to be shaken, and folded with the clean surface inside, and put in their place. And all this may be done in the way of "helping mother."—*Harper's Bazar.*

University Consolidation.

LET there be one University for the whole Province, called, say, the University of Ontario. Let all the outlying colleges, medical schools, and law faculties be represented in due proportion on the Senate of that University. Let no appointment of professor be made without the nomination, suggestion, or concurrence of such Senate. As Dr. Caven truly remarks: "No considerable number of people in this country prefer a system free from the prevailing influence of religion." And a Senate so constituted might safely, we think, be intrusted with the duty of preventing the intrusion of skeptical or agnostic professors, and of nominating only such as would be acceptable to the Christian Churches of the community.—*Dr. WITROW, in Methodist Magazine for February.*

"How Can a Woman Tell?" is the title of a recent poem. Humph! How can she help telling!

"The Master is Come and Calleth for Thee."

BY MARY SPARKS WHEELER

SISTER, look out o'er the fields white and waving;
The harvest is great and the labourers are few;
Come, thrust in your sickle, the ripened grain saving.
The Lord of the harvest is calling for you.
For you He is calling, for you He is calling,
The Lord of the harvest is calling for you.

Before their dumb idols the heathen are falling;
Vainly, alas! to their gods do they cry;
With helpless hands lifted to you they are calling,
"O sister, come over and help ere we die;
Come over and help us, come over and help us;
O sister, come over and help ere we die."

List to the sound of the prisoners' crying;
Clanking their chains while for freedom they crave;
Rescue the souls who are hungering, dying,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save;
Tell them of Jesus, tell them of Jesus,
Haste! tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Then go forth, my sister, proclaim the glad story
To the ends of the earth, over mountain and sea,
Till Christ shall illumine the earth with His glory,
And all from the bondage of sin shall be free.
Go forth, then, my sister, proclaim the glad story—
The Master is come, and He calleth for thee.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE PAID.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 50
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 6 copies, 65c; over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Schooler's Quarterly	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 4c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred	
Home School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies, together	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 30
Bertram Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Sabbath School—Semi monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

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

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street,
S. F. HUSTIS, Methodist Book Room
Halifax, Montreal.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1884.

"Waymarks."

We have been so impressed with the value of this little pamphlet of Dr. Dewart's, that we have obtained his permission to reprint it in HOME AND SCHOOL. We have found its use of great service in revival meetings. We hope our young readers will thoughtfully and prayerfully ponder its important teachings; and we trust it will lead many of them to clearer views of the way of salvation. The larger part of the pamphlet is given on the 6th page, to be followed by the remainder in our next issue. We ask the reader to comply with the following introductory request of Dr. Dewart:

"As this little treatise relates to matters of vital interest to you, and has been written with a sincere desire to afford help to those who are anxiously seeking deliverance from a sense of

condemnation, and desiring to obtain the joy of salvation, it is earnestly requested that it be read thoughtfully, in circumstances as free as possible from distracting influences, and with fervent prayer, that God may make it a blessing to the soul of the reader."

Aseenakay.

BY THE REV. J. MCLEAN.

A FEW days ago I passed by a stone resting under the brow of a hill. It was cone-shaped, of a peculiar colour, about three hundred pounds weight, and held by the Indians in great reverence. A circle was made in the earth around it, and there lay articles of clothing and ornaments of various kinds. This was one of the famous "medicine" stones of the Blackfoot Indians. As the Indians passed to and fro, they knelt beside it and made offerings of berries, buffalo meat, or anything they might possess suitable for a sacrifice. Visiting one of the Indian camps some time ago, I met my old friend, Apokeena, the medicine man, and had a long conversation with him. Going through the camp I saw a man building his house, and I said to him, "My friend, this is Sunday; why are you building your house to-day?" He replied, "I prayed this morning, and now I can go to work." After talking with him a little, he promised me he would not work any more on Sunday, and accordingly he left off building his house. I heard the medicine man's drum beating, and I enquired who was sick, and was informed that a little girl—one of our scholars—was ill. I went to the lodge where she was, and there I saw two old blind medicine men, who ceased beating their drums when I entered, and shook hands with me. Soon they began their incantations, which consisted in beating their drums, singing Indian songs, and shaking their bodies, keeping time with the tune. All the inmates of the lodge joined in the singing, and even the sick girl was compelled to join the rest of the company. The drums ceased beating and the chief medicine man told the mother to lay the girl on her back and hold her hands. She screamed loudly, but the drums beat still louder and the singing continued. The old man put a small piece of glass in his mouth, and then began to feel all over the body of the girl with his fingers. Taking the piece of glass between his finger and thumb he inserted it in the flesh as a doctor's lance, and then, stooping, caught the flesh between his teeth and very roughly and cruelly began pulling it and sucking the blood. I almost sickened at the sight of his horrible roughness and felt indignant, but prudence suggested that I had not better interfere until the ceremony was over, and then try afterwards to prevent the continuance of such loathsome practices. After a great deal of exertion the Aseenakay (medicine man) spat out a few drops of blood. He was going to repeat the operation, but through the intervention of my teacher he ceased. Taking an old wooden basin he poured into it some water, and putting in it two hot stones, he dipped his hands in the water, and, after spitting on them, bathed the girl's body and wiped it with a dirty brush made of feathers. The ceremony ended, he called for his pipe and had a smoke, evidently feeling that he had performed a wonderful operation.

Gratitude to God should certainly dwell continually in the hearts of young people living in Christian lands; and love to parents should ever be manifested for their kindness in soothing mind and body in sickness and pain. My young friends, pray for our Indian boys and girls, and trust in that Saviour who so richly has blessed you in sickness and health.

Fort McLeod, N. W. T.

Books for Winnowed List.

REVIEWED BY METHODIST MINISTERS.

Jaira's Victory. By a Methodist Lady. N. Tibbals & Sons, New York. Pp. 368. "This book is one that would be much sought after by adult members of our schools. The plot is well carried out. One becomes absorbed by it. Jaira, its heroine, is too wise and wicked for a child. Her after-life is a strange compound of nobility and selfishness. She finds religious rest ultimately through crushing blows of Providence. I very much doubt whether the effect of the whole would be anything more than to keep a young person awake all night to read the work through—and shed now and then a sentimental tear. The author has a vivid imagination—too vivid as a general rule."—S. J. HUNTER.

Ripley Parsonage. "Numerous characters are introduced. The prominent design is to teach that temperance principles are essential to success in life. The minister of Ripley and his family are the chief actors. They are strictly temperate, and strong advocates of the temperance cause. It is a very good temperance story."—J. G. LAIRD.

The Best Fellow in the World. "The 'best fellows in the world' are often, as in this case, the meanest fellows in the world. 'The Best Fellow in the World' to be 'social' became a drunkard, wronged all his life his sister, brought the grey hairs of his father and mother with sorrow to their grave, robbed his friend and shortened his days."—J. T. PITCHER.

Moore's Forge. "This is an interesting tale, describing the efforts of the manager of the mine and his young wife to banish drink and vice, and introduce reverence for God and God's law among the miners. Its teachings are not unpatriotic nor out of harmony with the standards of the Methodist Church. The style is natural, and the book is suitable for intermediate and senior classes in our Sunday-schools."—JAMES ALLEN.

Barford Mills; or, God's Answer to Woman's Prayer. "This is a temperance narrative, in which is finely illustrated the power of woman's work in leading intemperate men to the Lord Jesus."—J. B. CLARKSON.

Book Notices.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S Queen Victoria: Her Girlhood and Womanhood, in the "Exemplary Woman's Series" (New York: John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen) is the royal tribute of a most republican heart to one who has deserved it both as queen and woman. The details of English public and political history are avoided, only so much of it being introduced as the biographic narrative requires, and nothing being allowed to interfere with or weaken the impression of England's

Queen as a woman from girlhood up. But the womanhood is portrayed as that of a queen, and nowhere loses in dignity by the treatment, which fills it with human interest. There is nothing in all the range of biography more beautiful than the story of this young maiden, sheltered and nobly nurtured in her mother's home, and expanding in the essential reality of queenly womanhood even more rapidly than she advanced to the throne. The whole history of Victoria's advent, of her coronation and assumption of the queenly state, together with the romance of her betrothal and marriage, is done so well as to be worthy of the events; and this is the highest praise that any history can have. The volume does full justice to the purifying and elevating influence of the Queen and of the Prince Consort upon all grades of English society, and is a kindling, and in all ways most useful book.

Story of the Merc. By Elmond O'Donovan. 12mo. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Day Street, New York; William Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

As a story of travel, this is one of the most thrilling of recent years. As a work of description, its importance and faithfulness have been promptly conceded. The country described—Central Asia—has been, one may say, rediscovered by the writer, and his powers of observation and his literary skill give the work an interest and finish seldom found. The dashing, animated style is characteristic of the author's life, so full of adventure and exploit. If still above ground, he is now in the Sudan. He was with Hicks Pasha when that officer's command was annihilated by the false prophet, El Mahdi, several months ago. Yet no one who knows him, but hopes he will turn up alive with a new book. The above volume forms the first issue of the "Standard Library" for 1884. Other books are promised by Hale, Joaquin Miller, G. P. Lathrop, Julian Hawthorne, etc.

The London Quarterly Review, the leading periodical of British Methodism, thus notices our denominational monthly, and the status of Canadian Methodism:

"By the union of the various Methodist branches in one body, the Methodist Church of Canada has become the largest and most powerful Church in that magnificent territory. Even the Presbyterian Church is less considerable, whilst the Episcopal Church is lower still in the scale. Nor is it only the largest Church in the Dominion, but its chief places of worship are unrivalled in the number and general influence of the congregations. This is especially the case as respects the noble and beautiful church at Toronto, which was built largely through the influence and help of the late Dr. Punahon, the congregation of which probably surpasses in its general character, as well as in the number of regular attendants, that of any Methodist place of worship in the world." After enumerating the contents of the number of the Magazine under review, the Editor remarks: "The Canadian Church is to be heartily congratulated on its Magazine."

You can't get anything out of nature's workshop at half-price.—Dr. Eaton.



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.—(See next page.)

Macarius.

BY BARBARA HEATON

The early Fathers, in their childlike way
This pleasant story tell,
Of good Macarius, who with praise and
prayer
Dwelt in a desert cell.

One midnight, while in penance hard to
bear,
He watched the hours away,
A wondrous Presence filled the little room!
He heard an Angel say:

"Dost thou, then, think the scourge is dear
to God?
That goodness dwells with thee?
Sandal thy feet and go unto the town;
Two women thou wilt see

"Mending some fisher's nets upon the sands.
Lo! in God's holy sight,
They are as far above thee as the day
is clearer than the night."

Obedient to the word, at early dawn
He found the women there;
Eunice, and Paula, silently at work,
Mending their nets with care.

He bent before them: "Women, well
beloved
Of God in all your ways,
Tell to His servant, what thing you have
done,
To win an Angel's praise?"

Half fearing and amazed, they humbly
said:

"Father, no suits are we;
Two loving and obedient wives,
Beside this lonely sea:

"Two tender mothers, who, with busy hands,
Toil through the happy day;
Two blessed women, who on Christ's dear
love,
In every hour can stay."

"Amen! But with what offering or vow,
Do you His presence seek?"
"We strive to think no evil. For His sake
No angry word we speak."

Macarius bent his head, and nevermore
Turned back into his cell,
To pass the nights beneath the heavy
scourge,
Or fasting prayers to tell.

But in some loving toil for other's good,
Through busy, happy days,
Humbly and patiently he strove
To win the nobler praise.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Prodigal's Return.

"A CERTAIN man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his field to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough to spare, and I perish with hunger. *I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.* And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

"And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoo on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."—*Words of Jesus.*

THE LOVE OF THE FATHER.

Jesus knew that some of us would fall so low that both to the world and to ourselves, our case would seem hopeless. Therefore, in this Parable of The Prodigal Son, He disclosed the great loving heart of God the Father. The son had wasted all with harlots and drunkards. Hungry, naked, cold, weary, almost dying, he turned his face toward home. Justice would bolt the door against him; and he knew it. But perhaps mercy would give him a servant's place. But no! When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Hardly would he wait to hear his sad tale, for he was impatient to clothe him with royal robes, to put a ring on his hand, and cover his soiled, bleeding feet. The pet calf was none too good for his son, and music should banish the last trace of sadness from his heart.

My brother—my sister! have you fallen? Does the world spurn you? God the Father loves you. Satan bids you doubt it, but he was a liar from the beginning. Shake off your fears! You are sons and daughters of a King! Sure enough, you are in a far country. Sure enough, you are living on swine's husks. In your father's house there is plenty for you. As sure as God's word is true, if you "will arise and go to your Father," when you "are yet a great way off," He will "run to meet you."
H. W. A.

Waymarks; or, Counsel and Encouragement for Penitent Seekers of Salvation.

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

"Set thee up Waymarks."—Jer. xxxi. 21.

PART I.

It is an important and critical point in the history of every life, when the soul awakens from its guilty sleep, and becomes conscious of the grandeur and interest of its spiritual destiny, and sees by the light of God's Word the sad evidences of ingratitude, enmity against God, and selfish folly, which blot and darken the past life; when guilty fear overshadows the conscience and shrouds the future, and the disquieted spirit, anxiously and despondingly seeks for relief and deliverance. To those who feel this burden of conscious condemnation, and sincerely desire to obtain an assurance of pardon and adoption, this tract is addressed; with a hope, that at such a time, a few plain words of warning and encouragement may be read with special interest and advantage.

I. RESOLVE TO FULLY RENOUNCE EVERY SIN.

Many seek forgiveness with much apparent earnestness, and yet cling to some enlaving idol, some sinful habit, or some feeling of enmity and bitterness against some one, who they think has wronged them, which keeps them from attaining the blessing sought. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

Many who have a name to belong to Christ, make no progress, for the same reason; they wish to enjoy the advantages of religion, and still retain some of their pleasant and profitable sins. But this cannot be. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee." You must choose whom you will serve. The heart must be fully surrendered to Christ before He will dwell in you the hope of glory. Any unholy attachment persisted in will keep you in darkness and condemnation. We must lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, in order to run with patience the race that is set before us. The Saviour's words are very emphatic: "And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, he cannot be My disciple." Hence all need to pray fervently:—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whatever that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

II. BEWARE OF SEEKING LANGUIDLY, AS IF MERELY SOME SECONDARY INTEREST WERE AT STAKE.

It is no vain thing, it is your life.

You are seeking blessings so important, that, if you fail to secure them, you are forever undone. You are asking light for your darkness, pardon for your guilt, strength for your weakness, healing for your soul's deadly malady, a title to heaven's blessedness, and a fellowship for its holy and immortal fellowship. Let the greatness of the blessings sought impel you to seek with an earnestness proportioned to their inestimable worth. If you are seeking feebly and fitfully, you cannot have rightly estimated the value of the blessings you are asking. You are yet resting in shallow and imperfect views of your guilt and danger, and need to pray earnestly that God would give you true views of yourself. "It is an evil thing, and bitter, that thou hast departed from the Lord thy God." It is against His love and faithfulness you have sinned. It is His mercy you have slighted and neglected. It is His wrath that unforgiven sin will draw down upon your unsheltered head. There is no hope for you but in His mercy. If He does not save you, you must remain forever unsaved and unblest. Cry mightily, therefore, to God for mercy. Though mere earnestness will not save you, you cannot be really sincere, if you are not earnest in your supplications for the blessings of salvation. Christ himself, though not exposed to the dangers that threaten you, in the days of His flesh offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, to Him that was able to save Him from death. God's promise to you is, "And ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye have searched for Me with all your heart." Never relax your earnestness until the Sun of Righteousness arise in your heart, with healing in His wings. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, continue to plead, *I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me.*

III. DO NOT SEEK FOR A SHORT TIME, BECOME DISCOURAGED, AND GIVE UP THE STRUGGLE BEFORE FINDING THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

How can such persons be truly sincere? If ever you had reason to be anxious and earnest to secure salvation, that reason still exists with unchanged

force. God is unchangeably holy and just. Sin is unchangeably degrading and ruinous. Mercy and salvation are still unspeakably desirable. It is not safe to yield to discouragement, and sink back into indifference. This last state is worse than the first. Rest not without the joy of salvation. Let your faith and prayers have a definite object, and plead the Divine promises as the ground for your expectation. Keep it clearly before your mind that it is your privilege to have the assurance of God's favour—the witness of the Holy Spirit with your spirit that you are a child of God. "He that believeth in the Son hath the witness in himself." Beware of soothing a disturbed conscience with some reformation in conduct and a stricter attendance to religious duties, while the sentence of condemnation still remains, sternly written against you. There is no need that you should settle down with a false peace. True peace and rest are promised in Christ and may be yours. As Mr. Fletcher says, "Better go on thy way weeping, till thou hast really found the pearl of great price, than to rest in a hasty conceit that thou hast found it, when thou hast not." Let the cry of your heart be,—

"Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven."

There may be times when the skies seem shrouded with despair, and every star of hope and promise is hidden from your sight. All that you had deemed fixed and sure seems to reel and totter around you. A sense of uncertainty oppresses you. You are ready to doubt everything; and the adversary of your soul taunts you with these very doubts—which he himself suggested—to bring you back into the slavery of despair. Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure. "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." In the darkness God is near, though our unbelief apprehends Him not. Many of God's most honoured servants have passed through a Red Sea of doubt and darkness into the promised rest of faith, where the light of God's countenance scatters the shadows of guilty fear away.

You need not wait to solve to your satisfaction all the perplexing problems of theology, that press upon your awakened mind for solution, before you believe. If you know that you are a poor, guilty sinner, needing salvation; and that Christ is infinitely able and willing to save you, you know all the theology necessary in order to be saved. Salvation by faith is like a puzzle, which, owing to some misconception on our part, may perplex us for awhile; but when it is explained, we wonder why we did not understand it at once.

IV. GET IT DISTINCTLY FIXED IN YOUR MIND, THAT YOU CANNOT MERIT SALVATION BY YOUR OWN WORKS; THAT IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD, RECEIVED BY FAITH.

For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. When the trembling jailer asked,—"What must I do to be saved?" Paul answered,—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house." And

throughout the New Testament faith is constantly declared to be an essential condition of justification. Yet a sinner may be in a state of mind that renders an act of justifying faith impossible, as long as he remains in that state. One who is living in the practice and love of sin, without any regret for his past wrong-doing, any purpose to forsake his sins, or any desire for salvation, has no Scriptural warrant for thinking that the simple belief of the fact that Christ has died for sinners will secure his present and eternal salvation. Hence the admonition addressed to different classes of sinners, in the Scriptures, are adapted to their condition. To all who are in the same condition as the Philippian jailer, the same answer is the most appropriate that can be given. But to Simon Magus, who desired spiritual gifts for selfish gratification, Peter said: "Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee." To sensual and impenitent Felix, Paul preached "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." On the day of Pentecost, to the question, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered, "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." To the young man who asked, "What shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" Christ answered: "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me." Doubtless, because He saw that this was necessary to counteract the love of the world which ruled his heart. For, although a measure of faith in Divine truth is the ground and cause of penitence, in some cases hindrances to faith may exist, which must first be removed before we can believe unto salvation. But to all who have resolved to forsake their evil ways, and who desire to be saved from their guilt and power, faith in Christ Jesus is the one essential condition of justification. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, is this gift attained, but, to those who believe, a present salvation is freely and graciously given, without money and without price. Man was ruined by believing the devil, and doubting God's Word; he can only be saved and restored by believing God: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "He that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God."

But, what is that faith which is the condition of justification? What does a sinner believe when he believes in Christ? From its great simplicity, most attempts to explain faith have only obscured it. It implies the giving up of the false views of God, which are cherished by the unrenewed heart, and the hearty reception of the truths respecting the Divine character, which are revealed in the Holy Scriptures. Wrong views of God promote and strengthen unbelief. You do not trust Him, because you have not yet learned how infinitely worthy of your trust and love He is. A believing apprehension of the Divine goodness will scatter all your guilty fears. How many think only of God as a stern and angry judge, without fatherly sympathy or love. As if what we receive from Him was wrung from Him by

our importunity, and given grudgingly, rather than freely. As if Christ only was merciful, and the eternal Father had no feeling towards us but wrath. But this is all wrong. The Father is as merciful as the Son, and the Son is as just as the Father. It was our Father in heaven that *so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.* His thoughts towards our fallen and guilty race are thoughts of mercy and peace. *His mercy endureth forever.*

Justifying faith, then, has its foundation in right thoughts of God, as revealed in Christ. It is not a peculiar virtue, that supersedes the necessity for every other virtue, but a fruitful principle from which other graces grow. A full belief of the holiness and justice of God produces the feeling of conscious guilt and condemnation. A full, confiding trust in the mercy of God in Christ, brings inward peace. This implies the renunciation of every other ground of confidence and hope, and the acceptance of Christ, with the assent of the understanding, and the trust of the heart, as our only Saviour. It is not enough that the mind be enlightened, and assent to right views of Divine truth; this must be followed by the practical trust of the heart in the person of Christ. Saving faith is not merely the assent of the understanding to certain truths about Christ. It is not the acceptance of a theory of the atonement. It is trusting in Christ Himself to receive and save you. Faith in Christ is not something essentially different from confidence in man. You know what it is to trust in the veracity and friendship of an earthly friend, and to act upon this confidence. So faith in Christ is simply trust and confidence in the character and word of Christ—in His faithfulness and love—in His willingness and power to save you, and to save you now, freely and graciously, for His own mercy's sake. It is fully believing that He will do what He has promised, saying humbly, but confidently from the heart,—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy hands I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all."

A JOINT meeting of the officials of the London South Canada Methodist and Bible Christian Churches was held in the Bible Christian Church for the purpose of deciding on the plan of operation when the Union Basis comes into effect. The best of harmony characterized the meeting. After considerable discussion and a full explanation of the proposed union, it was decided that the Bible Christian congregation should amalgamate with the Canada Methodists and meet in the Methodist Church on Askin street. This is, we believe, the only congregation which raised objections to entering the union. The few isolated individuals who have done so since the General Conference we hope will see their folly, and will loyally fall into line with the overwhelming majority of all the churches concerned.

The Scripture assures us that "Our fellowship is with the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." Such words mean something unutterably great.

The Wife's New Story.

THE story, ma'am! Why, really now, I haven't much to say: If you had come a year ago, and then again to-day, No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see, Just what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour to make a batch of bread, And many a night these little ones went 'hungry to their bed; Just peep into the pantry, ma'am; there's sugar, flour and tea;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used to fill with beer; He hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year; He pays his debts, he's well and strong, and kind as man can be; That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low, And always felt ashamed to meet the folks he used to know; He looks the world now in the face, he steps on bold and free;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Why, at the shop, the other day, when a job of work was done, The boss declared, of all his men the steadiest one was John "I used to be the worst, my wife," John told me, and says he— "That's what the friends of Temperance have done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play; Now, every night, when supper's done, and the table cleared away, The boys will frolic round his chair, the baby climb his knee;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Oh, yes! the sad, sad times are gone, the sorrow and the pain; The children have their father back, and I my John again. Don't mind my crying, ma'am, indeed it's just for joy, to see All that the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

And mornings when he's gone to work, I kneel right down and say, "Father in heaven, oh, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!" And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee, For what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

THE entire civilized world is at this moment intently watching the progress of one unprotected man on his way across a desert to meet and defeat 50,000 insatiated barbarians, and carrying with him something like a million dollars. If there is anything in history to match this for moral courage on one side and fatuous recklessness on the other we have not come across it. This is "Chinese" Gordon, the British officer now on his way to the Soudan.

YOUNG men should pattern after pianos—be square, upright, grand.

CERTAIN insects assume the colour of the leaves they feed upon; and they are but emblems of a great law of our being—our minds take the hue of the subjects whereon they think. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Readers of trash become trashy; lovers of skeptical books become skeptical; and students of the Bible, who are in real earnest, become Biblical, and display the qualities of the Bible. If you read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the word of God, the qualities of that word will be displayed in you. —C. H. Spurgeon.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

78.—1. Nightingale. 2. Vampire. 3. Penitent.

79.—1. Spark, park, ark. 2. Bare, are, re. 3. Charm, harm, arm.

NEW PUZZLES.

80.—CHARADES.

1, 2, 4, a kind of bread; 2, 3, 4, to go fast; 5, 2, 4, give us heat. My whole a poet.

1, 5, 4, a tool; 11, 12, 13, a building; 2, 3, 9, 2, 7, 5, 14, 8, to tease; 10, 8, 6, 6, to vend. My whole a poet.

81.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. An article of furniture; a part of the body; the atmosphere.

2. A country; and to hurt, 3. A girl's name; a boy's name; a girl's nickname.

82.—HOUR-GLASS.

An advocate; deception; swift; prompt; a consonant; by implication; an evergreen tree; to hire; ravenous; an ancient contrivance for measuring time.

83.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; a colour; a Western State; a period of time; a letter.

Ministers' Wives.

THERE is no use in pretending that it is not a cross for a woman of taste and culture to wander about the world, living in any whimsical house, a sort of infirmary for crippled and mismatched furniture; wrenched loose every two or three years from the good people whom she loves for their thousand kindnesses; obliged to rear children without the sweet, refining order and quietness that seem so essential to healthy growth, and that it occasions a miracle to find anywhere but in a permanent home. The woman who does not feel this a cross is hardly fit for the service. These women have to make model Christian homes under great disabilities; yet many a one succeeds nobly in the difficultly undertaking. I remember going to a gloomy old shell of a parsonage where everything was disorderly, dingy and cheerless. I was there again the next year, and I found that a pair of deft, tidy hands had wrought miracles of comfort. Whether it was the bright rag carpet, the eight-cent paper on the walls, the white ten-cent muslin looped back from the windows with old bits of bright neckties, or the pots of wide-awake geraniums—something gave it an air of cheer and refinement that is often missed in brownstone fronts. It was a place where the young people of the church could be taught many a good lesson without words.

THE view that the recent wonderful sunrise and sunset phenomena have really been due to the terrible eruption of Krakatoa in August last has been confirmed in the most definite manner. Material brought down by rain in Holland and snow in Spain has on microscopic examination proved to be identical with actual products of the eruption brought from Krakatoa in the ordinary manner.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A. D. 52.] LESSON X. [March 9.

PAUL AT CORINTH.

Acts 18: 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 2: 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee, to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.—Acts 18: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel makes progress, — through daily labour, by burden for souls, amid discouragements, with God's help, by patient continuance in well doing.

TIME.—Paul came to Corinth early in A. D. 52, and remained till summer of A. D. 53, a year and a half.

PLACE.—Corinth, the political capital of Greece, 45 miles south-west of Athens, at the isthmus that divides Greece.

CORINTH.—(1) *The city.* A great commercial city, with two harbours, magnificent temples and public buildings, many statues. The residence of the Roman governor. (2) *Its business* was commerce and manufactures. It was famous for architecture (Corinthian columns), for bronze, and terra cotta ware, and paintings. (3) *Its people* were full of luxury and vice. It was a city of lust, drunkenness, vice and worldliness. (4) *Its Christianity.* Paul remained a year and a half, founded a great church, wrote two Epistles from there (1 and 2 Thess.), and two to them (1 and 2 Cor.)

INTRODUCTION.—Paul, having remained a month or less at Athens, left the city suddenly, probably on account of persecution, soon after his address on Mars' hill four last lesson, and went to Corinth, the capital.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *After these things*—Related in our last lesson. 2. *Claudius*—Emperor of Rome. *Jews to depart*.—They were banished on account of a revolt in Judea. 3. *Trojanaks*—All Jewish boys were required to learn a trade. 4. *Greeks*—i. e., Proselytes; Greeks who had adopted the Jewish religion. 5. *Pressed in the spirit*, or "by the Word"—Oppressed with anxiety for the salvation of the Corinthians, or urged on by God's Spirit, or burdened with the Word of God to speak it with new zeal and fervour. His helpers had come, and brought also help from Philippi (2 Cor. 11: 8, 9), so that Paul could give himself more to the Gospel and less to tent-making. 6. *Shook his raiment*—To remove even the dust of their synagogue from him, a symbolical act, as a testimony against them. (See Matt. 10: 14.) 7. *Gallio*—Brother of Seneca, a fair, kind man. 8. *Deputy*—Pro-consul, or governor under the Senate at Rome. 9. *Achaia*—A province of Greece, equivalent to modern Greece.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Corinth. — Aquila and Priscilla.—Paul working at his trade.—Pressed in the spirit.—Shook his raiment.—The vision.—Gallio.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what city was Paul, in our last lesson? Why did he leave there? To what place did he go? How far was it? Describe the city of Corinth. What was it noted for? The character of the inhabitants?

I. PAUL PREACHING TO THE JEWS AT CORINTH (vs. 1-6).—(1) *By daily labour.* What family did Paul meet with at Corinth? Why had they left Rome? What kind of a woman was Priscilla? (Rom. 16: 3, 4; Acts 18: 26; 1 Cor. 16: 19.) In what way were they joined with Paul? Why did Paul work at his trade? (1 Cor. 9: 11-15.) Is daily labour a hindrance or help to religion? How may business help us to preach the Gospel? (2) *On the Sabbath.* Where did Paul first preach? Who now came to help him? What were Paul's feelings at this time? Meaning of "pressed in spirit"? How does the phrase read in the Revised Version? (3) *Amid opposition.* What was the result of this new earnestness? Who was to blame for the failure of the Jews to be saved? Is this true of all sinners? Can we say that they are clean from the blood of all men? Why did Paul shake his garments? (Matt. 10: 14.)

II. PAUL PREACHING TO THE GENTILES AT CORINTH (vs. 7-17).—(1) *In Jewry's house.* In what place did Paul now preach? To

whom? With what result? (2) *For a long time.* How was Paul encouraged? What special need had he of encouragement? (1 Cor. 2: 3; comp. 2 Cor. 1: 8-11.) What other good men have had like periods of despondency? (1 Kings 19: 1-4; Luke 7: 19, 20.) How long did Paul remain at Corinth? What two Epistles did he write from this city? What two did he write to Corinth? (3) *Amid opposition.* What was the occasion of renewed opposition to Paul? Who was Gallio? What was the charge against Paul? Was it true? Are most of the charge unbelievers against the Gospel as false as this? How was the result of the trial? How were the persecuting Jews punished? For what things did not Gallio care?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- In the worst places the Gospel often gains great triumphs.
- The Gospel honours and sanctifies honest daily toil.
- Our business is a means through which we can preach the Gospel.
- Earnestness in the Gospel leads many to Christ.
- It also awakens more intense opposition.
- Sinners can blame only themselves for the loss of their souls.
- Teachers should be so faithful that they can say that they are clean from the blood of souls.
- The best and strongest men have their times of despondency.
- Opposers are forever uttering falsehoods about the Gospel.

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

6. Where did Paul go when he left Athens? Ans. To Corinth, the political capital of Greece. 7. What did he first do here? Ans. He worked at his trade of tent-making. 8. How long did he remain at Corinth? Ans. A year and six months. 9. What is said of his feelings here? Ans. He was pressed in spirit, and in fear and trembling. 10. How was he encouraged? Ans. By a vision and promises from God. 11. What was the result of his stay? Ans. Many were converted, and a large church was founded.

A. D. 52.] LESSON XI. [March 16.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

1-Thess. 4: 13-18, 6: 5-18. Commit to mem. vs. 14, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—1 Thess. 4: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should work and watch for the coming of the Lord in His Kingdom.

TIME.—This Epistle was written in A. D. 52, not long after Paul's arrival in Corinth. (See last lesson.)

PLACE.—It was written at Corinth in the church in Thessalonica, Macedonia.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—The time of writing (Acts 18: 5). The church at Thessalonica (Acts 17: 1-13.)

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Only a few months before this, Paul had founded the church at Thessalonica, and preached there three or four months. He was driven away by persecution, but so great was his interest in them that he sent Timothy back to preach to them. On his arrival at Corinth Timothy returned to Paul, bringing a report of this church. This led to the writing of the two Epistles to the Thessalonians.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—13. *Them which are asleep*—Those who died believing in Christ. The Christian's death is like sleep; (1) It is rest from trouble and care; (2) There is continued existence; (3) There is to be an awakening; it does not imply unconscious existence in the other world. 14. *If we believe that Jesus died, etc.*—Jesus' resurrection from real death is a proof that the soul exists beyond the grave, and that God is able to raise us up again. 15. *Shall not prevent*—Come before, anticipate. 16. *Dead in Christ, rise first*—i. e., Before the

living are changed. (1 Cor. 15: 51-53.) 2. *Cometh as a thief*—Unexpectedly, suddenly. 3. *Sudden destruction*—On the wicked who were unprepared. 4. *Ye not in darkness*—Ignorance, forgetfulness, the blindness of sin. 5. *Ye... children of light*—Of knowledge, truth, virtue. 6. *Let us not sleep*—Be unconscious of the great realities, dreaming of riches and success, while, like Jonah, exposed to the storm of sin. 8. *Breastplate*—Defending the vitals. *Of faith and love*—A right belief, and a right heart. *Helmet*—the hope of salvation—The hope of being saved defends us from the temptation to sin which would destroy that salvation.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Epistles to the Thessalonians.—The Thessalonian Church.—The coming of the Lord.—The resurrection of the dead.—The change of the living. The comfort in this truth.—Children of darkness.—Children of light.—The breastplate.—The helmet.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Thessalonica? Who founded the church there? How long before this Epistle was written? Where was Paul when he wrote it?

SUBJECT:—THE COMING OF THE LORD.

I. THE COMING OF THE LORD (vs. 13-18). On what subject would the apostle give them comfort? Who are meant by "them which are asleep"? In what respect is the Christian's death like a sleep? Why have those who reject Christ "no hope"? What is the Christian's hope for the dead? How does Jesus' death and resurrection show that we may be raised from the dead? (1 Cor. 15: 12-21.) What had been revealed to Paul? Meaning of "present" in v. 15? What will be the manner of the coming of the Lord? (v. 16. Matt. 16: 27; 24: 27-35; 2 Thess. 2: 1-8; 1 Cor. 15: 22-25; Matt. 25: 31-46; Acts 1: 11; 2 Tim. 4: 1.) When was this coming to be? (Matt. 16: 27, 28; Matt. 24: 32-36, 42; 1 Pet. 4: 7; Mark 13: 32.) What would become then of the Christian dead? What change would take place in the living? (1 Cor. 15: 51-53.) What would be the condition of the world after Christ has come? (1 Cor. 15: 24, 25, 28; Dan. 7: 14; Phil. 2: 9-11; Rev., chs. 21, 22.) Why did the early Christians so earnestly desire the coming of the Lord? How would Paul's word comfort them?

II. HOW WE SHOULD LIVE IN VIEW OF THIS COMING (vs. 1-8).—In what way would the day of the Lord come? What did Christ say about this? (Matt. 24: 42-51.) On whom would destruction come? What is meant by "darkness" here? Who are children of the light? Why are they so called? Why are sins and crimes called deeds of darkness? How should children of the light live? What is meant by "sleep," by "sober," here? What two pieces of armour should we put on? How are faith and love like a breastplate? How does "the hope of salvation" defend us against sin?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- Jesus' resurrection is a type and proof of ours.
- We should look and pray for the coming of the Lord.
- It is full of comfort, for (1) it means the triumph of good; (2) it is the assurance of a future life; (3) it is the time of our reward; (4) we shall meet again the dead who have gone before.
- We should watch and be sober.
- True Christians live in the light of the truth, of the revelation of God, of goodness and love, of the promises.
- Faith and love, right doctrine, and a right heart, defend us from the assaults of temptation.
- The hope of salvation is a defence, because (1) the hope is of redemption from sin; (2) it shows the blessed rewards of right living; (3) it shows that all eternity depends on our right living here.

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

12. What two Epistles did Paul write at Corinth? Ans. Those to the Thessalonians. 13. Who founded the church at Thessalonica? Ans. The apostle Paul a few months before he wrote to them. 14. For what were they looking? Ans. The coming of the Lord. 15. How did Paul comfort them? (Repeat the Golden Text.) 16. How should they act in view of the Lord's coming? Ans. They should watch and be sober.

DESIRABLE BOOKS.

SHOT & SHELL

FOR THE

TEMPERANCE CONFLICT.

A Collection of Original and Selected Articles; also also Contributions from Ministers of different Denominations, including Revs. E. A. Stafford, B.A., J. C. Antill, M.A., B.D., J. J. Rice, W. McDonagh, &c., &c., by the

REV. D. ROGERS

(of the London Conference),

With an INTRODUCTION by the

REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

A 12mo. of 184 pp. (with Illustrations), bound in handsome style, in extra English, with ink stamping and gold lettering.

PRICE 55 CENTS.

DR. DEWART says:—"It is indeed SHOT AND SHELL—something that, while it inspires those who read it to greater zeal in reformatory work, will, at the same time, furnish facts and arguments which they may effectually use in the battle against the terrible evil. I hope it will have a wide circulation, and rouse to action many who are now indolent or indifferent."—Extract from the Introduction.

Address—

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Or—Rev. D. ROGERS, Kintore, P.O.

Methodist Temperance Magazine.

For the years 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, bound in cloth. Each 60 cents.

Wesleyan Sunday School Magazine.

Bound in half roan, marble sides, for the year 1867. 60 cents. Bound in half calf, cloth sides, for the years 1869, 1870, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1880. Each \$1.25. Also, in cloth, for 1874, 1880, 1882. Each \$1.00.

Christian Miscellany.

Bound in half calf, for years 1867, 1869, 1880. Each \$1.50.

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Bound in cloth, for years 1881, 1882. Bound in half calf, for years 1869, 1871, 1873, 1874. In two vols. Per set, \$4.00.

City Road Magazine.

Bound, for 1876. \$1.75.

The Methodist Family.

Bound in cloth, for years 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1880, 1881, 1882. Each 70 cents.

Usual Discount to Sunday Schools.

Address—

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUETIS,

MONTREAL, QUE. HALIFAX, N.S.