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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
You.



COXSWAIN ULEDI, AND MANWA SERA, CHIEF CAPTAIN.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.
II.

It is a most sobering employment, the organizing of an African expedition. You are constantly engaged, mind and body; now in casting up accounts, and now travelling to and fro hurriedly to receive messengers, inspecting purchases, bargaining with keen-eyed, relentless Hindi merchants, writing memoranda, haggling over extortionate prices, packing up a multitude of small utilities, pondering upon your lists of articles wanted, purchased and unpurchased, groping about in the recesses of a highly exercised imagination for what you ought to purchase, and cannot do without, superintending, arranging, assorting, and packing. And this under a temperature of 95° Fah.

In the midst of all this terrific, high-pressure exercise arrives the first batch of applicants for em-

ployment. For it has long ago been bruited abroad that I am ready to enlist all able-bodied human beings willing to carry a load. Ever since I arrived at Zanzibar, I have had a very good reputation among Arabs and Wangwana. They have not forgotten that it was I who found the "old white man"—Livingstone—in Ujiji, nor that liberality and kindness to my men were my special characteristics. All those who bore good characters on the Search Expedition, and had been despatched to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872, were employed without delay.

All great enterprises require a preliminary deliberative palaver, or, as the Wangwana call it, "Shauri." The chiefs arranged themselves in a semi-circle and I sat *à la Turque* fronting them. "What is it, my friends? Speak your minds." "We have come, master, with words. Listen. It is well we should know every step before we leap. A traveller journeys not without knowing whither he wanders. We have come to ascertain what lands you are bound for." I described in brief outline the prospective journey.

"But, master," said they, after recovering themselves, "this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years!" "Nonsense," I replied. "Six, nine, or ten years! What can you be thinking of?"

"Ah, but you know the old master, Livingstone, he was only going for two years, and you know that he never came back, but died there."

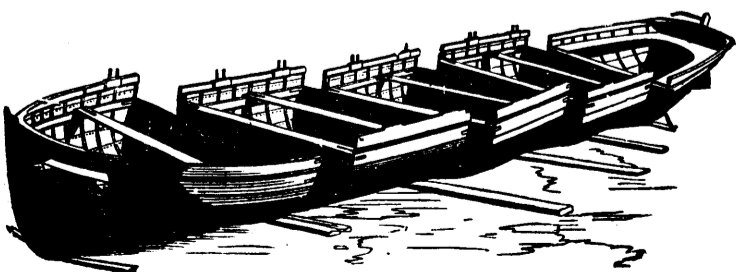
The steamer had brought the sectional exploring boat, *Lady Alice*, to Zanzibar. It was 40 feet long, 6 feet beam, and 30 inches deep, of Spanish cedar $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick. When finished, it was separated into five sections, each being 8 feet long. If the sections should be over-weight, they were to be again divided into halves for greater facility of carriage. Exceedingly anxious for the portability of the sections, I had them at once weighed, and great were my vexation and astonishment when I discovered that four of the sections weighed 280 pounds each, and that one weighed 310 pounds! She was, it is true, a marvel of workman-



TARYA TOPAN.

ship, and an exquisite model of a boat, but in her present condition her carriage through the jungles would necessitate a pioneer force, a hundred strong, to clear the impediments and obstacles on the road.

While almost plunged into despair, I was informed that there was a very clever English carpenter, named Ferris, about to leave by the *Euphrates* for England. He promised to defer his departure one month, and to do his utmost to make the sections portable without lessening her efficiency. I explained that the narrowness of the path would make her portage absolutely impossible, for since the path was often only eighteen inches wide in



THE "LADY ALICE" IN SECTIONS.



"TOWARDS THE DARK CONTINENT."

Africa, and hemmed in on each side with dense jungle, any package six feet broad could by no means be conveyed along it. It was, therefore, necessary that each of the four sections should be subdivided, by which means I should obtain eight portable sections, each three feet wide. Mr. Ferris, with the aid given by the young Pococks, furnished me within two weeks with the newly-modelled *Lady Alice*.

The pride which the young Pococks and Frederick Barker entertained in respect to their new duties, in the new and novel career of adventure now opening before them, did not seem to damp that honourable love of country which every Englishman abroad exhibits, and his determination to gratify it if he can.

They, a few days before our departure, formed themselves into a deputation, and Frank, who was spokesman, surprised me with the following request:—

"My brother, Fred Barker, and myself, sir, have been emboldened to ask you a favour, which no doubt you will think strange and wrong. But we cannot forget, wherever we go, that we are Englishmen, and we should like to be permitted to take something with us that will remind us of who we are, and be a comfort to us even in the darkest hours of trouble, perhaps, even encourage us to perform our duties better. We have come to ask you, sir, if we may be permitted to make a small British flag to hoist above our tent, and over our canoe on the lakes."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "you surprise me by imagining for one moment that I could possibly refuse you."

"Thank you kindly, sir. You may rest assured that we have entered your service with the intention to remember what my old father and our friends strictly enjoined us to do, which was to stick to you through thick and thin."

The young Englishmen were observed soon afterwards busy sewing a tiny flag, about eighteen inches square. While they were occupied in the task they were very much interested, and when it was finished, though it was only the size of a lady's handkerchief, they manifested much delight.

One of the richest merchants in Zanzibar is Tarya Topan—a self-made man of Hindostan, singularly honest and just; a devout Moslem, yet liberal in his ideas; a sharp business man, yet charitable. I made Tarya's acquaintance in 1871, and the just manner in which he then dealt by me caused me now to proceed to him again for the same purpose as formerly, viz., to sell me cloth, cottons, and kanikis, at reasonable prices, and accept my bills on Mr. Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*.

The total weight of goods, cloth, beads, wire, stores, medicine, bedding, clothes, tents, ammunition, boat oars, rudder and thwarts, instruments and stationery, photographic apparatus, dry plates, and miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention, weighed a little over 18,000 pounds, or rather more than eight tons, divided as nearly as possible into loads weighing 60 pounds each, and requiring, therefore, the carrying capacity of 300 men. The loads were made more than usually light, in order that we might travel with celerity, and not fatigue the people.

Two hundred and thirty men affixed their marks opposite their names before the American Consul, for wages varying from two to ten dollars per month, and rations, according to their capacity, strength, and intelligence, with the understanding that they were to serve for two years, or until such time as their services should be no longer required in Africa, and were to perform their duties cheerfully and promptly. On the day of "signing" the

contract, each adult received an advance of \$20, or four months' pay, and each youth \$10, or four months' pay. Ration money was also paid them from the time of first enlistment, at the rate of \$1 per week, up to the day we left the coast. The entire amount disbursed in cash for advances of pay and rations at Zanzibar and Bagamoya was \$6,260, or nearly £1,300.

The obligations, however, were not all on one side. I was compelled to bind myself to them, on the word of an "honourable white-man," to observe the following conditions as to conduct towards them:—

1st. That I should treat them kindly and be patient with them.

2nd. That in case of sickness I should dose them with proper medicine, and see them nourished with the best the country afforded.

3rd. That in cases of disagreement between man and man, I should judge justly, and honestly, and impartially.

4th. That I should act like a "father and mother" to them, and to the best of my ability resist all violence offered to them, by "savage natives, and roving and lawless banditti."

They also promised, upon the above conditions being fulfilled, that they would do their duty like men, would honour and respect my instructions, giving me their united support, and endeavouring to the best of their ability to be faithful servants, and would never desert me in the hour of need. In short, that they would behave like good and loyal children, and "may the blessing of God," said they, "be upon us."

How we kept this bond of mutual trust and forbearance, and adhered to each other in the hours of sore trouble and distress, faithfully performing our duties to one another; how we encouraged and sustained, cheered and assisted one another, and in all the services and good offices due from man to man, and comrade to comrade, from chief to servants, and from servants to chief, how we kept our plighted word of promise, will be best seen in the following pages, which record the strange and eventful story of our journeys.

The fleet of six Arab vessels which were to bear us away to the west across the Zanzibar Sea, were at last brought to anchor a few yards from the wharf of the American consulate. The day of farewell calls had passed, and ceremoniously we had bidden adieu to our numerous friends.

By five p.m. of the 12th November, 224 men had responded to their names, and five of the Arab vessels, laden with the *personnel*, cattle, and *matériel* of the expedition, were impatiently waiting, with anchor heaved short, the word of command. One vessel still lay close ashore, to convey myself and Frederick Barker—in charge of the personal servants—our baggage, and dogs. Turning round to my constant and well-remembered friend, Mr. Augustus Sparkhawk, I fervently clasped his hand, and with a full heart though halting tongue, attempted to pour out my feelings of gratitude for his kindness and long-sustained hospitality, my keen regret at parting, and hopes of meeting again. But I was too agitated to be eloquent, and all my forced gaiety could not carry me through the ordeal. So we parted in almost total silence, but I felt assured that he would judge my emotions by his own feelings, and would accept the lame effort at their expression as though he had listened to the most voluble rehearsal of thanks.

A wave of my hand, and the anchors were hove up and laid within ship, and then, hoisting our lateen sails, we bore away westward to launch ourselves into the arms of Fortune. Many wavings of kerchiefs and hats, parting signals from white hands, and last long looks at friendly white faces,

final confused impressions of the grouped figures of our well-wishers, and then the evening breeze had swept us away into mid-sea beyond reach of recognition.

The parting is over! We have said our last words for years, perhaps for ever, to kindly men! The sun sinks fast to the western horizon, and gloomy is the twilight that now deepens and darkens. Thick shadows fall upon the distant land and over the silent sea, and oppress our throbbing, regretful hearts, as we glide away through the dying light toward the Dark Continent.

(To be continued.)

The Good Man's Creed.

A LITTLE thought and a little care,
A little tenderness now and then,
A precious speech, and a courtly air,
May give one rank among "gentlemen;"
But he who merits the highest place,
Though clad in homespun cloth, 'tis true,
Is one who carries a heart of grace,
And is really a nobleman through and through.

Ah! not to a leaflet here and there
Is the lovely scent of the rose conveyed;
Nor is there a corner within it where
The fragrance lurks, and the treasure's laid;
But every petal is truly filled—
Pink, or crimson, or saffron hue—
With odours rich, by the dews distilled;
And the rose is a sweet rose through and through.

And yonder billow, with foaming crest,
So bright and sparkling, so glad and free,
May seem of a lighter make than the rest
Of the mighty sweep of the solemn sea.
But there's not a drop in the crucible,
Never a drop since the world was new,
That wouldn't the self-same story tell,
That the sea is a salt sea through and through.

The tree is stunted, the vine is spoiled,
There's neither blossom nor leaf nor fruit,
When the sap in its upward reach is foiled
And fettered close in the tangled root.
And there's nothing sound and there's nothing strong,
There's nothing good and there's nothing true,
That is not honestly—right along
Sweet and savoury through and through.

Faithfully faithful to every trust;
Honestly honest to every deed;
Righteously righteous, and justly just,
This is the work of the good man's creed.

—The Earth.

A Thrashing That Saved a Life.

AN Evangelist tells of a young lad who left his father's home to be a sailor. He was absent for three years, and on the return voyage, just as he was thinking of how soon he should see all the dear ones at home, his ship was wrecked off the coast of Norway. Many were lost, but he and some others managed to get into a boat. They tried to row for the shore, but the men being wet, and the cold so intense, many of them were frozen to death. The first mate had command of the boat, and the lad being a favourite of his, he was afraid that he should fall a victim to the cold, and whenever he saw him dozing or showing any signs of sleepiness he thrashed him with a rope's-end. In vain the lad expostulated, the thrashing continued until all drowsiness was gone. At length they reached land, and were hospitably entertained by the natives, and in time were forwarded home. That young man often says he owes his life to the mate who administered to him that timely discipline. The sufferings and sorrows which God puts upon his people are like that thrashing. Only to keep them from falling into the sleep of worldliness that leads to death, to keep them alive in grace, and looking unto him, does he afflict them."

The Heart of Stone.

BY THE REV. J. H. CHANT.

I WALKED along the world's highway,
A vain, ambitious youth;
Too proud was I to ever pray,
Yet felt the power of truth.

I came, at last, to a great lake,
And plunged therein to bathe;
Thinking my burning thirst to slake,
And fevered limbs to lave.

At first I felt a sudden chill—
But soon it passed away;
And to depart I felt no will,
Content the day to stay.

I lingered long, then went my way,
Yet felt more sad and lone,
For on my breast a burden lay—
My heart had turned to stone.

Jehovah's frown awoke no fear;
And love, by Jesus shown
To me and them I hold most dear,
Touched not my heart of stone.

Long thus I walked the burning earth,
Forsaken and alone;
With outward semblance oft of mirth—
But with a heart of stone.

One day I chanced to meet a man,
Mail-clad and stern was he;
I turned about, and from him ran,
Yet knew not where to flee.

And soon I felt his iron hand
Upon my shoulder placed;
But I resolved to firmly stand,
With will-power strongly braced.

I turned me round, when, lo! I saw,
In mirror held by him,
A picture, without break or flaw,
Nor was it faint or dim—

Of my ownself. I started back
Aghast! God heard my groan,
For there I saw, in colour black,
My own hard heart of stone!

And as in western cattle ranch
The herdsman knows his own,
Ere at it he his dart would launch,
Or strong lasso had thrown.

Upon the ox is burned the name
Of him who owns the herd;
So, on my heart, I saw with shame,
A name which conscience stirred.

God owned it ere 'twas turned to stone,
And stamped his name thereon;
I turned, and fled away alone—
But, ere I far had gone,

I met a stranger in the way,
So lovely and so fair;
His smile and gesture seemed to say—
"My love with you I share."

I looked: and lo! from hands and side,
A crimson tide flowed down,
To staunch his wounds I vainly tried—
But stained my hands and gown.

"Wilt thou be mine?" I heard him say;
And gladly I replied—
"I will be thine, now and alway,
For thou for me hast died."

Then he stretched out his wounded hand;
One crimson drop alone
Fell on my heart, at his command,
As flesh became the stone.

With life divine it now e'er throbs;
I hear man's every groan;
My tears now mingle with his sobs:
I'VE LOST MY HEART OF STONE.

Tapperville, Ont.

BELIEVERS should be but as variegated lamps hung
out to lighten the feet of passengers from the king-
dom of darkness.

Faithfulness.

RALPH WARNER and Joe Curtis were next door neighbours. The doors were not very near, for both lived on farms, and the houses were an eighth of a mile apart. The farm on which Ralph lived was a large and rich one, but Ralph was not rich. He was only a poor orphan boy, who worked for Mr. Harris, the owner of the farm. Joe Curtis was an orphan, too. The farm on which he worked was owned by Mrs. Douglas, a widow. It was a small one; so small, that sometimes this boy was all the help she had.

One night Ralph asked Mr. Harris if he might go to the river with Joe.

"Have you done all the chores?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, sir."

Now Mr. Harris knew that if Ralph said so, it was so, and he granted his request at once.

Ralph found Joe bringing in the wood for the next morning.

"Joe," he said, "will you ask Mrs. Douglas if you can go to the river with me?"

Joe gave a ready assent. He assured Mrs. Douglas that the chores were all done, and received her permission to go with Ralph.

Knowing something of Joe's habits, Ralph said, just as they reached the gate, "Are you sure the chores are all done?"

"Yes, I believe so," was Joe's careless answer.

"The barn doors are open. Don't Mrs. Douglas expect you to shut them at night?"

"It doesn't make a bit of difference; and she won't see them, for they are out of sight from the house."

"I should shut them, if I were in your place," said Ralph. And then, the barn reminding him of eggs, he asked, "Have you brought in the eggs to-day?"

"No; I forgot to look. But the hens don't lay eggs every day, so Mrs. Douglas won't think anything about it."

"Let's see if we can find any, before we go to the river," said Ralph. "I like to hunt for eggs."

They went, and soon found several. Ralph, not satisfied with this, continued to look around, and soon discovered a nest with ten eggs, of which Joe had no knowledge.

"Only think! We have found sixteen!" said Ralph, exultingly, after counting them. "Worth looking for, I am sure."

Two years passed, and each of the boys went on his way—Joe neglecting his duties with little or no compunction, if he felt sure his unfaithfulness would not be discovered, and Ralph performing every duty carefully; and yet, during this time, the difference between the two boys seemed of little account. Ralph seldom got even a word of approbation from Mr. Harris, and Joe usually contrived to escape censure.

At the end of two years, Mr. Harris received a visit from an old friend, who was a very busy man when at home, and it was a great treat to him to spend a whole week in a quiet country farm-house. He was a close observer, and one thing which did not escape his notice was the faithfulness with which Ralph did all his tasks. He spoke of it to Mr. Harris.

"Yes, Ralph is a pretty good boy," said Mr. Harris, rather carelessly, as if it were a matter of course.

"I wonder if you know how few boys there are so faithful as he is!" was the reply.

"I want a good, honest, faithful boy," said a friend to this gentleman, about two weeks after his return home. "Did you chance to find such an article while you were in the country?"

The gentleman's thoughts turned at once to Ralph, and he answered: "I did see such a boy. I never saw one more faithful and trustworthy." And then he told all about Ralph.

"Do you think that I could get him?"

"Very likely you may, if you try."

He did try; and the result was that Ralph found an excellent situation, which proved to be the first stepping-stone to a successful career in the business world.

It has often been said that the rogue or wrongdoer is sure to be found out at last; but it is just as true that the faithful, industrious boy is sure to be found out in the long run. He may think that no one observes him; but the people around him have eyes, and by and by there will be a place where such a boy is wanted, and some one who has been silently watching him will bring the place and boy together.

How to Rise in the World.

BY REV. T. W. JEFFERY.

It is the easiest thing to rise in this world. Did you ever slip down quick? How quickly you pick yourself up and look around to see if any one saw you. If it had been right to fall you would stay there; but no, you rise. First find your place, know what you are fit for as quick as possible and then go ahead. There are many who do not accomplish much because they do not know what they are fit for. But remember, we are not all the same in intellect. There is not a human being but can accomplish something that no other one can do. You are each a part or fraction of this great universe. Is not the little rivet as necessary as the great fly wheel? Thus, everything in its place, all goes on. There is nothing in nature God has not overcome: and he says "you shall do greater things than these."

Then again, we are not all of the same practical enquiry. The rev. gentleman illustrated this point very graphically, showing how from small beginnings great men had risen; with a copper a boy could with practical energy in the right direction, become a millionaire. Did you ever see a man who would speak without meditation; who leaps without looking? We must cultivate the power of discernment which will help you to see the truth, no matter how concealed. Another step that will help you up is, keep your eyes open. We do not cultivate the power of observation enough. Then again, have a mind of your own; when you say yes or no, mean it. Another step upward was, "paddle your own canoe." Again, "tell the truth and shame the devil;" showing the number of fibs used in mercantile life, not only by those behind the counter, but in front of it, and in political circles, and the fibbing that is done in social circles. And now I want to tell the young people, marry early and do not flirt, for you may flirt yourself out in what is called single blessedness. God never made man to be single. Many a noble man and woman never get married in this world. Perhaps they have loved in early youth and that loved one is laid away, but their love is still strong for them; they cannot give it to another. Others do not marry, that they may help father and mother in later life, when they need their help and love. I do not speak of these, but those whom God has intended should marry. Seek to find some one that is in harmony with you. Do not wait until you are 45 or 50 years old to make a choice. Finally, be thoroughly religious: "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself."

TEACH the little children the principles you wish to influence them as men and women.

The Loom of Life.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Busily, carelessly, goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom;
The wheels are running early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love woven in;
Click, click! and another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity.

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with warps outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one,
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you nor I;
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow;
But each one is nearer the end, I know,
And some day the last thread shall be woven in—
God grant it be love, instead of sin.

Are we spinners of woof for this life-web, say?
Do we furnish the weaver a web each day?
It were better, then, O my friends, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1889.

Sowing and Reaping.

How slow the world is to believe that mental and spiritual sowing just as surely brings forth a crop as any other sowing. No one professes to doubt that wheat will produce more wheat, or beans a crop of beans. Yet men take in and believe and spread around them bad principles and degrading habits, and do not seem to think that these will grow.

Not one of us has the right to do anything without expecting the appropriate reward or result to follow. A bad boy naturally makes a bad man, and an evil habit or bent of mind will degrade the whole soul. A man thinks and resolves that he will never get into the penitentiary; yet he goes on robbing and stealing, and he is sent there for fifteen years, and dies in prison. He failed to see that crime always leads to its punishment.

But there is a deliverance. Not that Satan becomes willing to let you go; not that sin has ceased to be most abominable in the sight of God; but this—that Christ has come "to destroy the

works of the devil." And where does he find them? In your heart, poor sinner! This insensibility to the evil of sin; this putting off all serious thought; this want of all desire to be rid of sin; this despising of God's mercy,—Christ comes to make destruction of these. You may keep him out; you have done so already; but if you admit him—and you have, in words at least, often prayed him to come—he destroys all these. If a man is not willing to have the evil rooted out of his nature, he can not be saved.—*Selected.*

Do You Help to Have Your Prayers Answered?

"FATHER, give me the key to your granary and I will help to answer your prayers," said a boy to his father, who had just prayed that God would care for the poor and feed the hungry. The father was a farmer and had a granary full of grain, but kept it locked while he prayed the Lord to give food to the needy.

We could well help God to answer some of our prayers. Perhaps he gives no response because we are unwilling to do anything ourselves. It is not fair to expect him to do for us what we can do as well. He gave us ability, and expects us to use that, and then trust him for what we are unable to do. The man who asks God to provide him with food, yet is unwilling to work for it, is not likely to have food provided; and he who asks for work, yet will not do what the Lord sends to him, may fail of getting what he asks for. So he who prays for strength to overcome temptation, yet is unwilling to fight it with the strength he has, may fail to conquer. He who prays the Lord to show the way of duty, yet does not try to find out for himself, may not get an answer to his petition. He who asks the Lord to teach him the way of truth, yet does not study the Bible and does not go where he can learn, providing he be able, may fail of learning the truth. He who prays to grow in grace, yet will not practise the grace he has, is not likely to gain much. He who prays the Lord to convert the souls of his friends, yet is unwilling to do anything himself for their conversion, may find few souls brought to Christ in answer to his prayers. We must show by our acts that we mean what we pray, and that we are in earnest about it and anxious for the answer. Our acts prove whether or not we are in earnest; they prove our faith.

The Christian life is a partnership with God, in which he agrees to do his part on condition that we do ours. While he never neglects his, we must not expect him to do our part. It is so not only with work; it is so with prayer. To have our prayers answered we must do what we can toward answering them, and must expect him to do the rest.—*Forward.*

The Touch of a Hand.

LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

Did you ever think how much there is of comfort and pleasure in the mere touch of a hand? When you come in from play with aching head and tired limbs, and may-be a heart wounded by some careless word of friend or playmate, what soothes so surely as mother's cool white hand, placed gently on your troubled brow? When you have done something to win the approbation of your little world, what makes you so proud as father's pat upon your curly locks, as he says, "Well done, my boy! You'll make a man!" And I dare say that in the years to come you will weep many a time "for the touch of a vanished hand," and long with bitter longing to climb the battlements of the Celestial City for one more lingering clasp. What

wonder, then, that there was such magical power in the hand of our Lord Jesus?

The mother of Simon Peter's wife lies sick of a fever—a "great fever," Luke says. She has been in pain for many days. She has felt a burning thirst no water will allay. She is so feeble, she cannot lift her hand. The crisis is approaching, and she hovers on the brink of the grave. Her distressed friends seek the Master, and they tell him of her, and beg him to come and exert his healing power. Luke says, Jesus stood over her, and rebuked the fever; and Mark tells us that he took her by the hand, and lifted her up; but Matthew puts it in the sweetest way: "He touched her hand, and the fever left her." There was no weary convalescence: "She arose and ministered to them."

How like the sin-sick souls whom Jesus heals to-day! They go straightway to bless the world by ministering to its needs. May God speed them all!

How to Break Off Bad Habits.

UNDERSTAND the reason, and all reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive.

When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, then endeavour to understand why it was you failed, so that you may guard against the occurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength for years. Above all, do not depend on anything less than the strength of God.

Manners: Happy Homes and Good Society All the Year Round. By MRS. SARAH J. HALE. New edition, pp. 377. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: C. W. Dillingham.

This is not a mere book of etiquette. It is a great deal more. It is a series of vivacious chapters on various aspects of home and social life, with judicious counsels for the culture of heart, mind and manner; with hints on travel, visiting, conversation, entertaining, parties and the like. Its dedication will show its spirit: "To young people particularly, and to all who seek for happiness in this life, or for the hope of happiness in the life to come." The saying of Bishop Middleton was never more true than to-day: "Manner is everything to some people, and something to everyone." This is an appropriate gift-book for all seasons.

The King of The Golden River; or, The Black Brothers, a Legend of Stiria. By JOHN RUSKIN. M.A. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

In this volume the famous art critic appears in a new character—that of the writer of a fairy tale. It will, however, do something more than merely amuse. It is a sort of allegory in which a good deal of instruction is also conveyed. The drawings by Doyle are very queer and quaint, but they embody the author's ideas with characteristic spirit.

If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.



FRANK AND EDWARD POCOCK, FRED BARKER, AND NATIVE BOYS.

A Great Improvement.

YOUNG Archibald Albert, an orderly boy,
Once had, to his very great pleasure and joy,
An autograph album presented to him.
Its pages were neat, and its covers were trim.
Within its gay bindings of superfine leather
He promptly endeavoured to gather together
The names of his every relation and friend,
Till the book should be filled from beginning to end.

But soon he perceived, with surprise and dismay
And disapprobation, the very strange way
In which people wrote in his elegant book :
He found it distressing to give it a look,
Some autographs proved such a tangle and scrawl
You scarce could determine their letters at all ;
While others more crooked, and some seemed to stray
To the edge of the page, as if running away.
Some looked as if caught in a terrible gale—
His grandfather's trembled—grandmother's was pale ;
His father's was blotty, and straggled away ;
His mother wrote nicely—he begged her to try.

He pondered the matter ; then purchased another
Fine album, as bright and complete as the other,
And carefully copied the names, every one.
And neatly and fairly, as it could be done.
With every angle and every line
Drawn out like a copy, correctly and fine.
With every *i* and every *t*
Neatly dotted and crossed, as they needed to be.
His letters were regular, even, and nice ;
His capitals stately, exact, and precise.
Then Archibald Albert, in viewing the whole,
Breathed a sigh of relief from his orderly soul,
And exclaimed to himself : "It is better by half,
Than to let each one write his own autograph !"
—*St. Nicholas.*

In the Leopard's Cage.

THE keeper of a certain menagerie was accused to take his baby girl every day to the cages of the animals, and they soon grew to be very fond of her, showing signs of pleasure whenever she put her tiny hand through the bars to pat or stroke them. A savage old jaguar, however, refused to be friendly, and one day when his cage door became unfastened accidentally, he crept out and crouched to make a spring for the child. The father was holding her before a cage of leopards. To remain in that position was certain death for both. Quick as thought, he slipped the bolt of the leopards' cage and thrust his darling in among them. Then he

seized a rope which was dangling from the ceiling and lifted himself, hand over hand, out of the reach of the jaguar, until the enraged beast could be shot. The leopards welcomed the little girl, and honoured the trust by keeping her safely.

A Man Who Was in Earnest.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago there was a poor clerk, living at Landport, in England. He had a wife and two children. The second was the boy Charles, and as soon as he was old enough he had to do something for his own support. Although he had an ordinary day-school education as a little boy, yet, at ten years of age, he was obliged to go to work in the employ of a London blacking manufacturer, pasting labels on pots of blacking, because his father had become bankrupt, and was imprisoned for debt. The family had become larger now, and little Charles had a hard time, and was about as poor and wretched a little boy as you would care to hear about.

But, after a while, his father had a little money left him—enough to get out of prison and take a position as reporter on a paper—and he then apprenticed Charles to a lawyer, with whom the boy served long enough to learn something of the hooks and crooks of the profession. But there was another kind of hooks and crooks that he longed to become familiar with. He wanted to become a reporter, like his father, so he bought a book on stenography, and by hard, persistent study, fitted himself to be a reporter. He then managed to get a position on a newspaper, where his work was so careful and accurate that he got ahead very fast. Then, after all this hard work in a practical direction, he ventured to blow on the spark of genius, which he believed burned inside of him—that is, he wrote some short sketches of English life. He was delighted to have them accepted, and printed in a magazine, over the signature of "Boz." These sketches attracted some attention, though they gave small evidence of his wonderful talent. But the young man knew that talent must be developed by hard work, and that he was not afraid of. Each successive thing he wrote was better and better ; and when he wrote the *Pickwick Papers*, he set the

whole English-speaking world a-laughing, and his reputation and his fortune were made. Still, he kept hard at work, trying to improve his style, until his writing became a part of the most remarkable in the language, and, in the opinion of some critics, his mastery of English is next only to Shakespeare's.

This wonderful young man is remembered to-day as Charles Dickens. Speaking of his own career, he says, "I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, I know this to be the source of my success. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear, and there is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness. I never could have done what I have without habits of punctuality, order, and diligence—without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time. Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well ; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. In great aims and small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest."—*Treasure Trove.*

Teachers' Department.

Mr. Talkative.

HE is the superintendent, not of our school, but of the unfortunate one over the way. He is a good man, but he has a tongue. Not that we object to him on that account, for a tongue is a useful member of the body, though hardly ornamental. Our friend uses his tongue when there is occasion, which is all right ; and when there is no occasion, which is all wrong. He talks and talks, not because there is a necessity for it, but he has formed the habit, and no one has the courage to tell him the habit is one which ought to be changed.

As if the school was a pleasure-boat, full of teachers and children, he tries to float it along in a current of talk. Every Sunday he talks about coming early and staying in school until it closes ; and if one boy misbehaves, then there is a lecture to the school on good behaviour. He repeats himself ; and the strangest thing is, that he can keep on talking as readily when the school is inattentive as when it is in a listening mood.

He is tiresome, but he is borne with because he is so good-natured. He rattles, but then he never scolds. He is an alarm-clock, which goes off very easily, but when once started cannot be stopped until it ruins down.

If Mr. Talkative would only talk because he had something which must be said at that precise moment, how greatly he would improve ! If he would fall in love with brevity, then we would all fall in love with him. But whoever heard of a ready talker, who was past the age of forty, who ever checked flow of talk in mercy to the unfortunate hearers ? A few such cases are on record to show us that miracles have not ceased.

But one thing Mr. Talkative does which is greatly to his credit and the comfort of the school. He urges brevity on the part of others who speak. He knows the value of time and that the half-hour

for the lesson must never be encroached upon by any one but himself. No stray visitor shall, with his permission, deluge the school with a cataract of small talk, and for this all thanks.—*S. S. Journal.*

The Men on the Lookout.

We were in a steamer that was pushing its way eastward through a fog. We could only see bare, dull tracts of water, an occasional buoy—consisting of a spar or a frame that carried a bell dismally rung by the motion of the waves—a clump of desolate rocks, the edge of an island, or a vessel fearful of a collision, and pathetically blowing a fish-horn. But, look a-head. There, in the steamer's bows, stand two men. They only stand and look out upon the water—the one to starboard, the other to port. Do they hear a suspicious sound ahead? Do they notice an ominous appearance amid the fog? They turn, and cry back their warning to those in command, and then look again. What a steadfast, vigilant watch they maintain!

The men on the lookout! What are we, to whom God has intrusted the care of so many souls, but those ever on the lookout? Do we notice rocks ahead? Do our eyes discover the danger from evil companions, of bad books, or personal habits of an irreligious nature? Turn! Cry out! Sound the alarm! Is any soul slumbering amid the fatal delusions of impenitence, yielding to the seductive influences of a careless, sinful life, carrying them on to the breakers? Do we see the death-surf whitening around ledges in the very pathway of the soul?

Turn! Spare not! Cry aloud! Sound the warning!—*S. S. Journal.*

William Gray's Choice; or, What is Liberty?

BY MAUD D. HOWARD.

"ONLY leave the drink alone, William, and all will be well," said poor, heartbroken Mrs. Gray, to her husband, who was bitterly bemoaning the hard times. It was evening, and the three little Grays were soon to go to bed without their tea. Indeed, their last meal had been only dry bread and cold water, partaken of about midday. This was not anything unusual with them—poor, miserably clad, half-starved children of the drunkard!

Their father was a gardener, and no better workman was to be found than he; but most of his wages were spent at the tavern.

Their mother was sober, intelligent, but not very strong—not strong enough to go out by the day and earn the support of her three little ones.

Times truly were hard with them—as, indeed, they always are with those who take the intoxicating cup. If it had not been for the interest manifested in their sad case by some members of the Temperance Society, they would probably have died from cold and hunger during the winter now just over.

"Hold your tongue, woman—don't dictate to me. I'm a decent workman, who has a right to his glass whenever he wants it. No one shall deprive me of that liberty. Yes, give me liberty or give me death!" he shouted, and swung his arms about his head in a frenzy.

The children fled to their mother, and cowed behind her skirts.

"Hush, William. You do not lose your liberty by not drinking; but by giving up this poison, which is destroying both your body and soul, you become what your Creator intended you to be—a man in his own image," said his wife.

The man reeled towards her with clenched fist, and an oath upon his lips, when a smart rap was heard at the door.

This caused the man to drop his arm, and he sank into the nearest chair. The woman answered the summons. When the door was opened, the rays of light from within fell on the form of a gentleman who stood on the threshold, with the darkness of the street for a background.

"Good evening, Mrs. Gray," said the gentleman. "I just stepped around to invite you and Mr. Gray to a social we intend holding to-morrow evening. Oh! good evening, Mr. Gray. I'm very glad to see you. I hope I find you well."

The visitor entered, and he and William Gray shook hands. It was no difficult matter to perceive the state of affairs in that one glance which the visitor cast around the room. The fireless stove itself spoke volumes; while the excited expression in Gray's eyes told the tale of inebriety and its dreadful results, seen in the squalid surroundings.

The gentleman began a conversation, in which he knew he must be very guarded, owing to the condition of the man, by saying:

"I have called to seriously entreat you to come to-morrow night and sign the pledge."

"You would have me give up my privilege of taking a glass or two when I feel like it," William answered, sullenly.

"Consider what you would gain by doing so," said the gentleman, kindly. "Let us calculate the gains and losses separately," he continued. "First, then, the *gains*: Good health, better living, a respectable position in society, and, above all, a fairer hope of securing your eternal salvation. Now, the *losses*: Remember, this will surely come if you persevere in the use of alcohol—impaired health, penury, degradation for yourself and family, and, what is to be feared more than anything else, your eternal shame and misery. Choose, then, between what makes life a remorse; choose between the service of our Lord and the service of Satan. You know the wages of sin is death. Why not accept the blessed alternative of everlasting life, and a place in the kingdom of Jesus? Come, sign the pledge. Our society will stand by you, and pray for you, until your feet rest on the sure foundation. Do come."

William Gray bowed his head on his hands. They saw he was deeply moved. Presently he lifted his head. Over his face had passed a wonderful change. The wild look had gone out of his eyes, and in its place shone a calm, resolute light. He then said:

"I now know I have been following my own way too long. I have made up my mind, God helping me, to try and do right—to live soberly."

"God be praised!" broke in his wife.

"Amen! You will find in your Christian walk that the will of God is the way of perfect liberty," said their kind friend, who had accidentally struck a chord Gray had been harping on.

After the gentleman's departure, a basketful of good things was delivered at the door by the neighbouring grocer, who said that he had been paid for them, but was in secret bound to give no further information.

The children could hardly wait for their mother to cut a loaf of bread, so hungry were they. At last, however, to their infinite satisfaction, they each held a large slice—buttered too. Whoever had sent the present, evidently was acquainted with the tastes of children, for there were apples and a package of candies, at the sight of which the little Grays fairly screamed with delight.

Before retiring for the night, Mrs. Gray said: "William, God has been very good to us all our lives. Let us thank him for the past, and ask him to make us in the future more deserving of his love and goodness."

The next night, at the meeting, William Gray signed the pledge, and, by the grace of God, has ever since kept it.

His children have joined the Band of Hope. There is no happier family than his on the face of this broad earth.

He himself is an active worker in the temperance cause, and says:

"A man only begins to know what liberty is when he does all things to the glory of God."

A Country Place in Heaven.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"MY dear, dear lass, thou art goin' away,
From t' dark, sad streets o' this weary town;
Where t' smoke-cloud shadows the brightest day,
And the black rains allus fallin' down,
From clemmin' and cold and pain and care,
And t' shadow o' death that hides w' them;
Thou'rt goin' to God, and to Heaven so fair,
And to t' streets of 't New Jerusalem.

"Ay, lad, but I should be amazed and lost;
So I've asked o' God a better thing
Than the golden streets, and angel host,
And the multitudes that shout and sing
I'm weary to death. I'd like it best,
If he'd find some green and quiet spot,
'Mong the hills o' God, where I could rest,
Till t' trouble o' earth was clean forgot.

"For many a year my heart hes pined
For a sight o' Cheviot's still, blue fells;
For their lonely becks and fresh, clear wind,
For t' yellow broom and bonnie blue bells.
And so, where t' river of God runs calm
'Mong t' hills of Heaven, while t' soft sweet breeze
Just murmurs about me like a palm,
I'll rest, and listen beneath the trees.

"For, oh! I'm weary, and fear'd, and sad;
And the thought o' multitudes troubles me;
And it seems as if I couldn't be glad
In t' golden city, if I wanted thee.
In Heaven there's country places, I know;
So I've prayed to rest in some quiet spot,
Till ta comes to me; and then, dear Joe,
The trouble of earth will be forgot.
And I'll walk with thee on the golden street,
And I'll sing with thee the glad, new song,
And I won't be feared for the crowds we meet,
For the peace of Heaven will hev made me strong."

Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Billy Mehiggin.

OLD Billy Mehiggin was an Irishman, and that was no fault of his: but he was a drunken Irishman, and that was his fault. With the money he got for sawing wood he bought whisky, and he drank, and his wife, Bridget Mehiggin, drank, and a dulcet chorus it was that came from their cabin down by the lake. But Billy joined the temperance society and took the pledge, signing his name with his hard, horny hand where he ought to place it when he took the obligation.

Not long after, Billy went one cold day to saw some wood for a whisky-shop keeper in town; for, alas, there is but one.

"Billy," said the tavern-keeper, "aren't you cold inside?"

"Sure I am," said Billy.

"Thin drink they leave you, don't they, them temperance folks?" said the landlord.

"Tain't very thick, ye're right," said Billy.

"Now, Billy," said the whisky-dealer, with a twinkle in his eye, "wouldn't you like a drop of something warm? It shan't cost you anything."

Billy wiped his mouth with his hand—the hand that had figured in the taking his obligation—and slowly said, "Won't ye tell?"

"No, no," said the tavern-keeper, rubbing his hands and smiling through his eyes. "What shall it be, Billy?"

"Covld wather," said Billy, with a grin.

The Flag at Half-Mast.*

BY SENATOR MACDONALD.

WHY flies the flag at half-mast
Which was masthead yesterday?
Has one of the mighty fallen—
Some great one passed away?

Has the rider on the pale horse—
The rider with icy wand,
Touched beating heart and stilled it,
Of some leader in the land?

The flag which flies at half-mast,
As it flutters high in air,
But reads to man this lesson,
That is taught him everywhere—

That man being here abideth not,
Is cut down as a flower,
Is like the grass which "cometh forth,"
Which withers in an hour.

And so the flag at half-mast,
Which was yesterday masthead,
Tells in its mournful floating
Of a gifted statesman dead;

And reads this solemn lesson,
Alike to grave and gay—
It may float for you to-morrow
As it floats for him to-day.

A Night of Terror.

"O MAMMA, can I go? Say, can I go? I want to go so bad, mamma! Do get papa to let me!" And Fred Grant stood on one leg like a tired rooster, and hitched and twisted and did everything he could think of to show how anxious and excited he was.

Uncle Dan Hurley was going off for a week's hunting on the prairies, with a tent to live in, and he wanted Fred to go too. Just ask any boy if Fred was likely to want to go.

But papa and mamma could hardly decide hastily. "Say, mamma, can I? Say, mamma, can I go?" Fred kept asking over and over again, until at last papa said: "go out on the lawn and play while we talk it over, Fred. We will call you when we have decided.

Fred knew he had to go, but he did not do so willingly. He backed out of the room slowly, and hopping on one foot, so as to stay as long as possible, but he got out at last. As soon as he was gone his papa said: "Well, what do you think of it, mamma?"

"It would do him good," answered mamma. "But there is one objection—Dan will drink a little now and then."

"Surely he would not when he was out with a child in his care," said papa.

"Well, I don't know," answered mamma, thoughtfully, "I fear to risk it."

"I'll have a talk with him," said Fred's papa, "and if he will promise to stay thoroughly sober, I guess Fred may go."

Uncle Dan promised faithfully not to touch one drop of liquor while he was out. But if he meant to keep the promise, what made him take the little black jug of whisky along in his stores?

However, Mr. and Mrs. Grant knew nothing of that little black jug, so they trusted Uncle Dan's word, and let Fred go to the prairies with him.

O what fun they had at first! They were on horseback. Uncle Dan rode a stout gray, and had the tent folded and strapped to his saddle behind. He also had their small camp-kettle, while Fred carried the bag which held their provisions.

The first night they camped beside a beautiful

stream. They pitched their tent, made a fire, hung the kettle on a stick laid across two poles with crochets in them, and cooked their supper.

Fred turned the ponies out to eat the sweet prairie grass, fastening them to a stake with a long rope so they could not wander away. Then he sat on a log and watched his Uncle Dan preparing their supper. And when it was eaten, he slept in the tent with Uncle Dan. He thought it was "splendid." I don't think there ever was a boy who enjoyed a trip more than Fred enjoyed that one for several days.

But alas, alas! One evening when they unpacked their camp-stores, Uncle Dan took out the black jug he had hidden away. He did not let Fred see it, but the boy soon knew that something was the matter. He did not know what, but he saw that Uncle Dan, instead of being lively and telling stories, as usual, was stupid and sleepy. Fred asked if he was sick. Uncle Dan said, "No, only tired."

Fred was very tired himself, so he too very readily laid down in the tent and soon fell asleep. Uncle Dan always carefully put out the fire, so that it should not catch to the dry prairie grass. To-night the black jug made him forget to attend to it—he was not himself, you see.

And so it happened that some time in the night a bright light and a crackling sound woke Fred. He sprang up and saw a dreadful thing. The prairie was on fire all around them. Worse: the tent which they were under was in flames.

In agony the poor boy tried to wake his uncle; but the whisky had done its work too well. He could not even rouse him. And every instant the scorching flames came hotter and nearer. In a few moments they must both perish, unless the boy could save the man.

With a smothered prayer and a cry to God for help, Fred did all he could do. He rolled and tugged and pulled until, with his blistered hand, he rolled the insensible man into the little stream on whose banks they were camped.

Then he held Uncle Dan's head up, himself lying nearly under water, until the flames had passed on and left them. He tried to drag his chilled limbs back to shore, but could only draw Uncle Dan half way out of the water, until he came to his senses, where he lay.

And how do you think Uncle Dan felt when reason returned? Their tent and horses burned, their bodies all painful blisters, wet, chilled, and alone, miles away from home—all because he yielded to that dreadful appetite? They reached home at last alive. But Uncle Dan finally died from the effects of that night's exposure, and Fred will carry the scars of his burns to his grave. But he will never, never touch a drop of liquor so long as he lives.

Beginnings of Evil.

SAID Frank to his mother, one day: "Our school is a dreadful place, mother. I don't believe there is a boy in the whole school who does not use bad words."

"Why, Frank!" exclaimed the astonished mother—"not one? Where is my boy?"

"No, not one; even I sometimes say words that I know are wrong. It's catching, and you're surprised into it before you think. I wish you could help me to do something about it."

She promised to help him first to set a watch over his own lips, and then she encouraged him to speak to the boys, and try to get up a sentiment in the school against the practice. She realized the importance of this, as every good mother must. And she was rewarded—in her own boy, at least; for he grew up to be a noble, pure, good man, and one who did a great deal toward helping others out of the wrong path into the right one.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A. D. 28]

LESSON V.

[Feb. 3

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mark 4. 10-20.

Commit to memory verse, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man have ears to hear, let him hear. Mark 4. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mystery of the Kingdom, v. 10-12.
2. The Meaning of the Parable, v. 13-20.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—A year has passed since the events of the last lesson. It was a year of eventful life. The twelve apostles had been gathered around their Master, the second passover season had passed, Jerusalem had once more witnessed notable miracles, hate and enmity had begun to centralize against him, a second tour among the cities of Galilee had occurred, and Jesus had begun his series of awful denunciations of the Pharisees as hypocrites. His work at Galilee was rapidly hastening to its close at the point where our lessons once more take up Mark's narrative.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Parable*—An imaginary or real occurrence or thing by which some truth is illustrated. *The mystery of the kingdom of God*—The things which are mysterious about the relations of God to men can only be known to those to whom they are revealed by the Spirit. *See and not perceive*—The natural heart is blind to spiritual things; while men see with the eye the wonderful things occurring in God's providence, they fail to spiritually discern their meaning. *Hear and not understand*—Explain in a similar way for yourself. *Stony ground*—Not gravelly soil, but rock slightly covered with soil. *Among thorns*—Ground from which the thorns, or brambles, or wild briars had not been uprooted, and in which, therefore, no grain could grow.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Mystery of the Kingdom.*
What was the parable the disciples and others asked him the meaning?
Where had it been spoken?
What sight in the landscape might have suggested this parable to Jesus?
Was Jesus surprised that they failed to catch his meaning?
In ver. 13 does Jesus mean that he purposely tried to speak blindly to the outside multitude?
What is the mystery of the kingdom? 1 Tim. 3. 16.
What does Jesus mean by ver. 12?
Are men in fault for spiritual deafness and blindness, or is God in fault?
How many men have eyes and ears and understanding opened?
2. *The Meaning of the Parable?*
In the application of the parable, who is the sower, and what is the seed?
What is the soil?
Who are way-side hearers?
Who are stony ground hearers?
Who are the hearers among thorns?
Is there any fault here with sower or seed?
What sort of a picture of human life, as you know it, is here painted?
Do you find any wonderful characteristic of Christ's personality in this explanation of the parable?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How hard for those nearest to Jesus to grasp the meaning of spiritual truth. Why is it?
Man is averse to truth by nature, and Satan is always at hand to keep him so if he can.
Satan comes (ver. 15). Not some adversity; not man's environment; not chance—but Satan. When? *Immediately on good influence touching the heart.*

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Commit Mark's story of the parable (vers. 3-9) to memory.
2. Write out what you think this parable means:
 1. The sower means.
 2. The seed.
 3. The way-side.
 4. The fowls. and so on clear through.
3. Compare your explanation with that of Jesus.
4. Learn what you can about the Oriental customs suggested.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who asked Jesus to explain the meaning of his parable? The twelve disciples and their friends. 2. What did Jesus say was contained in this parable? The mystery of the kingdom of God. 3. Who are they who sow good seed in the world? Teachers and preachers of truth. 4. What is the seed which they sow? The Word of God. 5. What admonition has our Golden Text for each hearer of this Word? "If any man have ears," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fruit-bearing.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and a graciousness of his teaching.
Luke iv. 22. And all bear him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth.
John vii. 46: Luke xxiv. 32; Mark i. 22.

* These lines appeared in the *Evening Journal*, Ottawa, as the flag at half-mast, at the capital, were displayed on the occasion of the death of the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, during the sitting of Parliament of the past year.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 10.

THE FIBRE DEMONIAIC.

Mark 5. 1-20. Memory verses, 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee. Mark 5. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. Bondage, v. 1-13. 2. Freedom, v. 14-20. TIME.—28 A.D.

CONNECTING LINKS—After the parable of the sower had been explained, Jesus continued to speak in parables to the throng, teaching the great truths of the kingdom. Then, wearied with labours, he left Capernaum with his disciples, and by boat crossed the sea to find rest in the solitudes on the eastern shore. While crossing, a tempest swept over the little lake, which he calmed by one word of command, and thereby greatly increased the hold which he had upon his followers. Sickness, disease, death, and now the tempestuous sea, had yielded to his power. Surely this is no man! was the astonished word of the men who witnessed. They reach the land, and our lesson begins.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Other side of the sea*—The east side of the Sea of Galilee. *Unclean spirit*—Possessed with a demon. *Cutting himself with stones*—The violence of these maniacs is well attested by modern travellers. *Ran and worshipped*—The maniac had some intensified spiritual presentiment concerning Jesus as the Christ. *Legion*—Possessed by all demoniacal influences. *Down a steep place*—Probably off from some declivity overhanging the lake with a strip of shore so narrow that the swine could not recover from the wild rush.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Bondage.**
Into what district did Jesus come when he entered the country of Gadara?
Why should he seek this country if he wished retirement?
What was the character of the insanity presented by the poor wretch from the tombs?
Was this insanity like that of the present time? (If you can, consult a Bible dictionary or commentary.)

- Freedom.**
What was the result of the contest between these two great spiritual forces? (a) on the man; (b) on the swine; (c) on the people.
Of what is this result also a type? Rev. 20. 1-3.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

This maniac is a picture of the sinner. Right sense of his condition, lost. Influence on all others, harmful. Beyond the reach of earthly help. His every act self-destructive. Society the worse for his life.
This soul set free by Christ is a picture of the true Christian. His mind and heart right, because surrendered to God. His whole desire, to be with Christ. His acts, those of simple obedience.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Learn all you can about Perea.
- Note the steps in this man's salvation. Learn them all.
The boatmen brought Christ where he was.
He recognized Christ at once as his Master.
He was in the terror of conviction for his evil possession.
He surrendered to Christ's claim.
He went out to work for others.
- Commit to memory the Golden Text and Luke 8. 39.
- Learn what things in this story point out Jesus as the Son of God.
- Write the story of the life of Jesus as you have studied it thus far in Mark.

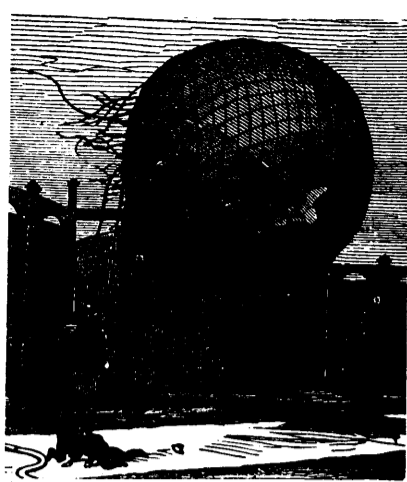
THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- Into what country did Jesus go? The country of Gadara. 2. What happened as soon as he landed? An incurable lunatic met him. 3. What was the result of the contest that followed between Jesus and the devils? The maniac was wholly cured. 4. What was the effect upon the people whose swine the devils entered? They asked Jesus to depart. 5. What was the effect on the maniac? He prayed to stay with Jesus. 6. What did Jesus command him to do? "Go home to thy friends," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ omnipotent.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold John ii. 18, 19, 21.



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