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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1886.

[No. 7.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, who bears the title of "Father of English Poetry," was born about 1328, and died in 1400. He was of good family, and was probably educated at Cambridge or Oxford. In early life he connected himself with the Court; serving first as a page, and subsequently as a soldier and representative of the Crown in foreign lands. As long as Edward III. lived, he seems to have abounded in honours and wealth; but in the reign of Edward's successor, Richard II., changes occurred in his fortunes, which brought with them poverty, exile, and imprisonment. The restoration of the House of Lancaster, which he strongly favoured, returned to him the honours and emoluments which he had lost, and from that time, until his death, he lived in comfort. His closing years were spent in literary work; and, when he died, his body was laid in Westminster Abbey, where, in the Poet's Corner, it still remains.

Chaucer's fame, as a writer, rests chiefly in his "Canterbury Tales." These "Tales" represent a company of pilgrims collecting at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, and going thence to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury. These pilgrims agree to tell two stories each, while going, and the same number while returning, from Canterbury. Chaucer, however, did not live long enough to complete his original design; and so only the Prologue and twenty-four Tales are given. Two of the Tales are in prose; the rest are in flowing verse. All of them are written in the English of that period, and are plentifully sprinkled with words which are no longer used. But while they are difficult to read without a glossary, they are still full of interest, and furnish the best picture of the life of the fourteenth century which has come down to us. "Every character is a perfect study, drawn with a free, yet careful hand—in effect, broad, and brilliant in colour, but painted with a minuteness of touch and a careful finish, that remind us strongly of the elaborate pencilling of our Pre-Raphaelite artists, whose every ivy leaf and straw is a perfect picture." The fol-

lowing is from his description of the Knight in the Prologue of the "Canterbury Tales." It will give a slight idea of his style, and of the English of his day:

"This *like* worthy Knight hadde ben also Sometime with the lord of Palacie, Agen another heathen in Turkio; And evermore he had a sovereijne pris + And though that he was worthy, he was wise,

A Story of Tithes.

MANY years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbour, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

trade he knew anything about was soap and candle-making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

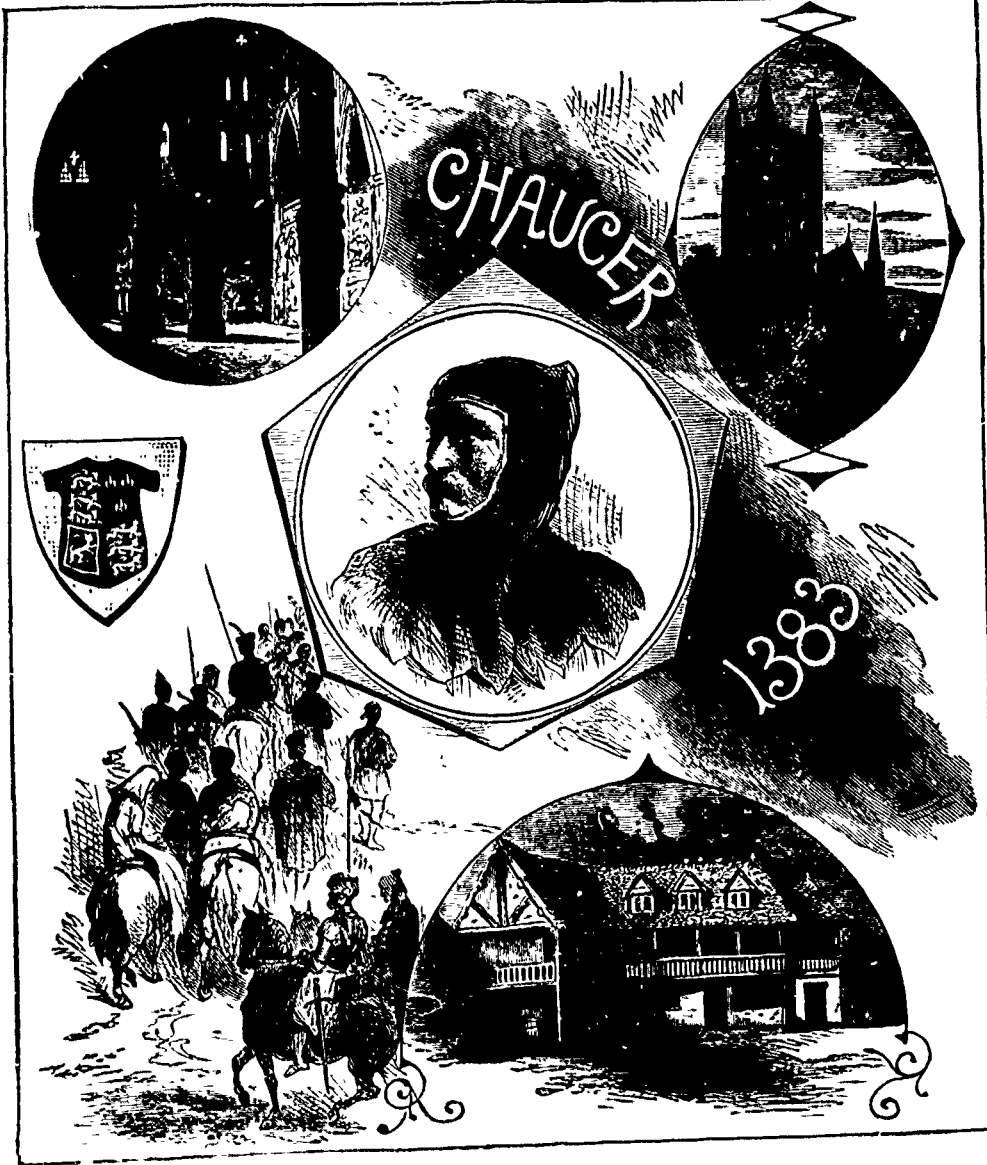
They both kneeled down upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the boat walked).

The old man prayed for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a great, good and rich man."

When the boy reached the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far away from home, he remembered his mother's last words and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." He united with the Church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked in the Bible and found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth I will give that." And so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years both partners died, and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and intrusted his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prosperous; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap

rich, and he grew rich faster than he ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever; then five-tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give Him all his income. This is the true story of a man who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause.—*Gospel in All Lands.*



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

And of his port as meke as is a mayde. He never yet no vilanie ne sayde In all his life, unto no manere right, † He was a veray parfit gentil Knight."

The only young woman student at the Boston University Law School is called appropriately by the men law-students their sister-in-law.

* Same. † Praise. ‡ No kind of person.

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There is no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only

Heroes.

Daniel II: 31.

BY THE REV. J. H. CHANT.

Who are the heroes, men of noble deeds?
A child can tell who all the prophets reads,
When Cyrus sat on Medo-Persian throne,
And Daniel lingered by the river, lone,
There came a man, girt round with finest
gold,
His face like lightning, yet of heavenly
mould,
His eyes, in brightness, shone as lamps of
flame,
Like burnished brass his hands—his feet the
same,
As beryl his body—lightnings girt it round,
His voice was like the thunder in its sound.
The prophet heard the sound—the vision
saw—
And then, his mind oppressed with solemn
awe,
He fell upon his face, his strength had fled,
And he like one who is asleep, or dead.
A voice then bade him stand upon his feet,
And, by a touch, his strength was made
complete.
The future, then, was to the seer made
known,
And Rome's great king was placed upon his
throne.
But while he told of empires yet to rise,
He also told how we may reach the skies.

Who are the heroes, then? this the reply:
"People who truly know the Lord Most
High."
This gives supernal strength, by which the
soul
Can all its rebel elements control;
It lifts one out of self, and makes him brave
To endure life's ills, gives strength the weak
to save.
Knowing God's strength, he fears no mortal
foe,
For God is with him wheresoe'er he go.
With Christ-like spirit and a Christ-like
aim
He sacrifices earthly good and fame;
To save another life will give his own,
Lives for his brother and his God alone.
Men of this stamp are heroes in God's sight,
Might is not right, but right is always
might,
And those who know their God shall thus
be strong
To do exploits—and when the world's great
strong
Shall gather round the throne, the Judge
shall say,
"Well done, My son, I give thee now thy
pay."

Who are the heroes? men like *Jesse's* son,
While yet a youth he told what he had
done;
How he had slain a lion, and a bear,
And then, with sling in hand, went forth to
dare
The proud Gathite who had defied his God,
And left him headless on the virgin sod.

A hero he, in spite of stern decree,
Who dared before his God to bow his knee;
Likewise the three who, rather than deny
Their God, leaped in the fire and flames defy.
Like *Paul*, in deaths oft, counting not life
dear
So he might faithful prove, and then appear
Before his Master, by His side sit down
And wear through grace a never-fading
crown.

The Christian Church since the apostle's age
Has had its heroes, though on history's page
Bare mention of their deeds we rarely see.
Their lives were grand—only eternity
Can show their worth, but then their work
complete
Shall be unveiled before the judgment-seat.

There, *Martin Luther*, who has found the
right,
And stands forth bravely to defend the
right,
See him before the princely court at Worms—
They think to bring the heretic to terms,
But hear him speak: "Convinced I shall not
be
Except God's Word makes clear the heresy.
Not Pope, nor council, I believe alone,
For they have often erred, as I have shown.
Tis neither safe, nor honest to recall
What conscience shows is right; so, stand
or fall,
I hold this—God help me," then "Amen."
From this "Amen" no threats could move
him then,
And ever after firm as rock he stood
A man of God and friend of every good.

John Knox, a hero, of the Scottish clan,
Who in his life ne'er feared the face of man,
Stands by the side of those brave men as
peer,
A champion for the truth he holds so dear.
He loves his God, and for his country pleads
And by his teaching scatters golden seeds,
Which grow and take deep root in Scotland's
soil,
So deep that priestly craft cannot despoil.
The queen, through fear, sits trembling in
her place—
Armies less feared than *Knox* at throne of
grace.

Here's *Wesley* standing at his father's tomb,
In Epworth Church for him is found no
room.

Cast out of church he goes to field and lane,
The Oxford scholar dead to worldly fame!
The skilful archers with their shafts of wit
Make him their target, which they often hit,
And madden'd mobs hurl rotten eggs and
stone,
But see! he stands unmoved, and stands
alone,

His meekness soon disarms the savage throng,
They join with him to sing redemption's
song,
The world his parish—holiness his theme—
He travels on like a celestial beam.
Then after lengthen'd years of toil and pain,
And glorious conquests, see, we meet again.
Behold him now, upon his couch of death,
Convinced that he must soon resign his
breath,
He speaks—his words our hearts with com-
fort fill:
"The best of all is, God is with us still."

The godly *Asbury* leading on his host,
So free to labour, and so slow to boast,
The Church his bride, its service his delight,
He feared not winter's cold, nor mountain's
height.

Through swamps and forests, o'er hills,
through glen,
He journeyed on to seek the souls of men.
In garments plain, and with no earthly store,
He found in every place an open door.
Wherever found, a hero true was he;
He feared to sin, but feared no enemy.
With silver locks, pale cheeks, and sunken
eyes,
He tells, once more, of Christ's great sacri-
fice;
Celestial rays illumine his wrinkled face
As he extols the power of God's free grace.
In one short week a voice speaks from the
skies
"It is enough"—a Christian hero dies,
His deed heroic, and his spirit pure,
Embalmed in hearts, shall as the sun endure.

The Church has had a host of men like these
Who sacrificed a life of wealth and ease,
And gave themselves to earnest toil and
pain,
To lift their fellows to a higher plane.
Heroes are found in every walk of life,
In peaceful home, as in the battle's strife,
Each knows his God, and finds his strength
in Him,
And known to God shall have a diadem.

THURSO, QUE.

Doing Himself a Good Turn.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"We are all going to Lake Pleasant,
Sunday, to camp-meeting; will you go
along?" asked Ned Burgess of the
new boarder, whose place was next
him at table.

"Thank you, no—I think not; my
acceptance of your invitation will take
me away from my own church, and
from the Band of Hope in the evening,
and I have lost so much time in my
life that now when it can possibly be
avoided I dislike to drop stitches."

"So you came into the field late in
life?" said their landlady, whose curi-
osity was aroused by the words, "I
have lost so much time."

"I was brought up by Christian
parents, madam, and when I was
twenty believed myself a Christian;
but plenty of money, left me by the
death of a relative, and bad compan-
ions, led me far astray. I would not,
if I could, recount my record at that
time. For years I did not enter a
church, I habitually broke the Sab-
bath, and there is nothing that tran-

spired at that time that I can look
back upon with pleasure.

"At length I lost my home and my
money, and as a matter of course, the
boon companions who had swarmed
about me in my prosperity like bees
about a honey pot, all fell away from
me and left me quite alone.

"I had not a friend left in the
world. My wife had died of a broken
heart long before, and there was no
one to give me a kind word or a good
wish.

"Taking my last remaining horse, I
set out to ride to a fair then in pro-
gress, some miles away, where I might
possibly meet some of my sporting
acquaintances and win a guinea or two
in some way, or at least sell my horse.
Of course, force of habit led me to
stop at every saloon along the way, and
long before I had gone half the dis-
tance, I was wild from the drink I had
taken. As always when in that con-
dition. I was ready for any foolish
venture that might present itself, and
was ready to race my horse along the
pretty country lane with the first fellow
that proposed it, who, as it chanced,
was a wild young scamp called 'Jockey
Jim,' on his white horse 'Venture.'
Away we went, how far or how fast I
do not know, for the first thing I re-
member with distinctness, my horse
was taking a flying leap off the end of
a bridge. The next thing I remember
I was lying with my feet and legs in a
brook; my horse dead, with his neck
broken, lay upon me so I could not
move, and I was in great distress. I
thought at first that I was dead and
had gone to the place of torment; then
I recollected my wild leap, and, glanc-
ing about and recognizing my sur-
roundings, said with an attempt at my
usual good spirits:

"Well, Ned, you did yourself a bad
turn when you jumped that bridge'
And immediately, as if it was a voice
in the wind, I heard:

"You have been doing yourself
nothing else but bad turns for the last
ten years. Look over your life! When
did you ever do yourself a good turn
since your great-uncle's death lifted
you into a fortune?"

"I fainted then, I suppose, for the
next I knew I was lying upon a bed,
with people talking in low voices by
the window, and a nurse in a gray
dress by my bedside. The voices all
seemed to combine into a troubled
murmur that repeated over and over,
'You did yourself a bad turn.' That
thought was uppermost in my mind
through the long illness that followed.
The physician said I must lose my foot,
but I begged so hard for it that they
let me keep it—poor and withered as
it is, you see, and requiring a shoe
three sizes smaller than the other. I
sold my watch and my last piece of
jewelry, and it gave me money enough
to pay my bills, and left me a small
sum in my pocket.

"As soon as ever I could walk, I
was glad to get away from my dismal
room with two feet and a whole head.

"I thought of God, and had a sort
of feeling of thankfulness to Him for
sparing my unprofitable life; but I
was ashamed to ask Him to help me.
So I walked out alone into the world,
weak, lame, discouraged, with no idea
of what was to become of me. I
walked on as far as I could, sitting
down at last under a hedge beside the
green, English lane to rest. Presently
a scrap of paper that had been dropped
by some one was blown toward me

by the gentle wind, and I aimlessly
reached for it, picked it up, and read:

"Never neglect daily private pray-
er, and when you pray remember that
God is present, and that He hears
your prayer."

"The days of my youth came over
me in a great, rushing tide of memory,
and at the thought my tears came like
a flood. It was as though I had been
dead all the years since I came into
my fortune, or as though the power of
thought had been dormant all those
years. I crawled through a gap in the
hedge and followed a little thread of a
footpath into the thick covert of a
wood, and there I had it out. I wish
I had words to express the horrible
remorse I felt for my sins as they came
along in line and presented themselves
before me. I writhed on the ground
in agony. My humiliation at return-
ing to the Lord empty-handed was
almost as bad as my remorse. Not
one farthing of my handsome fortune
had gone for the Lord, and I could not
remember one kindly, unselfish deed to
comfort myself with. I had not only
been doing myself ill-turns, but the
Lord as well.

"My early religious instructions
came back to me with the memory of
my sainted mother's prayers and hymns
of praise. I believed as sincerely as
ever I did, or as I do now, but I was
ashamed to beg for mercy.

"The sun went down and the stars
came out, then the sky was overcast
and great drops of rain fell, and still I
suffered the agonies of the damned.
There was no place for me in heaven
or on earth, and as I thought over my
past life I seemed to hear that accusing
voice crying out, 'You did yourself a
bad turn when you went here or there,
or rushed into such and such excesses
and extravagances.' Yes, it was *me*;
I had no one to blame, I sought no
one's advice, I never knelt and asked
God's blessing upon any of my plans;
had I thought of such a thing I should
have known they were nothing that
God could bless. The night wore on.
I did not sleep, and in my despair I
doubted that it would ever again be
day. At last, as the dawn began to
make gray the eastern sky, I said,
'After the night God always brings
forward a new day,' and again I seemed
to hear that haunting voice; but now
it said, 'Begin a new life with the new
day, resolving to do yourself a good
turn.'

"How, Lord! how!" I called
aloud; and having unwittingly called
upon the Most High in my extremity,
there was nothing for me to do but to
pray, and I did pray until the sun was
up and the birds filled the air with
their melody. At last I was able to
say, 'I promise, Lord, that with Thy
help all my life henceforth shall be
passed in doing myself, and so Thee,
good turns.'

"I got up from the ground, washed
my face in the brook, straightened my
damp and crumpled garments, and
followed the thread of a path till it
led me to a little cottage on the out-
skirts of a small village. The elderly
woman who met me at the open door
looked at me with suspicion in her face
at first, but when I said grace over the
bread she gave me, her attitude changed
and she became friendly and communi-
cative. I soon learned that she and
her husband were to start in a day's
time for America, and they were sore
perplexed because a son, whose passage

was taken, had decided at the last minute to remain at home.

"May not my first good turn be to go with them?" I thought; and when I had told them something of my story, the Lord put it into their hearts to trust me, and I came with them in their son's stead. You see now how it is. I work with my hands for wages, but my time is the Lord's. I cannot waste an evening, or holiday, or Sabbath. I have all those wasted years to redeem."

"Your story has taken hold of me as no sermon ever did," said the young man who had first spoken. "I think we all have wasted time and broken Sabbaths, as well as our mother's prayers, to look back to."

His voice trembled and broke, and one of the other boarders finished up for him by saying:

"We will give up the Sunday excursion, and go with you to church and Sunday-school."

"Thank God!" said the Englishman. "I do not love to tell my history, but every time I do it wins helpers to the good cause."

A Lost Day.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graven in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost, where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazed wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search in vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again!
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
Is left away for ever!

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled;
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when the scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

Brandy and Murder.

Most of our young readers have heard or read of the murder of Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States. When Wilkes Booth, the cowardly murderer of Mr. Lincoln, saw his helpless and unsuspecting victim sitting in the box at the theatre, he had not the cruelty to strike the deathblow. His human feelings overcame him and kept him from it. He knew if he were drunk he could do it. He rushed into a saloon and called out, "Brandy! brandy! brandy!"

After gulping down the hellish stuff he felt his brain poisoned by it. That fitted him for the work of death. Crazy and made a fiend by the brandy, he went back to the theatre and fired the fatal shot. The noble-hearted Lincoln fell a victim to the fiend whose brain had been maddened by intoxicating drink. Alas! that we must have a poisonous drink sold in our fair land which prepares and emboldens men for such work.—*S. S. Messenger.*

Regulating the Elephant.

EVERYBODY had heard that the great elephant was loosed, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were sure of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe that they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker.

"Let us build toll-gates all along the route he is going to take and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman, "and I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there is the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys, and had trampled a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited with satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the feet tramped onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view, and with a sniff of contempt the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first-rate if the elephant had not been a little stronger than the obstruction." The elephant's name was whisky.—*The Stirling News-Argus.*

The Living Seed.

HERE is a singular story which we found in the local columns of a Pennsylvania paper. In fact, it is a tragedy; yet we find it instinct with a strange lesson of hope and good cheer.

Michael Dunn was born fifty odd years ago in England. His parents were thieves. He was taught to pick pockets as soon as he could walk. At eight years of age he was sent to the Old Bailey for stealing a silk dress.

As he grew older he was trained as a burglar by the most accomplished "cracksmen" of England. In prison or out, his sole companions were convicts, thieves, and murderers. He served out terms of imprisonment in England, Ireland, Van Dieman's Land, Canada, and three of our State prisons. Could any good come out of such a life?

One man however hoped for him; a man who never lost hope of any human being, however debased. This was Joseph R. Chandler, the journalist, who gave up the later years of his life to the reform of prisons and prisoners.

He observed Dunn's affection for a cog that was in the Philadelphia jail, and, one day, his eager, tender manner to a little child who visited the prison.

"All is not lost," said Mr. Chandler to the chaplain. "The good seed is alive still." He saw Dunn daily, and strove to elevate his moral nature, and hoped he had succeeded. The man was discharged. But six months later he was again convicted of stealing in New York.

The good seed, however, was not dead.

When he was released, under the influence of Mr. Chandler's teaching he went to a religious meeting held for discharged convicts, became a sincere penitent, and then—the best proof of sincerity—set about helping men who had sunk as low as himself. He opened in New York a House of Industry where discharged convicts were set to work, or allowed to stay until work was found for them. In three years he had found employment for over four hundred men and started them on the road to honesty and honor.

Kindness Better than Blows.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following account of the manner in which a balky horse was cured: A number of years ago a gentleman living in one of our western states bought a horse which he knew had but one fault—that of balking any where and at any time.

He had become such a confirmed balker that he was considered almost worthless, and had been bought for a mere trifle.

The morning after his purchase the gentleman, confident that kindness would remove the habit, if it manifested itself, harnessed his horse preparatory to starting for town. Getting into his buggy, he gave the word to start; but no notice was taken of it. A half-hour spent in petting and coaxing did not change the situation. He finally sent into the house for a book, and for two hours sat in his buggy reading "Pilgrim's Progress." Meantime the horse had become fairly ashamed of this state of affairs. His head had descended nearly to the ground, and his whole aspect was that of one who had done a mean act. Laying aside the book, the gentleman again gave the word to start. This time he was successful; and never again did "the balky horse" give him any trouble. He was thoroughly cured.

Canada on its Defense.

A GOOD many Canadians do not know that their own country is one of the very best agricultural regions in the world, and that the crops in Ontario are much better than in any state in the American Union. The editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* recently wrote very disparagingly of a part of Canada through which he passed. The patriotic feelings of the editor of HOME AND SCHOOL could not stand that, so he wrote to the *Advocate* the following defense of his native land, which was presented in that paper before probably 150,000 readers. As the facts are of special interest to Canadians, the letter is here given in an abridged form:

Editor Christian Advocate: "I read with much interest everything you write, and was sorry that you had to give so poor an account of a part of our country through which you made a recent run. What I object to is your inference that 'one would think that men who are content to settle in Canada were driven by an adverse fate.' If you had gone over some of our older roads, as the Great Western or Grand Trunk, traversing our rich farming dis-

tricts, and . . . which are situated the thriving cities and towns of St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock, London, Guelph, and others, you would come to a different conclusion. In the southern part of this region the grape, quince, apricot, pawpaw, and peach grow to perfection. The finest peaches I ever saw grew in my own garden in Hamilton. I remember statistics which show Ontario raised more wheat and more root crops to the acre, and had more live stock and more agricultural implements to the acre, than any state in the Union but two; but I cannot now turn to the chapter and verse. But I have before me the report of the Bureau of Industries for the Province for 1883, from which I quote the following, page 35:

"The average price of farm land in Ontario, according to last year's returns, is \$38.37 per acre, inclusive of buildings. In Michigan the average price, according to the United States census of 1880, was \$36.15; in Ohio, \$45.97; in Indiana, \$31.11; in Illinois, \$31.87; and in the whole Union 18.85. The average value of the live stock per acre in Ontario and the four States named for the respective years [1882 and 1883] are nearly equal, but with the advantage in favour of the Province."

"The report of the same bureau for 1885 gives the average yield of cereals per acre in the Province of Ontario and eight American States as follows: Fall wheat, Ontario, 24.5 bushels to the acre; Ohio, 8.1; Michigan, 20; Indiana, 10.8; Illinois, 9.2; New York, 15.5; Pennsylvania, 10. In 1882 Ontario's average yield of fall wheat was 26.3 bushels to the acre; the highest in these eight States was 18.7, in New York.

"You will excuse me for troubling you with this mass of figures; they furnish the best data for arriving at accurate conclusions. We have, I think, the third or fourth largest merchant marine in the world.

"The rapid growth of the city of Toronto, in which I live, is equalled by that of very few cities in the United States. And the growth of Methodism in the Dominion is perhaps not equalled in the world. In this city of about 100,000 we have twenty Methodist churches, one of them, as you know, possessing probably the finest church property in America. In the Dominion, notwithstanding our million and a half of French Roman Catholics, about every fifth man you meet is a Methodist, and in the province of Ontario nearly every third man. Of all the Protestant Sunday-schools and scholars in the Dominion more than half are under the care of the Methodist Church, and that Church, according to our last census, is making relatively greater progress than any other. We Canadians do not feel that it is at all an adverse fate to live in such a land.

"Yours very faithfully,

"W. H. Withrow."

The Editor of the *Advocate* very courteously adds the following note to the foregoing letter:

"Certainly it was furthest from my intention to under-estimate a region where I have seen much to respect, where I have enjoyed the most generous hospitality, and which, in my letter from Toronto last spring, I painted in such colours that an over-enthusiastic 'States' citizen asked why I did not move there. But Canada, neither from the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, nor the Canada Southern, does itself justice, and that is all that was meant."

A Million for Missions.

BY THE REV. EDWARD B. HEATON.

Ye lands of the heathens, rejoice that the shadows
That wrapped you in death are beginning
to rise!

From valleys and hilltops, from cornfields
and meadows,
Break forth the glad tidings that brighten
your skies.

Ye lands of the heathens, no more shall your
waters
Engulf little children whom Jesus did
bless;
No Christian hearts weep at your manifold
slaughters,
The "Morning Star" shines o'er your
rank wilderness.

Ye lands of the heathens, cry one to another,
The Bible is coming with shepherds to lead.
Across the gray waters hastes many a
brother;
Be gracious, old Ocean! wild winds bid
them speed!

From Africa's dark jungles, where rites fierce
and gory
Are slaying their thousands whom Christ
died to save;
From Asian altars, with sin foul and hoary,
Shall rise songs of triumph o'er death and
the grave.

Then sing, O ye heathens, Jehovah hath
spoken,
Ye isles of the ocean re-echo the strain,
"A million for missions!" this is the sure
token;
From pole unto pole the Messiah shall
reign.

—Asbury Parsonage.

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Rev W. H. W THROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1886.

\$250,000

**FOR MISSIONS
For the Year 1886.**

Newfoundland.

THE following letter, from a mission-
ary in Newfoundland, was not written
for publication, but we give a few
extracts showing the straits to which
some of our brethren are reduced, and
the need of increased liberality in the
support of our Home Missions. The
letter bears date of Dec 10, 1885:—

"You have no idea of the poverty
on our shores this year, owing to the
low price of fish. Take, for instance,
those who fish during the summer

months on Labrador. Many have
received 10s. a quintal for fish. A
man has thirty quintals for his share:
£15 is the amount to keep himself and
his family for the year.

"I have just returned from mission-
ary meetings on the Bonavista and
Trinity Circuits. The collections were
about equal to last year, if only the
subscriptions come in well. At a
small place, Newman's Cove, a young
man, having nothing to give to the
collection, brought a rabbit which he
had snared in the morning. I pur-
chased it for 1s.—the regular price is
6d.—to increase the fund. Ten boys
promised to give one rabbit each
during the winter, so as not to be
behind last year.—*Outlook.*

Tobacco and Missions.

OVER one hundred thousand dollars
may be saved and devoted to the cause
of God without any injury to any one;
but, on the other hand, an actual
benefit to the contributors themselves,
they being thus emancipated from the
slavery of the offensive habits of
smoking and chewing tobacco. I won-
der, and am amazed, when I think of
the thousands of dollars worse than
wasted every year by professors of
religion in tobacco! Of course the
expensiveness of these worse than use-
less habits is only one of the many
unanswerable arguments against them;
but that is the point I am now espe-
cially referring to.—*Guardian*

Cassell's National Library, edited by
Prof. Morley, makes a remarkably
good beginning. Among its early
issues are, "My Ten Years' Imprison-
ment," by Silvio Pellico, "Childe
Harold," and "Autobiography of Ben-
jamin Franklin." These are neat, well
printed pocket volumes of about 200
pages each, for the almost nominal
price of 10 cents. In this series many
of the great classics of the world will
be brought within the reach of every
one. Sold everywhere.

FROM the Willard Tract Depository,
S. R. Briggs, Toronto, we have received
"God's Word to those Seeking Salva-
tion," 35 cents per hundred; "How to
Deal with Souls," 40 cents per hun-
dred; and "Questions and Hints for
Young Christians," 75 cents per hun-
dred. All valuable little tracts. We
would like to see them circulate by
the thousand.

The McDougall Orphanage.

A FEW Indian children whose fathers,
and in some cases mothers, are dead,
are gathered by Mr. McDougall into a
home provided for them, called the
Orphanage. There are about fifteen
in this Institution; but it is desirable
to have greater accommodation, so as
to increase the number—and this means
that more of these fatherless, destitute
children will be taken care of as soon
as the means are furnished to do so.
They learn various kinds of work, just
as our Canadian boys and girls do, so
that they may live as civilized people
when they are grown up. But, above
all, they are told of the one true God,
and are led to trust in Jesus Christ as
their Saviour.

The religion of the Indians is a very
dreadful and cruel one. They think
that the God who sends the sunshine
and the rain, and all the blessings they
enjoy, is a good Being, and that it is
not necessary for them to worship



THE STORK FAMILY.

Him, for He is never angry with them;
but they are afraid of the Evil Spirit,
and therefore offer sacrifices to him,
and do all that they can think of to
please him.

The children at present in the
McDougall Orphanage are from six to
fourteen years of age, and have very
strange names. Generally their Chris-
tian name is English; but the name
given to them by their parents is often
very long, and has a meaning. It is
strange, and sometimes amusing, to
hear the roll-call, where very small
children have very large names. One
little girl, whose Christian name is
Jessie, has a long Indian name, which,
if I remember correctly, means "Crept-
on-her-hands-and-feet-through-the-long-
grass-into-the-camp;" and as the In-
dian words are longer than the English,
you may imagine its length. The
English name given to little Jessie
gives the Indian idea, but is consider-
ably shorter—it is "Crawler."

Some time ago an Indian, who was
not a Christian, brought his baby boy
to the missionary to be baptized, and
wanted him called "Scorched Wolf."
Several English names were suggested,
and at last the Indian substituted
Paul for Scorched Wolf. So, in time,
English names only will be found
among the Indian tribes of North
America.

While all our young folk will be
glad to hear of the care taken of a few
of our little Indian brothers and sisters,
they must not forget that a great many
are neglected or ill-treated who ought
to be reached. Think about this mat-
ter sometimes, and see what you can
do to help.—*Missionary Outlook.*

THE seeds of things are very small.

The Stork Family.

IN many lands the stork family is
held in high honour. In many parts
of the European continent they are
encouraged to build their nests on the
chimneys, steeples, and trees near
dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement
to them to pitch their quarters on the
houses, boxes are sometimes erected on
the roofs, and happy is the household
which thus secures the patronage of a
stork. In Morocco and in Eastern
countries also storks are looked upon
as sacred birds, and with good reason,
for they render very useful services
both as scavengers and as slayers of
snakes and other reptiles. In most of
the towns a stork's hospital will be
found. It consists of an enclosure to
which are sent all birds that have been
injured. They are kept in this in-
firmity—which is generally supported
by voluntary contributions—until they
have regained health and strength. To
kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

IN London, with a population of
four million, the number of Roman
Catholics is only one hundred and fifty
thousand, and this mainly through
Irish immigration. Notwithstanding
the occasional perversion of some weak-
headed sprig of nobility and the at-
tendant hue and jubilation over it, the
fact remains that the pope is less a
power in England to-day than he was
twenty five years ago, and Romanism
is not growing in England.

"It doesn't take me long to make
up my mind, I can tell you," said a
concoited fop. "It's always so where
the stock of material to make up is
small," quietly remarked a young lady.



FIRST HEBREW-CHRISTIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

In the Minority.

WHEN good old Noah built the ark,
And nailed it firm and strong,
He had to bear the sneers and taunts
Of the ungodly throng.
Some called him "fanatic," some "fool,"
While others cried "insane,"
Yet still he toiled upon the boat,
Nor feared his labour vain,
And said, "It will be well for me
To be in the minority."

When Sodom was by fire consumed,
And Lot fled for his life,
Adown the plains, and o'er the hills,—
Bereft e'en of his wife,—
Afraid to cast a single glance
Along the backward way,
Or turn his gaze across the plains
Toward the orb of day,
He, too, exclaimed, "Tis well for me
To be in the minority."

When spies were sent by Moses out
To search the goodly land,
The ten returned with faces grave,
The two with tidings grand.
The ten who vowed they were too weak
Fair Canaan ne'er possessed;
The two who trusted in their God
Obtained the promised rest.
In their case, too, 'twas well to be
For once in the minority.

And so to-day we'll take our chance—
Let cavil who so will—
With those who tread the path of right,
And fight the vat and still;
One with the Lord's almighty host,
So here our vows renew;
To drive the demon from the land,
We will be firm and true,
Until which time we're proud to be
Right, though in the minority.
—The Alliance News.

"Ah! you flatter me," lisped a dude
to a young lady with whom he was
conversing. "No, I don't," was the
reply. "You couldn't be any flatter
than you are now."

The First Hebrew-Christian Church
in America.

MANY boys and girls have lately
been seen by the writer of this article
gathering about the entrance of the
First Hebrew-Christian Church in
America, which was dedicated to the
worship of the Triune Jehovah, in St.
Mark's Place, New York City, Sunday,
October 11, 1885. You have read in
your New Testaments about the Jewish
rabbi Mr. Freshman's father was a
Jewish rabbi, who was made very
happy when he found that our Lord
Jesus Christ was really the true Mes-
siah. Some of the Jews, you know,
are still expecting the Messiah to come.
Mr. Freshman, as well as his father,
became quite sure that the Saviour of
the world really came to this earth
1800 years ago, and both he and his
father became Christian ministers.
And now he has come to New York to
live and to preach to the Jews, because
he wants so very much to have them
know the true Christ and only Saviour.
He and his wife have been in New
York since 1881. They have told
many Jews about Jesus, and you never
saw anybody so happy as Jews are
who have learned to love Jesus as the
Messiah. Their employers discharge
them because they become Christians.
They can get no work sometimes for a
good while, but they say that nothing
would make them give up being Chris-
tians, and they thank God for sending
these friends to teach them. No one
but God sent Mr. Freshman to New
York. No one hired him to come.
They had to move their meetings to
seven different places before they got
the building they have for a Hebrew-

Christian Church. They prayed to
God for a place for their meetings, and
now they pray God to send money to
pay for it. Sometimes money is sent
in marked "For the Building Fund,"
and that means to help pay for the
church. Sometimes money comes in
marked on the letter "Personal," and
that means it is for their own use, for
they do not have a salary. Last year,
when they had their Christmas exer-
cises for the Sunday-school there were
two hundred Jewish children there.
They had a very nice time, but the
place was crowded, and some had to
stand. Once Mrs. Freshman used to
have them come to her house, when
there was no other place to meet.
When the children met at the house
they used to close the school by singing
the doxology and then offering prayer.
One day the school had been held
longer than usual, and because it was
late the doxology was omitted. All
rose while prayer was offered. One
little Jewish girl, however, who has
learned to love Jesus, wanted to sing
praises to Him, and did not like to go
home without singing the doxology.
As the last word of prayer had been
uttered, her voice rose sweet and clear
as a bird's, and all joined with the
little Hebrew girl in singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

It was very touching to hear a little
Jewish girl so earnestly singing praises
to the Triune God.

The Rev. E. Barrass thus writes of
this work:

The Rev. Jacob Freshman, well
known to hundreds in Canada, is
labouring with great zeal to propaga-
te Christianity among the Jews in New
York, of whom there are 80,000. Few
men could have performed such her-
culean work as he has done in the
procuring of his church, which was
dedicated a few months ago. He has
often had to walk by faith. Once a
bill was due for \$240, and on the same
day he had promised the builder \$1,000.
For a whole week he toiled without
even collecting the smaller sum. He
and his wife did as they had often
done—took the matter to God in
prayer. Monday was the day on which
he had promised to pay both sums,
and "on Saturday evening a messenger
brought a letter in which there was a
check for \$1,500." Surely none will
doubt but that God is with His ser-
vant.

Bro. Freshman has no regular salary;
and besides erecting his church, which
is still burdened with debt, he is at
great expense in maintaining schools,
sustaining some fellow-labourers, and
assisting deserving young men who are
preparing for the ministry. He has
often to find shelter for converted Jews,
whose friends expel them from business
and home on account of their conver-
sion to Christianity.

His report is properly audited by
responsible persons. His enterprise
deserves Christian sympathy. Some
friends in Canada remember him, and
he will be glad to hear from many
others who will address him at No. 17
St. Mark's Place, New York.

Two reasons are given why some
people don't mind their own business;
one is that they haven't any business,
and the other is that they haven't any
mind.

"Safe in the Fold."

THE following touching verses were
written by Miss Katie Clarke, of
No. 107 Villa, Toronto, on the death
of JAMES FERRIER JOHNSTON, a dear
little boy, aged five and a half years,
the son of the Rev. Hugh Johnston,
M.A., B.D., pastor of the Carlton
Street Methodist Church in this city.
He was a bright, loving little fellow,
and his death, under peculiarly painful
circumstances, was a sore grief to his
parents. A short time before he died
he said to his father, who watched
with unwearied love by his bedside,
"I want to go home to Jesus. I want
to be well." Then in a few hours
he was at rest forever in the arms of
Jesus. These verses will touch a
responsive chord in the hearts of many
parents who have been bereaved of
little children.

Safe in the fold, oh! tender loving Shepherd,
With breaking hearts we yield our lamb to
Thee,

Thou art all wise, all powerful, all loving—
Whate'er Thy hand hath done the best
must be.

Thou hast known earthly sorrow, Jesus,
Saviour,

Thy sympathy is blending with our pain—
Accept the priceless gift we now return Thee,
And keep our child till we shall meet again.
Thou left'st him not to walk the path of sor-
row,

His purity with sin's dark stain defile,
He was but lent us for a few brief seasons,
And now we miss him for a "little while."
Not lost, ah! no—but resting with the
Master,

Beside green pastures, 'neath the tree of life,
Where the bright crystal stream is ever
flowing,

In the dear land far from all sin and strife.

The Heavenly choir is singing—
The golden bells are ringing,
While the angel of Death is bringing

Another redeemed one home,
His voice now joins the white robed band
His feet now press the shining strand,
He ever dwells in the Glory land,
But we shall meet again.

KATIE.

An Engineer's Story.

PRESENCE of mind and rapidity of
thought in the time of danger have
saved thousands of lives. Here is an
incident related by an engineer that
well illustrates that truth:

"Several years ago I was running a
fast express one night. We were three
hours behind time; and if there's any-
thing in the world I hate it's to finish
a run behind schedule. These grade
crossings of one-horse roads are nu-
isances to the trunk lines, and we had a
habit of failing to stop, merely slacking
up for 'em. At this crossing I had
never seen a train at this time of the
night, so I rounded the curve out of
the cut at full tilt. I was astonished
to see the target set against me though
I had time enough to stop. But it was
a down grade there, and the track was
very slippery, and to add to the danger
my air brake didn't work right. I
whistled sharply to have the target set
clear for me, but on looking I saw that
a freight train was standing right over
the crossing, evidently intending to put
a few cars on our switch.

"I wish I could tell you what my
thought were at this time. I gave the
danger whistle, but I had seven heavy
sleepers on and we just slid down that
grade spite of everything I could do.

"Now comes the surprising part of
my story. Quicker than I can tell you,
the brakeman on the freight train un-
coupled a car just back of our crossing
and signalled his engineer to go ahead,
which he did sharply, but barely in
time to let us through. In fact, the pilot
of my engine took the buffer off that

rear car. Through that little hole we slipped, and lives and property were saved.

"Now, that brakeman was only a common railroader, yet he saw that situation at a glance. There wasn't time to run his whole train off the crossing, nor even half of it—barely time to pull one car-length by prompt, quick work. He kept his wits about him as, I venture to say, not one in a thousand would have done, and saved my reputation, if not my life. He is now a division superintendent on one of the best roads in this country; and may good luck go with him!"

The Old Church Bell.

BORN of the metal and the fire,
They bore me from my raging sire,
And made me of the city's choir
Which sings in free air only;
And here since then I've patient hung,
Silent, untouched; but, being swung,
Giving my voice with iron tongue—
Alone, but never lonely.

The hermit of the belfry here,
Called in the upper atmosphere,
I speak in accents stern and clear
To all the listening people;
With none my speech to check or mar,
Sending my utterance near and far,
With sonorous clang and sudden jar,
I shake the slender steeple.

I ring the chimes for the bridal day;
I toll when the dead are borne away;
I clang when the red flames rise and play
On crackling roof and rafter;
I tell the hours for the steady clock;
I call to prayers the pastor's flock,
And back and forth in my work I rock,
And sink to silence after.

Here by myself in the belfry high,
Peeping through bars at earth and sky,
And mocking the breezes sweeping by,
And back their kisses flinging,
I chime for smiles, I toll for tears,
I herald news and hopes and fears,
As I have done for many years,
And never tire of ringing.

From place of vantage, looking down
On yellow lights and shadows brown
Which glint and tint the busy town
With hues that gleam and quiver,
I see within the streets below
The human currents crosswise flow,
Eddying, surging to and fro,
An ever-living river.

Or day or night they meet my gaze
The sloping roofs, the crowded ways,
The meshes of a dreary maze
Where men are ever wending;
One day a rest for them may see—
One day in seven; but for me,
No time from call of duty free,
My toll is never-ending.

I chime for birth or bridal chain;
I toll when souls have burst their chain;
I clang when fire its ruddy rain
From clouds of smoke is flinging;
I chime for smiles; I toll for tears;
I herald news and hopes and fears;
And so shall do for many years,
And never tire of ringing.

—Exchange.

Ned Wright; or, The Thief Turned Preacher.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

ONE morning, a few years ago, the Master-at-arms in one of Her Majesty's ships of war, looking down the ship's hatchway, beckoned the stoker up the ladder and whispered to him:

"Don't be alarmed, old chap; I'm very sorry, but I must tell you the worst of it. They are making arrangements for you to be flaked (flogged) this morning."

The stoker, at first, treated the information cavalierly; but on observing the pitiful looks with which some of the sailors regarded him, and catching sight of the grating at the main rigging, and then of the cat-o'-nine-tails, with its baize-covered handle, his cour-

age began to fail. For the rest, the stoker tells his own story.

"One of the marines drew near me, and whispering in my ear, said:

"Here's a lead button, old fellow; keep this between your teeth whilst being flogged, and it will save you from biting your tongue!"

"Ere I had got the button fairly in my mouth a shrill whistle echoed fore and aft the ship, followed by a loud shout from the boatswain's mate:

"Hands, all hands, to witness punishment."

"The momentary bustle brought about by this sound, soon gave me to understand that I was on board a man-o'-war. The 'blue-jackets' were galloping up the stairs, the marines were rattling their fire-arms, and everybody going towards the quarter-deck. This took all the bravery out of me; yet I waited in silence, striving to muster up courage to play the man, when presently two marines with fixed bayonets marched me on to the quarter-deck. Here I found all the officers in full dress uniform, and the blue-jackets arranged in rear of the marines. I had scarcely taken my position against the mainmast, when the Commander proceeded to read the Articles of War, after which, speaking to me, he said:

"Strip, sir."

"Having previously been told what to do by the ship's corporal, I proceeded to tie the lanyard of my knife round my waist, and pulling off both my Guernsey and flannel shirt, I stood bare-backed, ready for the dreadful work. My hands having been stretched out, and tied up to the grating, and my ankles fastened together, the boatswain's mate took the cat-o'-nine-tails, and having tucked up his sleeves, stood near to me awaiting his orders. For upwards of a minute there was dead silence. Then the Commander called out in a loud voice:

"Boatswain's mate, do your duty."

"Instantly the cat-o'-nine tails was raised in the air, and, like boiling lead, fell upon my back."

The ignominious sufferer on this occasion was Ned Wright. Ned had but lately joined the vessel, and on his first evening on shore at Spithead he had gone on a drunken spree with but little money, but obtained more by selling his good clothes for old ones. He stayed away three days without leave, and returned to the ship, his linen in ribbons, his blue canvas trousers with one leg off at the knee and the other torn half way up the calf, and minus shoes, stockings, hat, and comforter. An imprisonment in irons for three days having had no effect in improving his reckless behaviour, he was flogged. But even this fearful punishment had but small effect in curing his incorrigible waywardness.

Ned Wright was a character of no common wickedness. From a boy, he had associated with the worst companions, and had been ever foremost in all manner of evil. While still a mere child, his propensity to steal showed itself in his helping to rob the till of a small shop in London. Ned crept in on his hands and knees, stole the money, and spent it with the other boy-thieves, in baked potatoes, fried fish, and stewed eels.

His father succeeded in getting him into the Blue School, in Southwark; but before he had been there long enough to entitle him to the quaint costume of the school, he decamped,

stealing several of the bright badges the boys then wore upon the breasts of their coats, and selling them for old brass.

As he grew up, his employments were various, but in each he displayed the same vicious disposition, and ever going on from bad to worse. As a waterman on the Thames he would act in concert with the heartless "crimps," who decoy the poor sailors on landing, and plunder them of all they have. On one occasion, he fleeced six poor fellows in that way.

Being concerned in a silk robbery, he enlisted in the army under an assumed name. He soon became the source of great trouble to the drill-sergeant, an impatient Irishman. "Sure you're one of the Queen's bad bargains," he said, bidding him join the "awkward squad."

He soon ran away from the army, and next turned up as a prize-fighter. In one encounter with a professional pugilist, he fought for over two hours and a quarter, and came off with the victory, a broken nose, and a battered head swollen like a pumpkin.

Some time after the terrible scene on the man-o'-war, he got his discharge from the navy, and got married. But his treatment of his wife was of a piece with the rest of his conduct. He was an habitual drunkard, and his ill-gotten gains, the proceeds of robberies and gambling, as well as what he earned honestly, nearly all went to satiate his thirst for drink, and indeed that same love of drink had been the principal incitement to all the thefts of which he was guilty. Indeed so brutal was his conduct toward his wife, that at one time she had to fly from him to save her life, at another to procure legal protection for herself and her children. Once he had to appear in Court for striking his mother on the head and nearly killing her. But Ned was familiar with Courts. He had often been in prison. He knew well the prison discipline of Wandsworth Gaol, Old Brixton, Maidstone, and Newgate. An old gaol schoolmaster accosted him once as he was being committed to the New Model Prison at Wandsworth.

"Hallo, Wright, what, come home again! How long for, pray, this time?"

Yet were there brighter and better days in store for Ned. Strange as it may seem, he was the son of pious parents, whose hearts were wrung with unutterable grief at his wild and desperate wickedness. They never ceased to follow him with prayers, such as only broken, bleeding hearts can utter. Nor did they pray in vain.

Ned had been unsuccessful in four different attempts at robbery, and was in extreme want of funds. He had received a challenge to fight a prominent champion of the ring, and now fixed his hopes of success on the issue of this encounter. While training for this combat he had to keep sober, and to keep out of the way of his evil companions. He and his wife strolled out one evening towards Pimlico. A boy on the way offered Ned a handbill, announcing that a workman would that evening speak on the subject of religion in Astley's Theatre. Curiosity and "free seats and no collection" induced Ned to go. He and his wife slipped in behind a pillar to watch what was going on. The earnest words of the workman-preacher took hold of Ned, particularly as he dropped on

his knees and implored God's mercy on all "runaway children" and young men whose wickedness was bringing down their aged parents' gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Young man, where will you spend eternity!" cried the speaker again and again, laying solemn emphasis on the last word.

Ned trembled as his whole past life came up vividly before him. He remembered, with terror, what the preacher had said: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." He became so overpowered with the sense of his wickedness and the nearness of his doom that he swooned away. While in this state, Ned had a kind of vision which he has himself described.

"I felt carried away," he says, "and found myself arraigned before the most awful tribunal I ever witnessed. There sat the Judge of high heaven, upon His throne of glory, surrounded by angels and archangels, and the ransomed saints. The brightness of these beings dazzled my eyes, and made me feel as if I would give ten thousand worlds to crumble into dust. Sins that had been committed and forgotten seemed to appear before my eyes, caused me to hang down my head with shame, and in my heart to exclaim, 'Oh, that I had never been born!' Then a voice echoed through the vaults of heaven, saying:

"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with an enormous number of great offences, do you plead guilty?"

"Shivering like an aspen leaf, not daring to raise my head, I felt this to be ten thousand times worse than being tried at the Old Bailey. There was no deceiving the Judge of all the earth, no bringing false witnesses to swear one clear. His eyes were as flames of fire, searching me through. Oh, what a dreadful feeling was that! I knew I was guilty; I felt condemned; and I stood a wretched sinner before the Judge. Then, too, in all that vast assembly, there was no voice raised in my favour. My case was hopeless. I stood in breathless suspense awaiting my sentence; and while trembling and quaking with fear, the scalding tears running down my cheeks, and my heart bursting within me, I heard a voice softly and gently whispering in my ear:

"Look to Jesus; there is pardon and life through looking to Jesus."

"Then I cried in agony of soul, 'Where, oh where is Jesus?'"

Then came a sight of Christ crucified. He looked and believed. Then he seemed to see the Judge arise and pronounce his acquittal.

"Prisoner, you have incurred the extreme penalty of the law, which you have so repeatedly broken; you are absolutely without excuse; but this is now the award of love—solely because of the merits of My dear Son, to whom you have looked; I ordain that you be taken from the kingdom of Satan, and be translated into the kingdom of My Son, and that you be made an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ Jesus."

All this seemed to be the work of a few minutes. When he came back to consciousness, sweating at every pore, and the tears streaming down his face, he was so full of amazement that he did not know what to do. Several times he started to leave the place, but so strong a hold had the wonderful scene he had just beheld upon his mind, that he could not get away.

Meanwhile his wife had been in deep distress about her soul, but had found peace in believing. Ned saw the preacher, who had been conversing with her, rise from his seat, exclaiming with joy:

"Thank God, the woman's saved!" After leaving the theatre, neither of them could utter a word until they reached home. The wife then dropped upon her knees by the bedside, and began to pour out her soul in thankfulness to God for His wondrous love made known to her that night. Ned stood looking on. It was a long time since he had heard a prayer before that evening. He was soon on his knees by her side. The scene he had beheld at the theatre again came to mind, and particularly that part where Jesus appeared on his behalf, as his gracious Intercessor and Redeemer. His heart became so full of the love he felt towards Him he could only exclaim:

"Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, I thank Thee from my heart for saving my soul!"

For some time they both continued in prayer and thanksgiving, then rising they went into another room for a "bit of supper."

"We were about to partake of it," he says, in his simple way, "but both of our hands seemed to refuse to touch it. I remember that my feelings at this moment were, that I must ask God's blessing upon the food now; and although I had not said grace from my boyhood, still I thought I would put my hands together, and open my mouth, and ask God, in words that I had often heard from my godly father, to bless the food He had given us."

When he had done so, Mrs. Wright felt too broken down to partake of anything.

"O God," she cried, with a heart full of joy, "this is too much for me."

It was an occasion for weeping; and so, instead of eating they wept and talked of all that the Lord had that night done for them. What a change! What a salvation!

The next morning, the first thing Ned did, after breakfast, was to go and announce his intention to withdraw from the prize-fight. He was called a cur and a fool. One remarked:

"Poor Ned, he's gone off his chump (i. e., mind) at last."

"No, Jerry," said Ned, "I never was in my right mind before; but I am now, thanks be to God."

Ned's great desire now was to earn his livelihood honestly. But this was no easy task. He was so well known as a rogue, that he could find few to employ him. For thirteen weeks at one time he tramped the streets of London, seeking work and finding none, until, reduced to the verge of starvation, poor Ned and his wife fell upon their knees in their desolate home and cried to God for help.

"Oh, Ned," said she, "don't cry, but cheer up; remember that a crust with Christ is better than all the world without Him."

An hour after, Ned received an offer of twenty-five shillings per week to sell Bibles and Testaments among his old companions.

From the hour of his conversion, Ned became a firm teetotalist. He found it, however, less easy to abandon his pipe, for he was an inveterate smoker. He still continued to indulge in the habit for some time after his conversion, but at last was convinced he was doing wrong, and, with a hero-

ism that might be copied by many sinners of far more respectable order than poor Ned, he relinquished it entirely.

It was not without sore temptations that Ned held on his way. Once, prior to his Bible agency, while working on the Thames, a pierman had acted towards him in a most malicious and abusive manner. Ned's remonstrances only made the man the more aggravating. Ned got exasperated, and, seizing him by the coat collar, ran him along the pier, and threatened to throw him into the water. But suddenly he remembered God, and was troubled. He drew him back, let go his hold, and walked away in deep anguish of spirit. Ned's peace was gone. He was advised to go and confess his fault and ask the man's forgiveness. It was a hard trial. To fight bravely with the bullies of the "ring" he felt was nothing to this. Still, the next day he went.

"George," said he, "I want to see you"

"I should think you did after the manner you served me yesterday."

"Well," said Ned, "the fact is, I was converted a little while ago, and now I confess to you how very wrong I was to act toward you as I did yesterday. It has made me very miserable and unhappy ever since, and I am compelled to come and acknowledge myself in fault, and beg you to forgive me. It is a wonder, George, that I did not throw you overboard, for you know what a character I have been in times past, before God, in the greatness of His mercy, converted me. I shall be contented and happy now that I have told you, and I am sure you won't take further notice of it or be offended. The Lord, I know, has pardoned all my sins and saved my soul; and I feel deeply grieved that I should so soon offend Him who has done so much for me. You will forgive me, George, won't you?"

The pierman burst into tears, and confessed himself a guilty sinner, and asked Ned what he should do. The two retired into the cabin, and Ned prayed fervently for poor George. It was not long before Ned left him rejoicing in a sin-pardoning Saviour. Ned had humbled himself, and God highly exalted him, in leading his enemy to Christ.

And now Ned entered on his Bible mission. Getting a hand-carriage, he went through the streets, seizing every opportunity of selling his Bibles, and speaking earnestly to many or few that would listen to him about the salvation of their souls. Such was the simplicity and power of his words, and, above all, the wonderful story of his own conversion, that sometimes several hundreds would gather around to hear him. He had the joy of seeing numbers converted to G. d. Sometimes he spoke to the police, singling out the men who often before had arrested him as a prisoner, reminding them of his former ways, and what a blessed change God had wrought in him, and entreating them to accept of Christ as their Saviour too. One of these men—a sceptic—was led to Christ, and on his death-bed sent for Ned, who saw him pass away rejoicing in the Saviour.

Sometimes he wheeled his Bible carriage up a street in Rotherhithe, that for years he had kept in a state of alarm through his robberies. Taking his stand opposite a day-school, and collecting the children around him

when out of school, he would raise such a song of praise as startled the neighbourhood.

"The street market in the New Cut," says Ned Wright's biographer, "affords a sight, once witnessed, never to be forgotten. The poorest classes of South London purchase here most of the necessaries of life, in smaller quantity, and perhaps at a cheaper rate, than in any other district. The road is lined on each side with ooster-mongers' barrows, sellers of stay-laces, trinkets, stationery, herbs, and common wares." Here Ned resolved to push his work. On one occasion he gathered a thousand people around him, who listened attentively to the speaker's story. On another he spoke to an immense number, from eight o'clock at night till near twelve.

"Amidst the occasional interruptions of a persistent organ grinder," continues the narrator, "Mr. Cheap John would vary the monotony of the wretched music by his coarse sallies; and his voice in turn would be drowned by the blasts of a trumpet that affected the tympanum of the bystanders, whilst Ned was seeking to affect their consciences."

Notwithstanding all this, several were converted. By this time Ned's fame had spread even across the Channel, and he was invited over to Ireland. On his return home, the steamer in which he sailed from Dublin was crowded with Irish labourers crossing to reap the English harvest. A more unpromising field for Ned's evangelistic labours could scarcely have been found.

"Confusion and noise, the clattering of tongues, crowding, fighting, pushing, swearing, blaspheming—the atmosphere was redolent with curses." Ned watched in vain for a chance to speak to them. The word of God was like fire in his bones. Within an hour's sail of Holyhead, they were enveloped in one of those thick yellow fogs so common in London. One could scarcely see a foot ahead. Ned seized what he believed a providential opportunity; and feeling his way on to the skylight, shouted down in a stentorian voice, "God so loved the world," etc. Passage after passage poured forth, with tremendous solemnity and energy. The Irish below were seized with superstitious awe, and every breath was hushed as this awful voice, which seemed coming down from the upper world, fell upon their ears. By and by the sky brightened and they saw the adventurous speaker, standing with his arms lifted up to heaven, calling down God's blessing on the human mass below. When they landed they gathered round him, and shook his hand, and thanked him for what they had heard, and one poor fellow said to him:

"Oh, sir, light has dawned upon my soul. My soul was darker than the black fog, but now I believe what you told us, that Jesus has died for me. My heart rejoices in the good news, that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin."

Page after page might be filled* in tracing the subsequent career of Ned—remarkable for boldness, energy, and success, in proclaiming Christ crucified to the vilest outcasts and criminals in the "sloughs" of London and other

*The facts here narrated have been taken from "Leach's Life of Ned Wright," for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

large cities. He still prosecutes his labours with untiring faithfulness, and largely through his instrumentality, a host of labourers have been raised up, who have already, by God's blessing, accomplished a great reformation, and bid fair to aid materially in the elevation and salvation of those hideous moral wastes.

Daisies.

BY MARGARET RYTINGER.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
With light brown hair and eyes of grey,
And she had left her native shores
And journeyed miles and miles away
Across the ocean, to the land
Where waves the banner of the free,
And on her face a shadow lay,
For sick at heart for home was she.

When from the city's dust and heat
And ceaseless noise, they took her where
The birds were singing in the trees,
And flower fragrance filled the air,
And their leaf-crowned heads upraised
To greet the pretty grey-eyed lass,
A million blossoms starred the road
And grew among the waving grass.

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
And, with hands clasped, sank on her knees;

"Now God be praised, who east and west
Scatters such lovely things as these!
Around my mother's cabin door
In dear old Ireland they grow,
With hearts of gold and slender leaves
As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
Though on her cheek there lay a tear,
"This land's not half so strange," she said,
"Since I have found the daisies here."

—The Shepherd's Arms.

Care of the Eye.

Be careful to avoid reading fine print. Never attempt to read in the twilight.

Never read till the eyes become over-fatigued.

Hold your book or paper at least ten or twelve inches from your eyes.

Never change suddenly from a very dark room to one brightly lighted.

When reading or writing use that the light falls on the page from the left side, and not from above.

Do not read while in a reclining or recumbent position. This is highly important advice to follow.

If the eyes are weak be particularly careful not to smoke. Tobacco smoke is irritating to the eyes of most persons.

When travelling it is well to protect the eyes frominders, smoke, dust and bright sunlight with smoked glasses.

If the eye becomes weak, procure one of the little glass cups, to be had of any druggist, called an eye douche, and refresh them by an occasional bath.

Do not rub the eye when a foreign body enters it, but take hold of the lashes of the upper lid and pull the lid away from the eyeball; the flow of fluid from under the lid will often wash out the offending particle.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling), you may tell us what it is." Annie: "We've all got our winter hats."

A NEGRO, about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he entertained bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies I forgib dat niggah; but if I gets well dat niggah must take care!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

NOTES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON I. [April 4]

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

John 1. 1-18. Commit. v. 1-5

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.—John 1. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our Saviour is both God and man.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1. 1-18. Tu. Isa. 9. 17. W. Phil. 2. 1-11. Th. Heb. 1. 1-14. F. Matt. 1. 17-25. Sa. Matt. 2. 1-23. Su. Luke 2. 1-18.

JOHN THE APOSTLE.—(1) Born at Bethsaida, in Galilee. (2) His parents were Zebedee and Salome. (3) He was born probably between A. D. 1 and 5, the youngest of the apostles. (4) Educated. His mother was probably the sister of the Virgin Mary (compare Matt. 27. 56 with John 19. 25). Hence he was first cousin of Jesus, and a more distant cousin of John the Baptist. He had a brother James (5) He was brought up to his father's business of fishing in the sea of Galilee. (6) It is probable that he never married. (7) He was a disciple of Jesus, and one of the earliest and most intimate disciples of Jesus. (8) John probably remained in Palestine till after the destruction of Jerusalem; then he went to Ephesus, was banished to the Isle of Patmos by Nero, returned to Ephesus, A. D. 96-7, and died there about A. D. 98, aged 90 to 95. (9) Writings. The Gospel, A. D. 90 to 95. Three epistles, and the book of Revelation, A. D. 95-98.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. The Word.—The divine Jesus, who became man (v. 14). He was called the Word because he reveals to us the thoughts and feelings of God, as our words reveal our thoughts. With God—Distinct from God, and yet God himself. 4. The life came from the light of men—By giving spiritual life, he enables us to see spiritual things. Dead things cannot see. As a living person, he teaches, he gives us an example. 5. Darkness—Of sin and ignorance. Comprehended—Did not receive it and thereby become light. 11. His own—Especially the Jews. 12. Sons—Children. 13. Not of blood—Not by natural descent. We are not God's children because our parents are. Nor by the will of the flesh—Not by our natural wills. We cannot make ourselves the children of God. Nor by the will of man—Nor can others make us so. 14. Made flesh—Became man. Flesh includes our whole human nature, body and soul. Grace—God's favour freely given, and hence the blessed and joyous gifts of that love, especially spiritual gifts. 16. Grace for grace—Grace added to grace, grace the means of further grace; a grace in us corresponding to each grace in him. 18. Known God—His full brightness, his perfect character and plans. They had seen only hints revealed to them. He hath declared him—Jesus shows us what God is, so that now we have seen more of God.

SCRIPTURES FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The life of John.—The Gospel of John.—The Word.—The divinity of Christ.—Christ the light and life.—The sin of rejecting Christ.—The new birth (v. 13).—The glory of Christ.—Grace and truth.—No man hath seen God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a brief history of the apostle John. What books of the Bible did he write? Tell what you can about the Gospel according to John.

SUBJECT: OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR.

I. WHO HE WAS (vs. 1-3).—Who was the Word? Why is he so called? What proofs do you find in these verses of the divinity of Christ? What else do you learn about him? What advantages to us in having a divine Saviour?

II. WHAT HE DOES FOR MAN (vs. 4, 9, 14).—What two things Christ does for us are mentioned in v. 4? What kind of life is given by him? (Eph. 2. 1; 1 John 5. 11-13.) What is meant by light? Where does the light shine? What is meant by darkness? What light did Christ bring to us? For whom is it meant? Who here witness to this light?

III. SOME REJECT HIM (vs. 10, 11).—Who is meant by the world? Under what obligations were they to receive Christ? How did

they treat him? Who are meant by "his own"? Under what special obligations were they to him? (Isa. 5. 1-4; Deut. 32. 1-18) Is rejecting Christ mean as well as wicked?

IV. WHAT HE DOES FOR THOSE WHO RECEIVE HIM (vs. 12-15).—What did he do for those who received him? What are some of the privileges of being children of God? (Eph. 1. 14-17) How can we become children of God? What is meant by "the Word was made flesh"? Of what was he full? What is grace? What have we received from him? How does Jesus reveal God to us? What reasons do you find in this lesson for loving and trusting Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. God's great love to us in sending a divine Saviour. 2. How great must be the evil and danger of sin to require such a Saviour. 3. Since the same Jesus made the world and brought the Gospel, they must be in harmony. 4. Our four great needs,—life, light, grace, truth. 5. Sin is not only wicked, but mean. 6. The great privilege of the children of God,—they are heirs of his love, his care, his character, his home. 7. We become his children by faith in Jesus, and regeneration by the Spirit of God.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Jesus before he came to this world? Ans. (Repeat v. 1.) 2. What did he do for our salvation? Ans. (Repeat v. 14) 3. What four things did he bring to us? Ans. Life, light, grace, and truth. 4. What through him may we become? Ans. The children of God. 5. How may we become children of God? Ans. By receiving him and believing on his name.

A. D. 27.] LESSON II. [April 11.]

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

John 1. 35-51. Commit. v. 40-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.—John 1. 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessed are they who go to Jesus and invite others to go with them.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1. 19-24. Tu. John 1. 35-51. W. Matt. 2. 1-17. Th. Mark 1. 1-15. F. Luke 2. 29-32. Sa. Luke 3. 1-18. Su. Luke 4. 1-15.

TIME.—February, A. D. 27, on a Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath) and the day following. It was 42 or 43 days after the baptism of Jesus, and was the beginning of his ministry.

PLACE.—Bethany (Bethabara) and the way between that place and Cana of Galilee. Bethany ("boat-house") is the probable reading instead of Bethabara ("ford-house" or "ferry-house"). But they were probably neighbouring villages or districts, and the baptizing of John may have been in both. The place was probably one of the fords of the Jordan opposite Jericho. It was a high-way of travel.

RULERS.—Tiberius Caesar, emperor of Rome (16th year from his association with Augustus, 15th as sole ruler, Luke 3. 1). Pontius Pilate, governor of Judaea (2nd year). Herod Antipas, of Galilee (31st year).

CIRCUMSTANCES.—John had been preaching and baptizing for more than six months (July, A. D. 26-Feb., A. D. 27), and such multitudes came to hear him, and the excitement about him was so intense, that the leading Pharisees in Jerusalem sent a deputation to him at Bethany (Bethabara) beyond Jordan, to inquire what he really pretended to be. The day after his answer to the Pharisees, he sees Jesus coming towards him, and he points him out to his hearers as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, i. e., the expected Messiah, and declares how he recognized him. Our lesson begins on the next day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—25. Two of his disciples.—One was Andrew (v. 40), and the other was doubtless the apostle John himself. 26. The Lamb of God—i. e., The one to whom the lamb of the daily sacrifice and of the Passover had been pointing for 1500 years. 28. Rabbi—The Hebrew word for master or teacher, and therefore not familiar to the Gentile Christians. It was interpreted into Greek. 29. The tenth hour—Four o'clock p. m. according to the Jewish reckoning, but ten o'clock a. m. by the Roman reckoning. The latter is the most probable. 42. Cephas—A Hebrew word

translated into the Greek word Peter, both meaning a stone or rock. 44. Bethsaida—A town on both sides of the Jordan where it enters the Sea of Galilee. 45. Nathanael—Probably the apostle called elsewhere Bartholomew. Name did write—Is the Pentateuch. See Gen. 48. 10; Num. 24. 17-19; Deut. 18. 15. And the prophets—Isaiah (9. 5, 7; 52. 13-15; 53. 1-12), Ezekiel (24. 23-31), Daniel (9. 24-27). 48. Under the fig tree—Probably far off in his own garden at Cana, where he had been accustomed to retire for meditation and prayer. I saw thee—There were two wonders,—that Jesus saw him many miles away beyond natural sight, and that he saw his inmost thoughts and feelings. 51. Ye shall see heaven open, etc.—(1) such manifestations as Matt. 4. 11; Luke 2. 13; 9. 29-31; 22. 43, or (2) that through Jesus we can go to heaven, and our prayers and desires can reach heaven, and God will send his light, truth, Holy Spirit, and every needed help down from heaven, the allusion being to the ladder in Jacob's dream.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The time and place.—The Lamb of God.—The tenth hour.—Inviting others.—Cephas and Peter.—Nathanael.—What convinced him that Jesus was the Messiah.—The different titles of the Messiah in this lesson.—Meaning of v. 51.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was John preaching and baptizing at this time? What time of the year was it? How long had John been baptizing? Had John seen Jesus before this? What had he done for him? (Matt. 3. 12-15.) Where had Jesus been since then? (Matt. 4. 1-2.) What had taken place the two days previous to this lesson?

SUBJECT: GOING TO JESUS.

I. JOHN BEARING WITNESS TO JESUS (vs. 25, 36).—Where was John? What was he doing? What was the object of his preaching? Who were with him at this time? Whom did they see? What did John say about him? (v. 29.) What did he mean by the Lamb of God? (Lev. 4. 32-35; Ex. 12. 21-27 and 29. 38.)

II. GOING TO JESUS (vs. 37-40).—Who were the first two disciples of Jesus? What did they say in reply to his question? Where did they go with him? Was this his home? How long was their visit with him? What is it for us to go to Jesus?

III. LEADING OTHERS TO JESUS (vs. 41-48).—What was their first desire after they had found Jesus themselves? What was the name of Andrew's brother? To what did Jesus change it? Why? Who was next called? Whom did he bring to Jesus? What objection did Nathanael make? How was it answered? Is to come and see the true way to learn the truth about religion? Why ought we to bring others to Jesus? In what ways can we best do it?

IV. THE BLESSINGS OF GOING TO JESUS (vs. 47-51).—What kind of a man was Nathanael? Are such the ones most likely to come to Jesus? What marvellous knowledge did Jesus show? What effect did this have on Nathanael? How many titles are applied to Jesus in this lesson? Show how each one belongs to him. What more did Jesus promise him? What does this teach us as to the way to obtain larger spiritual blessings? What is meant by the promise in v. 51?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. To come to Jesus as our teacher and master is to become a Christian. 2. One great proof that we are real Christians is the desire to bring others to Christ. 3. Mark the value of personal work for Christ. 4. Unfounded prejudice often keeps men from believing in Christ. 5. Christ gives more and greater gifts to believers. 6. Jesus Christ is described by many titles to teach us that he is a Saviour for all men, for all needs, and in all circumstances. 7. Through Jesus communication is opened between us and heaven.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. When did Jesus begin his ministry? Ans. In the winter of A. D. 27. 7. Who sent to him his first disciples? Ans. John the Baptist. 8. In what place? Ans. In Bethabara, beyond Jordan. 9. How was the number of disciples increased? Ans. Those who had seen Jesus invited others. 10. What titles were applied to Jesus? Ans. The Lamb of God, the Messiah, the Christ, the Son of God, the Son of man, the King of Israel.

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