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# HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. III.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1885.

[No. 3.]

**Beautiful Things.**

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show  
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful lives are those that bless  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

**We Never Drink.**

On the stage were seven or eight  
soldiers from the Eighth Maine Reg-  
iment. While at the stage house in  
Lincoln, there came to the office a poor  
blind man—stone blind, slowly feeling

was a sergeant in our company. We  
always liked him."

"Where is he now?"

"He is a lieutenant in a coloured  
regiment, and a prisoner at Charleston."

For a moment the old man ventured  
not to reply, but at last sadly and  
slowly he said:

"I feared as much. I have not  
heard from him for a long time."

But mark what followed. Another  
individual in the room, who had looked  
on the scene as I had, with feelings of  
pride in our soldiers, immediately ad-  
vanced and said:

"Boys, this is a handsome thing,  
and I want you to drink with me. I  
stand treat for the company."

I waited with interest for the reply.  
It came:



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest, brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro—  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

his way with his cane. He approached  
the soldiers and said in the gentlest  
tone:

"Boys, I hear you belong to the  
Eighth Regiment. I have a son in  
that regiment."

"What is his name?"

"John——"

"Oh yes, we know him well. He

They did not wait for another word;  
but these soldiers took from their  
wallets a sum of money, nearly twenty  
dollars, and offered it to the old man,  
saying:

"If our whole company was here  
we would give you a hundred dollars.  
The old man said, "Boys, you must  
put it in my wallet, for I am blind."

"No sir; we thank you kindly; we  
appreciate your offer—but we never  
drink."

The scene was perfect; the first  
noble and generous; the last was grand.  
How many such soldiers under the  
same temptation would have spoiled a  
singularly good deed in taking thanks  
for it out of a whiskey-glass.—*Ex.*

## God's Wronged Ones.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

GENTLY, a youthful mother  
Was borne through the crowded streets,  
Side by side with her darling,  
Wrapped in their winding sheets.

Sweetly the sainted cherub  
Slept, in its pauper shroud;  
Fair as Raphael's angel  
Draped in a summer cloud.

Pure was the face beside it—  
The form a queenly mold;  
Her rich, dark hair caressing  
The baby's tress of gold.

No artist's brush could paint it;  
None but a hand divine  
Could make the copy perfect,  
Or perfect a work so fine.

Left in a foreign country,  
With none of kindred tie  
To minister or pity  
Her heart's dumb agony.

Hungry, cold and wretched;  
Suffering at every pore;  
She struggled to live for baby,  
And to reach her native shore.

And He, who knew such anguish  
As mortal ne'er had known,  
Watched o'er the poor forsaken  
And counted every moan.

Every tear that tumbled  
On the lashes dark and long,  
He changed to a note harmonious  
In her triumphal song.

Then, when the twilight deepened,  
O'er the western hill,  
He sent a pitying angel  
The breaking heart to still.

He who had vowed the maiden  
His love her strength should be,  
Danced to the rum fiend's music,  
And died midst the revelry.

Merciful Father, canst thou  
Pardon a sin like this?  
A Christ-like love's betrayal  
For rum with a Judas kiss!

O, God! arouse, awaken, and vitalize the slumbering thousands, and help them to see and feel the great responsibility resting upon them as Christians of the Church of Jesus Christ. Oh! make them feel and realize that thousands of wives, mothers, and children are looking to them to save them from the deepest sorrow and most intense suffering the human heart can know!  
—Rev. J. G. Besmer.

## Thou Shalt Not be Afraid.

## A TRUE STORY BY MAMIE PATERSON.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was on the ground, and in some places it had drifted in great heaps against the stone walls and the houses. The wind whined and shrieked madly through the village. From every window gleamed a bright light; even the poorest, meanest cottage looked cosy and warm.

On the steps of one of the prettiest cottages stood two dark forms. Their ragged coats were sprinkled with snow, their hats were drawn down over their eyes. They stood still for a moment, as if hesitating to get up courage to do that which they had started to do. Then, after muttering a few words to each other, one of them knocked loudly at the door. A voice within bade them come in. They opened the door and there in a cosy, well-lighted room, sat an old couple. The tramps (for such they were) stood awkwardly looking at the well-filled table. "We have come a long journey, and have no home, and we are very hungry," said the tall one, who seemed to be most forward. Can you give us shelter for the night and a little food?"

The old man laid down his spectacles; looked at them, and said: "You may

sit down and warm yourselves," but the tone implied, "no more." Father, said the old lady, "it is Christmas Eve, we must remember the poor and needy," at the same time motioning them to sit down, and, placing father's chair in its place, took the opposite seat. Then, bowing her head reverently, prayed for all outcasts without homes and God, that He would turn them from the path of wickedness and cleanse them from all sin through His precious blood. She prayed for the poor and hungry, everywhere; that He would care for them give them bodily comforts and let His peace rest upon them all, for His dear name's sake who was born that night." The tramps seemed strangely touched by this simple and earnest prayer, and ate their portion in silence.

Supper over, the old man, pushing his plate slowly from him, said: "I have a good barn with plenty of hay, and you can stay there to night."

"Father," said the wife, gently, "It is a holy night, and a bitter cold one, we have room in the house, let them stay." He said nothing. Then, taking one of the wax candles, the lady bade them follow her. She took them to a dainty, warm room, and giving them the light, bade them good night. Early next morning the maid servant came down to her mistress and gave her a note, saying; "This morning I found both the door and window of the spare room open. I went in and found this; the bed was not touched.

The note read, "Kind Mistress of this house. We came here last night intending to rob you; but your kindness to us and your prayers for all, saved both you and us as well."

Gratefully your friends,  
L. & K.

## The Temperance Movement.

If ever there was a time in the course of the evolution of vital Christianity, pure morality, and progressive permanent civilization, when what is known as "the temperance cause" felt called upon in any way to hang its head or apologize for its existence, that time has now gone past. And we think forever. There is every reason for believing, and every cause for thankfulness in the fact, that the days of its humiliation are ended, and that the days of its exaltation if not yet fully arrived, are nevertheless close at hand. The little one has become a thousand, and from the small one has sprung a "great nation" which is constantly receiving accessions of greatness and strength.

This "temperance movement" may be scoffed at, and so it is even yet, by those who have no sympathy with and no wish to do justice to its origin and objects. It may be despised, and so it is, by those in whom custom and prejudice take the place of an informing intelligence and courageous freedom of thought. It may be hated, and so it is, by those whose business interests are imperilled, or who fear that their appetites may suffer want. It may be any or all of these, but there is one thing it cannot any longer be, and that is—contemptuously ignored. By friend and foe it must be recognized as one of the greatest and most vital of the moral and spiritual activities of the present day.

It is sometimes asserted that this movement is not likely to last, that it has little or no sustaining power, that its past triumphs are no earnest of future successes, that it is of the nature

of a spasmodic enthusiasm, whose earnestness must be comparatively short-lived, and that its future movement is more likely to be backward than forward. Such assertions, even in so far as they may be allowed to pass in shape of argument, are not worth much, for they show a complete failure to comprehend the causes which lie at the bottom of this temperance movement in Britain, in Canada, and the United States.

These causes may be classified as threefold. In the first place, the temperance instruction given to the youth in faith and patience by the early pioneers of the movement has in large measure taken root, sprung up and brought forth fruit in the shape of earnest effort and effective votes. The heaven cast in has as yet but little more than begun to operate. And who shall say what the results may be before that divine chemical action which has to do with ideas in the mind and emotions in the heart of man shall have finished its workings?

Then, secondly, there is the scientific aid which has come to the temperance cause from various quarters. But most important of all, as accounting for the forward movement of this cause, and constituting the best pledge for its continuance and further progress, is the fact that the best moral forces of the age are ranged on its side. The church, the press, and the school-house, are well nigh universally favourable, while still more uncompromisingly so is what may well be considered as a moral force by itself—the influence of women. Its future course may not be one of uninterrupted success. That can hardly be expected. It will have its periods, no doubt, of ebb and flow. Like a mighty river, it will be impeded here, while there it bounds joyously forward, or even rushes madly past, sweeping all things before it, while still further on it glides so noiselessly, and seems to sleep so peacefully, but all the while its course is ever towards the welcoming sea.—Globe.

## A Ready Hand.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was out looking up an absent scholar. With neatly-clad feet she was picking her way over the muddy crossing. Just before her was a young girl carrying a pail of water. A blast of wind swept around the corner, and snatching her shawl from her shoulders, held it fluttering behind her. She set down her pail at the curbstone, to wrap it again about her. The lady behind reached out her hand, and laid it over her shoulder, saying kindly, "Wait a moment and I will find you a pin."

As the search went on, in a free, pleasant way she said, "As I came on behind you just now, something made me think of a woman who went to draw water from a well nearly two thousand years ago, and found something very precious there."

The pin was found, and the kid covered hands were put out to gather together the edges of the faded shawl. The pale face of the poor girl was lifted in amazement to the lovely countenance so near her own, but the kind voice went on: "I have a beautiful card at home with the picture and the story upon it. Will you tell me where you live, and let me bring it to you when I come this way next week."

"Yes, miss," said the girl in a timid voice, giving her name and number.

"Very well; I shall not forget you, but will certainly bring it to you the

next time I come." The girl carried the water into the house, with a flush upon her cheek and a flutter of joy in her heart. There was but little in her hard life to make it bright or pleasant, but this thoughtful act and kind words and promise of the lady seemed to create a rill of joy which flowed through her heart and made the week until the promise was fulfilled quite unlike the ordinary weeks of her life. Nor did the week end it, for her wonder at what the story might be proved a good preparation of the heart to receive it. Like the woman of Samaria, she, too, lugged to draw water from this wonderful well, and the lady in lessons of kind and patient instruction, at length led her to the "fountain opened for sin—a uncleanness."

How rich was the harvest of her "little deed of kindness," her "little words of love!" Did she think when she scattered these tiny seeds that she should reap pearls so soon? We do not think she even thought of a harvest; her heart was so full of loving-kindness that it could but express itself thus. If the heart be full of love, the lips will be ready with loving words, the hands with kind deeds and generous gifts, which are fitting exponents of the Christian at work.

## Bands of Hope.

Dedicated, by the sanction of Her Majesty,  
to the grandchildren of the Queen.

God bless the conquering Bands of Hope!  
God bless  
The young first-fruits of righteousness!  
God bless  
The men and women good, who lead them!  
God bless  
All soldiers of the glorious bands!  
God bless  
The conquering troops of many lands!  
Those who love God will pray "God speed" them!

We are Bands of Hope! Come hear our song,  
And join us in the song we raise;  
A song of mingled love and praise;  
While gleefully we march along;  
In faith, in health, in vigour, strong,  
We are Bands of Hope—young girls and boys!

Who bid you share their simple joys,  
We drink pure water from the spring;  
We touch no vile accursed drink;  
And children, though we be, we think,  
Good angels hear the song we sing.  
Armed for the certain war of life,  
We dread no danger in the strife;  
No foes with whom we cannot cope—  
We—soldiers in the Band of Hope.  
We are the Future! we who thus  
Are strengthened as our lives begin,  
Avoiding all the ways of sin:  
Good men and women helping us.  
Our pastors teach the holy plan—  
That love of God is love of man.  
We Bands of Hope, we march along,  
While angels hear and join our song!

THE career of Henry Fawcett, late Postmaster-General of England, furnishes a remarkable instance of what pluck, energy, and perseverance can accomplish in the face of terrible odds. Blind almost from the opening of his career, he yet grasped a high place among the representative Englishmen of his day, and left an indelible impress upon the legislation of his country. His affliction seems, instead of embarrassing his progress, to have sharpened his powers, quickened his perceptions, and ripened his judgment, a not unfamiliar experience in the history of the blind. Mr. Fawcett was also materially assisted in his life-work by his estimable wife. He himself pronounced her the author of his success, the chief guiding and sustaining influence of his life.

## Memories of the Old Kitchen.

FAR back in my musings, my thoughts have been cast  
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed.  
I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,  
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all.  
Its chairs and its table, none brighter could be,  
For all its surroundings were sacred to me,  
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door;  
And I loved every crack of that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place with mouth high and wide,  
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,  
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,  
And then, too, St. Nicholas, slyly and still,  
Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill;  
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store,  
Is the mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,  
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light;  
For it seemed to me then that she knew not a care,  
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear.  
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes  
When she told us the stories that children so prize,  
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before  
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the window where mornings I'd run,  
As soon as the daybreak, to watch for the sun;  
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached to the sill,  
That it slept through the night, in the trees of the hill.  
And the small tract of ground that my eyes there could view  
Was to me a great world of which little I knew;  
Indeed I cared not to know of it more,  
For a world in itself was that old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions came back at their will,  
But the wheel and its music forever are still;  
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,  
And the fingers that turned it lie mouldering in clay;  
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,  
And the voices of children ring out there again;  
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,  
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honour, but for this I would crave,  
That when the lips speaking are hushed in the grave,  
My children will gather theirs round at their side,  
And tell of the mother that long ago died.  
'T would be more enduring, far dearer to me  
Than inscription on marble or granite could be,  
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,  
Of the mother that trod the old kitchen floor.

—Selected.

## John Wesley and Sunday-Schools.

AN article on Sunday-schools in the *Southern Quarterly* shows that forty years before Raikes gathered the children at Gloucester, John Wesley had organized a Sunday-school at Savannah, in Georgia. And fourteen years before Raikes' schools, Miss Hannah Ball, a young Methodist, had a Sunday school at High Wycombe.

It is a familiar story how Raikes, seeing a lot of ragged children in the street, said to a young woman, what

can we do for them? To this she replied, "Let us teach them to read and take them to Church." That young woman was a Methodist, by name Sophia Cooke, an humble and pious Christian, and a true follower of John Wesley. She was afterwards well known in the history of Methodism as the devoted wife of Joseph Bradburn, one of Wesley's ablest and most useful itinerant preachers. On the Sabbath, when Raikes' Sunday-school was first opened, Sophia Cooke walked to the Parish Church, alongside of Robert Raikes, at the head of the ragged children, whom they had gathered from the slums of Gloucester. And thus we see that even Raikes was indebted for his plan to Methodism. His Sunday-school scheme had a Methodist origin, and it received a Methodist baptism at its birth.

The plan of Raikes was a noble one, and gave an immense impetus to Sunday-school instruction. From the time he published his first account of it, the great movement was fairly inaugurated. But to John Wesley, Robert Raikes himself was mainly indebted for his success. Wesley immediately published Raikes' account of it in his own *Arminian Magazine*, gave to the plan his unqualified approval, and urged its adoption upon his preachers and societies. The saintly Fletcher, at Madeley, and many other Methodists elsewhere, at once established Sunday-schools in their respective charges, and forwarded the good work. While many of the Established Church, and particularly Bishop Horsley, wrote and spoke against Sunday-schools, Wesley and his itinerants, with voice and pen, seconded the movement, and assured its success. Nothing could withstand the Methodist fire and the Methodist zeal, which were thrown into the movement. Wesley was the first to see that God had "a deeper end therein than men are aware of," and to speak of them as "nurseries for Christians." To his itinerants he spoke and wrote, encouraging the work with the same fiery zeal with which he preached to the felons at Newgate, and the carriers at Kingswood. To Richard Rodda, in 1787, he wrote: "It seems these (Sunday-schools) will be one great means of reviving religion throughout the nation;" to Duncan Wright, in 1788: "I verily believe these Sunday-schools are the noblest specimens of charity which have been set on foot in England since the time of William the Conqueror;" and to Charles Atmore, in 1890: "I am glad you have set up Sunday-schools in New Castle. It is one of the noblest institutions which has been seen in Europe for centuries, and will increase more and more, provided the teachers and inspectors do their duty. Therefore, be sure to watch over these with great care, that they may not grow weary in well doing." And now, to give some idea of the impetus which John Wesley gave to Sunday-schools in England, it is estimated that, in 1787, only three years after Wesley wrote them up in his *Arminian Magazine*, there were more than two hundred thousand children already in them.

"Wesley's primary object in all his Sunday-school work, was to bring the children to Christ. Never did he allow himself, or his preachers, to delegate to others the duty expressed and implied in the Master's command to Peter, "Feed my lambs." His

Sunday-schools were indeed "nurseries for Christians." Thousands were converted to God in them; and from them many were called of God to preach the gospel. In his Sunday-school plans Wesley was powerfully seconded by John Fletcher, whose very last public work was in behalf of the Sunday-schools which he had set up in and around Madeley. No one knew better how to interest children, and fix their attention, than that great and good man. Any incident that occurred he seized upon for this purpose. Once a robin flew into the house; the eyes of all the children were intent upon watching the movements of the little bird. "Now," said Fletcher, "I see you can attend to that robin. Well, I will take that robin for my text." "He then," says Wesley, "gave them a useful lecture on the harmlessness of that little creature, and the tender care of its Creator." The result was, many children in Fletcher's Parish were led to Christ by the faithful and godly instruction received in his Sunday-schools.

But no one impressed children more profoundly, or led more of them to Christ, than John Wesley. They gathered around him wherever he went; they often blocked up the entrance to the Church where he was to preach, and even hung upon the skirts of his garments, that they might receive his blessing. Robert Southey, who became poet laureate of England, and Wesley's biographer, tells us, that when he was a boy at Bristol, John Wesley laid his hand upon his head in blessing, and that he felt that touch as a benediction through all his subsequent life.

Robert Raikes, as we have also seen, kept up his Sunday-schools by paid teachers; John Wesley conducted his by teachers, who gave willidg and conducted service, free of charge. The love of souls for whom Jesus died, solely actuated John Wesley, his preachers and his teachers. The latter taught reading, and when it was necessary, even writing, but they taught gratuitously. Listen to Wesley's account of his Schools at Boston:

"From Mr. Peel's we went to Boston. Here are eight hundred poor children, taught in our Sunday-schools, by about eight masters, who receive no pay but what they are to receive from their great Master. About a hundred of them, part boys and part girls, are taught to sing, and they sang so true, that all singing together, seemed to be but one voice. The house was thoroughly filled, while I explained and applied the first commandment. . . . In the evening, many of the children still hovering round the house, I desired forty or fifty to come in and sing, 'Vital spark of heavenly flame.' Although some of them were silent, not being able to sing for tears, yet the harmony was such as I believe, could not be equalled in the king's chapel."

Of another visit to Boston, he writes:

"This I must avow, there is not such another set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms as there is at Boston. There cannot be; for we have near a hundred such thobles—boys and girls, selected out of our Sunday-schools, and accurately taught—as are not to be found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music room, within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they all

sing, and the beauty of many of them so suits the melody, that I dofy any to exceed it; except the singing of angels in our Father's house."

Now, there was a better judge of music, and good singing, in the three Kingdoms, than John Wesley. He not only revived vital godliness, but he gave to the Churches a pure hymnology, and pure church music. It is well known that his brother Charles' immortal lyrics, before they were adapted to Church worship, received the finishing touch of his more exquisite taste; and it is well known that the influence of this many-sided man upon Church music was as great as his influence upon hymnology. But let us conclude his account of his Boston Sunday-schools with one more extract from his *Journal*. Sunday, April 20, 1778, he was again there, and thus wrote:

"At eight, and at one, the house was thoroughly filled. About three, I met between nine hundred and a thousand of the children, belonging to our Sunday-schools. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain in their apparel. All were serious and well behaved. Many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as, I believe, England or Europe can afford. When they all sang together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theater; and, what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in his salvation. These are a pattern to all the town. Their *diversion* (italics ours) is to visit the poor that are sick, (sometimes six, or eight, or ten together,) to exhort, comfort, and pray with them. Frequently, ten or more of them, got together to sing and pray by themselves; sometimes, thirty or forty; and are so earnestly engaged, eternately singing, praying, and crying, that they know not how to part."

Such was John Wesley's Sunday-schools! Where is there one like them? What improvements has been made on them? Oh! for Wesley's spirit in the preachers and in the teachers! We hear a great deal, in this day, about new methods. They are too often, we fear, but substitutes for Wesley's spirit, and Wesley's consecration. Would to God we could, in this Centennial year of American Methodism, go back to his methods, and catch the spirit which made his Sunday-schools such "nurseries for Christians."

A CANTON missionary says that many of the heathen families whom he knew spent two-fifths of their income for idolatrous purposes. The editor of the *Indian Methodist Watchman* reports the same fact of natives of the Deccan and Southern India.

In Syria the magistrates refuse to put the oath to a convert of the missionaries. They say: "He is a Protestant; he will not lie, he does not need an oath."

A DECREE of toleration has just been granted by the Czar, Alexander III., to Russian dissenters from the Greek Churches, who number from twelve to fifteen millions.

DURING the past year the foreign missionary societies of the world report a gain of 308,643 communicants.

IN Morocco, with its six or seven millions of people, there is but one Christian missionary, who labours among the Jews at Mogador, and but one mission school.

**His Advent.**

"THE King is coming! Strow the way  
With branching palms and lily flowers;  
Let banners wave in proud array,  
And mirth and music crowd the day  
Through all its rosy hours."

So spake the people long ago;  
But when indeed the King had come,  
There was no rushing to and fro,  
No trumpet-call or pompous show,  
And every voice was dumb.

For lo, within a manger-bed  
He lay, a little naked child;  
No glory was about Him shed,  
Save that above His crownless head  
A virgin mother smiled.

What would the world of such a King?  
Away with Him! their high priest cried;  
Nor ceased until—ah, cruel thing!  
An eager crowd came hurrying  
To see him crucified.

High priest and populace did meet  
With one accord their King to slay;  
They pierced His hands; they nailed His  
feet;  
There never was so sad and sweet  
A sight before that day.

For He who hung upon a tree  
With His last breath their sin forgave,  
Even while they gibed Him scornfully—  
"Others He saved, forsooth, but see,  
Himself He cannot save."

Ah, King divine! whose wrath indeed  
The world unworthy never knew—  
Dost thou still live to intercede  
For creatures blind to their own need,  
Who know not what they do?

The wise and learned answer nay!  
But babe and suckling let me be,  
Content to know no more than they,  
If so I can but find the way,  
O King that leads to Thee!

that there are so many Christian women in the world. If the women in the United States, for example, formed but one-third of the membership, and the men two-thirds, the case would be far more deplorable than it is. We say nothing about the superiority of American women, as a rule, in point of intellectuality, culture, and refinement, when compared with the men; though that is a fact which has not escaped the observation of temporary sojourners in that country. But the women have the future in their keeping more than the men. The men and women of the next generation will be, in a great measure, what the mothers of the present have made them. In this fact, more than any other, lies the real dignity and power of woman. She is the moulder and fashioner of the character of the race.

There may be good men who had worthless and wicked mothers. The grace of God is not limited to the children of good women. There are to be found in the Church of God reputable and pious people who have had neither fathers nor mothers whose example they could safely follow. But these, probably, form exceptions to the general rule. Wherever you find an exceptionally great or good man, you may conclude that there was some element of real character in his mother. History is full of facts which point to this conclusion.

There is no class of people to whom the Church and the world are so much indebted as to Christian mothers. The most important fact—the most stupendous, and far-reaching in its consequences—is Methodism. But, humanly speaking, Methodism could never have existed but for the beautiful, the accomplished, the gifted and devoted Susannah Wesley. She was, as Dr. Abel Stevens remarks, the real founder of Methodism. It had its origin in the Rectory of Epworth, rather than in the halls of Oxford.

And since Mrs. Susannah Wesley's day, how many thousands of Christian mothers have been building upon the foundation which she laid! Not to speak of the influence of their personal example and labours, their gifts to Methodism have been of the most priceless value. To them it is indebted for most, if not all, of its most gifted, devoted, and successful ministers and labourers in other departments of Christian work. One of the most remarkable things connected with the proceedings of the Centennial Conference, which met in Baltimore some time ago, was the testimony which was incidentally borne to the value of Christian women, and especially of Christian mothers to the Church.

**Results of Prohibition.**

BY THE EDITOR.

THE beneficent results that have accrued from even partial and transient restrictions of the liquor traffic give a hopeful augury of the very great benefit which would result from its entire suppression.

Dr. Lees, in his argument for prohibition, enumerates many of these examples. During a temporary stoppage of distillation in 1812-13, crime decreased one-sixth. In consequence of Father Mathew's success in Ireland, crime was reduced to the extent of one-third, as compared with preceding years, and one-half as compared with succeeding years.



A CANOE IN THE RAPIDS.

It is, however, in the United States of America that the experiment of legal prohibition of the liquor traffic has been carried out on the largest scale, and with the most satisfactory results. An immense body of testimony demonstrates its efficiency beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Governor Dutton writes, some months after its inauguration: "It has completely swept the pernicious traffic, as a business, from the State. An open groggery cannot be found; I have not seen a drunken person here since the first of August." Governor Morrill says: "In ten days every tavern in the town where I reside was closed. In two years all the liquor required for medicinal and mechanical purposes cost only \$198. For twenty years before, the annual expenditure was not less than \$8,000 or \$10,000."

The Hon. Neal Dow says: "At the beginning of the year the number of open rum shops in the city of Portland was from 300 to 400, the receipts of which, at \$3.00 a day, a low estimate, would be \$270,000. Now there is not one. Many rum shops were converted to other branches of trade.

The following are extracts from an interesting letter from Hon. Neal Dow to the Chairman of a Parliamentary Commission of the Canadian Legislature appointed to inquire into the working of the prohibitory law in Maine. He says: "Under the operation of the law, pauperism and crime diminished wonderfully. In some of our towns pauperism ceased entirely. In others the gaols were literally tenantless, and in all of them the number of prisoners greatly diminished. The wholesale liquor trade was utterly destroyed without a single prosecution."

THE hand of the poor is the purse of God.—*Du Vair.*

**Romantic and Perilous Scene.**

OUR picture presents us with a romantic and perilous scene. See this torrent rushing madly down these rapids, between towering ledges and among huge boulders. How can these frail canoes pass without being dashed to atoms?

It is wonderful how experienced boatmen will navigate in safety amid such perils.

But there is another peril, more fearful than the cataract. There is a wily Indian with his bow bent, ready to send his unerring arrow to the heart of these boatmen. They may escape the perils of water, but how can they escape the Indian's deadly attack?

In many of the older portions of our America, the early inhabitants were in constant peril from these wily savages. And can it be any wonder that the Indians were so ready to avenge the many wrongs they had suffered from white men? They had been driven from their hunting grounds again and again, defrauded in every way by dishonest and avaricious agents of the government; treaties have been disregarded and violated; and how could they regard the white man otherwise than as a foe?

If we should have friends among the Indians, no less than among our neighbours, we must show ourselves friendly. This has been the unvarying policy of the Canadian Government, and, as a consequence, in all our dealings with the Indians for their lands not one drop of blood has been shed, while in the United States there have been cruel Indian wars, which have cost hundreds of lives and millions of dollars.

HE that is unwilling to serve God in pain and patience is unworthy of so good a Master.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1885.

**Christian Mothers.**

THERE are twice as many women in the Churches in the United States as there are men. Two-thirds of the members of the Churches are women, while only one-third belong to the opposite sex. This is not as it should be, for there are as many men in the world as there are women; and the men need the influence of the Church quite as much as their mothers and wives and sisters do. The men and the boys ought to be in the Churches in quite as large numbers as the girls and women are. The men require the the Churches, and the Churches need the men. The existing state of things is an unfortunate one both for the Churches and the men.

And yet it cannot but be regarded as one of the most hopeful facts of the current history of the Church of God



CARING FOR THE SICK AT SEA.

**The Dying Street Arab.**

I KNOWS what you mean, I'm a-dyin'—  
Well, I ain't no worse nor the rest.  
'Tain't them as does nothin' but prayin',  
I reckons, as is the best.

I ain't had no father nor mother  
A-tellin' me wrong from the right;  
The streets ain't the place—is it, parson?—  
For sayin' your prayers of a night.

I never knowed who was my father,  
And mother, she died long ago;  
The folks here they brought me up some-  
hows—  
It ain't much they've teach'd me, I know.

Yet I thinks they'll be sorry, and miss me,  
When took right away from this here;  
For sometimes I catches them slyly  
A-wipin' away of a tear.

And they says as they hopes I'll get better;  
I can't be no worse when I'm dead;  
I ain't had so jolly a time on't—  
A-dyin' by inches for bread.

I've stood in them streets precious often,  
When the wet's been a-pourin' down,  
And I ain't had so much as a mouthful,  
Nor never so much as a "brown."

I've looked in them shops with the winders  
Chokeful of what's tidy to eat,  
And I've heerd gents a-larfin' and talkin'  
While I drops like a dorg at their feet.

But it's kind on you, sir, to sit by me;  
I ain't now afeared o' your face;  
And I hopes, if it's true as you teils me,  
We'll meet in that t'other place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,  
And talk to them here in the court;  
They'll mind what you says, you're a par-  
son;  
There won't be no larkin' nor sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,  
And hopin' to see them again;  
That I'm gone to that land where the weary  
Is freed of his trouble and pain.

Now open that book as you give me—  
I feels as it never tells lies—

And 'read me them words—you know,  
guv'nor—  
As is good for a chap when he dies.

There, give me your hand, sir, and thank'ee  
For the good as you've done a poor lad.  
Who knows, had they teach'd me some  
better,  
I mightn't have growed up so bad.  
—*Matthias Barr, in Night and Day.*

"*True, and Other Stories*"—The other stories in question are "Major Barrington's Marriage," "Bad Peppers," "The Three Bridges," and "In Each Other's Shoes." They are all by George Parsons Lathrop. "True" is a tale of North Carolina life, and one, too, of quite uncommon interest and no little dramatic power. The basis for the plot is laid in the separation of two English lovers, who lived about two hundred years ago. She emigrated to America with her father. Her lover at the last moment was forced to remain in England. They never met again. But in the chance meeting two centuries afterwards of a descendant of the English lover with representatives of his sweetheart's line, Mr. Lathrop has the materials of a romance which he uses with a great degree of skill. New York: Funk and Wagnall's: Toronto: William Briggs. Price, paper 25c; extra cloth, \$1.00.

A NEPHEW of the King of Corea, a son of its Prime Minister, and the son of a military mandarin, have entered the Southern Methodist College at Shanghai.

A GERMAN missionary lately remarked to a Christian Boer as he looked at his parched fields, "You must be very anxious for rain." "No, sir," he answered, "anxiety belongs to the heathen."

**A Sailor's Wife.**

THERE have been heroines as well as heroes upon the sea, and of these Mrs. Annie Wilson is one. When she was fourteen years of age she married the captain of a vessel, and for seven years accompanied him on his voyages around the world without accident.

But in 1872 the ship encountered a terrible storm off the banks of Newfoundland. The captain was knocked down and his shoulder was broken. The first mate and several of the crew were also disabled, and the second mate was so frightened that he could not give any orders. The captain was carried down, lashed on a door, into the cabin; and when his wife saw him rendered helpless in this way, instead of yielding to lamentations, she only thought of what she could do to supply his place. She rushed on deck, and called the men around her.

"Boys, our lives are in danger," she said: "but stick to me, and I'll take you into port all right."

She set them to work to clear away the wreck. They manned the pumps; and when the gale had subsided a little, they rigged up a jury-mast, under their new captain's orders, set sail again, and in twenty-one days the ship was safely anchored at St. Thomas.

After the necessary repairs had been made there, and as her husband was still quite helpless, the brave woman worked the ship to Liverpool, and made the voyage in thirty days. After this she settled down in New York, and for seven years supported her crippled husband and her child by working in a dry-goods store.

When her husband died Secretary Sherman appointed her to the post of Inspectress in the New York Custom-house.—*Harper's Young People.*

**A Visit to the Toronto Lunatic Asylum.**

THE Editor of this paper goes at regular intervals to the Lunatic Asylum, at Toronto, to preach to the inmates. It is sad to see so many deprived of their reason, but a cause of gratitude that such wise and kind provision is made for their recovery, or safe keeping. The insane who are permitted to attend the religious service are very orderly; indeed, a casual observer might not know that they are insane. They enjoy the singing very much, and sing beautifully. One day one of my hearers began to take notes of the sermon very ostentatiously, but soon he stopped in a very contemptuous manner—as if there was nothing worth writing down—which was not very complimentary to the preacher. After the service, the last time I was there, one of the patients asked me very eagerly if the Christ had come again. He went on to tell me that He must come soon, and was very earnest and serious indeed. Thousands have observed from the railway the huge pile of buildings which contains 800 inhabitants, but they know little of its internal economy.

The following is an account of a recent visit to this institution:—

I visited the Lunatic Asylum here the other day, and was kindly shown through the wards and departments of the establishment by the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Clark, who explained the internal arrangements, the general working and expense of it, and gave me such information as I desired. There are upwards of 700 patients, and one nurse to, say, 16. The obtaining of such a large number of suitable nurses is one of the difficulties connected with the efficient and orderly working of the asylum. They are all dressed in neat uniform, and are intelligent looking persons, who move about among the patients with an air of quiet dignity, which well befits those holding such responsible situations, evidently taking pleasure in promoting the welfare and happiness of those committed to their charge. There are 14 dining rooms, and two nurses preside at the table in each room. It was dinner time, and I was surprised to find them dining with knives and forks, and with as much decorum and quiet as an ordinary family, while left alone under the control of only one nurse. They had good soup, beef, mutton, vegetables, &c., and they seemed to enjoy the meal, as well as each other's company. They were also much pleased to see the kind doctor-superintendent.

**THE FARM.**

They kill their own meat and grow their own vegetables, chiefly, and have no contracts; they cleared upward of \$16,000 from the farm produce last year. They have a regular farmer, who superintends the work, but the work is done largely by the patients. They have fifty acres inside the walls, in the midst of which stands the asylum, and 70 acres outside, the latter comprises the farm lands, the soil of which is excellent and very productive, being well tilled and manured. 456 persons, being more than one-half of the patients, were engaged in some kind of labour indoor and outside during the past year. Experience has proved that exercise, both for mind and body, is one of the best antidotes for minds diseased. Men, as a rule, are quieter and more melancholy than women, and consequently give less trouble to the

nurses, but all seemed to be under complete and quiet control. Dr. Clark said he had showed me both the best and the worst places in the asylum, and I saw neither chains nor cells, nor even a straight jacket. The inmates had perfect freedom within their own wards, and very rarely had they even to confine patients in their own rooms. The furniture, blinds, doors &c., are so arranged and fixed that those of suicidal tendencies cannot harm themselves in any serious manner, and strong wire screens are fixed and locked over grate fireplaces, so that none of them can burn themselves, and yet they can get sufficiently near to enjoy the warmth and the light of the blazing coals. There are large verandahs overlooking the beautiful grounds, which are well secured by a neatly-hooped fence, through which they can gaze and enjoy the fine extensive views, looking toward the bay and the lake. All the surroundings being calculated to please the eye, inspire hope, and comfort them in their confinement, and thus help them on toward an ultimate recovery. All their surroundings are as pleasant as they well can be, and within the house they seem to have every needful comfort.

#### PRIVATE WARDS.

There are six private wards, containing 268 patients, their weekly board ranging from two dollars to six dollars. The halls and parlours of these wards are equal to those of most respectable families, and the patients come from almost every part of the Dominion and a few from the United States.

The cleanliness, quiet, order, and ventilation seemed to be almost perfect, and the asylum is a noble institution and a credit to Ontario, and just as we need in Quebec, only a much smaller one would do for a beginning. Shall we ever get one? There are several cottage departments on the grounds which remain unlocked in the day time, and Dr. Clark stated that he would much prefer the cottage plan if he was building a new asylum. It is more home like and better for ventilation and classification, and an improvement in every way on the one large building plan. Dr. Clark says it is absolutely essential to the success and thorough working of an insane asylum that it should be near a large city. And while medical skill is an essential qualification in the manager and superintendent, executive ability is no less so. He was learning something every day; experience was the best teacher. The asylum is lighted with gas and heated with hot water.

#### CURES.

The annual proportion of cures in the four asylums in Ontario containing 3,000 patients averages from 38 per cent. to 40 per cent. of the annual admissions. The chronic insane average about 90 per cent. of the entire asylum population.

#### ADMISSION.

With regard to the mode of admission, firstly, one class is admitted on the certificate of two legally qualified medical practitioners; secondly, those who are put into gaols temporarily until room is provided for such in the asylums, are declared insane by the county judge, the gaol surgeon, and another medical practitioner. These being subject to the approval of the medical superintendent, who, however,

is himself legally disqualified from giving a medical certificate of insanity.

#### EXPENSES.

The cost of each patient averages \$2.40 per week. This covers all expenditure—salaries, repairs, clothing and food, in short, all outlay, except on capital account.

The names of patients are never given to visitors, some of whom belong to highly respectable families. The city of Toronto furnishes a very considerable proportion of those who are confined in this excellent institution.

Lectures are given during the winter season by Dr. Clark on the subject of "Insanity, its causes, cure," &c., to the medical students of the University. Religious services are also held regularly on the Sabbath by the city clergymen, and concerts are given by the choirs of the city churches. These religious services and concerts are said to be greatly enjoyed by the patients, and no doubt they have a calming effect and do them good. Dr. Clark here, and Dr. Bucke, of the London Asylum, have given the non-restraint system joined with kind and gentle treatment, a fair and full trial, and they have found that in almost every case the new plan has been successful. The quietness and good order which prevail is mainly due to kind treatment. People here were shocked at the late revelations concerning the Longue Pointe Asylum and surprised that the Attorney-General had refused to allow any but one doctor to investigate the Lynam case.

S. MASSEY.

#### The Little Comforter.

I HAVE a little comforter  
That climbs upon my knee,  
And makes the world seem passable  
When things go wrong with me.  
She never is the one to say:  
"If you had only been  
More careful and more sensible  
This thing had been foreseen."  
She blesses me,  
Cares for me,  
And whispers: "Never mind:  
To-morrow night  
All will be right;  
My papa, good and kind."

To give me wise and good advice  
I have of friends a score;  
But then the trouble ever is,  
I know it all before.  
And when one's heart is full of care,  
One's plans all in a mess,  
The wisest reasoning, I think,  
Can't make the trouble less.  
My Mamie's way  
Is just to say:  
"Oh, papa, don't be sad;  
To-morrow night  
All will be right,  
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been much to blame,  
Some say: "I told you so;"  
And others sigh: "What can't be helped  
Must be endured, you know."  
Of course, if trouble can be helped,  
Then crying is in vain:  
But a wrong will not come right,  
Why should we not complain?  
In Mamie's eyes  
I'm always wise,  
She never thinks me wrong;  
It's understood  
I'm always good—  
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,  
All day been on the strain;  
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,  
Or if I like, complain.  
My daughter thinks as papa thinks,  
And in her loving sight  
I am a clever, prudent man,  
Who has done all things right.  
Faith so complete,  
Oh, it is sweet,

When neither wise nor strong;  
But love stands best  
The bitter toast  
Of sorrow and of wrong.

Then come, my little comforter,  
And climb upon my knee;  
You make the world seem passable  
When things go wrong with me.  
For you've the wisdom far beyond  
The reach of any sage.  
Say: "Papa, dear,  
Now don't you fear:  
Before to-morrow night  
The cares you dread  
Will all have fled,  
And everything be bright."

#### Prohibition.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE opponents of prohibition triumphantly ask if its advocates expect to make men moral by Act of Parliament?—that being, it is assumed, the very climax of absurdity. Although prohibition may not make men moral, it may, at least, remove the temptations to immorality. It can cast the stigma of disgrace and illegality on the sale of liquor, instead of endorsing the practice by declaring its legality. Licensing the evil is certainly not the way of preventing, but rather of perpetuating it. Experience has shown that the restriction of the traffic is always followed by a decrease in crime, a diminution of poverty, and an increase of the other and profitable branches of trade. For it is the vicious peculiarity of the liquor traffic that it is not governed, as other legitimate branches of commerce are, by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but that it creates an unnatural and unhealthy demand for itself, stimulating, and increasing the appetite to which it ministers, which, when the facilities for its indulgence are removed, dies away of itself. It may be true, as the opponents of prohibition assert, that if a man chooses to get drunk, he will do so, even in spite of prohibition. But few men deliberately choose to get drunk; but are overcome before they are aware. They dally with temptation till the appetite has acquired such a tyranny, that in the presence of liquor, or even where there is a probability of obtaining it, they lose all control of their appetites, and many voluntarily seek protection therefrom, even within the walls of an asylum or a prison.

We are met, at every attempt to suppress the traffic, by an outcry against the unconstitutionality of legal prohibition. We are told that it is an invasion of the liberty of the subject—of his sacred rights as a free-born Briton. But no man has the right to injure his neighbour, either with or without his consent; and whoever engages as a principal or accessory in the liquor traffic is guilty of an offence against society, and especially of a grievous wrong against the victims of that traffic. The fact that no one has the natural right to sell this death-dealing poison is implied in the Government license system, which arbitrarily confers the legal privilege—the moral right it cannot give—on a certain limited number for a certain sum of money, and may as justly, nay, much more justly, withhold that privilege from all than grant it to any.

The law will not allow any one to sell tainted or unwholesome food, and the wilful adulteration of food renders the perpetrators of the offence amenable to severe legal penalties. In many places, too, no druggists may sell poisons without the authority of a

medical certificate, and no one thinks these wholesome restrictions unconstitutional. Why, then, should the prohibition of the sale of those pernicious beverages, which poison more men and women in a week than all the adulterated food and noxious drugs in the country in an entire year, be considered unconstitutional?

"If penal legislation," writes Pionpont, "be justified in any case, why not in this? If it be penal to kill your neighbour with a bullet, why should it not be penal to kill him with the bowl? If it be penal to take away life by poison which does its work in six hours, why not penal to do so by one which takes six years for its deadly operation? Arsenic takes away animal life merely, while alcohol gives not only ten times the amount of animal agony, but also destroys the soul, sapping all moral feeling, quenching all intellectual light. Therefore," he says, "I ask a more severe punishment for that crime which works the moral and immortal ruin, than for that whose touch overturns a mere tenement of clay." Yet, with a glaring inconsistency, the Government, whose function is surely not less the prevention of crime, where that is possible, than its punishment, will authorize the manufacture and sale of that, the legitimate and inseparable consequences of which it relentlessly punishes.

#### A Boy's Faith.

In order to prove that God hears the prayers of little children, I wish to tell you how wonderfully the prayer of quite a small boy was answered, although the way in which it was asked was a very unusual one.

Little Willie Bruce lived in England. His parents died when he was a very small child, and he was left without money and without friends, and after awhile was placed in the care of an old woman who was not a Christian and who had never taught him to know and love the Saviour. One day he met a boy of his acquaintance who was also very poor, but who had learned thus early, from a good Christian mother, to trust entirely in God; and when Willie told his friend how very unhappy he was, he assured him that God was always ready to help just such as he and advised him to go to Him at once.

Now he did not tell him the way to go, and being very anxious to be helped and not knowing exactly where to find Christ, he decided that the quickest way would be to write Him a letter. He really could not write, only print. And so, setting himself with pencil and paper, before a small table which stood at the foot of his bed, he set about it, and these were the words he put down: "My dear Jesus—I'm only a poor little boy and, perhaps, you won't mind me, but I'm in great distress. A friend of mine told me about you and said you'd be sure to listen, and that you was once very poor yourself. I haven't any mother to care for me, and love me, and I do want her so to tell her all my troubles. I want to go to school so that I can grow up to be a good and useful man. Do, dear Jesus, tell me how to get the money, and I will love Thee very much. Give me what is best and I will try to be good. Amen."

Of course the words were badly spelled and the handwriting very poor and uneven, but for all that as Willie

folded up the letter, and directed it in his quaint way, though he looked serious and thoughtful all the while, he never felt so happy in all his life in the thought of the answer he should get from this great Friend that Tom Nevins told him about.

The next morning, bright and early, he carried the important missive to the post-office before old Peggy was up. It was not even open, but he loitered about until it was and then deposited it. The clerks in the office were surprised to see such a strange direction. The postmaster desired it to be thrown aside, thinking it must have come from some foolish or insane person. But when all the other letters had been sent off, he took it up again, examined it, looked at the peculiar chirography and original spelling, and seeing that it came from a child, he opened it and was deeply touched by this simply written, earnest prayer.

He showed it to a friend of his, a member of a benevolent society, who was determined to leave no stone unturned to find out the whereabouts of this trustful little boy—meanwhile he thought he would take it and read it at one of their meetings.

It happened that a lady of large wealth, one who was interested in every charitable work, was present, and when she heard Willie's letter read it seemed to her a message from the very Lord Himself, telling her to take care of that desolate child of His, "one of His little ones." Next day she found out where he lived, sent for him, and, learning just what he desired to do, this good woman placed him in school where he desired to be, and then at college, and to-day he stands before the world a minister of the gospel, beloved and honoured, and faithful in every good word and work.

So we see that though the letter that was sent to heaven never got there, yet the prayer did, and the answer came all the same, and so will every prayer of God's smallest children if they have faith to trust Him.

No doubt Willie had often heard that the quickest way of sending messages to friends at a distance was by letter, and probably he had heard that Jesus had gone up to heaven, and that seemed so far away he thought this would be the best way of reaching Him and telling Him his need.

Then let this little story of Willie Bruce's written prayer show us that Christ does not care in what way we ask Him, for has He not said to us all, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He looks at the heart and not at the manner in which things are done.

#### Saying Amen to Jesus.

"LIONEL, get your Bible and card, and read your Scripture portion," called mother, as she drew her work-table closer to her side, and turned up the lamp.

"All right, mother," said Lionel, although he was deep in an interesting book; and taking his Bible from his drawer, and seating himself by his mother's side, he commenced reading aloud to her. And then they had one of their pleasant talks together—talks which seemed to Lionel to bring God and Christ and Heaven so very close to him, and to help him to understand how it was his mother's face looked always calm and sweet and beautiful. By-and-bye they got to talking about faith, and mother asked Lionel what

faith was. Lionel thought gravely, for a time, and then said:

"Of course, mother, it is the same as 'believing' and 'trusting.' I wish you would put it plainer, though, for sometimes I get so puzzled over the words, and think—and think—until I hardly know whether I do or don't believe in Jesus."

"A little child once defined faith as 'just saying "Amen" to Jesus,' Lionel" answered his mother, watching him with her tenderest smile, "and I think that is a very plain way of putting it. When Jesus hung on the cross for our sins, He said, 'It is finished.' You and I who believe He died there for our sins say 'Amen' to that. God raised Him from the dead, and tells us He is well pleased with all who look to His dear Son for salvation. Let us say 'Amen' to that. He tells us there is 'no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus,' and we gladly answer 'Amen.' It does not matter whether He bids us take up the cross, or share His joy—whether He bids us to follow Him on earth, or to serve Him in Heaven—whatever He says to us we believe and say 'Amen' to. It seems to me that our lives ought to be one long 'Amen' to all God's promises."

"I like that thought, mother," said Lionel. "It is easy to say 'Amen' to all God's love, but not so easy to say 'Amen' to all God's will, I think."

"You are right, my boy, and now run off to bed."

"Oh! wait a bit, mother; it's only nine, and I am not a bit tired," urged the boy.

"My darling," said his mother, as she closed his book and kissed his brow, "God's will for you is obedience to your mother's wishes. I know you won't always find it easy to say 'Amen' to them, but try to do so cheerfully and willingly."

"Mother; you've caught me," cried Lionel, as he threw his arms round her neck for a good-night kiss, "but I'll really try."

Young reader, have you said "Amen" to the call and promises of Jesus? Have you heard His voice saying, "Come unto Me," and have you said—Lord, I come?

And if you have come to Him, is your life saying "Amen" to His will, however that will crosses your plans and pleasures and wishes?

#### The Christian's Fatherland.

WHERE is the Christian's Fatherland?  
Is it the holy Hebrew land?  
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,  
Or by the Galilean deep?  
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave  
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,  
Or sought to win by brand and blade  
The tomb where their dear Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland  
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,  
Where Apostolic wanderers first  
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?  
Or where, on many a mystic page,  
Byzantine's prelate, Coptic sage,  
Fondly essayed to intertwine  
Earth's shadows with the light divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland [hand,  
Where, with crowned head and croziered  
The ghost of empire proudly sits,  
And on the grave of Caesar sits?  
O, by those world-embracing walls,  
O, in those vast and pictured halls,  
O, underneath in that soaring dome,  
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland—  
He still looks on from land to land—  
Is it where German conscience woke,  
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?  
Or where by Zurich's shore was heard  
The calm Helvetian's earnest word?

Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,  
Stern Calvin reared his unseemly throne?  
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth  
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer band,  
Our own, our native Fatherland?  
Where law and freedom, side by side,  
In heaven's behalf have gladly vied; [rung  
Where prayer and praise for years have  
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,  
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave  
The fire-side nook, the ocean wave,  
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,  
Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian, no, not even here,  
By Christmas hearth or church-yard dear;  
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh  
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry;  
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,  
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame; [star;  
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's  
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er  
Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air:  
Where Christ-like faith is keen to seek  
What truth or conscience freely speak;  
Where Christ-like love delights to span  
The rents that sever man from man;  
Where round God's throne His just ones  
stand:—  
There, Christian, is thy Fatherland.

#### New Shoes.

"I WONDER if there can be a pair of shoes in it!"

Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly dark-coloured stone jug. He eyed it sharply, but finding it quite impossible to see through its sides, pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in.

"Can't see nothin', but it's so dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything. I've a great mind to break that hateful old thing."

He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday-school picnic. His mother had promised to wash and mend his clothes so that he might go looking very neat indeed, but the old shoes were far past all mending, and how could he go barefoot?

Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his bottle broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about those shoes? The more he thought of them the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good-sized brick-bat, which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the next moment the old bottle lay in pieces before his eyes.

How eagerly he bent over them in the hope of finding not only what he was so longing for, but, perhaps, other treasures. But his poor little heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits wet on the inside with a bad smelling liquid.

Tim sat down again and sobbed as he had never sobbed before; so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father, who always slept late in the morning and was very seldom awake so early as this.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked. "I did," said Tim, catching his breath half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched

at sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other little chaps wears shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?"

"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into that black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 'twould be so—sure."

And Tim, hardly able to sob out the words, feeling how keenly his trust in mother's word had added to his great disappointment, sat down again and cried harder than ever.

His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him.

Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted. "O, father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter, so I'm going to keep them out after this."

#### A Monkey's Trick.

In the south of France there lives a man of wealth, whose residence has around it very tall trees. The cook has a monkey, a pert fellow, who knows ever so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook to pluck the feathers from fowls. One day the cook gave it two partridges to pluck, and the monkey, seating himself at an open window, went to work.

He had plucked the feathers from one of the partridges, and placed it on the outer ledge of the window, with a satisfied grunt, when lo! all at once a hawk flew down from one of the tall trees near by, and bore off the plucked bird. Master monkey was angry. He shook his fist at the hawk, which took a seat on a limb not far off, and began to eat the bird with great relish.

The owner of the residence saw the sport, for he was sitting in a grape arbor, and crept up to watch the end of it. The monkey plucked the other partridge, laid it on the ledge in the same place, and hid behind the window screen. When the hawk flew down after the partridge, out reached the monkey and caught the thief. In a moment the hawk's neck was wrung, and the monkey soon had the hawk plucked. Taking the two birds to the cook, the monkey handed them to him, as if to say, "Here are your two partridges, master." The cook thought one of the birds looked queer, but served them on the table. The owner of the house shook his head when he saw the dish, and, telling the cook of the trick, laughed heartily.



## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A.D. 58.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 8.

PAUL ASSAILED.

Acts 21. 27-40. Commit to mem. vs. 30-33.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.—Acts 21. 13.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Earnest Christians may suffer persecution, but even this will help to spread the Gospel.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 21. 27-40. Th. 2 Cor. 4. 1-18.  
T. Acts 19. 30-41. F. Ezek. 44. 1-18.  
W. Acts 6. 7-15. Sa. Luke 23. 10-25.  
Su. Heb. 12. 1-12.

TIME.—Tuesday, May 23, A.D. 58, five days after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the temple area. His abode was at the house of Mnason, in the city.

PERSONS.—Paul, aged 56. Luke and Trophimus, his companions. Josephus, the historian, aged 20.

RULERS.—Nero, emperor of Rome. Felix, governor of Judea. Claudius Lysias, Roman commander at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we left Paul joining with four Jews, who had taken the vow of the Nazirite in their closing ceremonies. It was done to answer the false stories which had been circulated about him: The answer satisfied the Christian Jews, but awakened the opposition of the unbelieving Jews. The events of this lesson took place during the seven days of these ceremonies.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—27. *The seven days*—Which it took to complete the vow (Num. 6. 19). This was the fifth day. *Jews of Asia*—The small province of Asia, of which Ephesus was the capital. The Jews had opposed Paul in Ephesus for three years; knew him and hated him. *In the temple*—The court called "the court of the women," because women went no further. Here was the usual place of worship, and the room for the Nazirites. 28. *Brought Greeks also into the temple*—i.e., into the inner courts, beyond the court of the Gentiles. On the low balustrade which separated the court of the Gentiles from the court of the women, were inscriptions declaring it to be death for a Gentile to pass beyond it. 29. *Trophimus*—Who had come with Paul as a delegate to bring the contributions of the Churches (Acts 20. 4). 30. *Drew him*—Dragged. *Out of the temple*—The court of the women. *The doors were shut*—The great doors of the Gate Beautiful, 60 feet high, and made of Corinthian brass. This was to keep the sacred place free of the mob. 31. *The chief captain*—Claudius Lysias (Acts 24. 26). He was captain of 1000 men, which is the *band*, or cohort. This was stationed in the Castle of Antonia, which adjoined the temple; and was the Roman guard of Jerusalem. 32. *Centurions*—Captains of a hundred men. 33. *Bound with two chains*—By the hands, to a soldier each side of him. 35. *The stairs*—Which led up from the court of the Gentiles to the roof of the corridor leading to the castle. 38. *That Egyptian*—An Egyptian false prophet, who, about two months before, had gathered together 4000 assassins, and a multitude of 30,000, upon the Mount of Olives. They were dispersed by the Romans, but the Egyptian escaped.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The seven days.—The Jews from Ephesus, and why they led in this mob.—A description of the temple and its courts, and the location of these events.—The charge against Paul.—Trophimus.—The chief captain.—The Castle of Antonia.—"That Egyptian."—The language Paul spoke.—Tarsus.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why was Paul in Jerusalem? With whom did he lodge? What slanders were uttered against him? How did he try to refute these slanders? When did the events of this lesson occur?

SUBJECT: SUFFERING FOR JESUS' SAKE.

I. PAUL ASSAULTED BY A MOB (vs. 27-30).—What seven days are referred to in v. 27? (Num. 6. 19.) Why was Paul in the

temple? In what part of the temple? Had he a night there? Who noticed his presence here? Were these Christian Jews or unbelievers? It is probable that the Christian Jews were satisfied with Paul's answer to the slanders against him? How would these Ephesian Jews know Paul? Why would they hate him? What was the first charge they made against him? Was it true? What was the second charge? Was it true? Into what part of the temple were the Gentiles forbidden to enter? What was the penalty for entering? How does their conduct illustrate one of Christ's sayings? (Matt. 23. 23, 24.) What did they do to Paul? (v. 32.) What did they propose to do? Where was he taken? What doors were shut?

II. THE RESCUE (vs. 31-36).—Who guarded the temple? In what castle did they have their barracks? The name of the chief captain? (Acts 24. 26.) How did he rescue Paul? How was Paul bound? What questions did Lysias ask? What answer did he get? Where did he take Paul? What did the mob now do? Up what stairs was Paul carried?

III. PERSECUTION SPREADING THE GOSPEL (vs. 37-40).—What favour did Paul ask of Lysias? In what language? Whom had the chief captain supposed Paul to be? What can you tell about this Egyptian? What was Paul's description of himself? Was permission granted Paul to speak? What language did he use? Why? Who were Paul's audience? Could he, except thus guarded by the Romans, have preached the Gospel to the Jews? What promise was here fulfilled? (Rom. 8. 28.) Which of the Beatitudes did he now enjoy? Did this suffering make him love Jesus more? Do we ever suffer for Jesus' sake?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Many good persons are slandered by imputing to them our own impressions and inferences from what they do.
2. We should have the real virtue, which these Jews distorted, of preserving our holy places from pollution.
3. They should have been more careful to keep out bad thoughts and passions than Gentiles.
4. The world notices the company we keep.
5. The Lord enables his people to be calm even in a stormy mob.
6. Envy, hatred, persecution, call the attention of the world to the truth.
7. Blessed are they that are persecuted for Christ's sake.

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

6. What was Paul doing in the temple? Ans. Offering the sacrifices of his vow. 7. Who saw him there? Ans. Some Jews from Ephesus. 8. With what did they charge him? Ans. With preaching against the Jewish religion, and polluting the temple. 9. What did they do? Ans. They stirred up the people to kill him. 10. Who rescued Paul? Ans. Claudius Lysias, the commander of the Roman guard.

A.D. 58.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 15.

PAUL'S DEFENCE.

Acts 22. 1-21. Commit to mem. vs. 12-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And I said, What shall I do, Lord?—Acts 22. 10.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Conversion to Christ is the great need of all men.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 22. 1-21. Th. John 1. 1-16.  
T. Acts 9. 1-18. F. Rom. 9. 1-8.  
W. Gal. 1. 1-24. Sa. Rom. 10. 1-21.  
Su. 1 Tim. 1. 1-17.

TIME.—Tuesday, May 23, A.D. 58, the same day as the last lesson. Paul was converted in the midsummer of A.D. 37.

PLACE.—Jerusalem; the temple area; on the stairs that led from the court of the Gentiles to the Castle of Antonia.

PAUL.—Now aged 56, converted when 35 years old.

RULERS.—Nero, emperor of Rome. Felix, governor of Judea. Claudius Lysias commander of the Roman guard at Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Paul had been mobbed in the temple area, and rescued by the Roman guard. Having been brought to the head of the stairs leading to the Castle Antonia, Paul had received permission to address the people. To-day's lesson is that address.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Brethren, fathers*—These, and many other expressions, would tend to conciliate the Jews. 3. *Gamaliel*—A most famous and strict Jewish teacher. 4. *This way*—The Gospel,—the way of life. 5. *The high priest*—Theophilus, still living when Paul spoke. *Estate of the elders*—The Sanhedrim, of which Paul was once a member. 6. *A great light*—In which he saw Jesus himself (ch. 9. 7; 22. 14). 9. *Heard not the voice*—i.e., Did not understand it as language, though they heard a sound (9. 7). 11. *Could not see*—He was blind three days (9. 9). 14. *That Just One*—Jesus. 16. *Wash away thy sins*—Baptism was a sign of this cleansing. 19. *And I said*—Paul here gives the reason why he wanted to remain and preach to the Jews.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Reconcile the apparent differences in the different accounts of Paul's conversion.—Paul's early life.—His character before conversion.—The various steps in his conversion.—The change his conversion wrought in him.—v. 16.—Paul's mission.—Expressions in the lesson used to conciliate the Jews.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Paul, in our last lesson? Give a brief account of the mob and its causes. What led him to make the address in this lesson? In what language did he speak? Why? Its effect on the mob?

SUBJECT: PAUL'S CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I. HIS LIFE PREVIOUS TO CONVERSION (vs. 1-5).—Where was Paul born? What do we know of his parents? (Acts 22. 28; Phil. 3. 5.) Where was Paul educated? What trade did he learn? What was Paul's character before conversion? Did it need changing? What was its great lack? (1 Cor. 13. 1-3.) How did he show his zeal? Who could bear witness to what he said?

II. HIS CONVERSION (vs. 6-16).—Where was Paul converted? How old was he at this time? How was he first convicted of sin? Whom did he see in the great light? (v. 14; ch. 9. 17.) How does seeing Jesus as he is, convict men of sin? What did Jesus ask Paul? What was the next step in his conversion? (v. 10.) Where was he sent for help? Why? How long was he blind? (9. 9.) What struggle probably took place at that time? What did Ananias do for him? What blessing came with this? (9. 17.) What motive was presented to Paul? (v. 15.) How did he confess Christ? What did his baptism signify? What more did Paul do? Note the various steps in Paul's conversion. What change did his conversion work in his life and character?

III. HIS LIFE WORK (vs. 17-21).—How long after his conversion did Paul go up to Jerusalem? (Gal. 1. 18.) Why? (Rom. 9. 1-3.) Who appeared to him then? In what place? What was to be Paul's life work? Was it a worthy and blessed work? What is your life work? How did Paul plead to remain and preach to his brethren?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. A Christian experience is the best argument against opposers.
2. If Paul needed conversion, we all need this change.
3. The greatest power for convicting men of sin is seeing Jesus as he is.
4. Both divine and human agencies are employed in converting men.
5. We get much help from the experience of others.
6. God has some special work for each converted person to do.

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

11. What request did Paul make of the Roman commander? Ans. That he might speak to the people. 12. From what place did he address them? Ans. From the castle stairs. 13. What was the subject of his address? Ans. His own experience in becoming a Christian. 14. What was he before conversion? Ans. A strict Jew, self-righteous, zealous for the law. 15. What did he become? Ans. An earnest, faithful, loving Christian, full of good works.

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