

HOME & SCHOOL

Saturday Night.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black flats,
Putting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Springing out holes in the little worn hose;
Leaving by shoes that are worn through the
toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lip forth their evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loved to gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching, they listen with weary delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
God guide and keep them from going astray.

Japan.

The Country, the Dress, Manners, and Customs of the People.

BY MRS. W. J. HUNTER.*

JAPAN is situated near the north-east coast of Asia. It consists of nearly four thousand islands of different sizes. The word Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Nippon, or "Land of the Sunrise." The surface of these islands is generally rugged, but is everywhere well cultivated. The chief products are rice, barley, wheat, potatoes, tobacco, tea, cotton, silk, paper, Japanese wares, and all the fruits and vegetables of Southern Europe.

Japan covers an area of about 150,000 square miles, and has a population of thirty-four millions. Japan can boast of a complete naval establishment and a magnificent dry-dock. Light-houses, light-ships, bouys, beacons, &c., are multiplying rapidly. An efficient police preserves order. The country has been surveyed and mapped with precision. One hundred and six miles of railway are now in working order, with a prospect of more to follow.

The development of the postal and telegraphic system has been little short of marvelous. There are now some 4,000 post offices, besides receiving agencies, street letter boxes and money

order offices and postal savings banks. The Post Master General issues his annual report the same as in other countries, and when we read of some 23,000,000 letters, and over 7,000,000 post cards having passed through the post office in one year, we may safely infer that the Japanese are fond of letter-writing, while from the fact that during the same period nearly 8,000,000 newspapers were posted, it is evident that the native press is already a power in the state. The Japanese are a very intelligent people. Japanese students attend European schools of medicine and law; and, in fact, not one European art or science is now neglected by them.

In stature they are about equal to ordinary Europeans; their complexion is yellowish, with a little brown; the eyes are small; the nose thick, but well formed; the hair coarse, black, and straight. Their dress is peculiar. The men wear robes of different lengths, one being worn on top of another, and girt around the waist with a broad sash. The sleeves are very large and handy, too, for, being partly closed at the ends, are used as pockets. In these sleeves they carry squares of white paper, which serve as handkerchiefs, and are always thrown away when used. A Japanese guest also

finds these sleeves very convenient receptacles to carry off the remains of a feast to which he has been invited, this being the custom in Japan.

The dress of the women is almost exactly like that of the men, except that the material is finer and the sash broader; the women take great pride in adorning their hair.



A JAPANESE LADY.

Hair pins are very fashionable, not so much for the purpose of confining the locks in their place, as of a mere adornment. The pins are of enormous size, seven or eight inches in length and half an inch wide. They are made of tortoise shell, carved wood, and ivory. Sometimes a woman will wear a dozen or more of these pins in her hair, so that at a little distance her head looks as if a bundle of firewood had been stuck loosely into it. The Japanese women have pleasing features, but by a peculiar custom, manage to make themselves hideous. In Japan it is considered a mark of beauty to have no eyebrows, and to have black teeth, so the ladies blacken their teeth and pull out their eyebrows. Their houses are never built of any great height. Instead of having the partitions of their rooms made to last permanently, as we have, they prefer folding screens of wood and paper, as they can alter the size and shape of

any room at pleasure. The floors are covered with mats beautifully made of straw and rushes. The furniture is very scanty, consisting of a few shelves to hold cups and saucers, a small wooden pillow, with padding at the top, one or two stoves, a few metal pans and some brooms are all that is considered necessary to make them comfortable and happy.

There is an institution in Japan called the "Tea House." These tea houses are situated in picturesque spots and furnished with every luxury. The attendants are young women, who are sold to the proprietors for a term of years to a life of vice. No sort of infamy attaches to these, and men of high rank take their wives and families to the tea houses, so that they may profit by the many accomplishments of these attendants. When their term of service is over, these girls may re-enter their families without losing the regard of their relations. Many enter a Buddhist order of mendicant nuns, but the greater number find husbands. When they marry they are supposed to begin life afresh, and no matter what may have been their previous lives, no wives are more faithful than those of the Japanese.

But the religion of Japan is that which specially interests us. The Japanese claim to be the offspring of the gods. There are two principal systems of religions in the country—the native religion, called Sintoism, and a religion imported from China, which is simply Buddhism with some modifications. Like other Buddhists they believe in the transmigration of souls, and for this reason they seldom eat animal food; indeed, animals are not found in great abundance in the country.

The Japanese are specially attached to sacred festivals, of which they have five great annual ones, besides three inferior ones which are celebrated every month with the greatest hilarity, and no country abounds to a greater extent in places dedicated to religious worship, or objects set apart for religious adoration. Religious pilgrimage forms a prominent feature of the religion of Japan. Pilgrims may be seen along the roads, who are on their way to visit some temple, in hope of obtaining deliverance from some affliction or calamity. The worship of ancestors, so prevalent in China, is not altogether unknown in Japan. At stated seasons, lanterns suspended from long bamboos are lighted before each grave, and refreshments are placed there. A few days afterwards these

* A paper read at a meeting of the Women's Missionary Society, held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

refreshments are placed in small boats of straw, provided with sails of paper or cloth, and carried to the water-side, where they are launched by way of dismissing the souls of the dead who are supposed now to return to their graves.

How thankful we should be for the "life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel!" and how earnestly we should labour to send the true light to the millions who now sit in the region and shadow of darkness! Let us rejoice that even in Japan the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada is represented, and if the light be only sufficient to make the surrounding darkness more visible, we may rest assured that its hall shine still more and more unto the perfect day, when the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings, shall disperse every cloud, and irradiate the world with the light and glory of the Lord.

Now is the Accepted Time.

(A Salvation Army Song.)

BY NELLIE RYERSON.

LIFE to me is but to linger,
And my Saviour to obey,
And to tell you how He loves you,
But He hates your evil way.
And though life looks bright before you,
And there's plenty time you say,
You've no promise of to-morrow,
Though you're in your health to-day.

CHORUS.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
True repentance is the way,
Don't you hear the Saviour calling,
Harden not your heart to-day.

And, as you are idly thinking,
Precious moments quickly pass,
Soon you'll have to meet your Maker,
Death is coming—coming fast.
Though your sins may be as scarlet,
Though transgressor's way you go,
If you cry unto the Saviour,
He will wash you white as snow.

Are you weary, heavy-laden,
Yearning for a joy that lasts,
At the Cross, there's where you'll find it,
Ask forgiveness for the past.
Tell Him that you want to serve Him,
In His humble way to go,
Sweet abiding peace He'll give you,
You'll have Heaven here below.

Salvation Army Literature.

At the Salvation Army meeting, of which we wrote in our last number, a young girl was selling "The War-Cry," the official gazette of the army in America. We found it a somewhat sensational sheet, with a good deal of what may be called "pious slang," very offensive to good taste. But there was also a good deal of Gospel, and some capital hymns. The war news is given in bulletin style, thus:

Chatham—Hallelujah! What a victory! Sunday grand—hall full—four souls—praise God—great open-air meeting—grand fight for the colours at night; captain down twice with a howling mob around him—came off victorious—hall pecked—souls for our hire.

Hamilton—glorious victories—the whole place moved. Toronto—grand meetings—barracks crowded—prisoners captured—hallelujah!

The New York corps has been witnessing some very keen fighting. Of late the enemy has been showing awful resistance, but this only goes to prove to us that something is being done. If there was nothing taking place the enemy would not mind, but

when his strongholds are being taken, then he shows fight. The struggles for victory in some of the engagements have been something awful.

The following are specimens of army notes:—

A comrade who, now God has saved him, is a respectable member of society in Ripley, says, that one day when in the devil's service, he went into a cornfield and changed coats with a scarecrow.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads.

Satan still hinders.

Does he hinder you?

From serving God, I mean.

Jesus gives the victory.

Grand news all along the line.

Where will you go if you die?

Are you saved?

Soldiers, get suits at once.

Advertise salvation.

It would do you good.

The following are specimens of their stirring war songs:—

We're gath'ring our Army from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war!
We'll never prove cowards, but fight till we die,
Then onward! my comrades, the vict'ry is nigh!

CHORUS.

Vict'ry is nigh! vict'ry is nigh!
Then onward! my comrades, the vict'ry is nigh!
We'll never prove cowards, but fight till we die,
Then onward! my comrades, the vict'ry is nigh!

We're fighting for Jesus, and this is our song—
We're soldiers enlisted to fight against wrong!
We'll stand by our colours and never give o'er,
Till safely we're landed on Canaan's bright shore.

The conflict is raging, yet feeling no fear,
We press on to conquer, and vict'ry is near!
For Jesus has promised—if faithful we are,
A mansion in Heaven, and a bright crown to wear!

We'll fight for our King till the warfare is o'er,
Awaiting the summons to yon happy shore,
And then with the thousands we'll sing o'er again,
All glory to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain!

FIGHT FOR THE LORD.

TUNE—"Soldiers fighting round the Cross."
Salvation, soldiers do not tire,
Fight for the Lord!
Load your guns at once and fire,
Fight for the Lord!

CHORUS.

Through Christ you're saved,
Tell the world you're saved,
And you have joined our little Army Band,
I am glad you're saved,
And I am glad I'm saved,
Let us fight until we die.

Christ will give you words to say,
Fight for the Lord!
He loves to hear you speak and pray,
Fight for the Lord!

Soldiers' hearts can do much good,
Fight for the Lord!
When their hearts are washed in Jesus' blood,
Fight for the Lord!

Your time for work is coming fast,
Fight for the Lord!
The longest life will soon be past,
Fight for the Lord!

If every day you faithful prove,
Fight for the Lord!
Your hearts will feel the Saviour's love,
Fight for the Lord!

At last you'll hear the grand "well done,"
Fight for the Lord!
And sing around the great white throne,
Fight for the Lord!

THEN AND NOW.

AIR—"Not for Joe."

I once was in the devil's cause,
My heart was full of sin,
I went to Jesus as I was,
And Jesus took me in;
He cleansed my heart, from crime and guilt,
My captive soul set free,
On Calvary's mount His blood was spilt
To give us liberty.

CHORUS.

Bless His name, precious name,
Hallelujah! He's my Saviour,
I love Him, He loves me,
Hallelujah! I am free!

I once did hate the gospel light,
I loved the darkness more,
Against my conscience I did fight,
And Jesus' love ignore;
I dared to sin, yet dare not die,
My heart rebelled within,
Until the Saviour caught my eye,
And drew me unto Him.

And now I'm saved, yes, fully saved,
From inbred sin I'm clear,
To fight for Jesus I'll be brave,
His foes I do not fear.
He lives in me, and I in Him,
I've joy and peace, I'm whole,
A radiance from the heavenly realm
Illuminates my soul.

There is good Gospel in these hymns, and what though they be set to song tunes. Did not Charles Wesley say that the devil had no right to the best music, and therefore wrote a hymn to the air of the popular song, "Nancy Dawson?" Certainly the army has won great moral victories in the vilest of places over the vilest of men and women. There is room enough and work enough for all the brigades of God's great army.

Prohibition not Unconstitutional.

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 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 druggist 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?

No man may carry his theory of personal liberty to such an extent as to injure the health or property, or to destroy the comforts, of his neighbour. He may not carry on an offensive or deleterious trade near the habitation of man, nor pollute the air or water, which are common to all. In this

class of public nuisances Blackstock includes "all disorderly inns or ale houses, gaming houses," and places of still viler resort. "Yet," says the Rev. Albert Barnes, "there is no property which so certainly and so uniformly works evil in a community as that employed in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks."

"If penal legislation," writes Pierpont, "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.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

Asking, Not Taking.

A SICK soldier, whose sufferings were so great that he often wished he were dead, being asked, "How are you to escape everlasting pain?" replied,

"I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can."

"What are you praying for?" I asked.

"For the pardon of my sins."
"But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?"

"To take it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"Oh! yes, sir; I think he is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah! sir," he said with much feeling, "I ought to accept it."

"And yet you keep asking Him for what He offers, instead of taking it at once! But now tell me what you really require to be this moment a pardoned man?"

"I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

"Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive Him as your Saviour; and in Him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity."

Hold On.

A WORTHY brother wants to know what he is to do to develop interest in the Sunday-school work in his neighbourhood. He says there are plenty of children who need Sunday-school instruction, but the parents are indifferent, and the children are not sent. We advise that two things be done: 1. Let the pulpit speak plainly and earnestly on the subject. 2. Meet and conduct Sunday-school exercises *every Sunday*, if only two meet with you. Try this for a year; if it don't succeed, try it another. Christian faith and works will overcome all things. Hold on, brother.

The Writer of "Home, Sweet Home."

STRANGER in London, all friendless, alone,
He walked through the city, unheeded, un-
known;

The lights of the houses shone forth on his
face,

There were thousands of homes, but for him
was no place.

Wearied and hungry, disheartened and sad,
The time had been long since his spirit was
glad.

And he sat on the steps at a nobleman's door,
And for solace he sang the refrain o'er and
o'er,

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

He had not a shilling to pay for a bed,
When he wrote what in luxury many have
said,

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
room,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

The words full of cheer from his sorrows were
wringing,
He sighed, what in thankfulness others have
sung,

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with
elsewhere;

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

Old London looked fair to his eyes growing
dim,
But the lights of the city no welcome gave
him.

"An exile from home, splendour dazzles in
vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!"

So sang the poor stranger, and went on his
way,
But millions of voices have sung since that
day,

"The birds singing gaily that came at my
call,
Give these and the peace of mind dearer than
all;

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

Did it need that one heart through deep an-
guish should learn,
That others the truth might more swiftly dis-
cern?

A triumph of love by the singer was won,
Our homes are the dearer for him who had
none!

We weep for the exile that longed for a home,
And yet was compelled as a wanderer to roam,
But he had some rapture to banish his pain,
As he heard in all lands the familiar refrain,
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

But the toil and the sorrow are over at last,
And the journeys and loneliness things of the
past;

America finds him with honour a grave,
And England above him the laurels would
wave;

In all climes and countries the man has his
fame,
And old men and children are speaking his
name.

But the best of all is he no longer shall roam,
The homeless, tired stranger, at length is at
Home.

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

—Marianne Farningham.

What Did the Apostle Paul Say?

THE other evening Rev. Mr. Philacter
sat down at the tea-table with a very
thoughtful air, and attended to the
wants of his brood in a very abstracted
manner. Presently he looked up at his
wife and said:

"The Apostle Paul—"
"Got an awful lump on the head
'saternoon," broke in the pastor's eldest
son, "playing base ball."

* The body of the writer of this exquisite
song has just been brought to America from
Tunis, where, for the last forty years, it has
reposed.

The pastor gravely paused for the in-
terruption, and resumed:

"The Apostle Paul—"
"Saw Mrs. Dash down at Green-
baum's this afternoon," said his eldest
daughter, addressing her mother. "She
had on the same old black silk. She's
going to Chicago."

The good minister waited patiently,
and then in tones which were just a
shade louder than before, he resumed:

"The Apostle Paul—"
"Went in swimmin' last night with
Henry and Ben, and stepped on a
clam-shell," exclaimed his younger son;
"and please, can I stay at home to-
morrow?"

The pastor informed his son that he
could stay away from the river, and
again essayed his subject of conversa-
tion. He said:

"The Apostle Paul says—"
"My teacher is an awful story-
teller," shouted the second son; "he
says the world is as round as an orange,
and turns around all the time. I guess
he hasn't much sense."

The mother lifted a warning finger
toward the boy, and said, "Sh!" and
the father resumed:

"The Apostle Paul says—"
"Don't bite off twice as much as you
can chew," broke out the eldest son, re-
proving the assault of his little sister
on a piece of cake.

The pastor's face showed just a trifle
of annoyance as he said in a very firm
and decided tone:

"The Apostle Paul says—"
"There's a fly in the butter," cried
the youngest hopeful of the family, and
a general laugh followed.

When silence had been restored the
eldest daughter, with an air of curiosity
said:

"Well, pa, I would really like to
know what the Apostle Paul said."

"Pass the mustard," said the pastor
sternly.

And now the question is: What did
the Apostle really say that the Rev. Mr.
Philacter could have so curiously con-
structed? Or is it the New Version?
Christian at Work.

The Blackboard.

NEVER use it if you can do without
it.

You can never do without it if by
using it you can make the lesson clearer
to your pupils.

Grow your blackboard exercises.
During the week at some time try to
make the lesson clear to a little child.

In doing it hold a slate or bit of paper
in hand, and make such marks as may be
necessary to arrest the attention of the
child, or convey the instruction of the
lesson to him. You will find that in
this way you have involuntarily pro-
duced a helpful blackboard exercise,
and one which may be profitably em-
ployed with your regular class on the
following Sabbath.

Ornamental blackboard work is of
little account in teaching. Blackboard
exercises of this kind may make a
good impression upon the school, but
for the teaching process study the
natural methods which prevail among
secular teachers in their recitation
rooms, or among lawyers in the court-
rooms, or among scientists on the
rostrum.

Be full of your subject. Determine
to teach it. Follow your instincts and
impulses, and in this way blackboard
exercises of the right and helpful kind
will abound.

Epworth and the Wesleys.

THE name of Epworth is known to
thousands of Methodists all the world
over; but probably not one in a thou-
sand knows more about the town than
that it was the birth-place of John
and Charles Wesley, the founders of
Methodism. The old rectory house, in
which so many of the children were
born, was burnt down in February,
1709. Charles, the eighteenth of their
children, was born in the old straw-
thatched house in December, 1707; so
he was the infant of the household,
not fourteen months old, when the
rectory was consumed. Keziah, the
nineteenth of their children, was born
a month after the fire, in the friendly
shelter of a neighbour's house, when
the family were all scattered. Not
any of the Wesleys were born in the
present rectory house, the building of
which cost more than two whole years'
income of the rector. Such a tax on
the resources of good old Samuel
Wesley, who had lost every thing he
had but his children in the fire, was
long and keenly felt, but who, as he
knelt in the garden when little "Jacky"
was rescued from the burning dwell-
ing, said, gratefully and uncomplainingly,
"God has given me all my
children. I am rich enough; let the
house go." And go it did, for it was
utterly consumed, and the rebuilding
of their home kept them poor, very
poor, all the remaining days of the
good rector's life; so poor that the
house was never more than half fur-
nished, and the children seldom more
than half clad and fed, while of what
is called pocket-money they had none.

The fact that John Wesley's father
preached for nearly forty years in Ep-
worth Church, and that he died and
was buried at Epworth, and that John
Wesley himself preached there for two
years as his father's curate, eleven
years before the first Methodist society
was formed, has given an interest to
the place which will never die.

It may be asked why so little is
known about Epworth itself. The
reason is plain. It is in such an out-
of-the-way locality that only the most
courageous persons would make the
effort to visit the place. I was myself
for nearly twenty years seeking a
favourable opportunity to make a
pilgrimage there with a companion
who would brave the difficulties. I
did succeed. There are three ways
of reaching the place: namely, by
walking, or driving, specially from
either Doncaster or Gainsborough, or
going by railway to the small town of
Crowle, and walking or hiring a special
conveyance for the six miles to Ep-
worth. Once in my previous investi-
gations I met with a Methodist
preacher who had been there, and in
reply to the inquiry about the diffi-
culty, said, "Epworth is six miles
from nowhere," meaning that it stood
alone in the midst of a vast wilder-
ness of fenny country—lowlands—far
away from any town of importance.
Just so I found it. I was there on a
market day, but did not see 200
people in the streets. Fifty people
would fill the market hall, and a good-
sized Methodist congregation would fill
the market-place itself, in the centre of
which John Wesley occasionally gath-
ered nearly all the inhabitants of the
place to hear him preach. Epworth is
a non-progressive place. There are
not many towns or villages which are
so stationary. In 1696, when Mr.
Wesley became rector, he records the

fact that there were about 2,000
people in the parish. Just before his
death he informed his son, John, that
the parish then numbered nearly 2,000
people; and after the changes of 150
years the population is set down in
1881, as 1964; the population has not
varied more than twenty or thirty in
200 years.

The old church retains much of its
simple and primitive character, but it
has been renewed and has a new pulpit.

The town is a mile long, or there-
abouts, chiefly one long street, with a
few short ones near the market-place.
Timber is largely used in the construc-
tion of the dwellings, because stone
and bricks have to be carried from so
many miles away. The chief interest
of the place centres in the rectory
house, the church, and the churchyard,
in which Rector Wesley is buried.
The rectory is a strongly built edifice,
so strong that there is little in it to
burn even if set on fire. The floors
are a kind of cement, thick and hard.
The rooms and staircases are the same
as when the Wesleys lived there. Those
readers of Mr. Wesley's life who re-
member the account he gives of the
strange noises heard there during
about three months or more, in 1716,
may realize the scene of every event
recited. There, too, is the gathered
kitchen in which Mrs. Wesley identified
her weekly congregations (larger than
those attending the church) on Sunday
while the rector was attending con-
vocation, in 1711, in London. As I
stood in that kitchen, and in the pas-
sage leading thereto, it was hard to
realize how 200 persons could be
crowded therein, but Mrs. Wesley has
recorded the fact.

During the time Samuel Wesley was
rector the income only realized \$1,000
a year. The property has so much in-
creased in value that the same estate
yields the present rector \$5,000. Had
Mr. Wesley ever had so much money
at his command he would have deemed
himself a rich man. One cannot help
feeling keenly the privations of that
family all through their earthly career.
It is open to question whether either
John or Charles Wesley had \$1,000
for their own during any one year of
their lives; yet with all their com-
parative poverty, see what an amount
of work they did, and good they ac-
complished, and the work lives and
spreads.

"GET out of the way! what are you
good for?" said a cross old man to a
bright-eyed urchin, who happened to
stand in his way. The little fellow re-
plied very gently, "They make men
out of such things as we are."

SOME grim people have said that
there is no record to the fact that Jesus
ever smiled. A little girl who heard
some one say that, replied: "Didn't
He say, 'Suffer little children to come
unto Me?' and they would not have
come unless He smiled."

THE teacher should not be always
counting his failures. The turning of
one soul to God is enough to cheer a
whole life-time of work. "There,"
said one plain workman to another,
pointing to a gentleman passing by,
"there goes Norman McLeod. If he
had done nothing more than he has
done for my soul, he would shine as
the stars, forever and ever." Let the
discouraged teacher think of the value
of one such testimony as that.

The Sweet By-and-by.

WHAT will it matter by-and-by
Whether my path below was bright—
Whether it would through dark or light—
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether unhelped I toil alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel light—
Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with laughing joy I went—
Down through the years with a glad content
Never believing, nay not I—
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain,
Close by the pallid angel's pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh;
All will be elsewise by-and-by?

What will it matter?—if bright—if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloom y or gladden'd, leads to God—
Questioning not the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by-and-by?

What will I care for the unchased sigh,
If, in my fear of bliss or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Surely He will smooth it by-and-by?

Ah, it will matter by-and-by,
Nothing but this—that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward—helped me to gain:
Whether through ruck, or snare, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by-and-by.

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TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1883.

How Can a Teacher Get and Hold His Scholars' Attention?

We have the pleasure of giving in the following condensed form, the substance of an important article on this subject in the *S. N. Times*—

A gentleman who, although he was a communicant in an evangelical church, was commonly more interested in his week-day business than in his Sabbath duties, bought a pair of fine horses on a certain Saturday. When Sunday morning came, he went to church and tried to fix his thoughts on the preacher's words, but the horses ran away with his thoughts. His wife perceived this; and after the service she said to him, "You were thinking more of your new horses than you were of the sermon, this morning." "I know it," he said. "Well, do you think that was right?" she added. "No," was his frank reply. "I don't

think it was right, and I'm sorry for it. But, after all, I don't think I was the only one at fault in the matter. I tried to give attention to our pastor, but I couldn't. I think he ought to have been able to pull me away from those horses." And there was a sense in which that gentleman had the right of it, in his way of looking at a preacher's duty. In that sense, a teacher ought to recognize his responsibility for getting and holding his scholars' attention, when he has them before him, even though a pair of horses should be pulling in the opposite direction.

A young man applied to a city dry-goods jobber for a position as salesman. "Can you sell goods?" was the merchant's first question. "I can sell goods to any man who really wants to buy," was the qualified rejoinder. "Oh, nonsense!" said the merchant. "Anybody can sell goods to a man who really wants to buy. I want salesmen who can sell goods to men who don't want to buy." And there is a similar want to this merchant's in the field of Sunday-school teaching. It is comparatively an easy matter to teach those who really want to be taught; to hold the attention of those who are determined to be attentive. But there is a duty of getting and holding the attention of scholars whose thoughts are flying in every direction save that of the lesson of the day, yet who show, by their presence in the class, that they are not determined unwillingly to yield their attention, if the teacher can give them sufficient inducements in that direction. The teacher's work would be shorn of half its power, and all its glory, if it were limited to the benefit of those scholars who came to the class with the readiness and ability to do their full duty without the inspiration and the help of a wise and determined teacher. How to win and hold attention when attention is not voluntarily proffered, is, therefore, a question of prime and practical importance in every teacher's sphere.

Attention is an immediate result of interest. But the interest must be active and vigilant, not lagging or dormant. To excite the eager interest of your scholars, is just so far to command their attention. How to excite their eager interest, is, therefore, the same question as—How to command their attention. You cannot compel your scholars' attention on the score of your rights, or of their duty. But you can attract their attention by whatever arouses their curiosity, or otherwise quickens and centres their interest. And here is where your watchful ingenuity is to be taxed, in the effort to gain an indispensable hold on the scholars who are least inclined to give you their attention voluntarily, and least able to control their wills to such an end. An example of a successful struggle to win the attention of unwilling scholars, may illustrate the nature of a teacher's good work in this direction.

A teacher sat down as a stranger, before a class of untrained and fun-loving little roughs, in a city mission-school. The lesson for the day was in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: that most wonderful of all the Messianic prophecies. But the last thing in the world that had those boys' attention was the study of prophecy. Their attention was on the living present. They were quick-witted and wide-awake. They had their eyes on each other, on

the teacher, and on the classes about them, with some fun-poking at each object of their attention in its turn, in rapid succession; but the lesson—that was something that they hadn't given attention to, and which they didn't propose to look at seriously. One plan after another, to get their attention to that lesson, and to his words about it, was tried by the teacher, without success. Finally, he spoke up quickly, and with a show of real interest in his question: "Boys! did any one of you ever see a sheep-shearing?" It was a question at a venture in a city school; but one of the boys answered exultantly: "Yes, I did once, when I was out in the country." That boy was interested. Now, to interest the others. "Boys!" again spoke out the teacher. "Boys! Just listen, all of you. Billy, here, is going to tell about a sheep-shearing he saw, out in the country." That caught the attention of all, and they bent forward in curious interest. "Now, how was it, Billy?" "Why one old fellow just caught hold of the sheep, and sat down on his head, and another one cut his wool off." Explicit, graphic, and intelligible that! The narrator had conscious pride in his results of travel. The listeners were attent at the recital of something quite outside of their range of observation. "How much noise did the sheep make about being sheared?" "He didn't bleat a bit!" "Well, now, how does that story agree with what the Bible says about sheep-shearing? Just look at this lesson, all of you, and see what it does say. There in the last part of the seventh verse: "As a sheep before her shears is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Attention was now fairly caught; caught, and attached to the lesson not the best suited to the teaching of untrained scholars in a mission-school.

Methods of catching the attention of all the scholars before beginning to teach, must greatly vary with various classes. A simple call, "Now!" may prove sufficient in a well-trained class. Again, as in the case already described, an unexpected question will do the work, especially if it sets each at competing with, or watching the other. Thus, for example: "Who can tell me, to begin with, how many different places are named in to-day's lesson?" This question might be followed up by the teacher's showing a little map, and asking, "Now, who can point those places out to me?" "Where is Jerusalem?" "Where is Gaza?" "Well, what have these places to do with to-day's lesson?" Again a teacher might catch the attention of all by showing a flower, or a few grains of wheat, or a coin, or a small vase, or something which he was to use as a help in the lesson-teaching, asking as he showed it, "What is this?" The method employed must be adapted to the peculiar characteristics and needs of the scholars; and the methods, in the same class, will have to be different at different times. The chief thing is to see that interest is excited, and that it is excited in the direction of the proposed lesson-teaching.

The Biographer is a promising venture in monthly periodical literature. It gives a large number of concise, but by no means dry, biographical sketches of men and women eminent in all departments of activity. Subjects are chosen with the view to gratify the

public curiosity for particulars of the life and career of people whose names are appearing in the public prints. The sketches are ably written, and their interest is heightened by accompanying faithful and well-executed portraits. In quality of paper and printing and tastefulness of appearance, *The Biographer* is among the best periodicals. It is sent to any address at 25 cents a copy, or \$2.50 a year; and to foreign addresses for \$3 a year. New York: 23 Park Row.

The Essays of George Eliot. Complete. Collected and arranged, with an Introduction on her "Analysis of Motives" By Nathan Sheppard. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

George Eliot is so well known, and so universally acknowledged as one of the best writers of modern times, that it is not necessary to do more than to say that she was the author of these essays. Everybody of culture and taste wants to read whatever she wrote. It may not be known to every one that she wrote many contributions to periodical literature, which, in style and interest, nothing in her work of fiction excels. A general wish has been expressed through the press that her "striking essays be collected and reprinted, both because of substantive worth and because of the light they throw on the author's literary canons and predilections." This has now been done, and done by a gentleman in every respect fitted for the task. Prof. Sheppard has also written an introduction to the essays on the author's "Analysis of Motives." He is himself a recognized authority in critical analysis, and his introduction is worth many times the price of the volume. *These essays are now collected for the first time, they never before having been published in bookform in either England or America.*

An Hour With Charlotte Brontë, or Flowers From a Yorkshire Moor
By MRS. HOLLOWAY.

Mrs. Holloway has had an extended correspondence on the subject of her literary idol; has seen infinite pains to seek out "those who enjoyed the priceless privilege of looking into her pure, frank face;" and has introduced the facts she has gleaned into her carefully written biography. The book will be welcomed by all lovers of pure biographical literature, who will at once understand the high compliment paid to its authoress when, giving a notice of Mrs. Holloway's lecture on Charlotte Brontë, the *New York Herald* said, "At times there were flights of eloquence that rose to grandeur."

Charlotte Brontë's character is not an easy one to understand, because of her genius, her environments, and her singular shyness and avoidance of publicity. To write her life accurately, one must have made it the study of years, have studied it in the integrity of all its relations, and considered it from the broadest as well as from the narrowest aspect. This is what Mrs. Holloway has done. She has, with loving reverence and pride, gazed upon her great sister woman from the standpoint of her literary endeavors and achievements and her domestic surroundings, and her conclusions are worthy of her "Hour" with her subject.



STRAWBERRIES, RIFE STRAWBERRIES!—(See next page.)

Rock of Ages.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"
Sang the lady, soft and low,
And her voice's gentle flow
Rose upon the evening air
With that sweet and solemn prayer;
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Yet she sang as oft she had
When her heart was gay and glad,
Sang because she felt alone,
Sang because her soul had grown
Weary with the tedious day
Sang to while the hours away,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Where the fitful gaslight falls
On her father's massive walls,
On the chill and silent street
Where the lights and shadows meet;
There the lady's voice was heard,
As the breath of night was stirred
With her tones so sweet and clear,
Wafting up to God that prayer;
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Wandering, homeless, thro' the night,
Praying for the morning light,
Pale and haggard, wan and weak,
With sunken eye and hollow cheek,
Went a woman, one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife;
One, a lost and only child,
One by sin and shame defiled;
And her heart with sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady when she sung
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Pausing, low her head she bent,
And the music as it went
Pierced her blacking soul, and brought
Back to her, as lost in thought
Tremblingly she stood, the past,
And the burning tears fell fast,
As she called to mind the days
When she walked in virtue's ways;
When she sang that very song
With no sense of sin or wrong:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that moment felt
More than she could speak, as there
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer,
And the God she had forgot
Smiled upon her lonely lot,
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang in silence there,
That her voice had pierced a soul
That had lived 'neath sin's control!
Little knew when she had done,
That a lost and erring one
Heard her—as she breathed that strain
And returned to God again!
—F. L. Stanton.

Strawberries, Ripe Strawberries!

WHAT a pretty little maiden is this,
and how fresh and bright and beautiful her strawberries look, and how temptingly she holds one large and luscious one up in her tiny hand! From her dress and appearance we should say that she was a little Italian girl; but we don't remember seeing any strawberry girls in Italy. We saw plenty of them, however, in Switzerland. Just such merry little maidens as this. They would greet one by the wayside, and offer the sweet mountain strawberries. Oh, so cool and fresh and fragrant! We never enjoyed anything more in our life than, after a glorious mountain climb, to sit down to a bowl of strawberries and mountain cream and bread and honey. The Swiss children we found very kind to strangers, politely touching their hats and saying, *Gut Morgen, Herr* or, *Gut Abend, Herr*, as we passed.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for April 28th and May 5th contain Lord Lawrence and the Mutiny, *Fortnightly*; Isaiah of Jerusalem, and the Land of Promise; a Fable, by Lord Lytton, *Nineteenth Century*; Autobiographies, Madame Roland, *Blackwood*; Richard Crasshaw, *Cornhill*. Sketches in the Malay Peninsula, *Leisure Hours*; Content, *Spectator*; Mrs. Carlyle, *Athenaeum*; with instalments of "No New Thing," "The Ladies Lindores," and "The Wizard's Son," and the usual amount of poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$9 we will send *The Methodist Magazine* and *The Living Age* for a year.

Kunkel's Musical Review. Folio 40 pages. St. Louis: Kunkel Bros. Price \$2 a year; single numbers 25 cts.

It is a very encouraging sign of musical progress that so large and handsome a high-class musical monthly should have reached a sixth volume. It is the largest, and we judge one of the best, of the musical journals. It abounds in musical criticism, musical science, musical studies, classical and popular music, everything that can foster and cultivate correct musical taste.

It is astonishing as well as gratifying that the regular circulation of the *Youth's Companion* has reached the enormous number of 300,000 copies a week. This fact is encouraging as an offset to the alarming spread of uncleanness in the form of juvenile papers of the baser sort. Three hundred thousand subscribers are equivalent to a million and a half readers; and this means that one and a half millions of future men and women are being educated for good and not for evil by their weekly reading, aside from other millions who are fed by other wholesome papers. The *Youth's Companion* is the oldest as well as the thriftest and ablest of the juvenile papers of America. Price \$1.75 a year; given with *Methodist Magazine* for \$1.50.

WE beg to call special attention to the admirable paper on Japan, contributed to this number by Mrs. Hunter, the accomplished wife of the Rev. Dr. Hunter, of this city. It was read before a large audience at a meeting of the Society in the Metropolitan Church at Toronto; and now, as submitted to a much larger audience, will, we hope, deepen the interest felt in our missions in that country.

THE Metropolitan Methodist Church Sabbath-school, Toronto, is the oldest, and one of the most active working schools in the city. Mr. Montgomery, a teacher of one of the Ladies' Bible Classes, was most agreeably surprised by being made, on Friday evening, the 11th ult., the recipient of a very beautiful silver water pitcher and goblets, accompanied by a flattering address. Mr. Montgomery feelingly and eloquently replied. Mr. J. B. Boustead, the efficient Superintendent of the school, was present, and congratulated both teacher and scholars upon the very kindly feeling that existed between them.

The Mother's Knee.

BY THE REV. JAMES A. R. DICKSON.

THE one truly and enduringly sacred spot on earth is the mother's knee. More sweet and tender memories, that moisten the eye, and gladden the heart, and regulate the life, cluster about it than any other spot, however dear and holy. That is the dearest and holiest of them all. It abides forever, like the church of God, the symbol of preaching and prayer and discipline; the symbol of man's spiritual relations and of his soul's necessities. It is his first house of God, where he is taught divine things, where the revelation of the Unseen first steals in upon his heart; it is his first oratory, where he is instructed how to draw near to God, where he learns the prayers that he never forgets, and that never cease to charm him with their beautiful simplicity and loving directness; it is his first school, where he is made subject to another will, that learning to obey he may be fit to rule. Hallowed spot! fountain of untold blessings for the life of man.

Usually it is first of all a place of prayer. There the lisping lips learn to lift the heart to God, and the golden chain is forged that ever after is to bind the being to the Unseen;—a chain that holds even in the greatest stress of weather;—a chain charged with unspeakable good to the soul. John Randolph, of Roanoke, tells us that at one time he might have become a French infidel but for the memory of his mother's hand upon his head as he knelt at her side to repeat after her the Lord's Prayer. Frances Ridley Havergal, in her brief autobiographical notes, gives unmistakable evidence of a pious mother's training. When recording what she remembered of her soul-life after she was six years of age, she says: "One sort of a habit I got into in a steady way, which was persevered in with more or less fervour according to the particular fit in which I might be. Every Sunday afternoon I went alone into a little front room (at Henwick) over the Hall, and there used to read a chapter in the New Testament, and then knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, after which I usually felt soothed and less naughty." Her mother once said to her: "Dear child, you have your own little bed-room now, it ought to be a little Bethel."

The mother's knee is also the place of instruction; instruction in righteousness. Often it is poured into apparently heedless ears, but being heard it is remembered, and acted upon with heroic bravery. The Rev. Newman Hall says: "The very first thing that I can remember is sitting on my mother's knee and learning from her lips that glorious declaration, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I can still feel her hand on my head, and see her earnest face, and hear the music of her sweet voice. The great truth which was so precious to herself, she desired her children to know, at least in words, from their earliest days." Mr. Hall, in giving his experience of the truth, says, "How dear that text has been to me!" It moulded his life. But a mother's training goes all round the circle of the soul's wants, and touches upon all that the life will need in its world-faring journey.

What careful training the following incident shows: "One day in London, when Thomas Carlyle was within a few months of eighty, he was walking in company with an American stranger who had that day called to see him. They approached a street crossing. When halfway over Carlyle suddenly stopped, and stooping down picked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages that were rushing past. With his bare hands he brushed the mud off and placed the white substance in a clean spot on the curbstone. 'That,' said he, in a tone as sweet and in words as beautiful as his companion had ever heard, 'is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by mother never to waste, and above all bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure the hungry sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from that bit of bread.' Ah! consider well the fact that lies beneath that. Carlyle about eighty years old, and his mother's early teaching is guiding him and controlling him still! It has not faded out of sight; it is as fresh and as clear in the heart as the day it was spoken, only far more deeply felt and realized. The teaching has passed out of the bare word into a living puissant principle. It has in the deepest sense become life.

Consider it how we may, it is at the mother's knee that the foundation stones of all beautiful, noble, worthy, and enduring character are laid, in words and acts of no great importance, apparently, at the time; yet, by the steady enforcement and reiteration of them, they are remembered, regarded, and acted upon, to the enriching of the life with qualities that are every way desirable. The culture that the children need is mostly received here. And, therefore, no attention, no painstaking, no denial of one's own feeling, is too great to attain the end that all should earnestly seek, namely, a lovely Christian character in the children.—*S.S. Times.*

THE success of the Salvation Army has given rise to a number of similar organizations in England and Wales. There are the army of the King's Own, Christian Army, Gospel Temperance, Blue Ribbon Army, Holiness Army, Hosanna Army, Redeemed Army, Royal Gospel Army, and Salvation Navy. These bodies, together with the Alethians, the Calvinistic Independents, the Christian Evangelists, and the Christian Pioneers, have 45,000 places of worship.

WE all pity a mother who has a drunken son. But our pity is very much less after we learn that, when her boy was young, she permitted him to keep late hours, and associate with unknown companions, unrebuked by her; that she never exerted herself to bring him up in the fear of God, and never trained him to regard the liquor habit as the sum of all villainies.

NOT long since a venerable Scotch elder was obliged to walk several miles to get to the kirk; he was accompanied by a young man, who, when he had proceeded an hour in silence, ventured to remark that it was "a grand day," whereupon quoth the other, "Whist, mon, is the Lord's Day a suitable time to be clavering about the weather?"

Saul on Mount Gilboa.

BY REV. E. H. DWART, D. D.,
(Editor Christian Guardian)

"As I happened by chance upon Mount Gilboa,
Behold Saul leaned upon his spear, and lo, the
chariots and horsemen followed hard after him."
— 2 Sam. 1. 6.

He leans on his spear in his desolate grief—
His life-blood is silently streaming—
Faint, wounded, forlorn, sinks the tall Hebrew
chief,
No hope thro' his dark bosom gleaming.

The chariots and horsemen are closing around,
And fear-stricken Israel is flying—
Then bravest and best lie strewed o'er the
ground,
Where the eagle-souled chieftain is dying.

His sons in their beauty, the pride of their
sire,
Repose on the battle-field gory—
No cowards, who shrinking from danger
retire,—
They are crowned with the warrior's glory.

No hand near to succor as life ebbs away—
No last words of friendship to cheer him—
Of all the loved friends of life's happier day,
Not one in this dark hour is near him.

Once envied the fame of his valor and power,
Now his star has in darkness descended—
Once the sound of his name made his enemies
cower;
Now his warfare forever is ended.

No longer by faithless ambition beguiled,
The past thrills with deepest emotion;
The thoughts that sweep o'er him are trou-
blous and wild
As the waves of the foam-crested ocean.

Not a star shines above to illumine or guide—
Every hope, every joy-beam is clouded—
The past is all darkened by wildering pride,
The future despair has enshrouded.

He remembers his folly and pride with regret—
The vows he has faithlessly broken—
The dreams that in sorrow and darkness have
set—
The words that should ne'er have been
spoken.

The shafts of the foemen are true to their
aim—
The spirit its shrine has forsaken—
He heeds not the sound of Philistia's acclaim,
In the sleep from which none can awaken.

A Canadian Young Lady in Germany.

We have pleasure in reprinting the
accompanying letter from a young
Canadian lady travelling in Germany.

BRITISH HOTEL, HANOVER.

MY DEAR A—,

ALTHOUGH we are now in Thale on
the Harz Mountains you will see that
my letter was dated in Hanover. I
commenced it while our *Kellner* (waiter)
was bringing in our breakfast. You
will say what a very unromantic name
for a hotel in Germany, but we could
not help it—we would of course have
preferred one with a many consonanted
German name, but this one was adver-
tised in Cook's Guide, as one of the
best in Hanover, and we find it exceed-
ingly comfortable.

Words would be almost inadequate
to express the enjoyment we had in our
journey here (to Thale,) and now we
are in a spot so indescribably lovely
that the only drawback seems to be
that all our friends are not with us.
We left London at 8.20 p.m. on Wed-
nesday; reached Dover a little after
10 p.m. The guard on the train was
very attentive, and conducted us to the
Calais boat, which we found very com-
fortable. We went on board with the
fullest intentions of being seasick, as
somebody said you must be in crossing
the Channel, but the night was so fine,
that the captain remarked as he came
for our tickets, "lovely night; not a
ripple on the water;" so that in spite
of our efforts we were obliged to forego

the pleasure (!) of being ill. We
reposed on the couches in the spacious
saloon, taking a nap during the very
short period that it took us to cross—
less than two hours.

The captain, seeing that we were
ladies travelling alone, was very oblig-
ing, changing some of our English
money into French, quite of his own
accord, as we had not thought of that
necessity, and saying, "When you get
to Calais, take the Brussels train;" as
he saw by our tickets that our desti-
nation was Hanover. At Calais the
French guard conducted us to a
luxurious first-class carriage, and told
us to "*restez tranquille*," as he would
not allow any one else to come into the
carriage, as we were alone, and that we
should not need to change cars until we
should arrive at Cologne about eleven
o'clock the next morning.

From Calais to Thale we have heard
nothing but French and German, except
a little very indifferent English in the
hotel at Hanover. We have had no diffi-
culty in understanding all the directions
given us on the way, and were happy
to find ourselves understood with com-
parative ease, by the good-natured
railway officials.

At Brussels several French individu-
als came and looked in our window
rather reproachfully, seeing we did not
leave the railway carriage, and asked
where we were going? When we re-
plied, "*à Cologne*," they were quite
satisfied, and one replied, "*Eh bien,
vous restez en voiture*." One man
who kept a coffee stall, to whom the
intelligence had evidently been con-
veyed that we were English, rushed up
with his napkin on his arm and dis-
played his knowledge of our language
in the following information which he
bestowed upon us: "If you want a
cup mit café you find it at dese little
table right here," and then rushed off
quite satisfied.

We reached Cologne about eleven
and remained till a quarter past one.
Unfortunately we were not at all well,
and we could not visit the cathedral. I
went out to have a look at its exterior,
consoling myself with the hope of
returning to it at some future time.

We could obtain no information any-
where as to the time we might expect
to arrive in Thale, and debated some
time whether to spend the night at
Cologne or Düsseldorf, finally deciding
to push right on to Hanover, where we
would arrive about 11 p.m. We were
very glad afterwards that we had been
led to decide upon this course. We
found the hotel very pleasant. Here
we had our first introduction to German
stoves and beds. And here let me
digress a little to tell you what trouble
I have with my bed every night to get
it arranged for a good *English* sleep.
We have two single beds in one room,
each with a nice mattress, and a grace-
fully upward sloping "*bolster head*,"
and linen white as white can be, and
surmounting these a down bed in an
immense linen case, which supplies the
place of sheet, blanket, and counterpane.
To my joy I discovered that this sloping
head is separate, and consequently
remove it every night. I arrange the
bed in proper German fashion in the
morning before our landlady comes in,
as I do not wish to hurt her feelings of
course. Then the feather bed—though
very clean, and delightful in cool
weather, is decidedly warm on sultry
nights.

But to return to Hanover. Having
enquired what were the special objects

of interest there, and being told that
the royal palace of Herrenhausen was
well worth a visit on account of its
beautiful grounds and gardens, which
are freely opened to the public, we
engaged a *Selbst Dienstmann*, to
conduct us thither. This good-natured
guide deluged us with floods of infor-
mation in German. We walked to
the palace, and such a walk! A long
avenue of tall exquisite linden trees
formed an arcade for most of the way,
so that we walked "*unter der linden*,"
to our hearts' content. The morning
was perfect, and the Herrenhausen
Park a scene of beauty far beyond
Hyde Park in London to our thinking.
The air was filled with the odour of
flowers; high, perfectly trimmed hedges
enclosed portions of the gardens. The
large fountain was not playing, but
our guide told us that it throws a stream
a hundred feet high, and is turned on
every Sunday, when the grounds are
"*schwarz mit mannen*," (black with
men.) There are swan ponds, and
goldfish ponds: the latter came in
swarms right to our feet to take the
biscuits we crumbled into the water.

We next visited the stables where
one hundred and twenty horses are
kept. In one long stable we saw
eighteen of the most exquisitely beau-
tiful horses, nine of them milk white,
for the use of the king, and nine cream
color, for the queen. The former wear
red trappings, the latter blue. These
graceful creatures are accustomed to
visitors, and seemed to accord a gentle
welcome to us, as we stroked their
foreheads, and offered them lumps of
white sugar.

Better still than this was the mau-
soleum which we next visited, where
rest the remains of King August and
his Queen Frederica. We were admitted
by a very solemn looking porter who
directed us to one side of the entrance,
where were a great many pairs of thick
German slippers, very large indeed.
We were obliged, (as is the custom) to
encase our feet in a pair of these before
ascending the marble steps to the
chamber, of which floor, walls, and
ceiling are all Italian marble. There
are two tombs, a life size statue
reclining on each. The king is re-
presented asleep; the queen, on her tomb
a few feet distant from that of the
king, is in the act of falling asleep.
This exquisite piece of workmanship
was done by Rauch, an artist of Berlin.
I cannot give you even a faint idea of
the beauty of this chamber of the dead;
so sacred, so full of awe, that a hush
seemed to fall on the gayest party of
tourists as they entered.

We left Hanover at ten minutes
after two, reaching Thale about seven
in the evening. Although the journey
is so short we changed cars three times.

This spot is a very Eden for loveli-
ness; surrounded by mountains whose
strange shapes loom up against the sky
like petrified giants. As we take our
coffee and rolls in the morning we look
out upon the thickly wooded *Ros-
trappe*, on the summit of which stands
a hotel and restauration. The moun-
tains and legends give promise of
endless walks and amusement, but
these are yet to be enjoyed.

Yours, etc.

M. R. J.

WHEN little Fred came home from
Sunday-school the other day, he said:
"They passed round a basket with
money in it, but I didn't take any."

"Scraps."

PORTABLE paper houses are coming
into vogue in England.

BESIDES his duchy of Cornwall, the
Prince of Wales owns real estate valued
at \$90,000 a year,

ONE billion seven hundred and
seventy-six million letters, cards, and
newspapers last year went through the
British post-office.

TWO men went to New York. One
visited the saloon and thought New
York wicked. The other visited the
homes and thought New York good.

THE drink bill of Great Britain
reached its maximum in 1876, when it
was £147,288,759. Last year it had
fallen to £126,251,359, showing that
the effort of temperance workers have
reduced this wasteful bill over \$105,-
000,000. In 1875 the average cost of
liquor for each individual was £4, 9s.;
last year it was £3 11s. 7d.

THE *Westminster Teacher* says: The
kind of Christianity the Bible teaches
is that which flows over the rim of the
Sabbath and runs down through all
the days of the week, making men and
women better, holier, purer, truer, and
more unselfish.

THE *S. S. Times* avers that there was
never a day when the writings and
addresses of skeptics had as little
influence, actual or comparative influ-
ence, on either side of the ocean, as
since the adoption of the International
lesson system.

CAREY, the Dublin informer, seems
to have some queer ideas of right and
wrong. He stated in evidence that he
did not attend the Sunday meeting of
the Assassination Committee on account
of Sabbatarian scruples, but he thought
it no sin to assassinate Mr. Burke.

DON'T GET IN.—Daedalus was a fam-
ous builder, who was fabled to have
constructed the Cretan labyrinth, full
of perplexing windings, and once in, it
was exceedingly difficult to get out
again. In it was the den of the
Minotaur, a very savage creature, half
man and half bull.

"That is intemperance," we say.
Once amid its entanglements it is
difficult to escape; and O, how many
the savage beast within gores and
devours! The best way to manage this
labyrinth is to keep away from it.
Acquire not a knowledge of the taste
of liquor.

THE bee has long been a type of the
industrious worker, but there are few
people who know how much labor the
sweet hoard of the hive represents.
Each head of clover contains about
sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which
contains a portion of sugar not exceed-
ing the 1-500th part of a grain. The
proboscis of the bee must therefore be
inserted into 500 clover-tubes before
one grain of sugar can be obtained.
There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and,
as honey contains three-fourths of its
weight of dry sugar, each pound of
honey represents 2,500,000 clover-tubes
sucked by bees.

WHEN Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were
walking arm in arm, a wag said to a
friend, "Those two fellows are just
equal to one highwayman." "Why,
how do you make that out?" asked
his friend, looking very seriously.
"Because," rejoined the wag, "it's a
lawyer and a doctor—your money or
your life!"

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

38.—
S
TED
FINIS
TIGELLA
SENECAOIL
DILATOR
SLOOP
AIR
L

39.—Art-I-choke.

NEW PUZZLES.

40.—CHARADE.

To depress with fear; to omit. A spring flower.

41.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a short sleep; a species of antelope; a genus of grasses; a letter.

42.—SQUARE-WORD.

Partly coloured; an island; otherwise; an abyss.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A.D. 49.] **LESSON XII.** [June 17.

Acts 14. 19-28. Commit to memory vs. 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nation, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. 28. 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Foreign missions are a blessing to the whole Church.

TIME.—A.D. 49. Immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Asia Minor, and Antioch in Syria.

PAUL, aged 47. Completion of his first missionary journey.

EMPEROR.—Claudius Cæsar, emperor of Rome (9). Cumanus, governor of Judea.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we saw the people of Lystra trying to worship the apostles as God. But their old enemies soon followed Paul and Barnabas, and stirred up the people to persecute them. One day "Hosanna," the next "crucify him."

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—19. *Came thither*—To Lystra. 20. *He rose up*—It must have been by miracle, though Paul was probably only stunned, not killed. *Derbe*—Twenty miles away. This was the furthest point of the journey. 22. *Confirming the souls*—Making firm, as the tender branch of the vine is hardened into woody fibre. *To continue in the faith*—In their trust in Jesus no matter who opposed. This was one way of confirming their souls. The next way was by enduring trials. *Tribulation*—"Threshings," as of grain, separating the chaff from the wheat. Trials patiently endured confirm the soul. *Into the kingdom of God*—Into heaven, and into the heavenly character here. 23. *Ordained elders*—This was the third way of confirming the Church. Elders were leaders and teachers, for the government and guidance of the Church. 25. *Attalia*—The seaport of Pamphylia. 26. *Antioch*—The famous Antioch of Syria. 27. *They gathered the church*—This was the first great missionary meeting with returned missionaries. 28. *Long time*—A year or more.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Paul stoned.—His restoration.—Confirming their souls.—Tribulation.—Why necessary.—Elders.—The report of the missionaries.—Value of great missionary meetings.—How young people can be interested in missions.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were Paul and Barnabas at the close of our last lesson? How were they regarded? How old was Paul at this time?

SUBJECT: FOREIGN MISSIONS AND THE HOME CHURCH.

1. THE MISSIONARIES SUFFERING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE (vs. 19-21).—Who interfered with Paul's work at Lystra? Why do bad men take so much trouble to injure a good work? What change took place in the feelings of the people? Are such changes natural? What does this teach us as to seeking popularity? What did they do to Paul? Was he really dead? Was his restoration a miracle? Where did he go next? What was the farthest point of this missionary journey? Through what places did the missionaries return? How would they dare to go back to the cities from which they had been driven by persecution? Are missionaries under any more obligation than other Christians to endure hardness and self-denial?

2. THE MISSIONARIES CONFIRMING THE CHURCHES (vs. 22-26).—What is meant by confirming their souls? In what three ways was this done? (1) *By continuing in the faith*. What is it to continue in the faith? What things will help us to so continue? (2) *By enduring trials*. What is tribulation? How do trials confirm the soul? (James 1. 2-4. Rom. 5. 3). What is meant here by the kingdom of God? What promises are made to those who endure tribulations for Christ's sake? (James 1. 12. 2 Cor. 4. 17, 18. 1 Pet. 1. 7. Rom. 8. 17, 18. Matt. 5. 10-12). (3) *By organizing the Churches*. Whom did they ordain? What is an "elder"? What was the object of setting apart these men? Why did they fast as well as pray? Trace the route of Paul and Barnabas to their home? Which Antioch was this?

3. THE MISSIONARIES' RETURN.—A GREAT MISSIONARY MEETING (vs. 26-28).—From what place had Paul and Barnabas started on this journey? By whom were they sent out? What can the Church at home do for missionaries? What kind of a missionary meeting was held at Antioch? What good was done by this report? How may Sunday-school children become more interested in missions? Have our modern missionaries met with great success?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Conversion is but the beginning of the Christian life. All disciples need confirming in it.
2. Meeting difficulties, overcoming obstacles, doing hard work helps to confirm Christians.
3. Christian work needs organizing and guiding.
4. The value of great missionary meetings.
5. Young people can be interested in missions: (1) by hearing from missionaries; (2) by praying for them; (3) by giving to the cause; (4) by reading about missions; (5) by doing what they can for Christ at home.

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

18. What happened to Paul at Lystra? *Ans.* He was stoned by the mob. 19. Where did he go soon after? *Ans.* He revisited all the Churches he had formed. 20. To what place did he return? *Ans.* To Antioch in Syria. 21. How long had he been gone on this mission? *Ans.* Two or three years. 22. What did he do on his return? *Ans.* He held a great missionary meeting at Antioch.

A.D. 37-49.] **LESSON XIII.** [June 24.

REVIEW.

(For Scripture Lesson.—Recite the Golden Texts of the Quarter, and Mark 16, 15-18).

GOLDEN TEXT.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark 16. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel for the whole world.

TIME.—From A.D. 37-49. About 12 years.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, Damascus, Caesarea, Antioch, Cyprus, Asia Minor.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the general subject of last quarter's lessons? What of

this quarter's? Over how much time does this quarter extend? What is the range of places? Trace out the chief journeyings on the map!

SUBJECT: THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

1. THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIVIDUAL WORKERS.—Who was the most prominent person brought into the Church? Give an account of his conversion. State something of his early Christian life and work. What deacon was brought into active work? State some of the things he did. What Ethiopian was converted? and how? Give an account of the conversion of a Roman officer. What early member of the Church at Jerusalem was developed into a missionary? Who was the most useful woman mentioned, and what did she do? What governor was converted? What young man at Lystra was converted, and afterwards became a co-worker with Paul?

2. PROGRESS BY MEANS OF SIGNS AND WONDERS.—By what miracle was Paul led to be a Christian? What two visions are recorded? What prophecy was fulfilled? What aid was sent by an angel? What person was restored to life? What persons were healed of disease? What remarkable answer to prayer? What two persons were struck with temporary blindness? When and where were their special gifts of the Holy Ghost? How did these signs and wonders aid the Gospel?

3. PROGRESS AGAINST OPPOSITION.—How did persecution at Jerusalem spread the Gospel? Who was converted while persecuting? What was Paul's first persecution and escape? From how many cities was Paul driven by persecution? What apostle was killed? Which one was imprisoned? Give an account of his escape? Who were the principal persecutors of Paul? What two magicians opposed the early Church?

4. THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHURCH.—To whom was the Gospel preached chiefly at first? Under what conditions would they allow the Gentiles to join them? Who was the first purely Gentile convert? How was Peter led to receive him? How did God show his approval of the opening the door to the Gentiles? What was the second movement in this direction? Who were finally set apart for this great work?

5. MISSIONARY WORK.—How many persons are mentioned as doing missionary work? Who were the first ordained missionaries? Trace out Paul's first missionary journey on the map. What countries did he visit? Give some of the incidents in this journey. How long did this tour last?

6. SUMMARY OF RESULTS.—What was the result of all this work in the numbers converted? What was the character of the converts? How long was it since the birth of the Church on the day of Pentecost? In what countries had the Gospel been preached? What progress was made in the organization and work of the Church? Was this progress more marvellous and rapid than the progress of the last few years in the modern Church?

Know Them.

TEACHER, do you study the character of your scholars? If you do not, how can you tell the best way of managing them? What is the matter with the old clock in the corner? "Needs oiling," you say. The clock-tinker shakes his head and says, "I must take it in pieces." He removes the hands and the dial, and then comes out all the works. "Ah," he says squinting at a certain wheel, "That 'ers is hurt. Trouble is there." Did you ever take a scholar in pieces? You say, Will is odd and perverse, Sunday. Not that, but he can't bear ridicule, and your laugh at him touched a nerve. Don't poke fun at him. Fanny told you a lie, you say. It was not wilful deceit. She is timid, and when you barked savagely at her, out of her frightened soul popped a falsehood, surprising even herself. Do you not know that Jane is vain? Don't stir up the peacock in her. Charlie will follow you leagues, but you cannot drive him an inch. Shy, queer, little Tom is poor, and feels neglected. Call early at his house. Take these little clocks in pieces. Don't wait till they are out of order. Understand them to-day.—S. S. Journal.

In Portugal a man was advertised as drowned and a reward offered for the recovery of his body. Among other peculiarities by which he could be identified was a marked impediment in his speech.

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